

Van...
100...
N.Y.C.

Master

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2/5/40

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1940

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

Van... Ad. Agency

GOODWIN: AH, AH, AH -- NEVER MIND THE DISHES, MOM -- RELAX --
LISTEN TO "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.
ALMOST ALL OF US HAVE SIMPLE LITTLE RULES OF SOME KIND OR
OTHER FOR OUR DAILY LIVING AND FOR OUR PLEASURE. I KNOW OF
A RULE THAT MILLIONS FOLLOW EVERY DAY...GOES LIKE THIS:
"FOR THE 'EXTRAS' IN CIGARETTE SMOKING PLEASURE, STAY ON
THE SLOW-BURNING SIDE!" THAT MEANS CAMEL CIGARETTES --
FOR, TO SMOKERS EVERYWHERE, CAMELS ARE THE SLOW-BURNING
CIGARETTE THAT GIVES MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE
PUFFS PER PACK. THIS SLOWER-BURNING QUALITY IS CONFIRMED
BY RECENT 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. SLOW-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU
EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- NATURALLY, THE
SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE COOLER AND MILDER THE
SMOKING. CAMELS ALSO GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR -- SLOW
BURNING PRESERVES NATURAL FLAVOR AND LETS IT COME THROUGH
IN THE SMOKING. THOSE ARE MIGHTY IMPORTANT "EXTRAS" --
(CONTINUED)

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"BLONDIE"
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GOODWIN: EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR.
(Cont'd) YOU GET THEM ALL IN CAMELS. THAT'S WHY SMOKERS SAY:
"FOR THE 'EXTRAS' IN SMOKING, STAY ON THE SLOW-BURNING
SIDE -- SMOKE CAMELS!"

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- HERE WE GO -- OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD'S FOR THAT WEEKLY VISIT. TODAY WE FIND BLONDIE...JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE BATHROOM...WHERE BABY DUMPLING SEEMS TO BE SPENDING THE DAY...(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: BABY...BABY DUMPLING!

BABY: (THROUGH DOOR) YES, MOMMIE...I'M WASHING MY NECK NOW..

BLONDIE: WELL, PLEASE HURRY UP, BABY. DADDY'S HOME AND HE WANTS A BATH, TOO.

BABY: I'M WASHING FAST AS I CAN, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: YOU SAID THAT FIVE MINUTES AGO.

BABY: WELL, I CAN'T GO ANY FASTER -- THE SOAP'S TOO SLIPPERY!

BLONDIE: YOU'RE NOT USING MY SCENTED SOAP, ARE YOU?

BABY: NO, MOMMIE...JUST SOME WHITE SOAP AND SOME GREEN SOAP.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU CERTAINLY OUGHT TO MAKE BETTER TIME WITH TWO KINDS OF SOAP.

BABY: I GET BORED WITH JUST ONE KIND.

BLONDIE: WELL, MIND YOU DON'T USE MINE. IT'S SCENTED WITH NIGHT BLOOMING NARCISSUS...AND I'VE ONLY GOT A LITTLE BIT LEFT.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY! ISN'T BABY OUT OF THERE YET?

BLONDIE: I'M TRYING TO GET HIM OUT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. I'M LATE ALREADY....(KNOCKS ON DOOR) HEY, BABY! COME ON WILL YOU? DADDY'S IN AN AWFUL HURRY.

BABY: (STILL AWAY) OKAY, DADDY. I'M WASHING MY EARS NOW.

BLONDIE: YOU MIGHT AS WELL RELAX A MINUTE, DAGWOOD, AND TELL ME WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENT IS ABOUT.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT EXCITED...I'M PRETTY CALM IF YOU ASK ME... CONSIDERING THAT DITHERS AND THE MAYOR AND THE WHOLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ARE WAITING TO SEE ME.

BLONDIE: OH. NO WONDER YOU RUSHED IN THE HOUSE THE WAY YOU DID.
WHAT DO ALL THOSE MEN WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH -- THEY WANT ME TO EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO THEM...

BLONDIE: OH, MY! ISN'T THAT LOVELY.

DAGWOOD: NO!

BLONDIE: NO? WHY ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE TO EXPLAIN IS A LITTLE MISTAKE
I MADE.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I HAD A LITTLE ALMANAC TROUBLE!

BLONDIE: ALMANAC TROUBLE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THE WHOLE THING.

BLONDIE: I THINK YOU'D BETTER.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU SEE -- MR. DITHERS SOLD THE CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE THE IDEA OF HAVING A SKI MEET HERE IN TOWN.

BLONDIE: I DIDN'T KNOW HE LIKED SKIING.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK HE DOES...BUT HE WANTED THE DITHERS
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY TO BUILD THE BIG SKI HILL THAT THE
SKI JUMPERS SLIDE DOWN.

BLONDIE: OH, I SEE! AND -- P.S. HE GOT THE JOB?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT -- P.S. AGAIN -- THE SLIDE ISN'T GOING TO
WORK.

BLONDIE: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: NO SNOW!

BLONDIE: OH. WELL, HE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL IT DOES SNOW.

DAGWOOD: HE CAN'T WAIT. SEE -- HE TOLD THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
TO GO AHEAD AND ADVERTISE THE SKI JUMPING FOR THIS WEEK!

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT WASN'T VERY SMART. HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU CAN'T SLIDE DOWN A SKI JUMP UNLESS YOU HAVE SNOW.

DAGWOOD: OH, HE KNEW THAT. HE -- ER -- THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE SNOW BY TODAY.

BLONDIE: WHAT GAVE HIM THAT IDEA....?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- ER -- I GUESS I DID.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HE TOLD ME TO CALL UP THE U.S. WEATHER PEOPLE AND MAKE THEM GUARANTEE US SOME SNOW. BUT I HATED TO BOTHER IMPORTANT PEOPLE LIKE THAT -- SO I JUST LOOKED IN THAT ALMANAC THAT CAME WITH THE FREE SAMPLE OF WART REMOVER...AND THEN I TOLD DITHERS TO GO AHEAD BECAUSE THE ALMANAC SAID THERE WAS GOING TO BE TWO FEET OF SNOW.

BLONDIE: WELL, THEN I DON'T SEE HOW THEY CAN BLAME YOU -- IF AN ALMANAC WAS WRONG!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I WAS KIND OF IN A HURRY AND WHEN I CHECKED BACK I FOUND OUT THE ALMANAC WASN'T EXACTLY WRONG. I JUST GOT THE WRONG PAGE.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I FOUND THAT -- INSTEAD OF BEING AROUND HERE THIS WEEK THE TWO FEET OF SNOW WAS DUE IN QUEBEC ON FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH!

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR. I SUPPOSE MR. DITHERS IS PRETTY MAD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- HE CAN'T GET PAID FOR THE SLIDE. THE TOWN HASN'T GOT THE MONEY ANYWAY. THEY EXPECTED TO GET IT FROM THE MOVIE PEOPLE.

BLONDIE: WHAT MOVIE PEOPLE?

DAGWOOD: OH, DITHERS TOLD THEM HE KNEW A PICTURE DIRECTOR WHO WOULD PAY ALL EXPENSES TO GET SOME GOOD SKI JUMPING SHOTS. DITHERS KNEW THIS DIRECTOR WHEN HE WENT TO SCHOOL.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...WERE THEY GOING TO TAKE MOVIES RIGHT HERE IN TOWN? THAT WOULD BE PERFECTLY WONDERFUL!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. THAT'S WHAT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE THOUGHT -- ESPECIALLY IF THE MOVIES PAID FOR THE WHOLE THING...SO WHEN I TOLD DITHERS ABOUT THE SNOW THAT WAS GOING TO BE HERE...HE...WIRED THE MOVIE DIRECTOR TO COME ON WITH CAMERAS AND EVERYTHING!

BLONDIE: OH, MY! I'M AFRAID THE MOVIE MAN WILL BE A LITTLE PROVOKED, TOO.

DAGWOOD: I HEAR HE IS. ON ACCOUNT OF HIS NORWEGIAN MOVIE STAR IS THREATENING TO GO RIGHT BACK TO NORWAY WHERE THEY'VE GOT SNOW.

BLONDIE: WHO IS THE MOVIE STAR, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IT'S THE CHAMPION SKI JUMPER -- BJORG BJOHNSON.

BLONDIE: OH, I SAW HIM -- IN A NEWSREEL. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE COULD ACT.

DAGWOOD: HE DOESN'T HAVE TO ACT...HE'S A SKI JUMPER.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! I WONDER IF IT WAS BJORG BJOHNSON WHO CALLED YOU ON THE PHONE, JUST BEFORE YOU CAME HOME. HE HAD A FUNNY ACCENT AND HE SAID TO TELL YOU HE WAS A FRIEND OF FARQUAR FUDDLE'S.

DAGWOOD: FRIEND OF...(TAKE) HEY! I BET IT'S PROFESSOR BLITZEN.

BLONDIE: IF HE'S A FRIEND OF FUDDLE'S HE PROBABLY WANTS TO BORROW MONEY.

DAGWOOD: NO...NO! SAY! IF IT IS BLITZEN...WE MAY HAVE SOME SNOW AFTER ALL.

BLONDIE: WHAT? HOW DO YOU MEAN, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, THIS IS GREAT! YOU KNOW FUDDLE IS DOWN IN FLORIDA AND I WIRED HIM ABOUT THE JAM I WAS IN...AND HE WIRED BACK ABOUT THIS PROFESSOR BLITZEN. THE PROFESSOR IS A PROFESSIONAL RAIN MAKER.

BLONDIE: WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

DAGWOOD: OH, WHEN ANYBODY WANTS IT TO RAIN, HE JUST SITS BY A POND OR SOMETHING AND CONCENTRATES ON RAIN...AND IT RAINS!

BLONDIE: DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?

DAGWOOD: HE DID IT IN FLORIDA!...ONLY HE MADE A MISTAKE. HE SAT BY AN ARTIFICIAL ICE RINK...AND IT STARTED TO SNOW.

BLONDIE: YOU THINK HE DID IT?

DAGWOOD: IF HE DIDN'T THEY PLAYED HIM A DIRTY TRICK. THEY CHASED HIM ACROSS THE STATE LINE IN HIS OWN BLIZZARD!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. IT'S JUST ONE OF FUDDLE'S JOKES.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF IT SNOWED IN FLORIDA WHEN HE WAS THERE, IT WON'T DO ANY HARM TO LET HIM TRY FOR A LITTLE SNOW HERE. IF HE PHONES AGAIN...CALL ME...EVEN IF I'M IN THE BATHTUB. HEY! ISN'T BABY THROUGH IN THAT BATHROOM YET?

BLONDIE: (CALLS) BABY. BABY DUMPLING! (DOOR BELL AWAY) OH, DEAR, THE DOOR BELL. I'LL SEE WHO IT IS, DAGWOOD. YOU TALK TO BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. MAYBE THAT'S BLITZEN AT THE DOOR.

BLONDIE: MAYBE IT'S JUST THE CENSUS MAN...(GOING) THE CENSUS
MEN ARE AROUND YOU KNOW,...

DAGWOOD: (CALLS AFTER HER) IF IT'S THE CENSUS MAN -- TELL HIM
WE DON'T WANT ANY. (KNOCKS ON DOOR) BABY! COME OUT
OUT OF THAT BATHROOM....OR I'M COMING IN!

BABY: (AWAY) JUST A LITTLE WHILE MORE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: NO! (DOOR OPENS) I'M IN A HURRY I TELL YOU...AND...
(TAKE) HEY, YOU'RE NOT TAKING A BATH!

BABY: (IN) I WASHED MY NECK AND EARS.

DAGWOOD: YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING BOATS WITH THAT SOAP IN THE TUB!

BABY: BATTLESHIPS! LOOK, THE GREEN SOAP IS A BIG BATTLESHIP
...AND THE WHITE SOAP IS A LITTLE BATTLESHIP...

DAGWOOD: NOW, LISTEN, BABY...I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO WASTE...YOU
GET OUT OF HERE AND LET ME TAKE MY BATH...

BABY: CAN I TAKE MY BATTLESHIPS?

DAGWOOD: SURE...SURE...HURRY UP.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY. TOOOOOT. TOOOOOOOT. HERE COMES THE
NAVY! (GOING) BOOOOOM, BOOOOOM, TOOT -- TOOT --
TOOT....

DAGWOOD: (TO SELF) NOW, I'VE GOT TO RUN ALL THIS WATER OUT OF
THE TUB, (PLUG OUT) (GURGLE)BEGINS) AND FILL IT UP
WITH HOT WATER...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOOOOOOOOOD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, HONEY?

BLONDIE: IT'S PROFESSOR BLITZEN TO SEE YOU.

DAGWOOD: (OVER GURGLE) EH? I CAN'T HEAR YOU.

BLONDIE: COME TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T HEAR. WAIT, I'LL COME TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS...(GOING) LOOK OUT, BABY, DON'T PLAY RIGHT THERE ON THE TOP STEP WITH THAT SOAP....

BABY: DON'T STEP ON IT, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: I --- OOOOOOOOPS...(SOUND OF SLIP AND FALL...THEN A SERIES OF BUMPS AS DAGWOOD SLIDES DOWN STAIRS)

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

BABY: MOMMIE. CAN I COME OUT OF THE CORNER NOW?

BLONDIE: ARE YOU SORRY THAT YOU GOT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS ALL SOAPY?

BABY: YES, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: AND ARE YOU VERY SORRY THAT POOR DADDY FELL DOWN STAIRS?

BABY: UHUH. AND I'M AWFUL SORRY NOBODY BUT US SAW HIM DO IT.

BLONDIE: WHY, BABY! IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO FUNNY IF DADDY HAD HURT HIMSELF.

BABY: WELL, BUT HE DIDN'T, MOMMIE, AND I BET IF MR. DITHERS SAW HIM HE'D MAKE HIM GO IN THAT SKI JUMP -- AND HE'D WIN!

BLONDIE: BABY!

BABY: DID I SAY SOMETHING ELSE WRONG, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO. YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! SKI JUMP! -- SOAP! I BET IT WOULD WORK!

BABY: WHAT WOULD, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WHY, DADDY'S IN TROUBLE BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANY SNOW FOR THE MEN TO SLIDE DOWN AT THAT SKI JUMPING CONTEST. BUT SOAP IS SLIPPERY! WHY COULDN'T THEY PUT SOAP ON THE SLIDE?

BABY: SURE THEY COULD, BUT IT'LL TAKE AN AWFUL LOT OF SOAP, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: I KNOW -- BUT SOFT SOAP IS CHEAP. I'LL CALL UP THAT LITTLE SOAP FACTORY...AND ORDER A FEW BARRELS OF SOFT SOAP...THEN I'LL GO DOWN TO THAT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE MEETING AND TELL THEM MY IDEA...(PHONE UP) HELLO. OPERATOR, INFORMATION, PLEASE. NOW DON'T TELL DADDY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS TILL I'VE GONE. HE THINKS THAT PROFESSOR CAN MAKE IT SNOW...BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BABY: WHERE IS DADDY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: OH, HE'S UPSTAIRS TAKING THAT BATH HE WANTED...AND LISTENING TO PROFESSOR BLITZEN TALK ABOUT HIMSELF!
(FADING) (MUSIC IN SOFTLY) HELLO -- INFORMATION?
WELL, I WANT THE NUMBER OF THAT SOAP FACTORY OVER NEAR THE STOCKYARDS....

MUSIC: (UP FOR VERY BRIEF INTERLUDE)

SOUND: (SPLASHING IN TUB)

DAGWOOD: LET'S HEAR THAT PART AGAIN, PROFESSOR. I GOT A LITTLE SOAP IN MY EARS.

PROFESSOR: I SAY HERE ISS DER BROOF! LOOK! FROM DER NEWSBAPER OUDT I HAFF CUT DER STORIES. EFFERYVERE I GO...IT GIFS RAIN! R-RAIN RAIN RAIN! LOOK!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. BUT HOW ARE YOU ON SNOW?

PROFESSOR: RAIN -- SNOW -- FOG -- VOT'S DER DIFFERENCE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, ONE DIFFERENCE IS -- YOU CAN'T GO SKIING ON FOG!
WHAT WE NEED IS SNOW.

PROFESSOR: SNOW! GOOT! I WRITE DOT DOWN. NOW, VOT KIND YOU LIKE?
WET SNOW? DRY SNOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL, MEDIUM-DRY I GUESS. JUST SOME NICE WHITE
SLIPPERY SNOW.

PROFESSOR: UMHMMMMMMM. WHITE SNOW. I WRITE DOT DOWN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- NOW WHEN COULD YOU GIVE US DELIVERY ON
THIS SNOW.

PROFESSOR: TOMORROW, IN DER MORNING YOU FIND IT ON YOUR DOORSTEP.
NOW -- VERE IS DER NEAREST POND?

DAGWOOD: PONT?

PROFESSOR: LAKE -- RIFFER -- POND...DER BODY OF VATER WHICH
I MUST SIDT PY -- WHEN I CONCENTRADT ON DER SNOW!

DAGWOOD: OH. WE'VE GOT A RIVER BED IN TOWN BUT THERE'S NO
WATER IN IT.

PROFESSOR: ACH! PY DER DRY RIFFER I GET ONLY DUST STORMS!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I GUESS WE HAVEN'T GOT JUST WHAT YOU WANT. BUT
THERE'S A BIG WINDMILL AND WATER TANK UP ON THE ROOF OF
DITHERS CONSTRUCTION PLANT. WOULD THAT DO?

PROFESSOR: A VINDMILL? YAH. DOT IS GOOT. I SIDT ON DER
VINDMILL -- UNDT RRRRUB MY RABBIT'S FOOT UNDT BRESTO...
IT GIFS SNOW.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: WHO IS IT?

BABY: (OFF) IT'S ME, DADDY! THE SOAP FACTORY WANTS TO
TALK TO YOU.

DAGWOOD: A SOAP FACTORY WANTS TO TALK TO ME? TELL THEM THANKS JUST THE SAME, BUT I'VE GOT ENOUGH SOAP TO FINISH MY BATH.

BABY: IT'S ABOUT THE SOAP MOMMIE ORDERED.

DAGWOOD: WELL, WHY DOESN'T MOMMIE TALK TO THEM?

BABY: SHE'S GONE OUT FOR A WHILE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T KNOW. IF SHE ORDERED SOAP TELL THEM TO DELIVER IT. WHAT'S THE BIG PROBLEM?

BABY: THEY'RE NOT SURE WHAT KIND SHE WANTS.

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL TELL THEM SHE USES SCENTED SOAP. TELL THEM SHE LIKES "NIGHT BLOOMING NARCISSUS."

BABY: OKAY, I'LL TELL THEM TO SEND THAT! GOODBYE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: GOODBYE. NOW, PROFESSOR...YOU BETTER GET BUSY. GO ON DOWN TO THE DITHERS BUILDING -- AND ASK THE WATCHMAN TO LET YOU UP ON THE WINDMILL. TELL HIM I SAID IT WAS OKAY.

PROFESSOR: BOOMSTAT GIFFS BERMISSION. I WROTE DOT DOWN.

DAGWOOD: THE NAME IS BUMSTEAD.

PROFESSOR: YAH -- YAH. BOOMSTAT. DAGFOOT BOOMSTAT. I GOT IT...
(DOOR OPENS) GOOT PYE, MR. BOOMSTAT!

DAGWOOD: AS SOON AS I GET DRY I'LL PHONE DOWN THERE AND TELL THEM TO RUN A TELEPHONE LINE UP TO THE WINDMILL -- SO I CAN KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU.

PROFESSOR: YAH. DOT IS GOOT. I VILL TELL YOU HOW SOON IS COMING
DER SNOW.

DAGWOOD: GIVE IT THE WORKS, PROFESSOR. WE NEED THAT SNOW,
DON'T FALL DOWN ON ME.

PROFESSOR: ACH, NOOOO. DER PROFESSOR NEFFER FALLS DOWN...
OOOOOOPS...(SOUND OF SLIP AND THE PROFESSOR BUMPS
DOWN THE STAIRS)

MUSIC: (IN FOR INTERLUDE)

BABY: DADDY, CAN I COME OUT OF THE CORNER NOW?

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU SORRY YOU LAUGHED AT THE PROFESSOR WHEN HE
FELL DOWN STAIRS?

BABY: YES, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- COME OUT THEN -- AND ANSWER THE PHONE IF IT
RINGS. GOSH, I'VE GOT TO FINISH MY BATH - AND GET
TO THAT MEETING.

BABY: IF MOMMIE CALLS WHAT'LL I TELL HER?

DAGWOOD: TELL HER TO COME HOME! BUT DON'T CALL ME TO THE
PHONE UNLESS IT'S MR. DITHERS -- OR THE PROFESSOR.

BABY: HOW CAN HE CALL IF HE'S UP ON THE WINDMILL, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: I GOT THE DITHERS CREW TO RIG A LINE UP THERE. (PHONE)
HEY, MAYBE THAT'S SOMEBODY NOW...(PHONE UP) HELLO!
BUMSTEAD RESIDENCE -- BUMSTEAD SPEAKING.

PROFESSOR: (FILTER) BOOMSTAT? ISS HERE DER BROFESSOR ON DER
VINDMILL.

DAGWOOD: SWELL. I'M GLAD YOU'RE ON THE JOB. ANY SIGN OF
SNOW YET?

PROFESSOR: NOT YET COMES DER SNOW. I AM HAFFING HERE A LIDDLE
DROUBLE.

DAGWOOD: DROUBLE? -- I MEAN, TROUBLE? WHAT'S WRONG?

PROFESSOR: COULD YOU SEND IT UP BLEASE DER FISH POLE?

DAGWOOD: FISH POLE? THERE'S NO FISH IN THAT TANK!

PROFESSOR: NO FISH. NO, BUT DERE IS NOW SUNK IN DER TANK MY
RABBIT'S FOOT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER RABBIT'S FOOT.

PROFESSOR: ACH, NO. WITHOUT MY OWN RABBIT'S FOOT I CANNOT DER
SNOW MAKE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- KEEP TRYINGQ I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ON A FISH
POLE!

PROFESSOR: YAH, MAYBE MIT DER POLE I CAN FROM DER TANK UP GEFISH
MY FOOT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. LISTEN -- I'VE GOT TO GO GEFINISH MY BATH,
G'BYE. (GOING) STAY HERE, BABY -- I'LL RUN UPSTAIRS....
SO AS NOT TO CATCH COLD...(MUSIC UPWARD RUN)

(DOOR BELL)

BABY: SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) YEAH -- WELL, IF THEY WANT TO SEE ME -- TELL
'EM I'M IN THE BATH TUB.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY. (DOOR OPENS) HELLO, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: BABY DUMPLING...WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?

BABY: HE SAYS FOR YOU TO SEE HIM IN THE BATH TUB.

DITHERS: EH? BATHTUB? IS THAT WHERE HE SPENDS HIS TIME?
BABY: YES SIR.
DITHERS: LATHERING WHILE ROME BURNS! (PHONE) I'LL TAKE THAT.
(PHONE UP) HELLO. BUMSTEAD RESIDENCE!
PROFESSOR: (FILTER) DITHERS' WINDMILL!
DITHERS: WHAT? WHERE?
PROFESSOR: I CALL TO SAY NEFFER MIND DER FISHPOLE.
DITHERS: FISHPOLE. WHAT FISHPOLE?
PROFESSOR: MAYBE I DON'T AFTER ALL DER RABBITS' FOOT NEED.
DITHERS: EH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, RABBITS' FOOT? WHO IS THIS?
PROFESSOR: ISS HERE PROFESSOR BLITZEN! LITZEN!
DITHERS: EH?
PROFESSOR: I SAY, LITZEN! ARE YOU DEEF ALREADY? I DON'T -- NEED --
MAYBE -- DER RABBIT FOOT NO MORE -- BECAUSE ISS SENDING
UP SOMEBODY SOME PIGS KNUCKLES.
DITHERS: PIGS KNUCKLES?
PROFESSOR: YAH. I THINK DEY WORK JUST SO GOOD AS DER RABBITS'
FOOT. GOOTPYE.
LITHERS: PAH! (HANGS UP) A CRAZY MAN UP ON MY WINDMILL -- AND
BUMSTEAD TAKING A BATH! (YELLS) BUMSTEAD!
BABY: I DON'T THINK HE CAN HEAR YOU. HE'S GOT THE WATER
RUNNING -- TO MAKE IT HOT!
DITHERS: OH, HE HAS EH? WELL, LET ME UP THOSE STAIRS AND I'LL
MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM.
MUSIC: (AN UPWARD RUN...THEN SEGUE)
(BRIEF MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

Bumstead

DITHERS: IT'S NO USE, ~~BUMSTEAD~~ I KNOW YOU'RE IN THIS BATHROOM
SOMEWHERE. COME OUT LIKE A MAN! (PAUSE) WHERE ARE YOU?
BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: (SOUND OF GURGLING UNDER WATER) (BUBBLING SOUND EFFECT
LOUD)

DITHERS: AH! HIDING UNDER THE SUDS, EH? WELL, I CAN WAIT AS LONG
AS YOU CAN.

DAGWOOD: (GURGLES UP TO SURFACE) (A SPLASH) (DAGWOOD CHOKING)
H -- HH -- HEY! HAND ME A TOWEL!

DITHERS: HERE, TAKE THIS.

DAGWOOD: T -- THANKS.

DITHERS: NOW WHAT'S THE IDEA?

DAGWOOD: S -- SOAP IN MY EYES!

DITHERS: NO, NO, BUMSTEAD. I MEAN WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SENDING
THAT DUTCH COMEDIAN UP ON MY WATER TANK?

DAGWOOD: HE SAYS HE CAN MAKE IT SNOW FROM UP THERE.

DITHERS: POPPYCOCK! THE MAN'S A CHARLATAN! A FAKE! WHEN THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HEARD ABOUT THAT CLOWN ON MY
WINDMILL -- THE MEETING BROKE UP IN A RIOT. RIGHT NOW
THE MAYOR AND HALF THE POPULATION ARE DOWN THERE WATCHING
HIM. WE'RE GOING TO BE LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN.

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT LISTEN. MAYBE HE CAN MAKE IT SNOW. IF HE
FINDS HIS RABBITS' FOOT.

DITHERS: (SARCASTICALLY) HE DOESN'T NEED IT. HE'S GOT PIGS
KNUCKLES NOW.

DAGWOOD: ARE THEY GOOD?

DITHERS: DON'T BE SILLY! WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL ARCHER?
DAGWOOD: ARCHER?
DITHERS: YES, ARCHER. A-R-C-H-E-R.
DAGWOOD: OH. ER -- WHO'S ARCHER?
DITHERS: THE MOVIE DIRECTOR.
DAGWOOD: THE DIRECTOR?
DITHERS: YES, DIRECTOR. D-I-R-E-C-T-O-R! THE MAN FROM HOLLYWOOD.
DAGWOOD: GOSH. HOLLYWOOD?
DITHERS? YES, HOLLYWOOD. H-O-
DAGWOOD: OH, I KNOW HOW TO SPELL HOLLYWOOD.
DITHERS: I DOUBT IT.
DAGWOOD: I DO SO! (RAPIDLY) H -- O DOUBLE L -- DOUBLE U --
DOUBLE O -- DOUBLE D...ER...NO...
DITHERS: NO! AND I DIDN'T COME HERE TO HEAR YOU SPELL, ANYWAY.
I CAME TO GET YOU TO EXPLAIN TO ARCHER WHY WE HAVEN'T
GOT ANY SNOW FOR HIM TO TAKE PICTURES OF. HE'S DOWN
AT THE SKI TRACK NOW WITH HIS STAR, BJORG BJOHNSON...
DAGWOOD: YEAH. HEY! -- HOW DO YOU SPELL BJORG BJOHNSON?
DITHERS: NEVER MIND HOW TO SPELL HIM. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO
WITH HIM? (KNOCK ON DOOR)
BABY: (OPIENS DOOR) HEY, DADDY. MOMMIE'S ON THE PHONE.
DAGWOOD: SHE IS? WHERE'S SHE PHONING FROM?
BABY: SHE'S DOWN AT THE SKI SLIDE SHE SAYS. MAYBE HER SCHEME
IS GOING TO WORK.
DAGWOOD: WHAT SCHEME? HEY, LET ME TALK TO HER!

"BLONDIE"
1/29/40

-17-

DITHERS: WAIT, BUMSTEAD -- YOU CAN'T GO DOWN WITH NO MORE
CLOTHES THAN THAT BATH TOWEL.

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH! (GOING) WELL -- I'LL SLIP ON SOMETHING...

BABY: DON'T SLIP ON THE SOAP, DADDY...

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) T -- OOOOOH... (SOUND OF SLIP -- THEN BUMPS AS
HE GOES DOWN STAIRS)

BABY: (AFTER SOUND EFFECT) TOO LATE!

DITHERS: YEAH. NICE LANDING THOUGH.

DAGWOOD: (OFF...YELLS STERNLY) BABY!

BABY: YES, DADDY. I'M STARTING FOR THE CORNER RIGHT NOW.

DITHERS: NOW, BUMSTEAD -- DON'T PUNISH THE BABY. HE WASN'T
ANYWHERE NEAR YOU WHEN YOU FELL. (GOING) KEEP YOUR
TEMPER, BUMSTEAD...

BABY: LOOK OUT, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: EH? WHAT....OOOOOOOPS... (SOUND OF SLIDE AGAIN -- AND
THE BUMPS AS HE GOES DOWN) (MUSIC DESCENDING RUN)

BABY: (COMING IN WITH MUSIC) MOMMIE. HEY, MOMMIE. (CLICKS
PHONE) LISTEN, MOMMIE. I BET DADDY COULD BEAT BJORG
BJOHNSON SKI SLIDING! HE AND MR. DITHERS BOTH SLID
DOWNSTAIRS...AND DADDY BEAT BY A FOOT AND A HALF!

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

"BLONDIE"
1/29/40

-17-A-

GOODWIN: ON TOP OF ALL THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE THAT YOU GET FROM SLOW-BURNING CAMELS -- THE EXTRA MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR -- THERE'S ANOTHER "EXTRA" YOU DON'T WANT TO OVERLOOK. IT'S THE EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE... PER PACK. CAMEL SMOKERS KNOW IT THIS ~~WAY~~ IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS, 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 MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT, YOU CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES WHERE YOU LIVE, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. SO NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES, REMEMBER: CAMELS ARE THE SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- LET'S JOIN BLONDIE IN THE OFFICIAL
HEADQUARTERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SKI TRACK. SHE'S
STILL TRYING TO TALK TO BABY DUMPLING...OVER THE PHONE...

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT LISTEN, BABY...WHAT HAPPENED AFTER MR. DITHERS
LEFT TO COME DOWN HERE? WHERE DID YOU SAY DADDY WENT?

BABY: (FILTER) HE WENT DOWN TO SEE HOW THE PROFESSOR IS
DOING -- ON MR. DITHERS' WATER TANK. HOW'S THE SOAP
WORKING ON THE SKI SLIDE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: THE MEN HAVEN'T FINISHED COVERING THE SLIDE WITH IT YET.
BUT I THINK IT WILL BE SLIPPERY ENOUGH ALL RIGHT.

BABY: I THINK SO TOO. IT WORKED SWELL HERE. G'BYE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: GOODBYE, BABY. (HANGS UP)

DITHERS: (COMING IN) BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: OH, HELLO, MR. DITHERS. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

DITHERS: DID YOU EVER FALL DOWN STAIRS?

BLONDIE: NO.

DITHERS: THEN IT'S NO USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN. WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE? WHAT'S THAT STRONG PERFUME I SMELL?

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL THAT SOAP.

DITHERS: SOAP? IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE PUTTING ON THAT SLIDE?

BLONDIE: UHUH. IT'S SLICKER THAN SNOW YOU KNOW...

DITHERS: I KNOW. BUT WHY IS IT LAVENDER COLORED?

BLONDIE: THAT'S TO MATCH THE PERFUME, I GUESS. IT'S ALL SCENTED
WITH NIGHT BLOOMING NARCISSUS. TEN BARRELS OF IT. THE
SOAP PEOPLE SAID DAGWOOD ORDERED IT THAT WAY.

DITHERS: HE WOULD! (PHONE) I'LL GET IT.

BLONDIE: I'VE GOT IT. (PHONE UP) HELLO? SKI TRACK?

"BLONDIE!"
1/29/40

-19-

DAGWOOD: DITHERS' WINDMILL. BUMSTEAD SPEAKING.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. COME DOWN FROM THERE -- AND CALL OFF THE PROFESSOR. WE WON'T NEED SNOW IF MY SOAP WORKS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT LISTEN, HONEY. THE PROFESSOR IS JUST WARMING UP. HE'S GOT HIS RABBIT FOOT BACK AND HE'S GOING TO GET RESULTS! IS THE WIND BLOWING OVER THERE?

BLONDIE: IT'S BEGINNING TO -- YES.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE PROFESSOR'S WORK! HE'S ALREADY HAD A FOG OVER TO THE EAST...AND A MIRAGE OVER TO THE WEST...AND A WIND FROM THE SOUTH...

BLONDIE: WHAT -- NO NORTHERN LIGHTS?

DAGWOOD: HE SAYS WE'LL HAVE THOSE TONIGHT! OH, BOY, WAIT 'TIL HE GETS GOING RIGHT. G'BYE.

BLONDIE: GOODBYE, DAGWOOD. (HANGS UP)

DITHERS: WHAT'S HE SAY?

BLONDIE: HE CLAIMS THE PROFESSOR IS CAUSING QUITE A STIR. (WIND IN) LISTEN, THAT WIND IS GROWING STRONGER.

DITHERS: SO IS THE NIGHT BLOOMING NARCISSUS! LOOK! PEOPLE ARE LEAVING THE PLACE! THEY CAN'T STAND IT!. I'LL GO GET ARCHER TO MAKE A COUPLE OF SHOTS AND GET THIS THING OVER.

BLONDIE: LOOK. THE MEN HAVE GOT THE SLIDE ALL COVERED! WHERE'S BJORG BJOHNSON?

DITHERS: HE'S OVER THERE...WAXING HIS SKIS WITH ONE HAND AND HOLDING HIS NOSE WITH THE OTHER...(GOING) I'LL GO TELL HIM TO JUMP!
(PHONE)

BLONDIE: HELLO?

DAGWOOD: (FILTER) HELLO. SAY, WHAT'S THAT SMELL THE WIND'S BRINGING OVER?

BLONDIE: IT'S THE SCENTED SOAP. IS IT WAY OVER THERE ALREADY?

DAGWOOD: IT'S ALL OVER TOWN! LISTEN -- YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE PEOPLE COMING OUT OF THEIR HOUSES! IT MUST BE STRONGER DOWN ON THE GROUND! THEY'RE RUNNING LIKE RABBITS. SOME OF THEM ARE CARRYING BIRD CAGES AND FURNITURE AND EVERYTHING!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. TELL THE PROFESSOR TO STOP THE WIND!

DAGWOOD: I DID --- BUT HE CAN'T! HE SAYS IT'LL BE SNOW NEXT -- OR RAIN. THERE'S CLOUDS COMING UP!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR, THOSE PEOPLE AREN'T GOING TO LIKE IT WHEN THEY FIND OUT IT'S OUR NIGHT BLOOMING NARCISSUS THAT'S DRIVING THEM OUT OF THEIR HOMES.

DAGWOOD: THEY DON'T LIKE IT NOW! HEY! THAT MOVIE DIRECTOR IS DOWN THERE -- GETTING PICTURES OF THE MOB MOVING OUT!

BLONDIE: OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! TELL THE PROFESSOR TO STOP RUBBING THAT RABBITS FOOT.

DAGWOOD: HE'S BACK ON THE PIGS FEET NOW. LET ME KNOW WHEN IT STARTS TO SNOW! G'BYE.

BLONDIE: GOODBYE, DAGWOOD. (HANGS UP) (RAIN EFFECT IN)

DITHERS: (COMING IN) BLONDIE! BJORG BJOHNSON IS READY TO JUMP!

BLONDIE: I SEE HIM.

DITHERS: BUT NOW IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!

BLONDIE: I HEAR IT! (RAIN EFFECT UP A LITTLE)

DITHERS: WHERE'S ARCHER?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD SAYS HE'S OVER THERE...SHOOTING A MOB SCENE.

DITHERS: WELL, ONE OF HIS CAMERAMEN IS HERE. I TOLD HIM TO GO AHEAD AND TAKE BJOHNSON'S SLIDE! WANT TO SEE IT?

BLONDIE: YES.

DITHERS: COME ON THEN. (RAIN UP HARD) LOOK! WHAT'S ALL THAT WHITE STUFF ON THE SKI SLIDE?

BLONDIE: SOAP BUBBLES!

DITHERS: JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT! THE RAIN'S TURNING THE SOAP INTO SUDS!

BLONDIE: IF BJOHNSON'S GOING TO JUMP, HE'D BETTER HURRY BEFORE THE SOAP'S ALL WASHED AWAY!

DITHERS: (YELLS) HEY, BJOHNSON! IF YOU'RE GOING TO BJUMP -- BJUMP!

BLONDIE: HERE HE COMES!

DITHERS: LOOK AT HIM SHOOT DOWN THAT SLIDE!

BLONDIE: LOOK AT THAT LATHER!

DITHERS: WHAT FORM!

BLONDIE: WHAT FOAM!

DITHERS: PHEW. WHAT A JUMP! (BIG SPLASH)

BLONDIE: WHAT A SPLASH!

DITHERS: WHERE DID HE GO TO?

BLONDIE: HE'S BURIED IN SOAP SUDS.

DITHERS: THERE'S HIS HEAD. LOOK -- HE'S BLOWING BUBBLES!

BLONDIE: THANK HEAVENS HE ISN'T HURT.

DITHERS: NO --- BUT HE'S PLENTY MAD...AND ARCHER WILL BE, TOO.

BLONDIE: WHY?

DITHERS: WHY? DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO LIKE OUR TAKING HIS IMPORTED NORWEGIAN STAR...THE GREATEST SKI JUMPER IN THE WORLD...AND DUNKING HIM IN NIGHT BLOOMING NARCISSUS?

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW...I HAVE AN IDEA.

DITHERS: NO! NO MORE IDEAS!

BLONDIE: BUT, MR. DITHERS...IT WAS IDEAS PUT YOU WHERE YOU ARE TODAY..

DITHERS: YES -- AND WHERE AM I? IN THE SOAP...I MEAN SOUP! I'VE GOT AN EXPENSIVE SKI SLIDE ON MY HANDS...AND AN INDIGNANT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...ARCHER WILL BE AFTER MY SCALP FOR BRINGING HIM HERE..AND...LOOK! WHAT'S THAT COMING UP THE HILL?

BLONDIE: IT LOOKS LIKE A MOB!

DITHERS: IT IS A MOB...THE WHOLE TOWN'S UP IN ARMS.

BLONDIE: THEY'VE GOT DAGWOOD...

DITHERS: AND ARCHER! AND THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!

BLONDIE: WELL...NONE OF THIS IS YOUR FAULT, MR. DITHERS. IT'S DAGWOOD'S AND MINE. IT WAS OUR ALMANAC AND OUR SCENTED SOAP...AND EVERYTHING. I KNOW THAT.

DITHERS: I KNOW IT, TOO. BUT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DOESN'T KNOW IT. THE PEOPLE WHO WERE DRIVEN OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME DON'T KNOW IT. THEY'RE GOING TO BLAME ME.

BLONDIE: NO, THEY WON'T. I'LL TELL THEM THE TRUTH. I'LL TELL THEM THAT DAGWOOD AND I WILL BE RESPONSIBLE. WE'LL MAKE GOOD FOR EVERYTHING.

DITHERS: YOU WILL? I -- I DON'T WANT TO PUT YOU ON A SPOT, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL RIGHT, WILL YOU AGREE THAT ANYTHING WE CAN SALVAGE FROM ALL THIS TROUBLE IS OURS...

DITHERS: SURE...SURE, THAT'S UNDERSTOOD.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, MR. DITHERS...THEN WHEN THEY GET HERE -- I'LL TALK TO THEM...

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: ...And so, ladies and gentlemen, Dagwood and I are sorry for all the excitement...but ~~all the money will be paid~~. The town will be paid for the ski slide...and any claims for damages will be paid, too. Is that all right with you all?

(VOICES: "SURE. OKAY, BLONDIE." ETC.)

(APPLAUSE)

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE! THAT'LL TAKE MORE MONEY THAN WE EVER HAD!

BABY: YOU CAN HAVE WHAT'S IN MY PIG BANK, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU, DEAR...BUT WE WON'T NEED IT. YOU SEE, I'VE HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH MR. ARCHER, THE MOVIE DIRECTOR...AND HE'S GOING TO GIVE US THE MONEY TO PAY FOR EVERYTHING.

DITHERS: EH?

DAGWOOD: IS THAT RIGHT, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: OH, YES. HE SAYS THIS TOWN IS THE GREATEST LOCATION HE EVER SAW OUTSIDE OF HOLLYWOOD. HE GOT SOME MARVELOUS SHOTS TODAY,

BABY: HE SHOULD HAVE GOT DADDY -- COMING DOWNSTAIRS.

DAGWOOD: QUIET, BABY!

DITHERS: IS HE GOING TO USE THAT PICTURE OF BJORG BJOHNSON IN THE SUDS?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE. HE'S REWRITING HIS SCRIPT. MAKING IT A COMEDY. IT'S GOING TO BE THE STORY OF JUST WHAT HAPPENED TODAY. MOB SCENES AND ALL! HE SAYS IT WILL BE A SUPER COLOSSAL EPIC OF MIRTH!

DAGWOOD: I'LL BE DOGGONED. LISTEN, BLONDIE...MAYBE WE COULD HAVE THE WORLD PREMIERE RIGHT HERE IN TOWN, TOO.

BLONDIE: YES -- THAT'S SETTLED WITH ARCHER, TOO. AND HE'S GOING TO GIVE THE PROFESSOR A REGULAR JOB...PRODUCING SPECIAL EFFECTS.

DITHERS: HE OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A JOB, BLONDIE...PRODUCING MIRACLES.
SAY, LET ME IN ON ONE OF YOUR DEALS SOME TIME, WILL YOU?

DAGWOOD: OH, YOU'RE IN ON THIS -- ER -- ISN'T HE, BLONDIE?

DITHERS: NO...A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN...AND WHEN THINGS LOOKED BLACK,
BLONDIE LET ME OUT...SHE TOOK THE RESPONSIBILITY...AND I
GAVE HER ANYTHING SHE COULD SALVAGE FROM THE WRECK...

BLONDIE: THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY PROFIT ANYWAY...WHAT'S LEFT OVER
AFTER EVERYTHING'S PAID...GOES TO THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...
TO ADVERTISE OUR TOWN...

DITHERS: GREAT IDEA! WE COULD HAVE BILLBOARDS ALONG ALL THE MAIN
ROUTES..."HOME OF THE DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY"...

(GOING) SAY, I'LL GO TALK TO THE BOYS ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW.

BABY: HEY, MOMMIE...IS THERE GOING TO BE ANY MORE FUN?

DAGWOOD: GOLLY, BABY -- WHAT ELSE COULD HAPPEN IN ONE DAY?

BABY: WELL...WE COULD GO HOME AND HAVE DINNER.

DAGWOOD: SAY, THAT'S RIGHT! I'M HUNGRY.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. LET'S ALL GO HOME. MY, I'M GLAD THE RAIN
STOPPED.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. AND LOOK, BLONDIE...OVER THERE IN THE SKY!

BLONDIE: A RAINBOW!

BABY: A RAINBOW!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. (TAKE) HEY! I WONDER IF THE PROFESSOR GOT THAT
WITH THE RABBITS FOOT -- OR THE PIGS KNUCKLES!

MUSIC: (IN AND TO THEME FOR:)
(CLOSING)

"BLONDIE"
1/29/40

-25-

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

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THE SLIGHTLY WACKY GOINGS-ON, YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN NEXT WEEK, WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE, AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. ON SATURDAY NIGHTS, CAMELS HAVE STILL ANOTHER SHOW THAT YOU'LL LIKE. OVER A DIFFERENT NETWORK, AT TEN P.M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME, WE BRING YOU BOB CROXBY, AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND, WITH MILDRED BAILEY! THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE, AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE, 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 HERTZ, WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS...~~

THIS IS BILL GOODWIN, SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES...GOOD NIGHT.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

*with ✓ Directed by
returned
Scott*