

Master
N.Y.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 19, 1941

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"...presented by Camel...the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

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GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads in their little home on Shady Lane Avenue. It's a little after ten in the morning, and Blondie has just finished bathing and weighing the new member of the Bumstead family...

SISTER: (COOING AND GURGLING HAPPILY)

BLONDIE: That's a good girl... Now we'll turn you over and dust you off with some of this wonderful smelling talcum powder.

(SOUND OF PATTING CAN OF TALCUM)

BLONDIE: My, you certainly are a healthy baby. If I can just keep you from shaking hands with any nasty old germs for a few more months, you'll have a pretty good start in life.

SISTER: (PEW NOISES)

BLONDIE: ~~Goodness~~ Goodness -- what a wonderful smile! What was that for -- me or the talcum powder? For me? (LAUGHS) Thank you, dear -- that was very sweet of you. Now then -- into your little bed you go.

SISTER: (COOS)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS FROM WAY OFF) Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: I wonder what your father wants. I'll tuck you in and go and see... There you are. Sleep tight now.

(DOOR OPENS... AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Oh, there you are, honey. Have you finished with the baby?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- I just got through powdering her and putting her back in her bassinet.

DAGWOOD: I guess I'll go in and see her. I wanted to -- (STARTS TO SNEEZE) Ah-ah-ah....

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: It's a sneeze! Ah-ah-ah -- aaaah-choo!

BLONDIE: You're not catching a spring cold, are you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, it's just -- (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you are getting a cold!

DAGWOOD: No -- I'm sure I'm not, honey.

BLONDIE: Let me feel your forehead.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: Well, you don't seem to have a fever, but --

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: Gracious!

DAGWOOD: I haven't got a cold, Blondie. I'm sure of it. I'm not sniffing at all. Listen. (BREATHES LOUDLY) See -- there's nothing wrong with me at all. (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I don't think you'd better go in to see the baby. She might catch whatever you have.

~~DAGWOOD: Aw, Blondie -- it's just a little dust or something that's tickling my nose, that's all. I've never felt better in my life.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, we can't be too careful. And you've got to watch your health, too. Remember, you've got five months to feed, including Betsy.~~

DAGWOOD: ^{I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING} ~~But,~~ Blondie -- I'm a perfect physical specimen. ^{AFTER ALL,} ~~I haven't~~ sneezed in the last ten or fifteen seconds.

~~BLONDIE: Well, ..~~

DAGWOOD: ~~No kidding, Blondie. After all,~~ she's my daughter, too. I don't want anything to happen to her, either.

BLONDIE: You're sure you're not catching anything?

DAGWOOD: Positive!

BLONDIE: Maybe it's all right then.

DAGWOOD: Sure. The first time I sneezed was when ~~I sneezed here~~ ^{YOU CAME UP TO ME} ~~JUST~~ ^{NOW}
Just feel my forehead again -- it's perfectly normal.

BLONDIE: Yes, I guess it is, Dagwood. But--

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES) OH THERE I GO AGAIN

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, Bumstead!~~

~~DAGWOOD: You can't go in there I go against~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you mustn't go in to see the baby with that sneeze of yours.

~~DAGWOOD: But Blondie --~~

~~BLONDIE: I'll have to be firm about this, Dagwood. Until you get rid of that sneeze you can't go in to see the baby.~~

DAGWOOD: ^{YOU} I don't suppose it would be all right if I held my finger under my nose so I wouldn't sneeze and then went in.

BLONDIE: No I don't...

DAGWOOD: Oh...Gosh, it's not fair. A father not allowed to see his own child! What's happened to justice?!

BLONDIE: NOW DAGWOOD --

DAGWOOD: WELL FOR ALL THE GOOD I'M DOING I MIGHT ~~JUST~~ AS WELL BE ASLEEP - I GUESS I'LL GO AND TAKE A LITTLE NAP

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though something peculiar is happening to Dagwood. I wonder what's causing these sneezing spells and how he's going to get over them. ~~Will he have to stay away from his little daughter just today, or for a month. Will you in a moment...~~

GOODWIN: But what's this? Is Dagwood changing his sound effects?

DAGWOOD: (SOFT SNORING)

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) Hmm...What's Dagwood doing now? Well...
...taking a nap!

(SOUND: SNORING...THEN MUTTERING)

BLONDIE: Sounds like he's having a dream. I'd better tiptoe (OFF
MIKE GRADUALLY) out of here, and let him have his forty
winks.

(PLAY FOLLOWING SEQUENCE VERY FAST)

(UP...ROAR OF CROWD...MONTAGE OF VOICES..."HURRAY,
BUMSTEAD...RIDE 'IM COWBOY...AT A BOY, DAG...GIVE
'IM THE SPURS...LOOK AT THAT BRONCHO BUCK...BUMSTEAD
...YIPPEE...)

DAGWOOD: Uh...oh...(ETC.) (AGONIZED GRUNTS) This horse is
dynamite...oh...ouch...

(EFFECT TO PRODUCE HIGH MAGNIFIED TICK OF WATCH)

VOICE: (SLOW, SOLEMN, AND WESTERN) Three...four...(FAST ASIDE)
six seconds left to go...five...six....

GOODWIN: (STACCATO) Big night here...Madison Square Garden...
Rodeo...the judges have the stop-watch on Daredevil
Dagwood Bumstead riding Dive Bomber...the horse that's
never been ridden before...what a ride Dagwood's giving
him...what a ride, folks.

VOICE: Eight...nine...and ten!

ANNCR: The ten seconds are up!...Bumstead rates top score!..

(CROWD ROAR)

GOODWIN: (ALARM AND EXCITEMENT IN HIS VOICE) What's this, folks!
What's happening now? That bronco won't stop bucking....

DAGWOOD: Oh...oh...ouch!

ANNCR: He's bucking higher and higher...ten feet...twenty feet...
thirty feet...he's high over heads of the crowd...wow!...
up that time to the topmost rafters of Madison Square
Garden...Good grief! -- they're going through the roof!

(TERRIFIC CRASH AND DAGWOOD'S YELL)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...wake up...

DAGWOOD: Whoa!..Whoa!...Oh...gosh...gee whiz...oh, Blondie...say!
I had a dream...

BLONDIE: (SOOTHINGLY) Yes, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I dreamt I was Paul Carney...you know, the Grand
Champion Cowboy...

BLONDIE: Calm yourself, dear -- here -- here's a Camel...I'll light
it for you...

GOODWIN: Well, that's the right thing Blondie's doing...giving
Dagwood a Camel after his bronco-busting dream...because
lighting up a Camel is in real life, the first thing
Grand Champion Cowboy, Paul Carney does when he climbs
down from the top deck of a bucking, twisting, man-killing
bronc.. Paul says:

CARNEY VOICE: Shore's a pleasure...my Camels, Mild...yes, sir, extra
mild...and a flavor I'd shore walk a mile for -- and I
ain't a walkin' man...

GOODWIN: Yes -- and in the smoke of slower-burning Camels, the
cigarette of costlier tobaccos, science finds twenty-eight
per cent 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. And...the smoke's the thing! Oh -- and by the
way -- if you want to save money, buy your Camels by the
carton! It's thrifty -- more convenient, too.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about an hour later. Doctor Lewis has just finished looking over the Bumstead baby, and...

DOCTOR: Well, Mrs. Bumstead -- she looks like she's just fine. You've been taking very good care of her.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Doctor. ~~Now I'm to give her an extra half teaspoonful of cod liver oil every day, isn't that right?~~

~~DOCTOR: Yes -- in one or two doses, whichever you prefer.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I'll remember that.~~ Oh Doctor -- before you go, I wish you'd take a look at Mr. Bumstead.

DOCTOR: Oh? Spring fever?

BLONDIE: I don't know what it is, but he was sneezing terribly this morning. I wouldn't let him see the baby because I was afraid she might catch something from him.

DOCTOR: That was wise...Where's Mr. Bumstead now?

BLONDIE: He's upstairs in his room, sulking.

DOCTOR: Well, I'll go up and have a look at him.

(STARTS UP THE STAIRS...)

BLONDIE: (FADING) I'll be up in a minute.

DOCTOR: All right, Mrs. Bumstead... (CALLS) Oh, Mr. Bumstead...

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Whatever you're selling, I don't want any.

DOCTOR: It's Doctor Lewis, Mr. Bumstead. I understand you're not feeling well.

(DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Oh...Come on in.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: In the first place, I'm perfectly healthy. I just sneezed a couple of times and Blondie practically quarantined me. I can't even see my own baby. It's an outrage! It's not fair. It's an injustice!

DOCTOR: I'm afraid your sneezing was all psychological.

DAGWOOD: Huh?

DOCTOR: Yes. Naturally everyone's been paying a lot of attention to the new baby -- which means that perhaps you've been neglected a bit.

DAGWOOD: Well, of course, I have been given a slight brushoff, but I've been interested in the baby, too.

~~DOCTOR: Nevertheless, your sneezing was just to attract attention to yourself. That's why you did it. So everyone would notice you a little more. Stop being so sorry for yourself, Mr. Bumstead!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'm not sorry for myself. I just want to see my baby, that's all.~~

~~DOCTOR: I know fatherhood is a great ordeal, but you'll recover nicely in a few more months.~~

DAGWOOD: Look -- is it all right if I see the baby?

DOCTOR: Certainly, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: That's all I wanted to know!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh...Is everything all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes. I think the sneezing was the result of the strain of fatherhood, nothing more.

DAGWOOD: See, Blondie? I told you I was all right. There's nothing wrong with me at -- at -- ah -- ah -- ah-h-h-hchoo! (SNEEZES)

DOCTOR: Say!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're sneezing agin!

DAGWOOD: It's really nothing. I just -- (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- stop it!

DAGWOOD: I can't! (SNEEZES) I SEEM TO SNEEZE EVERY TIME YOU COME NEAR ME -

DOCTOR: Good heavens -- I wonder if it's possible?

BLONDIE: If what's possible?

DOCTOR: I wonder if it's possible that your husband is allergic to you?

DAGWOOD: Allergic? What's that?

DOCTOR: Well, it's a hypersensitivity, sometimes hereditary and sometimes acquired, that --

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- what is it in English?

DOCTOR: Roughly, it means that there's something about Mrs. Bumstead that irritates you.

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious!

DAGWOOD: What do you mean by saying anything like that! Trying to break up our home, aren't you?

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, please -- just a second. Let Doctor Lewis explain.~~

DAGWOOD: Okay -- start talking!

DOCTOR: I simply mean that there may be something Mrs. Bumstead has on -- a perfume, soap from a shampoo, lint from her clothes that irritates your system and makes you sneeze.

BLONDIE: If that's true, does it mean that everytime he comes near me he'll sneeze?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid it does, Mrs. Bumstead!

BLONDIE: ~~What~~ ^{OH DEAR} is it hard to find out what ~~Dagwood's allergic to~~ ^{THAT MAKES HIM SNEEZE?} ~~about me?~~ ^{THERE IS ABOUT ME}

DOCTOR: Well, you have to make a lot of sensitivity tests, but it's no harder than finding a needle in a haystack.

DAGWOOD: That's encouraging.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- that's awful! Just think!

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie -- don't get too upset about this: ~~Just --~~
(SNEEZES SEVERAL TIMES)

DAGWOOD: Hello, precious! How are you this -- (SNEEZES)
BLONDIE: Dagwood! COME OUT OF THAT ROOM THIS MINUTE
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! (SNEEZES) This is terrible! (SNEEZES) I'm
allergic to the baby, too! I'm allergic to everyone! My,
gosh! Maybe I'm allergic to myself!

MUSIC:...

DAGWOOD: Well, Fuddle -- that's the way things are. I'm practically
an exile from my own ~~house~~. HOME

FUDDLE: You know, Dag, old boy, I think the trouble is entirely
psychological.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

FUDDLE: It's all in your mind.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- the doctor said something about that first -- before
he got the allergy idea.

FUDDLE: What you need is to spar a few rounds with a psychiatrist.

DAGWOOD: What'll the psychiatrist do to me?

FUDDLE: Oh, just ask a few questions to see if you're ^{INHABITED OR} inhibited or
^{SOMETHING!} repressed or ~~an extrovert or an introvert~~, ^{SAY} I've got a
friend who dabbles in psychiatry -- We'll go over to his
house now and have him apply a couple of coats of Freud on
you.

DAGWOOD: I don't know...What kind of a guy is he?

FUDDLE: Well, he's sort of a Class B screwball, but it's worth
trying, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Fuddle -- I'm desperate! I'll try anything once!

MUSIC:

FUDDLE: Edgar, this is my friend, Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I'm very glad to know you.

EDGAR: You should be.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

FUDDLE: I told him you'd give him a little work-out with the psycho-analysis.

EDGAR: Sit down, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Okay...This won't hurt, will it?

EDGAR: Not at all, Mr. Bumstead. I'm going to take a little trip through your mind.

FUDDLE: Pretty barren country around there, Edgar. Ha-ha --

DAGWOOD: Hey -- ~~I resent that~~, WHAT AM I LAUGHING ABOUT?

EDGAR: Quiet, please...Mr. Bumstead -- do you dream?

DAGWOOD: I should say so. Why this afternoon I closed my eyes for a few minutes on the couch and I dreamed I was in a rodeo in Madison Square Garden.

EDGAR: Hmmm -- ~~very interesting~~, HORSE COMPLEX

DAGWOOD: I was on a bucking bronco and he kept bucking higher and higher and finally me and the horse went right up through the roof.

EDGAR: Ah-h-h-h -- frustration!

FUDDLE: He sounds a little wacky, doesn't he, Edgar?

EDGAR: Yes, that's quite possible.

FUDDLE: Probably dropped on his head sometime.

EDGAR: Could be...Mr. Bumstead shut your right eye.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

EDGAR: Now the left eye.

DAGWOOD: The left eye, too, hunh? All right.

EDGAR: Now -- do you see anything?

DAGWOOD: No.

EDGAR: Interesting, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Look -- I don't think you know what my trouble is. You see, I sneeze every time I get close to my wife, and

EDGAR: I think it's because --
~~Now don't try to confuse me with facts~~
~~Never mind the details.~~ Let me go ahead... Tell me,
Mr. Bumstead, do you ever see green dragons with orange eyes, platinum hair, and web feet?

DAGWOOD: Er -- occasionally in my dreams..

EDGAR: And do they follow you everywhere you go?

DAGWOOD: No, I don't think so.

EDGAR: That's funny -- mine do..

FUDDLE: Holy smoke! ~~Would you two guys like to split one~~
~~straitjacket between you?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Er -- I think I'd better be punning along now.~~

EDGAR: ~~Stick your tongue out, Mr. Bumstead.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~faaaaaa!~~

EDGAR: ~~Partner.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Aaaaaa.~~

EDGAR: ~~Partner...~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Aaaaaaaa!~~

EDGAR: ~~And -- what a spot for a ski jump!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Hunh?~~ ~~You know,~~ I don't think we're getting anywhere at all.

EDGAR: Neither do I. Perhaps some other time when I'm not so busy.

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FUDDLE: Busy? What're you doing, Edgar?

EDGAR: It's a secret, but I'm building something.

DAGWOOD: OH YOU ARE?
FUDDLE: Well, goodbye.

FUDDLE: Yeah -- so long, Edgar.

EDGAR: ~~I'm sorry we weren't successful in getting your
subscriptions.~~ Well, I'll have to get back to my tinker

DAGWOOD: toys. Goodbye.
FUDDLE: COME ON, FUDDLE

FUDDLE: (DOOR OPENS... AND CLOSSES) ~~YEAH SO LONG EDGAR~~

DAGWOOD: A fine friend you have, Fuddle. That Edgar is a refugee
from a cuckoo clock.

FUDDLE: Well, nothing ventured, nothing lost, I always say... What's
Blondie doing about this?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, but if I sneeze every time I get within a
couple of feet of her, I'm going to pitch a pup tent on
the lawn and live there.

FUDDLE: Oh, not that, Dag. You can move in with us.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Fuddle -- you're a real friend.

FUDDLE: Thanks, Dag. I'll give you a special price on our guest
room, too.

DAGWOOD: I should have known there was a catch to any suggestion of
yours. I'm going to go home and refuse to sneeze. That's
all there is to it. I'll demonstrate my will power! From
now on -- I, Dagwood Bumstead, will definitely not sneeze!

MUSIC: _____

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) I will not sneeze, I will not sneeze,
I will not sneeze, I positively will not sneeze!!!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- where have you been?

DAGWOOD: I've just been psycho -- psychia -- psycho -- I've just
been talking to one of Fuddle's screwball friends.

BLONDIE: I was worried about you. I mean after what happened and
everything...You better not come any closer.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'm going to fight this out. It's simply a matter
of mind over matter -- or something like that.

BLONDIE: Doctor Lewis said it was more than that.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm going to defy that allergic business. I'm going
to refuse to sneeze!...Come a little closer.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood, but it'll start all over again.

DAGWOOD: I'm not going to have my home broken up by something that
can't be explained in one syllable words. I'm going to be
firm about this!..Walk a little closer.

BLONDIE: Goodness, Dagwood -- you haven't sneezed yet.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I'm winning! I won't sneeze, I won't sneeze,
I won't sneeze!...A little closer.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- it is working!

DAGWOOD: I knew it would...Come a little closer yet...Ouch!

BLONDIE: What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: You're standing on my foot.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm sorry, dear...Now what?

DAGWOOD: I've conquered! I've won!..Give me a little kiss.

BLONDIE: Gee, I thought I'd never be able to give you a kiss
without your sneezing. Dagwood -- you're wonderful!

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, Blondie...Ah-ah-ah -- I won't sneeze!...Ah-ah --
gee, it went away!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm proud of you.

DAGWOOD: Just a little will power, that's all. I knew it could
lick it! LET'S GO IN AND LOOK AT THE
BABY

~~BLONDIE: Did you really?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Why, certainly -- as a matter of fact, Blondie, I didn't
think I had a chance.~~

BLONDIE: She's sleeping now, I think.

DAGWOOD: I'll be very quiet.

BLONDIE: All right...Sh-h-h-h.

(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY)

DAGWOOD: Gee, there she is.

BLONDIE: Isn't she the sweetest thing?

DAGWOOD: I'll say...I wonder what she's dreaming about?

BLONDIE: Not much of anything, I guess..

DAGWOOD: Gosh, she's sleeping just as peacefully as a baby, isn't
she?

BLONDIE: She is a baby.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- that's right...Ah-ah-ah --

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- don't sneeze!

DAGWOOD: I can't help it!...Ah-ah-ah-ah --

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- remember your will power! Remember your will
power!

DAGWOOD: Ah-ah-ah -- (SNEEZES VIOLENTLY) Yeah -- remember?
(SNEEZES A COUPLE OF TIMES MORE)

SISTER: (WAKES UP AND BEGINS TO CRY)

DAGWOOD: Oh, now I've done it!

BLONDIE: It's not your fault, Dagwood... There, there, dear. Go back to sleep.

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES) Oh, Blondie -- what am I going to do?!

BLONDIE: Just wait a minute... Go back to sleep, sweetheart... Close your eyes... that's it... back to sleep dear... all right, Dagwood, -- I think she's going to drop right off now.

(DOOR CLOSSES SOFTLY)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- I'm allergic to my own child.

BLONDIE: But you're not allergic to me anymore.

DAGWOOD: No, I guess not. I got over that, but -- (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Now I'm right back again where I star -- star -- star -- (SNEEZES) Right where I began.

~~BLONDIE: That's funny.~~

~~DAGWOOD: It's not funny. It's tragic.~~

~~BLONDIE: I meant it was peculiar. You weren't allergic to me before we went in the baby's room.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll never be able to be near my daughter again. I'll have to be a hermit. I'll have to live in a cave somewhere. All of a sudden, our happy life has exploded like a atom bomb.~~

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- we'll find out what it is. It just takes a little time, that's all.

DAGWOOD: I'll be an old man before we solve this. Our daughter will grow up and get married, and I'll have to watch the wedding from across the street with a pair of field glasses! This is awful!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- don't let your imagination run away with you.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's either that, or I spend practically the rest of my life sneezing. Gosh, I'll be called Gesundheit Bumstead!
(SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: Gesundheit!

DAGWOOD: (WAILS) Oh, Blondie...!

BLONDIE: I'll call Doctor Lewis up and see if he's ready to make the tests on you now. Maybe he'll find out the very first thing.

DAGWOOD: What chance is there of that?

BLONDIE: Well, you can't tell -- he's taken samples of everything I wear and something will give us the clue...I hope.

MUSIC:

DOCTOR: Well, Mr. Bumstead, there are some five thousand two hundred and eighty things you may be allergic to.

DAGWOOD: Holy Smoke! How do you find out which one is making me sneeze?

DOCTOR: It's just a simple process of elimination...Now, number one... here's a lock of Mrs. Bumstead's hair. I'll just wave this under your nose.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Well -- is there any reaction?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) It tickles.

DOCTOR: But it doesn't make you sneeze, does it?

DAGWOOD: No.

DOCTOR: Good.

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES)

DOCTOR: Aha! It does make you sneeze! I'll make a note of that.

DAGWOOD: Have you ever tested anyone else for this thing?

DOCTOR: Oh yes. It's a hobby of mine. I have one man I've been testing for eleven years. Now, number two -- Here's some fuzz from her woolen skirt. You may be sensitive to it, too. I'll wave this under your nose.

DAGWOOD: It doesn't bother me at all.

DOCTOR: Well, of course you won't get a positive reaction on everything.

DAGWOOD: I suppose not. (SNEEZES)

DOCTOR: Hmmm -- very interesting. I'll make a note of that, too. And now some lint from Mrs. Bumstead's apron.

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES TWICE)

DOCTOR: Well, I'll make two notes of that... Mr. Bumstead, you seem to be allergic to everything Mrs. Bumstead was wearing.

DAGWOOD: Then why didn't I sneeze when I saw her a little while ago.

DOCTOR: I don't know unless you're just stubborn... Shall we try this handkerchief?

DAGWOOD: Okay -- wave it under my nose.

DOCTOR: Well?

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES) Make a note of that.

DOCTOR: Thank you -- I will...Mr. Bumstead, frankly, I don't know just how to go about this.

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Oh, Doctor Lewis -- how's it coming along?

DOCTOR: Mrs. Bumstead, your husband's case baffles me. I've never heard of anything quite like it. He seems to be allergic to almost everything. It's very unusual.

DAGWOOD: I was afraid of this. The next thing, he'll be wanting to put me ~~under~~ ^{UNDER} glass in the Smithsonian Institute.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid I'd better do a little extensive reading and checking before I try another test. There's undoubtedly some very simple answer, but I don't know what it is ~~is~~

DAGWOOD: Are we all through then?

DOCTOR: For the time being.

BLONDIE: But what's going to happen in the meantime?

DOCTOR: I presume Mr. Bumstead will continue to sneeze.

DAGWOOD: That's a fine future.

DOCTOR: You'll just have to keep away from Mrs. Bumstead, the baby and ~~your~~ your son, Alexander, and the dog as well.

DAGWOOD: I'M AFRAID SO. MR. BUMSTEAD

DOCTOR: You're probably allergic to them, too. EVEN DAISY TOO, JUST WHEN SHE'S ABOUT TO BECOME

DAGWOOD: I'm left all alone. WHAT'LL I DO? A MOTHER.

DOCTOR: You can always play solitaire. Goodbye --

BLONDIE: Thank you, Doctor.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, thanks loads. You've been a big help.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- I'm so sorry.
DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES) So am I.
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!
DAGWOOD: What's the matter, honey?
BLONDIE: Look at your arms. You've got red splotches all over them, Dagwood -- you're breaking out in a rash!
DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, what's this that's happening? It looks pretty bad for the head of the Bumstead family, and if Blondie doesn't find out what's causing the trouble it looks like a pup tent on the lawn will be Dagwood's new home. We'll see what develops in a moment...

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: First, let's tune in on the army.

FIRST VOICE: (HOARSE WHISPER) Shhh!..what's wrong with the adjutant?

SECOND VOICE: (HOARSE WHISPER) The adjutant must be awfully worried.

FIRST VOICE: (HOARSE WHISPER) Looks like the adjutant ran into a headache.

SECOND VOICE: (HOARSE WHISPER) Wonder what's troubling the adjutant.

GOODWIN: You'd be troubled, too, if you had the adjutant's headache on your hands. He's got thousands of pieces of mail pouring into camp every day...not only letters from home, but cookies, candy -- yes, and plenty of cigarettes, all waiting to be delivered.

THIRD VOICE: I'll say I have troubles! For instance, take the address on this letter...Robert Smith, United States Army. What's his rank? What unit's he in? Where's he stationed? There's not even a return address on this letter. You know, you folks have no idea how much help you can be to us! Just be sure to address your mail like this...

SECOND VOICE: Give rank, and full name of addressee.

THIRD VOICE: Give the unit, or organization to which he is assigned.

FIRST VOICE: Give the military post, or station at which he is located.

GOODWIN: And, of course, friends, when you send cigarettes to Army men remember records show that in Army Post Exchanges, Camels are the favorite...and in Navy Canteens, too. You see, friends, cool, flavorful Camels are milder. Camels bring you less nicotine in the smoke.

"BLONDIE" 21-B
5/19/41

MAN: (ECHO CHAMBER) Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: Friends, get Camels...the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos...for more smoking pleasure...more mildness...less nicotine in the smoke. The smoke's the thing! Try Camels now!

MUSIC:

51455 8063

GOODWIN: It's a moment later. Dagwood is standing in the middle of the living room looking at his arms where a new catastrophe has broken out...

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- now I've got a rash!

BLONDIE: Goodness Gracious! That must be caused by whatever it is you're allergic to.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'm just a playground for minor irritations!

~~BLONDIE: Just a minute, and I'll get something to put on it.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh,...~~

~~BLONDIE: I can't figure out what's causing all this. It must be something we've just got recently.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I only started sneezing today.~~

~~BLONDIE: I'll be back in a minute.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Gosh -- I wonder if I'll ever recover from all this. It looks as though I'm hopeless now.~~

BLONDIE: (~~GETS A BIT~~) Dagwood, don't you think a little powder might help the rash? I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S CAUSING ALL THIS.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's starting to itch now, ~~can~~ HAVE YOU GOT ANY POWDER I CAN PUT ON IT?

BLONDIE: All right, dear. Don't scratch it.

DAGWOOD: Hurry up then. I'm getting the itch to scratch.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) ~~All right,~~ HERE WE ARE, Dagwood -- we'll just put a little of this on. It's the powder I use on the baby.

Mrs. Fuddle gave it to me ~~today~~. THIS MORNING

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's fine.

(PATTING CAN OF TALOU M POWDER)

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES VIOLENTLY) Blondie -- don't shake that powder around. Oh, let me out of here!

BLONDIE: What's the matter!

DAGWOOD: (GASPING FOR BREATH) I can't stand that stuff! It's driving me cra--cra--cra-- (SNEEZES) Holy Petel! Blondie -- I can't breathe around here! I'm going outside!

~~BLONDIE: My goodness, Dagwood! Is it as bad as that?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah! It's awful! (SNEEZES) Come on, Blondie.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: What happened to you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, but I've been driven out of my own home now! This is the beginning of the end.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- wait a minute!

~~DAGWOOD: Huh?~~

BLONDIE: That powder! That's what's back of all the trouble!

DAGWOOD: Say, maybe you're right!

BLONDIE: That must be it. Mrs. Puddle just gave it to me today. And then when I put some on your arms it made you sneeze. There must be something in the powder you're allergic to.

~~DAGWOOD: But how does that explain my being allergic to you?~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, when I powdered the baby this morning it got all over me -- you know how powder floats around in the air.~~

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- I guess you're right! Maybe we've conquered it at last!

BLONDIE: I'll ^{WASH THE TALCUM POWDER OFF THE BABY} ~~give the baby another bath~~ right away, and we'll see if everything is all right then.

MUSIC:

SISTER: (COME UP COOING AND GURGLING)

BLONDIE: All right, precious -- we'll take you to see your father. I'm afraid we've caused him a lot of trouble today with that powder, but I think we've fixed that now. *WELL HERE WE GO*

SISTER: (A FEW NOISES)

(THEN THE DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Ah -- there she is.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Say hello to Daddy, dearest.

SISTER: (DOESN'T REALLY SAY IT BUT DAGWOOD MIGHT THINK SO)

DAGWOOD: Boy! She said it!

BLONDIE: Well, it certainly sounded like it to me, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- that's great!

BLONDIE: She's not supposed to say "dada" until she's nine months old.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Isn't it wonderful what a Bumstead can do with a little will power?

BLONDIE: I should say so!...You haven't sneezed, either, Dagwood. I guess we won't have to worry about that, anymore.

DAGWOOD: Nope. Everything's okay.

SISTER: (IS COOING, ETC.)

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir -- you're the smartest baby in the world. Why, I'll bet that in a few months you'll be -- ah-ah-ah --
(STARTS TO SNEEZE)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you're not going to sneeze, are you?

DAGWOOD: I don't know -- Ah-ah-ahhh -- (HE SNEEZES)

BLONDIE:

~~What a terrible day!~~ Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

GET AWAY FROM THE BABY

DAGWOOD:

Don't worry, Blondie. This isn't as bad as

As bad as

BLONDIE:

you think.

BLONDIE:

But why isn't it?

DAGWOOD:

Because -- this time I think it's only a spring cold.

Isn't that wonderful! (SNEEZES)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN:

WELL FOLKS, THE BUMSTEADS CERTAINLY HAD THEIR TROUBLES TODAY, BUT BLONDIE FINALLY FOUND OUT WHAT MADE DAGWOOD SNEEZE. BUT THERE ARE MORE PROBLEMS IN STORE FOR THE BUMSTEAD FAMILY SO BE SURE TO BE LISTENING NEXT WEEK AT THIS SAME TIME WHEN "BLONDIE'S BABY GOES TO THE OFFICE".

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

"BLONDIE" -27-
5/19/41

(SEVERAL PUNCHES ON CASH REGISTER)

GOODWIN: Men, you get more change back when you buy George Washington Smoking Tobacco. The big blue two and one quarter ounce package of George Washington costs only ten cents. Yet George Washington gives you a truly grand smoke...mild, mellow, and ever so tasty! So for real honest-to-goodness smoking value, get George Washington Smoking Tobacco.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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