

Blondie
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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1939

"BLONDIE"

Mustair
4:30 - 5:00 P.M.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

GOODWIN: OUT OF THE FUNNIES INTO YOUR HOMES -- AND WE HOPE
YOUR HEARTS, TOO, THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES
BRING YOU "BLONDIE."

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER FOR:)

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.
THERE'S AN INTERESTING ECONOMY SIDE TO SMOKING CAMEL
CIGARETTES. 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. AND IT'S
EASY TO SEE THAT FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK CAN MAKE A
REAL DIFFERENCE IN THE COST OF YOUR SMOKING. IN
COMMUNITIES WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN
EFFECT, YOU CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING
CAMELS. IF THERE ARE NO SUCH TAXES ON CIGARETTES WHERE
YOU LIVE, THEN THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. AND REGARDLESS
OF THAT, THERE IS ALWAYS THE EXTRA PLEASURE -- THE
COOLER, Milder, MORE FLAVORFUL SMOKING -- OF CAMELS.
CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS,
SO NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES, THINK! THINK OF
PLEASURE -- THINK OF ECONOMY. THINK OF CAMELS. PENNY
FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- LET'S RUN OVER TO THE BUMSTEADS FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT. ANOTHER VISITOR IS EXPECTED THERE TONIGHT...BLONDIE IS ON THE TELEPHONE NOW TELLING DAGWOOD ABOUT IT...

DAGWOOD: EFFIE BELLE? NO -- I DON'T REMEMBER ANY GIRL NAMED EFFIE BELLE.

BLONDIE: (ON FILTER) OH, DAGWOOD, YOU DO. EFFIE BELLE CORNFEPPEP -- FROM GEORGIA. SHE VISITED HER AUNT MILLIE BREAMROD ALL ONE WINTER -- ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO.

DAGWOOD: OH. (TAKE) HEY! YOU MEAN THAT AWFUL LITTLE GIRL -- WITH A VOICE LIKE A BAGPIPE?

BLONDIE: WELL -- YES -- HER VOICE WASN'T HER BEST FEATURE.

DAGWOOD: IT WASN'T HER WORST EITHER. SHE HAD TEETH LIKE A SQUIRREL. THEY HAD TO HOLD THEM IN WITH WIRE.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, LOTS OF CHILDREN HAVE THEIR TEETH STRAIGHTENED, AND ALL CHILDREN HAVE AN AWKWARD AGE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT EFFIE BELLE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT! IF SHE WAS MY NIECE I'D HAVE TRADED HER IN ON SOMETHING! I'D GIVE EFFIE BELLE AND TEN DOLLARS TO BOOT -- FOR AN OLD STANLEY STEAMER.

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT DAGWOOD, FIVE YEARS MAKE A LOT OF DIFFERENCE. EFFIE BELLE IS NINETEEN NOW -- AND PRETTY, TOO. JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE HER TONIGHT AT DINNER.

DAGWOOD: AW, NO, BLONDIE -- NOT AT DINNER. AFTER DINNER I'LL BE STRONGER AND...

BLONDIE: WELL, I HAD TO INVITE HER TO DINNER, DAGWOOD....

DAGWOOD: WHY?

BLONDIE: WELL, EFFIE BELLE'S FATHER, COLONEL CORNPEPPER, AND MRS. BEAMROD ARE GOING TO A MEETING TONIGHT -- THE DIRECTORS OF THAT PRETZEL FACTORY.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE THEY COULD USE EFFIE BELLE FOR A MODEL. A PRETZEL SHAPED LIKE EFFIE BELLE WOULD BE SOMETHING! BUT NOT AT DINNER!

BLONDIE: I'LL BET YOU CHANGE YOUR TUNE WHEN YOU SEE EFFIE BELLE NOW. I'M ALL PREPARED TO BE QUITE JEALOUS...

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY, I'LL FIX IT SO THAT I'LL NEVER BE ALONE WITH HER.

BLONDIE: BUT THAT'S JUST IT, DEAR...I'LL BE GETTING DINNER WHEN YOU FIRST COME HOME...AND YOU'LL HAVE TO ENTERTAIN EFFIE BELLE. PLEASE BE NICE TO HER.

DAGWOOD: OH, GOSH, BLONDIE, I WON'T KNOW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT WITH A KID LIKE THAT...

BLONDIE: DON'T WORRY...EFFIE BELLE WILL DO THE TALKING...SHE'S FOUND A TOPIC THAT NEVER GIVES OUT...THE BOYS....
(MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

EFFIE: (RATTLING ON) AH, JUST THINK THE NO'THEN BOYS ARE JUST SIMPLY MARVELOUS, DON'T YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. THEY'RE OKAY.

EFFIE: THEY'RE CUTE! BUT I WAS JUST SO THRILLED WHEN AH HEARD I WAS GOIN' TO MEET YOU AGAIN. AH EXPECT YO'LL JUST LAUGH WHEN I TELL YO' THIS, BUT YO' ALWAYS BEEN KIND OF MAH IDEAL, MR. BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: (UNEASY) AW NO -- LOOK, EFFIE BELLE, I'M MARRIED AND GOT A FAMILY -- BABY DUMPLING, ANYWAY -- AND I'M TOO OLD, SEE?

EFFIE: OH, AH JUST ADORE OLDEH MEN! AW 'COSE AH THINK BOYS ARE CUTE -- BUT GROWN UP MEN ARE THE ONES A GIRL CAN JUST KIND OF LOOK UP TO.

DAGWOOD: WELL, NOW -- SOME MEN, OF COURSE....

EFFIE: AH MEAN, SOME MEN. MEN OF THE WORLD -- LIKE YOU, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH, I'M JUST AN ORDINARY KIND OF FELLER.

EFFIE: I THINK YOU'RE JUST WONDERFUL! HONESTLY I DO, AND I BET YOU CAN TELL ME JUST EXACTLY WHAT TO DO ABOUT SOMETHIN' THAT'S TROUBLIN' ME MIGHTILY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

EFFIE: OH YES! BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST NATURALLY THE SOPHISTICATED TYPE. AH BET YO' HAD JUST DOZENS OF GIRLS CRAZY ABOUT YO' BEFOH YO' MARRIED.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- NOT SO MANY. ER -- WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, EFFIE BELLE?

EFFIE: WELL, AH JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT SOMETHIN' AND YOU'RE SO UNDERSTANDIN' AND ALL! YOU SEE IT'S ABOUT A BOY.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. SOME BOY YOU LEFT BACK IN GEORGIA?

EFFIE: LAW, NO! WHY IT'S BEEN A WEEK SINCE I WAS EVEN IN
GO'GAH!

DAGWOOD: OH. ~~UNBELIEVABLE~~...THAT'S ALL JUST PART OF YOUR PAST LIFE
NOW, EH?

EFFIE: WELL, IF A GIRL'S GOIN' TO LIVE UP NO'TH SHE CAIN'T
EXPECT THE GIRLS BACK HOME ARE GOIN' TO SAVE ANY BOYS
FOR HER. ANYWAY, THIS IS ABOUT A BOY I MET IN GO'GAH
-- BUT HE LIVES RIGHT NEAR HERE AND WHEN HE HEARD I WAS
IN TOWN HE RUSHED RIGHT OVEH TO SEE ME. WASN'T THAT
THRILLIN'?

DAGWOOD: HOW DID HE HEAR SO SOON?

EFFIE: OH, I JUST WROTE HIM A LITTLE NOTE.

DAGWOOD: OH.

EFFIE: AND HE'S BEEN CALLIN' MIGHTY REGULAR EVEH SINCE.

DAGWOOD: WELL THAT SOUNDS AS THOUGH YOU WERE DOING ALL RIGHT.
IF HE'S A NICE BOY...

EFFIE: WELL, HE'S JUST MARVELOUS. ONLY MIGHTY INTENSE.

DAGWOOD: INTENSE? HOW DO YOU MEAN?

EFFIE: WELL -- YOU KNOW HOW MOST BOYS ARE -- THEY SAY THIS OR
THAT, BUT A GIRL CAN BE REAL CUTE AND SWEET WITH THEM
AND CHANGE THEIR MINDS TO SUIT HER. BUT NOT HERBERT...

DAGWOOD: OH, ER -- HIS NAME IS HERBERT, EH?

EFFIE: HERBERT HAVERSTRAW SNIBB.

DAGWOOD: OH -- YEAH. HIM! I DIDN'T KNOW HERBERT WAS THAT
STRONG MINDED.

EFFIE: HE'S RIGHT DEEP.

DAGWOOD: I HAD AN IDEA ALL HE DID WAS TO MAKE FUNNY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OUT OF THINGS. LIKE FOR INSTANCE THAT UKELELE HE MADE OUT OF A CIGAR BOX.

EFFIE: I TOLD HIM HE OUGHT TO DEVOTE MORE TIME TO HIS CAREER INSTEAD OF WASTIN' IT ON PO' LITTLE ME... *By the way, I don't think I should call on you.*

DAGWOOD: WELL, I WOULDN'T CALL IT WASTING TIME TO CALL ON YOU, EFFIE BELLE.

EFFIE: OH, DAGWOOD. YOU'RE JUST SETTIN' OUT TO TURN MY HEAD. I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD DO ABOUT HERBERT.

DAGWOOD: YOU SEEM TO BE DOING ALL RIGHT. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO ABOUT HIM?

EFFIE: WHY, JUST ALL I WANT IS TO GO TO A PAHTY TOMORROW NIGHT --- WITH ANOTHER BOY.

DAGWOOD: OH, (TAKE) WAIT! ANOTHER BOY? I SUPPOSE HERBERT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO, EH?

EFFIE: WELL -- THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE. WHEN I SAID AH WAS GOIN' -- HERBERT SAID THE MEANEST THING.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DID HE SAY?

EFFIE: HE SAID, "GO AHEAD."

DAGWOOD: AH --- LOOK, EFFIE BELLE, I'M JUST A LITTLE MITE MIXED UP. IF YOU WANT TO GO WITH THIS OTHER BOY...AND HE WANTS TO TAKE YOU...AND HERBERT DOESN'T MIND...WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

EFFIE: WELL, I THINK IT'S MIGHTY MEAN OF HERBERT TO LET ME GO.

DAGWOOD: YOU DO?

EFFIE: IF HERBERT REALLY LIKED ME A WHOLE HEAP -- HE WOULDN'T WANT ME TRAIPSIN' OUT WITH ANOTHER MAN, WOULD HE?

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DAGWOOD: OH, WELL -- ER -- MAYBE HE WAS JUST TRYING TO BE NICE.

EFFIE: I DON'T CALL THAT VERY NICE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO STOP YOU DOING WHAT YOU WANTED, WOULD YOU?

EFFIE: OH, I WOULDN'T LET HIM STOP ME. (SIGHS) BUT I SURE WISH HE'D TRY!

~~DAGWOOD: WHY I DON'T SEE WHAT I CAN DO EFFIE BELLE.~~

~~EFFIE: WHY YOU DON'T TELL ME HOW TO HANDLE HERBERT.~~

DAGWOOD: UMMM. WELL -- I TELL YOU, MAYBE I'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH HERBERT.

EFFIE: OH, THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL OF YOU, DAGWOOD. I SHO DO THANK YOU.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HERBERT TONIGHT!

(MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: SIT DOWN, HERBERT. TAKE THE MORRIS CHAIR.

HERB: OH, THE NAIL KEG WILL DO FOR ME, MR. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: CALL ME DAGWOOD, HERBERT. AS ONE INVENTOR TO ANOTHER.

HERB: YOU DO ALL YOUR INVENTING OUT HERE IN THE GARAGE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. YOU SEE...OUT HERE I CAN THINK WITHOUT BEING INTERRUPTED.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: EXCUSE ME, HERBERT. (LOUD) YES, HONEY? (DOOR OPENS) WHAT, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU A MINUTE. (LOWERS VOICE)
DAGWOOD! WHY ON EARTH DO YOU HAVE TO ENTERTAIN THAT SNIBB BOY OUT HERE IN THE GARAGE?

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DAGWOOD: (LOW) OH, IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK...
AND HE MIGHT BE EMBARRASSED IN THE HOUSE.

BLONDIE: OUR HOUSE HASN'T EMBARRASSED ANYBODY SO FAR THAT I KNOW
OF. WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T TELL YOU, BLONDIE. IT'S KIND OF SACRED.

BLONDIE: SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT IT'S ABOUT,
DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: NO, HONEY -- NOT NOW. ~~WE'RE INVENTING SOMETHING~~
~~FOR ONE THING. AND THEN I HAVE TO SOUND HERBERT OUT~~
~~ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.~~

BLONDIE: OH, ALL RIGHT. (GOING) IF YOU WANT TO ACT MYSTERIOUS,
I'M SURE I DON'T CARE.

DAGWOOD: (SHUTS DOOR) OKAY, HERBERT. THAT WAS JUST BLONDIE.

HERB: IS YOUR WIFE THE INSPIRATION FOR YOUR INVENTIONS,
MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: CALL ME DAGWOOD. OH, SURE, I GUESS SHE IS.

HERB: I THINK A MAN'S WIFE SHOULD ALWAYS BE HIS INSPIRATION.
WELL -- WHAT SHALL WE INVENT TONIGHT?

DAGWOOD: SOMETHING MUSICAL. THAT'S YOUR LINE THEY TELL ME.
HOW ARE THE CIGAR BOX UKELELES GOING, HERBERT?

HERB: KIND OF SLOW. I'VE GOT TO GET A REAL NOVELTY PRETTY
SOON. I -- I'M GOING TO NEED MONEY -- I HOPE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE ALL -- (TAKE) YOU HOPE? WHY?

HERB: WELL -- A FELLER CAN'T GET MARRIED UNLESS HE HAS A
PRETTY GOOD DEAL OF MONEY, CAN HE?

DAGWOOD: OH, ER -- THINKING OF GETTING MARRIED, HERBERT?

HERB: YEAH. I EXPECT I WOULD BE MARRIED TO A GIRL RIGHT
NOW IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SOMETHING SHE SAID.

DAGWOOD: WHY, WHAT DID SHE SAY?

HERB: SHE SAID, "NO."

DAGWOOD: OH. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D ASKED -- ER -- HER.

HERB: OH, YES. IT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

DAGWOOD: EH?

HERB: BECAUSE SINCE THEN I'VE MET THE ONLY GIRL IN THE
WORLD).

DAGWOOD: Oh -- ER -- LATELY, YOU MEAN?

HERB: YEAH. WELL, I MET HER WHEN I WAS DOWN SOUTH THAT TIME...
AND HERE LATELY I'VE BEEN SEEING HER AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: A SOUTHERN GIRL? SAY, THAT'S SWELL, HERBERT. THEY MAKE
WONDERFUL WIVES.

HERB: WHEN THEY ARE WIVES, MAYBE THEY DO, BUT BEFORE THAT I
GUESS THEY'RE PRETTY FICKLE.

DAGWOOD: WHY?

HERB: WELL, THIS ONE KNOWS I'M CRAZY ABOUT HER, I GUESS -- BUT
SHE'S GOING TO A DANCE WITH ANOTHER MAN.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF YOU OBJECT WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER SO...AND SEE
WHAT SHE SAYS.

HERB: SHE WOULDN'T LIKE ME BOSSING HER.

DAGWOOD: OH, YES, SHE WOULD -- ER -- I MEAN MAYBE SHE WOULD! WHAT
YOU OUGHT TO DO IS MAKE HER REALIZE THAT YOU'RE A MAN OF
THE WORLD.

HERB: HOW WOULD I DO THAT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WHEN YOU GO TO SEE HER WHAT DO YOU DO?

HERB: I SIT AND -- AND LOOK AT HER. SHE'S AWFUL PRETTY.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW -- BUT HOW DO YOU LOOK AT HER?

HERB: WELL -- KIND OF -- LIKE THIS.

DAGWOOD: GOSH, THAT MUST BE KIND OF HARD ON HER, HERB. DON'T DO
THAT ANYMORE.

HERB: NO?

DAGWOOD: NO. TALK TO HER...TALK FAST! GET HER ATTENTION AND HOLD
IT WITH -- ER -- BRIGHT REMARKS.

HERB: SUCH AS WHAT, MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: OH -- WELL -- KIND OF KID AROUND ABOUT HOW PRETTY SHE IS
AND ALL. LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU. NOW YOU BE EFFIE BELLE,
SEE? I'LL COME IN AND SAY -- ER -- ER -- "HELLO, EFFIE
BELLE."

HERB: UHUh.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...YOU BE HER! SAY WHAT SHE SAYS.

HERB: "HELLO, DAGWOOD"...ER..."HERBERT," I MEAN.

DAGWOOD: GO ON...WHAT ELSE WOULD SHE SAY?

HERB: OH, SHE'D LIKELY SAY, "OH, HERBERT, I MET THE CUTEST BOY TODAY.

DAGWOOD: UHUh. SO THEN YOU SAY...WAIT...YOU SIT ON THE NAIL KEG AND I'LL SHOW YOU. NOW, SHE SAYS THAT AND THEN I SAY -- I MEAN YOU SAY, "CUTE, EH? WELL HE COULDN'T BE CUTE ENOUGH FOR YOU, HONEY." THEN KIND OF PUT YOUR ARM AROUND HER -- LIKE THIS.. NOW YOU SAY, "HOW'S MY LITTLE SWEETHEART TONIGHT?"

HERB: HUH?

DAGWOOD: "HOW DO YOU FEEL, BABY?"

HERB: NERVOUS.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, HERB...YOU DON'T GET THE IDEA. YOU'VE GOT TO BE BOLD --- BUT POLITE, SEE? SWEEP HER OFF HER FEET!

HERB: YEAH --- BUT AFTER SHE'S ALL SWEPT OFF --- WHAT DO I DO?

DAGWOOD: THEN YOU PROPOSE TO HER.

HERB: I DON'T KNOW IF I'M MAKING ENOUGH MONEY TO MARRY RIGHT NOW.

DAGWOOD: HOW MUCH DO YOU MAKE A WEEK?

HERB: UH --- NOTHING.

DAGWOOD: NOTHING! WELL, NO --- THAT'S NOT QUITE ENOUGH. BUT WE'LL INVENT SOMETHING TO GIVE YOU A START...AND THEN THE RIGHT GIRL WILL HELP YOU SAVE. ~~YOU'VE GOT TO WORK AND WIN.~~
HERBERT:

HERB: ~~HOW LONG DO YOU WORK BEFORE YOU START WINNING?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL --- IT DEPENDS.~~

HERB: ~~UNFORTUNATELY~~, I GUESS IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG TO SAVE UP FOR
A GIRL LIKE EFFIE BELLE.

DAGWOOD: EFFIE BELLE CORNPEPPER? WHY, SHE'S JUST THE GIRL TO WAIT
FOR THE RIGHT MAN. NOW, HOW DO YOU STAND WITH HER FATHER,
HERBERT?

HERB: I DUNNO. HE DIDN'T SAY.

DAGWOOD: ~~WHAT DOES HE SAY WHEN YOU'RE AROUND?~~

HERB: ~~HE ISN'T IN TOWN YET -- BUT IF HE'S BACK HE WAS BACK IN~~
GEORGIA... I DUNNO.

DAGWOOD: NOW, LISTEN, HERB -- YOU MUST HAVE SEEN SOME SIGNS OF
WHETHER HE LIKES YOU OR NOT.

HERB: SIGNS? WELL -- HE -- HE KEPT FORGETTING MY NAME.

DAGWOOD: OH.

HERB: AND WHEN I CAME INTO A ROOM --- HE ACTED LIKE SOMEBODY HAD
JUST GONE OUT.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I WON'T KID YOU, HERBERT, THAT'S BAD.

HERB: IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE IF HE'D KICKED ME OUT...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S JUST WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, HERB. SOMETIMES IF A
GIRL'S FATHER TELLS A MAN NOT TO COME AROUND ANYMORE --
WHY THE GIRL LIKES THE MAN ALL THE BETTER. IT MAKES HIM
ROMANTIC.

HERB: IS THAT SO?

DAGWOOD: YOU BET. NOW, WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO MAKE HIM STOP
FORGETTING YOUR NAME! WE'LL WRITE HIM A LETTER THAT WILL
MAKE HIM REMEMBER YOU THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

HERB: I'M NOT MUCH AT LETTERS.

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY. I'VE GOT AN IDEA. HERE. HERE'S SOME PAPER
I USED TO DRAW MY INVENTIONS ON. PULL UP THAT NAIL KEG TO
THE BENCH. OKAY, TAKE THAT PEN AND WRITE DOWN WHAT I TELL
YOU...LET'S SEE...

HERB: I'LL PUT DOWN HIS NAME FIRST...COLONEL MARMARDUKE
WITHERSPOON CORNPEPPER...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...THEN SAY, "DEAR COLONEL CORNPEPPER...WELL, COLONEL!
-- "

HERB: YEAH?

DAGWOOD: (VOICE FADING GRADUALLY) "WELL, COLONEL...I'VE JUST ABOUT
MADE UP MY MIND TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER, EFFIE BELLE...
PROVIDING..."

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

SOUND: BELL...DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: WHY, GOOD EVENING, HERBERT. COME RIGHT IN.

HERB: HELLO. ER -- DAGWOOD GET HOME YET?

BLONDIE: WHY NO...ARE YOU GOING TO WORK ON THAT INVENTION AGAIN
TONIGHT?

HERB: I GUESS SO.

BLONDIE: SIT DOWN, HERBERT.

HERB: THANKS. (SIGHS) SAY, MRS. BUMSTEAD...

BLONDIE: YES?

HERB: WELL --- ER -- DO MR. BUMSTEAD'S INVENTIONS USUALLY WORK?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD IS VERY SMART -- ABOUT MECHANICAL THINGS.

HERB: MAYBE SO. ER --- I GUESS IT'S JUST HIS OTHER IDEAS THAT
DON'T TURN OUT SO GOOD.

BLONDIE: WHY, HERBERT...WHAT'S HAPPENED?

HERB: WELL, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. HE -- HE GAVE ME SOME ADVICE,
BUT MAYBE I DIDN'T GET IT RIGHT. ANYWAY, I GUESS EFFIE
BELLE IS KIND OF MAD AT ME.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR.

HERB: WE WROTE A LETTER TO HER FATHER THAT SEEMS TO HAVE CAUSED
A LITTLE TROUBLE, TOO.

BLONDIE: IS HER FATHER ANGRY WITH YOU TOO?

HERB: I THINK MAYBE HE IS...I'M NOT SURE...

BLONDIE: WELL, WHY NOT GO AND TALK IT OUT WITH HIM?

HERB: WELL, I --- CAN'T DO THAT VERY WELL.

BLONDIE: CAN'T TALK TO HIM? WHY NOT?

HERB: BECAUSE HE WON'T LET ME INTO THE HOUSE ANYMORE.

BLONDIE: OH! ER --- WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU SAY IN THAT LETTER?

(DOOR BELL)

HERB: HEY -- IF THAT'S THE COLONEL, DON'T LET HIM IN WHILE I'M HERE.

BLONDIE: WHY NOT FACE HIM AND HAVE IT OUT?

HERB: WELL -- NOT RIGHT NOW. HE SENT WORD HE'D TAKE A HORSEWHIP TO ME NEXT TIME HE SAW ME.

EFFIE: (AWAY) BLONDIE --- LET ME IN...IT'S EFFIE BELLE.

BLONDIE: IT'S EFFIE BELLE, HERBERT.

HERB: EFFIE BELLE! I -- I GUESS I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER EITHER -- RIGHT NOW.

BLONDIE: WELL I NEVER! YOU GO INTO THE DINING ROOM, HERBERT... UNTIL I'VE HAD A TALK WITH EFFIE BELLE.

HERB: (GOING) YES MA'AM. (DOOR BELL)

EFFIE: BLONDIE? (AWAY)

BLONDIE: I'M COMING. (DOOR OPENS) GOOD EVENING, EFFIE BELLE. COME IN.

EFFIE: (COMING IN) OH, BLONDIE. ARE -- ARE YOU ALONE?

BLONDIE: NOT ANY MORE, EFFIE BELLE. YOU'RE HERE NOW. WHAT'S WRONG DEAR?

EFFIE: OH, MY. I'M SHO OUT OF BREATH. I RAN ALL DOWN THE BLOCK.

BLONDIE: WAS SOME ONE AFTER YOU, EFFIE BELLE?

EFFIE: WELL, I'M NOT SURE. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THAT AWFUL HERBERT HAVERSTRAW SNIBB AFTER ME.

BLONDIE: OH NO, EFFIE BELLE. HERBERT WAS A LITTLE AHEAD OF YOU,

EFFIE: OH, THEN IT WAS HIM I -- I THOUGHT I SAW -- COMIN' IN HERE,

BLONDIE: WHAT'S HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU AND HERBERT, EFFIE BELLE? I THOUGHT YOU -- KIND OF LIKED HIM.

EFFIE: I SHOULD SAY NOT! (EAGER) IS HE STILL HERE?

BLONDIE: WHAT'S HERBERT DONE, EFFIE BELLE?

EFFIE: WHY, HE'S CHANGED JUST TERRIBLY, BLONDIE. HE -- HE CALLED ME NAMES.

BLONDIE: NAMES? WHAT DID HERBERT CALL YOU?

EFFIE: HE CALLED ME, "TOOTS." AND THEN HE -- HE JUST ACTED LIKE A WILDMAN. WHY, HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND ME WITHOUT SO MUCH AS BY-YOUR-LEAVE. HE -- TRIED TO KISS ME, TOO.

BLONDIE: (SMILING) YOU POOR CHILD.

EFFIE: I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER ALL THE MEN FOLKS. POPPA'S ACTIN' JUST LIKE CRAZY TOO.

BLONDIE: YOUR FATHER? WHY?

EFFIE: HE WON'T TELL ME. BUT IT'S SOMETHING HERBERT WROTE HIM IN A LETTER. HE'S FORBIDDEN ME EVEH TO SEE HERBERT AGAIN... AND JUST WHEN I WAS GETTIN' READY TO REFORM HERBERT, TOO.

BLONDIE: OH, I SEE...WELL -- IF YOU WANT TO REFORM HERBERT -- HE'S RIGHT THERE IN THE DINING ROOM -- WAITING.

EFFIE: OH, POPPA'LL JUST KILL ME IF HE FINDS OUT. HE MIGHT EVEN STOP ME FROM GOIN' TO THAT DANCE.

BLONDIE: NO, HE WON'T, EFFIE BELLE. I'LL TELL HIM I WAS YOUR CHAPERONE.

EFFIE: IF -- IF I GO IN THAT DININ' ROOM WILL YOU PROMISE TO KEEP THE DOOR WIDE OPEN?

BLONDIE: NO. I'LL PROMISE NOT TO. BUT I'LL BE RIGHT HERE -- AND I HAVE AN IDEA THAT HERBERT WILL BE QUITE TAME THIS TIME.

EFFIE: (GOING) OH, DEAR...I HOPE HE HASN'T HAD A COMPLETE RELAPSE

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER HURRY IN THERE, EFFIE BELIE. I SEE DAGWOOD COMING UP THE FRONT PATH. I'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF THE DINING ROOM AS LONG AS I CAN...

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) BLOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: SHUT THE DOOR, EFFIE BELLE. (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLOOONDIE! (DOOR OPENS) (DAGWOOD COMES IN) HEY... LOOKIT WHAT I GOT, BLONDIE, TICKETS FOR THAT DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB!

BLONDIE: THAT'S FINE, DEAR -- ER -- DON'T GO IN THE DINING ROOM YET.

DAGWOOD: EH? WHY NOT? WHAT'S THE DOOR CLOSED FOR?

BLONDIE: I WANT TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK WITH YOU, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. BUT WHAT'S IN THE DINING ROOM?

BLONDIE: LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

DAGWOOD: FOR DINNER?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...IT ISN'T SOMETHING TO EAT. IT'S EFFIE BELLE AND HERBERT. THEY'RE MAKING UP.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? SWELL. (PROUD) I FIXED THAT, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: OH, YOU DID! JUST WHAT DID YOU DO, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, I KIND OF TOLD HERBERT TO SNAP OUT OF IT...YOU KNOW -- COME TO LIFE. I GUESS HE DID TOO.

BLONDIE: HE CERTAINLY DID. HE FRIGHTENED POOR EFFIE BELLE HALF OUT OF HER WITS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT SEEMED TO WORK IF THEY'RE IN THERE NOW. BUT WHY DO THEY HAVE TO HIDE?

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BLONDIE: THEY'RE HIDING FROM HER FATHER.

DAGWOOD: GOOD. IS HE MAD AT HERBERT? I KNEW THAT WOULD FETCH HER.

BLONDIE: NOW LISTEN TO ME, DAGWOOD. I WANT TO KNOW...

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY. I'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT. WHEN I'M READY, I'LL TELL THE COLONEL ABOUT OUR INVENTION. IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE PRETZELS. THEN I'LL HAVE HIM PATTING HERBERT ON THE BACK...AND EATING OUT OF MY HAND.

BLONDIE: OH, YOU WILL? WELL, YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM SOON...BECAUSE HERE HE COMES UP THE PATH AND HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE COULD EAT SOMETHING...

DAGWOOD: GOSH...MAYBE YOU'D BETTER SEE HIM FIRST, BLONDIE. KIND OF FIND OUT WHAT HE WANTS...(FURIOUS RING AT BELL)OOOH. HE DOESN'T KNOW EFFIE BELLE IS HERE, DOES HE?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW...BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. (DOOR OPENS)
GOOD EVENING, COLONEL CORNPEPPER.

COLONEL: MADAM! I REGRET THIS INTRUSION! BUT MY DUTY MADAM!
MY DUTY AS A FATHER COMPELS ME TO TAKE STEPS...

BLONDIE: STEP RIGHT IN, COLONEL.

DAGWOOD: SURE --- ER -- COME RIGHT IN, COLONEL.

COLONEL: YOU, SUH! AH!M, MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YO HYAH.

DAGWOOD: COULD YOU -- ER LOOK A LITTLE GLADDER.

COLONEL: AH!M GLAD TO DEAL WITH YOU, SUH --- INSTEAD OF A LADY!
DO AH UNDERSTAND SUH, THAT YOU ARE HARBORIN' THAT
SCOUNDREL, SNIBB?

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, COLONEL...THAT BOY IS ALL RIGHT'.

COLONEL: HE'S A VIPUH, SUH! AN UNPRINCIPLED KNAVE! A SNAKE IN
THE GRASS!

BLONDIE: OH, COLONEL!

COLONEL: YOE PAHDON, MADAM, IF I USE STRONG WORDS. PERHAPS YO
WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO WITHDRAW BEFO AH REALLY FOHGET
MAHSELF!

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

COLONEL: AH'LL TELL YO WHAT IT'S ABOUT, SUH. AH AM INFORMED THAT
MAH DAUGHTER...IN DEFIANCE OF MAH OHDEHS HAS BEEN SEEN
ENTERIN' THIS HOUSE TO MEET THAT CREATURE SNIBB.

BLONDIE: OH!

COLONEL: HAH! WHY ARE THOSE DOORS CLOSED?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I GUESS WE CAN KEEP OUR DOORS CLOSED IF WE WANT TO

BLONDIE: WE CERTAINLY CAN.

COLONEL: SO THAT'S THE SKULKING RASCAL'S LAIR, IS IT?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NO LAIR IF YOU DON'T MIND. IT'S OUR DINING ROOM!

BLONDIE: AND DON'T TRY TO GO IN THERE, EITHER.

COLONEL: BAH! COME OUT, SNIBB...AND GET THE THRASHIN' YO DESERVE
SUH!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS LOUD) DON'T YOU GO IT, HERBERT!

COLONEL: HE IS IN THERE, IS HE? STAND ASIDE, SUH.

DAGWOOD: I WILL NOT.

BLONDIE: NEITHER WILL I! YOU'D BETTER TELL US WHAT THIS IS ABOUT,
COLONEL. WHY ARE YOU SO ANGRY WITH HERBERT?

COLONEL: MADAM, DO YO SEE THIS LETTER?

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD, I'VE SEEN PAPER LIKE THAT BEFORE.

COLONEL: LISTEN TO THIS, MADAM -- AND YOU, SUH! "DEAR COLONEL
CORNPEPPER! WELL, CUNEL...AH'VE JUST ABOUT MADE UP
MAH MIND TO MAHRY YO DAUGHTER, EFFIE BELLE. PROVIDIN'..

DAGWOOD: OH, GOSH...

COLONEL: PROVIDIN' THAT YOU CAN SEE THINGS MAH WAY. YO MUST
REALIZE, CUNEL THAT AH AM A GENIUS WHILE YO ARE A
PRETZEL BAKER...SO AH'M BURE YOU WILL NOT MIND
FINANCIN' MAH EXPERIMENT UNTIL MY MUSICAL INVENTIONS
ARE RECOGNIZED AT THEIR TRUE VALUE! I -- I CAN'T GO ON!
WHY, HE WANTS TO STEAL MY DAUGHTER AND CALLS IT AN
EXPERIMENT! AND HE WANTS ME TO SUPPORT HIM!
HORSEWHIPPIN' IS TOO GOOD FOR HIM!

BLONDIE: WHY, THAT DOESN'T SOUND A BIT LIKE HERBERT.

DAGWOOD: IT WASN'T HERBERT! LOOK, COLONEL...IT WAS KIND OF --
OF A JOKE, SEE?

COLONEL: A JOKE, SUH? WHAT DO YO KNOW ABOUT IT, SUH?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE I -- HELPED HERBERT WRITE IT.

COLONEL: WHAT? YOU, SUH?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! THOSE POOR CHILDREN! (GOING) OH, LET ME GO
BEFORE I SAY SOMETHING I'LL BE SORRY FOR.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- LOOK, BLONDIE! WAIT, BLONDIE! HEY
BLOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC: (IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: IF YOU WERE LEAVING TONIGHT -- TO LIVE FOR A WHOLE YEAR, MAYBE LONGER -- IN A BARREN, ISOLATED LAND FAR BEYOND THE REACHES AND CONVENIENCES OF CIVILIZATION.... AND IF RIGHT NOW YOU HAD TO CHOOSE THE ONE -- AND THE ONLY BRAND OF CIGARETTE YOU COULD SMOKE THROUGH TWELVE LONG, LONELY MONTHS -- YOU'D THINK IT OVER PRETTY CAREFULLY, WOULDN'T YOU, TO MAKE SURE YOU PICKED THE RIGHT BRAND? IT WOULD PROBABLY BE AS IMPORTANT A DECISION CONCERNING A CIGARETTE AS YOU EVER REACHED IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE.

WELL --- A MAN WHOSE NAME IS FAMILIAR TO EVERY ONE OF YOU RECENTLY FACED A SITUATION LIKE THAT -- AND HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED.

SOUND: OSCILLATOR

BILL GAY: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA -- UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD, THE MOTORSHIP NORTH STAR -- LEAD-OFF SHIP IN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT'S FIRST OFFICIAL ANTARCTIC VENTURE IN ONE HUNDRED YEARS -- SAILED FROM PHILADELPHIA ON HER TWELVE THOUSAND MILE JOURNEY TO THE FROZEN WASTES OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT. THE SHIP WAS HEAVILY LADEN WITH NECESSITIES FOR THE EXPEDITION -- INCLUDING A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

GOODWIN: YES, WHEN IT CAME TO CIGARETTES, ADMIRAL BYRD'S EXPEDITION TOOK CAMELS! HERE'S WHAT ADMIRAL BYRD HIMSELF SAID:

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BILL GAY: FEW PEOPLE REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT CIGARETTES ARE ON AN EXPEDITION LIKE OURS. THEY ARE SOMETIMES THE ONLY CHEERING RELIEF FROM MONOTONY. SLOW-BURNING CAMELS ARE THE OFFICIAL CIGARETTE WITH US. THE MEN ON THE EXPEDITION LIKE CAMELS. YOU CAN BE SURE WE HAVE PLENTY.

GOODWIN: YOU, YOURSELF, MAY NEVER GO TO THE SOUTH POLE, BUT THE RIGHT CIGARETTE IS IMPORTANT TO YOU, TOO, EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR. CAMELS ARE AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CIGARETTE. THEY ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. CAMELS ARE SLOWER BURNING. THEY GIVE YOU EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR -- AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY.

GOODWIN: IT WAS BETTER TO DRAW THE VEIL OVER DAGWOOD'S ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN TO BLONDIE, BUT APPARENTLY HE IS FORGIVEN...FOR NOW AT THE LONG AWAITED COUNTRY CLUB DANCE...WE FIND BLONDIE PASSING ON THE EXPLANATION TO COLONEL CORNPEPPER...(DANCE MUSIC IN FAINTLY UNDER SCENE)

BLONDIE: SO YOU SEE, COLONEL -- IT WASN'T HERBERT THEY WANTED YOU TO FINANCE, BUT THIS EXPERIMENT ON SOMETHING THAT WOULD BOOM YOUR PRETZEL BUSINESS.

COLONEL: HMMM, MADAM, YO HUSBAND AND YOUNG SNIBB ARE FO'TUNATE TO HAVE SO CHARMIN' AN AMBASSADOR.

BLONDIE: OH, MY COLONEL -- I'M AFRAID YOU'RE A FLATTERER.

COLONEL: MA'AM, MAH PO' TONGUE FAILS UTTERLY TO DO JUSTICE TO YO FASCINATION...THESE LITTLE WHITE HANDS FO EXAMPLE...

BLONDIE: ER...TELL ME MORE ABOUT PRETZELS, COLONEL.. THE WAY YOU TELL IT -- I'M SIMPLY THRILLED ABOUT THEM.

COLONEL: WELL, MA'AM...AH CAN ONLY WISH THE DEALIHS WERE A LITTLE MO THRILLED. THE PRETZEL MARKET IS DOWN, MA'AM. ~~ON MAH~~

~~RECENT CAMPAIGN TO EXPAND THE MARKET. AH MEAN WITH~~

SINGULAR APATHY, MA'AM.

BLONDIE: WHAT A SHAME!

COLONEL: IN VAIN DID AH POINT OUT THAT MAH SLOGAN "THE TIDBIT OF ARISTOCRACY" WOULD LIFT THE PRETZEL INTO A NEW FIELD AMONG THE ELITE.

BLONDIE: YOU OUGHT TO HAVE PICTURES OF SOCIETY LEADERS EATING THEM...

COLONEL: AH ATTEMPTED IT, MA'AM. BUT AH FOUND THAT THE CODFISH ARISTROCRACY OF TODAY WERE ALSO COOL TO THE GLORIES OF THE PRETZEL.....

BLONDIE: WELL, MAYBE THE INVENTION THAT DAGWOOD AND HERBERT ARE WORKING ON WILL HELP....

COLONEL: AH HOPE SO. AH WILL NOT DISGUISE FROM YOU, MA'AM.... THAT DEEPLY AS MY FATHER'S HEART WOULD SUFFER AT THE LOSS OF EPPIE BELLE...AH WOULD LOOK WITH FAVEH ON THE SUIT OF YOUNG SNIBB IF HE COULD SAVE CORNPEPPER PIZZELS FROM OBLIVION.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE'LL KNOW WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING TONIGHT. ~~DAGWOOD BROUGHT ME TO THE DANCE AND THEN RUSHED BACK TO PUT ON SOME SENTIMENTAL PAJAMAS WITH HERBERT.~~

COLONEL: AH SEE QUITE A STIR OVER YONDER...A SMALL CROWD IS GATHERIN'....WHY -- IT'S YO HUSBAND, MA'AM....
(MUSIC OUT)

BLONDIE: WHY YES...AND THERE'S EPPIE BELLE WITH HIM....

COLONEL: AH FORBID HER TO COME TO THE DANCE WITHOUT AN ESCORT AND SHE WOULD HAVE NONE BUT SNIBB....

BLONDIE: LOOK. DAGWOOD'S GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH OR SOMETHING!
(CHORD FROM BAND) ...OH, DEAR, I HOPE...

DAGWOOD: (AWAY BUT LOUD) LADIEES AND GENTLEMEN...WITH YOUR KIND ATTENTION I AM GOING TO PRESENT THE WORLD PREMIERE OF THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF ALL TIME IN THE FIELD OF FOOD AND MUSIC! (APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE: FOOD AND MUSIC?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! GO AHEAD, BOYS...(BAND PLAYS WALTZ...A SHRILL WHISTLE IS HEARD OVER THIS...VERY PIERCING AND BAD)

COLONEL: WHAT IS THAT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE HE'S TRYIN' TO PLAY?
(MUSIC OUT)

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DAGWOOD: (AWAY, BUT LOUD) THAT'S ENOUGH, BOYS! NOW THEN,
LADIES AND GENTS, THAT WAS IT! THE NEWEST THING UNDER
THE SUN! WHAT YOU JUST HEARD ME PLAY -- WAS....
THE CORNPEPPER WHISTLING PRETZEL! (MURMURS ETC)

COLONEL: WHAT! HOW DARE HE EXPLOIT THE FAIR NAME OF CORNPEPPER
IN CONNECTION WITH SUCH AN OUTRAGEOUS PIECE OF
FIDDLE-FADDLE! AH'LL H'ØSEWHIP HIM!

DAGWOOD: (APPROACHING) HI, BLONDIE! WELL, COLONEL -- HERBERT'S
MADE GOOD! LOOK....ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MAKE HOLLOW
PRETZELS LIKE THIS...WITH HOLES IN 'EM FOR THE
FINGERING...AND THEY WHISTLE LIKE A PIPE!

COLONEL: PIPE, SUH...PIPE! WHY...

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW WHAT A PIPE IS, DON'T YOU? A SIDEWAYS WHISTLE.

COLONEL: SIDEWAYS POPPYCOCK, SUH! YOU'VE RUINED MAH GOOD NAME,
SUH! MADE MAH PRETZELS A LAUGHIN' STOCK, SUH! AH...
AH'LL HAVE YO BLOOD, SUH!

BLONDIE: NOW, COLONEL, WAIT! YOU WANTED A NOVELTY! SOMETHING
TO BOOST SALES!

COLONEL: BAH, MA'AM! IF AH MAY SAY SO, MA'AM! WHO WOULD BUY
THIS SILLY FRIPPERY?

HERB: (COMING IN) HEY, DAG. IT CAME...THE WIRE FROM THAT
NOVELTY HOUSE IN CHICAGO!

EFFIE: (COMING IN) OH, HERBERT! IS IT GOOD NEWS?

COLONEL: SILENCE, EFFIE BELLE...

EFFIE: BUT, POPPA...

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER LET HERBERT READ THAT WIRE, COLONEL...

DAGWOOD: YEAH, COLONEL...YOU ASKED WHO'D BUY OUR MUSICAL
PRETZELS...WELL THIS WIRE IS THE ANSWER...I -- I HOPE!

EFFIE: READ IT, HERBERT.

HERB: OKAY...LISTEN. "MR. HERBERT HAVERSTRAW SNIBB...SALES
MANAGER OF THE CORNPEPPER WHISTLING PRETZEL COMPANY...

COLONEL: WHAT! HAVE YOU HAD THE EFFRONTERY, SUH, TO USURP A
HIGH POSITION IN MAH PRETZEL BUSINESS...TRADE ON THE
FAIR NAME OF CORNPEPPER...

EFFIE: SSSH, POPPA...LET HIM READ IT...

BLONDIE: READ IT, HERBERT.

HERB: WELL -- IT SAYS -- "IN RE YOUR PROPOSITION ON WHISTLING
PRETZELS BEG TO ADVISE..." (GULPS)

COLONEL: GO ON, SUH! GO ON!

HERB: MY THROAT'S ALL DRY...YOU READ IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: LEMME HAVE IT...HER "BEG TO ADVISE THAT IF THE PRETZELS
WILL REALLY WHISTLE WE WILL" -- HEY, LISTEN -- "WE
WILL SIGN CONTRACTS TO TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE OUTPUT OF
YOUR FACTORY FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS..."

HERB: IT DOES WHISTLE, TOO...

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY DOES. WE HEARD IT!

COLONEL: ENTIRE OUTPUT FOR TWO YEARS. MAH...MAH PRETZEL BUSINESS
IS SAVED, SUH!

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HERBERT FOR A SON-IN-LAW NOW,
COLONEL?

BLONDIE: OH, THE COLONEL IS A MAN OF HIS WORD! HE TOLD ME IF
HERBERT COULD MAKE GOOD...HE COULD HAVE EFFIE BELLE.

EFFIE: OH, POPPA!

COLONEL: A CORNPEPPER NEVER FORGETS, SUH. MAH HAND, MISTUH SNIBB.

MUSIC: (DANCE MUSIC IN SOFTLY)

EFFIE: OH, POPPA, CAN I HAVE HERBERT NOW...

COLONEL: GIVE HIM YO HAND MAH DEAH! MAH BOY! TAKE HER WITH
A FAHTHUH'S BLESSING...

HERB: OH, EFFIE...

EFFIE: OH, HERBERT...

BLONDIE: NOW THEN YOU TWO KIDS RUN AND DANCE...

HERB: WELL -- I CAN'T DANCE VERY WELL...

EFFIE: HE'S SO SERIOUS MINDED. BUT AH'LL CURE THAT...

DAGWOOD: SURE -- SHE'LL TEACH YOU TO DANCE, HERBERT...GO ON...

MUSIC: (DANCE MUSIC UP)

EFFIE: (FADING) COME ON HERBERT...WE'VE MISSED JUST HEAPS OF
DANCIN' ALREADY...

COLONEL: A HANDSOME COUPLE! HMMM. "TWO YEARS OUTPUT"...AH FEEL, SUH, THAT THIS CALLS FOR REFRESHMENT OF SOME SORT. WILL YO JOIN ME?

DAGWOOD: NO THANKS, COLONEL...I THINK I'LL STAY HERE WITH BLONDIE.

COLONEL: AH, SUH...YO SHOW RARE JUDGMENT THEAH, SUH! BUT AH INSIST ON YO ACCEPTIN A SMALL TOKEN OF MAH ESTEEM IN REWARD FOR YO SERVICES, SUH. A LIFE ANNUITY, SUH. AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY OF CORNPEPPER PRETZELS BOTH WHISTLIN' AND SILENT...FOR THE BALANCE OF YO LIFE, SUH!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- THANKS, COLONEL.

COLONEL: NOT AT ALL, SUH. GOOD EVENIN', SUH. YO SERVANT, MA'AM...(GOING SLOWLY) UH, WAITER. AH WANT ALL THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN HEAH TO DRINK WITH ME...IN HONOR OF MAH DAUGHTER'S BETROTHAL...

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD...YOU DID IT...

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT WAS JUST A LITTLE SPARE TIME CHORE...

BLONDIE: YOU INVENTED THAT WHISTLING PRETZEL, NOT HERBERT...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- UH -- WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

BLONDIE: NO ONE IN THE WORLD WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF A THING LIKE THAT...EXCEPT DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: PRETTY GOOD, HUH? THINK OF THE KIDS WHO WILL BUY THAT.. AND THE BEST PART IS THAT AFTER YOU GET TIRED OF WHISTLING, YOU CAN EAT THE PRETZEL...(TAKE) HEY... YOU KNOW...I THINK I'M A LITTLE HUNGRY...

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...NOT NOW...YOU COME AND DANCE WITH ME...

(MUSIC SWELLS)

DAGWOOD: OKAY...LET'S GO...(MUSIC SWELLS UP...SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(CLOSING)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY
ARTHUR LAKE -- THE COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS.
SO -- UNTIL NEXT MONDAY WE LEAVE THE BUMSTEADS --
BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD -- BUT THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES
HAVE OTHER RADIO TREATS FOR YOU DURING THE WEEK.
TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE SAME STATIONS YOU CAN LISTEN
TO THE MUSIC OF BOB CROSBY AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND
IN THE LAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD -- AND IF
YOU LIKE "SWING," WELL, YOU'D BETTER MAKE A DATE WITH
YOUR RADIO FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WHEN BENNY GOODMAN AND
THE WORLD'S GREATEST SWING BAND WITH MILDRED BAILEY
BRING YOU ANOTHER MUSICAL CARAVAN.
THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE...AND FOR YOUR
SMOKING PLEASURE LET US SUGGEST THAT YOU TRY CAMELS.
YOU'LL FIND MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:)

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.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.