

3/5/90

OK

MASTER

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1940

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

WOMAN: PLEASE DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL GEORGE -- I'VE GOT IT SET FOR "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.

THE STORY BEHIND AMERICA'S PREFERENCE FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES CAN BE SUMMED UP IN THESE FEW WORDS:

MAN'S VOICE: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. THESE COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE AGED AND HANDLED UNDER THE HIGHEST STANDARDS OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC PERFECTION. THEY COME TO YOU IN A MATCHLESS BLEND THAT HAS NEVER BEEN DUPLICATED BY ANY OTHER CIGARETTE...IN A CIGARETTE THAT IS DEFINITELY SLOWER BURNING.

GOODWIN: NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES, REMEMBER THOSE COSTLIER TOBACCOS -- REMEMBER CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING. NO OTHER CIGARETTE CAN GIVE YOU THAT SAME MATCHLESS COMBINATION AND THAT SLOW WAY OF BURNING EQUAL TO CAMELS. FOR IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS NO OTHER CIGARETTE BURNED AS SLOW AS CAMELS. THAT MEANS EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AN EXTRA FLAVOR -- YES, AND THESE SAME TESTS SHOWED FOR CAMELS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL ON THE AVERAGE TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK. IS IT ANY WONDER MORE SMOKERS SAY:

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"BLONDIE"  
2/26/40

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MAN'S VOICE: MAKE MINE CAMELS!

GOODWIN: IS IT ANY WONDER MORE SMOKERS ~~ARE~~ *agreed*

MAN'S VOICE: PENNY FOR PENNY, SLOW-BURNING CAMELS ARE THE BEST  
CIGARETTE BUY.

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- HERE COME THE BUMSTEADS. THIS WEEK WE FIND THEM STANDING IN THE IMPRESSIVE LOBBY OF THE KEY STATION OF THE FAMOUS CHARTREUSE RADIO NETWORK. IF YOU ARE A LITTLE SURPRISED TO FIND THEM HERE -- YOU HAVE NOTHING ON THEM. THEY ARE POSITIVELY MYSTIFIED -- LISTEN --

DAGWOOD: ALL I KNOW, BLONDIE, IS WHAT DITHERS TOLD ME.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WHAT DID HE TELL YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: NOTHING.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD -- THINK! HE CAME RINGING OUR DOORBELL EARLY THIS MORNING -- AND YOU TALKED WITH HIM.

DAGWOOD: I WAS PRETTY SLEEPY. HE SAID, "TAKE THE TRAIN AND COME HERE AND WHEN WE GOT HERE -- TAKE A CAB AND GIVE THE DRIVER THIS ADDRESS."

BLONDIE: WELL, WE'VE DONE ALL THAT -- NOW WHAT HAPPENS?

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, BLONDIE? I THINK I'M ON A SECRET MISSION.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- HOW EXCITING!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. I REMEMBER NOW -- I'M GOING TO GET A LETTER -- WITH SECRET INSTRUCTIONS.

BLONDIE: THERE IS A LETTER -- IN YOUR COAT POCKET, DEAR. I SAW YOU PUT IT THERE.

DAGWOOD: DID I? I MEAN -- YOU DID? OH YEAH, HERE IT IS. THINK I OUGHT TO READ THIS?

BLONDIE: IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU, ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: LET'S SEE. YEAH. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...TO BE OPENED IN LOBBY OF STATION WHACKY.

BLONDIE: NOT "WHACKY," DAGWOOD, W-A-K-Y. THAT'S WHERE WE ARE NOW.

DAGWOOD: ARE WE? HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BLONDIE: LOOK AT THOSE BIG LETTERS OVER THE DOOR. W-A-K-Y.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WELL -- IF HE WANTS ME TO OPEN IT -- I GUESS HE WANTS ME TO READ IT.

BLONDIE: I THINK SO, TOO, DEAR. GO ON. I'M DYING TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

DAGWOOD: (TEARS OPEN ENVELOPE) YEAH. I HOPE IT'S ORDERS TO HAVE A BITE TO EAT FIRST. (OPENS PAPER) HMMMM. IT BEGINS... "DEAR BUMSTEAD:" PRETTY FRIENDLY, HUH?

BLONDIE: LET ME SEE WHAT HE SAYS...(READS) "DEAR BUMSTEAD: IF YOU HAVE FOLLOWED ORDERS SO FAR -- YOU WILL NOW BE STANDING IN THE LOBBY OF STATION W-A-K-Y. GO INSIDE."

DAGWOOD: UHUH. (TAKE UP READING) "GO INSIDE...AND HIRE A GUIDE. TAKE A TOUR OF THE WHOLE BUILDING."

BLONDIE: (STILL READING) "KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN. LEARN ALL ABOUT HOW RADIO PROGRAMS ARE PUT ON THE AIR. I WILL EXPECT COMPLETE INFORMATION ON ALL DETAILS. SPARE NO EXPENSE."

DAGWOOD: GOSH. SOMETHING BIG IN THE WIND, BLONDIE! "SPARE NO EXPENSE." GOLLY!

BLONDIE: "P.S. -- TOURS ARE FORTY CENTS EACH."

DAGWOOD: THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE DITHERS WROTE IT.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE HE WROTE IT. HE GAVE IT TO YOU, DIDN'T HE?  
AND HERE'S SOMETHING THAT I THINK IS HIS SIGNATURE ON IT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE SIGNATURE LOOK LIKE?

BLONDIE: LIKE A CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET WITH A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. THAT'S DITHEKS' WRITING. WELL, IF HE WANTS TO KNOW  
ALL ABOUT RADIO, LET'S GO FIND OUT -- AND THEN WE CAN EAT  
LET'S SEE, "GO INSIDE -- HIRE A GUIDE -- SPARE NO  
EXPENSE -- SPEND FORTY CENTS."

BLONDIE: DO YOU THINK WE CAN FIND OUT MUCH ON A FORTY CENT TOUR,  
DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. IT'S PROBABLY PRETTY SIMPLE. I BET WHEN I  
LEARN ALL THEY KNOW, I CAN GIVE THEM SOME NEW WRINKLES  
MYSELF. IT'S JUST MECHANICS, BLONDIE...AND I'M VERY  
GOOD AT ANYTHING LIKE THAT.

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT IT WAS DONE WITH SOME KIND OF ELECTRICITY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SURE, HONEY. ALL DONE WITH WATTS AND OHMS...AND  
TUBES AND STUFF. COME ON INSIDE AND I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO  
YOU.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. (OH LOOK, A REVOLVING DOOR.

DAGWOOD: SURE. THAT'S NOTHING. GO ON IN AND I'LL PUSH IT AROUND.  
(SOUND OF REVOLVING DOOR SWISHING) NOW -- HERE I COME.  
(SOUND CONTINUES) HEY! NO -- WAIT, BLONDIE -- NOT SO  
FAST. (SOUND OUT) OH, GOSH...WE'RE OUTSIDE AGAIN.

BLONDIE: WELL, MY GOODNESS -- YOU PUSHED SO HARD...

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT YOU WERE PUSHING ME.

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) IT'S LIKE THE OLD JOKE ABOUT THE MAN WHO MET THE GIRL IN A REVOLVING DOOR...AND THEY STARTED GOING ROUND TOGETHER. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: NOW, LISTEN HONEY. IF YOU WANT ME TO EXPLAIN ABOUT RADIO -- YOU'LL HAVE TO BE SERIOUS.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. I'M JUST DYING TO UNDERSTAND IT. WHAT'S A WATT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: YES.

DAGWOOD: (INSTANT'S PAUSE) YES, WHAT?

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT?

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S WHAT?

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT I'M ASKING YOU.

DAGWOOD: ASKING ME ABOUT WHAT?

BLONDIE: YES.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, HONEY. *Maybe we don't understand each other.* ~~THIS IS WORSE THAN THE REVOLVING DOOR.~~  
LET'S START OVER.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD...NOW ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS...WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

DAGWOOD: WHAT DOES WHAT MEAN, HONEY?

BLONDIE: (LOUD) A WATT! WHAT'S A WATT?

DAGWOOD: (FAST) WHAT'S WHAT WHAT?

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, DEAR...I'D RATHER SEE GRACIE ALLEN...COME ON.  
(SWISH OF DOOR)

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S GRACIE ALLEN GOT TO DO WITH IT....(A BUMP)  
TOOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR, DID YOU GET CAUGHT IN THE DOOR?  
DAGWOOD: JUST MY...HEAD. LISTEN, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING OUT THERE?  
BLONDIE: I SAID I WANTED TO SEE SOME OF THE STARS.  
DAGWOOD: YEAH. I JUST SAW SOME.  
BLONDIE: I'M SO SORRY, DAGWOOD. DOES YOUR POOR HEAD ACHE ALL OVER?  
DAGWOOD: NO -- JUST DIAGONALLY.  
BLONDIE: WELL, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. NOW, LET'S SEE....THERE'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU.  
DAGWOOD: WHAT, DEAR?  
BLONDIE: YES, THAT WAS IT.  
DAGWOOD: WHAT WAS?  
BLONDIE: WHAT?  
DAGWOOD: I SAY, WHAT DID YOU WANT TO ASK ME ABOUT?  
BLONDIE: NO, I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT....WATTS.  
DAGWOOD: T-OOOOOH.  
MAN: (COMING UP) CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?  
DAGWOOD: YEAH. GET ME A HEADACHE POWDER.  
MAN: CERTAINLY, SIR. THERE'S AN OPEN BARREL OF HEADACHE REMEDY IN THE MEN'S LOUNGE.  
BLONDIE: YOU KEEP IT IN BARRELS?  
MAN: YES, MADAM. A SERVICE TO OUR SPONSORS.  
DAGWOOD: OH -- YOU WORK HERE?  
MAN: YES, SIR. I AM IN CHARGE OF "PUBLIC CONTACT AND LOST OVERSHOES."  
DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT FROM YOUR UNIFORM YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF THE NAVY.  
BLONDIE: ARE YOU A GUIDE?

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MAN: I AM 'PERSONAL CONDUCTOR OF INTERMURAL INSPECTION,'  
MADAM

DAGWOOD: WE WANT A FORTY CENT TOUR, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

MAN: I DON'T MIND, SIR. (SIGHS) NOT ANY MORE.

DAG: OKAH. HERE'S A DOLLAR...KEEP THE CHANGE..AND GIVE US  
THE WORKS. NOW, THE FIRST THING I WANT TO SEE IS HOW  
THEY MAKE ALL THOSE NOISES.

MAN: NOISES, SIR?

DAG: YOU KNOW..BURNING BARNIS ...AND WILD ANIMALS AND ALL.

MAN: AH...THE SOUND EFFECTS! YES, SIR...ALL IN GOOD TIME.

NOW FIRST CALLING YOUR ATTENTION TO THE INFORMATION BOOTH.  
THE LITTLE LADY BEHIND THE WINDOW ANSWERS ALL QUESTIONS ON  
EVERY SUBJECT OF INTEREST...WITHOUT HESITATION. HER NAME  
IS TERESA...GOOD EVENING, TERESA.

GIRL: HELLO. SAY--WHAT TIME IS IT?

MAN: ER--GETTING LATE, TERESA.

GIRL: THANKS. SAY--WHO'S DINGALING DOOLEY?

MAN: DINGALING DOOLEY IS A NOM DE PLUME. HIS ACTUAL NAME IS  
DELABERT DOOLEY. HE WAS FORMERLY KNOWN AS " THE RHYMING  
CONDUCTOR" UNTIL THEY PUT FARE BOXES ON THE STREET CAR.  
NOW DOOLEY WRITES HOMEY VERSE. HE GOES ON THE AIR FOR THE 1st  
TIME TODAY--SPONSORED BY LADY LIEFKOWITZ TOILET SOAP.

GIRL: THANKS. SAY, WHEN IS THIS DINGALING DOOLEY DUE ON THE AIR?

MAN. IN ABOUT THREE MINUTES NOW. IN STUDIO TWO

GIRL: THEN WHY DOES STUDIO TWO KEEP CALLING ME TO ASK WHERE HE IS?



MAN: POSSIBLY HE IS LATE. DEAR ME! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
ASK TERESA A QUESTION? ANYTHING AT ALL.

BLONDIE: YES. WHAT'S A WATT?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BLONDIE. LET'S NOT START THAT AGAIN.

MAN: I'D RATHER NOT TAKE UP TERESA'S TIME WITH A SIMPLE  
QUESTION LIKE THAT.

DAGWOOD: DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S A WATT?

MAN: CERTAINLY, SIR. AS WE STROLL ALONG I WILL ENLIGHTEN YOU  
(GLIB AND FAST) A WATT IS...A MEASUREMENT OF ELECTRICAL  
ENERGY ONE MIGHT SAY. OF COURSE, AS ANY SCHOOLBOY WILL  
REALIZE, IT IS A UNIT OF <sup>Power</sup> ~~ENERGY~~. SUCH <sup>Power</sup> ~~IS~~ IS  
~~THE PRODUCT OF THE VOLT AND THE AMPERE~~ <sup>the product of the Volt and the Ampere</sup> SIMPLE,  
ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE, SURE. CHILDISH. ER -- WHEN DO WE SEE THE  
SOUND EFFECTS?

MAN: PATIENCE. PATIENCE. YOU WILL SEE AND HEAR ALL, SIR.  
ALL THE WONDERS OF RADIO...REHEARSALS...ENGINEERING  
MARVELS...EVEN SEE AND HEAR YOUR OWN VOICE RECORDED ON  
WAX...

DAGWOOD: OH, BOY! SEE MY VOICE? BOY! COME ON, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: (INDULGENTLY) YES, DEAR -- I'M COMING...

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

MAN: NOW, THROUGH THIS WINDOW...YOU SEE THE ENGINEERS,  
THE ELECTRICAL WIZARDS WITHOUT WHOM THE VOICES OF THE  
STARS COULD NEVER REACH THE PUBLIC EAR...

BLONDIE: HOW DOES RADIO WORK?

DAGWOOD: SSSH, BLONDIE. I'LL TELL YOU THAT LATER.

BLONDIE: I WANT TO KNOW NOW, DAGWOOD.

MAN: CERTAINLY, MADAM. YOU SEE... (FAST AND SMOOTH) THE HUMAN VOICE SPEAKS INTO A MICROPHONE. HERE THE SOUND VIBRATIONS ACTUATE A DIAPHRAGM WHICH IN TURN SETS UP ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS WHICH ARE MODULATED INTO AUDIO VIBRATIONS THAT MAY BE CARRIED ON RADIO WAVES OVER THE ETHER AND INTO YOUR HOME WHERE THE AUDIO PULSE CREATES AN ELECTRIC PULSE WHICH ACTUATES A DIAPHRAGM AND CREATES SOUND WAVES!

BLONDIE: OH.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. SOUND EFFECTS, TOO?

MAN: NATURALLY.

BLONDIE: THOSE MEN IN THE GLASS CASE SEEM EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING.

MAN: OH, NO. NOTHING EXCITES THEM. WITH THE UTMOST NONCHALANCE THEY LINK THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC COASTS IN ONE HUGE NETWORK OF MAGICAL POWER.

BLONDIE: BUT THAT MAN ON THE PHONE IS EXCITED. WHO'S HE TALKING TO?

MAN: I CAN LET YOU HEAR THE CONVERSATION, MADAM...MERELY BY THROWING THIS SWITCH. (CLICK) LISTEN...

SECOND MAN: (FILTER) HELLO...STUDIO TWO? HAS "HERBERT THE HOBO" SHOWED YET? NO? WELL, THAT'S TOUGH...BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING ON THE AIR IN TWO MINUTES WITH OR WITHOUT POETRY. G'BYE. (CLICK)

DAG: TCK-TCK-TCK! I GUESS DINGALING ISN'T VER RELIABLE.

BLONDIE: WHAT A SHAME! JUST THINK -- ALL THIS MARVELOUS EQUIPMENT...

AND YET A PROGRAM CAN BE SPOILED IF ONE MAN IS ABSENT.

MAN: AH -- BUT RADIO GOES ON, MADAM...LINKING THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE AND ART INTO ONE GREAT WHOLE.

BLONDIE: I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE SOME OF THE STUDIOS...AND RADIO STARS.

MAN: SEE THEM, MADAM?

BLONDIE: WHY, YES...ISN'T THAT PART OF THE TOUR?

MAN: THE OLD FASHIONED WAY WAS TO CONDUCT VISITORS FROM STUDIO TO STUDIO...YES! BUT WE HAVE IMPROVED THAT. BY MEANS OF THIS LITTLE DEVICE ON THE WALL...WE CAN EAVESDROP ON ALL THE STUDIOS WITHOUT TRUDGING IN AND OUT OF THEM.

DAG: YEAH? SAY, CAN I PUSH THE BUTTONS?

MAN: NO, NO! MUSTN'T TOUCH! NOW WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE? A WORLD FAMOUS COMEDIAN...A GREAT VIOLINIST...OR A THRILLING SPECIAL EVENTS PROGRAM.?

BLONDIE: YES.

MAN: EH? YOU -- ER WANT THEM ALL?

DAG: SURE...GIVE US THE COMEDIAN FIRST. IS HE REALLY FUNNY?

MAN: YOU SHALL JUDGE FOR YOURSELF...BUTTON ONE. STUDIO ONE. AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE OF THE MAN WHO MAKES MILLIONS LAUGH.  
(CLICK)

GOODWIN: (AS COMIC) (VERY SAD) LISTEN, I SAYS TO HIM...WHAT I GOT THREE AGENTS FOR IF THEY DON'T KNOW A JOKE? WHAT I GOT SIX WRITERS FOR IF THEY DON'T KNOW JOKES? WHYAIN'T THIS A FUNNY JOKE I SAYS AND YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAYS? HE SAYS...  
"IT AIN'T QUAIN'T!" (CLICK)

MAN: ER -- BUTTON THREE. STUDIO THREE. A GREAT MUSICIAN COAXING DEATHLESS MELODY FROM THE THROBBING SOUL OF HIS RARE OLD VIOLIN...(CLICK)

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BILLY: (TUNES UP...PLUCKS STRINGS) HEY -- EARL -- GIVE ME THAT  
"A" AGAIN. (PLUCK AGAIN) (CLICK)

MAN: AND NOW.....FOR A REAL TREAT. A THRILL. OUR ENGINEERS ARE  
BROADCASTING A NEWS EVENT FROM A STRATOSPHERE BALLOON AT THIS  
MOMENT. A MESSAGE FROM THE HIGHEST ALTITUDE EVER REACHED BY  
MAN....(CLICK)

ENGINEER: WOOF....WOOF. TESTING ONE -- TWO, THREE, FOUR.....WOOOOF  
WOOOOOOF! (CLICK)

MAN: AND NOW.....BACK TO OUR HOME STUDIOS.....FOR A DRAMATIC  
PROGRAM. (CLICK)

ANNCR: WE PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION. LISTEN FOR THE MUSICAL  
NOTE. (PAUSE) (THEN HIGH STEAM WHISTLE BLOWS)  
THIS IS STATION W-A-K-Y. (CLICK) (ALL SOUND OUT)

BLONDIE: OH, THAT WAS INTERESTING. BUT WHAT WAS THAT WHISTLE?

MAN: REPLACING THE OLD-FASHIONED CHIMES, MADAM. WE ARE ANGLING  
FOR A STEAM BOILER ACCOUNT.

DAGWOOD: HEY. HOW DID THEY DO THAT EXPLOSION?

MAN: THE EFFECT IS PRODUCED BY SHARPLY TWEAKING AN INFLATED  
BASKETBALL BLADDER FULL OF BB SHOT, SIR. ANY OTHER QUERIES?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WHERE ARE ALL THE SOUND EFFECTS KEPT?

MAN: IN THE ROOM JUST BEHIND THAT RED DOOR, SIR.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'D LET ME JUST -- PEEK?

MAN: NO, SIR. SORRY, SIR. CAN'T HAVE MEDDLING, YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: WELL...I WOULDN'T MEDDLE!

MAN: SORRY, SIR.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, DAGWOOD. LOOK...THE MEN IN THE GLASS CASE  
ARE ALL POINTING AT THEIR NOSES. WHAT'S THAT FOR?

MAN: THEY MEAN IT WAS ON THE NOSE, MADAM.

DAGWOOD: WHAT WAS?

MAN: A RADIO EXPRESSION SIGNIFYING THAT THE PROGRAM CAME OFF  
THE AIR EXACTLY ON TIME. TO THE SPLIT SECOND.

DAGWOOD: ON THE NOSE, EH? I MUST REMEMBER THAT.

MAN: OH, WE HAVE LOTS OF SIGNALS. NOW WHEN I WIGGLE MY  
FINGER LIKE THIS...THAT'S...

DAGWOOD: A ROMAN CANDLE.

MAN: NO, THAT MEANS GO FASTER. AND WHEN I PULL MY FINGERS  
APART LIKE THIS...

BLONDIE: LIKE PULLING TAFFY...

MAN: THAT MEANS GO SLOWER.

DAGWOOD: FASTER AND SLOWER -- SO THAT YOU CAN COME OFF THE AIR  
ON THE NOSE, EH?

MAN: RIGHT...(PHONE) PARDON ME -- THE PHONE. (PHONE UP)  
HELLO. YES, SIR. YES, SIR. RIGHT AWAY. (HANG UP)  
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME. THAT WAS MR. BRAMBLE...OUR  
VICE--PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF UNFORTUNATE INCIDENTS.

BLONDIE: OH...HAS THERE BEEN ONE?

MAN: I'M AFRAID IT'S THAT WRETCHED HERBERT THE HOBO AFFAIR.  
THEY'VE GONE ON THE AIR WITHOUT HIM. (GOING) I'LL  
HURRY BACK...

BLONDIE: HERE COMES ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT, DAGWOOD.  
IT'S THAT GIRL.

DAGWOOD: OH...MISS INFORMATION. SHE'S AFTER US, IT LOOKS LIKE.

GIRL: (COMING UP) SAY -- ARE YOU ~~HERBERT WAS?~~ *Am I really a hobo?*

DAGWOOD: NO...I...I JUST DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET MY CLOTHES  
PRESSED TODAY.

BLONDIE: YOU, ~~HERBERT WAS?~~ *with a hair cut and a shave for dear.*

GIRL: (GOING) I WISH WE KNEW WHERE THAT HERBERT WAS...

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- DO I LOOK LIKE A HOB0?

BLONDIE: YOU'RE NOT LOOKING YOUR BEST, DEAR -- AFTER ALL, I  
SLEEPING ALL DAY IN THE TRAIN...

DAGWOOD: HEY. LISTEN. NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET A LOOK INTO THAT  
SOUND EFFECT ROOM? WHICH DOOR DID HE SAY?

BLONDIE: GOODNESS. I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S SO MANY DOORS. ALL  
ALIKE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I THINK HE SAID THAT DOOR WITH THE RED LIGHT  
BURNING OVER IT.

BLONDIE: I THINK THAT'S JUST A FIRE ESCAPE.

DAGWOOD: IT SAYS, "QUIET" UNDER THE RED LIGHT. YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO BE QUIET ON A FIRE ESCAPE. I'M GOING TO TAKE A  
LOOK INSIDE.

BLONDIE: WELL, JUST LOOK INSIDE, DAGWOOD. I'LL KEEP WATCH, SO  
THAT MAN WON'T COME BACK AND CATCH YOU, OPEN THE  
DOOR QUIETLY.

DAGWOOD: I AM. (DOOR OPENS...MUSIC IN AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN  
PLAYING BEHIND SOUND PROOF DOOR) (WHISPER) HEY, THEY'RE  
PLAYING MUSIC IN THERE.

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) I HEAR THEM.

DAGWOOD: AND THERE'S A MAN BECKONING TO ME. HE'S GIVING ME THE HURRY UP ROMAN CANDLE SIGN.

BLONDIE: WELL, BUT WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH. I BET THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOUR VOICE ON A RECORD.

BLONDIE: WELL --- GO ON IN AND GET IT, DEAR. I'LL WAIT AND TELL THE GUIDE WHERE YOU ARE.

DAGWOOD: OKAY...SEE YOU LATER.

MUSIC: (SWELL...THEN UNDER)

GOODWIN: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...HERE'S THE TREAT WE PROMISED YOU. A LITTLE LATE...BUT BETTER LATE THAN NEVER. HA. HA. HE'S JUST WALKED IN THE DOOR AND IN A MOMENT YOU'LL HEAR HIS VOICE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SURE.

GOODWIN: (SOTTO) SSSSSH. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) EH? OH -- JUST AROUND.

GOODWIN: WHERE'S YOUR SCRIPT?

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) OH, I DON'T NEED ONE...I'LL JUST TALK FROM MEMORY.

GOODWIN: WELL -- IT'S VERY UNUSUAL, BUT WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. (MUSIC DIMS OUT) (LOUD) HERE HE IS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. BRINGING YOU ONE OF HIS OWN WORKS...FROM MEMORY...LISTEN.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO I DO NOW?

GOODWIN: TALK! RECITE A POEM.

DAGWOOD: OH...WELL I WASN'T GOING TO DO POETRY. I GET POETRY  
AII MIXED UP. I MEAN, I KNOW A LOT OF POEMS...BUT NOT  
ALL THE WAY THROUGH. LIKE THIS...(RAPIDLY)

"T'WAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING -- AND A GOODLY CROWD  
WAS THERE  
WE ARE LOST THE CAPTAIN SHOUTED --- AS HE STAGGERED  
DOWN THE STAIR  
WHILE BACK OF THE BAR IN A POKER GAME -- SAT  
DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW  
WITH A BAG AND A BONE AND A HANK OF HAIR -- THE  
LADY KNOWN AS LOU  
AND THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK -- THE OTHERS  
ALL FELL IN  
*Shin in was Berto-Bork - 13 out*  
~~T'WAS DOWN IN THE HIGH WATER~~ ME AND GUNGA DIN  
AND OUTA CHINA CROST THE BAY -- THE DAWN CAME UP  
LIKE THUNDER  
WHILE INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH -- RODE THE SIX  
HUNDRED."

GOODWIN: FOUR HUNDRED.

DAGWOOD: SIX HUNDRED. I BROUGHT UP THE RESERVES. (LAUGHS)

GOODWIN: BUT IT DOESN'T RHYME WITH THUNDER, ANYWAY.

DAGWOOD: WHO CARES?

GOODWIN: WELL -- YOU OUGHT TO CARE. A WELL KNOWN POET...

DAGWOOD: I'M NO POET.

GOODWIN: WHAT? AREN'T YOU ~~PLEASED TO~~ *Bungalong Dooly* ~~DO?~~

DAGWOOD: NO...I'M BUMSTEAD THE SIGHTSEER. WHEN CAN I SEE MY  
VOICE ON THE RECORD?

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"BLONDIE"  
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REVISED

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ANNCR: RECORD? WE'RE NOT MAKING A RECORD, YOU DOPE. SAY--  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY ?

DAG: ME? WELL---IT'S A KIND OF A SECRET THAT I'M HERE AT  
ALL.

ANNCR: IT'S NO SECRET NOW--WE'RE ON THE AIR FROM COAST TO  
COAST!

DAG: T---OOOOOOOH! (GOING) OH, BLONDIEEE! FLEE!

MUSIC: (UP AND FADE FOR:)

BLONDIE: Ssh! QUIET DAGWOOD.---I'LL HEAR ABOUT IT LATER---  
I WANT TO LISTEN TO MR GOODWIN NOW!

MUSIC: (SEGUE TO THEME....AND FADE FOR:)

COMMERCIAL:

"BLONDIE" - 17-A  
2/26/40

GOODWIN: TO YOU FOLKS WHO ARE NOT CAMEL SMOKERS, I'D LIKE TO SAY JUST THIS: BEFORE YOU TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT YOU'RE GETTING ALL YOU CAN EXPECT -- IN MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND ALL-'ROUND PLEASURE -- FROM A CIGARETTE, TRY CAMELS. FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF -- AS SO MANY MILLIONS OF OTHERS HAVE BEFORE YOU -- JUST HOW MUCH CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS AND SLOWER WAY OF BURNING CAN ADD TO THE PLEASURE OF EVERY SINGLE PUFF. FOR THAT SLOWER BURNING MEANS EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AN EXTRA FLAVOR -- AND SEVERAL EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK...YES, I MEAN MORE ACTUAL SMOKING. AS I EXPLAINED BEFORE, INDEPENDENT TESTS SHOW THAT THIS MARGIN OF SLOWER BURNING IN CAMELS MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL ON THE AVERAGE TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. THAT'S A NICE ECONOMY TO ANY SMOKER.

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: SO REMEMBER: NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES, GET THE EXTRAS IN SMOKING PLEASURE. GET SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

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GOODWIN: AND NOW...JUST A FEW MINUTES AFTER DAGWOOD'S UNEXPECTED BROADCAST...WE DISCOVER HIM WITH BLONDIE...TRYING TO FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE RADIO STATION. THEY'RE HAVING DOOR TROUBLE...

DAGWOOD: DOGONE IT...I NEVER SAW SO MANY DOORS IN MY LIFE... A FINE THING.

BLONDIE: NOW BE CALM, DAGWOOD...WHAT ELSE DID THE MAN SAY TO YOU?

DAGWOOD: OH, HE WAS PRETTY POLITE AT THE END OF OUR TALK. HE SAID, "PLEASE."

BLONDIE: PLEASE WHAT?

DAGWOOD: PLEASE GO AWAY -- AND NEVER COME BACK.

BLONDIE: OH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. "COME BACK" -- I CAN'T EVEN GET OUT!

BLONDIE: HERE'S A DOOR WE HAVEN'T TRIED YET.

DAGWOOD: ANY RED LIGHT BURNING?

BLONDIE: NO.

DAGWOOD: THEN MAYBE IT'S SAFE TO OPEN. (DOOR OPENS) HEY, BLONDIE, LOOK!

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BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: THIS IS THE SOUND EFFECT ROOM. BOY, LOOKIT AT ALL THIS STUFF!

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TOUCH ANY OF THIS.

DAGWOOD: BUT DITHERS WANTS ME TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT EVERYTHING. I WONDER WHAT THIS IS?

BLONDIE: BE CAREFUL, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: SURE -- I'LL JUST WORK IT EASY. (TERRIBLE SOUND OF ANIMAL CRY) T -- OOOOOOH! IT WENT OFF!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS -- WHAT WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE?

DAGWOOD: IT SAYS ON THE TAG HERE -- "HYENA -- CALLING ITS WIFE."

BLONDIE: LET'S GO NOW, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: AW -- NOT YET. LISTEN, IF YOU'RE NERVOUS, YOU GO AND KEEP LOOKING FOR THE WAY OUT. WHEN YOU FIND IT... COME BACK AND GET ME.

BLONDIE: WELL -- ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. BUT DO BE CAREFUL...

DAGWOOD: SURE -- SURE...HEY, LOOK! WIND! (WIND MACHINE)

BLONDIE: I'M GOING, DAGWOOD...(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SO LONG. LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU GET OUT...(WIND AGAIN)  
(DOOR SHUTS) (WIND OUT)

DITHERS: (COMING IN) BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: WHY, MR. DITHERS. HOW DID YOU FIND YOUR WAY IN HERE?

DITHERS: OH, IT'S SIMPLE AFTER YOU GET THE HANG OF IT. ALL YOU DO  
IS ASK THAT GIRL ON THE INFORMATION DESK WHICH WAY TO GO...  
AND THEN HEAD IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD AND I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY OUT. WE GOT  
LOST.

DITHERS: (GROANS) OOOH! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT. I SEND BUMSTEAD TO  
GET INFORMATION...AND ALL HE GETS IS LOST.

BLONDIE: OH, NO, MR. DITHERS...HE'S LEARNED A LOT.

DITHERS: WELL -- WHERE IS HE?

BLONDIE: RIGHT IN THIS NEXT ROOM. DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ANYTHING  
WHEN I OPEN THE DOOR NOW. (DOOR OPENS) (WIND IN)

DITHERS: HOLD YOUR HAT, BLONDIE. THAT'S A TERRIBLE WIND.

BLONDIE: OH NO -- IT'S JUST DAGWOOD.

DITHERS: EH?

BLONDIE: IT'S DAGWOOD MAKING THE WIND MACHINE WORK. SEE?

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOOH. (WIND OUT) IS THAT YOU, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

DAGWOOD: SSSSH. LEARNING THE SECRETS OF RADIO...LIKE YOU SAID IN  
YOUR LETTER.

DITHERS: WELL -- DON'T KEEP THE SECRET FROM ME. WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ABOUT RADIO?

DAGWOOD: WELL...I TELL YOU...IT'S A MARVELOUS THING.

DITHERS: OH, IS IT?

DAGWOOD: YES SIR. I THINK IT'S HERE TO STAY.

DITHERS: WELL, GO ON. TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

BLONDIE: WAIT. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE, YOU KNOW. I'LL KEEP THIS DOOR OPEN WITH MY FOOT SO I CAN HEAR IF ANYONE'S COMING.

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT! NOW BUMPSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- WE'LL HAVE TO START AT THE BEGINNING. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IS A WATT? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU...YOU SQUEEZE AN AMP PAST AN OHM AND YOU'VE GOT A-WATT!

DITHERS: I DON'T KNOW. WHAT?

*Dag!* ~~ouch!~~  
BLONDIE: MAYBE YOU'D BETTER START SOMEWHERE ELSE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- LOOK AT IT THIS WAY. WHEN ~~you turn on the~~ *the lemon will go*  
~~switch in the~~ *switch* ~~seconds~~, NATURALLY THAT MODULATES THE FREQUENCY FROM THE AUDIO WAVES AND ~~YOU CAN LEARN TO DANCE ON~~  
~~A THREE-CENT CURRENT IN YOUR OWN HOME~~ BY ACTUATING THE VIBRATION OF THE DIAPHRAGM -- AND THE SAME WITH SOUND EFFECTS. CONSEQUENTLY! IF YOU WIGGLE YOUR FINGER LIKE THIS THAT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE OF PULLING TAFFY AND SO YOU COME OUT ON THE NOSE!

DITHERS: ON THE NOSE, EH? WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

DAGWOOD: WEEEEELL. THAT'S PRETTY TECHNICAL FOR A BEGINNER LIKE YOU.

DITHERS: OH, IT IS, EH? WELL, I DON'T WANT A LOT OF SCIENTIFIC STUFF. ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHAT A MAN HAS TO DO WHEN HE GOES TO MAKE A SPEECH ON THE AIR.

BLONDIE: OH -- ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH ON THE AIR,  
MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: YEAH. I DIDN'T WANT THAT CROWD AT THE OFFICE TO BE  
LISTENING -- THAT'S WHY I'VE KEPT IT A SECRET UP TO NOW.  
BUT I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE A CLEAN BREAST OF EVERYTHING, I  
GUESS.

BLONDIE: ARE YOU NERVOUS?

DITHERS: WELL... I'VE FELT HAPPIER. I'VE GOT TO GO ON, THOUGH. THE  
FACT IS -- I MAY RUN FOR OFFICE NEXT ELECTION.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: WELL -- WHY NOT? I'VE BEEN IN THE BUILDING GAME LONG ENOUGH  
TO INSPECT A BUILDING, HAVEN'T I?

BLONDIE: YOU CERTAINLY HAVE. ARE YOU GOING TO RUN FOR APPRAISER?

DITHERS: NO. TERMITE INSPECTOR!

DAGWOOD: OH. TERMITES. I WONDER IF THERE'S A SOUND EFFECT HERE FOR  
TERMITES.

DITHERS: THE ONLY SOUND EFFECT I'M INTERESTED IN IS THE SOUND OF  
DOLLARS FALLING INTO THE DITHERS CASH REGISTER, BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: WOULD TERMITE INSPECTOR PAY MUCH?

DITHERS: NO. BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. A PUBLIC OFFICIAL GETS...ER...  
PUBLICITY. THAT PAYS.

DAGWOOD: SURE. BUT DOES A TERMITE INSPECTOR HAVE TO MAKE SPEECHES  
TOO?

DITHERS: HE DOES TO GET ELECTED. THE COMMITTEE SAYS ELECTIONS  
NOWADAYS DEPEND A LOT ON RADIO PERSONALITY. THEY MADE ME  
TRY OUT -- ON THE QUIET -- TODAY.

BLONDIE: WHAT WOULD A TERMITE INSPECTOR MAKE SPEECHES ABOUT?

DITHERS: TERMITES.

DAGWOOD: OH. YEAH -- THAT'S A GOOD TOPIC.

DITHERS: THINK SO? I CALL MY SPEECH. "TERMITES -- THEIR CAUSE AND CURE." IT'S A SERIOUS TREATMENT OF THE SUBJECT.

BLONDIE: WELL -- I BET YOU'LL DO IT VERY WELL. WHY, DAGWOOD WAS ON THE AIR TODAY -- AND HE DIDN'T MIND IT.

DITHERS: HOW DID HE GET ON?

DAGWOOD: OH -- I JUST WALKED INTO A STUDIO -- AND THEY PUT ME ON.

BLONDIE: HE RECITED SOME POETRY.

DITHERS: (IMPRESSED) WEREN'T YOU KIND OF NERVOUS?

DAGWOOD: NO SIR. IT WAS ALL OVER IN NO TIME.

DITHERS: WELL IF YOU CAN DO IT -- I CAN.

DAGWOOD: SURE YOU CAN. I WISH NOW I'D HAD SOME SOUND EFFECTS. LOOK, MR. DITHERS -- IF YOU WANT TO HEAR A MAN WALKING THROUGH SNOW -- JUST SQUEEZE THIS BOX OF CORNSTARCH.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND THE MAN WALKING THROUGH CORNSTARCH. I'M DUE RIGHT NOW IN STUDIO TWO. WANT TO COME HEAR MY SPEECH?

DAGWOOD: OH, I CAN HEAR IT IN HERE. LOOKIT. SEE THOSE DIALS? I WAS KIND OF FIDDLING WITH THEM A WHILE BACK AND I COULD HEAR THINGS IN ALL THE DIFFERENT STUDIOS.

BLONDIE: CAN THEY HEAR YOU -- IN HERE?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS NOT. NO COMPLAINTS SO FAR. THERE'S A MICROPHONE IN HERE. BUT IT MUST BE TURNED OFF.

BLONDIE: WELL -- BE CAREFUL, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. TRUST ME, HONEY.

DITHERS: DO YOU WANT TO COME HEAR MY SPEECH, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: I'D LOVE TO. I'LL HEAR IT IN THE STUDIO...AND DAGWOOD WILL HEAR IT OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER IN HERE. THEN WE CAN COMPARE NOTES.



DITHERS: GOOD IDEA.

DAGWOOD: SURE...I'LL JUST FIDDLE WITH THESE LITTLE KNOBS HERE TILL I FIND ONE THAT TUNES IN YOUR STUDIO. I'LL BE LISTENING.

DITHERS: COME ON THEN -- LET'S GO.

DAGWOOD: WAIT JUST A MINUTE...LISTEN!

BLONDIE: WHAT, DAGWOOD? (WEIRD ANIMAL CRY -- SEE DESCRIPTION IN SECOND LINE BELOW) GOODNESS. WHAT'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE LAUGHING HYENA AGAIN...ONLY THIS TIME IT'S CRYING ITSELF TO SLEEP!

DITHERS: WELL -- DON'T LET IT CRY YOU TO SLEEP, BUMSTEAD. YOU STAY AWAKE AND GIVE ME A REPORT ON MY SPEECH.

DAGWOOD: YES SIR. YOU BETTER HURRY NOW -- IF YOU WANT TO BE ON THE NOSE.

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: WELL...HERE WE ARE, MR. DITHERS...AND IT WON'T BE LONG NOW. GOT YOUR SPEECH READY?

DITHERS: YEAH. RIGHT HERE. WHAT'S THAT FELLER WAVING AT US FOR?

BLONDIE: HE MEANS BE QUIET...WE'RE GOING ON THE AIR.

GOODWIN: (SOTTO) READY, MR. DITHERS? HERE WE GO. (LOUD) GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THIS IS STATION W-A-K-Y... BRINGING YOU ITS REGULAR WEEKLY CHAT BY OUTSTANDING MEN OF THE DAY. THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR WILL BE THAT OF MR. J. C. DITHERS...ER...MR. DITHERS!

(DONKEY BRAY)

GOODWIN: (SOTTO) PLEASE! MR. DITHERS! YOU'RE ON THE AIR!

DITHERS: HEY? I DIDN'T DO THAT -- DID I?

GOODWIN: (SOTTO) GO ON! GO ON WITH YOUR SPEECH!

DITHERS: OH. (NERVOUS) ER...GOOD...GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. "MY SUBJECT THIS EVENING IS --- TOE-MERTS...ER, I MEAN TRI-MEETS...THAT IS...ER...TERMITES! THEIR CAUSE AND CURE!"

(HYENA LAUGHS)

DITHERS: (MAD) QUIET! IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER!

GOODWIN: I'M SORRY, MR. DITHERS! THAT MUST BE COMING FROM ANOTHER STUDIO. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. (GOING) GO RIGHT ON WITH YOUR SPEECH.

DITHERS: "TERMITES ARE A SERIOUS MENACE TO OUR HOMES! I TELL YOU -- MY FRIENDS -- THE VERY NAME OF TERMITE GETS ME ALL STEAMED UP!"

(CHOO CHOO TRAIN FULL SPEED)

DITHERS: NOW WHAT'S GOING ON?

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) DON'T STOP, MR. DITHERS -- GO ON!

DITHERS: (SOTTO) WHERE WAS I?

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) STEAMED UP!

DITHERS: YES. (LOUDLY) "PICTURE TO YOURSELVES A HAPPY HOME. KIDDIES SLEEPING IN THEIR BEDS...

(SNORES)

DITHERS: SILENCE! I'VE GOT KIDDIES SLEEPING IN THEIR BEDS..."NEVER DREAMING THAT DOWN IN THE BASEMENT...THE ENEMY IS CREEPING IN! (FEET IN SOFT) CREEPING IN...TO UNDERMINE THE FOUNDATION...CREEPING IN TO..."

(SOUND OF MARCHING FEET UP...OR HORSE HOOFS)

DITHERS: (SOTTO) WHAT IS THIS? IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY.

BLONDIE: GO ON!

DITHERS: (DESPERATELY) "TERMITES MUST BE TREATED LIKE THE DANGEROUS CRIMINALS THEY ARE...AND PUT WHERE THEY BELONG!"

(CLANG OF PRISON DOOR...BOLTS SHOOT HOME)

DITHERS: THERE IT GOES AGAIN! BLONDIE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

BLONDIE: YES. BUT DON'T STOP TALKING! YOU'RE ON THE AIR.

DITHERS: OOOH. (LOUD AGAIN) "TERMITES MUST BE EXTERMINATED! AND THEY SHALL BE! ONCE THE POWER IS IN MY HANDS...I PROMISE YOU, MY FRIENDS...THAT EVERY TERMITE WITHIN OUR CITY LIMITS WILL BE -- ELIMINATED!"

(PISTOL SHOTS...OR MACHINE GUN)

DITHERS: THIS IS THE END. I CAN'T GO ON!

(CHEERS)

DITHERS: OOOOOOH! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON BUMSTEAD!

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

*microphone was turned on*

DAGWOOD: BUT, MR. DITHERS! I DIDN'T KNOW THE ~~MIC WAS OPEN~~. I JUST TWISTED A FEW DIALS...

DITHERS: (GROANS)

DAGWOOD: SO I COULD HEAR YOU BETTER...AND THEN I GOT TO FIGURING HOW IT WOULD SOUND WITH A FEW SOUND EFFECTS THROWN IN...

DITHERS: (SAVAGE) WELL, NOW YOU KNOW! NOW THE ENTIRE RADIO AUDIENCE KNOWS. I'LL BE A LAUGHING STOCK.

BLONDIE: NOW, MR. DITHERS. I THOUGHT IT WAS KIND OF CUTE.

DITHERS: CUTE?

BLONDIE: YES -- I DID! SO MANY SPEECHES ARE DULL AND UNINTERESTING. YOURS WASN'T.

DITHERS: I'LL SAY IT WASN'T. IT WAS A NIGHTMARE.

BLONDIE: OH, NO!...I'LL BET WHEN YOU MEET THOSE MEN WHO ASKED YOU TO SPEAK...

DITHERS: MEET THEM? I'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN. I'LL NEVER SHOW MY FACE IN PUBLIC AGAIN! I'M GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE -- IN HIDING...

MAN: (COMING IN) PARDON ME! IS MR. DITHERS HERE?

DAGWOOD: YES...

DITHERS: NO.

MAN: DEAR ME. WHICH IS IT, PLEASE?

BLONDIE: THAT'S MR. DITHERS RIGHT THERE. ARE THOSE TELEGRAMS FOR HIM?

MAN: YES INDEED!

DAGWOOD: GOSH! ALL THOSE TELEGRAMS?

MAN: YES INDEEDY!

DITHERS: EH? FOR ME? I CAN'T HAVE MADE THAT MANY ENEMIES!

MAN: OH NO, MR. DITHERS...THEY ARE CONGRATULATIONS!

DITHERS: EH?

MAN: THE SWITCH BOARD HAS BEEN FLOODED TOO. EVERYONE ASKING WHO THE NEW PERSONALITY ON THE AIR IS!

DITHERS: LET ME SEE THAT TOP WIRE. (RIPS IT OPEN)

BLONDIE: I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T SO BAD. (OVER ABOVE SOUND)

DITHERS: SAY...LISTEN TO THIS! THE BOYS ON THE COMMITTEE LIKED IT! SAID IT WAS UNIQUE! LISTEN -- QUOTE -- "YOUR ENTERTAINING TALENTS WOULD BE WASTED *crawling around in* A CELLAR AFTER TERMITES. WILL YOU RUN FOR CONGRESS?" END QUOTE!

BLONDIE: "END WORRY TOO." IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD WHAT'S HAPPENED?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SURE. BUT I'M WORKING ON A NEW EFFECT HERE.

MAN: WHAT ABOUT THE PHONE CALLS, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: I'LL TAKE ALL THAT COME IN FROM NOW ON.

MAN: AND YOUR FAN MAIL, ~~WHERE'S THAT PHONE?~~ ~~WHERE'S THAT PHONE?~~?

DITHERS: I'LL HANDLE IT! (GOING) OPEN IT ALL MYSELF!...COME ON...  
WHERE'S THAT PHONE?

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD. THAT'S HUMAN NATURE. HE WAS MAD AT YOU  
WHEN HE THOUGHT YOU'D HURT HIS CHANCES. BUT NOW HE TAKES  
ALL THE CREDIT!

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S OKAY. I DON'T WANT CREDIT. I'M MORE THE  
CREATIVE TYPE. HEY. KNOW WHAT I'VE WORKED OUT NOW?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR -- BUT IF YOU'RE HAPPY WITH IT -- SO AM I.

DAGWOOD: OH BOY! IS THIS A SWEET EFFECT! LISTEN! (BLOWS IN MIKE)

BLONDIE: THAT'S LOVELY, DEAR -- ER -- WHAT IS IT?

DAGWOOD: SPEED RACES AT INDIANAPOLIS. LISTEN! (BLOWS AGAIN)

~~BLOW~~ *length*

MUSIC: (IN THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -29-  
2/26/40

GOODWIN: WELL, OUR SHOW IS "ON THE NOSE" AND THAT TUNES OUT THE BUMSTEADS FOR TODAY. BUT THEY'LL BE BACK NEXT MONDAY AGAIN OVER THE COLUMBIA NETWORK WITH PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE, AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD...AND WHILE WE ARE TALKING ABOUT THIS BUSINESS OF RADIO, LET ME SUGGEST THAT YOU LISTEN TO CAMELS TWO OTHER SHOWS NEXT SATURDAY. YOU'LL FIND "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT, AND THEN SATURDAY NIGHT THERE'S BOB CROSBY AND HIS DIXIELAND BAND WITH MILDRED BAILEY AND THE "MUSIC WITH THE HEART BEAT". CHECK YOUR DAILY RADIO COLUMN FOR THE CORRECT TIME. THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE. -- AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE, REMEMBER CAMELS!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ASHMEDE SCOTT. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOOD NIGHT TO YOU FOR CAMELS.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.