

v/19/41

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Here's "Blondie"...presented by Camel -- the slower-burning cigarette that gives you more flavor, more mildness, more coolness, and less nicotine in the smoke -- twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE TAKE YOU TO THE BUMSTEAD'S HOME ON SHADY LANE AVENUE...  
LISTEN TO THIS...

51455 7631

(POSTMAN'S WHISTLE)

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious, there's the postman already.

(DOOR OPENING)

BLONDIE: Good morning, Mr. Brooks.

MAN: (DRAWL) Morning, Mrs. Bumstead, morning. Got a letter for you folks from Hominy, Oklahoma.

BLONDIE: Hominy, Oklahoma! Why, I never even heard of Hominy before.

MAN: Well...I always thought it was something to eat.

(SHUTTING DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) Any mail for me?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear, but it's from Hominy, Oklahoma. And we don't know anybody there.

DAGWOOD: Well, open it. Maybe it's important.

(TEARING LETTER OPEN)

DAGWOOD: Wh...what does it say?

BLONDIE: (READING) Dear Blondie and Dagwood, tomorrow we're starting our big trip to Hollywood...my sister May, Pa and I. We're bringing Samson in the car, too.

He's our canary, and we just couldn't leave him behind.

DAGWOOD: Huh...~~that canary's going to meet some strange birds~~ *Well that's a long trip for a canary.*  
~~in Hollywood.~~

BLONDIE: (READING) We've heard you on our radio so long, we feel we know you real well and we love you both. You're ever so much fun to listen to.

DAGWOOD: Gee, they must be awfully nice folks.

BLONDIE: I'm sure they are. But here's some more letter...

(READING) Our vacation just wouldn't be complete if we didn't see you two in the flesh. ~~So I'm wondering if you could let us have tickets for one of your broadcasts.~~

DAGWOOD: <sup>(Interrupts)</sup> Suppose they want a ticket for that canary, too?

BLONDIE: Dagwood...stop interrupting. (READING) We're all good Camel fans. Pa says Camels have lots more flavor. And I sure agree with him. Camels are so much cooler and milder, too. Just the way we women folks like them.

GOODWIN: Say, she certainly has the right slant on Camels. But she did forget to mention one of Camel's important extras.

BLONDIE: What's that, Mr. Goodwin?

GOODWIN: Slower-burning Camels also give you an extra margin of freedom from nicotine -- twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less than any of them... according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Now, all you folks listening in...try slower-burning Camels, too. See if you don't enjoy Camels...the slower-burning cigarette that brings you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke. The smoke's the thing.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. It's Saturday morning and Dagwood has to work at the office until noon, so we find him having a quick breakfast with Blondie...

(COME UP ON RATTLE OF SILVERWARE...CUP  
IN SAUCER...ETC...)

BLONDIE: A little more coffee, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, if you don't mind, Blondie. It's very good this morning.

BLONDIE: I'm glad you like it, dear.

(POURING COFFEE)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: I was just wondering. *Oh, what's going on?* Tonight is Saturday night, and I thought you might have something planned for us to do.

DAGWOOD: I hadn't planned anything except a good hot bath.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why don't we go dancing tonight?

DAGWOOD: Dancing?

BLONDIE: Yes. It would be lots of fun, and we haven't gone out together for a long, long time. Why, it's been ages! Wouldn't you like to go?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes -- in a way. But we have just as much fun sitting at home, listening to the radio and reading the paper and talking.

BLONDIE: You didn't use to talk that way before we were married, dear. Don't you remember -- you always insisted on taking me out dancing every Saturday night.

DAGWOOD: Did I?

BLONDIE: You certainly did. You told me you'd like to spend the rest of your life dancing with me.

DAGWOOD: Well, that was when I was trying to get you to marry me, Blondie. I had to make some sort of campaign promises to keep you interested.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING) Oh, Dagwood,...

DAGWOOD: What do you say we go dancing next Saturday instead of this Saturday?

BLONDIE: Now, darling -- if we put it off we'll never go at all. Why this will go on for -- oh, for heaven's sake!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Look at this in the paper.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Huh? What?

BLONDIE: Imagine! Dick Tyler is in town. Why I haven't seen him for ages.

DAGWOOD: Dick Tyler?

BLONDIE: Oh, you know -- I used to go around with him before I met you, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I remember. But I never did meet him.

BLONDIE: I wonder what he looks like now -- it's been about six years, I guess.

DAGWOOD: Hm...

BLONDIE: You know -- he always said when he came back to town he'd drop in and see if my husband was treating me right.

DAGWOOD: Oh, he did!!!

BLONDIE: Uh -- huh.

DAGWOOD: I resent that! Who does he think he is!?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- he was just joking, of course. Dick probably won't even call me up on the phone.

DAGWOOD: Good.

BLONDIE: Even though he did think he was in love with me once... (GIGGLES)...when I started going with you he threatened to kill himself -- three times.

DAGWOOD: I should think once would be enough.

BLONDIE: Oh, I guess Dick wasn't serious. Anyway, after that he left town and went to work in the city.

DAGWOOD: Er -- what's he look like?

BLONDIE: I don't know what he looks like now. He was about medium height --

DAGWOOD: As tall as I am?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Ha.

BLONDIE: And he had sort of a funny nose and big ears.

DAGWOOD: Funny nose and big ears, eh? (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: And I believe he was worried about losing his hair.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Getting bald, hunh? Well, I guess --

~~BLONDIE: Goodness. Look at the time!!! Dagwood -- you'll be late if you don't run!...Get your hat and coat and I'll open the door.~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'll need a good start!

BLONDIE: (DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, you won't be worried or jealous or anything if I invite Dick Tyler to stop in here and see us for a little while, will you?

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2/10/41 (REVISED)

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness, look at the time. You'll be late if  
you don't run.

DAGWOOD: Open the door, Blondie. I'll get a good start.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood -- be careful.

DAGWOOD: I'll be back around one! Goodbye, honey!

(WHIZZZZZZZ!...AND OUT HE GOES...DOOR SLAM)

MUSIC:

~~GOODWIN: Dagwood has finished at the office for the day, and is just about home when he meets Mr. Fuddle, his next-door neighbor.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Hi, Jay Fuddle.~~

FUDDLE: Hello, Dag, old boy. *Hi Fuddle* Say *Id. I like to say anything, but,* who was the fellow who went into your house a minute ago?

DAGWOOD: I don't know --

FUDDLE: He certainly was a smooth --

DAGWOOD: Oh, I know now. It was probably Dick Tyler. He's an old boy friend of Blondie's.

FUDDLE: Oh -- you know him.

DAGWOOD: Well, not exactly, Fuddle. I've heard Blondie mention him a couple of times. *Will say the name of my friend, but...* You see, she was going steady with him. Then I came along and cut him out cold.

FUDDLE: You cut him out? The man who just went into your house?

DAGWOOD: Sure. (LAUGHS) He's sort of a funny looking guy, isn't he? *What's so funny?*

FUDDLE: Well, that depends. He isn't any funnier looking than -- well, say, Tyrone Power.

DAGWOOD: Well, you see ~~in that case~~ I didn't have any competish -- *huh? She would say?*

FUDDLE: The smooth, suave, and sophisticated type.

~~DAGWOOD: Why is he's shorter than I am, isn't he?~~

~~FUDDLE: Mrs., well... off hand I'd say -- no.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Is that right? (Then laughs) But he's got a funny nose, isn't he?~~

~~FUDDLE: Let me think -- er -- no.~~

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~~DAGWOOD: But those big ears.~~

~~FUDDLE: Oh, yes -- his ears are big.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I thought so.~~

~~FUDDLE: Yes -- big, manly ears -- like Clark Gable.~~

DAGWOOD: Well anyway, Fuddle, -- he's bald, isn't he?

FUDDLE: Not this guy, Dag. The head of hair he was wearing grew up in a hair tonic ad.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie told me -- hey -- something's wrong here!!!

FUDDLE: Yeah -- if I were you I'd rush right in before it's too late.

DAGWOOD: Before what's too late?

FUDDLE: Before this guy Tyler kindles the sparks of that old romance!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I'll see you later, Fuddle!

(WHIZZ...AND UP ONTO THE PORCH STEPS)

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Bloooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooo <sup>Up there,</sup> (STOPS) Oh, hello, dear.

BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood,...I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Dick Tyler.

TYLER: So this is Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Er -- Well --

TYLER: Well, well, it's a pleasure to shake your hand, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm very glad to -- oooooow! Hey, you're crushing my hand.

TYLER: Sorry, old man. Didn't mean to hurt you.

DAGWOOD: That's all right. I don't think it's broken in more than a couple of places. What do you do for a living -- squeeze oranges?

TYLER: (LAUGHS) Quite a sense of humor your husband has, Blondie. Refreshingly primitive.

DAGWOOD: Hey --

BLONDIE: How'd everything go at the office, dear?

DAGWOOD: The office? Oh, fine, honey. I pulled off a couple of big deals for Mr. Dithers and then came home.

TYLER: That's very interesting...Blondie and I were just starting to talk about the old days.

DAGWOOD: (NOT MUCH INTERESTED) Is that so.

TYLER: Yes, we certainly had some wonderful times, didn't we, Blondie?

BLONDIE: We certainly did, Dick. You remember that picnic we went on with the Wilsons? (LAUGHS)

TYLER: With the Wilsons? Oh, how could I forget it! (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I don't think I've ever laughed harder in all my life!

TYLER: (LAUGHS) Neither have I!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I have.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- it was funny. Susie Wilson started to tie up the lunch basket with a piece of rope that turned out to be a garter snake.

TYLER:  
*Dagwood*

*Remember going back to the picnic*  
Yes, I remember that.) And do you remember on that same picnic when I carried you half way across that little stream?

BLONDIE: I certainly do. You said you'd drop me in the water unless --

TYLER: That's right. Unless you kissed me.

*Blondie*  
DAGWOOD: That was a dirty trick!...Taking advantage -- what happened

*Dagwood*  
BLONDIE: Well, I was in sort of a predicament.

TYLER: (LAUGHS) She didn't get wet, Dagwood.

*Dagwood*  
BLONDIE: (HASTILY) That was before I met you, dear.

TYLER: Blondie -- I'd do the same thing today if I had a chance.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- you'd what?

TYLER: Oh, Blondie -- remember that hay-ride we went on with the bunch that Hallowe'en?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, Dick. That was a lot of fun.

DAGWOOD: I suppose that time you held Blondie over a pitchfork and threatened to drop her.

TYLER: (LAUGHS) Oh, no, Dagwood -- *this time* you're wrong.

DAGWOOD: That's better.

*no!*  
TYLER: ~~As I recall~~, it was a pile of thistles.

*Blondie*  
DAGWOOD: Well, at least that's a little bit -- a what?

BLONDIE: Dick was always up to some sort of a trick like that, Dagwood.

TYLER: I guess I was. Yes -- we had quite a time, Dagwood. It's too bad you had to come along and spoil it.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm glad Dagwood came along. We've been very happy, haven't we, dear?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- up to now.

TYLER: I used to take Blondie to a dance just about every other night...I suppose you still go dancing a lot, don't you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well -- uh --

DAGWOOD: Of course we do -- now and then.

TYLER: Blondie was always light as a feather on her feet. I wonder if you'd mind if I turned on the radio and tried a few steps with her, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, I --

TYLER: You don't mind, do you, Blondie? Just for old times' sake?

BLONDIE: Well, no, if Dagwood doesn't mind.

TYLER: Of course he doesn't.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute -- I'd rather you --

TYLER: Thanks, Dagwood. That's mighty big of you.

(CLICK)

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

TYLER: Oh, boy -- this is going to take me back, Blondie. I remember when I first met you at Rainbow Gardens. You were a dream! I practically fell flat on my face rushing around trying to find someone to introduce me to you. And that first dance! I took you in my arms and --

DAGWOOD: Hey -- that's enough!

TYLER: What's the matter, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Nothing -- but don't let your memory run away with you.

(DANCE MUSIC FADES IN)

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, I'll watch him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: That makes two of us.

TYLER: Ah -- music! Yes -- music, and a beautiful girl!

DAGWOOD: A beautiful married girl.

TYLER: Oh, yes -- thanks for reminding me, old man.

DAGWOOD: That's all right.

TYLER: And now, how about that dance, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, Dick.

TYLER: We'll just turn back the clock a ways.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- don't turn it back too far!

MUSIC: (UP A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) A fine thing. A man like that ought to be locked up. He's a menace to the community. Oh, my gosh.

(ALoud) Hey, Tyler.

TYLER: (OFF A BIT) Yes?

DAGWOOD: Open your eyes!

TYLER: Oh -- were they closed? So they were.

DAGWOOD: I don't mind your dancing with Blondie, but you don't have to enjoy it so much.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- please.

DAGWOOD: Er -- may I cut in, please.

TYLER: Cut in? Oh, certainly, old man.

DAGWOOD: Thanks...(SOTTO) Gee, Blondie -- I thought you said that Dick Tyler was funny looking.

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) But Dagwood -- that's the way I remembered him.

DAGWOOD: He's <sup>a</sup> good looking.

BLONDIE: Yes, he is -- in a way. But he's not nearly as smart and intelligent as you are...It's so nice to be dancing with you again, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and it's nice to be dancing with you, Blondie.  
*How do you like the Spanish music?*  
~~But what are we going to do about --~~

TYLER: Pardon me, Dagwood, old man -- may I cut in?

DAGWOOD: Well, not right at this --

TYLER: Thank you, old man.

DAGWOOD: But you didn't give me time to take more than a couple of steps.

*She's a little bit of a...*  
BLONDIE: Now, boys, boys -- please...!

TYLER: Yes, but you can go dancing with Blondie every night, Dagwood. She's your wife.

DAGWOOD: I was hoping you'd remember that.

TYLER: Now Dagwood -- let's be fair about this.

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing!

BLONDIE: All right! If you boys are going to quarrel, I'm going to turn off the radio.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

MUSIC STOPS:

TYLER: Well, Dagwood -- let me apologize if I've offended you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- not at all. I guess I just forgot myself for a moment.

TYLER: Let's shake on it.

DAGWOOD: Sure, Dick...I really didn't mean that -- oooooow! Let go of my hand!

TYLER: Oh! Sorry, old man. Say, Blondie, are you still the wonderful cook that you used to be?

BLONDIE: Now, Dick -- you're just flattering me. My cooking was never anything out of the ordinary.

TYLER: Oh, yes it was!

DAGWOOD: Now what are you trying to get at?

TYLER: I guess I might as well come right out and admit that I'd like to have you invite me to dinner.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!

BLONDIE: Why -- why we'd be glad to have you, Dick. Wouldn't we, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

TYLER: That's fine.

DAGWOOD: Can you come a week from tonight?

TYLER: Well, I'm only in town for a day or two.

DAGWOOD: That's too bad. Yeah -- that certainly is a shame.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- why can't Dick come to dinner tonight?

DAGWOOD: Well, you haven't planned anything, Blondie, And you want to cook a really sensational meal for Dick, don't you?

BLONDIE: But there's plenty of time to order things.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but there's not enough time to do justice to your cooking, honey. Take my word for it!

BLONDIE: Now don't you worry, dear. It'll be all right.

DAGWOOD: But --

TYLER: That's fine!

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood -- don't be rude.

DAGWOOD: Well, you're welcome to come, Dick. Of course, it'll be sort of pot luck. And you know how pot luck dinners are.

TYLER: Ah, that's perfectly okay with me. I'll love it!

DAGWOOD: And you won't be able to have one of Blondie's home-made cakes.

TYLER: ~~I~~ never eat dessert.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmmmm...and Blondie makes wonderful jellied fruit salad, but of course there won't be time for that.

TYLER: ~~I~~ never liked salads much, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Blondie'll probably just open a few cans --

TYLER: I love things out of cans --

DAGWOOD: You ought to be more particular about your food!

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood --

TYLER: What time shall I come, Blondie?

*Dagwood: How a best next...*  
BLONDIE: Oh, -- about six-thirty, I guess. We'll have dinner around seven.

TYLER: That's wonderful. Well, I'll be running along now.

BLONDIE: It was awfully nice of you to drop in, Dick.

TYLER: I'll see you at six-thirty, then.

DAGWOOD: Yes. Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

TYLER: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)



DAGWOOD: Blondie -- why did you ever have to know a man like that?

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- what's the matter with you? He's very nice.

DAGWOOD: Yes, nice in an unpleasant way.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Dagwood, I think you're jealous.

DAGWOOD: I'm not jealous! The idea!...er -- You don't still like him do you?

BLONDIE: Well, of course, I like him. He's an old friend.

DAGWOOD: I wish he were twenty years older...He's too good-looking.

BLONDIE: Yes, Dick is handsome.

DAGWOOD: Of course, I'm no Boris Karloff. You always said that I was sort of -- well, sort of cute in a way. *Way with Dick a man's touch?*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you are jealous!

DAGWOOD: No I'm not! I just don't like to have my home invaded by any old boy friends of yours, unless they're funny looking ones.

BLONDIE: Now, dear, you shouldn't feel that way. Aren't we very happily married?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- sure.

BLONDIE: And haven't we a very smart child for a son?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: And haven't we been married all this time without any very serious quarrels?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie.

BLONDIE: And aren't you sure that I still love you just as much and even more than when we were <sup>last</sup> married?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, honey.

BLONDIE: Then what are you worried about?

DAGWOOD: Well, I -- (STOPS) I guess I'm not worried about anything.

BLONDIE: That's better, dear.

DAGWOOD: But I still don't like the idea of that guy coming to dinner! He practically invited himself!

BLONDIE: Now please, Dagwood -- you're just getting excited over nothing. Now you'll have to get out of the way -- I'm going to start getting ready for dinner.

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: (~~TO HIMSELF~~) It's an outrage! A guy like that is dangerous! The police ought to put a bell on him so you'd know when he was around!

FUDDLE: Now Dag, old boy -- just calm down a minute.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- all right. But I don't like it. First he comes to call -- then he invites himself to dinner -- the next thing you know he'll probably be living with us --

FUDDLE: Now let's think of what you could do.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

FUDDLE: *That's what Dag.*  
I think I remember seeing a situation like this in the movies once. The husband decided to handle the whole business very intelligently.

DAGWOOD: That's what I want to do...What happened in the picture?

FUDDLE: *As I remember.*  
~~I believe~~ the wife ran away with the old boy friend.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh! You're a big help, Fuddle.

FUDDLE: Now don't be impatient, Dag. Just let me run up a few more wrinkles in my brain. I'll think of something good.

DAGWOOD: You understand now that I'm not worried about Blondie. It's just this guy Dick Tyler. He has a habit of rummaging around in the past and pulling out romantic moments when he and

Blondie went dancing or on a picnic together.

FUDDLE: *Remember me had stuff.*  
Of course, you could get him into an argument and when he insults you, you could let him have a fast right.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but you saw what he looked like. He's taller and heavier than I am!

FUDDLE: That's it!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

FUDDLE: All you have to do is get him mad -- let him sock you, and Blondie will be right at your side.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but the doctor will be at my other side, probably taking stitches in my scalp...No, that's no good, Fuddle.  
*Fuddle* (GROANS) This is awful -- I feel like nobody at all while Dick Tyler's around. He's a glamour boy!

FUDDLE: Eureka! I've got it! This'll be great.

DAGWOOD: What is it?

FUDDLE: It can't fail! It's sure fire! Why didn't I think of it before?

DAGWOOD: Think of what before, Fuddle?

FUDDLE: I can't tell you, Dag, old boy -- it might spoil it. But you just go back to your house and leave everything to me. Now go on -- I've got to get busy.

DAGWOOD: But you didn't tell me what it's all about!

~~FUDDLE: All I can tell you, Dag, is just don't be surprised at anything that happens, or at anyone who happens to drop in at your house.~~

DAGWOOD: I don't get it.

FUDDLE: You will, Dag -- believe me, you will.

DAGWOOD: Fuddle -- be very careful what you do now, won't you?

FUDDLE: Of course! You'll be through dinner around quarter to eight, won't you?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but what's going to happen?

FUDDLE: Just leave everything to me!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING...)

DOLLY: (SHE LISPS) Come right, in, Mister Fuddle.

FUDDLE: I can only stay a moment, Dolly. Now remember you told me the other day that you wanted to be an actress?

DOLLY: : Oh, yeth. I've always wanted to go on the sthage.

FUDDLE: Okay -- here's an opportunity to get a little practice, and you can help a friend of mine out at the same time.

DOLLY: Oh, that'll be wonderful.

FUDDLE: Yeah. Now all you have to do is go to Dagwood Bumstead's house and pretend you're an old girl friend of his.

DOLLY: Ith he exthpecting me?

FUDDLE: Well, sure -- in a way. He'll pretend he doesn't know you, but you should play up to him, let on you were very good friends once.

DOLLY: It thounds like a lotth of fun. Should I kith him, too?

FUDDLE: That might be a nice touch. The idea is to make his wife ~~jealouth~~ I mean, jealous.

DOLLY: I thee juth what you mean. I'll be the motht wonderful actreth you ever thaw. Should I be thweet or theductive?

FUDDLE: Try a little of both...I'll give you the address. You ought to get there at about quarter of eight. <sup>the post office - address.</sup>

MUSIC...

TYLER: Well, Blondie that was a wonderful meal. The best I've had since -- let me see -- yes, since that time you fixed the dinner for our bunch. I remember --

DAGWOOD: Didn't you tell us about that already?

TYLER: No, this was another time.

BLONDIE: You know, Dick, it's awfully sweet of you to remember the dinners I cooked six years ago.

TYLER: How could I ever forget them -- or you? You're lovelier than ever now.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dick -- please...

DAGWOOD: That's what I say.

TYLER: (CHUCKLES) Well, anytime Dagwood doesn't treat you right, Blondie, you can always come and cry on my shoulder.

DAGWOOD: I object to that! The idea -- insinuating anything like that!

TYLER: I'm just joking, of course... You shouldn't resent it, Dagwood  
*Dagwood:* ~~come on, what's so bad about it?~~ ~~It's a little bit of a joke!~~  
I'm sure you have some old girl friends somewhere, haven't you?

DAGWOOD: Who -- me? Not that I remember.

BLONDIE: Dagwood's never said anything about any of the girls he went with before me, and I've always liked that.

DAGWOOD: I'm just modest, I guess. Some people like to brag, but I'd rather not.

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

BLONDIE: There's the door. I'll answer it.

DAGWOOD: No -- let me.

BLONDIE: No -- sit still, dear.

DAGWOOD: Well, if you insist...

TYLER It looks like he out-shuffled you, Blondie.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh -- hello.

DOLLY: Ith thith the home of Dagwood Bumthstead?

BLONDIE: Why yes, it is.

DOLLY: Ith Dagwood home now?

BLONDIE: Why, yes. Come in.

DOLLY: Thankth tho much.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's someone to see you.

DAGWOOD: Someone to see me?

DOLLY: Oh, Dagwood -- you old darling! Ith been tho long thince  
I thaw you latht.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

DOLLY: Let me give you a great big kith!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, don't do that! Look out! You'll get lipstick  
all over me...Hey-y-y-y!

DOLLY: There, you thweet thing. I was jutht pathing through  
town, and I thought I'd drop in --

TYLER: ~~Well, well,~~ this is very interesting.

BLONDIE: It certainly is.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- who are you, anyway?

DOLLY: Oh, I wath thure you'd remember me. I'm Dolly Thinger.

DAGWOOD: I don't remember any Dolly Thinger.

DOLLY: No, not Thinger. Thinger! Eth-I-N-G-E-R.

TYLER: (LAUGHS) Well, Dagwood -- and you were just telling us you didn't have any old girl friends.

DOLLY: Ith that tho? I gueth he'th the thame old Dagwood Bumththead. He alwayth loved to keep thecrets.

DAGWOOD: I've been framed!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, don't get upset. I don't mind at all if one of your old girl friends drops in for a visit.

DOLLY: That'th awfully thweet of you. May I thit on the arm of your chair, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Go away --

DOLLY: There. ~~Thith will remind me~~ <sup>with you please go away</sup> of the timeth we uthed to go riding together out in the country. ~~Dagwood:~~ <sup>Don't take</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>you</sup>

TYLER: Aha! Tell us some more, Miss Singer.

DOLLY: Well, thome timeth he would park the car and kith me and kith me and kith me and kith me -- juth like thith!

BLONDIE: Why Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: Hey -- cut it out! Help! I'm innocent! I haven't done a thing! Blooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: (LAUGHS) Well, Blondie, it looks like you'll have to help Dagwood. He's certainly in another jam right now.

**IN A MOMENT WE'LL HEAR MORE ABOUT IT, BUT FIRST...**

"BLONDIE"  
2/10/41

~~5A~~-21A

(FADE IN "AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL"... UP FOR  
FEW BARS....DOWN UNDER:)

GOODWIN: Nineteen seventeen!

FIRST MAN: (DEEP, CRISP) Farmers gape in awe as a single-engine biplane races through the air at more than one hundred miles per hour.

GOODWIN: Nineteen forty-one!

FIRST MAN: Four-motored Stratoliners hurtle across the country in less than fourteen hours.

GOODWIN: Nineteen seventeen!

FIRST MAN: America argues over Preparedness.

GOODWIN: Nineteen forty-one!

FIRST MAN: A united nation's defense effort shifts into high gear.

GOODWIN: Nineteen seventeen!

FIRST MAN: A standard gesture of friendship sweeps the Army camps. From New York's Plattsburgh to California's Camp Kearney it's ...

SECOND MAN: Hi, buddy....have a Camel?

GOODWIN: Nineteen forty-one!

FIRST MAN: New faces, new planes, new guns fill the nation's new Army of defense. But it's still...

SECOND MAN: Hi, buddy...have a Camel?

(FADE OUT MUSIC)



"BLONDIE" -5B-21B-  
2/10/41

GOODWIN: Yes, in nineteen forty-one Camels are still the army man's favorite. Records show that in Army Post Exchanges and Navy Canteens, Camels outsell every other brand of cigarettes. And the reason is obvious. Camel...the slower-burning cigarette...brings you the pleasure extras. In the smoke of slower-burning Camels you get extra flavor...extra coolness...extra mildness...and an extra margin of freedom from nicotine.

SECOND MAN: (FILTER) Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested. less than any of them...according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And remember! That's less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels. Less nicotine plus extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor. In slow...slow-burning Camels you also get smoking economy...extra smoking per cigarette per pack. There's even more economy in Camels by the carton. There's convenience too. So get a carton of slower-burning Camels. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

GOODWIN: Well, it's three seconds later, and Dagwood is just recovering from the shock of being kissed by a strange woman in front of Blondie...

DAGWOOD: Blondie...I didn't do a thing!

BLONDIE: That's perfectly all right, dear.

DAGWOOD: Don't say that that way -- you frighten me.

DOLLY: Why, Dagwood -- you never uthed to complain when I kithed you.

*Blondie:*  
~~DAGWOOD:~~ Didn't *he*?

DOLLY: No -- Never.

DAGWOOD: But I'm married now. That makes a difference!

*Dolly:*  
DOLLY: Who'th ~~with~~ handthome man here?

DAGWOOD: His name is Dick Tyler and I wish you'd gone to school with him.

TYLER: So do I.

*Dolly:*  
DOLLY: He hathn't thaid much. *Just give him time.* I'll bet he'th the big, throng, thilent type.

TYLER: (LAUGHS) Now you're just flattering me, Miss Singer.

DOLLY: Ithn't he, thweet?

*Dagwood:*  
BLONDIE: He's an old friend of mine, Miss Singer. And a wonderful dancer.

*Sally:*  
DAGWOOD: Yes -- why don't you go over and sit on his chair?

DOLLY: That'th not very thubtle of you to thay that...But I jutht love to go dancing.

~~BLONDIE: So do I...Did you go dancing with Dagwood?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I tell you I never saw this --~~

~~DOLLY: Oh, yeth. He was a wonderful dantler.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Was I?~~

~~DOLLY: But of course I haven't dantthed with him thinth thwing came in.~~

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TYLER: What do you say we all go dancing right now.

BLONDIE: That's a wonderful idea, Dick.

DOLLY: Oh, goody.

DAGWOOD: But I don't want to go dancing --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you can take Miss Singer in your car. That'll give you a chance to talk over the old days with her.

DOLLY: That's thwell.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- And let you go with Dick? Nothing doing.

TYLER: Are you insinuating that I'm a wolf?

DAGWOOD: No, but you're not little Red Riding Hood, either. I'll take Blondie, and you can take Miss -- Miss -- you can take my old girl friend, if she is my old girl friend.

DOLLY: I've always liked the throng, thilent type.

DAGWOOD: You'll like Dick, then. He'll probably pick you up in his arms and threaten to drop you in a puddle unless you kiss him.

TYLER: Hey -- now wait a minute!

DOLLY: He will?

BLONDIE: That's what he used to do with me.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

DOLLY: That's thimply thrilling! Let's go danthing right away!

MUSIC: (TRANSITION INTO DANCE MUSIC HOLD FOR A WHILE, THEN...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're still a wonderful dancer.

DAGWOOD: You know, I was just going to say the same thing about you.

BLONDIE: Aren't you glad we came here now?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- I'm having a swell time. We ought to go dancing all the time.

BLONDIE: Yes, we should.

DAGWOOD: That's what I've been saying all along. We ought to get out once in a while and have a good time together.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear...Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: You don't really like that girl -- I mean, you weren't really in love with her or anything, were you?

DAGWOOD: Wellllllll, no.

BLONDIE: She's very attractive and awfully cute.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's right...You're not getting jealous, are you?

BLONDIE: Oh, of course not. But I didn't like to hear her talking about the way she used to kith and kith and kith you.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You are getting jealous.

BLONDIE: No, I'm not!...Well, what if I am? She is very cute.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I wonder who she is.

BLONDIE: Don't you remember?

DAGWOOD: No, I think Fuddle must have sent her over here. I was telling him how jealous I was of that Dick Tyler.

BLONDIE: Oh, so you were jealous after all!

DAGWOOD: Well, just a little. Think of the way he was talking -- first he was holding you over a bunch of thistles and then over a creek and I didn't like to think about that sort of thing going on and on.

BLONDIE: I wonder where they are now?

DAGWOOD: I haven't seen them for the last half hour.

BLONDIE: You know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they got into Dick's car and went for a little ride.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

"BLONDIE"  
2/10/41

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BLONDIE: What is it, dear?

DAGWOOD: I was just thinking. Maybe they'll fall in love and get married and settle down somewhere. And if they do we'll go and call on them sometime and get even.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Dagwood, you're wonderful!

DAGWOOD: I know I've -- Hunh? Am I really?

BLONDIE: You're the most wonderful person in the world!

MUSIC: