

M. H. B. A.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 P.M., PST.
6:30 - 7:00 P.M., PST.

GOODWIN: AH -- AH -- AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- LISTEN TO
"BLONDIE" BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL
CIGARETTES.

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS."

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER FOR:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD'S HOUSE TO VISIT
CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND
DAGWOOD, A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

GOODWIN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THIS TIME OF YEAR WITH THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN SPENDING THEIR VACATIONS TOURING THE COUNTRY BY AUTOMOBILE, YOU CAN HEAR CONVERSATIONS LIKE THIS IN ALMOST ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY.

MAN: ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE, MADAME?

WOMAN: THANK YOU, BUT MAY I HAVE A PACKAGE OF CAMEL CIGARETTES, PLEASE?

MAN: CAMELS? CERTAINLY!

SECOND MAN: SAY, MARY, GLAD YOU THOUGHT OF THAT. MAKE IT TWO PACKS OF CAMELS, PLEASE.

GOODWIN: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...ALL OVER AMERICA...WHEREVER YOU GO, YOU HEAR PEOPLE ASKING FOR CAMELS. AND IF WE COULD HAVE BEEN THERE TO ASK MARY WHY SHE PREFERRED CAMEL CIGARETTES TO ANY OTHER BRAND, SHE MIGHT HAVE TOLD YOU ---

WOMAN: I ENJOY SMOKING...BUT MY CIGARETTE MUST BE MILD -- THE MILDER THE BETTER. I FIND CAMELS EXTRA MILD, AND MY BUDGET ALSO LIKES THE EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS.

GOODWIN: AND FROM THE HUSBAND WE WOULD HEAR:

MAN: WELL, I LIKE A CIGARETTE WITH A GOOD, RICH FLAVOR -- ONE THAT DOESN'T TIRE MY TASTE. CAMEL'S EXTRA FLAVOR SUIT MY TASTE TO A T.

"BLONDIE"
8/12/40

-3-

GOODWIN: YES, MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE DISCOVERING THAT THE
"EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE AND VALUE GO WITH
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS,
EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK.
SO TURN TO SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS AND GET THE "EXTRAS."
PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

"BLONDIE"
8/12/40

-4-

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. ALL IS CALM AT THE BUMSTEAD HOMESTEAD...CALM, BUT NOT EXACTLY QUIET...FOR DAG IS ON THE BACK PORCH, TINKERING WITH SOMETHING METALLIC (SOUND OF FAINT HAMMERING ON RADIATOR) AND THE PHONE IN THE HALL IS JUST ABOUT TO RING...(PHONE RINGS)...I TOLD YOU SO!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOOOOOOOOD! (PHONE AGAIN) OH GOODNESS...(HAMMERING UP) DAGWOOD, STOP THAT NOISE THIS MINUTE! (HAMMER OUT... PHONE PICK-UP) HELLO!

CORY: (FILTER) BLONDIE, IS THAT YOU? WELL,..I'M CALLING ABOUT THE CONCERT. IT'S CORINTHIA DITHERS.

BLONDIE: OH...IS THIS YOU, CORY?

CORY: IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF ME! I'M WORN TO A FRAZZLE!

BLONDIE: OH, I KNOW, CORY...I WAS SAYING TO DAGWOOD JUST LAST NIGHT THAT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD TAKE ON THAT CONCERT WITH ALL THE OTHER THINGS YOU HAVE TO DO..."

CORY: (SCORNFULLY) I COULD HANDLE TWO CONCERTS LIKE THIS ONE - AND PUT ON A RODEO IN MY SPARE TIME -- IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT DILLY WOMAN! WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE'S DONE NOW?!

BLONDIE: I CAN'T IMAGINE! WHAT? (HAMMERING AGAIN...BUILDS)

CORY: WELL...EVER SINCE I WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT...ER...WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST DAGWOOD...(CALLS) DAGWOOOOOOD!

CORY: TELL HIM TO STOP UNTIL I'VE TOLD YOU THE NEWS!

"BLONDIE"
8/12/40

-5-

BLONDIE: YES! JUST A MINUTE, CORY! (CALLS) DAAGWOOOOD!
STOP THAT! I'M ON THE TELEPHONE! (NOISE OUT) THERE!
NOW CORY... (RUNNING FEET)...WAIT A MINUTE!

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN BREATHLESS) WHO IS IT? WHO WANTS ME ON THE
PHONE? HERE, GIMME...

BLONDIE: NOBODY WANTS YOU ON THE PHONE! I'M TALKING TO CORY
DITHERS ON THE PHONE...

DAGWOOD: OH! I THOUGHT YOU SAID...GOLLY --- AND I DROPPED
EVERYTHING! JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING THE PITCH!

BLONDIE: THE PITCH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: IT'S MY NEW INVENTION, BLONDIE! THE BUMSTEADAYTORPHONE!
HEY! ASK CORY IF SHE WANTS A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IN
HER CONCERT!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR. WAIT A MINUTE, DAGWOOD! (TO PHONE) HELLO?
CORY?

CORY: (FILTER) YES?

BLONDIE: CAN I CALL YOU BACK? I HAVE A LITTLE TROUBLE HERE...
DAGWOOD'S INVENTING THINGS AGAIN!

CORY: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

BLONDIE: WELL, HE SAYS IT'S A NEW KIND OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT...

CORY: MY LAND! IT ISN'T A WOOD-WIND, IS IT? I NEED
WOOD-WINDS...

BLONDIE: I'LL ASK HIM! DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: UH-HUNH.

BLONDIE: IS YOUR NEW INSTRUMENT GOING TO BE A WOOD-WIND? LIKE
THAT WHISTLING PRETZEL YOU INVENTED?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, HONEY! THIS IS SOMETHING VERY UNUSUAL!
YOU DON'T BLOW ON IT!

BLONDIE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH IT?

DAGWOOD: YOU FILL IT WITH WATER, AND THEN KIND OF HIT IT WITH
A HAMMER!

BLONDIE: A HAMMER!

CORY: WHAT!

BLONDIE: HE SAYS YOU HIT IT WITH A HAMMER!

CORY: THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANT AT ALL! I NEED WOOD-WINDS!
HERE I AM WITH THAT CONCERT NOT A WEEK AWAY, AND ME WITH
NO WOOD-WINDS!

BLONDIE: FOR GOODNESS SAKE! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ONES YOU HAD?

CORY: WELL, THAT'S WHAT I CALLED TO TELL YOU...

DAGWOOD: WHAT DOES SHE SAY ABOUT MY INVENTION?

BLONDIE: QUIET, DAGWOOD -- PLEASE! GO AWAY!

CORY: WHAT?

BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE, CORY! LISTEN, DAGWOOD...CORY DOESN'T
WANT YOUR INVENTION.

DAGWOOD: HOW DOES SHE KNOW SHE DOESN'T, WHEN SHE DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS? HERE -- LET ME TALK TO HER A MINUTE.
HELLO -- CORY...?

CORY: GO AWAY, DAGWOOD! I WANT TO TALK TO BLONDIE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH --- BUT LISTEN! THIS IS SOMETHING NEW! THE
BUMSTEADAYTORPHONE! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?

CORY: I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT THE SAXOPHONE WHEN IT WAS
INVENTED...BUT TODAY WHERE WOULD WE BE WITHOUT
SAXOPHONES?

CORY: WE'D BE BETTER OFF! IS BLONDIE STILL THERE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT YOU BETTER NOT PASS UP THIS CHANCE,
MRS. DITHERS! LISTEN! YOU COULD GO DOWN IN HISTORY
AS THE FIRST WOMAN IN THE WORLD TO USE A
BUMSTEADAYTORPHONE IN A CONCERT!

CORY: THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M AFRAID OF! ARE YOU GOING TO PUT
BLONDIE BACK ON OR NOT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH SURE...BUT LET ME ASK YOU JUST ONE QUESTION,
MRS. DITHERS! ER -- WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE TUNE?

CORY: YANKEE DOODLE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, MRS. DITHERS, YOU NEVER
HEARD YANKEE DOODLE PLAYED RIGHT -- 'TIL YOU HEAR IT
ON A BUMSTEADAYTORPHONE. LISTEN! ANY TIME YOU WANT
TO HEAR IT, LET ME KNOW, WILL YOU?

CORY: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD...BUT DON'T LET ME KEEP YOU ANY
LONGER RIGHT NOW!

DAGWOOD: OKAY! HERE, BLONDIE...I THINK CORY WANTS TO TALK TO
YOU!

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR. I THOUGHT MAYBE SHE DID WHEN SHE FIRST
CALLED ME UP. HELLO CORY?

CORY: YES! AND FOR GOODNESS SAKE LET ME TELL YOU THE NEWS
BEFORE WE'RE INTERRUPTED AGAIN...

DAGWOOD: OH, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: NOT NOW, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT IF CORY CHANGES HER MIND ABOUT WANTING MY INVENTION IN HER CONCERT (GOING) WHY I'LL BE OUT ON THE BACK PORCH TUNING IT UP!

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T POUND THAT THING AGAIN UNTIL WE'RE THROUGH TALKING, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) NO, NO, HONEY! I TUNE IT WITH WATER!

BLONDIE: HE'S GONE, CORY. NOW GO AHEAD AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE WOOD-WINDS.

CORY: WELL, YOU KNOW THE WHOLE POINT OF THE CONCERT IS THAT IT'S ALL DONE BY LOCAL TALENT...AND WE ONLY HAVE THREE MEN IN TOWN THAT PLAY WOOD-WINDS.

BLONDIE: YES...YOU MEAN THE WHISTLING WATSONS...

CORY: THAT'S RIGHT. THOSE WATSON BROTHERS! WELL, THEY ALL WORK FOR MR. DILLY. SO WHEN MRS. DILLY QUIT THE ~~SOCIETY~~ SOCIETY...

BLONDIE: WHAT? MRS. DILLY RESIGNED?

CORY: OH YES, MY DEAR! SHE'S BEEN SPOILING FOR TROUBLE EVER SINCE I BEAT HER IN THE ELECTION FOR PRESIDENT...AND LAST NIGHT SHE WALKED OUT -- WITH HER NOSE IN THE AIR!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR -- AND THE WHISTLING WOOD-WINDS...I MEAN WATSONS ...WENT WITH HER?

CORY: YES! I GUESS SHE MADE HIM MAKE THEM RESIGN!

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON WITHOUT WOOD-WINDS!

CORY: I HATE TO DO THAT! WOOD-WINDS MAKE SUCH A NICE BLOOPY SOUND -- IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

"BLONDIE"
8/12/40

-9-

BLONDIE: I KNOW...

CORY: AND IN YANKEE DOODLE...THEY ARE SIMPLY VITAL!

BLONDIE: WHY NOT PLAY SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T NEED WOOD-WINDS?

CORY: NO, BLONDIE! I AM NOT A STUBBORN WOMAN LIKE THAT DILLY PERSON, BUT THE CONCERT IS GOING TO OPEN WITH YANKEE DOODLE! I WOULDN'T GIVE LA DILLY THE SATISFACTION OF OPENING WITH ANYTHING ELSE!

BLONDIE: DIDN'T MRS. DILLY WANT YANKEE DOODLE?

CORY: I SHOULD SAY NOT! THAT'S WHAT WE FOUGHT ABOUT! SHE WANTED SWANEE RIVER! CAN YOU IMAGINE?

BLONDIE: WEEEEEEEEELL -- I DON'T DISLIKE SWANEE RIVER...BUT I WOULDN'T QUIT THE SOCIETY OF LOVERS OF AMERICAN MUSIC OVER IT.

CORY: OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T! NOW YANKEE DOODLE IS ANOTHER MATTER. SO -- ER -- AMERICAN, YOU KNOW!

BLONDIE: WELL -- I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO ABOUT THE WOOD-WINDS!

CORY: CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYONE WHO COULD TOOTLE A WOOD-WIND? DOESN'T DAGWOOD KNOW ANYONE WHO PLAYS ANYTHING BESIDES THAT WHAT-YOU-MAY-CALL-'EM?

BLONDIE: I'LL ASK HIM. BUT THERE'S SO LITTLE TIME...

CORY: I KNOW! WELL...I HAVE A MILLION THINGS TO DO! CALL ME BACK IF YOU GET ANY IDEAS...G'BYE.

BLONDIE: I WILL! GOODBYE, CORY. (HANGS UP) DAGWOOOOOOD?

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) YEAH...OUT HERE ON THE BACK PORCH, HONEY!
(SOUND BEGINS...IT'S THE SOUND OF HAMMERING ON METAL,
BUT THE NOTES ARE DIFFERENT...NOT UNLIKE A DISCORDANT
XYLOPHONE;...IT BUILDS AS BLONDIE NEARS IT)

BLONDIE: (GOING...AND THEN RETURNING TO MIKE) LISTEN, DAGWOOD!
POOR CORY IS IN SUCH A PICKLE! MRS. DILLY WALKED OUT
WITH THE WOOD-WINDS, AND THE CONCERT IS ONLY THREE DAYS
AWAY. (STARTS BACK HERE) IF ONLY I'D KNOWN YOU WERE
INVENTING SOMETHING MUSICAL -- I'D HAVE ASKED YOU TO
INVENT SOMETHING THAT BLOOPIED, INSTEAD OF SOMETHING
THAT CLANKED! DAGWOOD!
(SOUND OUT)

DAGWOOD: YEAH, HONEY! JUST A MINUTE! I THINK THE G IS A LITTLE
FLAT! (HITS IT. IT CERTAINLY IS)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...WHAT IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE ARE YOU DOING
WITH THAT OLD STEAM RADIATOR?

DAGWOOD: THIS IS IT, HONEY. IT WAS A STEAM RADIATOR, BUT NOW IT'S
A BUMSTEADAYTORPHONE! SEE...EACH OF THE PIPES HAS A
DIFFERENT AMOUNT OF WATER IN IT --- YOU KNOW -- LIKE
MUSICAL GLASSES...AND...

BLONDIE: AND SO WHEN YOU HIT THE PIPES WITH A HAMMER, THEY MAKE
DIFFERENT NOISES.

DAGWOOD: NOTES, HONEY! MUSICAL NOTES!

BLONDIE: UHMMMMMMMMMM. WELL, IT'S A NICE WAY FOR PEOPLE TO USE
UP OLD RADIATORS.

DAGWOOD: I PREDICT THAT IT WILL REPLACE THE OLD-FASHIONED
XYLOPHONE ENTIRELY.

"BLONDIE"
8/12/40

-11-

BLONDIE: WELL -- BUT WHAT WE NEED IS SOMETHING TO REPLACE THE OLD-FASHIONED WATSON BROTHERS!

DAGWOOD: THE WATSONS? WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

BLONDIE: THEY WALKED OUT OF CORY'S ORCHESTRA! AND ~~THEY WERE THE ONLY WOOD-WIND PLAYERS SHE HAD!~~ ~~IT'S A LONG STORY,~~ ~~DAGWOOD,~~ BUT CORY WAS WONDERING IF WE KNEW ANYONE WHO COULD FILL IN THE WOOD SECTION.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- IF ONLY FUDDLE WAS HOME! HE PLAYS THE SLIP HORN! DID YOU KNOW HE WAS COMING HOME?

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT NOT IN TIME! AND ANYWAY A TROMBONE IS PART OF THE BRASS SECTION -- NOT WOOD-WINDS!

DAGWOOD: UNHUNH. (TAKE) HEY! I CAN PLAY THE HARMONICA!

BLONDIE: THAT'S NOT A WOOD-WIND EITHER.

DAGWOOD: SURE IT IS! IT'S WOOD AND YOU BLOW WIND IN IT! LISTEN! DOWN AT UNCLE JOE'S HOCK SHOPPE THEY HAVE A BIG HARMONICA! I BET I COULD MAKE THAT SOUND LIKE ANYTHING CORY WANTS!

BLONDIE: WELL...

DAGWOOD: LOOK! I'LL GO DOWN THERE AND GET THAT MOUTH-ORGAN...AND GIVE CORY AN AUDITION. I BET WHEN SHE HEARS ME PLAY THAT WITH ONE HAND AND MY BUMSTEADAYTORPHONE WITH THE OTHER, SHE WON'T TAKE THOSE WHISTLING WATSONS BACK IF THEY BEG HER ON THEIR KNEES!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

BLONDIE: (PHONE UP) HELLO?

CORY: BLONDIE? THIS IS CORY AGAIN! GUESS WHAT'S
HAPPENED NOW!

BLONDIE: THE WHISTLING WATSONS CAME BACK?

CORY: NO! BUT THE BRASS SECTION'S GONE!

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN THE TROMBONES AND TRUMPETS...AND...ALL OF
THEM?

CORY: EVERY LAST ONE! THEY WENT OVER TO THE DILLY SIDE!

BLONDIE: BUT WHY?

CORY: WELL, THAT DILLY WOMAN STOLE A MARCH ON ME! I FORGOT
TO PAY A DEPOSIT ON THE HALL...

BLONDIE: THE CONCERT HALL?

CORY: THE ONLY HALL IN TOWN BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD OUR CONCERT!
YES! AND MRS. DILLY WAS JUST MEAN ENOUGH TO SCOOP
IT UP! WHEN THE BRASS HEARD THAT SHE HAD A HALL AND
I DIDN'T -- THEY WENT OVER TO HER IN A BODY!

BLONDIE: BUT WHAT WOULD SHE WANT WITH THE HALL? ~~JUST SPITE
WORK?~~

CORY: ~~OH, SHE WANTS TO SPITE ME BAD ENOUGH!...BUT THAT'S NOT
ALL! NOW THAT SHE HAS THE WOODWINDS AND BRASS AND
A HALL...SHE'S GOING TO GIVE A CONCERT OF HER OWN!
THE SAME NIGHT AS OURS! AND SHE'S GOING TO OPEN WITH
SWANEE RIVER!~~

BLONDIE: WELL, I THINK IT'S A SHAME! THE SOCIETY STARTED OFF
SO NICELY...AND TO HAVE IT ALL SPLIT UP THIS WAY...
CAN'T MR. DITHERS DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

CORY: WELL, YOU KNOW, BLONDIE, J.C. ISN'T MUCH OF A MUSIC
LOVER! BUT I TOLD HIM HE'D BETTER GET BUSY, AND SO
HE'S GOING TO TRY TO FIND SOME OTHER PLACE FOR US TO
PLAY IN! HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU TO TELL DAGWOOD TO
GET BUSY, TOO!

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD IS BUSY! HE'S WORKING ON THE WOODWINDS
RIGHT NOW! LISTEN, CORY -- WOULD YOU CALL A HARMONICA
A WOODWIND?

CORY: ~~NO, I WOULDN'T! NOR A BRASS BLOWER!~~ TELL HIM TO DROP
WOODWINDS AND WORK ON GETTING ME SOME BRASS INSTRUMENTS!
THEY'RE LOUDER...AND I NEED SOMETHING LOUD!

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'LL TELL HIM. WE'RE BACK OF YOU, CORY...

CORY: YES -- ALL THE RIGHT-MINDED PEOPLE IN TOWN ARE BACK
OF ME...BUT THAT DILLY WOMAN IS AHEAD OF ME! WELL --
LET ME KNOW WHAT DAGWOOD DOES!

BLONDIE: I WILL...HE OUGHT TO BE HOME ANY MINUTE! GOODBYE,
CORY.

CORY: GOODBYE...(PHONE DOWN)

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) BLONDIE! HI...LOOKIT! (DOOR OPENS) OH BOY,
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT I'VE GOT!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

DAGWOOD: A STRADIVARIUS, VERY RARE!

BLONDIE: IT LOOKS LIKE A UKELELE!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IT'S A STRADIVARIUS UKELELE! LISTEN!
(PLUNKS IT) WHAT A TONE!

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD...WE DON'T NEED STRINGED INSTRUMENTS!
WE NEED WOOD AND BRASS!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I ASKED FOR A HARMONICA...BUT UNCLE JOE TOLD ME THEY WEREN'T ANY GOOD IN CONCERTS -- AND ANYWAY HE DIDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE! SO I TOOK THIS! IT'S A VERY HIGH-CLASS UKELELE! (PLUNKS IT) LISTEN! "YANKEE DOODLE" (PLUNKS FEW NOTES...ENDS SOUR) NO...

BLONDIE: NO!! LISTEN, DAGWOOD! EVEN IF YOU COULD PLAY THAT THING, IT ISN'T WHAT CORY NEEDS! SHE DOESN'T WANT UKELELES NOR MUSICAL RADIATORS NOR HARMONICAS....

DAGWOOD: (GETS IDEA) WAIT! I'VE GOT IT...

BLONDIE: (HOPEFUL...UPWARD READING) YES?

DAGWOOD: (DOWNWARD READING) NO!!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR! YOU KNOW, DAGWOOD...CORY IS A GOOD FRIEND OF OURS...AND MR. DITHERS IS YOUR BOSS...AND HE SENT WORD FOR YOU TO GET BUSY!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- GOLLY...I'M ONLY ONE MAN! (TAKE) HEY! ONE MAN! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

BLONDIE: WE NEED MORE THAN ONE MAN, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OKAY! MY IDEA IS STILL GOOD! LISTEN! DOWN AT UNCLE JOE'S HOOK SHOPPE HE HAS ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS...

BLONDIE: BUT WHAT GOOD ARE THE INSTRUMENTS WITHOUT THE MEN TO PLAY THEM?

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, HONEY. THAT'S PART OF MY IDEA! (GOING) I'LL GO RIGHT BACK TO UNCLE JOE'S... AND IF CORY CALLS AGAIN OR MR. DITHERS EITHER -- JUST TELL HIM THAT BUMSTEAD HAS LANDED, AND HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND! (DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: CORY HASN'T GOT A HALL TO PLAY IN EITHER.

DAGWOOD: WELL, LOOK -- I CAN'T DO EVERYTHING! YOU TELL HER TO TELL J.C. TO GET IN PLACE FOR THE CONCERT...AND I'LL DO THE REST! (DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

(DOOR BELL...SLIGHT PAUSE...DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: WHY, MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: HELLO, BLONDIE. CAN I USE YOUR PHONE?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE! MY -- YOU LOOK CHEERFUL!

DITHERS: WHY NOT?

BLONDIE: WELL -- POOR CARY IS SO WORRIED ABOUT HER CONCERT, AND..

DITHERS: PISH-PASH! ONCE SHE CALLED ME IN -- HER TROUBLES WERE OVER!

BLONDIE: OH, DID YOU GET HER A HALL TO PLAY IN?

DITHERS: WHO WANTS TO PLAY IN A HALL THIS WARM WEATHER? I'VE DONE BETTER THAN THAT!

BLONDIE: DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE RENTED A TENT!

DITHERS: RENTED A TENT, NOTHING! CORY'S CONCERT WILL BE HELD OUT UNDER THE STARS! NATURE'S OWN SETTING, AND ALL THAT STUFF! JUST LIKE LEWISSONN STADIUM IN NEW YORK ...OR THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL! BIG TIME STUFF!

BLONDIE: IT DOES SOUND ROMANTIC...MUSIC UNDER THE STARS.

DITHERS: YEAH...AND MUCH CHEAPER! I'VE GOT PERMISSION TO PLAY IN PICNIC GROVE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S A PUBLIC PLACE, ISN'T IT?

DITHERS: SEMI-PUBLIC! WHO CARES? THEY CAN SNEAK IN AND LISTEN. BUT IF THEY WANT TO SIT DOWN THEY'LL PAY! LET ME AT THAT PHONE.

BLONDIE: HELP YOURSELF. DO YOU KNOW THE NUMBER YOU WANT?

DITHERS: NO. BUT IT'S STATION WAKY.

BLONDIE: THE RADIO STATION!

DITHERS: YEAH. I'LL PUT A CRIMP IN THAT DILLY WOMAN! WE'RE GOING TO PUT THIS CONCERT OF CORY'S ON THE AIR! THEY'RE HOLDING THE TIME FOR ME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CONFIRM IT -- AND NOW THAT I HAVE THE GROVE...

BLONDIE: BUT WAIT, MR. DITHERS! WHAT ABOUT THE BRASS SECTION? AND THE WOODWINDS, AND ALL THAT?

DITHERS: EH?

BLONDIE: MAYBE IT ALL HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE GETTING THE GROVE LINED UP -- BUT CORY HAS ABOUT HALF AN ORCHESTRA TO PLAY WITH!

DITHERS: (GROANS) OOOOOOH! I TOLD THE RADIO BOYS I WAS PUTTING ON A FULL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA...

BLONDIE: WELL, LOOK, MR. DITHERS! MOST OF THE MUSICIANS DESERTED CORY BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY PLACE TO PLAY. MAYBE IF YOU CALLED THEM AND SAID WE HAD THE GROVE...AND WE'RE GOING TO BE ON THE RADIO BESIDES...

DITHERS: HMMMP. I HATE TO ~~ASK THOSE FELLOWS~~ ~~AND~~ ASK THOSE FELLOWS BACK...BUT CORY'S GOT HER HEART SET ON THIS CONCERT...
(PHONE RINGS) I'LL TAKE THAT! (PHONE UP) HELLO!
BUMSTEAD RESIDENCE -- J.C. DITHERS SPEAKING.

DAGWOOD: OH HELLO, J.C....ER...NO! I MEAN -- "UNCLE JOE'S HOCK SHOPPE -- BUMSTEAD SPEAKING!" HEY...LISTEN! I'VE HIRED A BAND!

DITHERS: EH? YOU WHAT?

DAGWOOD: I'VE HIRED A BAND! IT'S A HONEY!

DITHERS: NICE WORK, BUMSTEAD. I ~~ADMIT I WAS A LITTLE WORRIED~~
~~ABOUT THAT BAND DESERTING!~~ LISTEN! YOU SURE
THERE'S NO SLIP-UP NOW? I'M GOING TO HIRE RADIO
TIME...AND...

DAGWOOD: RADIO? OH BOY! THIS WILL BE A HIT ON RADIO! LISTEN
-- I'LL BRING THE BAND UP TO THE HOUSE.

DITHERS: WAIT! LISTEN, BLONDIE -- DAGWOOD'S GOT HOLD OF A
BAND AND WANTS TO BRING IT UP TO THE HOUSE FOR ME
TO HEAR.

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME IF WE HAVE ENOUGH ROOM.

DITHERS: OKAY, BUMSTEAD...BRING 'EM UP!

DAGWOOD: I'LL HAVE TO HIRE A WAGON...

DITHERS: WAGON?! NO, NO. THIS IS NO TIME TO PINCH PENNIES!
GET TAXI-CABS!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! LET'S NOT THROW MONEY AWAY LIKE THAT!
COULDN' WE GO AND HEAR THE BAND WHEREVER IT IS?

DITHERS: SURE WE COULD! BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

DITHERS: WE'RE COMING DOWN THERE! WHERE ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: UP OVER UNCLE JOE'S HOOK SHOPPE! CORNER OF MAIN AND
VINE.

DITHERS: OKAY! GET 'EM ALL WARMED UP FOR US! G'BYE!
(HANGS UP) SOMETIMES I HAVE HOPES FOR DAGWOOD!
(PHONE RINGS) TOOOOH! MAYBE I SPOKE TOO SOON!
(PHONE UP) WELL?

LIPPY: (FILTER) HELLO? MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: YEAH. WHO'S THIS?

LIPPY: LEONARD LIPP...I PLAY THE SLIDE TROMBONE...YOU KNOW.
DITHERS: OH -- ONE OF THE BACK-SLIDERS, EH? WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
LIPPY: WELL -- SOME OF US BOYS HEARD YOU WERE GOING TO PUT MRS. DITHERS CONCERT ON THE RADIO.
DITHERS: THAT'S RIGHT...WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY ON THE RADIO?
LIPPY: WE'D LOVE IT, MR. DITHERS.
DITHERS: YEAH -- WELL LISTEN. YOU LEFT MY WIFE IN THE LURCH WHEN SHE NEEDED YOU -- AND NOW WE DON'T NEED YOU ON OUR PROGRAM! WE'VE GOT SOME REAL MUSICIANS TO TAKE YOUR PLACE!
LIPPY: PROFESSIONALS?
DITHERS: THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS! YOU TELL THE REST OF YOUR GANG TO STAY WITH MRS. DILLY, TOO! WE DON'T WANT THEM!
LIPPY: WELL, YOU NEEDN'T GET HUFFY WITH ME, MR. DITHERS! YOU MAY LIVE TO REGRET IT!
DITHERS: PAH! NONE OF YOUR LIP, LIPPY! LISTEN...I HOPE YOU SLIP ON A SOUR NOTE AND BREAK ALL YOUR ENGAGEMENTS, HA HA HA! G'BYE. (HANGS UP) I GUESS THAT SETTLES HIM! COME ON, BLONDIE...PUT ON YOUR HAT!
BLONDIE: I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHERE DAGWOOD GOT THAT BAND SO QUICKLY!
DITHERS: WHAT DO WE CARE WHERE THEY CAME FROM? GET YOUR HAT WHILE I PHONE STATION WAKY AND CLINCH THAT RADIO TIME!
BLONDIE: I'LL BE READY IN A JIFFY.

DITHERS: (PHONE UP) HELLO! OPERATOR? GET ME WAKY! EH? THE
RADIO STATION -- WAKY! YOU'VE HEARD OF RADIO,
HAVEN'T YOU? WHAT? NO...HOW WOULD I KNOW THE NUMBER!
BUT THEY'VE GOT A PHONE DOWN THERE! GET 'EM AND MAKE
IT SNAPPY!

(MUSIC IN FOR INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: WELL -- HERE WE ARE, MR. DITHERS! THAT'S UNCLE JOE'S
HOCK SHOPPE. LOOK -- THE SECOND-STORY WINDOWS ARE
OPEN!

DITHERS: YEAH -- BUT I DON'T HEAR ANY MUSIC COMING OUT!

BLONDIE: MAYBE THEY'RE JUST RESTING BETWEEN NUMBERS. (CALLS)
DAGWOODOOOOOOOOOOD?

DAGWOOD: (AWAY...UPSTAIRS WINDOW) HI...BLONDIE! HI, MR. DITHERS.

BLONDIE: IS THE BAND UP THERE?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE.

DITHERS: HOW'S THE BRASS?

DAGWOOD: SWELL!...LISTEN! (BAGS CYMBALS) HOW'S THAT!

DITHERS: THAT'S NOT A BRASS SECTION! THAT'S A PAIR OF CYMBALS!

DAGWOOD: WELL, CYMBALS ARE BRASS, AREN'T THEY? (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: THIS IS NO TIME FOR COMEDY, BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: NOW, MR. DITHERS, DAGWOOD IS JUST IN A GOOD HUMOR,
THAT'S ALL!

DITHERS: HOW DO WE GET UP THERE?

DAGWOOD: RIGHT THROUGH THAT DOOR, AND UP ONE FLIGHT! I'LL BE
WAITING!

BLONDIE: HE MEANS THIS DOOR -- SEE THE STAIRS? COME ON!

DITHERS: HMMMMP. (BELITTLING)...AN UPSTAIRS BAND! WELL -- HERE
WE GO...(MUSIC RUN UPWARD) I GUESS THIS IS THE DOOR.

(KNOCKS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) DON'T COME IN 'TIL I'M READY! NOW...ONE...TWO...
THREE! COME IN! (DOOR OPENS) (MUSIC...ONE-MAN BAND STRIKES
UP YANKEE DOODLE) (WE HEAR A MOUTH ORGAN...DRUM...CYMBALS
...UKE)

DITHERS: TAAAAAH! WHAT'S THIS? WHERE'S THE BAND? (MOUTH ORGAN OUT)

DAGWOOD: THIS IS IT! I'M IT! (REST OF BAND OUT)

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! A ONE-MAN BAND!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! I GOT IT CHEAP! SEE -- THE GUY WHO OWNED IT
COULDN'T AFFORD TO PAY HIMSELF UNION SCALE FOR ALL THESE
INSTRUMENTS SO...HE GAVE IT UP...AND...

DITHERS: OOOOHH! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THERE WAS A CATCH IN THIS!
LISTEN YOU LAME BRAIN! I'VE GOT A GROVE HIRED AND RADIO
TIME BOUGHT...AND I'VE BURNED ALL MY BRIDGES ON GETTING
THE OTHER MEN BACK! ALL BECAUSE YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD A BAND
READY TO PLAY!

DAGWOOD: DON'T YOU LIKE MY MUSIC?

DITHERS: MUSIC?!!! YOU CALL THAT RACKET, MUSIC!!! I WOULDN'T LET
YOU PLAY THAT COLLECTION OF KNICK-KNACKS AT THE WAKE OF MY
WORST ENEMY!

BLONDIE: YOU'LL HAVE TO CANCEL THE CONCERT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: CANCEL NOTHING! I'M NOT GOING TO BE MADE A LAUGHING-STOCK!
YOU, BUMSTEAD! YOU UNDERTOOK TO FURNISH A BAND, AND YOU'RE
GOING THROUGH!

DAGWOOD: BUT, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: BUT NOTHING! YOU PROMISED ME MUSIC, AND YOU'RE GOING TO
MAKE GOOD! NOW DISENTANGLE YOURSELF FROM THAT RUBE GOLDBERG
MACHINE AND START LOOKING!

DAGWOOD: YES SIR. (A BUMP ON THE DRUM...A CLASH OF CYMBALS...A TOOT
ON THE HARMONICA...A HORRID COMBINATION OF SOUNDS AS DAGWOOD
TIPS THE ASSORTMENT OVER.) TOOOOH!
(MUSIC: IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(CENTRAL)

"BLONDIE"
8/12/40

-21-

GOODWIN: WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS IN A MOMENT, BUT FIRST A
REMINDER -- THE NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES REMEMBER THIS:

MAN: FOR THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE AND VALUE, TURN TO
SLOW-BURNING CAMELS.

GOODWIN: YES, CAMELS WITH THEIR MATCHLESS BLEND OF COSTLIER
TOBACCOS...THEIR SLOWER WAY OF BURNING, GIVE YOU EXTRA
MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING
PER CIGARETTE PER PACK.

MAN: IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS, CAMELS BURNED
TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE
FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED...
SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM.

GOODWIN: AND THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO
FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK...AN EXTRA IN VALUE THAT'S
MIGHTY IMPORTANT ANY DAY. SO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NEXT
TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES REMEMBER...

MAN: FOR THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE AND VALUE, TURN TO
SLOW-BURNING CAMELS.

GOODWIN: PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS...AND THE DITHERS.
IT'S THE NIGHT OF THE BIG CONCERT IN PICNIC GROVE.
J.C. DITHERS SITS WITH BLONDIE DOWN FRONT WHERE HE CAN
HEAR -- WHAT LITTLE THERE IS TO HEAR -- AS THE REMNANTS
OF AN ORCHESTRA STRUGGLE WITH YANKEE DOODLE. (FEW
INSTRUMENTS IN...VERY WEAK...BEGINNING YANKEE DOODLE)
(FROM DISTANCE COMES LOUD BLARE OF A TROMBONE...LAUGHING)

DITHERS: THERE IT GOES AGAIN. OUR BOYS CAN'T PLAY YANKEE DOODLE
WELL ENOUGH TO KEEP THEMSELVES WARM...IF THEY COULD
PLAY IT THEY'D BE GUMMED UP BY THAT JOKER WITH THE
TROMBONE!"

BLONDIE: I KNOW...BUT WAIT 'TIL DAGWOOD GETS HERE!

DITHERS: DAGWOOD ME EYE. HE HASN'T BEEN TO A SINGLE REHEARSAL
THIS WEEK.

BLONDIE: BUT HE'S BEEN REHEARSING BY HIMSELF, MR..DITHERS.

DITHERS: IS HE THAT BAD?

BLONDIE: WELL -- THE INSTRUMENT HE'S GOING TO PLAY IS NEW TO HIM!
HE WANTS IT JUST RIGHT BEFORE HE PLAYS IN PUBLIC.

DITHERS: FIDDLE FADDLE! HE WON'T EVEN TELL ME WHAT HIS INSTRUMENT
IS!

BLONDIE: NO -- BUT HE TOLD ME...AND I GIVE YOU MY WORD, MR. DITHERS
IT WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF THE WOOD-WINDS AND THE BRASS
SECTION.

DITHERS: SEEMS MIGHTY FUNNY TO ME. DAGWOOD COMES TO WORK EVERY
MORNING LOOKING AS IF HE'D BEEN WRESTLING MAN MOUNTAIN
DEAN.

BLONDIE: I KNOW...AND HE COMES HOME AT NIGHT COVERED WITH SOOT...

DITHERS: SOOT! LISTEN, IS HE PRACTISING MUSIC OR SWEEPING
CHIMNEYS?

BLONDIE: DON'T WORRY. IT'LL BE MUSIC TO YOUR EARS WHEN YOU HEAR
DAGWOOD PLAY.

DITHERS: BLONDIE, I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOU. IF I DIDN'T HAVE,
I'D BACK OUT OF THIS WHOLE THING HERE AND NOW,

BLONDIE: OH, NO, MR. DITHERS! WHY, DAGWOOD HAS WORKED SO HARD
TO MAKE GOOD ON THIS -- HIS HANDS ARE ALL BLISTERED!

DITHERS: (GROANS) BLISTERS, TOO! LISTEN, WHAT'S HE LEARNING TO
PLAY?

BLONDIE: "YANKEE DOODLE."

DITHERS: YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. WHAT KIND OF A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
GIVES A MAN BLISTERS!!?

CORY: (COMING IN) JULIUS! BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: HERE'S CORY! WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR??!

CORY: THAT MRS. DILLY! SHE TOLD ME TO MY FACE!

DITHERS: EH? TOLD YOU WHAT?

CORY: THAT MY CONCERT WOULD NEVER GO ON THE AIR.

DITHERS: IT'S GOT TO GO ON THE AIR! LOOK -- THERE'S A MAN FROM
STATION WAKY...WITH A MICROPHONE ALL SET UP...WAITING
FOR THE SIGNAL;

BLONDIE: WHY YES, CORY...AND THE AUDIENCE IS WAITING, TOO!

CORY: YES -- AND MRS. DILLY IS WAITING, TOO! SHE WAITED UNTIL
IT WAS TOO LATE FOR US TO BACK OUT...AND THEN SHE TOLD
ME!

BLONDIE: TOLD YOU WHAT, CORY?

CORY: SHE'S GOING TO RUIN OUR CONCERT, BLONDIE! I THOUGHT IT
WAS MIGHTY FUNNY WHEN SHE CALLED OFF HER OWN CONCERT --
BUT STILL HELD ON TO THE HALL. I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN WHAT
SHE WAS UP TO WHEN I HEARD HER BAND WAS STILL REHEARSING
"SWANEE RIVER!"

DITHERS: FOR THE LOVE OF CATS, CORY! COME TO THE POINT!

CORY: DON'T SNAP AT ME, JULIUS CAESAR DITHERS! I'VE HAD ABOUT ALL I CAN STAND NOW! DID YOU HEAR THAT TROMBONE AWHILE BACK?

BLONDIE: YES -- I'VE HEARD IT EVERY TIME OUR BAND TRIED TO PLAY.

CORY: THAT'S ONLY ONE TROMBONE...MRS. DILLY HAS HER WHOLE BRASS SECTION HIDDEN BEHIND THOSE TREES.

DITHERS: IS THAT SO? WELL -- I'LL CALL THE POLICE.

BLONDIE: NO, MR. DITHERS. IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! THIS IS A PUBLIC PLACE.

CORY: OH, SHE'S GOT IT ALL PLANNED OUT. EVERYTIME WE TRY TO PLAY "YANKEE DOODLE," HER BRASS SECTION IS GOING TO PLAY "SWANEE RIVER."

DITHERS: WHAT??? WHILE WE'RE ON THE AIR, TOO?

CORY: ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'RE ON THE AIR.

BLONDIE: OH, SHE COULDN'T DO THAT!

DITHERS: MAYBE SHE'S BLUFFING!

CORY: I WISH I THOUGHT SO.

BLONDIE: LET'S TRY IT AND SEE...ER...WHERE'S THE LEADER OF OUR ORCHESTRA? OH...THERE! (CALLS) MR. SMITH...MR. SMITH! WILL YOU PLAY "YANKEE DOODLE" ONCE MORE?

SMITH: (AWAY) I'LL TRY, MRS. BUMSTEAD...READY, BOYS? ONE-TWO...
(THE BAND STARTS FEEBLY AGAIN...AFTER A FEW BARS...WE HEAR THE BRASS SECTION IN THE WOODS...PLAYING "SWANEE RIVER"...IT DROWNS OUT "YANKEE DOODLE") (BOTH OUT)

DITHERS: SHE WASN'T BLUFFING!

BELL: (AWAY) MR. DITHERS! MR. DITHERS!

CORY: HERE COMES THAT RADIO MAN!

BELL: (COMING IN) MR. DITHERS -- WE CAN'T HAVE THIS! THE WOODS ARE FULL OF WOOD-WINDS, AND THERE'S A TROMBONE IN EVERY TREE! THEY ARE GOING TO PLAY WHILE YOUR BAND IS PLAYING...WE'LL HAVE A CLAMBAKE ON OUR HANDS! I'LL HAVE TO CUT YOU OFF THE AIR!

DITHERS: NOW LISTEN! I PAID FOR THE TIME, DIDN'T I?

BELL: I KNOW, MR. DITHERS...BUT YOU TOLD ME IT WAS FOR A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA...STATION WAKY HAS A STANDARD TO KEEP UP, YOU KNOW...

DITHERS: OKAY...(SIGHS) I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

BELL: IT'S THREE MINUTES TO AIR TIME NOW!

CORY: WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, JULIUS.

BLONDIE: NO, CORY! WE WON'T GIVE UP! JUST WAIT 'TIL DAGWOOD GETS HERE WITH HIS INSTRUMENT. THEN WE'LL SEE IF MRS. DILLY IS SO SMART!

DITHERS: WELL, WHERE IS DAGWOOD?

BLONDIE: HE'S JUST OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS! HE'S WAITING TILL THE LAST MINUTE -- TO SURPRISE YOU!

DITHERS: TELL HIM TO SURPRISE ME BY GETTING SOMEWHERE ON TIME FOR ONCE! (A DISTANT TOOT) LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT? (A RUMBLE BEGINS) (HORSES HOOFS...BUILDING)

BLONDIE: THAT'S DAGWOOD! LOOK! HERE HE COMES!

DITHERS: WHAT'S HE DRIVING? A -- A CIRCUS WAGON!"

CORY: MY LAND! THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF IT!

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHERE DAGWOOD GOT THE SOOT ON HIS FACE!
(THE RUMBLE AND HOOFS COME NEARER) (HISS OF STEAM)

DITHERS: AND THE BLISTERS ON HIS HANDS WERE FROM SHOVELING COAL!
CORY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT BUMSTEAD'S GOT THERE!?

CORY: IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THAT THINGUMMY THAT THEY USED TO HAVE
AT THE END OF OLD-FASHIONED CIRCUS PARADES!

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT...A CALLIOPE!

DITHERS: A STEAM-PIANO!

BLONDIE: THE LOUDEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT EVER INVENTED BY MORTAL
MAN! NOW LET'S SEE MRS. DILLY AND HER TROMBONES DROWN
THAT OUT!

DITHERS: HEY, SMITH! MAKE THAT BAND OF YOURS PLAY "YANKEE DOODLE"
AGAIN! WE'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR MRS. DILLY'S BOYS.

SMITH: "YANKEE DOODLE" COMING UP. (BAND STARTS AGAIN...STILL
FAINT BUT WITH MORE HEART...AGAIN THE TROMBONES COME
IN WITH "SWANEE RIVER"...MUCH LOUDER THAN THE FIRST BAND)

DITHERS: HEY, BUMSTEAD! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BLONDIE: YES! PLAY, DAGWOOD! PLAY! (THE CALLIOPE CUTS IN...
PICKING UP "YANKEE DOODLE" WHEREVER IT IS...AND TOPPING
EVERYTHING ELSE...IT PLAYS TO A TRIUMPHANT FINISH...
LOUDER ALL THE TIME)

DAGWOOD: (AT END) HEY! HOW WAS THAT?

DITHERS: PERFECT! THE SWEETEST MUSIC I EVER HEARD!

CORY: LOOK! THERE GOES MRS. DILLY.

DITHERS: YEAH...SHE KNOWS WE'VE GOT HER LICKED! DAG, OLD BOY!
GIVE ME YOUR HAND!

"BLONDIE"
8/12/40

-27-

DAGWOOD: OUCH! LOOK OUT FOR MY BLISTERS!

CORY: YOU'VE SAVED US, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: IT WAS REALLY NOTHING.

BLONDIE: OH LOOK! HERE COMES MRS. DILLY'S BRASS SECTION OUT OF THE WOODS!

CORY: OH YES! PROBABLY THEY WANT TO JOIN US AGAIN NOW!

DITHERS: OH, THEY DO, EH? WELL, LET ME TALK TO THEM.

BLONDIE: NOW WAIT! DAGWOOD! GET YOUR INSTRUMENT IN BACK OF THE BAND! HURRY! WE'RE ALMOST ON THE AIR!

DAGWOOD: OKAY! GIT UP, ALICE! GEE, HARRY! (HORSES HOOFS AND RUMBLE...HISS OF STEAM)

CORY: DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO TAKE BACK MRS. DILLY'S BRASS SECTION, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: YES I DO, CORY. AFTER ALL -- THE SOCIETY WAS FOUNDED TO GIVE EVERYBODY A CHANCE TO PLAY! THEY FOLLOWED MRS. DILLY WHEN THEY THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T GIVE A CONCERT!

DITHERS: YEAH...BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT HOCUS-POCUS BEHIND THE TREES! DROWNING US OUT!

BLONDIE: WELL -- DON'T FORGET WHAT YOU SAID TO MR. LIPP, THE FIRST TROMBONE! THAT DIDN'T MAKE US ANY FRIENDS, MR. DITHERS...

CORY: NO, JULIUS! I THINK BLONDIE IS RIGHT. I'LL TAKE 'EM BACK IF THEY'LL AGREE TO PLAY "YANKEE DOODLE," AND NOT 'SWANEE RIVER'...

BLONDIE: WHY NOT LET'S PLAY BOTH?

CORY: WELL THEN...YANKEE DOODLE FIRST! I'VE SET MY HEART ON THAT.

BLONDIE: LET'S BE GENEROUS CORY. LET'S PLAY BOTH TUNES FIRST.

DITHERS: EH? HOW CAN YOU DO THAT?

BLONDIE: YOU'LL SEE. THEY GO TOGETHER IN PERFECT HARMONY. JUST LIKE ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF LOVERS OF AMERICAN MUSIC WILL BE IN HARMONY FROM NOW ON.

CORY: WELL -- YOU HANDLE IT, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, I WILL! MR. LIPP!

LIPPY: (COMING IN) YES, MA'AM?

BLONDIE: YOU'VE BEEN REHEARSING "SWANEE RIVER?"

LIPPY: WE SURE HAVE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WHEN YOU GET THE SIGNAL -- JUST PLAY IT.

LIPPY: OKAY, MRS. BUMSTEAD. THANKS.

BLONDIE: MR. SMITH?

SMITH: YES MA'AM?

BLONDIE: YOU'VE BEEN REHEARSING "YANKEE DOODLE" WITH -- ER -- NOT QUITE ENOUGH MEN. BUT MY HUSBAND WILL HELP YOU OUT WITH HIS INSTRUMENT. JUST PLAY IT AS HARD AS YOU CAN.

SMITH: OKAY, MRS. BUMSTEAD. '

BLONDIE: (CALLS) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS -- AWAY) YEAH -- I KNOW. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME TIME TO GET UP STEAM! MY BOILER LEAKS!

DITHERS: TOOOOOH. HE'LL BE LATE AFTER ALL!

BLONDIE: NO HE WON'T. I WANT HIM TO COME IN A LITTLE LATE! NOW -- THE "YANKEE DOODLE" GO FIRST...THEN THE "SWANEE RIVERS." THEN BOTH! THEN DAGWOOD.

BELL: ALREADY, FOLKS? WE'RE GOING ON THE AIR.

CORY: WELL -- WE'RE READY.

DITHERS: SURE. YOU NEVER CATCH J. C. DITHERS NAPPING, MY BOY.

BLONDIE: HERE'S AN ANNOUNCEMENT FOR YOU, MR. ANNOUNCER...

BELL: GOOD. I WAS WONDERING JUST WHAT TO SAY. OOOPS. THERE GOES THE SIGNAL. QUIET EVERYBODY. (PAUSE...SILENCE)
(HE WHISPERS) WE'RE ON THE AIR. (ALoud) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE...STATION WAKY PRESENTS THE SOCIETY OF LOVERS OF AMERICAN MUSIC IN A RECITAL OF WELL-BELOVED AMERICAN AIRS. THE FIRST WILL BE A MEDLEY... A BLEND OF "YANKEE DOODLE" AND "SWANEE RIVER"...BY THE FULL ORCHESTRA AUGMENTED BY MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD AT THE KEYBOARD OF A STEAM-PIANO...READY, GENTLEMEN?...TAKE IT AWAY.
(THE STRINGS PLAY "YANKEE DOODLE" BRIGHTLY...THE BRASS ANSWERS WITH "SWANEE RIVER"...SUDDENLY, THEY BLEND PERFECTLY. THE ONE AN OBLIGATO FOR THE OTHER...LET THIS FACT BE ESTABLISHED THOROUGHLY AND THEN...THE STEAM PIANO CUTS LOOSE...IT PLAYS "YANKEE DOODLE" ALONE AGAINST THE "SWANEE RIVER" OF THE COMBINED ORCHESTRA...APPLAUSE IS HEARD MOUNTING, AND UNDER COVER OF THIS, WE SEGUE TO THEME...FOR...CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -30-
8/5/40 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT, WE WILL TRY AND GIVE YOU A BRIEF
SYNOPSIS OF NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE, BUT FIRST --

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS --

THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVE YOU THE "EXTRAS".

JOIN US AGAIN NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT THIS SAME TIME

AND "CORRAL" YOURSELF A LOT OF LAUGHS WHEN "BLONDIE"

GOES WESTERN.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY
ARTHUR LAKE.

THE "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZT, WHO
ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.

THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOODNIGHT FOR THE MAKERS
OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.