

"BLONDIE"

~~MASLEY~~

3/26/40

MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1940

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

GOODWIN: OUT OF THE FUNNIES AND INTO YOUR HOMES -- AND WE HOPE YOUR HEARTS, TOO, THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES BRING YOU "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.

WHEN IT COMES TO THE SOUGHT-AFTER QUALITIES OF MILDNESS, AND COOLNESS, AND DELICATE TASTE IN A CIGARETTE, HERE IS A SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC TRUTH THAT I'M SURE WILL APPEAL TO ANY SMOKER AS COMMON SENSE:

MAN'S VOICE: THE SLOWER YOUR CIGARETTE BURNS, THE Milder AND COOLER THE SMOKING.

GOODWIN: IN OTHER WORDS, THE SLOWER THE BURNING THE LESS HEAT. RESEARCH SCIENTISTS KNOW THAT EXCESS HEAT CAN INTERFERE WITH THE MILDNESS AND COOLNESS OF A CIGARETTE -- CAN ALSO DULL THE DELICATE ELEMENTS OF FLAVOR AND AROMA, SLOWER BURNING, ON THE OTHER HAND, PRESERVES FLAVOR, LETS IT COME THROUGH TO YOU IN ITS NATURAL, PLEASING QUALITY. BUT ALL CIGARETTES DON'T BURN ALIKE, NO SIR! INDEPENDENT TESTS HAVE SHOWN THAT CAMELS,..THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS...ARE DEFINITELY SLOWER-BURNING. NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES, REMEMBER THAT CAMELS GIVE YOU COSTLIER TOBACCOS...WITH THE DEFINITE ADVANTAGES OF A SLOWER WAY OF BURNING EQUALED BY NO OTHER CIGARETTE. IT ALL ADDS UP TO MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK. SO TRY CAMELS NEXT TIME!

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GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S EVENING ~~IN THE BUMSTEAD HOME~~, ~~THAT WITCHING HOUR KNOWN TO YOUNG PARENTS AS "THE BREATHING SPELL"~~...BABY DUMPLING IS SAFELY IN BED...AND BLONDIE -- A NEW ~~AND NOT QUITE COMPLETED~~ HAT PERCHED ON HER HEAD...DESCENDS THE STAIRS TO HEAR DAGWOOD TALKING ON THE PHONE...

DAGWOOD: BUT LISTEN! I NEED THOSE EGGS NOW!

WOMAN: (FAST RECORD...NOT OLD HAZEL PUDDLE ONE BUT SIMILAR...NON-COMPREHENSIBLE GIBBERISH...PERHAPS HINT OF ACCENT...ESTABLISH...THEN OUT)

DAGWOOD: UHUH. THERE MAY BE A LOT IN WHAT YOU SAY, BUT -- I NEED THOSE EGGS.

WOMAN: (GIBBERISH, AGAIN) (CONTINUES TO NEXT CUE)

DAGWOOD: (BREAKING IN) WAIT A MINUTE! (RECORD OUT) ALL I WANT IS A DOZEN REGULAR _____ HENS' EGGS! FOR EASTER EGGS!

BLONDIE: (OFF) DAGWOOD...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

DAGWOOD: ORDERING SOME EGGS.

WOMAN: (GIBBERISH AGAIN) (CONTINUES)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) BUT WE DON'T NEED ANY EGGS, DAGWOOD...BECAUSE I....

DAGWOOD: (OVER BOTH VOICES) (TAKE "NEED ANY EGGS" FOR CUE) QUIET!

(BOTH VOICES STOP) (DAG STILL YELLS) I WANT EGGS!

LOOK, BLONDIE -- PLEASE! JUST LET ME HANDLE THIS, WILL YOU? HELLO, MRS. WERFEL. LOOK, MRS. WERFEL -- I KNOW IT'S LATE AND YOUR STORE IS CLOSED, BUT WE'RE BIG EGG EATERS HERE -- AND IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE OUR TRADE, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO ELSEWHERE, THAT'S ALL!

BLONDIE: BUT, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: SHH. I THINK SHE'S WEAKENING! LISTEN, MRS. WERFEL! I WANT EGGS AND YOU HAVE EGGS -- SO WHY NOT LOOSEN UP AND SEND OVER A DOZEN? CALL A WESTERN UNION BOY -- OR HIRE A TRUCK -- OR BRING 'EM YOURSELF. ONLY I WANT THOSE EGGS -- TONIGHT! G'BYE! (HANGS UP) THAT'LL SHOW HER I MEAN BUSINESS!

BLONDIE: IS IT ALL RIGHT TO SAY SOMETHING NOW, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: SURE, HONEY, GO RIGHT AHEAD.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE DON'T NEED ANY EGGS. WE HAVE EGGS.

DAGWOOD: THE ONES THAT WERE IN THE COOKIE JAR?

BLONDIE: OH, YOU FOUND THEM, DID YOU?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. I FOUND THEM AND BOILED THE WHOLE DOZEN. I WAS GOING TO DYE THEM FOR BABY DUMPLING'S EASTER, BUT AFTER I GOT 'EM BOILED, I DECIDED TO PICKLE 'EM!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (SMACKING LIPS) YOU KNOW IT MAKES MY MOUTH WATER TO THINK OF PICKLED EGGS. ER -- WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAMPLE A COUPLE TO SEE IF...

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. IF THEY'RE GOING TO BE PICKLED -- LET 'EM PICKLE! NOW I HAVE SOME SPECIAL EGGS FOR BABY DUMPLING'S EASTER.

DAGWOOD: YOU HAVE? I DIDN'T FIND THOSE!

BLONDIE: I DIDN'T INTEND YOU TO. I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO EAT THEM BY MISTAKE. THEY AREN'T THE BEST EGGS, HONEY.

DAGWOOD: NO?

BLONDIE: NO! I GOT THEM AT AN EASTER EGG BARGAIN SALE.

DAGWOOD: PROBABLY COLD STORAGE EGGS, EH?

BLONDIE: UMMMM.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SHOW ME WHERE THEY ARE AND I'LL START DYEING THEM.

BLONDIE: OH NO. I'VE FINALLY GOT A PLACE TO HIDE THINGS WHERE YOU CAN'T FIND THEM -- AND I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE IT AWAY. I'LL GO GET THE EGGS. YOU STAY HERE AND CALL MRS. WERFEL.

DAGWOOD: WHAT FOR?

BLONDIE: WHY, TO CANCEL THAT RUSH ORDER YOU PUT IN.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO, BLONDIE! GOSH, WHAT WOULD SHE THINK IF I CALLED HER NOW AND SAID ~~WE DIDN'T NEED ANY EGGS~~.

BLONDIE: SHE'D THINK WE DIDN'T NEED ANY EGGS. ~~AND WE DON'T.~~

DAGWOOD: BUT LOOK, HONEY, IT ISN'T VERY DIGNIFIED TO ORDER A DOZEN EGGS AND THEN TURN AROUND AND CANCEL THE ORDER. I'D FEEL SILLY.

BLONDIE: DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL HER.

DAGWOOD: NO -- THAT WOULD BE WORSE. LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD TO FOLLOW ME AROUND PATCHING UP MISTAKES I MADE.

BLONDIE: (SWEETLY, SLY) WELL, I WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO THINK THAT.

DAGWOOD: AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT WASN'T A MISTAKE TO ORDER MORE EGGS BECAUSE ALL OUR EATING EGGS ARE GETTING PICKLED AND YOU CAN'T HAVE TOO MANY EGGS AROUND AT EASTER TIME. ANYWAY IN CASE...WELL...IN CASE COMPANY DROPS IN.

BLONDIE: OR IN CASE YOUR HUSBAND GETS UP FOR BREAKFAST. YOU'RE PERFECTLY RIGHT, DAGWOOD...LET'S GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. HEY! WAIT A MINUTE. STAND STILL!

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) OH BOY, IS THAT FUNNY. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

DAGWOOD: I THINK BABY DUMPLING'S BEEN PLAYING A TRICK ON YOU,
BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WHAT? WHY?

DAGWOOD: THERE'S SOMETHING PERCHED ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! THAT'S MY NEW EASTER HAT!

DAGWOOD: NO, NO. THIS ISN'T A HAT -- I DON'T THINK! IT LOOKS MORE
LIKE A BALANCING TRICK....

BLONDIE: (COLDLY) IF YOU KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT FASHIONS, DAGWOOD --
YOU'D REALIZE THAT THE SMARTEST NEW HATS LOOK LIKE THAT...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- GOSH, HONEY, IS THAT ALL THERE IS OF IT, HONEST?

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE OF IT.

DAGWOOD: OH.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE IT'S JUST PINNED TOGETHER SO FAR. I WAS GOING
TO FINISH IT TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, MAYBE IT **WILL** BE OKAY -- WHEN YOU GET IT FINISHED,
HONEY.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE SOME WOMEN GO OUT AND BUY THEIR HATS! THEY PAY
ALL KINDS OF MONEY FOR AN EASTER HAT...

DAGWOOD: I KNOW, BLONDIE. I THINK IT'S MIGHTY SMART OF YOU TO MAKE
YOURS UP OUT OF YOUR OWN HEAD.

BLONDIE: OH, DOES IT LOOK HOMEMADE?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, HONEY. I JUST MEANT....

BLONDIE: IT OUGHT TO LOOK ALL RIGHT. I COPIED IT OUT OF A MAGAZINE
THE ONE I COPIED WAS BY LA MONTAGE.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD?

BLONDIE: WHY LA MONTAGE IS THE SMARTEST MILLINERY DESIGNER IN THE
WORLD.

DAGWOOD: OH.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE SHE HAS A TOUCH. MAYBE MY COPY LACKS -- JE NE SAIS QUOI (IZUR-NER-SAY-KWA)

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU BUY SOME HONEY! BUY SOME JENESAISQUOI AN STICK ON IT.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. YOU CAN BUY IT. JE NE SAIS QUOI IS FRENCH. IT MEANS "I DON'T KNOW WHAT".

DAGWOOD: NEITHER DO I.

BLONDIE: I MEAN -- IT MEANS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN.

DAGWOOD: WELL, DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN IT, BLONDIE. WHATEVER IT IS YOU'VE GOT IT. I -- I'LL BE MIGHTY PROUD -- WALKING WITH YOU ON EASTER.

BLONDIE: WILL YOU -- HONEST DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YOU BET...COME ON...WE'LL GO OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND FIX THOSE EGGS...YES, SIR, EASTER MORNING WE'LL WALK ALONG LIKE THIS -- YOU ON MY ARM -- AND EVERYBODY WATCHING...
(MUSIC IN SOFTLY) (VOICE FADES) AND WE'LL BOW TO PEOPLE..."HELLO, MR. DITHERS...FINE MORNING..."

BLONDIE: (AWAY WITH DAG'S VOICE) GOOD MORNING, CORY...LOVELY DAY ISN'T IT? (GIGGLES)
(MUSIC UP BRIEFLY...EASTER PARADE)

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. YOU CAN LOOK NOW.

DAGWOOD: THANKS.

BLONDIE: HERE ARE THE EGGS. ALL HARD BOILED -- READY TO DYE. NOW WE'LL PUT THEM IN THE BIG BOWL...

DAGWOOD: LOOK OUT, HONEY. THAT'S GOT GREEN DYE IN IT.

BLONDIE: WELL THEN WE CAN PUT THEM IN...DAGWOOD...THIS HAS RED DYE IN IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HERE'S A SAUCEPAN...ER...NO! PURPLE DYE.

BLONDIE: AND MY BEST TEAPOT. FULL OF YELLOW DYE. EVERY BLESSED THING THAT WILL HOLD WATER IN THIS KITCHEN IS FULL OF DYE.

DAGWOOD: WELL I - (TAKE) HEY! LOOKIT THIS EGG! IT'S GOT WRITING ON IT.

BLONDIE: OH YES. READ WHAT IT SAYS DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: IT SAYS "WILL WHOEVER GETS THIS EGG PLEASE WRITE A LONELY GIRL" (LAUGHS) I GUESS SOMEBODY'S GETTING UP COMIC EASTER EGGS NOW...LIKE COMIC VALENTINES.

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK IT'S VERY COMICAL. POOR MARY!

DAGWOOD: POOR MARY, WHO?

BLONDIE: HER NAME IS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

DAGWOOD: OH -- YEAH. HERE IT IS. ER -- "MARY...MARY ~~BILIMEK~~...
R.F.D. NORTH NIPUP, MINNESOTA. HE -- ARE YOU SURE THIS
ISN'T A JOKE?

BLONDIE: OH NO, DAGWOOD. I'VE HEARD OF ^{Country} GIRLS DOING THAT. THE ONES WHO LIVE ON SOME REALLY OUT OF THE WAY FARM HAVEN'T MANY FRIENDS. SO WHEN THEY'RE PACKING EGGS FOR MARKET THEY PUT THEIR NAMES ON THEM -- HOPING SOME HANDSOME STRANGER WILL ANSWER.

DAGWOOD: EGG WRITING! THAT'S A FINE WAY TO GET ACQUAINTED.

BLONDIE: WELL IT'S THE ONLY WAY FOR SOME GIRLS. POOR LONESOME KIDS. MAYBE SOME OF THEM NEVER GET ANSWERS EITHER.

DAGWOOD: GOSH! IMAGINE SENDING OUT AN EGG AND THEN WAITING AND WAITING AND...NO ANSWER. SAY LISTEN, BLONDIE...YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR. YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO WRITE TO MARY ~~BILIMEK~~.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WE COULD JUST SAY "DEAR MARY: IN REPLY TO YOUR RECENT EGG..."

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND COMPOSING THE LETTER DAGWOOD. I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN IT.

DAGWOOD: YOU DID?

BLONDIE: UHUH. I SAID WE'D BE GLAD TO HEAR FROM HER AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: I HOPE SHE DOESN'T WRITE ANOTHER EGG. IF SHE KEPT WRITING EGGS WE'D HAVE **TO HAVE ANOTHER REFRIGERATOR** TO FILE THEM IN.

BLONDIE: OH WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO KEEP THEM DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'D KIND OF LIKE TO KEEP THIS ONE. SORT OF A CURIOSITY. BUT IF WE DON'T DYE THIS ONE WE'RE SHORT OF THE DOZEN FOXY WANTS BABY TO HAVE.

BLONDIE: FOXY?

DAGWOOD: SURE. YOU KNOW -- THE MAN WHO MADE OUT HIS INCOME TAX HERE LAST WEEK. THE **FOX** OF FINANCE.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE I KNOW WHO HE IS, DAGWOOD. BUT WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH BABY'S EASTER EGGS?

DAGWOOD: OH DIDN'T I TELL YOU ABOUT THE EGG ROLL?

BLONDIE: EGG ROLL!? NO!

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I FORGOT. FOXY WANTS BABY TO COME ROLL EGGS ON HIS LAWN. LIKE THEY DO AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

BLONDIE: OH, HOW NICE. ER -- HOW DO YOU ROLL EGGS.

DAGWOOD: WELL --- ER -- I THINK IT'S LIKE A PEANUT RACE ONLY IT'S MORE DOWN HILL WITH EGGS. I HOPE BABY WINS.

BLONDIE: WINS? ARE THERE GOING TO BE OTHER CHILDREN?

DAGWOOD: OH SURE. ABOUT A HUNDRED. DIDN'T I TELL YOU?

BLONDIE: (PATIENTLY) NO, DAGWOOD. NOT A WORD. WHO ELSE WILL BE THERE?

DAGWOOD: OH, JUST SOCIETY WOMEN. NOBODY WE KNOW.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) WELL --- I'LL HAVE TO STAY IN THE BACKGROUND WHERE ONLY MY NEW HAT WILL SHOW. I HAVEN'T ANY DRESS FIT TO WEAR.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STAY VERY FAR IN THE BACKGROUND, HONEY. ISN'T THE RECEIVING LINE ALWAYS KIND OF OUT IN FRONT?

BLONDIE: RECEIVING LINE?

DAGWOOD: SURE -- SEE -- POOR OLD FOXY IS A BACHELOR, SO -- DIDN'T I TELL YOU THIS?

BLONDIE: (HOLDING BACK A TEMPER) NO DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- HE HASN'T ANY WOMEN FOLKS OF HIS OWN -- SO HE WANTS YOU TO BE HIS HOSTESS.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! HOSTESS TO A PARTY OF SOCIETY WOMEN AT A MILLIONAIRE'S HOME ON EASTER SUNDAY IN . LAST YEAR'S DRESS AND A HOMEMADE HAT?

DAGWOOD: NOT EASTER SUNDAY, HONEY. FOXY WILL BE AWAY ON SUNDAY -- SO THE PARTY'S TOMORROW!

BLONDIE: TOMORROW! TOMORROW MORNING?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- YEAH.

BLONDIE: AND I GET MY INVITATION TONIGHT!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED YET, THAT'S WHY FOXY IS EXPECTING TO SEE YOU TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: IS THIS SOMETHING ELSE YOU FORGOT TO TELL ME, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THERE WERE SO MANY THINGS TO REMEMBER -- I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN THEM ALL AT THE SAME TIME.

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD -- BUT WHY DOES FOXY EXPECT ME TONIGHT?

DAGWOOD: WHY JUST TO HELP HIM INVITE PEOPLE -- OVER THE PHONE. IT WON'T TAKE LONG.

BLONDIE: OH NO. JUST CALL A HUNDRED PEOPLE ON THE PHONE AND EXPLAIN WHO I AM AND WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. THEN I CAN COME HOME AND FINISH MY HAT!

DAGWOOD: WELL --- MAYBE I COULD HELP ON THE HAT WHILE YOU'RE GONE.

BLONDIE: NO, THANK YOU, DAGWOOD. ~~YOU GET THOSE EGGS DYED FOR BABY.~~
HERE, PUT ON MY RUBBER APRON.

DAGWOOD: AW, NO, HONEY. NO APRON. I'LL JUST TUCK THIS THING AROUND ME.

BLONDIE: NO. DAGWOOD, THAT'S MY BEST TEA TOWEL. WHAT TIME DID FOXY EXPECT ME TONIGHT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE SAID ~~(TAKE)~~ OOOOH. GOSH. YOU'RE HALF AN HOUR LATE NOW!

BLONDIE: IF IT WASN'T FOR LETTING THAT POOR MAN DOWN I WOULDN'T GO A STEP FURTHER WITH ANY OF THIS. (GOING) WELL --- I'VE GOT TO RUSH...

DAGWOOD: HEY! WAIT! ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE HIM A PREVIEW OF THAT HAT?

BLONDIE: (COMING BACK) OH DEAR! I FORGOT I HAD IT ON.

DAGWOOD: LEAVE IT RIGHT HERE, HONEY. IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: I CERTAINLY HOPE SO. NOW, DAGWOOD, DO BE CAREFUL NOT TO GET DYE ON ANYTHING BUT EASTER EGGS... (GOING) GOODBYE...

DAGWOOD: (CALLING) BYE, HONEY...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) BYEEEEEEEE! (DISTANT DOOR OPENS...SLAMS)

(MUSIC IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE..."OVER THE RAINBOW")

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: JUST A MINUTE! WAIT TILL I WIPE MY HANDS! WHO IS IT,
ANYWAY?

CAPTAIN: (OPENING DOOR) IT'S ME! THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

CAPTAIN: (COMING IN) I SAY I'M THE MAN ABOUT TOWN. AIN'T YE
EVER HEERD A ME?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- ER -- NO.

CAPTAIN: EVER HEERD A CAP'N SCUPPIER?

DAGWOOD: NOPE. WHO'S HE?

CAPTAIN: I'M HIM, TOO.

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL -- MY NAME'S BUMSTEAD.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF YOU'RE CAPTAIN SCUPPIER, WHY DO THEY CALL YOU
THE MAN ABOUT TOWN?

CAPTAIN: THAT ON ERCOUNT OF I GET EROUND SO MUCH. ANYBODY WANTS
SUMTHIN' DEELIVERED SUMWHARS --- I TAKE IT FER 'EM.
YOU ORDER SOME AIGS?

DAGWOOD: OH -- YOU BROUGHT THE EGGS, EH?

CAPTAIN: WELL, I DUNNO AS I DID...AND THEN AGIN I DUNNO BUT WHAT
I DID. WAS YOU PLANNIN' TER USE THEM AIGS FER AN
OMLIET?

DAGWOOD: NO -- NO -- EASTER EGGS.

CAPTAIN: I GUESS YOU BETTER MAKE UP YER MIND TER USE THEM
AIGS FER A OMLIET.

DAGWOOD: WHY?

CAPTAIN: 'BOUT ALL THEY'RE GOOD FER. SEE THIS HERE PAPER BAG?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- HEY! IT'S LEAKING!

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. IT'S THEM DANGED AIGS.

DAGWOOD: HEY! LET ME PUT 'EM UP HERE ON THE SINK. GOSH, THEY'RE
ALL BROKEN.

CAPTAIN: THET'S WHAT I KNOW! FUST TIME I LOST A CARGOE IN TWENTY YEAR.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

CAPTAIN: WELL, MATEY. I WAS TACKIN' UP THE CHANNEL FROM YER BACK GATE...PEERED LIKE A CLEAR COURSE RIGHT INTER PORT, SO I SETS ALL SAIL -- AND DANGED IF I DIDN'T RUN AFOUL OF YER CLOTHESLINE.

DAGWOOD: OH GOLLY. DID IT GET YOU UNDER THE CHIN?

CAPTAIN: YEP. TOOK ME TWIXT WIND AN WATER YE MIGHT SAY ~~ff~~ AN' BEFER I C'D COME ERBOUT -- I WAS AGROUND WITH ME CARGOE ALL AWASH. ~~///~~ TOO BAD ~~ff~~ BILED AIGS IS TASTY, AIN'T THEY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I LIKE PICKLED EGGS BETTER.

CAPTAIN: YOU EVER ET A SUNKISSED TURTLE AIG?

DAGWOOD: NO. WHAT'S THAT?

CAPTAIN: YOU AIN'T EVER ET NUTHIN' TILL YOU TASTED A TURTLE EGG BAKED IN THE SUN. I ET 'EM ON GALAPOGOS.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

CAPTAIN: I COTCHED A TURTLE ON GALAPOGOS AND TRAINED HER.

DAGWOOD: YOU DID?

CAPTAIN: YEP. TRAINED HER TO LAY AN EGG EVERY MORNIN'. SHE KNEW I LIKED BAKED AIGS. ~~///~~ GOT SO SHE'D LIGHT THE GALLEY STOVE AND CRAWL INTER THE OVEN...WHAR SHE COULD LAY ME A BAKED EGG.

DAGWOOD: HMMM. WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT TURTLE?

CAPTAIN: SHE EXPLODED.

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

CAPTAIN: YEP. SOME DERN JOKER SHOWED HER AN OSTRICH AIG ONE TIME AN TOLD HER IT WAS PERDUCED BY A TURTLE THAT ET YEAST. ~~///~~ SO SHE ET NINE CAKES ER YEAST AN' CRAWLED INTER THE OVEN. BLEW THE STOVE RIGHT UP THROUGH THE DECK!

DAGWOOD: I'M AFRAID YOU'RE EXAGGERATIN', CAP'N. I DON'T BELIEVE ANY STOVE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A HOLE IN A DECK.

CAPTAIN: I'M SORRY YER A DOUBTIN' THOMAS, MATEY. I WAS GOIN' TER TELL YE HOW I INVENTED EASTER EGGS.

DAGWOOD: YOU INVENTED THEM?

CAPTAIN: WELL, I GOT THE IDEE FROM A SAVAGE TRIBE ON THE WEST COAST AT EASTER ISLAND.

DAGWOOD: OH...EASTER ISLAND, EH?

CAPTAIN: YEP. THEY CARVE DESIGNS IN THE EGGS DOWN THERE.

DAGWOOD: YOU CAN'T CARVE AN EGG SHELL.

CAPTAIN: I KIN. JEST HAND ME ONE O' THEM EGGS YER GOIN' TER DYE, MATEY.

DAGWOOD: HERE'S ONE.

CAPTAIN: NOW LESSE. (TAPS EGG...IT CRACKS) NOPE. TOO THIN FER CARVIN'.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- YOU BROKE THAT EGG.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. / WE MIGHT'S WELL EAT IT EH, MATEY?

DAGWOOD: GOSH. IT'S ALL BLACK INSIDE. BLONDIE SAID THEY MIGHT NOT BE STRICTLY FRESH. ER -- HOW DOES IT TASTE?

CAPTAIN: (MOUTH FULL) REAL TANGY -- TRY A BITE?

DAGWOOD: WELL...JUST TO BE SOCIABLE. (BITES) UMMM. GOSH!

CAPTAIN: SPICY, AIN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: (SWALLOWS) IT'S GOT A KICK LIKE A MULE.

CAPTAIN: YEP...MORE I THINK OF IT...MORE I'M SURE THAT WAN'T NO HEN'S EGG WE JUST ET,

DAGWOOD: NO?

CAPTAIN:

NOPE. TASTED ALMIGHTY LIKE THE AIG A THE BROWHOW BIRD. //
THAT'S THE BIRD THET FLIES BACKARDS.

DAGWOOD:

BACKWARDS. WHY?

CAPTAIN:

WELL, IT DON'T CARE WHERE IT'S GOIN' -- BUT IT LIKES
TER SEE WHERE IT'S BEEN! IF THESE IS BROWHOW AIGS
THEY'S LIKELY PEARLS IN 'EM.

DAGWOOD:

PEARLS? NOW WAIT A MINUTE. YOU'RE THINKING OF
OYSTERS.

CAPTAIN:

NOPE. THE BROWHOW BIRD EATS OYSTERS, THOUGH. AN'
THE OYSTERS' PEARLS GITS INTER THE AIGS.

DAGWOOD:

AND YOU -- YOU THINK THERE MIGHT BE PEARLS IN THESE
EGGS.

CAPTAIN:

THEY LOOK LIKE IT TER ME. HERE I'LL JEST CRACK
ANOTHER...(HE DOES) JEST LOOK AT THAT, MATEY. COLORET
UP INSIDE LIKE A MEERSHAUM PIPE!

DAGWOOD:

IS -- IS THERE A PEARL IN IT?

CAPTAIN:

NOPE. BUT NO NEED TER WASTE IT. I'LL JEST EAT THIS 'UN/
...WHILST YOU CRACK YERSELF ANOTHER.

DAGWOOD:

WELL, I...

CAPTAIN:

YOU CAN'T EXPECT A PEARL INF EVERY ONE KIN YE? GO AHEAD
MATE...

DAGWOOD:

WELL...I BET BLONDIE WOULD BE SURPRISED IF I GAVE HER A
PEARL THAT I FOUND MYSELF...

CAPTAIN:

I BET SHE WOULD, TOO. CRAK 'ER OPEN, MATEY...I'M WORKIN'
UP A APETITTEE...(SOUND OF CRACKING EGG)

MUSIC:

(IN AND UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD:

Gosh. This is the last one in the dozen. No pearls yet

CAPTAIN:

Well -- you et your share, Matey.

DAGWOOD:

I know,

CAPTAIN:

I MIGHT A BEEN MISTOOK ABOUT 'EM BEIN' BROWHOW AIGS.

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING WILL BE PRETTY DISAPPOINTED IF HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY EASTER EGGS TOMORROW. SEE -- THERE'S A PRIZE FOR THE BEST DESIGN.

CAPTAIN: WAL NOW -- IT'S LUCKY I COME OVER, // I'LL SHOW YE HOW TER DO THAT LAST ONE LIKE THEY DO ON EASTER ISLAND. SEE -- THEM NATIVES MATCH UP THER EGGS TER THE WAR PAINT THEY'RE WEARIN'.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- BUT BABY DUMPLING WON'T BE IN WAR PAINT.

CAPTAIN: OH. WAL -- SAY -- YER WIFE GOT HERSELF AN EASTER BONNET?

DAGWOOD: OH SURE. THAT'S IT RIGHT OVER THERE.

CAPTAIN: HMM. TRIFLIN LITTLE THING AIN'9 IT? BRIGHT COLORED THOUGH. WE KIN MATCH THET UP.

DAGWOOD: IT'S MOSTLY GREEN AND YELLOW.

CAPTAIN: YER. HAND ME THER BONNET, MATEY.

DAGWOOD: CAREFUL NOW.

CAPTAIN: DON'T YOU WORRY, MATEY, // NOW HAND ME A BRESHFUL ER GREEN DYE.

DAGWOOD: HERE YOU ARE.

CAPTAIN: NOW LESSEE.

DAGWOOD: TOOJOH! LOOK. YOU GOT SOME GREEN DYE ON THE YELLOW PART OF THE HAT.

CAPTAIN: YEP. RECKON I DID, // WELL -- THIS AIN'T NO TIME TER TURN BACKARD. I'LL JEST MAKE A LETTLE DESIN OUTER THESE GREEN SPOTS.

DAGWOOD: HEY! WAIT! THAT'S TOO MUCH DYE.

CAPTAIN: YEP. GOT HER A MITE TOO GREEN, // WELL... I'LL JEST TAKE A MITE ER YALLER DYE NOW AND SOFTEN HER DOWN.

DAGWOOD: WAIT -- I DON'T THINK THAT WILL WORK.

CAPTAIN: BOUND TO -- IF I GET ERNOUGH A THE YALLER.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE GETTING THE HAT ALL WET.

CAPTAIN: SHUCKS. SHE'S CURLIN' UP AT THE GUNNELS, // WAL -- I'LL JEST
HAVE TER WRING HER OUT DRY AN START OVER...

DAGWOOD: NO. NO! DON'T TWIST IT! HEY...

CAPTAIN:) WELL I'LL BE KEELHAULED!

DAGWOOD: IT'S ALL SQUASHED OUT OF SHAPE.

CAPTAIN:) THAT'S WHAT I KNOW, // MY HANDS IS ALL DYE, TOO, // JEST LEMME
HAVE THET LETTLE RAG THAR.

DAGWOOD: WAIT! THAT'S BLONDIE'S BEST TEA TOWEL!

CAPTAIN: WAL -- I RECKON THIS DYE WON'T HURT IT NONE.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH!

CAPTAIN: WHO'S THET?

DAGWOOD: IT'S BLONDIE. SHE'S HOME AGAIN.

CAPTAIN: THE LADY WHICH OWNS THE HAT AND THE TOWEL AND ETCETERY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. PUT -- PUT THE TOWEL OVER THE HAT! QUICK!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOOOD! (NEARER)

CAPTAIN: SOUND LIKE A SQUAL WAS A COMIN', MATEY. I EXPECT I BETTER
SLIP M'MOORINS.

DAGWOOD: HEY...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

CAPTAIN: TWO'S COMPANY, MATEY. (GOING) BUT I NEVER LET A SHIPMATE
DOWN YIT. (DOOR OPENS) I'LL BE BACK -- WITH MORE EGGS!
(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK TO ME.

DAGWOOD: ER -- HELLO BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: WHY -- WHY WHAT'S THIS ON THE FLOOR?

DAGWOOD: OH THAT'S ER -- JUST EGG SHELLS.

BLONDIE: SHELLS? WHAT BECAME OF THE EGGS?

DAGWOOD: I -- WE -- SORT OF ATE THEM.

BLONDIE: ATE THEM. ATE A DOZEN EGGS?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. FOR THE PEARLS.

BLONDIE: PEARLS?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. SEE WHEN THE BROWHOW BIRD CLIMBS INTO THE OVEN THE
YEAST GETS INTO THE EGGS AND...

BLONDIE: MY TEA TOWEL. LOOK AT IT!

DAGWOOD: DON'T! DON'T PICK IT UP!

BLONDIE: ALL COVERED WITH GREEN DYE! OH! WHAT'S THIS TERRIBLE
THING UNDERNEATH IT? A -- A SPONGE?

DAGWOOD: NO...THAT...THAT'S...WELL IT'S LIKE THIS. SEE -- DOWN ON
EASTER ISLAND...

BLONDIE: MY HAT! IT'S MY EASTER HAT!

DAGWOOD: (FAINTLY) YEAH. THAT -- THAT'S WHAT I KNOW!

MUSIC: (IN THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR)

(CENTRAL)

"BLONDIE" 17-A
3/18/40

GOODWIN: THE OTHER DAY I HEARD SOMEONE DESCRIBE CAMEL CIGARETTES
LIKE THIS:

MAN'S VOICE: CAMELS? SURE, THAT'S THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING.

GOODWIN: THAT STRUCK ME AS A PRETTY ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF CAMELS...
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS" -- EXTRA MILDNESS,
EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FINE FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER
PACK. HERE'S THE EXPLANATION OF THAT EXTRA SMOKING...

MAN'S VOICE: IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS, CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE
PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF
THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED. NO OTHER BRAND BURNED
AS SLOW AS CAMELS.

GOODWIN: IT'S EASY TO FIGURE ~~THE~~ SAVINGS THAT AMOUNTS TO -- IT
ACTUALLY MEANS CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL ON THE
AVERAGE TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

MAN'S VOICE: MR. GOODWIN, IN THE COMMUNITY WHERE I LIVE WE HAVE A
STATE TAX TO PAY ON OUR CIGARETTES. I FIGURE THAT BY
SMOKING SLOW-BURNING CAMELS I SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX.
AND THAT'S JUST ANOTHER REASON CAMELS ARE CALLED THE
CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS." SMOKERS -- TRY
CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE
BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS -- WHERE DAG IS STILL EXPLAINING TO BLONDIE...

DAGWOOD: MAYBE THEY WERE BROWHOW EGGS, BLONDIE.. THEY TASTED LIKE IT.

BLONDIE: HOW ABOUT THE ONE YOU DIDN'T EAT. THAT HAD MARY ~~BELTIMEKS~~ NAME ON IT. DO YOU THINK THEY RAISE BROWHOW EGGS IN NORTH NIPUP, MINNESOTA?

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- THAT'S RIGHT. I -- I GUESS THE CAP'N WAS WRONG.

BLONDIE: ANYWAY PEARLS OR NO PEARLS -- YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN ELEVEN EGGS.

DAGWOOD: ONLY FIVE, BLONDIE. THE CAP'N ATE MORE THAN I DID.

BLONDIE: HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. KIND OF QUEER.

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO. BABY HASN'T ANY EGGS. I HAVEN'T ANY HAT.

DAGWOOD: AND I HAVEN'T ANY APPETITE! GOSH.'

BLONDIE: I ALMOST THINK I'LL CALL UP FOXY AND SAY, "MRS. BUMSTEAD REGRETS."

DAGWOOD: YOU COULD TELL HIM MR. BUMSTEAD REGRETS MORE THAN YOU DO.

BLONDIE: BUT HE'S BEEN SO SWEET TO BABY...OH WELL, MAYBE SOMETHING WILL TURN UP. IT USUALLY DOES...(DOOR BELL) THERE, WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

DAGWOOD: YOU -- YOU THINK THAT'S SOMETHING TURNING UP?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW. IT MIGHT BE...(OPENS DOOR) GOOD EVENING.

MIMI: BON SOIR, MADAME. THEES EES CHEZ BOOMSTEED?

BLONDIE: WHY -- ER -- YES. THIS IS THE BUMSTEADS. I'M BLONDIE AND THAT'S MY HUSBAND OVER THERE...

MIMI: YOUR 'OOSBAND? AH! OW NICE.

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT DEPENDS...ER...WON'T YOU COME IN?

MIMI: MERCI! REGARDEZ. I 'AVE BRING YOU THE LEETLE BASKET. IT
CONTAIN THE EGGS OF EASTER.

BLONDIE: EASTER EGGS! LOOK, DAGWOOD. JUST WHAT WE WANTED. I
TOLD YOU SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. THAT'S SWELL. ER -- (WHISPERS) WHO IS SHE,
BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: (WHISPER) I DON'T KNOW YET. (ALoud) WE'RE VERY GRATEFUL,
OF COURSE, BUT -- ER -- WHY DID YOU BRING US AN EASTER
BASKET?

MIMI: YOU DO NOT GUESS? MAIS...I AM MIMI!

BLONDIE: SHE'S -- ER -- MIMI, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WHO'S MIMI?

MIMI: AH, I 'AVE FORGET. EET ESS MY OZZER NAME YOU WOULD KNOW
BETTER. MARIE -- MARIE BILIMEK.

BLONDIE: THE EGG GIRL!

MIMI: MAIS OUI. THE LEETLE ONE WHO WRITE ON THE EGG.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT LISTEN -- WE -- WE THOUGHT SHE WAS YOUNG --

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I MEAN...

MIMI: I UNDEstand, MY FRIEND. I AM NO LONGER A CHILD. WHEN I GET THE SO SWEET LETTER OF MADAME BOOMSTEED -- I, TOO, AM SURPRISE. FOR EET IS TWANTY YEAR AGO SEENCE I SEND OUT THAT LEETLE EGG!

DAGWOOD: TWENTY YEARS! TOOOH!

MIMI: REGARDDEZ -- HE SWOONS!

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU SEE -- HE'S BEEN EATING THOSE EGGS.

DAGWOOD: I -- EXCUSE ME...I...THINK I'LL GO UP AND...LIE DOWN...

BLONDIE: MAYBE YOU'D BETTER, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: (GOING) YEAH...I...TWENTY YEARS...(RUNNING) TOOOOOOHH!

MIMI: POOR MAN! YOU WISH TO GO WEETH HEEM?

BLONDIE: I -- THINK HE'D RATHER BE ALONE. SIT DOWN, MADAME -- ER --

MIMI: TO YOU, I AM -- MIMI. YOU ALONE, THOUGHT OF THE LONELY GIRL WHO ONCE PACK THE EGG.

BLONDIE: MY -- YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A COUNTRY GIRL NOW. I -- I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A HAT LIKE THAT.

MIMI: THEES 'AT? EET EES YOURS. OR WAIT...YOUR LOVELY FACE MUST 'AVE A CHAPEAU DESIGNED FOR EET ALONE.

BLONDIE: OH, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I NEED A NEW HAT RIGHT NOW...BUT IT'S HOPELESS.

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MIMI: 'OPELESS. BUT WHY?

BLONDIE: IT'S A LONG STORY. I NEED A NEW HAT BY TOMORROW
MORNING. A SMART HAT.

MIMI: AH. THEN I 'AVE FOUND THE WAY TO REWARD YOUR KINDNESS
TO ME. WE WEEEL MAKE THE 'AT...

BLONDIE: I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO MAKE IT OF.

MIMI: REGARDDEZ! YOU SEE THEES BASKET WHICH CONTAIN THE EGGS
OF EASTER?

BLONDIE: THE BASKET? YES -- BUT...

MIMI: THEES WEEEL BE OUR BEGINNING...

BLONDIE: WELL OF COURSE IT'S A LOVELY BASKET -- BUT...

MIMI: EET WEEEL BE A MUCH BETTER 'AT. YOU SEE MA CHERE, EET
EES MY METIER TO MAKE THE 'ATS.

BLONDIE: A MILLINER? OH!

MIMI: ALORS. NEEDLES -- THREADS...PER'APS A BEET OF REEBON...
NOW. WE WEEEL CUT THE 'ANDLE. WE TWEEST EET TO MAKE
THE BREEM...(HER VOICE FADES) AND WHILE I WORK...I
WEEEL TELL YOU 'OW THE PACKER OF EGGS BECAME THE MAKER
OF 'ATS...

MUSIC: (IN BRIEF INTERLUDE)

MIMI: ZUT! 'OL' STILL MA CHERE. A LEETLE MOMENT MORE...THEN
I LET YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

BLONDIE: BUT DON'T YOU FEEL AWFULLY PROUD OF YOURSELF MIMI?
MY GOODNESS TO HAVE RUN AWAY FROM A FARM AND TRAVELED
ALL OVER THE WORLD...NEW YORK...LONDON...PARIS

MIMI: AH -- PAREE! EET WAS THERE THAT MIMI AT LAST FOUND
'ERSELF. BUT EET IS SOMETIMES LONELY STILL...AS EET
WAS ON THE FARM.

BLONDIE: OH WELL -- YOU'LL MEET SOME NICE MAN SOME DAY...

MIMI: 'OO KNOWS. THERE. EET EES FEENISH. BUT WAIT. EET SHOULD 'AVE THE LABEL.

BLONDIE: YOU HAVE A LABEL?

MIMI: EET EES ONE I CARRY EEN MY PURSE. I AM PROUD BECAUSE EET 'AVE MY OWN NAME ON.

BLONDIE: OH YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF.

MIMI: OH YES. I 'AVE MY OWN LEETLE ~~SHOP~~ SHOP. NOW -- MADAME MAY LOOK AT HER NEW CHAPEAU! 'ERE EES THE MIRROR.

BLONDIE: OH! HOW -- HOW ORIGINAL!

MIMI: YOU -- YOU DO NOT LIKE EET?

BLONDIE: I LOVE IT! WHY IT'S LIKE SOMETHING BY LA MONTAGE.

MIMI: YOU THEENK THAT? I AM FLATTERED.

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE EVERY WOMAN HAS ALWAYS WANTED A LA MONTAGE HAT. ONLY ONE WOMAN IN THIS TOWN CAN AFFORD THEM. THAT'S MRS. UPHAM. SHE'LL BE LOOKING AT THIS HAT TOMORROW.

MIMI: EET WOULD -- MAKE THE IMPRESSION ON THEES MADAME OOPHAM BEF YOUR HAT WAS ALSO A LA MONTAGE?

BLONDIE: IT WOULD DO MORE THAN THAT. IT WOULD GIVE ME CONFIDENCE TO FACE A CROWD OF SOCIETY WOMEN AND BE THEIR HOSTESS.

MIMI: THEN MA CHERE -- MY GREAT MOMENT 'AVE ARRIVE. LOOK AT THE LABEL I 'AVE PLACE IN YOUR 'AT PLEASE.

BLONDIE: THE LABEL? WHY IT -- IT SAYS -- IT'S A LA MONTAGE LABEL.

MIMI: MAIS OUI. MY LABEL. YOU SEE, MADAME...I AM MIMI
LA MONTAGE!

BLONDIE: WHAT? WHY I -- I NEVER DREAMED...OH! OH THANK YOU.
(CALLS) DAGWOOD.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ COME DOWN! SOMETHING ELSE HAS HAPPENED!

MIMI: AH YOU TOO LIKE MY LEEETLE CHAPEAU BETTER NOW THAT YOU
'AVE SEEN THE NAME.

BLONDIE: OH I LIKED IT ANYWAY...BUT...

MIMI: EET ESS THE WAY OF THE WORLD. THE GREAT NAME EET ESS
FINE TO WIN...BUT 'ARD TO WEAR. EET ESS WHY I AM
STEEL LONELY.

DAGWOOD: (RUSING IN) HEY. WHAT'S HAPPENED! WHAT'S WRONG?

BLONDIE: LOOK DAGWOOD. LOOK AT MY HAT!

DAGWOOD: WELL WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT. I LIKE IT.

BLONDIE: AND HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE LABEL YET, MIMI.

MIMI: I AM ENCOURAGED. (KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

CAPTAIN: PSSST! HEY MATEY!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS, WHO'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: IT'S CAPTAIN SCUPPER.

CAPTAIN: YEP. NEVER D'SERT A SHIPMATE. BRUNG YE SOME MORE
AIGS. LOOKEE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THANKS.

CAPTAIN: I'D A GOT HERE SOONER -- BUT THEM DANG HENS WON'T LAY
IN THE DARK. AN' IT WAS SLOW WORK LIGHTIN' MATCHES
IN A STRANGE HEN HOUSE!

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL -- ER -- THIS IS MY WIFE, CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN: HOWDEDO.

BLONDIE: AND THIS IS -- MADAME MIMI. YOU KNOW -- MIMI LA MONTAGE.
CAPTAIN: NEVER HEARD OF HER.
BLONDIE: OH.
CAPTAIN: BUT AS AN OLD SALT THAT'S SEEN THE LADIES IN EVERY PORT
OF THE GLOBE, I'M HERE TER STATE SHE'S A HUMMER!
MIMI: AH. MERCI, MONSIEUR.
BLONDIE: THAT WAS FOR YOU MIMI -- NOT YOUR NAME.
MIMI: AGAIN MERCI.
CAPTAIN: FRENCH EH. CAN YE COOK MIMI?
MIMI: YOU WEEESH ME TO COOK FOR YOU. I WOULD LOVE IT.
CAPTAIN: COME ON THEN -- OUT TER THE GALLEY (GOING) HOW'S IT
BE IF WE WAS TER MAKE AN OMLIET!
MIMI: (GOING) EXCELLENT MON AMI. OH I AM GOING TO LIKE
THEES MAN...
BLONDIE: WELL DAGWOOD...WE CERTAINLY MAKE FUNNY FRIENDS...BUT
SUCH NICE ONES.
DAGWOOD: UHUH. THOSE TWO TOOK QUITE A SHINE TO EACH OTHER
DIDN'T THEY?
BLONDIE: UMHMM. (GIGGLES) MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO CHAPERONE THEM.
DAGWOOD: GOSH -- YOU LOOK PRETTY IN THAT HAT.
BLONDIE: PROUD OF YOUR WIFE?
DAGWOOD: YOU BET...BOY, WILL YOU SHOW 'EM ON EASTER.
BLONDIE: HOW WILL WE DO DAGWOOD. GIVE ME YOUR ARM AND SHOW ME.
DAGWOOD: HUH? OH! OKAY. HERE WE GO! THE BUMSTEADS ON EASTER
PARADE. (MUSIC IN) MORNING MR. UPHAM. FINE MORNING
WHAT?
BLONDIE: (FADING) GOOD MORNING, MRS. UPHAM. ISN'T IT A
LOVELY DAY...
MUSIC: (UP FOR FINALE)

"BLONDIE" -25-
3/18/40

GOODWIN: AND LIFE GOES ON FOR THE BUMSTEADS. IF YOU FOUND THEIR SLIGHTLY WHACKY GOINGS-ON FUN YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN NEXT MONDAY WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. LET ME ALSO SUGGEST THAT YOU LISTEN TO CAMELS' OTHER STAND OUT SHOWS. ON SATURDAY THERE'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE. YOU'LL FIND IT A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT -- ON SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR BOB CROSBY AND MILDRED BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A "HEARTBEAT." 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 ARTZT, 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.