

2/16/40

CK

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1940

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

M.H.S.T.

CAST:

Gosh, that week really flew by, didn't it? It's time for Blondie again!

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,

RIGHT NOW -- THIS VERY MINUTE -- SOMEWHERE SOMEONE IS STEPPING UP TO A CIGARETTE COUNTER AND SAYING --

MAN'S VOICE: (HESITATING) NO -- WAIT A MINUTE, I'LL TAKE CAMELS THIS TIME,

GOODWIN: AND JUST ABOUT NOW HE'S OPENING UP THE PACK --

SOUND: TEAR AND CRUMPLE OF WRAPPING

GOODWIN: NOW FOR A MATCH -- AND HE'S LIGHTING UP HIS FIRST SLOW-BURNING, COOL-SMOKING CAMEL. LET'S ASK HIM ABOUT IT. (CHANGE OF PACE) PARDON ME, DO YOU MIND OUR ASKING WHY YOU SWITCHED TO CAMELS?

MAN'S VOICE: WELL, THE TRUTH IS I'VE HEARD SO MUCH FROM MY FRIENDS ABOUT CAMELS: BURNING SLOWER AND SMOKING SO MUCH Milder AND COOLER THAT -- WELL, I JUST DECIDED I'D TRY CAMELS AND FIND OUT FOR MYSELF.

GOODWIN: WELL, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE BY ANY MEANS. THOUSANDS OF OTHERS -- PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN SMOKING FOR YEARS -- ARE DOING THE SAME THING -- CHANGING TO CAMELS. AND THEY'RE GETTING WHAT THEY WANT -- MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF --

(CONTINUED)

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"BLONDIE" 1-A
2/19/40

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK THAN THEY EVER THOUGHT A CIGARETTE
COULD GIVE. FOR CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -- AND, BY INDEPENDENT LABORATORY
COMPARISON, CAMELS ARE DEFINITELY SLOWER-BURNING.
SO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF HOW MUCH MORE ENJOYMENT THERE
REALLY CAN BE IN A CIGARETTE. TRY CAMELS NEXT TIME AND
GET EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR -- YES,
AND EXTRA SMOKING IN EVERY PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS
ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- WE'RE READY FOR OUR REGULAR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. WE FIND BLONDIE IN THE KITCHEN WITH BABY DUMPLING. BABY'S APPEARANCE AT THE MOMENT IS SOMETHING THAT ONLY A MOTHER COULD ADMIRE...BUT OF COURSE BLONDIE IS HIS MOTHER. LISTEN --

BLONDIE: NOW JUST HOLD STILL A MINUTE MORE, BABY DUMPLING...UNTIL I GET THAT WIG ON STRAIGHT...

BABY: IT TICKLES, MOMMIE. THE PIGTAIL TICKLES MY NECK.
(WRIGGLING) GHEEE!

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO IT, BABY. IF YOU SCRATCH LIKE THAT IT GETS WAY AROUND UNDER YOUR EAR... I'LL BET GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER SCRATCHED WHEN HE WAS MAKING A SPEECH.

BABY: DID HE WEAR A WIG, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR. A WHITE POWDERED WIG...JUST LIKE THIS. IT WAS FASHIONABLE IN THOSE DAYS.

BABY: WELL, I BET THIS WIG WASNIT TOO BIG FOR HIM -- LIKE THIS ONE.

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST A LITTLE LARGE, BABY. THEY DIDN'T HAVE YOUR SIZE IN A COLONIAL COSTUME -- SO I HAD TO TAKE WHAT I COULD GET.

BABY: I BET NONE OF THE OTHER KIDS ARE GOING TO BE DRESSED UP.

BLONDIE: THEN YOU'LL STAND OUT ALL THE MORE WHEN YOU SAY YOUR LINES. BUT DON'T CALL THEM "KIDS" TODAY, DEAR. CALL THEM "FELLOW LITTLE CITIZENS"...AND PULL UP YOUR STOCKINGS JUST BEFORE YOU GO OUT ON THE PLATFORM -- THEY KEEP GETTING "W.A."

BABY: WHAT'S "W.A." MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WRINKLED ANKLES. NOW, LET'S TRY ON YOUR THREE CORNERED HAT! OH DEAR, THAT'S WAY TOO BIG. WELL, YOU CAN JUST CARRY IT IN YOUR HAND.

BABY: I CAN BALANCE IT, MOMMIE. I CAN BALANCE IT ON TOP. LOOKIT!

BLONDIE: UHUM. IT MAKES YOU STAND UP STRAIGHTER THAT WAY, TOO. WELL, ALL RIGHT -- ~~NOW REMEMBER! DON'T SIT DOWN IN THOSE KNEE BREECHES UNTIL AFTER YOUR SPEECH... AND KEEP YOUR STOCKINGS UP... AND YOUR WIG STRAIGHT AND BALANCE YOUR HAT... AND... JUST BE PERFECTLY EASY AND CALM WHEN YOU COME OUT.~~

BABY: I GUESS EVERYBODY WILL BE PRETTY SURPRISED WHEN THEY SEE ME!

BLONDIE: THEY'LL PROBABLY CLAP THEIR HANDS... AND THAT'S WHEN YOU BOW. LET ME SEE YOU BOW, BABY.

BABY: WHEN I BOW MY HAT FALLS OFF.

BLONDIE: TAKE IT OFF -- FIRST. AND HOLD IT OVER YOUR TUMMY. THAT'S HOW THEY USED TO DO... ~~NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY AFTER YOU BOW?~~

BABY: ~~WELL, FIRST I SAY, "HELLO, MR. SNIPE..."~~

BLONDIE: MAYOR SNIPE, BABY! AND YOU DON'T SAY HELLO... YOU SAY, "GREETINGS."

BABY: OH, YEAH... I SAY, "GREETINGS, MAYOR SNIPE... AND GREETINGS TO... ER... TO..."

BLONDIE: "TO ALL YE MEMBERS OF SNIPE'S LITTLE CITIZENS' CIRCLE... THE VOTERS OF TOMORROW!" NOW FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T FORGET!

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE. LET'S GO WAKE DADDY UP AND SHOW HIM HOW I LOOK.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR. PULL UP YOUR STOCKINGS! (GOING) NOW, YOU WAIT 'TIL DADDY IS SITTING UP ON THE COUCH...AND THEN COME IN THE LIVING ROOM. (DOOR OPENS) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...WAKE UP! I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: HUM? YEAH, YEAH, HONEY...JUST WAITING FOR YOU. (YAWNS)
ALL READY?

BLONDIE: SIT UP, DAGWOOD! I WANT YOU TO HEAR BABY DUMPLING SPEAK HIS PIECE BEFORE WE GO. SORT OF A DRESS REHEARSAL.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. BRING HIM ON. (YAWNS)

BLONDIE: COME ON, BABY...

BABY: (COMING IN) HERE I COME, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: LOOK, DAGWOOD. ISN'T HE CUTE?

DAGWOOD: (STILL SLEEPY) UHUH.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...OPEN YOUR EYES AND LOOK!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I...(TAKE) T-OOOOH! WHO'S THAT?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! IT'S GEORGE WASHINGTON! I MEAN, IT'S BABY DUMPLING DRESSED UP LIKE WASHINGTON. STAND STILL, BABY, 'TIL DADDY GETS A GOOD LOOK.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. I SEE HIM ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL, DEAR, DOESN'T HE REMIND YOU OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A BOY?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I NEVER KNEW GEORGE WHEN HE WAS LITTLE...BUT I GUESS THAT'S WHAT BABY REMINDS ME OF...ONLY...HE LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE LON CHANEY, TOO!

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...DON'T MAKE BABY SELF-CONSCIOUS! HE HAS TO SPEAK A PIECE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY...

DAGWOOD: MAYBE HE COULD PHONE IT IN.

BLONDIE: OH, NO! THE MAYOR AND EVERYBODY WILL BE DOWN AT THE HALL TO HEAR HIM. GO ON, BABY, SHOW DADDY HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. MAYBE I CAN GIVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE, BABY.

BABY: OKAY, LOOK, DADDY. FIRST I COME IN LIKE THIS...

DAGWOOD: UHUH. ER -- CAN'T YOU BEND YOUR KNEES WHEN YOU WALK?

BABY: IF I DO MY STOCKINGS GET WRINKLED.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIS NECK? HIS HEAD'S TWISTED.

BLONDIE: HE'S BALANCING HIS HAT.

DAGWOOD: OH! WELL, LET'S SAY YOU'RE IN THERE. THEN WHAT?

BLONDIE: THEN HE BOWS. BOW, BABY! NO, NO! HAT OFF FIRST...LIKE I SHOWED YOU.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT NOT SO FAST, BABY. IF YOU DOUBLE OVER LIKE THAT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A PAIN SOMEWHERE.

BLONDIE: AND STRAIGHTEN UP SLOWLY, BABY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. AND PUT YOUR HAT MORE ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD -- SO YOU CAN SEE OUT FROM UNDER IT.

BLONDIE: PULL UP YOUR STOCKINGS, BABY! AND THEN SPEAK YOUR PIECE FOR DADDY.

BABY: THE GREETINGS PART, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO. FIRST HE SAYS...(FAST) "GREETINGS, MAYOR SNIPE, AND TO ALL YE SNIPE'S LITTLE CITIZENS' CIRCLE -- THE VOTER OF TOMORROW!...AND THEN HE SPEAKS HIS PIECE.

BABY: FIRST MAYOR SNIPE SAYS, "WELL, WELL, WHO IS THIS?"

BLONDIE: OH, YES. WELL, I'LL SAY IT, "WELL, WELL, WHO IS THIS?"

BABY: (FAST) "I'M GEORGE WASHINGTON...FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN."

DAGWOOD: UHUH. THEN WHAT?

BABY: THEN THEY CLAP LIKE EVERYTHING.

DAGWOOD: OH. OKAY...I'LL GIVE YOU A BIG HAND. (APPLAUDS)

BLONDIE: BOW AGAIN, BABY.

DAGWOOD: (STOPS CLAPPING) YEAH, BUT HOLD YOUR HAT.

BLONDIE: THEN WHAT, BABY?

BABY: THEN I WALK OFF AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: HEY, WAIT! IS THAT ALL HE SAYS?

BLONDIE: WHY, YES, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: HE GETS ALL RIGGED UP LIKE THAT JUST TO SAY ONE LINE?

BLONDIE: ~~WELL, OF COURSE, THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER CHILDREN IN THE PROGRAM.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I KNOW, BUT....~~

BABY: ~~I KNOW SOMETHING ELSE I COULD SAY.~~

BLONDIE: ~~BUT, THAT'S ALL THEY'RE PLANNING ON.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL, HE OUGHT TO HAVE KIND OF AN ENCORE TO GIVE. WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW TO SAY, BABY?~~

BABY: IT'S KIND OF A POEM.

BLONDIE: OH. ~~THAT MIGHT BE NICE...~~

DAGWOOD: ~~SURE. HOW DOES IT GO?~~

BABY:

IT GOES LIKE THIS:

"A BULL FIGHTER DOWN IN HAVANA
WAS KNOWN FOR HIS NON-CHA-LANT MANNER.
BUT HE LOST HIS ROMANCE
AND THE BRAID OFF HIS PANTS
WHEN HE STEPPED ON AN EMPTY BANANA."

DAGWOOD:

(LAUGHS) SAY, THAT'S GOOD.

BLONDIE:

BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S JUST THE RIGHT THING FOR
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, BABY.

BABY:

I BET THE LITTLE CITIZENS WOULD LIKE IT, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE:

I DON'T THINK MAYOR SNIPE WOULD, AND IT'S HIS PARTY.

DAGWOOD:

WELL, LOOK... I KNOW ONE. HE COULD TELL ABOUT THE TIME
LITTLE GEORGE SAID, "FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A LIE! IT WAS
ME THAT ATE THAT CHERRY PIE!"

BLONDIE:

OH, DAGWOOD -- LITTLE GEORGE DIDN'T EAT A PIE AT ALL. HE
CHOPPED DOWN A CHERRY TREE. WITH HIS LITTLE HATCHET.

BABY:

DID HE GET A SPANKING FOR CHOPPING THE TREE?

BLONDIE:

NO, DEAR.

BABY:

JUST HAD TO SIT IN THE CORNER, HEY?

DAGWOOD:

NO, BABY... HIS FATHER FORGAVE HIM.

BABY:

CAN I HAVE A HATCHET, DADDY?

BLONDIE:

NO, BABY!

DAGWOOD:

NO, BABY. SEE -- THE IDEA WAS, GEORGE WASHINGTON DIDN'T
TRY TO LIE OUT OF IT. THAT'S WHY THEY LET HIM OFF. SO
THEN HE NEVER TOLD A LIE -- ALL HIS LIFE.

BABY:

NOT EVEN ONE?

BLONDIE: NO, BABY...NOT EVEN A FIB.

BABY: UHUH. I GUESS HE DIDN'T KNOW MANY PEOPLE.

DAGWOOD: OH YES HE DID. HE KNEW SO MANY HE GOT TO BE PRESIDENT,

BABY: WHAT HAPPENED IF THE PHONE RANG AND SOMEBODY WANTED
MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON AND SHE SAID -- "TELL 'EM I'M NOT
HOME?"

BLONDIE: WELL -- ER -- THEY DIDN'T HAVE PHONES IN THOSE DAYS.

BABY: OH! WELL, I GUESS HE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT AROUND
HERE.

DAGWOOD: WHY HE COULD TOO!

BLONDIE: OF COURSE, BABY! IT'S JUST AS WRONG TO TELL LIES NOW AS IT
WAS THEN!

DAGWOOD: SURE. ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH, BABY.

BABY: EVEN IF PEOPLE GET MAD AT YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- TRY NOT TO MAKE ANYBODY MAD, BUT...ALWAYS TELL THE
TRUTH -- LIKE DADDY DOES.

BABY: DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL A FIB, EITHER, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- DID YOU EVER HEAR ME TELL ONE?

BLONDIE: (HASTILY) ER -- LET'S NOT GO INTO THAT RIGHT NOW, BABY.
GOODNESS -- WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE MAYOR'S PARTY IF WE DON'T
HURRY:

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BUT LISTEN, BABY. YOU WATCH DADDY ALL DAY TODAY...
AND I BET YOU DON'T CATCH ME TELLING A SINGLE FIB.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY. I'LL WATCH!

(MUSIC IN FOR INTERLUDE)

(BABBLE OF VOICES BACKGROUND CHILDREN...ETC.)

DAGWOOD: GOSH, THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE HERE.

BLONDIE: THESE ARE JUST THE ONES IN THE PROGRAM. THERE'S A LOT MORE
OUT IN THE OTHER ROOM. BABY! WHERE ARE YOU?

BABY: (COMING IN) PULLING UP MY STOCKING, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S A GOOD BOY. OH, LOOK! MAYOR SNIPE'S LITTLE GIRL IS DRESSED UP, TOO. I GUESS SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BABY: SHE'S TOO FAT!

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND, BABY. HERE! COMES MAYOR SNIPE NOW...

SNIPE: (COMING IN) BUMSTEAD! AND BLONDIE! HOWDE-DO?

(AD LIBS FROM BOTH... "HELLO.")

WELL, WELL, WELL, WHO IS THIS?

BABY: I AM GEORGE WASHINGTON. FIRST IN WAR...

BLONDIE: NOT NOW, BABY. YOU SAY THAT OUT ON THE PLATFORM. HOW ARE YOU, MR. MAYOR?

SNIPE: SPLENDID! FIT AS A FIDDLE. I AM INSPIRED BY ALL THESE YOUNG FACES AROUND ME. HAVE YOU SEEN MY DAUGHTER, MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: OH, YES! WE WERE JUST ADMIRING HER. WEREN'T WE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- SHE -- CERTAINLY STICKS OUT FROM THE CROWD.

BABY: NICE WORK, DADDY.

SNIPE: WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TALK TO MY LITTLE GIRL, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: NO, THANKS. I GOT TO STAY HERE AND WATCH DADDY.

SNIPE: EH? WATCH HIM?

BABY: I'VE GOT TO SEE IF HE TELLS THE TRUTH ALL DAY.

BLONDIE: (COVERING WITH PROP LAUGH) JUST A -- A LITTLE GAME THEY'RE PLAYING.

SNIPE: OH, I SEE. WELL, I MUST GO ON TO MY OTHER GUESTS.

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE. WHO'S THAT GUY HIDING IN THE CORNER?

SNIPE: IN COLONIAL COSTUME? OH, THAT'S OUR GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BABY: I THOUGHT I WAS HIM!

SNIPE: YOU'RE THE YOUNG GEORGE...BUT WE HAD TO HAVE A MAN PLAY GEORGE AFTER THE WAR.

DAGWOOD: IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TOUGH WAR! HE LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE WIZARD OF OZ.

SNIPE: WELL, THOSE CLOTHES WERE HIRED FOR ANOTHER MAN. A MR. BIGELOW. HE'S A BIG MANUFACTURING MAN...WHO MIGHT BUILD HIS FACTORY HERE IN TOWN. I THOUGHT IT WOULD -- ER -- PLEASE BIGELOW TO BE OUR GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DAGWOOD: OH. A LITTLE BUTTER, EH?

SNIPE: WELL -- ER -- MAKE HIM FEEL LIKE ONE OF US YOU KNOW. BUT HE WAS DELAYED.

BLONDIE: TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T GET A STOUTER MAN TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE A TENT HAD FALLEN ON HIM.

BLONDIE: SSSH, DAGWOOD. HERE HE COMES!

DAGWOOD: HEY! GOSH! IT'S...IT'S...

DITHERS: (COMING IN) BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: WHY, IT'S MR. DITHERS.

SNIPE: TELL BUMSTEAD ABOUT OUR LITTLE PLAN, DITHERS. WE MIGHT NEED HIS HELP. (GOING) SEE YOU ALL LATER...

DITHERS: WELL -- WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, BUMSTEAD?

BABY: MOMMIE. MR. DITHERS' HAS GOT "W. A." TOO.

DITHERS: EH? WHAT'S W. A.?

BABY: WRINKLED ANKLES.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, BABY.

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD. SPEAK UP. WHAT'S WRONG?

DAGWOOD: GOSH. I -- I NEVER NOTICED YOUR KNEES SO MUCH BEFORE.

DITHERS: IT ISN'T MY KNEES. IT'S CORY'S WHITE STOCKINGS. CORY'S PUT ON WRIGHT THESE LAST YEARS...

DAGWOOD: MAYBE YOU COULD KEEP THE CLOAK AROUND YOU. LIKE YOU WERE CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD. WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A COSTUME IF IT DOESN'T SHOW?

DAGWOOD: OH, THE COSTUME IS OKAY. ER -- MAYBE THE MAN IT FITS WILL SHOW UP IN TIME.

DITHERS: EH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BUMSTEAD??

BABY: YOU LOOK AWFUL FUNNY, MR. DITHERS.

BLONDIE: BABY!

BABY: HE'S GOT "B. P." TOO. B. P. MEANS BAGGY ---

BLONDIE: QUIET, BABY!

BABY: WELL, IT'S THE TRUTH!

BLONDIE: COME, BABY -- WE'LL GO OVER AND SEE LITTLE LUCY SNIPE.
(GOING) YOU EXPLAIN TO MR. DITHERS, DAGWOOD. BABY DOESN'T MEAN TO BE RUDE...

DITHERS: YOU OUGHT TO TEACH THAT BOY BETTER MANNERS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT YOU SEE HE HEARD ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON TELLING THE TRUTH AND HE'S TRYING IT OUT. I CAN'T SCOLD HIM FOR THAT. MATTER OF FACT, I ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH MYSELF.

DITHERS: OH, YOU DO?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'M GOING TO FROM NOW ON ANYWAY. I WANT TO SHOW BABY IT CAN BE DONE.

DITHERS: NOW, LOOK HERE, BUMSTEAD., THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING. YOU AND I ARE MEN OF THE WORLD. YOU KNOW NOBODY CAN TELL THE TRUTH ALL DAY AND EVERY DAY.

DAGWOOD: I BET I CAN. I BET IT WOULD PAY ME TO TELL THE TRUTH ALL THE TIME.

DITHERS: PAY YOU? YEAH! YOU'D BE THE RICHEST MAN IN THE VIOLENT WARD! DON'T BE SILLY! TAKE THIS MAN, BIGELOW...

DAGWOOD: WHO?

DITHERS: BIGELOW. THE BIG MANUFACTURING MAN THAT SNIPE IS PUTTING THIS SHOW ON FOR...

DAGWOOD: OH. YEAH. (TAKE) HEY. I THOUGHT IT WAS FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DITHERS: NO...BIGELOW. IF SNIPE CAN SELL HIM THE OLD CITY DUMP... I CAN HAVE CONTRACTS FOR ALL THE BUILDING. NOW SUPPOSE YOU MET BIGELOW...WOULD YOU TELL HIM THE GROUND WAS SOFT UNDER THAT DUMP?

DAGWOOD: GOSH. THAT WOULD SPOIL THE SALE WOULDN'T IT?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY. :

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) WELL -- MAYBE HE WOULDN'T ASK ME THAT.

DITHERS: IF HE DID, WOULD YOU BE FOOL ENOUGH TO TELL HIM?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- NOT IF I COULD HELP IT, MAYBE. BUT I'M GOING TO TELL THE TRUTH FROM NOW ON...SO YOU'D BETTER KEEP BIGELOW AWAY FROM ME...ESPECIALLY TODAY. BABY'S WATCHING ME CLOSE TODAY.

DITHERS: DON'T WORRY, BIGELOW WON'T BE IN TOWN 'TIL TOMORROW. AND BY THAT TIME I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU THAT YOU CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH ALL THE TIME.

DAGWOOD: I CAN TOO. I'VE GOT TO! I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE BABY THINK HIS FATHER'S A LIAR.

DITHERS: I'LL PROVE YOU CAN'T, BUMSTEAD. I'LL BET ANYTHING YOU WANT. THAT YOU CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH -- THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT...FOR -- SAY -- TWO HOURS...BY THE CLOCK.

"BLONDIE"
2/19/40

-13-

DAGWOOD: TWO HOURS? I'LL BET I CAN! I'LL BET ANYTHING YOU WANT.

DITHERS: OKAY. I NEED A NEW HAT.

DAGWOOD: I'LL BET YOU A NEW HAT. AGAINST A -- A -- CHERRY PIE.

DITHERS: IT'S A BET. AND IF I LOSE -- I'LL MAKE THAT PIE WITH MY
OWN WHITE HANDS. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: BOY, DO I LIKE CHERRY PIE!

DITHERS: NOW, UNDERSTAND, BUMSTEAD. YOU CAN'T SNEAK OFF SOMEWHERE
AND HIDE!

DAGWOOD: I'LL BE RIGHT HERE!

DITHERS: AND YOU'VE GOT TO ANSWER ANY QUESTION ANYBODY ASKS YOU!

DAGWOOD: SURE...SURE...ANYBODY ASKS ME ANYTHING...THEY'LL HEAR THE
TRUTH FOR ONCE.

DITHERS: IF THEY DO, YOU'LL BE THE MOST UNPOPULAR MAN IN TOWN.

DAGWOOD: I BET I WON'T! I BET I'LL BE FAMOUS! MAYBE I'LL GET INTO
THE SCHOOL BOOKS, TOO. WASHINGTON AND BUMPSTEAD. THEY
NEVER TOLD A LIE.

SNIPE: (AWAY) GEORGE WASHINGTON! PAGING GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DAGWOOD: ER -- HE WANTS YOU, MR. DITHERS. OUT ON THE PLATFORM.

DITHERS: I HEAR HIM. COME ON, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: SURE. (TAKE) HEY. COME WHERE?

DITHERS: OUT ON THE PLATFORM WITH ME.

DAGWOOD: OH NO. EVERYBODY I KNOW IS IN THE AUDIENCE.

DITHERS: WHAT OF IT? YOU CAN'T HIDE, YOU KNOW. I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT THERE AND INTRODUCE YOU AS THE MAN WHO CANNOT LIE! I'M GOING TO INVITE EVERYBODY TO ASK YOU QUESTIONS! AFTER THAT -- YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOOOOOH.

(MUSIC IN FOR INTERLUDE)

DITHERS: COME ONE -- COME ALL! WRITE DOWN YOUR QUESTIONS, FRIENDS. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET THE TRUTH FROM OUR WELL KNOWN FELLOW TOWNSMAN...MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. (LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE) HAND UP THE QUESTIONS AS FAST AS YOU GET THEM WRITTEN.

DAGWOOD: AW, LISTEN, MR. DITHERS;

DITHERS: (SOTTO) WANT TO QUIT ON THAT BET?

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) NO! I BET I COULD TELL THE TRUTH AND I CAN!

DITHERS: (SOTTO) WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE WORKOUT MYSELF FIRST. (ALoud) I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS MYSELF. JUST TO GIVE YOU ALL THE IDEA OF HOW THIS THING WORKS. NOW, BUMSTEAD! ARE YOU HAPPILY MARRIED?

DAGWOOD: YES! (APPLAUSE) THANKS, FOLKS.

DITHERS: HOW'S YOUR WIFE'S COOKING?

DAGWOOD: SWELL!

DITHERS: ALL OF IT?

DAGWOOD: EH?

DITHERS: YOU HEARD ME. HOW IS BLONDIE ON HOLLANDAISE SAUCE?
DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- SHE DOESN'T MAKE THAT MUCH.
DITHERS: HOW IS IT WHEN SHE DOES MAKE IT?
DAGWOOD: WELL I -- ER -- DON'T EAT IT.
DITHERS: YOU ATE IT ONCE. AND THE NEXT DAY YOU TOLD ME ABOUT IT.
WHAT DID YOU SAY IT TASTED LIKE?
DAGWOOD: (CORNERED) LIKE A MOTORMAN'S GLOVE! (LAUGHTER)
DITHERS: HA. BLONDIE HEARD THAT, BUMSTEAD. TAKE A LOOK AT HER
FACE!
DAGWOOD: I DID...BUT I THINK SHE'S LOOKING AT YOU!
SNIPE: (COMING IN) (SOTTO) ER -- MR. DITHERS -- DO YOU THINK
THIS IS -- ER -- WISE?
DITHERS: (SOTTO) HE WON'T DO ANY HARM. HE'LL BREAK DOWN WHEN HE
GETS THE FIRST REAL TOUGH QUESTION. (LOUD) ASK HIM
SOMETHING, MR. MAYOR.
SNIPE: WELL -- ER -- BUMSTEAD...ARE YOU ENJOYING THE PARTY?
DAGWOOD: NO! (LAUGHTER)
SNIPE: DEAR ME -- NO FUN AT ALL?
DAGWOOD: WELL, I GOT ONE LAUGH WHEN I FIRST CAME IN.
SNIPE: SPLENDID. WHAT AMUSED YOU, BUMSTEAD?
DAGWOOD: EH? OH -- NEVER MIND.
DITHERS: YOU'VE GOT TO ANSWER.
DAGWOOD: WELL THEN -- IT WAS WHEN I SAW LITTLE LUCY SNIPE.
SNIPE: INDEED...AND WHAT MAY I ASK WAS SO FUNNY ABOUT MY CHILD?
DAGWOOD: SHE LOOKED LIKE AUNT JEMIMA IN WHITE-FACE.
SNIPE: I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! (GOING) YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS,
BUMSTEAD.
DITHERS: (SOTTO) SEE WHAT HAPPENS, BUMSTEAD? WANT TO GIVE IN?
DAGWOOD: NO!

DITHERS: AH...HERE'S A QUESTION FROM THE AUDIENCE. I'LL READ IT.
(RUSTLE OF PAPER) THE QUESTION IS..."WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE (IF ANY) BETWEEN ANNANIAS --- BARON MUNCHAUSEN
AND J. C. DITHERS".... ER...ANY MORE QUESTIONS?

DAGWOOD: HEY! I HAVEN'T ANSWERED THAT ONE YET.

DITHER: NEVER MIND THAT ONE! SOME PRACTICAL JOKER WROTE THAT.
YOU DON'T NEED TO ANSWER,

BLONDIE: (AWAY) OH, YES HE DOES!

DITHERS: EH? WHO'S THAT?

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) IT'S BLONDIE...AND I WANT DAGWOOD TO ANSWER
THAT QUESTION.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, HONEY...I'M IN BAD ENOUGH ALREADY...

BLONDIE: I KNOW YOU ARE, DAGWOOD. SO I'M GETTING IN WITH YOU.

DAGWOOD: GOSH --- ER --- THANKS, HONEY.

BLONDIE: AND NOW THAT I'M IN, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE FAIR PLAY.

DITHERS: WHAT DO YOU MEAN --- FAIR PLAY?

BLONDIE: IF HE ANSWERS SOME QUESTIONS, HE CAN ANSWER THEM ALL.

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO THOSE FIRST TWO FELLERS ARE.

BLONDIE: ANNANIAS AND BARON MUNCHAUSEN WERE TWO FAMOUS --- ER ---
PREVARICATORS..

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: THEY WERE PLAIN OLD-FASHIONED LIARS!

DAGWOOD: OH. OLD-FASHIONED, EH? WELL --- THEN, THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THEM AND DITHERS IS --- ER --- WELL --- MR. DITHERS
IS UP-TO-DATE. (LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE)

DITHERS: BUMPSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YES SIR?

DITHERS: DO YOU WANT TO RUIN MY REPUTATION? TAKE THAT BACK.
BLONDIE: HE HAS TO TELL THE TRUTH, MR. DITHERS.
DAGWOOD: YEAH. THE BEST I CAN DO IS TAKE PART OF IT BACK.
DITHERS: WELL?
DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU'RE NOT SO VERY UP-TO-DATE.
DITHERS: NO, NO! TELL THESE PEOPLE THAT I'M NOT AN OUT-AND-OUT LIAR.
BLONDIE: HE DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE.
DAGWOOD: NO! NOT OUT AND OUT. YOU CAN TELL THE TRUTH TOO, SOMETIMES.
DITHERS: SOMETIMES? NOW SEE HERE, BUMSTEAD!
SNIPE: (SOTTO) DITHERS! NOT SO LOUD. MR. BIGELOW HAS JUST COME IN.
DITHERS: EH?
BLONDIE: WHO'S MR. BIGELOW, DAGWOOD?
DAGWOOD: A BIG MANUFACTURER. HE MAY LOCATE HERE.
DITHERS: WHERE IS HE?
SNIPE: HERE HE COMES NOW.
DITHERS: KEEP HIM AWAY FROM HERE. BUMSTEAD IS TELLING THE TRUTH ALL OVER THE PLACE.
BLONDIE: WHAT OF IT? MAYBE MR. BIGELOW WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THE TRUTH.
DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BLONDIE. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
BIG: (COMING IN) WELL, WELL, WELL, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, SNIPE?
SNIPE: OH, A -- A GAME. A LITTLE HARMLESS FUN. EH, BUMSTEAD?
DAGWOOD: IT'S NO FUN FOR ME.
BIG: WELL, THAT'S A BLUNT ANSWER YOUNG MAN. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DITHERS: OH, PARDON ME. MR. BUMPSTEAD -- MRS. BUMSTEAD....
MR. BIGELOW. (LOUD) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...MR. BIGELOW
...OF THE BIGELOW BEANBLOWER WORKS.

SNIFE: AND WE HOPE THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE RANKS OF OUR
LOCAL TYCOONS. (APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE: (OVER NOISE) WHAT'S A TYCOON, DAGWOOD? (SOUND OUT
SHARP ON CUE)

DAGWOOD: (LOUD INTO SILENCE) I THINK A TYCOON IS A BIG WIND!

DITHERS: QUIET!

DAGWOOD: OH, EXCUSE ME.

SNIFE: BETTER CALL OFF OUR LITTLE EXPERIMENT, EH, DITHERS?

BIG: OH, DON'T LET ME INTERFERE. I LIKE EXPERIMENTS. SOMETHING
SCIENTIFIC?

BLONDIE: MY HUSBAND WAS PROVING HE COULD TELL THE TRUTH ANY TIME
AND ALL THE TIME.

DITHERS: YES, YES. BUT THE BET'S OFF NOW, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: THEN I WIN THE CHERRY PIE.

BIG: YOU'RE LUCKY HE CALLED THAT BET OFF.

DAGWOOD: (MAD) OH, YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER, EH? THEN THE BET'S
ON AGAIN.

SNIPE: NO, NO, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: (STUBBORN) YES IT IS. GO AHEAD. ASK ME QUESTIONS. I'LL
SHOW YOU!

BIG: GOOD. I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS I'D LIKE A TRUTHFUL ANSWER
TO! YOU OTHER GENTLEMEN ANY OBJECTION TO MY ASKING THEM?

DITHERS: NO, NO...THAT IS...I MEAN...

BLONDIE: HE MEANS NO.

SNIPE: NO! ER -- YES -- ER -- CERTAINLY NOT!

BIG: GOOD. GET READY, BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: HE'S ALWAYS READY.

DAGWOOD: SURE. COME ON!

BIG: ALL RIGHT. NOW, I'LL LEARN SOMETHING THE CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE COULDN'T SEEM TO SATISFY ME ON. FIRST. IF YOU
WERE ME -- WOULD YOU BUILD A FACTORY IN THIS TOWN?

DAGWOOD: SURE I WOULD! (APPLAUSE)

SNIPE: GOOD ANSWER!

DITHERS: PERFECT.

BIG: HM...WHY WOULD YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- SEE -- IF I WERE YOU, I'D WANT THE FACTORY
NEAR WHERE I LIVE. AND I LIVE HERE!

SNIPE: NOT SO GOOD.

DITHERS: TERRIBLE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S A VERY GOOD REASON! YOU COULD CARRY YOUR LUNCH,
DAGWOOD.

SNIPE: YOU SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED OUR WATER SUPPLY, BUMSTEAD.

BIG: IF HE HAD, I'D HAVE GONE BACK TO THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.
THEY MENTION IT BETTER. NOW, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: YES SIR?

BIG: IF YOU DID BUILD THAT FACTORY...WOULD YOU HAVE DITHERS
BUILD IT?

DAGWOOD: OH SURE.

DITHERS: OF COURSE HE WOULD!

SNIPE: CERTAINLY.

BIG: LET MR. BUMSTEAD ANSWER, PLEASE: WHY WOULD YOU,
BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- SEE -- I'M ON THE INSIDE OF THE DITHERS
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY -- WHERE I CAN WATCH DITHERS.

DITHERS: HUH?

BIG: BUT I CAN'T BE IN TOWN WHILE IT'S BEING BUILT. SHOULD I
STILL LET DITHERS BUILD IT?

DAGWOOD: I WOULDN'T LET ANYBODY BUILD ME ANYTHING UNLESS I WAS THERE
TO SEE WHAT WENT ON!

DITHERS: PAH! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS.

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU ASKED FOR IT!

SNIPE: THAT'S SABOTAGE, BUMSTEAD. BLACKENING THE NAME OF YOUR
OWN EMPLOYER. NEGLECTING TO MENTION OUR TOWN WATER WORKS..
OUR RAILROAD SIDINGS...

BIG: JUST A MINUTE, BOYS. YOU STARTED THIS TRUTH GAME WITH BUMSTEAD. I'M GOING TO FINISH IT. LISTEN, BUMSTEAD! SNIPE WANTS TO SELL ME THE OLD CITY DUMP FOR A SITE. SHALL I BUY IT?

DAGWOOD: (RELUCTANT) NO.

BIG: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: (FORCED TO ANSWER) WELL, IT -- IT'S ALL SWAMP UNDERNEATH THE ASHES.

BIG: AH! THANK YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD. (GOING) GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN.

DITHERS: HE'S GONE! AND A FAT CONTRACT WITH HIM! BUMSTEAD, YOU -- YOU'RE A...VIPER!

SNIPE: DON'T DISGRACE THE FAIR NAME OF VIPER, DITHERS! FELLOW CITIZENS! YOU HAVE HEARD THIS INGRATES WORDS. HEARD HIM DRIVE INDUSTRY FROM OUR GATES! AND WHY HAS HE DONE THIS? HE WILL CLAIM IT WAS TRUTH IMPELLED HIM TO SPEAK. BUT I WILL TEAR THE MASK FROM HIS REAL PURPOSE! FELLOW CITIZENS -- BUMSTEAD SOLD US OUT TO WIN A CHERRY PIE!

(LOUD BOOS)

(MUSIC UP AND THEN SEGUE TO THEME SONG)

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 21-A
2/19/40

GOODWIN: THE NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES REMEMBER THIS: FOR THE ALL-IMPORTANT EXTRAS IN CIGARETTE SMOKING PLEASURE, STAY ON THE SLOW-BURNING SIDE, MAKE CAMELS YOUR STEADY SMOKE AND YOU'LL ENJOY EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR -- AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, TOO, YES, CAMELS ALSO GIVE YOU MORE ACTUAL SMOKING FOR YOUR MONEY BECAUSE THEY ARE SLOWER-BURNING, 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.

MAN'S VOICE: 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,

GOODWIN: CAMEL IS THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS -- EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- SOMETIME LATER -- WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEAD LIVING ROOM -- HERE BLONDIE SITS DEFIANTLY -- WHILE MR. DITHERS PACES UP AND DOWN...

DITHERS: LOOK HERE, BLONDIE. YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE WHAT DAGWOOD HAS DONE.

BLONDIE: OH, YES I DO. I'M PROUD OF HIM.

DITHERS: PROUD OF HIM! FOR LETTING HIS WHOLE COMMUNITY DOWN?

BLONDIE: NO. FOR TELLING THE TRUTH WHEN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO EASY TO LIE.

DITHERS: POPPYCOCK.

BLONDIE: YOU DON'T APPRECIATE DAGWOOD.

DITHERS: WELL -- THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. I -- I KIND OF ADMIRE HIM. I KNOW IT WASN'T ANY CHERRY PIE BET THAT MADE HIM STAND UP THERE AND TELL THE TRUTH. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE... WHEN EVERYONE ELSE IN TOWN WANTS TO RIDE HIM ON A RAIL.

BLONDIE: (WORRIED) OH...ARE THEY REALLY MAD AT HIM?

DITHERS: HA! THE CITY COUNCIL IS PASSING RESOLUTIONS. THEY'RE TRYING TO FIND SOME LAW THAT WILL MAKE IT ILLEGAL TO TELL THE TRUTH AT THE WRONG TIME.

BLONDIE: WELL, MAYBE WE NEED A NEW CITY COUNCIL. MAYBE A NEW MAYOR, TOO. I THINK I'LL ASK DAGWOOD TO RUN FOR MAYOR.

DITHERS: RUN FOR MAYOR! HE COULDN'T BE ELECTED DOG CATCHER RIGHT NOW.

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW. WASHINGTON TOLD THE TRUTH AND GOT TO BE PRESIDENT. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE TRUTH? BIG BUSINESS BUILDS FORTUNES ON HONEST PRODUCTS. THE TIME WHEN YOU HAVE TO DISTRUST YOUR LOCAL STORE PASSED AWAY WITH THE HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS. THE TRUTH IS ALL RIGHT. IT'S JUST TOO MUCH OF A NOVELTY FOR SOME PEOPLE.

"BLONDIE"
2/19/40

-23-

DITHERS: HMMM. SAY! YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT.

BLONDIE: I KNOW I'M RIGHT.

DITHERS: BUT WE'D BETTER NOT ANTAGONIZE THE MAYOR, BLONDIE. IN THE CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS...WELL...YOU NEED A FRIEND AT CITY HALL.

BLONDIE: BUT YOU'RE AN IMPORTANT MAN TOO, MR. DITHERS. MY GOODNESS -- I'D BE ASHAMED TO LET DAGWOOD TAKE ALL THE BRUNT OF THIS WHEN YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART HE'S RIGHT. DID YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE SLAVE?

DITHERS: I DON'T KNOW. WHAT ABOUT IT?

BLONDIE: WELL, ONE DAY WASHINGTON WAS OUT WALKING WITH A FRIEND AND AN OLD SLAVE WENT BY AND TIPPED HIS HAT TO WASHINGTON. SO GEORGE TIPPED HIS HAT RIGHT BACK.

DITHERS: HE DID, EH?

BLONDIE: YES. AND THE FRIEND SAID, "WHY, MR. WASHINGTON! DO YOU TIP YOUR HAT TO SLAVES?" AND YOU KNOW WHAT GEORGE SAID?

DITHERS: NO, BUT I BET IT WAS A GOOD ONE.

BLONDIE: IT WAS. GEORGE SAID, "SIR, I CANNOT BE OUTDONE IN COURTESY BY ONE OF MY OWN SERVANTS."

DITHERS: HA! GOOD ANSWER. ER -- WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH ME?

BLONDIE: OH, DON'T YOU SEE? DAGWOOD STUCK TO THE TRUTH BECAUSE BABY DUMPLING EXPECTED HIM TO. WELL, YOU'RE DAGWOOD'S BOSS. HE WANTS TO RESPECT YOU. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE AFRAID OF PEOPLE THAT HE'S NOT AFRAID OF. AND THAT GOES FOR MAYOR SNIPE, TOO.

DITHERS: BY JINGO, YOU'RE RIGHT. WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF SNIPE?

SOUND: DOOR BELL...DOOR BURSTS OPEN

BLONDIE: WHY, HERE'S THE MAYOR NOW.

SNIPE: (COMING IN) YOU, DITHERS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DITHERS: I'M VISITING. WHY?

SNIPE: HAVE YOU FIRED BUMSTEAD YET?

DITHERS: NO. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM YET.

SNIPE: HAH. HIDING, IS HE? HE'D BETTER HIDE!

BLONDIE: HE IS NOT HIDING. I'LL GET HIM. (GOING) HE'S OUT IN THE GARAGE...WITH...WITH A FRIEND.

SNIPE: HE HASN'T ANY FRIENDS LEFT.

DITHERS: OH, YES HE HAS, SNIPE. I'M HIS FRIEND.

SNIPE: EH?

DITHERS: YOU HEARD ME. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BARGING IN HERE WITHOUT BEING ASKED, SNIPE?

SNIPE: WHAT?

DITHERS: I SAID TAKE OFF YOUR HAT!

SNIPE: HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY, DITHERS?

DITHERS: NO. I JUST HAD A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS AND I'M OUT TO TEACH YOU SOME. NOW IF YOU'VE GOT ANY BUSINESS WITH ME, SPEAK UP. IF YOU HAVEN'T, GET OUT.

SNIPE: THE BOYS DOWN AT CITY HALL WANT YOU TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF BUMSTEAD.

DITHERS: OH, THEY DO? WELL, YOU GO BACK AND TELL THEM J.C. DITHERS CAN RUN HIS OWN BUSINESS. BETTER THAN THEY CAN. I'M OUT OF DEBT AND THAT'S MORE THAN THE CITY IS.

SNIPE: I'LL TELL THEM BUT THEY WON'T BE VERY WELL PLEASED.

DITHERS: I'M NOT TRYING TO ENTERTAIN THEM. YOU TELL THEM TO LAY OFF BUMSTEAD AND STOP MONKEYING WITH THE BUZZ SAW. BECAUSE IF THEY DON'T...I'LL TAKE THE STUMP AGAINST EVERY MOTHER'S SON OF 'EM NEXT ELECTION. AND I'LL BE IN VERY GOOD VOICE.

SNIPE: VERY WELL, DITHERS. MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN TO THE VOTERS WHY MR. BIGELOW'S FACTORY ISN'T LOCATED IN OUR TOWN. GOOD EVENING. (DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: (CCMING IN) IS HE GONE?

DITHERS: YEAH...I PUT A BEE IN HIS BONNET, TOO.

BLONDIE: I HEARD YOU. IS BIGELOW'S FACTORY AWFULLY IMPORTANT TO THE TOWN, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: YEAH. IT WOULD MEAN ALL KINDS OF WORK FOR PEOPLE. MERCHANTS WOULD SELL MORE GOODS. WE NEED MEN LIKE BIGELOW HERE. I'M SORRY WE LOST HIM.

BLONDIE: OH, WE DIDN'T LOSE HIM, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: EH? HOW DO YOU MEAN WE DIDN'T LOSE HIM?

BLONDIE: I MEAN, HE'S OUT IN THE GARAGE NOW WITH DAGWOOD...GOING OVER PLANS.

DITHERS: HE IS? YOU MEAN HE MIGHT BUILD HERE AFTER ALL?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE. HE KNEW THAT DUMP WAS SWAMPY ALL THE TIME. HE DIDN'T MAKE A FORTUNE BY BUYING BLIND, MR. DITHERS. HE TOLD DAGWOOD THAT IF HE HADN'T TOLD THE TRUTH, HE WAS GOING OVER TO TIMBERTON AND BUILD.

DITHERS: WHY?

BLONDIE: OH, HE'S ONE OF THOSE MODERN BUSINESS MEN THAT LIKE TO DO BUSINESS WITH HONEST PEOPLE. (SMILING) JUST A CRANK.

DITHERS: WELL, FROM NOW ON...I'M THAT KIND OF A CRANK, TOO.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY, BLONDIE. LOOKIT! OH...ER...HELLO,
MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: WHERE'S BIGELOW?

DAGWOOD: OH, HE JUST LEFT.

DITHERS: (GROANS) OOOH. HE'S GOT AWAY!

DAGWOOD: BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT. HE SAYS HE'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING IN
MY HANDS.

DITHERS: EH?

BLONDIE: HE SAID YOU CAN BUILD THE PLANT, MR. DITHERS. PROVIDED
YOU PUT DAGWOOD IN CHARGE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HE SAYS THAT WAY HE KNOWS EVERYTHING WILL BE ON THE
UP AND UP.

DITHERS: OH, HE DID, EH? CAN'T TRUST ME, EH?

DAGWOOD: WELL...

DITHERS: HE CAN'T DICTATE TO ME. I -- I'LL PUT YOU IN CHARGE
BECAUSE I WANT YOU IN CHARGE. NOT BECAUSE BIGELOW SAYS SO.

BLONDIE: YOU WILL? OH, DAGWOOD, ISN'T THAT NICE?

DITHERS: NOW, LET'S GET TO WORK. WHAT'S THAT PAPER YOU'VE GOT?
CONTRACT WITH BIGELOW?

DAGWOOD: OH, NO. THIS IS A RECIPE. FOR CHERRY PIE.

DITHERS: PIE?

BLONDIE: OH, YES. YOU LOST THE BET. DAGWOOD TOLD THE TRUTH AND
MADE IT PAY. YOU'VE GOT TO BAKE HIM THAT PIE!

BABY: (COMING IN) I FIXED ALL THE STUFF IN THE KITCHEN, MOMMIE.
HEY, MR. DITHERS. HERE'S YOUR APRON.

DITHERS: BUT...I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO BEGIN.

BLONDIE: READ HIM THE RECIPE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. NOW LET'S SEE... "TO MAKE A DOUBLE CRUST CHERRY PIE..."

"BLONDIE"
2/19/40

-27-

DITHERS: (GROANS) OOOOHH. DOUBLE!

DAGWOOD: WASH AND PICK THE CHERRIES THOROUGHLY...REMOVE PITS.

BLONDIE: I'LL HELP WITH THAT.

DITHERS: THANKS.

DAGWOOD: NOW TO THREE CUPS OF DRY CHERRIES TAKE A HALF A
TABLESPOON OF CORNSTARCH TO EACH CUP OF CHERRIES AND
SIFT THOROUGHLY...(VOICE FADES) IF CHERRIES ARE OUT OF
SEASON...PRUNES MAY BE USED...

MUSIC: (IN TO COVER THEN SEGUE TO THEME)

(CLOSING)

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

GOODWIN: WELL SO WE CLOSE THE DOOR ON THE AMAZING BUMSTEADS. IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THEIR SLIGHTLY BEWILDERING ACTIVITIES, YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN AGAIN NEXT MONDAY WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. NEXT SATURDAY MORNING WHEN YOU CHECK THE RADIO COLUMN OF YOUR PAPER YOU'LL FIND A NEW CAMEL SHOW LISTED FOR YOUR PLEASURE. IT'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE AS "MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES." YOU'LL FIND IT A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT. THEN, OF COURSE, YOU'LL NOTE IN THE BEST BETS OF THE EVENING "BOB CROSBY AND HIS DIXIELAND BAND" WITH MILDRED BAILEY. THAT'S ANOTHER CAMEL SHOW. WELL, 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 ARTZ, 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.