

✓ Rosemary Calista
Wm. Est. Co.
100 E. 42nd St
N.Y.C.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1939

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

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 THE DUMPTOWN HOUSE~~ TO VISIT ^{and three} CHIC
YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A ^{family} A
WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.
MANY A SMOKER HAS TURNED TO CAMELS FOR THE ECONOMY OF
CAMEL'S SLOW-BURNING -- AND THEN DISCOVERED THAT
SLOW-BURNING CAMELS ALSO GIVE MORE MILDNESS, MORE COOLNESS
MORE FLAVOR, MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF. CAMELS ARE Milder
AND COOLER BECAUSE THEY'RE FREE FROM THE IRRITATING
QUALITIES OF TOO-FAST BURNING. SLOW-BURNING PROTECTS THE
NATURAL QUALITIES THAT GIVE YOU MILDNESS. CAMELS GIVE YOU
MORE FLAVOR BECAUSE SLOW-BURNING LETS THE FLAVOR
COME THROUGH TO YOU. AND THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANOTHER
CIGARETTE THAT COULD EQUAL THE DELICATE FLAVOR AND
FRAGRANCE OF CAMEL'S MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. THE ECONOMY IN SMOKING CAMELS IS
WELL KNOWN. IT'S BASED ON RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY
TESTS IN WHICH CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST
SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. THAT
(CONTINUED).

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GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

MEANS CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE,
TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SMOKERS WHO LIVE IN
COMMUNITIES WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN
EFFECT CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING
CAMELS. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THERE ARE NO
ADDED TAXES, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. FOR PLEASURE --
FOR ECONOMY -- CAMELS ARE PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS CARRIES US INTO THE WHIRLPOOL OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS IN BIGGY'S GIGANTIC DEPARTMENT STORE...WHERE BLONDIE -- DAGWOOD, WITH BABY DUMPLING IN HIS ARMS, ARE JAMMING THEMSELVES INTO AN ELEVATOR.

(BABBLE OF FEMININE VOICES...A LA HAZEL FUDDLE NUMBER)

OPERATOR: (COLORED DIALECT) UP CAR...GOING UP!

BLONDIE: COME ON, DAGWOOD....

BABY: PUSH, DADDY!

OPERATOR: STEP BACK IN THE KYAH, PLEASE....

BLONDIE: HURRY, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: (CHOKED) I -- AM! (GRUNTS)

OPERATOR: FULL KYAH. THA'S ALL! NEX' KYAH, PLEASE!

DAGWOOD: HEY! WAIT! DON'T CLOSE THAT DOOR ON ME! (GRUNTS)

BABY: PULL MOMMIE!

BLONDIE: PUSH, DAGWOOD! (GRUNT FROM DAG)...HOLD BABY HIGHER, DEAR! THERE!

OPERATOR: KIN'LY STEP BACK FRUM D'DOH! (SLIDING OF ELEVATOR DOOR)

DAGWOOD: BACK! BACK WHERE?

BLONDIE: PULL YOUR LEFT ARM IN, DAGWOOD! (DOOR CLICKS SHUT...
BABBLE OUT AS DOOR SHUTS) GOOD! WE MADE IT, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (MUFFLED GRUNT) UHUH!

OPERATOR: THIS HEAH KYAH FOH ALL POINTS UPWARD. (CLICK) WE IS OFF! (SLOW HUM OF RISING CAR) NEX' FLO' IS DE FUST FLO'... "LANGYREE...LAMP SHADES...CORSETS...COSMEETICS...
GROCERIES AND GOLDFISHES!" FUST FLO NEX',....

BABY: WE WANT SANTY CLAUS DON'T WE, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) UNK!

BLONDIE: TAKE YOUR KNEE OUT OF DADDY'S ADAMS APPLE BABY -- SO HE
CAN TALK!

BABY: OH. SCUSE ME, DADDY!

DAGWOOD: (GASPS DEEPLY) (SWALLOWS) (WHISPERS) HEY, BLONDIE!
IS THAT YOUR HAND IN MY POCKET?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR. IT'S BABY'S FOOT!

DAGWOOD: OH! OKAY THEN!

OPERATOR: FUST FLO' -- MIN' DE DOH!

BABY: IS THIS SANTY CLAUS LAND?

BLONDIE: NO DEAR. (HUM OUT...CLICK...SLIDING DOOR...BABBLE IN)

OPERATOR: (FAST) FULL KYAH...NEX! KYAH, PLEASE -- GOIN' UP!
(DOOR SLIDES...CLICKS SHUT...BABBLE OUT) (HUM IN AGAIN)
(NOTE: ALL THESE EFFECTS VERY FAST EACH TIME)

BLONDIE: GOODNESS -- WE DIDN'T STOP LONG THERE!

DAGWOOD: THEY CAN'T MAKE IT TOO FAST FOR ME!

OPERATOR: SECUN' FLO' NEX' -- "'HANKYCHEEPS...HAVERSACKS...YARD
GOODS...BATH BRUSHES...SHOTGUNS AND POSTAGE STAMPS!"...
SECUN' FLO' NEX'...

BABY: WE WANT SANTY CLAUS LAND!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. AND DADDY'S GOT A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU WHEN WE GET
THERE, TOO!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! WHAT IS IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THEY'RE SELLING A LITTLE SOM'THING I INVENTED!

BABY: A TOY, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: UHUH! KIND OF A TOY. BUT VERY EDUCATIONAL, TOO.

BABY: OH. I LIKE TOYS YOU CAN PLAY WITH!

OPERATOR: SECUN' FLO'. (HUM OUT...CLICK...DOOR SLIDES OPEN...
BABBLE IN...ALL FAST) FULL KYAH -- NEX' KYAH, PLEASE
-- GOIN' UP! (REVERSE EFFECTS AS BEFORE...FAST...ENDING
WITH HUM AGAIN)

BLONDIE: OH, I'M SO EXCITED! WHAT ARE THEY SELLING THAT YOU
INVENTED DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GET THERE.

OPERATOR: THUD FLO' NEX'... "PIANOS...~~PIANOS~~...KNITTIN'
NEEDLES...GLASSWARE...STATIONERY AND PET SHOP!" THUD
FLO' NEX'....

BABY: WE WANT SANTY LAND!

BLONDIE: TELL US, DAGWOOD! IT WILL TAKE MY MIND OFF MY FEET!

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) I WISH SOMETHING WOULD TAKE THAT LADY IN THE
FUR COAT OFF MY FOOT.

BLONDIE: IT WON'T BE LONG, DEAR! WHAT DID YOU INVENT? DOES IT
HAVE YOUR NAME ON IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- NO. DITHERS PUT UP THE MONEY -- SO IT'S NAMED
AFTER HIM. IT'S THE "J. C. DITHERS KIDDY'S KONSTRUCTION
KIT." YOU BUILD HOUSES WITH IT.

BLONDIE: OH. LIKE A TOOL CHEST, YOU MEAN?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO! IT'S BLOCKS AND THINGS. YOU'LL SEE IT! GOSH,
I HOPE THEY'RE SELLING THEM! DITHERS SUNK A LOT OF MONEY
IN THIS THING....

OPERATOR: THUD FLO'... (ALL EFFECTS AS BEFORE...THE DOOR OPENS...
BABBLE, ETC.) FULLKYAH NEX'KYAHPLEASE -- GOIN' UP!
(REVERSE EFFECTS AS BEFORE)

DAGWOOD: SAY! NO ONE EVER GETS OFF THIS ELEVATOR!
BLONDIE: THEY'RE ALL GOING TO SANTY LAND LIKE WE ARE.
OPERATOR: NEX' FLO' IS DE FOTH FLO' -- "CREDIT KYARDS -- COMPLAINTS
-- DO' KNOCKERS -- NIC-NACS -- AN' MESSYLANEOUS! FOTH
FLO' NEX'....
BABY: WE WANT SANTY LAND!
BLONDIE: HOW WERE YOUR SETS SELLING WHEN YOU HEARD LAST, DAGWOOD?
DAGWOOD: WELL -- THEY'D SOLD TWO.
BLONDIE: OH. HOW MANY DO THEY HAVE, DAGWOOD?
DAGWOOD: TWO THOUSAND.
BLONDIE: OH. WELL -- IT TAKES A LITTLE WHILE, FOR ANYTHING NEW
TO CATCH ON.
OPERATOR: FOTH FLO'! (DOOR OPENS AS BEFORE...BUT NO BABBLE)....
MESSYLANEOUS AND MANAGER'S OFFICE! WE PAUSES HYAH FO'
ADDRESS O' WELCOME!
BIGGY: LADIES -- AND YOU, SIR!
DAGWOOD: YEAH. THANKS!
BIGGY: IN BEHALF OF THE BIGGY'S GIGANTIC EMPORIUM, I WELCOME YOU
ON THIS GAY YULETIDE SEASON. THIS IS ~~A~~
BIGGY SERVICE WITH A SMILE. ONLY ONE OF THE MANY, MANY
REASONS THEY CALL US BIGHEARTED BIGGYS. THAT'S ALL,
OPERATOR!
OPERATOR: YASSUH! (DOOR CLOSES...HUM IN AGAIN)
DAGWOOD: ER -- WHO WAS THAT FELLER?
OPERATOR: THAT THERE WAS DE BIG BOSS MIST' BIGGY, HISSELF!
DAGWOOD: OH.
BLONDIE: OH MY.
BABY: WE WANT SANTY LAND!

OPERATOR: FIF' FLO' NEX'... "SANDY CLAW LAN'... TOYS... GAMES...
MURRIMENT... ALSO ICE BOXES AN' LEENOLEEUM!!... SANDY
CLAW LAN'...

BABY: THIS IS GOING TO BE IT, DADDY.

BLONDIE: YES -- NOW WE'LL SEE DADDY'S BUILDING TOY...

BABY: AND WE'LL SEE SANTY CLAUS WON'T WE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TELL SANTY, BABY?

BABY: I'LL TELL HIM TO SKIP ALVIN FUDDLE BECAUSE ALVIN SAYS
THERE AIN'T NO SANTY CLAUS.

BLONDIE: OH MY! HOLD DADDY TIGHT; GETTING OFF, BABY. (HUM OUT)

OPERATOR: SANDY CLAW LAN' -- ALL OUT! (DOOR OPENS...BABBLE IN)

BABY: NOW WE SEE SANTY!

BLONDIE: YES -- NOW WE SEE SANTY...

DAGWOOD: SURE... NOW WE SEE...

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! IT'S MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: I WANT A WORD WITH YOU, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YESSIR. HERE, YOU TAKE BABY DUMPLING, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: HELLO, MR. DITHERS. SPEAK TO MR. DITHERS, BABY.

BABY: H'LO -- G'BYE. COME ON, MOMMIE. THERE'S SANTY OVER
THERE!

DAGWOOD: YOU TAKE HIM OVER TO SEE SANTY, BLONDIE... I -- I GUESS
MR. DITHERS WANTS TO SPEAK TO ME.

DITHERS: I'LL SAY I DO.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I THOUGHT YOU DID.

BLONDIE: (GOING) WE'LL MEET YOU LATER DEAR.

DAGWOOD: SURE. ER -- WHERE CAN WE GO THAT IT'S QUIET,
MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: QUIET? I'LL TELL YOU WHERE IT'S QUIET! OVER THERE.
AT THE J. C. DITHER'S KIDDIES KONSTRUCTION KIT COUNTER!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. AREN'T THE SETS MOVING AT ALL?

DITHERS: MOVING? THEY'RE NOT EVEN QUIVERING! WE'VE GOT TO ACT
BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YES SIR. (BACKGROUND OF BABBLE FADES GRADUALLY) LET'S
STEP IN THIS TELEPHONE BOOTH, MR. DITHERS, WHERE WE CAN
THINK.

DITHERS: BOTH OF US?

DAGWOOD: SURE. I DON'T TAKE UP MUCH ROOM.

DITHERS: WELL...(BOOTH DOOR CLOSSES)...(ALL BABBLE OUT)

DAGWOOD: IT'S QUIET IN HERE, TOO...BUT THE PHONE COMPANY IS DOING
ALL RIGHT.

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD! JUST BECAUSE IT'S QUIET IN A PHONE
BOOTH...(LOUD RING ON PHONE)

DAGWOOD: TOOOH! (PHONE UP) HELLO. PHONE BOOTH! SANTY CLAUS
LAND! BUMSTEAD SPEAKING!...EH? NO...I DIDN'T CALL
DETROIT! (PAUSE) I CAN'T HELP IT! I -- I'M JUST IN
HERE TO THINK! (HANG UP)...LOOK, MR. DITHERS, I'VE BEEN
THINKING. IF WE GAVE AWAY SOMETHING WITH EVERY SET OF
KIDDY'S KONSTRUCTION KITS...THEY MIGHT SELL BETTER.

DITHERS: GAVE AWAY WHAT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I THOUGHT MAYBE A BICYCLE....

DITHERS: WHAT! ARE YOU CRAZY?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS SO. THE SKY WRITING MAN THOUGHT I WAS WHEN I
TOLD HIM WHAT YOU WANTED WRITTEN IN SMOKE...

DITHERS: ALL I WANTED WAS A SIMPLE SLOGAN. "J. C. DITHERS
KIDDY'S KONSTRUCTION KIT NOW ON SALE AT BIGGY'S GIGANTIC
WILL KEEP YOUR KIDDIES KAREFREE AND KUTTING KOMIC
KAPERS...

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR. BUT THE MAN SAID HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO SPEND HIS WHOLE WEEK-END IN THE AIR FOR TWENTY DOLLARS!

DITHERS: OH -- A CLOCK WATCHER, EH?

DAGWOOD: YES SIR! HE SAID IT WOULD TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS WORTH OF GAS JUST TO CROSS ALL THOSE K'S.

DITHERS: WELL I'LL BOOST OUR ADVERTISING APPROPRIATION, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: YOU WILL? SWELL!

DITHERS: TO THIRTY DOLLARS! THE REST IS UP TO YOU, BUMSTEAD! REMEMBER WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'M WILLING -- BUT I DON'T FEEL VERY WAYWARD!

DITHERS: YOU INVENTED THAT INFERNAL TOY, BUMSTEAD! SOLD THE IDEA TO ME! MY GOOD MONEY IS IN IT! YOU GET IT OUT, BUMSTEAD! DO ANYTHING YOU LIKE....

DAGWOOD: ANYTHING?

DITHERS: YES! BUT GET PEOPLE BUYING THOSE KITS!

DAGWOOD: WELL I -- MAYBE BLONDIE WILL HAVE SOME IDEAS...IF I CAN FIND HER IN THAT MOB AROUND SANTY CLAUS...
(MUSIC IN BRIEFLY "SANTY COMING TO TOWN"...BABBLE OF VOICES BACKGROUND)

DAGWOOD: (CALLING) HEY, BLONDIE! WHERE ARE YOU? HEY, BABY!
(NORMAL) EXCUSE ME, MISTER. HAVE -- HAVE YOU SEEN A LITTLE BOY AND A LADY?

BIGGY: I'VE SEEN THOUSANDS, SIR! WE'RE HAVING LOVELY CROWDS! GET IN LINE FOR SANTY CLAUS, SIR...(FADING) STAND IN LINE, PLEASE! IN LINE, PLEASE...

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO STAND IN LINE...(YELLS) HEY!
HEY, SANTY CLAUS!

FUDDLE: (AWAY) YES, MY LITTLE MAN. KEEP IN LINE, PLEASE.

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DAGWOOD: NO...LOOK...I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION!

FUDDLE: (NEAKER) I KNOW. YOU WANT TO ASK WHAT SANTY WILL BRING YOU FOR CHRISTMAS...

DAGWOOD: NO, LISTEN...I'M NOT A KID! I'M ALL GROWN UP. AND I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU'VE SEEN MY WIFE...

FUDDLE: IS YOUR NAME BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: (ASTONISHED) YEAH. SURE! THAT'S RIGHT!

FUDDLE: WELL, WELL, WELL...DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! AS THE SEA CAPTAIN SAID AFTER A YEAR WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION IN THE DESERT... LONG TIME NO SEE (LAUGH) GET IT...DESERT...NO SEA?

DAGWOOD: HEY! YOU'RE NOT SANTY CLAUS! YOU'RE FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: SSSSH. COME INTO MY IGLOO HERE. (LOUD) THAT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, KIDDIES. SANTA'S GOING BACK TO THE NORTH POLE ...FOR LUNCH...(NORMAL) COME ON, DAG!
(BABBLE FADES OUT AS THEY GO IN)

FUDDLE: HERE WE ARE.

BABY: HELLO, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

FUDDLE: I'M KEEPING HIM WHILE BLONDIE DOES SOME SHOPPING. SIT DOWN, BUMSTEAD. REST YOUR FACE AND HANDS. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T GOT TIME, FUDDLE. I'VE GOT TO THINK UP A WAY TO SELL THOSE DITHER'S KONSTRUCTION KITS. HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

FUDDLE: YES. OH MY POOR BOY!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?

FUDDLE: YOU SHOULD HAVE CONSULTED ME. THE COLOR'S ALL WRONG. WHAT KID WANTS A BROWN TOY?

DAGWOOD: DITHERS PICKED THAT PAINT. HE SAID IT WAS DURABLE,

FUDDLE: HE'S RIGHT. IT WILL WEAR FOREVER. THE WAY THE PUBLIC IS LEAVING THOSE SETS ALONE THEY'LL NEVER EVEN GET SCRATCHED

DAGWOOD: OH GOLLY!

FUDDLE: BUT I'LL HELP YOU, DAGWOOD! I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF SELLING THOSE THINGS, NOW FIRST WE'LL DO A LITTLE CONSUMER RESEARCH!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THAT?

FUDDLE: WE ASK THE PEOPLE WHO BUY THE STUFF WHAT THEY LIKE! NOW THOSE TOYS ARE FOR KIDS....AND HERE'S BABY DUMPLING RIGHT AT HAND. NOW, BABY...SUPPOSE I WAS THE REAL SANTY CLAUS SEE? OWNED ALL THE TOYS IN THE WORLD. WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

BABY: I'D MAKE UP WITH YOUR LITTLE ALVIN RIGHT AWAY.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BABY! YOU'D ASK TO SEE THE TOYS, WOULDN'T YOU? WHAT WOULD YOU ASK TO SEE FIRST?

BABY: I'D LIKE TO SEE DUNDER AND BLITZEN AND PRANCER AND...

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BABY! THOSE ARE SANTY'S REINDEER!

FUDDLE: WAIT, BUMSTEAD! THERE'S YOUR ANSWER! THE BOY WANTS TO SEE REINDEER...WELL -- GET REINDEER -- TO ADVERTISE YOUR TOYS!

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT...WHERE AM I GOING TO GET ANY REINDEER?

FUDDLE: WHY THAT'S EASY --- FROM MY FRIEND *Magoo*

DAGWOOD: ~~GOO?~~ WHO'S THAT?

FUDDLE: *Magoo* IS AN ESKIMO. DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I WAS WITH CHIEF LITTLE BEAR'S INDIAN REMEDY MEDICINE SHOW?

Magoo - (and her - off)

DAGWOOD: NO.

FUDDLE: THAT'S WHERE I MET ~~GUGU~~ ^{Magoo} WE SLEPT IN THE NUMBER THREE CAR AND BECAME FAST FRIENDS -- IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT ~~GUGU~~ ^{Magoo} SPOKE LITTLE ENGLISH AND ATE RAW BLUBBER IN BED.

DAGWOOD: BLUBBER? I NEVER TRIED THAT. IS IT GOOD?

FUDDLE: IT TASTES LIKE AN OLD LAMP WICK! BUT TO RETURN TO ~~GUGU~~ ^{Magoo} AND THE REINDEER.

DAGWOOD: HAS HE GOT REINDEER? HOW MANY?

FUDDLE: TOO MANY! POOR FELLOW! WHEN THE SHOW BROKE UP HE HAD A YEARS SALARY COMING -- AND THEY PAID HIM OFF IN REINDEER.

DAGWOOD: WHERE ARE THEY?

FUDDLE: I DON'T KNOW. BUT ~~GUGU~~ ^{Magoo} IS DOING A LITTLE JOB FOR ME DOWN AT THE OTHER BIG STORE. HE'S PICKETING THEIR SANTY CLAUS:

DAGWOOD: LISTEN. WOULD HE FURNISH THE REINDEER FOR THIRTY DOLLARS? THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SPEND.

FUDDLE: FOR THIRTY BUCKS -- ~~GUGU~~ ^{Magoo} WOULD PULL THE SLEIGH -- PERSONALLY BACK TO NOME, ALASKA!

DAGWOOD: GET ME THOSE REINDEER, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: CONSIDER IT DONE MY BOY!...TOMORROW IN THIS VERY SPOT YOU WILL BE LOOKING AT SIX REINDEER HITCHED TO A SLEIGH!

MUSIC: (IN BRIEF..."JINGLE BELLS" MOTIF)

FUDDLE: WELL, DAG...THERE THEY ARE...AS ADVERTISED! SIX GENUINE LIVE REINDEER!

DAGWOOD: (UNHAPPILY) YEAH. THERE THEY ARE, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: WELL BUT THEY ARE ALL SOUND ASLEEP, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WELL, ~~GUGU~~ ^{Magoo}, THE ESKIMO EXPLAINED THAT. SEE -- UP WHERE THEY COME FROM THE NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG!...SO THEY USED TO A LOT OF SLEEP.

BLONDIE: AND THEY HAVEN'T ANY HORNS!

DAGWOOD: MAGOO EXPLAINED THAT TOO! WHERE THEY LIVE THE HORNS DROP OFF IN SUMMER. AND IT'S SO WARM IN HERE THEY THINK IT'S SUMMER NOW...

FUDDLE: WELL NOW -- ONE OF THEM STILL HAS HIS HORNS... (A CLATTER)
OOOPS! (ANOTHER CLATTER)...

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN DID HAVE HIS HORNS! (SIGHS) WELL -- WE'LL PUT THESE IN THE PILE WITH THE REST.

BLONDIE: THERE'S A BIG CROWD IN FRONT OF THIS EXHIBIT, DAGWOOD. THEY ALL WANT TO SEE THE REINDEER. BUT I'M AFRAID THEY EXPECT HORNS ON THEM.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE I CAN TIE THE HORNS BACK ON.

BLONDIE: HOW DO THEY LOOK WHEN THEY'RE AWAKE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, THEY'RE PRETTY LIVELY. FUDDLE AND I HAD A TIME GETTING THEM UP IN THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR. THE OPERATOR WAS A COLORED BOY AND HE SAID...THEY DIDN'T EVEN ALLOW DOGS IN THE STORE -- LET ALONE OVERGROWN GOATS.

FUDDLE: AND WHEN WE TOLD HIM THEY WERE SANTY'S REINDEER HE SAID...
"IT WASN'T ANY WONDER SANTY ONLY CAME ONCE A YEAR, IF HE HAD TO DRIVE THEM THINGS."

BLONDIE: HOW DO YOU DRIVE THEM, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, FUDDLE IS GOING TO DRIVE THEM. SEE? WE'VE GOT WHEELS ON THE SLEIGH INSTEAD OF RUNNERS...AND THEY'LL DRIVE OUT THAT DOOR -- AND CIRCLE 'ROUND IN FRONT OF THE SANTY LAND SCENERY -- AND BACK IN HERE AGAIN...AND LOOK, BLONDIE! SEE THIS? IT GOES ON THE FRONT REINDEER AND SPRINKLES CONFETTI SO THEY'LL THINK IT'S SNOWING!

BLONDIE: YES DEAR. BUT I MEANT DOES MR. FUDDLE KNOW HOW TO STEER THEM?

FUDDLE: LEAVE IT TO ME, BLONDIE. I TALK TO THEM IN THE ORIGINAL ESKIMO. PICKED IT UP FROM MY PAL MAGOO!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WELL -- SEE IF YOU CAN WAKE THEM UP, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: SURE! EASY! UNDERDAY! LITZENBAY! UPYAY! AMSCRAY!
MUSH!

BLONDIE: THEY NEVER RAISED AN EYELID!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- LOOK -- MAYBE WE COULD GO DOWN TO THE CLOCK
DEPARTMENT AND GET AN ALARM CLOCK...

FUDDLE: NO GOOD, BUMSTEAD. REINDEER CAN'T TELL TIME!

BLONDIE: THAT CROWD IS GETTING IMPATIENT OUT THERE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WE'LL HAVE TO FIND GUGU, I GUESS. I SUPPOSE HE'S
SLEEPING SOMEWHERE TOO.

BIGGY: (COMING IN) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOOH! IS THAT MR. DITHERS? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIS
VOICE?

FUDDLE: NO -- IT'S BIGGY -- THE OWNER OF THE STORE.

BIGGY: (IN) MR. BUMSTEAD! I MUST ASK THAT YOU EXERCISE
STRICTER SUPERVISION OVER YOUR -- AH -- LIVESTOCK! A
MOST REGRETTABLE INCIDENT HAS JUST OCCURRED -- IS STILL
IN THE PROCESS OF OCCURRING -- IN MY KITCHEN FURNITURE
DEPARTMENT!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DIDN'T DO IT!...I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME...
AND SO HAVE THE REINDEER. SEE THEM?

BIGGY: I NOT ONLY SEE BUT SMELL THEM, BUMSTEAD! THE PLACE
REMINDS ME OF A ZOO IN JULY.

FUDDLE: KIND OF REMINI -- SCENT -- EH? (LAUGHS)

BIGGY: QUIET SANTY CLAUS! WHY ARE YOU LOAFING IN HERE?

FUDDLE: I'M WAITING TO MAKE MY ENTRANCE -- WITH REINDEER.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S ALL THE TROUBLE ABOUT, MR. BIGGY?

BIGGY: MADAME -- I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT THE TROUBLE IS...DO YOU
OBSERVE WHAT MY MEN ARE WHEELING THROUGH YONDER DOOR --

BLONDIE: MY WHAT A FINE BIG ICE BOX.

BIGGY: OUR MAMMOTH -- MANSION SIZE -- SUPER DE LUXE FOOD STORAGE
AND ICE-PRODUCING UNIT MADAME. BRING IT IN HERE MEN!
(LOW RUMBLE -- BUILDS UP)

BIGGY: NOW BUMSTEAD -- MARK ME WELL! A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS AGO
THIS MAGNIFICENT APPARATUS STOOD ON THE FLOOR OF MY
KITCHENWARE DEPARTMENT -- WHERE I WAS ATTENDING ONE OF
OUR BEST CUSTOMERS. THE CUSTOMER WAS MRS. MANCHESTER
MCBUTTER -- THE MRS. MCBUTTER!

BLONDIE: OH MY!

BIGGY: MRS. MCBUTTER GRACIOUSLY EXPRESSED AN INTEREST IN THIS
UNIT. PROUDLY I LED HER TO IT,..PROUDLY I SWUNG BACK
THE MASSIVE DOOR...AND WHAT DID I SEE?

FUDDLE: ELIZA CROSSING THE ICE!

BIGGY: NO!

DAGWOOD: NO? WELL WHAT DID YOU SEE?

BIGGY: I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I SAW, BUMSTEAD...I OPENED THE DOOR
AS I DO NOW (DOOR OPENS) AND THERE...THERE AS YOU SEE
HIM NOW...LAY YOUR INFERNAL ESKIMO -- SNORING AT MRS.
MCBUTTER! (MAGOO SNORES)

DAGWOOD: IT'S MAGOO! (ANOTHER SNORE)

BLONDIE: ASLEEP! ASLEEP IN THE REFRIGERATOR!

BIGGY: HEREAFTER KEEP HIM ON THE RESERVATION, BUMSTEAD! ANY MORE
OF HIS PRANKS AND I'LL SUE FOR SUITABLE DAMAGES! (GOING)
NOW I MUST TRY TO CALM MRS. MCBUTTER WHOM I LEFT --
SOBBING WITH DISMAY -- IN MY OFFICE!

BLONDIE: WAKE MAGOO UP DAGWOOD!

FUDDLE: YEAH -- AND MAKE HIM WAKE UP THE REINDEER.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HEY! HEY MAGOO! COME TO, WILL YOU?

BLONDIE: HE'LL HAVE TO GET UP, DAGWOOD. THE CROWD IS WAITING OUT THERE....

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! IT'S NO USE -- HE'S FROZEN IN THERE I THINK.

FUDDLE: HE LIKES IT COOL! THEY USE TO FREEZE HIM IN A BLOCK OF ICE ON THE MEDICINE SHOW...

DAGWOOD: YEP. HE'S FROZEN IN THERE TIGHT!

BLONDIE: I'LL GO GET SOME HOT WATER...OR AN ICE PICK! (GOING)
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

DAGWOOD: HELP ME WAKE HIM, FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: SURE! I'LL GIVE HIM A LITTLE ESKIMO LINGO! HEY, ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~!
HOOTCHUM, COOTCHUM, MUSH, ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~!

^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~: UGH.

DAGWOOD: HE HEARD YOU! HEY, ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~!...TIME TO GET UP.

^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~: NO! ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! SLEEP NOW. GOOMBYE!

DAGWOOD: NO! ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! NO SLEEP! ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! WAKE UP! ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! WAKE UP REINDEER

^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~: TOO!
^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! SLEEP -- REINDEER SLEEP! GOOMBYE!

FUDDLE: LISTEN, ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~!...AFTER THE SHOW YOU CAN SLEEP. SAVVY?

^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~: SLEEP NOW.

DAGWOOD: NO!
^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! NO SLEEP -- ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! GO! ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! GO -- REINDEER GO!

DAGWOOD: NO! WE HIRED YOUR REINDLER FOR A WEEK!
^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~: REINDEER BELONG ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! NO SLEEP -- WE GO.

DAGWOOD: NO -- LISTEN! REINDEER NO BELONG ^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! -- ONE WEEK!
BELONG SANTY CLAUS -- ONE WEEK! NEED REINDEER!
^{Magoo} ~~GEE~~! SNORES AGAIN) OH GOSH HE'S GONE AGAIN!

DITHERS: (COMING IN) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOHH! YES SIR, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: CONGRATULATIONS, BUMSTEAD! NEVER SAW SUCH A CROWD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

DAGWOOD: LOOK, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: EH? WHAT ARE THOSE MIDGET MOOSE DOING HERE?

FUDDLE: OH, YOU MOOSE BE MISTAKEN, DITHERS. THESE ARL REINDEER!

DITHERS: HMMP. THE MOTHS HAVE BEEN AT 'EM. ARE THEY ALIVE?

DAGWOOD: SURE! JUST ASLEEP!

DITHERS: WELL WAKE 'EM UP! THAT CROWD WANTS TO SEE SOMETHING... AND THERE'S NO EXCITEMENT IN AN UNCONSCIOUS REINDEER!

DAGWOOD: I GUESS ONLY ^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~ CAN WAKE 'EM UP...AND HE'S ASLEEP TOO! IN THE ICE-BOX!

DITHERS: WHO'S ^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~?

DAGWOOD: THE ESKIMO!...THAT'S HIM! SLE? HE'S STILL ASLEEP!....
NO! LOOK!

^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~: ^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~ WAKE UP. TOO MUCH LOUD-MOUTH! WHO BIG-TALK MAN?

DITHERS: IF HE MEANS ME -- TELL HIM HE HASN'T HEARD ANYTHING YET!
TELL HIM TO WAKE UP THOSE ANIMALS AND GET STARTED PRONTO!

^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~: ^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~ WAKE 'EM UP. ^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~ GIVE WAKE-UP CALL!

FUDDLE: WAIT! WAIT 'TIL I GET MY BEARD ON! NOW!...I'LL GET UP ON THE SLEIGH! IF WE GET 'EM ON THEIR FEET -- WE MIGHT AS WELL DRIVE 'EM OUT INTO THE STORE!

DITHERS: YEAH, GET GOING!

FUDDLE: WAIT 'TIL I GET THE REINS. (SLIGHT JINGLE SLEIGH BELLS)
OKAY!

DAGWOOD: (GOING) I'LL OPEN THE DOORS...

DITHERS: GO ON ^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~...WAKE 'EM...YELL AT 'EM!

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) (YELLS) WAIT THIS DOOR IS STUCK!

^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~: ^{MALOO} ~~GUGU~~ WAKE 'EM! (TARZAN-LIKE YELL...TOP OF VOICE) MUSH!

SOUND: (SNORTS...HOOFS...BELLS...TERRIFIC STAMPING)

FUDDLE: WHOA! WHOA! DUNDER! WHOA BLITZEN!

DAGWOOD: HOLD 'EM! THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE SCENERY! WHOA!

FUDDLE: HOLD 'EM, DITHERS!

DITHERS: OHHH! IT BIT ME!....(MORE HOOFS...AND BELLS)

FUDDLE: HOLD 'EM!

DAGWOOD: HOLD 'EM!

SOUND: OVER HOOFS AND BELLS...TERRIFIC CRASH! SPLINTERING WOOD...
ETC...MAKE IT BIG THEY'RE GOING THROUGH A WALL OF SCENERY
YELL FROM CROWD...HOOFS AND BELLS FADE

DITHERS: THERE THEY GO!

~~GLUB:~~
MAGOOD:
GLUB: REINDEER HAPPY! REINDEER PLAY!

DAGWOOD: THEY PLAY TOO ROUGH! WHERE'S FUDDLE? OOOOH LOOK AT THE SCENERY!

BIGGY: BUMSTEAD! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

DAGWOOD: WELL...

BIGGY: AND YOU, DITHERS! IT'S YOUR EXHIBIT! I'LL SUE YOU FOR DAMAGES!

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

BIGGY: LOOK OUT! THEY'RE COMING BACK! (HOOFS AND BELLS BUILD AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: OH, BLONDIE! (HOOFS AND BELLS UP AS THEY PASS AGAIN...
MUSIC IN AND UP OVER THIS SOUND...THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR)

"BLONDIE"
12/18/39

17-A

GOODWIN: WHEN YOU'RE THINKING OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CIGARETTE SMOKERS -- IT'S IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER THAT MORE SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND. THAT MEANS WHEN YOU GIVE CAMELS FOR CHRISTMAS YOU KNOW YOUR GIFT WILL BE RIGHT....THAT YOU'LL BE GIVING SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST. FOR CAMELS ARE THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS THAT GIVE MORE PLEASURE IN EVERY PUFF. AND HERE'S ANOTHER POINT: THIS CHRISTMAS DEALERS ARE FEATURING CAMELS IN SPECIAL GIFT-WRAPPINGS. THERE'S THE REGULAR CARTON IN A NEW HOLIDAY DRESS. AND ANOTHER GIFT PACKAGE MADE UP OF FOUR OF THE POPULAR "FLAT FIFTIES." EITHER ONE YOU CHOOSE, YOU'LL BE GIVING TWO HUNDRED MILD, COOL CAMEL CIGARETTES. BOTH ARE IN A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS-Y WRAP, ALL READY TO GIVE -- EVEN DOWN TO THE GIFT CARD. PUT CAMELS ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST RIGHT NOW.

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GOODWIN: AND NOW -- TOWARD THE CLOSE OF THE FOLLOWING DAY...WE FIND
DAGWOOD AND J.C.DITHERS COUNTING THE COST OF THE
REINDEERS RAMPAGE...

DITHERS: YOU MIGHT AS WELL SIT DOWN, BUMSTEAD. THIS IS GOING TO
BE A SHOCK TO YOU.

DAGWOOD: I'LL TAKE IT STANDING UP, MR. DITHERS. I -- I'D RATHER
STAND UP ANYHOW. A REINDEER TROD ON ME FROM BEHIND!

DITHERS: WELL, GET A CUSHION AND A SHARP PENCIL, BUMSTEAD AND
START FIGURING HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE YOU TO PAY \$4750
AT FIFTY DOLLARS PER MONTH.

DAGWOOD: WELL, OF COURSE, THAT'S A LOT OF (TAKE) HEY!
DO I HAVE TO PAY IT ALL?

DITHERS: DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PAY IT, BUMSTEAD? YOU
INVENTED THE KIDDIE KONSTRUCTION KIT...

DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T INVENT REINDEER THOUGH! HOW DID I KNOW THEY'D
RUN WILD?

DITHERS: YOU SHOULD THINK BEFORE YOU ACT, BUMSTEAD! I'M OUT
ENOUGH! MONEY ON THE SETS WITHOUT PAYING DAMAGES TO
BIGGY'S STORE.

DAGWOOD: DID YOU SEE BIGGY'S AD THIS MORNING? A FULL-PAGE WITH A
PICTURE OF THE REINDEER BUSTING THROUGH THE SCENERY.
IT SAYS "SMASH GO PRICES ON SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN TOYS AT
BIGGY'S." IT'S NOT A VERY GOOD PICTURE OF FUDDLE.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND FUDDLE! GET YOUR MIND BACK ON THESE ITEMS ON
BIGGY'S LIST OF DAMAGES. READY?

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) I GUESS SO...GO AHEAD.

DITHERS: "TO LOSS OF MRS. MCBUTTERS TRADE -- TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS,
WHO'S MRS. MCBUTTER?"

the ashtray

DAGWOOD: THE ONE WHO FOUND ~~COGS~~ IN HER REFRIGERATOR!

DITHERS: HMMP. STILL GOT ~~YOU~~ ⁷¹⁰⁰ ON ICE, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. KIND OF. I DID ALL I COULD TO MAKE HIM FEEL AT HOME. I SHOWED HIM HOW TO MAKE ICE CUBES IN OUR REFRIGERATOR...AND HE'S BUILDING AN IGLOO OUT OF THEM IN OUR YARD!

DITHERS: THAT OUGHT TO KEEP HIM BUSY. HERE'S THE NEXT ITEM ON BIGG'S SWINDLE SHEET..."TO ONE COUNTER FULL OF MILLINERY EATEN BY REINDEER...FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS."

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A LOT OF HATS. IF I'D KNOWN THEY WERE HUNGRY I'D HAVE BOUGHT 'EM HAY.

DITHERS: YEAH. BUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF HATS AIN'T HAY! (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) FUDDLE, ALREADY SAID THAT! GO AHEAD, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: WELL -- NEXT ITEM...."TO CHRISTMAS SCENERY DESTROYED BY SAID REINDEER...ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER FOR THEM TO GO OUT THE DOOR...IF I COULD HAVE GOT THE DOOR OPEN!

DITHERS: NEXT ITEM! X"TO EMBARRASSMENT OF MISS GUMPE -- ON BEING GUMMED BY ONE OF SAID REINDEER."

DAGWOOD: WHAT DOES HE MEAN, "GUMMED"...

DITHERS: SHE WAS BITTEN...AND SHE WAS LUCKY AT THAT. THE ONE THAT BIT ME -- HAD TEETH!

DAGWOOD: OH. HOW MUCH DOES MISS GUMPE WANT FOR BEING GUMMED?

DITHERS: THAT COMES AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS. NEXT ITEM IS THE LAST...ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: FOR WHAT?

DITHERS: "TO ONE BADLY MUNCHED TOUPEE...SIZE SEVEN AND A HALF -- COLOR GREY...PERSONAL PROPERTY OF MR. BIGGY."

DAGWOOD: I WOULDN'T PAY A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A TOUPEE.

DITHERS: MAYBE YOU WOULD IF YOU LOOKED LIKE BIGGY DID WITHOUT IT! WELL -- THAT'S ALL, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. IT COMES TO \$4750, ALL RIGHT...AND AT FIFTY DOLLARS A MONTH IT WILL TAKE ME --- NINETY-FIVE MONTHS TO PAY...THAT'S...GOLLY! THAT'S EIGHT YEARS!

DITHERS: OF COURSE THAT DOESN'T COUNT IN THE INTEREST -- OR THE SALES TAX.

DAGWOOD: SALES TAX?

DITHERS: SURE. BIGGY SAID HE HADN'T HAD TIME TO FIGURE THAT YET.

DAGWOOD: OOOOCH! I'LL NEVER GET THIS PAID! I HOPE BLONDIE CAN DO SOMETHING...

DITHERS: BLONDIE! WHAT CAN SHE DO?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO, BUT SHE'S DOWN IN BIGGY'S OFFICE NOW...TRYING TO REASON WITH HIM...

MUSIC: (IN BRIEFLY)

BIGGY: I'M SORRY, MRS. BUMSTEAD...BUT I'M A BUSY MAN.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE YOU ARE, MR. BIGGY...BUT IT'S THE BUSIEST MEN WHO HAVE TIME FOR DETAILS, THEY SAY...

BIGGY: BUT WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER THIS, MRS. BUMSTEAD. MR. DITHE CAN WELL AFFORD TO PAY MY LITTLE BILL...

BLONDIE: BUT MR. DITHERS ISN'T GOING TO PAY IT, MR. BIGGY...

BIGGY: NO? MY ATTORNEY THINKS HE WILL...

BLONDIE: I MEAN HE'S PASSED IT ON TO MY HUSBAND! HE ISN'T A WEALTHY MAN, MR. BIGGY!

BIGGY: THEN HE SHOULDN'T HAVE EXPENSIVE IDEAS -- SUCH AS ESKIMOS AND REINDEER IN A CONSERVATIVE STORE LIKE BIGGY'S.

BLONDIE: BUT, MR. BIGGY...THESE ITEMS ON YOUR LIST OF DAMAGES ARE ALL OVER-PRICED. YOU DIDN'T LOSE MRS. MCBUTTERS' TRADE. I CALLED HER MYSELF AND SHE BOUGHT THE ICE-BOX. ALL SHE SAID WAS TO BE SURE THERE WEREN'T ANY ESKIMOS IN IT WHEN IT ARRIVED.

BIGGY: HMMM. YES. BUT THE STORE LOST PRESTIGE! ESKIMOS IN ICE-BOXES ARE BOUND TO CAUSE TALK.

BLONDIE: AND THIS ITEM FOR HATS. I LOOKED AT THAT COUNTER MYSELF BEFORE THE CRASH...THERE WEREN'T FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF HATS ON THAT COUNTER.

BIGGY: IT'S TOO LATE TO BICKER, MADAME. THE HATS ARE GONE.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TAKING ADVANTAGE, MR. BIGGY! PEOPLE WHO DO THAT NEVER REALLY PROSPER.

BIGGY: THREATENING, MADAME?

BLONDIE: NO, JUST TELLING YOU. AND LOOK -- THE SALES LADY WHO SAID SHE WAS BITTEN...

BIGGY: GUMMED! BIGGY'S NEVER EXAGGERATE!

BLONDIE: SHE WASN'T EVEN GUMMED! SHE SAYS NOW SHE WAS JUST NUDGED!

BIGGY: I SUPPOSE NEXT YOU WILL QUESTION THE VALUE OF MY -- ER -- HAIR PIECE. AN HEIRLOOM, MADAME...HANDED DOWN TO ME FROM MY UNCLE BREVOORT BIGGY! NO, MRS. BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE WASTING TIME! YOUR HUSBAND WILL PAY THE FULL SUM OF \$4750.

BLONDIE: WILL YOU ADMIT THAT THE REINDEER BROUGHT THE BIGGEST CROWD YOU'VE EVER HAD?

BIGGY: THE CROWDS ARE VERY GRATIFYING. BUT THAT WAS DUE TO OUR CLEVER ADVERTISING.

BLONDIE: OH. YOU MEAN THIS AD IN THE NEWSPAPER? (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

BIGGY: YES. THAT'S IT! MY OWN IDEA! THE REINDEER BREAKING THROUGH THE SANTY CIAUS SETTING...AND THE HEADLINE...
"SMASH GO PRICES!" A MASTERPIECE..

BLONDIE: ALL YOUR OWN IDEA, MR. BIGGY?

BIGGY: OH YES! YES, INDEED!

BLONDIE: THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! NOW, MR. BIGGY...WITHOUT MY HUSBAND'S REINDEER THIS BIG PHOTOGRAPH WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE...AND YOU ADMIT THE AD,BROUGHT THE CROWD?

BIGGY: I AM WEARY OF THIS DISCUSSION, MRS.BUMSTEAD. WHEN YOU ARE THROUGH...THE DOOR IS JUST BEHIND YOU.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M A LONG WAY FROM THROUGH,MR. BIGGY! YOU'VE TURNED MY HUSBAND'S HARD LUCK TO YOUR OWN ACCOUNT AND THEN YOU ASK HIM TO PAY DAMAGES TEN TIMES OVER. NOW I WANTED TO SETTLE THIS PEACEFULLY...BUT SINCE YOU WANT TROUBLE...LOOK OUT, MR. BIGGY! HERE IT COMES!

BIGGY: I DON'T SEE IT.

BLONDIE: IT'S STARING YOU IN THE FACE! LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH AGAIN! WHO IS THAT ON THE FLOOR?

BIGGY: I BELIEVE THAT IS A MR. FUDDLE. FORMERLY EMPLOYED AS OUR SANTA CLAUS.

BLONDIE: RIGHT. YOU RECOGNIZE HIM, DON'T YOU? HE RECOGNIZED HIMSELF, TOO! IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT HIS SANTA COSTUME WAS HALF GONE -- AND HE HAD A REINDEER IN HIS LAP.

BIGGY: WELL?

BLONDIE: WELL, MR. FUDDLE HAS PLACED HIS CASE IN MY HANDS.

BIGGY: CASE? WHAT CASE?

BLONDIE: HIS SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

BIGGY: DAMAGES?

BLONDIE: OH YES, MR. BIGGY. I'M NO LAWYER AND I DON'T NEED TO
BE TO KNOW YOU'RE IN A BAD SPOT.

BIGGY: HOW? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

BLONDIE: YOU'VE BROKEN THE LAW! THE LAW THAT SAYS "YOU CAN'T USE
A PERSON'S NAME OR PICTURE IN ADVERTISING WITHOUT THEIR
WRITTEN CONSENT!

BIGGY: BUT HE -- HE WORKS FOR ME!

BLONDIE: OH NO! YOU FIRED HIM LAST NIGHT. AND IT DOESN'T MATTER
ANYWAY! HE WANTS FIVE THOUSAND DAMAGES.

BIGGY: FIVE THOUSAND!

BLONDIE: THAT'S FOR USING THE PICTURE...AND ANOTHER FIVE FOR
MAKING HIM RIDICULOUS!

BIGGY: TEN THOUSAND!

BLONDIE: UNLESS...

BIGGY: EH? UNLESS WHAT?

BLONDIE: WELL...MR. FUDDLE PUT HIS CASE IN MY HANDS...I'LL CALL
IT OFF IF YOU CALL OFF THE DAMAGES AGAINST DAGWOOD.

BIGGY: WELL, I...

BLONDIE: WANT TO CALL YOUR ATTORNEY FIRST?

BIGGY: NO...NO, I'LL SETTLE.

BLONDIE: SIGN HERE! (RUSTLE OF PAPER) THIS IS A MUTUAL RELEASE.

BIGGY: I -- I'LL SIGN. I -- I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT BLASTED LAW!
THERE!

BLONDIE: THANK YOU! NOW WE'RE FRIENDS AGAIN.

BIGGY: FRIENDS? I -- I STILL HAVE YOUR GOOD-WILL?

BLONDIE: CERTAINLY. IT'S ALL OVER...(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BIGGY: COME IN...(DOOR OPENS)

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) HEY, BLONDIE...LISTEN! I -- I'VE COOLED OFF! BEEN THINKING IT OVER AND I'VE DECIDED TO SETTLE FOR A NEW SANTY SUIT -- AND MY JOB BACK.

BIGGY: AND I JUST SETTLED FOR...OOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: AND GOOD WILL, MR. BIGGY. IT'S -- IT'S ALMOST CHRISTMAS TIME, YOU KNOW.

BIGGY: YOUNG WOMAN...YOU...YOU WIN! GET BACK ON THE JOB, FUDDLE...AND ORDER A SUIT THAT FITS THIS TIME!

FUDDLE: SAY...THANKS! I -- I'VE KIND OF MISSED THOSE KIDS CALLING ME SANTY!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

BIGGY: COME IN!

DITHERS: (ENTERING) BIGGY! OH HELLO, BLONDIE! LISTEN! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BLONDIE: OH JUST A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, MR. DITHERS!

BIGGY: YES...WE'RE ALL FRIENDS AGAIN. CHRISTMAS AND WHATNOT YOU KNOW! EVERYTHING'S SETTLED, DITHERS!

DITHERS: SETTLED NOTHING! WHAT ABOUT MY KIDDIES KONSTRUCTION KITS?

BIGGY: OH, I'LL ORDER MORE, OF COURSE.

DITHERS: MORE?

BIGGY: OH YES...THE FIRST LOT IS ALL GONE YOU KNOW...

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

BABY: (COMING IN) HEY, MOMMIE! DADDY'S TOYS ARE ALL GONE!

DAGWOOD: (ENTERS PANTING) HEY, BLONDIE! HEY, DITHERS! HEY, BIGGY! THEY...THEY'RE GONE! THE SETS ARE ALL SOLD!

DITHERS: AS USUAL, BUMSTEAD...YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE!

DAGWOOD: OH!

DITHERS: COME ON, BIGGY. LET'S FIND AN ORDER BLANK! (GOING)
NOW I FIGURE YOU OUGHT TO PAY CASH FOR THIS NEXT LOT.

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD! THE DAMAGES ARE OFF...AND
YOU'LL HAVE A BIG COMMISSION ON THOSE SETS...DON'T
WORRY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? I KNEW YOU'D FIX IT, BLONDIE! HEY -- WHAT'LL
WE DO WITH ALL OUR MONEY?

BLONDIE: DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU, EITHER. JUST LOOK AT THE
LIST OF PEOPLE WE'RE GOING TO NEED PRESENTS FOR,
DAGWOOD.

BABY: AM I ON THE LIST?

BLONDIE: YOU'RE RIGHT AT THE TOP, BABY.

DAGWOOD: WELL...NOTHING LIKE A BIG LIST OF FRIENDS...WHEN YOU
HAVE THE MONEY TO BUY 'EM THINGS! COME ON, BLONDIE...
LET'S SEE WHAT WE BUY FOR WHO?

BABY: I KNOW WHAT I WANT.

DAGWOOD:)
BLONDIE:)
WHAT, BABY?

BABY: I WANT SOME NICE REINDEER.

DAGWOOD: T--OOOOH!

MUSIC:

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.