

Rosemary Calihan  
110 R...  
N.Y.C. "BLONDIE" ...

12/15/39

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1939

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

MACTEK

GOODWIN: AH, AH, AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- THIS IS THE "BLONDIE" PROGRAM BROUGHT YOU BY THE CAMEL CIGARETTE PEOPLE.

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. WHEN IT COMES TO CIGARETTES, THERE ARE THREE IMPORTANT POINTS TO REMEMBER -- MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR. NOW, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR IS THE CIGARETTE THAT'S SLOW BURNING -- CAMEL. SLOW BURNING MEANS THAT CAMEL CIGARETTES ARE FREE FROM THE EXCESS HEAT AND IRRITATING QUALITIES OF TOO-FAST BURNING. THEY ARE NATURALLY MILD AND MELLOW TO START WITH, BEING MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. AND THEN, BEING SLOW BURNING, A CAMEL CIGARETTE LETS THE FLAVOR AND THE PLEASURE COME THROUGH WHEN YOU SMOKE IT. SMOKERS ALSO FIND THAT CAMELS GIVE MORE ACTUAL SMOKING PER PACK, THIS WAS CONFIRMED IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS WHERE CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. LET ME REPEAT THAT -- CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY (CONTINUED)

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GOODWIN:  
(Cont'd.)

OTHER BRAND. THAT MEANS CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS  
EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK.  
MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS, MORE FLAVOR -- AND MORE  
SMOKING PER PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR  
BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW IT'S TIME TO DROP IN ON THE BUMSTEADS FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT. TONIGHT WE FIND BLONDIE -- JUST BACK FROM MARKETING -- TALKING TO BABY DUMPLING IN THE KITCHEN...

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS! LET ME PUT THESE BUNDLES DOWN! (SOFT THUMPS AND SOUND OF PAPER BAGS, ETC.) THERE! ~~CLOSE THE BACK DOOR, BABY.~~

BABY: ~~OKAY, MOMMIE! (DOOR SHUTS) I WAS LISTENING FOR YOU TO COME BACK -- SO I COULD OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOU.~~

BLONDIE: ~~THANK YOU, DEAR. WHERE'S DADDY?~~

BABY: HE'S STILL ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM.

BLONDIE: STILL ASLEEP?

BABY: UHUH. HE HAD A DREAM, TOO. LOOK I DREW A PICTURE OF HIM HAVING IT.

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) WE'LL SHOW HIM THIS WHEN HE WAKES UP... WHAT'S HE DOING WITH HIS ARMS IN THIS PICTURE?

BABY: HE WAS FIGHTING A WHOLE GANG OF ROBBERS. HE KEPT ON HOLLERING "I'LL TAKE YOU ONE AT A TIME"...

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE WHY HE WANTS TO SLEEP SO MUCH IF HE'S GOING TO HAVE DREAMS LIKE THAT. WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE HIM UP, BABY?

BABY: HE NEVER LIKES TO GET WOKEN UP UNTIL HIS DREAM IS ALL OVER.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. IT MAKES HIM MAD NOT TO KNOW HOW IT CAME OUT. (GOING) LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW. (DOOR OPENS SOFT) HMMM. HE LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH. I GUESS HE WON THE FIGHT WITH THE ROBBERS.

BABY: MAYBE WE BETTER WAKE HIM UP THEN...AND TELL HIM ABOUT THE MAN.

BLONDIE: WHAT MAN, BABY?

BABY: THE ONE WHO WANTS TO SEE HIM.

BLONDIE: OH, DID SOMEONE COME TO SEE DAGWOOD WHILE I WAS OUT?

BABY: UHUH. HE WAS A FUNNY MAN.

BLONDIE: HOW DO YOU MEAN -- FUNNY, BABY?

BABY: WELL, HE LOOKED FUNNY. HE HAD A LONG FACE -- AND  
LITTLE WHISKERS NEAR HIS EARS...AND HE TALKED FUNNY...

~~AND HIS SUITCASE HAD LITTLE COLORED PICTURES STUCK  
ALL OVER IT.~~

BLONDIE: ~~SUITCASE? ILL BUT IT WAS ANOTHER SALESMAN.~~

BABY: ~~WELL I DON'T THINK IT WAS -- CAUSE HE DIDN'T ASK FOR~~  
THE LADY OF THE HOUSE. HE ASKED FOR DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD  
ES -- ESQUIRE, AND I SAID DADDY'S NAME WASN'T ESQUIRE  
-- BUT THIS WAS BUMSTEAD'S HOUSE ALL RIGHT -- SO THEN  
HE CAME IN...

BLONDIE: OH, BABY! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LET A STRANGER INTO THE  
HOUSE...

BABY: ~~WELL -- HE DOESN'T MAKE ANY NOISE WHEN HE WALKS -- SO  
-- THE FIRST THING I KNEW HE WAS IN~~

BLONDIE: ~~GOODNESS! MAYBE HE WAS A BURGLAR...~~

BABY: HE WAS VERY POLITE FOR A BURGLAR, MOMMIE! HE SAW DADDY  
ASLEEP AND DIDN'T LAUGH.

BLONDIE: WELL WHAT DID HE DO?

BABY: HE SAID DADDY HAD THE BUMSTEAD EYEBROWS...AND THEN HE  
PICKED UP DADDY'S SHOES OFF THE FLOOR...

BLONDIE: HE TOOK DADDY'S SHOES?

BABY: UHUH. ONLY HE CALLED THEM BOOTS. AND HE BROUGHT  
DADDY'S SLIPPERS.

BLONDIE: WELL I NEVER!

BABY: AND THEN HE ASKED WHERE THE MASTER KEPT HIS BOOTS --  
AND I SAID UP IN HIS ROOM -- SO HE TOOK THEM UP THERE..

BLONDIE: HE WENT UPSTAIRS? OH, BABY! HOW LONG WAS HE UP THERE?

BABY: HE'S STILL UP THERE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: WHAT? WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL  
ABOUT! (CALLS) DAGWOOD.  
THE IDEA OF A PERFECTLY STRANGE MAN RUMMAGING THROUGH  
OUR HOUSE! (CALLS AGAIN) DAGWOOD! WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: (SHAKING HIM) WAKE UP! DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (STILL ASLEEP) WHASSAMATTER?

BLONDIE: WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: (STARTING UP) HEY! NO! LEGGO!

BLONDIE: SSSH! LISTEN, DAGWOOD! THERE'S A STRANGE MAN UPSTAIRS

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPY) UHUH. WELL -- ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTS.

BLONDIE: I CERTAINLY WILL! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO COME, TOO. HE MAY  
BE A BURGLAR.

DAGWOOD: (STILL GROGGY) BURGLAR? ER -- JUST ONE BURGLAR?

BLONDIE: ONE IS ENOUGH! HOW MANY DO YOU EXPECT?

DAGWOOD: (STILL THICK WITH SLEEP) I HAD SIX IN MY DREAM!  
LISTEN, BLONDIE -- DO YOU KNOW WHAT I DREAMT?

BLONDIE: PLEASE, DAGWOOD! TELL ME THE DREAM LATER. WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO ABOUT THE MAN UPSTAIRS?

DAGWOOD: WHAT MAN?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID! NOW  
LISTEN! THERE WAS A FUNNY LOOKING MAN CAME IN THE  
HOUSE WHILE YOU WERE SOUND SLEEP --

DAGWOOD: (MILDLY INDIGNANT) OH, NO. WHY I HARDLY CLOSED MY  
EYES...

BABY: YOU WERE SNORING, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: NOT ME, BABY. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN DAISY.

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE DAISY DREAMED ABOUT THOSE SIX BURGLARS, TOO!  
YOU WERE SO SOUND ASLEEP THAT THIS PERFECT STRANGER  
CAME IN AND TOOK YOUR SHOES!

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: HE TOOK THEM UPSTAIRS!

DAGWOOD: TOOK MY SHOES? UPSTAIRS? WHO SAYS SO?

BABY: I SAW HIM, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, BABY! THAT'S THE SILLIEST STORY I EVER  
HEARD...

BABY: BUT HE DID, DADDY! HE'S UP THERE RIGHT NOW!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! YOU'D BETTER GO SEE...

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT -- (GOING) BUT IF THIS TURNS OUT  
TO BE THE LITTLE MAN WHO ISN'T THERE...

BABY: (GOING) I'LL SHOW HIM TO YOU, DADDY...

BLONDIE: WAIT, BABY! STAY BEHIND, DADDY NOW -- GOING UP THE  
STAIRS...

(MUSIC RUN...CLIMBING STAIRS EFFECT)

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) PEEK AROUND THE DOOR FIRST, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I AM! (WHISPERING STILL) HEY! HE IS IN  
THERE! HE'S GOT MY SHOES ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THEM?

DAGWOOD: HE'S -- SHINING THEM UP! GOSH HE MUST BE CRAZY.

BLONDIE: WELL HUMOR HIM, DAGWOOD! TELL HIM WE KNOW WHERE THERE'  
LOTS OF BETTER SHOES FOR HIM -- AND SEND HIM AWAY!

DAGWOOD: YEAH.

BLONDIE: BUT SPEAK GENTLY! DON'T STARTLE HIM! THAT MAKES THEM  
VIOLENT!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IF HE GETS NOISY -- YOU RUN AND PHONE THE COPS.  
I'M GOING TO TACKLE HIM NOW...(LOUDLY) HEY!

BLONDIE: SSH. GENTLY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH. ER...WELL WELL! -- HELLO, THERE!

B.D.: (AWAY) AH. GOOD EVENING, SIR. MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD  
I PRESUME?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT. I -- ER -- I LIVE HERE YOU KNOW.

B.D.: QUIET SO, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE WELCOME! ER -- DO YOU LIKE THOSE SHOES?

B.D.: YOUR BOOTS, SIR? WELL, SIR -- SINCE YOU ASK, SIR --  
I FEEL THAT THEY SHOULD BE DISCARDED IN THE NEAR  
FUTURE, SIR. BEGINNING TO SHOW WEAR, SIR. THANK YOU,  
SIR.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE WELCOME. I -- I GUESS THOSE SHO -- ER -- BOOTS  
ARE A LITTLE SCUFFED. I -- ER -- RUN A LOT YOU KNOW.  
DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND ALL.

B.D.: YES, SIR. QUITE SO. I'M GLAD YOU KEEP FIT, SIR.  
THANK YOU, SIR.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE WELCOME. SAY -- ER -- DON'T GET EXCITED  
NOW...BUT WHERE DID YOU COME FROM ANYWAY?

B.D.: WHY, SIR -- INDIRECTLY -- FROM TUNNY WELLS ON TRIGWATER  
-- HANTS -- SUSSEX, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR...

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE WEL....

B.D.: HIS GRACES COUNTRY SEAT.

DAGWOOD: GRACE WHO?

B.D.: I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR?

DAGWOOD: WHAT DID YOU DO?

B.D.: I HAVE DONE NOTHING REPREHENSIBLE, SIR. MY LAST  
REMARK WAS INTENDED TO CONVEY THAT I HAD SOMEHOW  
FAILED TO COMPREHEND THE TREND OF YOUR INTERROGATION,  
SIR.

DAGWOOD: YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME. I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU  
EITHER. WAIT A MINUTE. (CALLS) OH, BLOOOONDIE?

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) YES, DAGWOOD. I WAS RIGHT OUTSIDE.  
(WHISPERS) I DON'T THINK HE'S DANGEROUS, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) NO -- HARMLESS, I GUESS. SEE IF YOU CAN  
FIND OUT WHAT HE WANTS.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. (LOUD) HELLO.

B.D.: GOOD EVENING, MADAME.

BLONDIE: (WININGLY) IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TO POLISH DAGWOODS  
SHOES. ER -- WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



B.D.: JUST CALL ME DARLING, MADAME.

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN DON'T GET FRESH.

BLONDIE: SSSH. DAGWOOD. WE MUST BE GENTLE!

B.D.: I DID NOT MEAN TO OFFEND SIR. EVERYONE CALLS ME DARLING,  
SIR.

DAGWOOD: OH THEY DO. WHY?

B.D.: IT'S THE CUSTOM AT HOME, SIR.

BLONDIE: WELL I THINK THAT'S VERY NICE. YOU MUST BE QUITE  
POPULAR BACK HOME.

B.D.: I FLATTER MYSELF THAT I AM NOT UNPOPULAR IN MY OWN  
ENVIRONMENT, MADAME. BOTH BELOW STAIRS AND AMONG THE  
GENTRY. SIR EDGAR HIMSELF HAS NOT INFREQUENTLY EXPRESSED  
HIS APPROVAL OF ME.

DAGWOOD: DOES SIR EDGAR CALL YOU DARLING?

B.D.: OH YES SIR. THANK YOU SIR.

DAGWOOD: DON'T THANK ME. I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW, DAGWOOD, I THINK HIS NAME IS DARLING.

B.D.: IT IS DARLING, SIR. THANK YOU SIR.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE WELCOME (TAKE) HEY! IS THAT REALLY YOUR NAME?

B.D.: IT IS MY SIRNAME SIR. THE CHRISTIAN NAMES BEING  
BUCKINGHAM ROGER TREVELYAN.

DAGWOOD: GOSH!

BABY: (OFF) MOMMIE. IS IT ALL RIGHT TO COME IN?

BLONDIE: YES DARLING.

B.D.: I BEG PARDON MADAME?

BLONDIE: OH NOT YOU DARLING. I MEAN MY DARLING...ER...BABY  
DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN. THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK!...WHAT DID YOU SAY  
YOUR OTHER NAMES WERE?

B.D.: BUCKINGHAM ROGER TREV...

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WELL LOOK. I'LL JUST CALL YOU BUCK FOR SHORT.

B.D.: AS YOU LIKE SIR. THANK YOU SIR.

DAGWOOD: DON'T MENTION IT. AND LISTEN...DON'T KEEP THANKING ME  
WILL YOU, BUCK?

B.D.: I WILL TRY TO REFRAIN IF YOU FIND IT DISTASTEFUL, SIR.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BUCK...NOW YOU CALL ME DAGWOOD AND THIS IS  
BLONDIE AND THAT WAS BABY DUMPLING WHO JUST CAME IN.

B.D.: THE YOUNG MASTER OF THE HOUSE NO DOUBT?

BLONDIE: I'LL SAY HE IS...AND NOW THAT WE'RE ALL FRIENDS...MAYBE  
YOU WON'T MIND MY ASKING YOU HOW YOU HAPPENED TO WANDER  
INTO THE HOUSE AND START SHINING SHOES.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. NO OFFENSE MIND YOU -- BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA?

B.D.: I BEGIN TO ~~APPREHEND~~<sup>FORGET</sup>, SIR, THAT I WAS NOT EXPECTED.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT -- YOU WEREN'T.

B.D.: IN THAT CASE SIR...IF I MAY SAY SO...YOU HAVE BEEN MOST  
FORBEARING IN YOUR TREATMENT OF ME.

BLONDIE: WHY DID YOU THINK WE EXPECTED YOU?

B.D.: IT WAS MY UNDERSTANDING MADAME THAT HIS GRACE HAD WRITTEN  
A LETTER APPRISING YOU OF MY COMING.

DAGWOOD: WHO IS THIS GRACE?

B.D.: I HAD REFERENCE TO HIS GRACE, THE FIFTH EARL OF BLEAKHAVEN

DAGWOOD: I NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

B.D.: OH SIR! YOUR OWN COUSIN, SIR?

BLONDIE: COUSIN! DAGWOOD! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU HAD A COUSIN  
WHO HAD A TITLE!

DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T KNOW IT MYSELF. WHY DIDN'T MY FATHER TELL ME  
THESE THINGS?

B.D.: ~~HIS GRACE WARNED ME THAT THE AMERICAN BRANCH MIGHT NOT  
BE SO KEEN ON FAMILY MATTERS AS ARE WE IN ENGLAND.~~

DAGWOOD: GOSH. I HOPE THEY DON'T FIND THIS OUT AT THE OFFICE.

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD! IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- MAYBE NOT. I'LL WAIT 'TIL I SEE COUSIN EARL. IS  
THAT HIS NAME?

B.D.: NO SIR...BEGGING YOUR PARDON SIR.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO CALL HIM GRACE.

B.D.: NO SIR...YOUR RELATIONSHIP WOULD WARRANT SUFFICIENT  
FAMILIARITY AS TO ADDRESS HIS GRACE AS "BLEAKHAVEN."

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, BUCK, I'M ALL MIXED UP. IF HIS NAME IS BLEAKHAVEN..

B.D.: NO SIR. THAT'S THE TITLE SIR. EARL OF BLEAKHAVEN...HIS  
GRACE IS A FORM OF ADDRESS.

BLONDIE: LIKE CALLING A JUDGE "YOUR HONOR," DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH.

B.D.: HE IS ALSO CALLED SIR EDGAR OF COURSE...

DAGWOOD: WHY? WHAT'S THE GUYS REAL NAME?

B.D.: HIS GRACE'S FAMILY NAME IS BRUMSTER...~~HENCE SIR EDGAR~~  
BRUMSTER...WHICH IS OF COURSE QUITE THE SAME THING AS  
YOUR AMERICAN NAME OF BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T GET THAT.

BLONDIE: NEITHER DO I. HOW DOES THAT HAPPEN MR. DARLING?

B.D.: JUST DARLING MADAME.

DAGWOOD: CALL HIM BUCK! LISTEN BUCK...HOW DO THEY MAKE BRUMSTER  
OUT OF BUMSTEAD? HOW DO THEY SPELL IT?

B.D.: WHY SIR, THE NAME IS SPELLED B-R-O-O-M-S-T-R-A-W...BRUMSTER

BABY: THAT SPELLS BROOMSTRAW.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- EVEN BABY KNOWS THAT. I GUESS IT'S NOT MY COUSIN AFTER ALL.

B.D.: OH YES SIR. BEG PARDON SIR. ~~BUT HIS GRACE IS FRIGHTFULLY KEEN ON THE FAMILY TREE. HAS IT ALL DRAWN UP TO DATE YOU KNOW... INCLUDING THE AMERICAN BRANCH.~~ YOU ARE HIS NEAREST KIN HERE IN THE STATES... THAT'S WHY HE SENT ME TO YOU SIR.

BLONDIE: WELL, IF YOU'RE A FRIEND OF DAGWOOD'S COUSIN... YOU'RE VERY WELCOME.

B.D.: MY HEARTFELT THANKS, MADAME.

DAGWOOD: SURE!... ER... WON'T YOU SIT DOWN, BUCK?

B.D.: OH NO SIR. FORGIVE ME, SIR. IT WOULDN'T DO YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: WHY NOT?

B.D.: WHY SIR! I -- I AM IN SERVICE, SIR.

BABY: WHERE'S YOUR UNIFORM THEN?

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK HE MEANS IN THE ARMY OR NAVY, BABY. DO YOU BUCK?

B.D.: NO MADAME. I AM A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.

BABY: WELL MOMMIE SAYS I'M A LITTLE GENTLEMAN TOO... BUT I CAN SIT DOWN.

DAGWOOD: QUIET, BABY. LISTEN BUCK... WHAT DOES A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN DO?

B.D.: I ATTEND TO MANY PERSONAL MATTERS FOR HIS GRACE -- SIR EDGAR. CHIEFLY MATTERS OF DRESS!... SEE THAT HE'S WELL TURNED OUT YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: OH THAT'S WHY YOU -- ER -- POLISHED UP MY SHOES?

B.D.: TO BE SURE SIR. SIR EDGAR HAS SENT ME TO BE YOUR GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN FOR A SPACE.

DAGWOOD: HEY WAIT A MINUTE! CAN'T COUSIN EDGAR AFFORD TO HAVE YOU ANYMORE?

B.D.: IT ISN'T THAT SIR. IT'S JUST THAT SIR EDGAR THOUGHT IT WOULD BE UNSEEMLY FOR ME TO BE ATTENDING HIM WHILE HE WORKED IN THE COAL MINE!

BLONDIE: COAL MINE? WHAT'S HE DOING IN A COAL MINE?

B.D.: HE IS OSTENSIBLY EMPLOYED IN -- ER -- DIGGING COALS, MADAME. ACTUALLY, OF COURSE, HE IS GATHERING MATERIAL FOR HIS NEW NOVEL.

DAGWOOD: OH HE'S A WRITER, EH?

B.D.: UNDER THE NOM DE PLUME OF ~~JOE~~ <sup>John</sup> MUGGINS HIS GRACE HAS WRITTEN SOME VERY PROFOUND WORKS ON VARIOUS INDUSTRIES SIR!

DAGWOOD: ~~JOE~~ MUGGINS. HE HASN'T GOT ANY MORE NAMES HAS HE?

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND THAT DAGWOOD. IT WAS NICE OF SIR EDGAR TO SEND BUCK TO YOU FOR A WHILE...ER...HOW LONG WILL YOU BE WITH US, BUCK?

B.D.: UNTIL HIS GRACE SEES FIT TO -- ER -- RECLAIM ME, MADAME. I -- I TRUST IT WILL NOT BE INCONVENIENT TO HAVE ME HERE. I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

DAGWOOD: WELL I DON'T KNOW...I DON'T THINK I CAN AFFORD A -- GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.

B.D.: OH NO MONEY IS INVOLVED SIR. NATURALLY NOT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH BUT I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU -- I ONLY HAVE THREE SUITS.

B.D.: IF I MAY SAY SO SIR, A GENTLEMAN IS NOT JUDGED BY THE EXTENT OF HIS WARDROBE -- SO MUCH AS BY ITS CARE AND CHARACTER.

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW -- I THINK IT WILL BE A GOOD THING FOR US TO HAVE BUCK HERE FOR A WHILE.

DAGWOOD: WELL...

BLONDIE: HAVE YOU ANYWHERE ELSE YOU COULD GO BUCK?

B.D.: SINCE YOU MENTION IT MADAME, NO, MADAME. THANK YOU MADAME. ER -- PERHAPS YOU COULD DISCUSS THE MATTER MORE FREELY IF I WERE TO WITHDRAW...IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO DIRECT ME TO THE SCULLERY.

BLONDIE: THE KITCHEN IS DOWNSTAIRS JUST OFF THE DINING ROOM.

BABY: CAN I SHOW HIM, MOMMIE? I LIKE BUCK.

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR -- RUN ALONG.

B.D. THANK YOU, MADAME. I -- ER -- HAVE LAID OUT YOUR DINNER COAT, SIR...WHEN YOU RING I WILL RETURN AT ONCE TO ASSIST YOU IN DRESSING. (GOING) IF THAT WILL BE ALL, SIR.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SURE, BUCK, YOU GO AHEAD. GOSH, BLONDIE...I DON'T WANT TO GET DRESSED IN MY TUXEDO....

BLONDIE: NOW LOOK, DAGWOOD. THAT POOR MAN IS DEPENDING ON US TO KEEP A ROOF OVER HIS HEAD, THOUGH HE WOULDN'T SAY SO IN SO MANY WORDS. WE CAN'T TURN HIM OUT.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T MIND HAVING HIM AROUND...BUT WHY DO I HAVE TO PUT ON A BOILED SHIRT?

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU DON'T WANT HIM TO THINK THAT AN EARL'S COUSIN DOESN'T DRESS FOR DINNER, DO YOU?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T CARE WHAT HE THINKS. IT ISN'T AS IF WE WERE GOING TO A BANQUET.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DRESSED FOR DINNER SOMETIMES. YOU LET HIM DRESS YOU WHEN HE COMES BACK.

DAGWOOD: WELL, WHAT WOULD THE GANG AT THE OFFICE THINK IF THEY KNEW I HAD A VALET. GOSH...WHAT WOULD DITHERS THINK?

BLONDIE: I BET HE'D GO GET ONE, TOO. WE'LL FIND OUT TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: HOW? DITHERS ISN'T COMING HERE, TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: OH, YES HE IS...I FORGOT TO TELL YOU. HE PHONED WHILE YOU WERE ASLEEP.

DAGWOOD: COMING HERE? WHAT FOR?

BLONDIE: SOMETHING ABOUT SOME PLANS YOU CARRIED AWAY FROM THE OFFICE.

"BLONDIE"  
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DAGWOOD: OH, GOSH! THE PLANS FOR CASIMIR SMIRCH'S NEW HOUSE!

BLONDIE: WHO'S CASIMIR SMIRCH?

DAGWOOD: HE'S DITHERS' WIFE'S UNCLE. HE'S RICH AS A GOAT. DITHERS  
WILL SKIN ME FOR KEEPING THOSE PLANS.

BLONDIE: WELL YOUR COUSIN IS AN EARL SO DON'T LET DITHERS OR HIS  
WIFE'S UNCLE BLUFF YOU.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW, BUT THIS IS BUSINESS. SMIRCH IS GOING TO ADD  
MORE ROOMS TO HIS HOUSE. ~~IT'S AS BIG AS A BARN NOW...~~ AND  
IF THE PLANS ARE HELD UP, HE'LL BE SO SORE. HE'S A  
CRUSTY OLD COOT ANYWAY, DITHERS SAYS.

BLONDIE: WELL MR. DITHERS CRITICISING SOMEONE ELSE FOR BEING  
CRUSTY IS THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK. (DOOR BELL  
AWAY)

DAGWOOD: OOOOH. I BET THAT'S DITHERS NOW.

BLONDIE: I'LL GO! YOU STAY HERE AND GET DRESSED. (GOING) WE'LL  
SHOW 'EM. (MUSIC DESCENDING RUN...SEGUE TO THEME AND

UNDER FOR:)

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"  
12/11/39

14-A

ANNOUNCER: WHEN IT COMES TO CHRISTMAS, YOU LIKE TO FEEL THAT THE GIFTS YOU GIVE ARE THE RIGHT GIFTS.-- THAT THEY PLEASE. THAT'S WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE GIVING CAMEL CIGARETTES FOR CHRISTMAS. WHEN YOU GIVE CAMELS YOU'RE GIVING THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS -- SMOKING PLEASURE INSURED BY REAL TOBACCO QUALITY. THIS CHRISTMAS YOUR DEALER HAS THE REGULAR CAMEL CARTON, CONTAINING TWO HUNDRED CIGARETTES, SPECIALLY WRAPPED IN GAY CHRISTMAS DESIGN, ALL READY FOR GIVING. OR YOU CAN GET THE SAME NUMBER OF CAMELS IN AN ATTRACTIVE PACKAGE CONTAINING FOUR "FLAT FIFTIES." CHOOSE EITHER ONE -- BUT BE SURE YOU GET CAMELS. MORE SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE. CAMELS ARE SLOWER BURNING...YOU KNOW. THAT MEANS MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

*Ends. Hg*



(AFTER CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

(BELL AGAIN...IN) (DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! OH -- ER -- EXCUSE ME. I THOUGHT IT WAS...

B.D.: YOU ARE QUITE CORRECT IN ASSUMING THAT THIS IS THE  
BUMSTEAD RESIDENCE, SIR. WHOM SHALL I SAY IS CALLING?

DITHERS: ER, MR, DITHERS....J. C. DITHERS....OF THE J. C. DITHERS  
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

B.D.: PERHAPS...SIR...YOU HAVE A CARD?

DITHERS: CARD? OH -- ER -- YES. I -- HAVE ONE SOMEWHERE HERE.  
NOPE. JUST TELL BUMSTEAD I'M HERE. HE KNOWS ME. HE  
WORKS FOR ME!

B.D.: INDEED, SIR? IF YOU WILL STEP INTO THE DRAWING ROOM A  
MOMENT, SIR. I WILL ASCERTAIN IF MR. BUMSTEAD IS AT HOME.

DITHERS: OF COURSE HE'S HOME.

B.D.: I WILL ASCERTAIN, SIR.

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUCK -- I'LL ENTERTAIN  
MR. DITHERS.

B.D.: (GOING) VERY GOOD, MADAME. THANK YOU, MADAME.

DITHERS: LISTEN, BLONDIE, WHO'S THAT?

BLONDIE: OH, THAT'S BUCK. DAGWOOD'S MAN, YOU KNOW.

DITHERS: I DON'T KNOW. WHAT MAN?

BLONDIE: WELL BUCK IS REALLY SIR EDGAR'S GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN,  
OF COURSE.

DITHERS: EH? SIR EDGAR WHO?

BLONDIE: WHY, SIR EDGAR BRUMSTER...OR BUMSTEAD AS WE CALL IT --  
DAGWOOD'S COUSIN...THE FIFTH EARL OF BLEAKHAVEN.

DITHERS: THIS IS NO TIME FOR KIDDING, BLONDIE! DAGWOOD CARRIED HOME SOME IMPORTANT PLANS WITH HIM TODAY...AND CASIMIR SMIRCH IS OUT IN MY CAR NOW...HOPPING MAD...

BLONDIE: WELL, ASK MR. SMIRCH IN. WAIT, I'LL SEND BUCK OUT FOR HIM...(CALLS) OH -- ER -- BUCK!

DITHERS: LISTEN, I DON'T WANT ANY GAMES PLAYED ON SMIRCH. HE HAS TOO MUCH MONEY TO MONKEY WITH....

B.D.: (COMING IN) DID YOU CALL, MADAME?

BLONDIE: YES, BUCK...THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OUT IN MR. DITHER'S CAR...

DITHERS: WAIT A MINUTE. LISTEN, BUCK...DO YOU REALLY WORK FOR SIR EDGAR SOMEBODY...EARL OF SOMETHING-OR-OTHER?

B.D.: OH YES, SIR. QUITE SO SIR. I HAVE HAD THE HONOR TO BE IN HIS GRACE'S SERVICE FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS -- MAN AND BOY.

DITHERS: WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! AND NOW YOU'RE WORKING FOR BUMSTEAD?

B.D.: YES, SIR. MR. BUMSTEAD IS SIR EDGAR'S COUSIN, YOU SEE... AND SO...

DITHERS: OKAY, I BELIEVE YOU.

B.D.: THANK YOU, SIR. I HAVE MADE IT THE HABIT OF A LIFETIME TO TELL ONLY THE TRUTH, SIR.

DITHERS: YEAH -- AND IT SHOWS ON YOU SOMEHOW. OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD. GO OUT AND ASK MR. SMIRCH TO STEP IN HERE.

B.D.: (GOING) YES, SIR, VERY GOOD, SIR.

DITHERS: LISTEN, BLONDIE...CASIMIR SMIRCH IS AN UNCLE OF CORY'S SEE? VERY SNOBBISH. NEVER DID A LICK OF WORK IN HIS LIFE AND STICKS HIS NOSE UP AT ME BECAUSE I'M A SELF-MADE MAN.

BLONDIE: BUT HE COMES TO YOU WHEN HE WANTS WORK DONE.

DITHERS: HE LIKES TO SHOW OFF TO ME. BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS AND I COLLECT A SIZEABLE CHECK EVERYTIME SMIRCH BUILDS AN ADDITION TO THAT OVERSIZED FUN-HOUSE HE CALLS HIS ESTATE.

BLONDIE: OH! I SAW THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF IT THAT DAGWOOD BROUGHT HOME. IT'S AN AWFUL LOOKING HOUSE. SORT OF LIKE THE TOWER OF LONDON...WITH MINARETS!

DITHERS: NOW, THIS IS WHERE WE PUT ON A LITTLE DOG OURSELVES. YOU HELP ME, BLONDIE. WE'LL LET IT OUT THAT BUCK WORKS FOR THE EARL OF WHAT'S THIS AND THAT THE EARL HIMSELF ALWAYS STAYS WITH YOU WHEN HE'S IN THIS COUNTRY....

BLONDIE: OH, BUT, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: QUIET. HERE HE COMES...

B.D.: (COMING IN) STEP THIS WAY, SIR...THANK YOU, SIR...(LOUD) MR. CASIMIR SMIRCH CALLING...

DITHERS: COME RIGHT IN, SMIRCH.

BLONDIE: HOW DO YOU DO, MR. SMIRCH. I'M MRS. BUMSTEAD:..

SMIRCH: WELL, DITHERS. YOUR EMPLOYEES DO THEMSELVES VERY WELL, I MUST SAY, ENGLISH MAN-SERVANTS! STUFFY LITTLE HOUSE, THOUGH. YOU BUILD IT?

DITHERS: YES -- AND IT'S A PRIZE WINNING SMALL HOUSE:..

BLONDIE: WE'RE VERY COMFORTABLE HERE, MR. SMIRCH.

SMIRCH: HMMP. YOU OUGHT TO SEE MY PLACE. WHERE ARE THOSE PICTURES, DITHERS?

BLONDIE: HERE THEY ARE, MR. SMIRCH.

B.D.: WILL THAT BE ALL, MADAME?

SMIRCH: JUST A MOMENT MY MAN, YOU'VE BEEN ABROAD I TAKE IT.

B.D.: OH, YES, SIR. THANK YOU SIR.

SMIRCH: THEN YOU'LL APPRECIATE MY ESTATE. LOOK AT THIS PHOTO.

B.D.: YES, SIR.

SMIRCH: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? EH?

B.D.: QUITE AN AMAZING BIT OF WORK, SIR. IT RATHER REMINDS ME OF A PORTION OF BRUMSTER HALL...HIS GRACES LITTLE PLACE IN SUSSEX.

SMIRCH: LITTLE PLACE?

B.D.: YES, SIR. THIS MIGHT DO FOR THE GATE LODGE.

SMIRCH: GATE LODGE? HOW LARGE IS HIS MAIN HOUSE?

B.D.: IF MEMORY SERVES, SIR...WE HAVE CLOSE TO ONE HUNDRED BEDROOMS...NOT COUNTING THE HAUNTED SUITE OF COURSE WHICH WE OPEN ONLY FOR GUESTS AT THE HUNT BALL.

SMIRCH: WHOSE PLACE DID YOU SAY THAT WAS?

BLONDIE: OH, BUCK IS REFERRING TO HIS GRACE THE EARL OF BLEAKHAVEN.

DITHERS: DEAR OLD SIR EDGAR, YOU KNOW SMIRCH.

SMIRCH: A NOBLEMAN!

DITHERS: OH, QUITE! BUCK HERE IS HIS PERSONAL MAN YOU KNOW.

SMIRCH: NO -- I DIDN'T KNOW! MY MY MY! WHAT IS -- ER -- BUCK DOING HERE THEN?

DITHERS: AH! (MYSTERIOSO)

B.D.: IF I MAY BE PERMITTED TO WITHDRAW, MADAME? MY GENTLEMAN UPSTAIRS WILL WANT ME TO ASSIST HIM IN DRESSING FOR DINNER

BLONDIE: RUN ALONG, BUCK.

B.D.: (GOING) YES, MADAME. THANK YOU, MADAME.

SMIRCH: WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHO'S DRESSING FOR DINNER UPSTAIRS?

BLONDIE: WHY --- MY HUSBAND. ER -- MR. BUMSTEAD, YOU KNOW.

SMIRCH: (CRAFTILY) AH! YOUR HUSBAND, EH? I SEE!

DITHERS: MR. BUMSTEAD IS RELATED TO THE EARL. EH, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WELL --- YES ---

SMIRCH: RELATED! I SHOULD THINK SO! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! BUCK WORKS FOR THE EARL...AND HE WORKS HERE! HE'S GOING TO DRESS THIS "MR. BUMSTEAD"...

BLONDIE: WELL --- YES --- BUT...

SMIRCH: THEN MR. BUMSTEAD IS THE EARL! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!

DITHERS: WHY BUMSTEAD WORKS FOR ME...

SMIRCH: INCOGNITO! CHANGED HIS NAME FROM BRUMSTER TO BUMSTEAD! BUT IT DOESN'T FOOL ME!

BLONDIE: OH, BUT, MR. SMIRCH...

SMIRCH: (SMIRKING) DEAR LADY BUMSTEAD! FORGIVE FOR NOT HAVING RECOGNIZED YOU BEFORE! LOTTIE -- MY WIFE -- WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T INSIST THAT YOU COME TO US FOR A WEEK-END! AND THE EARL! LISTEN, DITHERS! I'VE AN IDEA! I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME! I'M CHAIRMAN OF THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE AT THE CIVIC CLUB LUNCH THIS WEEK -- AND I WANT THE EARL TO BE THERE -- AND MAKE A SPEECH!

DITHERS: WELL -- ER -- IT MIGHT BE ARRANGED...

BLONDIE: OH, NO, MR. DITHERS...

SMIRCH: OH, YES MR. DITHERS! LISTEN! THE EARL WORKS FOR YOU, DOESN'T HE? WELL, IF YOU WANT ANY MORE CONTRACTS FROM ME -- HAVE HIM AT THAT LUNCHEON!

(MUSIC IN BRIEFLY)

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DITHERS: NOW TRY IT AGAIN, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WELL --- FIRST TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: I'LL TELL YOU LATER. RIGHT NOW I WANT YOU TO CONCENTRATE ON THAT ENGLISH ACCENT. IT'S JUST LIKE ACTING A LITTLE PART BUMSTEAD -- SEE? NOW LOOK. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SIR EDGAR...UNDERSTAND? WE'RE AT A LUNCHEON SEE? NOW SOMEBODY SAYS TO YOU "WELL, SIR EDGAR -- HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICA?" AND WHAT DO YOU SAY?

DAGWOOD: I DID THAT ONCE.

DITHERS: DO IT AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I SAY. (ACCENT) "RIPPING OLD TOP. TOP HOLE! POSSITIVELY! WHAT?"

DITHERS: THAT'S BETTER THAT TIME. NOW SOMEONE SAYS "I HEAR YOU'RE WORKING OVER HERE NOW, SIR EDGAR"...WHAT'S YOUR COMEBACK?

DAGWOOD: OH...ER..."RATHER! JOLLY WELL TOOTIN'! WORKIN' FOR DEAH OLD DITHERS HERE Y' KNOW.

DITHERS: ~~I THINK~~ YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH IT.

DAGWOOD: SURE. (TAKE) GET AWAY WITH WHAT? WHAT IS ALL THIS?

DITHERS: JUST A LITTLE FAVOR FOR ME BUMSTEAD. YOU SEE SMIRCH IS CHAIRMAN OF ENTERTAINMENT AT HIS CIVIC CLUB LUNCH...AND HE WANTS THE EARL THERE TO MAKE A SPEECH.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK HE'D DO IT.

DITHERS: I DON'T EITHER. BUT SMIRCH SORT OF GOT THE IDEA THAT YOU WERE THE EARL...SEE?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) THAT'S FUNNY.

DITHERS: ~~I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO,~~ BECAUSE HE TOLD ME THAT SINCE YOU WERE WORKING FOR ME I'D HAVE TO PRODUCE YOU AT THE LUNCHEON.

DAGWOOD: WELL, OF COURSE I DON'T MIND GOING BUT. (TAKE) HEY. YOU DON'T MEAN YOU WANT ME TO MAKE OFF I'M THE REAL EARL?

DITHERS: THAT'S THE IDEA, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: OH, I COULDN'T DO THAT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: NONSENSE. WHY COULDN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: WHY THE REAL EARL WOULDN'T LIKE IT.

DITHERS: WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

DAGWOOD: WHY, I THINK THAT'S THE WORST THING YOU COULD DO TO A FAMOUS MAN LIKE THAT. STEAL HIS NAME AND MAKE A SPEECH THAT PEOPLE WOULD THINK HE WAS MAKING. SUPPOSE I SAID THE WRONG THINGS...AND I PROBABLY WOULD TOO...

DITHERS: FIDDLE-FADDLE! I'VE GOT NO TIME TO ARGUE, BUMSTEAD... SMIRCH HANDED IT TO ME COLD. I PRODUCE THE EARL OR LOSE HIS WORK. I'M HANDING IT ALONG TO YOU...SHOW UP AT THAT LUNCHEON AS THE EARL...OR LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB!

DAG: OH, GOSH! OH, BLOOOONDIE!  
(MUSIC INTERLUDE...FADE IN LUNCHEON SOUNDS...DISHES, ETC.)

SMIRCH: WELL, DITHERS. LUNCH IS ALMOST OVER AND YOUR NOBLEMAN ISN'T HERE YET.

DITHERS: I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. DAGWOOD...ER...HIS GRACE IS ALWAYS LATE...BUT I HAD BLONDIE ON THE PHONE AND SHE SAID THEY WERE POSITIVELY COMING.

SMIRCH: I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, DITHERS, THAT I SMELL A RAT, SEE THAT MAN SITTING OVER THERE? WELL, HE'S SOCIETY EDITOR OF A NEW YORK PAPER. KNOW WHY I GOT HIM HERE?

DITHERS: WHY -- ER -- NO.

SMIRCH: BECAUSE HE KNOWS THE EARL BY SIGHT, DITHERS.

DITHER: WHAT?

SMIRCH: (CACKLES) I WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES ON YOUR RUNNING IN A RINGER ON ME.

DITHERS: WELL...ER...MAYBE I'D BETTER GO SEE WHAT'S KEEPING -- ER -- HIS GRACE.

SMIRCH: NO YOU DON'T. SIT RIGHT HERE...BECAUSE...HERE THEY  
COME! (APPLAUSE) THERE'S -- ER -- LADY BUMSTEAD --  
AND BUCK...AND...I SUPPOSE THE ONE IN THE WHISKERS IS  
SIR EDGAR -- EH, DITHERS?

DITHERS: I SUPPOSE SO...I MEAN...YES...OF COURSE! WHY, DID THE  
IDIOT WEAR WHISKERS?

SMIRCH: EH? DOESN'T HE ALWAYS WEAR EM?

DITHERS: WHY -- YES. CERTAINLY. I WISH I COULD HEAR WHAT  
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT.

(MUSIC RUN AS AUDIBLE "PAN")

BLONDIE: SIT DOWN, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: GOSH, BLONDIE...THESE WHISKERS TICKLE.

BLONDIE: WELL, THEY WERE YOUR OWN IDEA. TAKE THEM OFF IF YOU WANT

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T NOW. EVERYONE'S SEEN ME IN THEM, SAY WHO'S THE  
MAN LOOKING AT US THROUGH OPERA GLASSES,

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW...BUT HE SEEMS SATISFIED WE LOOK ALL RIGHT..

DAGWOOD: I DON'T FEEL ALL RIGHT. REMEMBER YOU PROMISED ME I  
WOULDN'T HAVE TO MAKE A SPEECH OR SAY I WAS THE EARL.

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR. IT'S ALL FIXED. ~~BUCK WAS THE IDEA~~

BUCK ~~HAD THE IDEA~~ THAT WE WOULD SAY YOU ~~WERE THE EARL~~  
AND HE WOULD SPEAK FOR YOU...HE'LL EXPLAIN THE WHOLE  
THING. I PROMISE.

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU NERVOUS, BUCK?

B.D.: NO, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. I FANCY I SHALL DO WELL  
ENOUGH.

DAGWOOD: LOOK AT DITHERS AND SMIRCH OVER THERE,..TALKING TO THE  
MAN WITH THE OPERA GLASSES...I BET HE'S TELLING THEM I'M  
NOT THE EARL.



BLONDIE: OH, NO, DEAR. SEE DITHERS IS SMILING! HE WOULDN'T DO THAT IF ANYTHING WAS WRONG...(SOUND OF GAVEL)...WELL HERE IT COMES!

DAGWOOD: OH, GOSH.

SMIRCH: (AWAY BUT LOUD) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WE HAVE AS OUR DISTINGUISHED GUEST TODAY...A -- ER - VERY DISTINGUISHED GUEST. AS YOU ALL KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS PRIDED MYSELF ON KNOWING ALL THE BEST PEOPLE...AND IT IS A SOURCE OF PRIDE TO ME TO BRING YOU AS OUR SPEAKER TODAY...HIS GRACE THE EARL OF BLEAKHAVEN...SIR EDGAR BUCKINGHAM ROGER TREVEYLAN BRUMSTER...(APPLAUSE)

DAGWOOD: HEY HE'S GOT THE NAMES MIXED UP. THOSE ARE BUCKS NAMES.

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. SIT STILL, I TOLD YOU BUCK WOULD EXPLAIN. GO ON -- ER -- BUCK!

B.D.: YES, MADAME. I WILL ENDEAVOR TO GIVE SATISFACTION. THANK YOU MADAME. (APPLAUSE OUT) MR. CHAIRMAN. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE HEARD ME INTRODUCED BY A LONG AND WEARYSOME TITLE. I AM MUCH PROUDER OF A CERTAIN TITLE BESTOWED UPON ME, SINCE ARRIVING IN YOUR CITY!

DAGWOOD: HEY.. HE'S MAKING OFF HE'S THE EARL...BLONDIE, YOU PROMISED...

BLONDIE: DON'T WORRY DEAR, HE IS THE EARL...

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: LISTEN!

B.D.: I AM MUCH PROUDER OF THE TITLE THAT HAS BEEN GIVEN ME BY YOUR FELLOW TOWNSMAN -- MY DEAR FRIEND -- MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. HE CALLS ME BUCK!

(LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE)

B.D.: IN WRITING MY NEW BOOK ON AMERICA AND AMERICANS -- I WANTED TO GET CLOSE TO THEM. I FOUND HOWEVER THAT A TITLE STOOD A LITTLE IN THE WAY. SO I DISCARDED IT -- AND WENT TO WORK AMONG THE PEOPLE I WANTED TO KNOW. I SELECTED THE BUMSTEADS AS A TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY -- AND ENTERED THEIR HOME AS -- A SERVANT. WHAT I DISCOVERED IN THAT HOME IS PERHAPS BEST TOLD BY THE DEDICATION I HAVE WRITTEN FOR MY BOOK...WHICH I SHOULD LIKE TO READ YOU NOW. (PAUSE) "I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK -- TO A MAN WHO -- THOUGH ACTUALLY NO KIN OF MINE -- IS FAR MORE WORTHY OF MY TITLE THAN I AM. TO A MAN WHOSE HATRED OF FALSE PRETENSE IS SUCH THAT HE REFUSED TO WEAR THAT TITLE -- EVEN FOR A DAY -- THOUGH HIS LIVLIHOOD DEPENDED ON IT! TO A MAN OF SIMPLE GOOD TASTE AND NEVER ENDING KINDNESS -- IN WHOSE EYES ALL MEN ARE TRULY EQUAL! TO THE ONLY MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN WHO ACTUALLY BECAME A HERO TO HIS OWN VALET! TO A FINE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN -- MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!

(PAUSE...THEN WILD APPLAUSE)

(FEW CHORDS MUSIC)

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! WASN'T THAT LOVELY? DAGWOOD! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SMIRCH: HE'S FAINTED!

DITHERS: TAKE THOSE WHISKERS OFF HIM! GIVE HIM AIR!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...DAGWOOD DARLING!

(MUSIC UP THEN SEGUE TO THEME)

(CLOSING)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE -- THE COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS WHOSE LATEST PICTURE, "BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY," IS NOW RELEASED. 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.