

9/23/40

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1940

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

Mustaf

GOODWIN: AH, AH, AH, DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL...THIS IS THE TIME WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES BRING YOU...

DAGWOOD: WHO'S THAT?

GOODWIN: THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES, DAGWOOD...C-A-M-E-L CIGARETTES.

DAGWOOD: AH UM UH.

GOODWIN: 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.

IT'S AMAZING HOW A SIMPLE ACTION LIKE CHANGING TO CAMELS CAN ADD TO THE PLEASURE OF EACH DAY. OVER THE YEARS, MILLIONS HAVE CHANGED TO CAMELS UNTIL TODAY CAMELS ARE AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE. THERE ARE MANY REASONS, FOR ONE, CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. AND ANOTHER REASON IS THAT CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING. YOU MAY NEVER HAVE GIVEN A THOUGHT TO WHETHER YOUR CIGARETTE WAS INCLINED TO BURN FAST, OR SLOW. BUT SCIENTISTS POINT TO THE RATE OF BURN AS A VERY IMPORTANT FACTOR. NO CIGARETTE BURNED AS SLOWLY AS CAMELS IN RECENT TESTS OF SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS, MADE BY INDEPENDENT LABORATORIES. THAT COMBINATION OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS AND THAT SLOWER WAY OF BURNING MEAN EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING

(CONTINUED)

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"BLONDIE"
4/8/40

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GOODWIN: EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK.
(Cont'd) BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH MORE PLEASURE THERE
CAN BE IN A CIGARETTE UNTIL YOU'VE MADE THE CHANGE TO
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR
BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW COMES OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS!
IT'S MORNING AT THE BUMSTEAD HOMESTEAD AND DAGWOOD
STANDS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS CALLING DOWN TO...

DAGWOOD: (CALLING...OFF) BLOOOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) YES, DAGWOOD? FOR GOODNESS SAKE, AREN'T
YOU DRESSED YET?

DAGWOOD: (CALLING DOWN) WELL -- ALL BUT MY SOCKS AND SHOES,
BLONDIE. I CAN'T FIND TWO SOCKS THAT MATCH!

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. I SORTED ALL YOUR SOCKS JUST
YESTERDAY AND PUT ALL THE RIGHT COLORS TOGETHER.

DAGWOOD: WAIT...I'LL COME DOWN. (BARE FEET DESCEND STAIRS...
LIGHT MUSIC) (VOICE FADES IN) LOOK IT, HONEY --
THE COLORS MATCH OKAY, BUT I CAN'T FIND TWO SOCKS THAT
ARE BOTH WITH OR WITHOUT!

BLONDIE: WITH OR WITHOUT WHAT?

DAGWOOD: HOLES!

BLONDIE: I NEVER SAW SUCH A MAN! IN THE FIRST PLACE -- THAT'S
MY MENDING BASKET YOU'VE GOT! -- YOUR GOOD SOCKS ARE IN
YOUR TOP DRAWER!

DAGWOOD: OH.

BLONDIE: AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, YOU SHOULDN'T BE RUNNING AROUND
IN YOUR BARE FEET IN THE FIRST PLACE!

DAGWOOD: NO! I'LL RUN UP AND GET MY SLIPPERS! (RUNNING BARE
FEET...UPWARD MUSIC)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) YOU'LL BE LATE FOR THE OFFICE AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) NOPE. MR. DITHERS IS OUT OF TOWN (KNOCK ON
DOOR) HEY, SOMEBODY AT THE FRONT DOOR.

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) OH DEAR...I'M A SIGHT.

DAGWOOD: I'LL GO! (FEET RUN DOWN AGAIN) (MUSIC)

BLONDIE: (LOW) NOT IN YOUR BARE FEET, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: OH! NO! (FEET RUN UP AGAIN) (MUSIC) (KNOCK AGAIN)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS DOOR BELL TODAY, DAGWOOD! (OPENS DOOR) OH GOODNESS!
A -- A TELEGRAM?

VOICE: YEP. FOR MR. BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: OH MY! IS -- IS IT BAD NEWS?

VOICE: I DUNNO, LADY. I JUST DELIVER 'EM...I DON'T WRITE 'EM!

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'LL HAVE TO SIGN FOR IT, MR. BUMSTEAD CAN'T
COME TO THE DOOR. HE'S IN HIS BARE FEET.

VOICE: BARE FEET ARE NO TREAT TO ME, LADY,..I USUALLY WORK
NIGHTS! THANKS.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! (DOOR SHUTS) DAGWOOD, IT WAS A -- A
TELEGRAM!

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) TELEGRAM! GOSH! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN. (SHOD
FEET DESCEND) (MUSIC)

BLONDIE: (OVER SOUND ABOVE) IT -- IT'S FOR YOU, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (IN) TELEGRAM! WHAT -- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO WHO?

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID TO READ IT.

DAGWOOD: NOW DON'T GIVE .WAY, BLONDIE! OPEN IT UP!

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! (TEARS OPEN ENVELOPE)

DAGWOOD: WELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST -- OR MAYBE NOT...

BLONDIE: OH! I KNEW IT!

DAGWOOD: NOW -- NOW -- YOU STILL HAVE ME AND BABY DUMPLING AND...

BLONDIE: WE'RE GOING TO HAVE AUNT HATTIE, TOO!

DAGWOOD: AND AFTER ALL...(TAKE) AUNT HATTIE! MY AUNT HATTIE?

BLONDIE: YES. SHE'S COMING TONIGHT!

DAGWOOD: NO! SHE CAN'T DO THAT TO US! SHE'S GOT TO WARN US!

BLONDIE: SHE HAS! LISTEN,..(READS IN EVEN TONE) "ARRIVING TONIGHT
STOP PLAN TO STOP A FEW DAYS STOP TRAIN WILL STOP YOUR
TOWN EIGHT PM STOP ~~STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND MEET ME~~
STOP STOP BY MAIN GATE WHERE I WILL STOP TOO STOP."

DAGWOOD: STOP!

BLONDIE: BUT THERE'S MORE HERE...(READS) "DON'T MIND ALL THE STOPS
AS STOPS DON'T COST ANYTHING STOP, SIGNED AUNT HATTIE."

DAGWOOD: THIS IS TERRIBLE STOP! I -- I MEAN...

BLONDIE: THE LAST TIME YOUR AUNT HATTIE CAME HERE SHE SAID IT WAS
JUST FOR LUNCH...

DAGWOOD: I KNOW...AND SHE STAYED THREE MONTHS. TOO OOOOH!
LET'S SEND HER A WIRE! "STOP! STOP! DON'T STOP HERE
AS WE HAVE MEASLES! STOP!..."

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. WE CAN'T STOP HER NOW, ~~ESPECIALLY WHEN~~
~~SHE'S GOING TO LEAVE ALL THAT MONEY TO BABY DUMPLING.~~
BUT JUST LOOK AT THIS HOUSE. I'VE BEEN PUTTING OFF MY
SPRING CLEANING TILL THE WEATHER WAS BETTER...

DAGWOOD: I THINK THE HOUSE LOOKS FINE, HONEY...

BLONDIE: YOU'RE A MAN AND AUNT HATTIE IS THE FUSSIEST HOUSEKEEPER
IN NINETEEN STATES. HER HOUSE IS SO CLEAN YOU CAN EAT
OFF THE FLOOR...

DAGWOOD: YEAH? BUT WHO WANTS TO EAT OFF A FLOOR?

BLONDIE: IF SHE WALKED IN AND SAW THE CONDITION THIS HOUSE IS
IN SHE WOULDN'T EVEN SET DOWN HER BAGS,...

DAGWOOD: MAYBE THAT'S AN IDEA...

BLONDIE: NO! FOR BABY DUMPLING'S SAKE WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HER
FEEL AT HOME.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IF IT MAKES HER FEEL AT HOME TO EAT OFF THE FLOOR...WE COULD GIVE HER A TRAY NEXT TO DAISY'S BOWL... UNDER THE SINK...

BLONDIE: YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP ME CLEAN HOUSE, DAGWOOD! CALL THE OFFICE AND SAY YOU DON'T FEEL WELL! NO! THAT'S A FIB.

DAGWOOD: IT IS NOT! I FEEL TERRIBLE! (GROANS) AUNT HATTIE -- THE DON'T WOMAN! (MIMICS) "DAGWOOD...DON'T DO THIS... DAGWOOD, DON'T DO THAT..."

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...DON'T STAND THERE MUTTERING...

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: ~~THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO!~~ (stet)

DAGWOOD: ~~NOW DON'T WORRY, MONEY. I'LL HELP WITH THE DUSTING.~~

BLONDIE: DUSTING! EVERY STICK OF FURNITURE HAS TO BE MOVED -- SO WE CAN GET THE RUG UP AND OUTDOORS FOR A GOOD BEATING! THEN I WANT THE WINDOWS WASHED -- AND I MEAN WASHED!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. (TO SELF) I SOMETIMES WISH WE LIVED IN A NICE TENT.

BLONDIE: (GOING) YOU START ON THE LIVING ROOM...WHILE I GET THE MOP FOR THE FLOOR...

DAGWOOD: UHUH. (TO SELF) A PUP TENT WOULD BE ABOUT RIGHT FOR SIZE.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE ALL MY SHELF-PAPER, TOO...

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WELL...FIRST I'D BETTER CHANGE MY CLOTHES...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) WHAT?

DAGWOOD: I'D BETTER PUT ON SOME OLD CLOTHES...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) I CAN'T HEAR, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: I SAY I GUESS I'D BETTER...

BLONDIE: GO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES...AND HURRY.

DAGWOOD: THESE CLOTHES ARE ALL RIGHT! (TO SELF) NOW THE WAY TO GO AT THIS JOB IS SCIENTIFICALLY! THINK IT OUT FIRST! NOT LET'S SEE...

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD, WHAT ARE YOU SITTING THERE FOR?
DAGWOOD: THINKING, HONEY.
BLONDIE: WELL...THINK ON YOUR FEET...HERE'S THE RUG BEATER...
(CLATTER)
DAGWOOD: I'VE BEEN THINKING...THE FIRSTTHING TO DO IS TO MOVE
THE PIANO UPSTAIRS.
BLONDIE: UPSTAIRS? WHY?
DAGWOOD: BECAUSE AUNT HATTIE WILL BE SURE TO LOOK IN THE CELLAR
WHEN SHE CHECKS UP HOW MUCH CANNED STUFF YOU'VE GOT.
BLONDIE: I MEAN...WHY SHOULDN'T THE PIANO STAY WHERE IT IS?
DAGWOOD: BEN HUR.
BLONDIE: WHAT?
DAGWOOD: BEN HUR'S CHARIOT RACE. THAT PIECE OF PIANO MUSIC
AUNT HATTIE CAN PLAY.
BLONDIE: OH...I'D FORGOTTEN! MAYBE SHE HAS A NEW PIECE NOW,
DAGWOOD: NOPE. SHE'S HAD THAT ONE SINCE SHE WAS NINE YEARS OLD
AND SHE NEVER CHANGES.
BLONDIE: THAT PART WHERE THE CHARIOTS COME ROUND THE BEND IS BAD.
DAGWOOD: IT'S ALL BAD. THE WHEEL COMES OFF THE CHARIOT AND AUNT
HATTIE GETS SO EXCITED SHE MISSES THE NEXT NINE NOTES
-- EVERY TIME.
BLONDIE: WELL...WE CAN HIDE THE PIANO IN THE ATTIC. IT'S A
TERRIBLE LOOKING OLD PIANO ANYWAY.
DAGWOOD: SOME DAY I'LL BUY YOU A NEW PIANO, HONEY.
BLONDIE: I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE. WELL, I'LL GO START ON THE
KITCHEN SHELVES!. GET BUSY IN HERE, DAGWOOD, (GOING) YOU'LL
HAVE TO HAVE HELP GETTING THE PIANO UPSTAIRS.

DAGWOOD: I'LL HAVE TO HAVE HELP GETTING MYSELF UPSTAIRS BY
TONIGHT PROBABLY (KNOCK ON DOOR) NOW IT BEGINS! EVERY
TIME I HAVE WORK TO DO PEOPLE START INTERRUPTING ME...
(DOOR OPENS) OH...IT'S YOU, CAP'N SCUPPER.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. SAY...YER DOORBELL DON'T WORK!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF AN INVENTION
OF MINE.

CAPTAIN: YOU SOUND DOWN-SPIRITED, MATEY. MAYBE YER LIVER NEEDS
SHAKIN' UP A MITE.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO...MY LIVER'S OKAY...

CAPTAIN: MAKES A MAN FEEL MITEY MEAN...LIVER DOES! I MIND THE
TIME I WAS IN THE YALLER SEA AND I CAPTERED A PIRATE
JUNK WUTH A FORTUNE...A M'LIVER KEP' ME SO DOWN-SPIRITED
I SOLD THAT JUNK FER JUNK!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. HOW'D YOU CURE THAT LIVER, CAP'N?

CAPTAIN: CHINEE YARB DOCTOR FIXED IT. GIVE ME THREE PILLS, HE
DID. THE FUST SURE MADE ME PREESPIRE!...PREESPIRED ALL
NIGHT...AND IN THE MORNIN' I FELT FINE. ONLY THING WAS
...A TATTOO MARK THAT USED TER BE ON M'SHOULDER -- HED
WASHED CLEAN DOWN ONTER MY WRIST.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER PILLS?

CAPTAIN: WAL --- THE FUST MATE GOT HOLD 'ER THE NEXT STRONGEST.
HE WAS A PUNY LITTLE FELLER ~~THAT COULDN'T SWIM ER STROKE~~
~~UP TER THEN.~~ BUT DANGED IF HE DIDN'T JUMP RIGHT
OVERBOARD IN SHANGHAI HARBOR, AND START SWIMMIN' FER
SAN FRANCISCO.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND MILES...

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. HE SWUM THE HULL WAY UNDER WATER,
TOO!

DAGWOOD: NOW, CAP'N! DON'T TELL ME THAT MAN SWAM THREE THOUSAND
MILES UNDER WATER AND CAME UP IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY!

CAPTAIN: NOPE. I WON'T LIE TO YER MATE . HE LOST HIS BEARIN'S
SOMEHOW AND COME UP IN SALT LAKE CITY!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WHO ATE THE THIRD PILL?

CAPTAIN: ~~THAT WAS KINDA DAWG BITE.~~ A CHICKEN GOT THAT 'UN.

DAGWOOD: OH, DID YOU HAVE CHICKENS ON YOUR SHIP?

CAPTAIN: AY-YAH. MY CHINEE COOK WAS REAL FOND O' CHICKEN. BUT
WHEN HE WENT TER COTCH THE ONE THAT ET THE PILL, THAT
DERNED FOWL CHASED THE COOK CLEAN UP TER THE CROWS NEST.
TOOK THE HULL CREW TER OVERPOWER THAT BIRD.

DAGWOOD: THEY FINALLY GOT IT THOUGH, EH?

CAPTAIN: AY-YAH. THEY KILLED MOST OF IT.

DAGWOOD: MOST OF IT?

CAPTAIN: AY-YAH. COULDN'T GIT THE LIVER TER DIE! HIT PLAYED
POSSUM TIL THE CHICKEN WAS CUT UP AND IN THE STEW POT...
THEN IT JUMPED OUT AND BOUNCED AROUND THE GALLEY FLOOR.
COOK TOOK AFTER IT WITH A MARLIN SPIKE, BUT HE NEVER
COULD TAME IT!

DAGWOOD: HOW LONG DID THAT LIVER LIVE, CAP'N?

CAPTAIN: WAL, I THINK IT WAS THE WINTER O' NINETY EIGHT, WHEN IT GOT WASHED OVERBOARD IN A STORM -- OFF HATTERAS!

DAGWOOD: OH. LOST AT SEA, EH?

CAPTAIN: I DONNO AS IT DROWNED ER NOT. LAST I SEEN OF IT -- HIT WAS CHASIN' A SCHOOL O' SHARKS ACROSS THE WAVES -- HEADIN' SOUSOUEAST BY A P'INT EAST!

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW, CAP'N. JUST HEARING ABOUT THOSE PILLS, MAKE ME FEEL BETTER. I THINK I'LL GET TO WORK NOW.

CAPTAIN: WORK? WAL -- I GOTTER BE H'ISTIN ANCHOR MATEY!

DAGWOOD: I'D BE WILLING TO PAY FOR SOME HELP.

CAPTAIN: WOULD, EH? WAL OL' CAP'N SCUPPER AIN'T THE ONE TER DESART A SHIPMATE. I'LL SEND IN MY HELPER TER HELP YE.

DAGWOOD: OH, HAVE YOU GOT A HELPER NOW, CAP'N?

CAPTAIN: AY-YAH. HANDY YOUNG FELLER O' TWENTY SUMMERS. WRASTLER BY TRADE. SEE -- I'M STRONG ON THINKIN' AND WEAK ON LIFTIN' -- BOLIVAR'S JEST THE VICE-VERSY YE MIGHT SAY.

DAGWOOD: OH. ISN'T BOLIVAR VERY SMART?

CAPTAIN: WAL -- NOT EZ SMART'S HE'D LIKE TER BE. HE'S GONE BACK TER SCHOOL TER LARN MORE'N HE KNOWS. TAKIN' A POST GRADUAL COURSE, BOLIVAR IS.

DAGWOOD: GONE BACK TO SCHOOL WHEN HE'S TWENTY? ER -- WHAT SCHOOL.

CAPTAIN: SUNNY HEIGHTS GRAMMER SCHOOL.

DAGWOOD: OH! WELL -- IF HE'S A WRESTLER, HE CAN HELP US MOVE THIS PIANO UPSTAIRS.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. CARRY IT UP UNDER ONE ARM, BOLIVAR WILL! I'LL CALL HIM. (OPENS DOOR) AHOY, BOLIVAR! COME ALONG SIDE! LEETLE LIFTIN' TER DO! (NORMAL) THAT'LL FETCH HIM.

DAGWOOD: HE'S A BIG FELLER, ALL RIGHT.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. DON'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH,
BOLIVAR DON'T. SAY, DON'T RING NO BELLS AROUND WHERE
HE IS.

DAGWOOD: BELLS? WHY NOT?

CAPTAIN: ON ACCOUNT O' HIS BEIN' A WRASLER 'FORE HE WAS HEAVED
OUTER THE RING ONTO HIS HEAD SO OFTEN.

DAGWOOD: DOESN'T HE LIKE BELLS?

CAPTAIN: WAL --- HE THINKS EVER' TIME HE HEARS A BELL --- THAT'S
THE SIGNAL TER START WRASLIN', IS ALL.

DAGWOOD: OH! WELL --- ALL OUR BELLS ARE OUT OF ORDER. ON ACCOUNT
OF MY INVENTION.

CAPTAIN: AY-YAH. WAL --- HERE'S BOLIVAR NOW. COME ABOARD,
BOLIVAR. THIS HERE'S MR. BUMSTEAD!

BOLIVAR: HI-YAH. (GRUNTS)

DAGWOOD: HEY, LOOK. HE'S STUCK IN THE DOORWAY!

CAPTAIN: JEST HIS SHOULDERS IS ALL. (BOLIVAR GRUNTS) TURN
SIDEWISE, BOLIVAR, AND YE C'N MAKE IT!

BOLIVAR: HUH?

DAGWOOD: SIDEWAYS...LOOK!...LIKE THIS, SEE?

BOLIVAR: HAW. WHYN'T I THINK A THAT?

CAPTAIN: I'LL DO ALL THE THINKIN', BOLIVAR! YOU SAVE YER
STRENGTH FER THE JOB O' WORK WE GOT FER YE.

BOLIVAR: WRECKIN' JOB? HAW! I LIKE WRECKIN'! HAW! HAW!

DAGWOOD: NO. NO. NO WRECKING!

CAPTAIN: I FERGOT TER TELL YE. HE WAS A HOUSEWRECKER 'FORE HE
WAS A WRASLER.

BOLIVAR: HAW. THIS 'UD BE A GOOD UN TER WRECK!

DAGWOOD: NO, BOLIVAR -- NO WRECKING, SEE? JUST LIFTING --
UNDERSTAND?

BOLIVAR: OH -- YOU MOVIN' OUTTA THE DUMP?

CAPTAIN, NO, BOLIVAR. ALL WE WANT IS TER GIT THAT PIANNY UP
STAIRS.

BOLIVAR: HAW. I'LL CARRY IT -- BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TER STEER IT.
HAW.

DAGWOOD: SURE -- WE'LL STEER IT FOR YOU.

CAPTAIN: PICK 'ER UP, BOLIVAR. EASY NOW...

BOLIVAR: ~~WHICH END D'YER WANT PICKED UP FIRST?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~THAT ONE WILL BE ALL RIGHT.~~

BOLIVAR: OKE. (GRUNT'S)

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- LOOK AT THAT! ~~LIFTED ONE END ALL ALONE!~~

CAPTAIN: I TOLD YE!

BOLIVAR: (GRUNT'S)

DAGWOOD: BOY! HE'S GOT IT OFF THE FLOOR! ~~CAREFUL NOW!..~~

CAPTAIN: ~~YEP~~ CAREFUL, BOLIVAR! DON'T GO SWINGING IT LIKE THAT.

BOLIVAR: (GRUNT'S)

CAPTAIN: DON'T MIND BOLIVAR'S GRUNTIN'. HE HAS TER GRUNT WHEN
HE WORKS. IT'S ON ERCOUNT OF THEY TAUGHT HIM TER GRUNT
WHEN HE WAS LARNIN' THE WRASTLIN' TRADE. HARD-A-PORT,
BOLIVAR!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. LITTLE MORE TO THE LEFT. THERE -- THAT'S THE
BOTTOM STAIR, BOLIVAR.

CAPTAIN: UP YE GO, BOLIVAR. (GRUNT)

DAGWOOD: MAYBE HE CAN'T.

CAPTAIN: SARTAIN HE CAN. GIT UP THAR, BOLIVAR. (GRUNT) NOW
~~HE~~ 'LL NEVER MAKE IT WIT A PUNY GRUNT LIKE THAT 'UN!
GIVE OUT WITH THE GRUNT YE USED AGIN MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN.
(PROLONGED GRUNT) (~~THREE~~ HEAVY THUMPS) THAT DONE IT!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT HE'S STUCK! THE PIANO'S STUCK CROSSWISE! *half way*

CAPTAIN: SO 'TIS! JIST HOLD 'ER THAR 'TIL WE KIN PRY THE EN *of the*
LOOSE, BOLIVAR. *stairs*

BOLIVAR: YOUSE SHOULD A STEERED IT. HAW!

DAGWOOD: (FADING) I'LL CLIMB UP THE OUTSIDE OF THE
NOW. (GRUNTS) NOW IT'S STRAIGHT

CAPTAIN: GIT ALOFT THAR, BOLIVAR. (PROLONGED GRUNT AGAIN)
(THREE MORE HEAVY THUMPS)

DAGWOOD: GOLLY; HE'S HALFWAY UP!

CAPTAIN: YEP. BUT HIT'S STUCK CROSSWISE AGIN!

DAGWOOD: STUCK GOOD, TOO! (GRUNTS) I CAN'T SWING IT THIS TIME!

CAPTAIN: WAL, BOLIVAR'LL JEST HAFF TER HOLD IT THAR FER A SPELL.

BOLIVAR: OKE. I'LL JEST REST ONE END ONTER THE STAIRS. (EXTRA
HEAVY THUMP) HAW! KINDA LOST ME GRIP ON IT!

DAGWOOD: LOOK OUT -- IT'S SLIPPING!

CAPTAIN: HOLD 'ER, DAG!

GOODWIN: AND NOW SOMETIME LATER -- WE REJOIN DAGWOOD AND CAP'N SCUPPER AND BOLIVAR WHO ARE STILL HOLDING THAT PIANO HALF WAY UP THE STAIRS -- WHILE BELOW THEM THE CENSUS TAKER STRADDLES ONE OF BLONDIE'S BEST CHAIRS AND ASKS QUESTIONS...

MAN: NOW FOR THE LAST TIME... I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT PIANO. ALL I WANT ~~ANSWERS~~ ANSWERS TO MY QUESTIONS. AFTER ALL, WE ONLY COME AROUND EVERY TEN YEARS.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. COULDN'T YOU DROP IN NEXT TIME YOU COME BY?

MAN: NO! NOW WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DAGWOOD: JUST CALL ME DAGWOOD.

MAN: NO NO. YOUR FULL NAME....

DAGWOOD: (EXASPERATED) OH, JIMINY CHRISTMAS!

MAN: HOW DO YOU SPELL THAT?

DAGWOOD: B-U-M-S-T-E-A-D!

MAN: HOW'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: NOW, LISTEN!

CAPTAIN: HEY, MATEY -- DON'T LET GO... THIS PIANNY... WHY LOOKY -- IT AIN'T SLIPPIN' NO MORE!

DAGWOOD: HEY, LOOKIT... BOLIVAR'S HOLDING IT UP ALL ALONE!

CAPTAIN: DANGED IF HE AIN'T! AND HIM ASLEEP TER BOOT!

DAGWOOD: HE'S KIND OF WEDGED IN UNDER IT! HA. WHAT A MAN!

CAPTAIN: LET HIM HAVE HIS NAP, MATEY.

DAGWOOD: SURE. IF HE CAN SLEEP WITH A PIANO ON HIS SHOULDER I DON'T MIND. I'LL JUST LIMBER UP MY ARMS.

MAN: BETTER LIMBER UP YOUR TONGUE TOO, YOUNG MAN.

DAGWOOD: EH? OH -- SURE. GO AHEAD WITH THE QUESTIONS.

MAN: BORN?

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY!

MAN: NO NO. WHERE WERE YOU BORN?

DAGWOOD: OH, LET'S SEE. OH, YEAH. UP IN MY MOTHER'S ROOM.

MAN: WELL -- BUT WHERE WAS THAT?

DAGWOOD: WHY ON THE SECOND FLOOR AT OUR HOUSE....

MAN: CAN'T YOU REMEMBER THE CITY?

DAGWOOD: ME? I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

MAN: OH WELL -- I CAN PUT "BIRTHPLACE UNKNOWN"...NOW LET'S SEE. OH! SEX?

DAGWOOD: SSSSH. PLEASE! HERE COMES MY WIFE!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) LISTEN, DAGWOOD. I'VE FINISHED THE SHELVES -- NOW...WHY...WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, HONEY. YOU KNOW CAP'N SCUPPER...AND THE ONE ASLEEP UNDER THE PIANO....

BLONDIE: (GASPS) OH! LOOK AT THAT PIANO. WON'T IT FALL DOWNSTAIRS?

DAGWOOD: NOT WITH BOLIVAR UNDER IT...AND THIS OTHER MAN HERE IS MR. -- ER -- CENSUS.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

MAN: MADAME I AM SUPPOSED TO BE WORKING HERE..

BLONDIE: OH. WELL THAT'S FINE...JUST TAKE THIS PAIL AND THE OLD RAGS AND WASH THE WINDOWS...

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, HONEY...

BLONDIE: OH, DOESN'T HE WANT HONEST WORK?

MAN: CERTAINLY, MADAME...BUT....

BLONDIE: WE PAY FIFTY CENTS AN HOUR.

MAN: WELL, THAT'S MORE THAN I'VE MADE SO FAR TODAY.

BLONDIE: NO WONDER IF YOU TALK ALL THE TIME. YOU'LL NEED SOAP,
TOO...

MAN: BUT, LADY...

BLONDIE: BETTER DO THE INSIDES OF THE WINDOWS FIRST...

DAGWOOD: YOU'D BETTER DO WHAT SHE SAYS. SHE'S PRETTY FIRM TODAY.

MAN: ALL RIGHT -- ER -- WHERE'S THE SOAP?

BLONDIE: IN THE KITCHEN...AND MIND YOU GET THE CORNERS OF THE
WINDOWS AS CLEAN AS THE REST!

MAN: YES, MA'M....(GOING) YES, MA'M!

BLONDIE: NOW, CAP'N....

CAPTAIN: MY BACK IS PURTY STIFF TERDAY....

BLONDIE: WELL -- WASHING THE CURTAINS WILL LOOSEN IT UP.

CAPTAIN: WELL, BUT MIS' BUMSTEAD....

BLONDIE: THE LAUNDRY TUBS ARE IN THE BASEMENT...

CAPTAIN: (GOING) ALLST I EVER WASHED UP TER NOW WAS DUNGAREES...

BLONDIE: (CALLING) USE THE YELLOW SOAP! NOW, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

BLONDIE: GET THESE RUGS UP...AND OUT IN THE YARD!

DAGWOOD: UHUH!

MAN: (RUSHING IN) LOOKOUT HERIE COMES THE WINDOW MAN!

CAPTAIN: WAIT'LL I GIT THEM CURTAINS DOWN!

DAGWOOD: GET OFF THIS RUG! I GOTTER GET IT OUT IN THE YARD...

BLONDIE: NOW WE'RE GETTING SOME PLACE!

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTING) YEAH...(MUTTERING) BOLIVAR WOULD GO TO SLEEP
UNDER THAT PIANO WHERE SHE CAN'T GET AT HIM! THE LUCKY
LUNKHEAD!

BLONDIE: (CLAPPING HANDS) HURRY, HURRY! (MUSIC IN) IT'S *Commence*
TONIGHT AUNT HARRIET'S COMING!
(MUSIC UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)
(SOUND OF CARPET BEATER GOING...ALSO SQUEAK OF WIPING THE
WINDOWS...BLONDIE TAPS ON GLASS...SQUEAK OUT, BUT BEATER
GOES ON)

MAN: HOW'S THIS LAST WINDOW LOOK FROM INSIDE?

BLONDIE: FINE! BUT YOU LEFT SOME DROPS OF WATER ON THIS OTHER
ONE.

MAN: WATER? HEY! THAT'S A RAINDROP!

BLONDIE: OH -- IT IS! IT'S GOING TO RAIN! (THUNDER AND RAIN IN)

MAN: IT IS RAINING! ALL OVER MY NICE CLEAN WINDOWS!
(BEATER OUT)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) HEY! OPEN UP THAT DOOR...I'VE GOT TO GET
THESE RUGS IN! (DOOR OPENS)

MAN: I'LL HELP. THAT'S A HEAVY ROLL OF RUGS.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

BLONDIE: LOOK OUT, DAGWOOD! I'VE JUST MOPPED THIS FLOOR!

DAGWOOD: PUSH, MISTER!

MAN: I'M PUSHING!

BLONDIE: CAREFUL OF THE WET FLOOR! IT'S SLIPPERY.

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH...OOOPS. I MADE IT!

BLONDIE: OOOPS! YOU'RE SLIPPING! YOU'RE...(CRASH AS DAGWOOD
FALLS WITH RUGS) OH, DAGWOOD! ARE YOU HURT!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- NO...I GUESS NOT. THE FLOOR KIND OF BROKE MY
FALL!

BLONDIE: I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT HURT, DEAR! WELL -- PICK UP THE RUGS
AND GET THEM BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM!

"BLONDIE" -17A-
4/8/40

GOODWIN: YOU KNOW, IN THE TIME THAT I HAVE BEEN AN ANNOUNCER FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES ON THIS PROGRAM, I'VE TALKED TO A GOOD MANY CAMEL SMOKERS. I'VE BEEN A STEADY CAMEL SMOKER FOR QUITE A TIME MYSELF. BUT I MEET SO MANY PEOPLE WHO HAVE SMOKED CAMELS FOR YEARS AS THEIR STEADY SMOKE. I WONDER IF THAT ISN'T ONE OF THE REASONS CAMELS ARE AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE --- THE FACT THAT CAMELS NEVER WEAR OUR THEIR WELCOME. ONE FRIEND OF MINE SUMMED IT UP VERY WELL, I THOUGHT, THE OTHER DAY WHEN HE SAID: "CAMELS HAVE BEEN MY SMOKE FOR ALMOST TEN YEARS NOW, I GUESS. THEY'RE MILD, COOL, EASY ON MY THROAT --- AND THEY ALWAYS TASTE GOOD. CAMEL IS ONE CIGARETTE I CAN SMOKE STEADILY WITHOUT GETTING TIRED OF SMOKING." AND THERE ARE MILLIONS OF OTHERS WHO COULD TELL YOU THE SAME THING --- CAMELS NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE. CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS. BY CONCLUSIVE LABORATORY COMPARISON CAMELS ARE DEFINITELY SLOWER-BURNING --- FREE FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF THE EXCESS HEAT AND TOO-FAST BURNING. THEY GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING. FOR --- BEING SLOWER-BURNING --- CAMELS LAST LONGER...GIVE YOU MORE PUFFS PER PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

"BLONDIE" 17-B
4/9/40 (REVISED)

(SPECIAL INSERT)

GOODWIN:

NOW WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS WHERE WE FIND BOLIVER
THE WRESTLER STILL ASLEEP UNDER THE PIANO HALF WAY UP
THE STAIRS -- DAGWOOD IS BEATING THE RUGS OUT IN THE
YARD, AND BLONDIE IS INSPECTING THE WORK OF THE CENSUS
TAKER WHO IS WASHING WINDOWS.....

Handwritten note:
A line points from the end of the text above to the word "Handwritten".
Below it is a large handwritten "n" or "m".

DAGWOOD: WHERE'S BOLIVAR?

BLONDIE: HE'S STILL ASLEEP --- UNDER THAT PIANO -- HALFWAY UPSTAIRS!

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE HOUSE IS THE ONLY ONE GETTING ANY REST! (GRUNTS AS HE TRIES TO PICK UP RUGS)

MAN: I'LL HELP YOU LIFT THOSE RUGS.

DAGWOOD: NO -- I'LL HELP YOU LIFT 'EM! (BOTH GRUNT) NOW YOU'VE GOT 'EM ON YOUR SHOULDER. TAKE 'EM THROUGH THAT DOOR!

BLONDIE: CAREFUL, THOUGH...THAT'S A LONG ROLL TO MANAGE! DON'T SWING THE END...ALL MY GLASSES ARE OUT ON THE TABLE TO WASH....

DAGWOOD: HEAD THIS WAY!...THIS WAY!...OOOOOH!

BLONDIE: LOOK OUT! (CRASH OF GLASSES KNOCKED OFF TABLE) MY BEST GLASSES!

CAPTAIN: (DOWN CELLAR...MEGAPHONE THROUGH DRUM) HEY! WHAT'S GOIN ON UP THAR?

DAGWOOD: (YELLS IT) THE GLASSES FELL, CAP'N!

CAPTAIN: (AWAY AS BEFORE) FALLIN' GLASS MEANS A STORM'S A BREWIN'

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY DOES WITH US! AUNT HARRIET'S TRAIN IS GETTING NEARER BY THE MINUTE!

MAN: I'M -- I'M SORRY MRS. BUMSTEAD. I'LL PICK UP THE PIECES.

BLONDIE: NO! YOU GET THE RUGS INTO THE OTHER ROOM.

DAGWOOD: I'LL PICK UP THE PIECES!

BLONDIE: NO! YOU GO DOWN TO THE LAUNDRY AND SEE WHAT THE CAPTAIN' DONE WITH MY LACE CURTAINS!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'LL RUN DOWN AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO.
(MUSIC VERY BRIEFLY)

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH HER LACE CURTAINS, CAP'N.

CAPTAIN: THEM CURTAINS WAS MIGHTY FLIMSY STUFF IF YOU WAS TER ASK ME? I'M USED TER WASHIN' DUNGAREES WITH SOME BACKBONE TO 'EM.

DAGWOOD: HOW DID YOU WASH THE CURTAINS?

CAPTAIN: SAME AS THE DUNGAREES. SPREAD 'EM ON THE DECK AND WENT AT 'EM WITH YALLER SOAP AND A GOOD STIFF SCRUB BRUSH.

DAGWOOD: HEY. THEY'RE ALL IN SHREDS!

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW! (FLEET ON STAIRS DESCENDING)

DAGWOOD: IF THAT'S BLONDIE -- WE'D BETTER HIDE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE CURTAINS.

CAPTAIN: 'TAIN'T BLONDIE! IT'S THAT CENSUS FELLER.

MAN: (COMING IN) YOUR WIFE SAYS NOW THE VACUUM CLEANER WON'T WORK.

DAGWOOD: IT'S LIKELY THAT INVENTION OF MINE AGAIN. DID SHE SAY THE ELECTRICITY WASN'T ON?

MAN: UHUH. SAID THE CURRENT WOULDN'T COME ON -- AND THE DUST BAG WON'T COME OFF.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S ANOTHER INVENTION OF MINE! I PUT A SPECIAL LOCK ON IT! TELL HER TO GET BOLIVAR TO TRY TWISTING AT IT!

MAN: BOLIVAR'S STILL ASLEEP UNDER THAT PIANO ON THE STAIRS. BUT I'LL TELL HER!

DAGWOOD: AND TELL HER I'LL TRY TO FIND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE WIRES DOWN HERE!

MAN: I'LL TELL HER.

CAPTAIN: AN TELL HER LACE CURTAINS AIN'T FASHIONABLE NO MORE!

DAGWOOD: NO -- DON'T MENTION CURTAINS.... 'TIL WE HAVE TO....

MAN: NO CURTAINS...(GOING) I'M GLAD I'LL BE GONE WHEN
AUNT HARRIET GETS HERE....

(MUSIC BRIEFLY)

MAN: THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, MRS. BUMSTEAD, "GET BOLIVAR TO
TWIST THE DUST BAG LOOSE FROM THE VACUUM CLEANER."

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'LL HAVE TO WAKE BOLIVAR UP! BOLIVAR!

BOLIVAR: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: OH DEAR. I'M AFRAID TO WAKE HIM UP TOO QUICKLY. HE
MIGHT JUMP AND LET THAT PIANO FALL DOWNSTAIRS!

MAN: MAYBE I COULD GET IT OFF FOR YOU IF I TRIED AGAIN.

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW. THE ONLY TIME DAGWOOD'S INVENTIONS WORK
IS WHEN YOU DON'T WANT THEM TO! WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN
IN THE CELLAR?

MAN: TRYING TO FIND THE WIRE THAT MAKES THE VACUUM RUN!

LOOK. I GOT THE DUST BAG OFF! (VACUUM BEGINS TO WHIR)

BLONDIE: LOOK OUT! IT'S BLOWING DUST ALL OVER!

MAN: HE FOUND THE WIRE!

BLONDIE: SHUT OFF THE SWITCH...(CLICK OF SWITCH BACK AND FORTH
RAPIDLY...VACUUM STILL RUNS)

MAN: IT WON'T SHUT OFF! MAYBE ANOTHER INVENTION!

BLONDIE: DON'T MOVE. I'LL RUN DOWN AND TELL HIM TO BREAK THE WIRE AGAIN!

MUSIC: (BRIEFLY)

CAPTAIN: I KIN HEAR THE CLEANER WORKIN' UP THAR. NOW WHAT WAS THIS OTHER INVENTION, MATEY?

DAGWOOD: BURGLAR ALARM! ALL THESE OTHER WIRES BELONG TO THAT.

CAPTAIN: HOW'D IT WORK?

DAGWOOD: WELL...THERE'S WIRES ALL OVER THE HOUSE. IF A BURGLAR BREAKS ONE GETTING IN...IT STARTS A BELL TO RINGING IN EVERY ROOM. TROUBLE IS NONE OF THE BELLS WORK ANY MORE. NOT EVEN THE DOORBELL.

CAPTAIN: WAL -- MAYBE IT'S FER THE BEST! MIND WHAT I TOLD YE! IF BOLIVAR HEARS A BELL HE THINKS HE'S GOT TER START WRASTLIN'.. AND WITH HIM UNDER THAT PIANNY --- HALF WAY UP THE STAIRS...

DAGWOOD: I KNOW...I'LL BE CAREFUL NOT TO FIX MY INVENTION 'TILL HE'S GONE!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD!...DAGWOOD! SHUT OFF THE POWER!

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: IT'S BLOWING DUST ALL OVER! SHUT IT OFF!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. I'VE FORGOTTEN WHICH WIRE IT IS AGAIN!

CAPTAIN: IF I REC'LECT IT'S THAT ONE THAR!

BLONDIE: SHUT IT OFF! BREAK IT!

DAGWOOD: OKAY, HONEY! (WIRE SNAPS) THERE! (BELL STARTS TO RING AWAY) (THEN ANOTHER LOUDER) TOOOOH! MY INVENTION'S WORKIN' (BELLS HEARD ALL OVER)

CAPTAIN: JEHOSEPHAT! BELLS! (NOISE OF HEAVY STRUGGLE UPSTAIRS) THAR SHE BLOWS -- BOLIVARS WRASTLIN' THAT PIANNY!

DAGWOOD: STOP HIM...STOP! (SERIES OF HEAVY CRASHES AS PIANO FALLS ABOVE)

MUSIC: (IN UNDER)

CAPTAIN: TOO LATE, MATEY...

BLONDIE: MY PIANO!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. COME ON...QUICK!

MUSIC: (UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

CAPTAIN: WHAT I WANT TER KNOW IS -- WHAR DID BOLIVAR AN' THAT CENSUS FELLER GIT TO SO QUICK?

DAGWOOD: I JUST GOT HERE IN TIME TO SEE THE CENSUS MAN CLEAR OUR FRONT FENCE WITH BOLIVAR AFTER HIM HOLLERING "COME BACK AN' WRATTLE".

BLONDIE: HE DROPPED HIS CENSUS PAPERS ON THE WAY. MAYBE WE CAN FILL OURS OUT OURSELVES.

DAGWOOD: LATER 'ON MAYBE. YOU MUST BE -- KIND OF TIRED, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: TIRED? I'M TOO TIRED TO CARE WHAT AUNT HARRIET THINKS OF THE HOUSE! LOOK AT IT!...DUST ALL OVER...AND THE WINDOWS ALL STREAKED AND...MY GLASSES ALL BROKEN...AND MY PIANO!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY THINGS INSIDE ONE PIANO!

BLONDIE: AND ALL BECAUSE WE GOT A WIRE FROM AUNT HARRIET.

CAPTAIN: WIRE? YE MEAN A TELEGRAFT WIRE?

DAGWOOD: YES -- WHY?

CAPTAIN: BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON! IF I AIN'T JEST REMEMBERED SUTHIN'!

BLONDIE: WHAT CAP'N?

CAPTAIN: WAL...YE KNOW AS MAN ABOUT TOWN, LOTS ER FOLKS GIT ME TER RUN EM ERRANDS WHEN THEIR REGLAR HELP IS TOO BUSY.

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

CAPTAIN: WAL, SOMETIMES I RUN ERRANTS FER THEM TELEGRAFT PEOPLE.

BLONDIE: BUT -- YOU DIDN'T BRING US THE WIRE FROM AUNT HARRIET.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. NOT -- NOT THE FUST ONE ANYHOW.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

CAPTAIN: REGLAR BOY BRUNG YE ONE...BUT SEEMS LIKE THEY WAS ERNOTHER..
AN' THEY CALLED ME IN AND SENT IT UP BY ME!

BLONDIE: BUT -- YOU DIDN'T...

CAPTAIN: DEELIVER IT! THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. I GOT MIXED UP IN THINGS
HERE AN' PLUMB FERGOT!

DAGWOOD: HEY -- GIMME THAT WIRE,

CAPTAIN: HERE SHE IS MATEY. A LEETLE RUMPLED...BUT...

DAGWOOD: (TEARS OPEN WIRE) IT'S FROM AUNT HARRIET!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT DOES SHE SAY?

DAGWOOD: ER (READS) CHANGE OF PLANS STOP AM NOT COMING STOP
STOPPING IN SIOUX CITY INSTEAD STOP.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! LET ME SIT DOWN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH SURE. RIGHT ON THE COUCH, HONEY. (BLONDIE GIGGLES)
GO GET HER SOME WATER CAP'N.

CAPTAIN: IS IT THE HIGH-STRIKES SHE'S GOT?

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND! GET THAT WATER!

CAPTAIN: (GOING) I'LL TAKE A SIP MESELF BY JINGO!

BLONDIE: NOT COMING! SHE'S NOT COMING! NOW I'LL HAVE TIME TO GET THE
HOUSE REALLY CLEANED AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH SURE. AND -- NOW I'LL HAVE TO BUY YOU THAT NEW PIANO
YOU WANTED.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. REALLY:

DAGWOOD: UHUH. AND WE'LL HAVE TIME TO FINISH THIS CENSUS THING.
LET'S SEE...I'LL ASK THE QUESTION AND YOU GIVE THE ANSWERS.
ER...IT SAYS HERE..."ARE YOU MARRIED?"

BLONDIE: UMHHHM!

DAGWOOD: ER -- HAPPILY MARRIED?

BLONDIE: WELL -- YES! IS THAT QUESTION REALLY THERE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- NO! BUT IT GOT A NICE ANSWER. ER -- ANY CHILDREN?

BLONDIE: UMHHMMM. THE NICEST BOY IN THE WORLD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. ER -- HOW LONG MARRIED?

BLONDIE: WHY IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE ANY TIME AT ALL! DOES IT DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: NO SIR!

BLONDIE: PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. (PAUSE) COMFORTABLE?

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU MIGHT HOLD ME JUST A LITTLE TIGHTER.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: WONDERFUL! NOW -- DON'T LET'S TALK FOR A WHILE. (PAUSE)

CAPTAIN: (COMING IN SLOWLY WITH THE WATER) HED QUITE A TIME FINDIN'
A GLASS THET WASN'T BRUK. BUT I FETCHED YER WATER... (PAUSE)
MIS' BUMSTEAD? (PAUSE) I SAY, ..., HERE'S YER GLASS O WATER.
(PAUSE) OH! (TO SELF) SHUCKS... THEY DON'T WANT NO GLASS
ER WATER!

MUSIC: (IN AND UP...SEGUE TO THEME)

(CLOSING)

"BLONDIE"
4/8/40

-25-

~~*****The *****9~~
~~*****9~~
WELL, OUT OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE BUNSTEAD'S HOUSE-CLEANING, BLONDIE DID MANAGE
TO GET A NEW PIANO; WON'T YOU JOIN US

GOODWIN: ~~LIGHTEN UP~~ AGAIN NEXT WEEK 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: "BLONDIE" IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ASHMEAD SCOTT. THIS IS
BILL GOODWIN, SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES...
GOOD NIGHT.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.