

"BLONDIE"

As Broadcast
#116
9/23/41

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1941

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

SCENES:

1. DOWNTOWN STREET
2. MADAME BARAHTO'S
3. CORNER LOT FOR COMMERCIAL
4. BUMSTEAD HOME
5. WOODLEY HOME
6. BUMSTEAD HOME
7. ARMY BARRACKS FOR COMMERCIAL
8. BUMSTEAD HOME
9. THE SAME

THE CAST:

BLONDIE...PENNY SINGLETON
DAGWOOD...ARTHUR LAKE
ALEXANDER...LEONE LE DOUX
HARRIET...MARY JANE CROFT
MADAME...PAULA WINSLOW
WOODLEY...JACK MATHER

COMMERCIAL CAST:

ANNOUNCER...BILL GOODWIN
ECHO VOICE AND BILL...FRED SHIELDS
ANDY...IRVIN LEE
HITCH HIKER...BOB GARRED

SOUND EFFECTS:

TRAFFIC...GONG...CASH REGISTER...DOOR...PORCH FOOTSTEPS...TERRIFIC
CRASH...RATTLE OF DISHES...FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS

"BLONDIE"

"BLONDIE VISITS A FORTUNE TELLER"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 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)

GOODWIN: Now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Today is Saturday and Blondie has been ^{OUT} doing a little shopping with her next door neighbor, Mrs. Woodley. Here they are, walking down the street on their way home...

(TRAFFIC IN BACKGROUND)

HARRIET: Oh! Oh, Blondie...!

BLONDIE: What is it, Harriet?

HARRIET: I just got the most marvelous idea!

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- do you still have it?

HARRIET: Yes, I do. I just thought what a wonderful time this would be for you and me to have our fortunes told. I just adore to peek into the future -- it's so confusing.

BLONDIE: I don't know, Harriet -- I'm not particularly crazy about having my fortune told.

HARRIET: Oh, you'll love it, Blondie. They always tell you so many perfectly fascinating things, and I've heard of a new fortune teller who's simply amazing. Her name's Madame Barahto.

BLONDIE: And she really looks into the future?

HARRIET: Yes, indeed, she can look into the future. I heard that anything up to a thousand years from now ^{JUST} seems like yesterday to her. *BLONDIE: REALLY?* I'm just dying to know whether I'll get a new fur coat this fall.

BLONDIE: You don't think this Madame Barahto can really tell you, do you?

HARRIET: Who knows, Blondie? If she says yes, I'll go right down and pick out the coat I want. There's no use fooling with Fate, you know. *DEAR*

BLONDIE: And what if she says no?

HARRIET: Well, after all, she is just a fortune teller. I'll go to the store and look, anyway.

BLONDIE: That's what I thought... Well, Harriet, I'll go with you ~~to the fortune teller's~~, but I don't think I'll have my fortune told.

HARRIET: Oh, you must, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't really believe in fortune tellers. I'll just listen to what she has to say about you.

HARRIET: All right, Blondie. Madame Barahto's studio is just around the corner. Isn't this going to be thrilling!?

BLONDIE: I HOPE SO

MUSIC...

GONG

51454 0037

MADAME: Please be seated around this table. You here, Mrs. Woodley, and you here Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Er -- thank you.

HARRIET: Well, Madame Barahto, you simply must look in the crystal ball, or the tea leaves, or whatever it is you do, right away and find out whether or not I'm going to get a new fur coat this Fall. I just can't wait another minute. I hope it'll be nice and say yes. I've been to other fortune tellers' places, and they were positively impudent to me. Imagine that!

MADAME: Are you quite through, Mrs. Woodley?

HARRIET: Yes, I guess so.

MADAME: Very well... Now, I think I see an answer to your question. Let me see... it's a little indistinct but it's getting clear. Just a minute, now. Yes. It's getting clearer -- clearer -- clearer --

MADAME! IF YOU DONT MIND

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BLONDIE: HARRIET, I WANT TO GO HOME
HARRIET: Gee, I hope she tells me something nice.
MADAME: Sh-h-h-h, Everything is very clear to me now,
Yes, I will tell your fortune first, Mrs. Bumstead.
BLONDIE: Oh, but I really don't want my fortune told now.
Maybe some other time.
MADAME: No, I will tell your fortune now.
BLONDIE: But really, Madame Baranto --
MADAME: I'm sorry but I have no other choice.
BLONDIE: Well -- I guess there's nothing I can do about it then.
Will it take long?
MADAME: No -- my message is very short... It seems you have a
very interesting life ahead of you.
BLONDIE: That must be right. Life with Dagwood is ~~certainly~~
never dull.
HARRIET: Isn't she perfectly wonderful, Blondie? ^{YOU KNOW} That's so
utterly true.
MADAME: Mrs. Woodley -- if you please...!
HARRIET: Oh, dear -- I'll bet I've disturbed your thoughts again.
I'm awfully sorry. I keep forgetting I might be
offending the crystal ball or something -- or can it
tell when I'm talking instead of you --
MADAME: Mrs. Woodley...!
HARRIET: Oh, my -- there I go again. I'M SO SORRY.
MADAME: Mrs. Bumstead -- today may be an important one for you.
BLONDIE: Oh, it will?
MADAME: Perhaps... There may be a surprise in store for you.
You have a son, haven't you? NOT?
BLONDIE: Yes, that's Alexander. WHO TOLD HER THAT?

51454 0038

MADAME: Something important will happen to him today.

BLONDIE: Nothing bad ^{MADAME! NO - NO -} just something important?

MADAME: Yes. Another thing, Mrs. Bumstead --

BLONDIE: Don't you think you'd better tell Mrs. Woodley's fortune?

HARRIET: Yes -- you see, I've been wondering whether I'd get a --

MADAME: Yes, I know, Mrs. Woodley -- that new fall coat, ^{HARRIET! THAT} Later, ^{WOMAN} please... Now Mrs. Bumstead, there are two things to ^{IS UNCANNY}

tell you. When you leave this house, you must turn ^{BLONDIE! RIGHT NOT LEFT} to the right, not the left. And when your husband comes home, you must not speak to him for an hour.

BLONDIE: ^{TURN TO THE RIGHT NOT TO THE LEFT} Not speak to Dagwood for an hour?

MADAME: For sixty minutes, you must not speak one word to him. Nor must you explain to him in any way.

BLONDIE: Oh, but I couldn't do that! ~~That would be awful.~~

MADAME: The crystal ball says that if you do as I say, you will receive a present.

HARRIET: Will she get a fur coat?

MADAME: No, Mrs. Woodley, not a fur coat, ^{HARRIET! THAT'S A SHAME}...That is all, the crystal ball has finished.

BLONDIE: Goodness -- not talk to Dagwood for an hour. That seems silly.

HARRIET: Now will you look again and find out about a new fur coat for me?

MADAME: You will get your fur coat -- no matter what I say.

HARRIET: Oh, thank you. ^{WELL} I suppose I would, but I just thought it would be nice if you were on my side.

(CHINESE GONG)

GONG

YOUR TIME IS UP

MADAME: Your time is up... (BRISKLY) That will be fifty cents apiece.

BLONDIE: Oh -- oh, yes of course... Here you are.

HARRIET: Here's my fifty cents.

MADAME: Thank you. Don't forget to tell your friends about me.

(CASH REGISTER)

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

MADAME: Goodbye, Mrs. Bumstead... And Mrs. Woodley.

HARRIET: Goodbye, goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS... AND CLOSSES)

(GOING DOWN PORCH STEPS... TRAFFIC)

BLONDIE: Imagine her telling me that I shouldn't speak to Dagwood for an hour. Why, that's just awful.

HARRIET: Well, maybe there's some reason for it. YOU NEVER KNOW.

BLONDIE: I don't see any. Besides, I don't believe in fortune tellers. They just make a lot of general statements -- maybe this will happen, and perhaps that will happen, and you might get this or that.

HARRIET: Well, ^{REALLY} I don't think Madame Barahto is so good. She didn't seem to take enough interest in my new fur coat. I'm not sure she's on my side at all. Oh, wait a minute, Blondie. She said to turn right when we got outside.

BLONDIE: That's plain silly, but I guess it doesn't hurt anything.

HARRIET: Of course not. And, after all, she did say I'd get the coat.

BLONDIE: Of course you were going to get it anyway, Harriet.

HARRIET: ^{WELL} Yes, but it's so nice to think it is inevitable. Now
I guess I won't have to struggle with my conscience. ^{ANY MORE}
What's to be, will be, you know. ^{MY DEAR AS I ALWAYS}
(SOUND OF A TERRIFIC CRASH OFF ^{SAY} A BIT...)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- what was that?

HARRIET: Oh, my -- look back up the street, Blondie. That car!
It ran right up over the curb, across the sidewalk,
and into someone's front porch.

BLONDIE: Oh, Harriet!

HARRIET: What's the matter? There's nothing wrong. The man's
getting out of his car -- he doesn't seem to be hurt.

BLONDIE: Yes, but just think. If we hadn't turned to the right
when we left Madame Barahto's, we would have been right
in the path of that car!

HARRIET: Oh, that's right, Blondie! I didn't think of that!

BLONDIE: Gracious -- maybe there is something to what Madame
Barahto told me. ^{HARRIET! DO YOU THINK THERE} Maybe I shouldn't speak to Dagwood ^{REALLY}
for an hour after he comes home. ^{HARRIET! WHAT CAN YOU} I wonder what ^{13.} would
happen if I didn't??

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, we wonder, too, Blondie. Will the other
prophecies that Madame Barahto made come true? Well,
we'll see in a moment. Right now, let's pick up
Dagwood on his way home. He's stopped to watch some
kids kicking a football on a corner lot, and his
emotions are getting the ^{1365T} of him.

(FIRST COMMERCIAL)

DAGWOOD: (THE OL' STEAMROLLER) Raaaaah-rah-rah! Raaaaa-rah-rah!

ALEXANDER: Hello, Pop! You feel all right?

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Alexander. Of course I feel all right. That was the ol' steamroller. Now for a quick pepper-upper. (RAPIDLY) Boomalacka, boomalacka, sis-boom-bah! Boomalacka, boomalacka --

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, maybe you better wait till you get home, maybe people won't understand --

DAGWOOD: Don't you feel it, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Feel what, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Well, I mean, I picked up the paper and there were the college football schedules -- and now I see the kids playing touch. And -- gee, Alexander, at a time like this, higher education just sort of swarms all over you. Boomalacka, boomalacka, sis-boom-bah! (FADING) Boomalacka, boomalacka --.

GOODWIN: Sure, Dagwood, it's getting to be time now for school to start, and pretty soon the first football games will be played. All over the country young men and women are going back to college -- and at a thousand campus stores from one coast to the other you're going to hear --

ANDY: Say --, I'd like a pack of Camels!

GOODWIN: ^{yes sir!} You bet! A survey conducted independently in colleges and universitites throughout the country proved that American college men and women smoke more Camels than any other cigarette! Must be good reasons why Camel

(CONTINUED)

(FIRST COMMERCIAL CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd) is first choice. One is Camel's flavor -- extra rich and extra mild, the result of a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Another is Camel's cooler, slower burning, important to a student's budget because it means more smoking per cigarette^{per} pack. And don't forget -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

VOICE: (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: And the smoke's the thing! Why not buy a pack of mild flavorful Camels tonight! You'll like 'em!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: It's about half an hour later. Blondie is in the kitchen, when Alexander comes in the front door.

MUSIC...

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING...)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Oh, Mom...Oh, Mom -- where are you?

BLONDIE: I'm in the kitchen, dear.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) What do you think, Mom?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Alexander -- what?

ALEXANDER: Gosh...

BLONDIE: Well, what is it?

ALEXANDER: It's ~~very~~ ^{RATHER} embarrassing.

BLONDIE: What's embarrassing, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Gosh...I'm in love!

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes! (THEN A TAKE) Oh, for heavens sakes!

ALEXANDER: ~~She's very pretty~~...Are you surprised I'm in love, Mom?

BLONDIE: Well, yes, in a way -- and in a way, no. Someone told me today that something important was going to happen to you.

ALEXANDER: Someone told you? Alvin Fuddle?

BLONDIE: No. ^{DEAR} Who's the girl, ~~dear~~?

ALEXANDER: Gee, she's swell.

BLONDIE: Yes, but who is she?

ALEXANDER: She lives on the corner of Shady Lane Avenue and Elm Street. ^{AND} Her name's Annabelle Cooper.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess they're the new people who've just moved in. How did you meet her?

ALEXANDER: Oh, I haven't met her yet. I've just been looking at her from across the street.

BLONDIE: But she's very nice, hunh?

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I'll say. She's a brunette...Do you suppose you could introduce me?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know her either, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: But Mom -- how am I going to meet Annabelle Cooper? I'm crazy about her.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, Alexander -- your father's very resourceful. Why don't you ask him? He'll be home

ALEXANDER: ~~Okay, maybe I'll do that. I've tried calling her names, but that didn't work.~~ *I WONDER WHERE HE IS. HE'S PLAYING TOUCH FOOT WITH THE KIDS DOWN THE STREET*

~~BLONDIE: Calling her names? That doesn't sound like a very nice way to meet her. What did you call her?~~

~~ALEXANDER: I called her "gorgeous."~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, that's a little different. Where'd you learn that?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, I've heard the high school kids talking. Then I tried throwing apples at her. I wanted to attract her attention.~~

~~BLONDIE: This is going to be quite a courtship. What happened then?~~

~~ALEXANDER: She threw them back at me, and hit me, too. So I called her a tom-boy and she said, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me."~~

~~BLONDIE: I guess you'll meet her yourself sooner or later, Alexander.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Yep, I guess so, Mom but I'd rather it was sooner.~~

~~BLONDIE: My, it certainly is funny -- the fortune teller saying
that something important would happen to you today,
and sure enough, it has.~~

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF...)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Oh, Blonnnnnndie! Bloooooooondie!

ALEXANDER: I guess Pop's home.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- I guess I'd better not speak to him.

~~ALEXANDER: Why not, Mom?~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, I can't explain it. It's just one of those
things.~~

ALEXANDER: He's in the doghouse, hunh?

BLONDIE: Not exactly.

DAGWOOD HELLO EVERYBODY ALEXANDER: DID YOU TEAR YOUR PANTS MAKING THAT TOUCHDOWN POP?
DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, Blondie. Gee, you're looking swell. How are you? How's the baby -- how's Cookie, hunh?...Gee, Blondie -- what's wrong? Is there something the matter with Cookie? Holy smoke -- where is she? In her room? I'll take a look!

(WHIZZ!...)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- why aren't you talking to Pop?

BLONDIE: I can't explain it to you. It would sound silly.

ALEXANDER: Did he knock the postman over again this morning on his way to the office?

BLONDIE: Yes, he knocked over Mr. Beasley again, but that's not it.

ALEXANDER: Something else, hunh?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Blondie, there's nothing wrong with Cookie at all. She's sleeping -- I just looked.

ALEXANDER: Oh, she's been fine today, Pop.

DAGWOOD: For a while I thought something was wrong...How've you been, Blondie? (PAUSE) I guess something is wrong.

ALEXANDER: Yep, that's right, Pop -- something's wrong all right.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, ~~don't just stand~~ there looking at me. You'd think I was a stranger! What's wrong? What have I done? What haven't I done that I should have done?...Blondie, speak to me!

BLONDIE: Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Yes, Mom?

BLONDIE: Tell your father that I'm sorry, but I can't talk to him.

ALEXANDER: Mom says she's sorry, but she can't talk to you.

DAGWOOD: I heard her -- I'm not deaf...Blondie, why not? Why can't you talk to me? Have you got laryngitis? Oh, no -- you just spoke to Alexander, didn't you? Then what's the trouble?

BLONDIE: Alexander ^{PLEASE} -- tell your father I can't explain it, but I can't talk to him.

ALEXANDER: She can't explain it, but she can't talk to you...~~Gee, Pop, have you been playing poker with the boys again?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I haven't been doing anything!~~

~~ALEXANDER: Maybe that's what's wrong.~~

DAGWOOD: Blondie, please tell me why I'm in the doghouse!

BLONDIE: Alexander, tell your father he's not in the doghouse.

DAGWOOD: But I am in the doghouse.

ALEXANDER: Mom says you aren't.

DAGWOOD: This is a fine thing! I don't even know what the trouble is and nobody'll tell me. This is a fine welcome -- not even a casual kiss.

BLONDIE: Please tell Daddy to lean over my way, ~~Alexander.~~

ALEXANDER: Lean over toward Mom, Pop.

DAGWOOD: I don't get this at all.

(SOUND OF KISS...)

BLONDIE: Now, ^{ALEXANDER}ask him if he's satisfied with that kiss.

ALEXANDER: Was it okay, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yes -- it was ^{WONDERFUL}~~fine!~~ Blondie, why is it you'll kiss me, but you won't speak to me?

BLONDIE: Tell him I can't explain now, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I guess he overheard you, Mom.

DAGWOOD: There's something funny going on around here! I demand to know the answer to it! Blondie, as head of this house, I positively command you to tell me -- please.

BLONDIE: Tell him no, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Mom says huh-unh.

DAGWOOD: I can't stand this any longer. It's awful. An outcast in my own house. I'm going outside and think this over

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...

DAGWOOD: Did you say something to me, Blondie? HUH?

BLONDIE: (PAUSE) Tell him I was just talking to myself,

Alexander.
^{ALEXANDER,} SHE WAS JUST TALKING TO HERSELF
DAGWOOD: A fine thing!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- there he goes. I wonder if I shouldn't call him back.

ALEXANDER: He'll be back, Mom. He's just going outside to worry a while.

BLONDIE: Well, I hope he'll understand. Poor Dagwood --- I ~~guess he feels perfectly terrible~~ *WELL HE SHOULD UNDERSTAND ALEXANDER HE HASNT ANY RIGHT TO UPSET ME LIKE THIS -*

MUSIC...

WOODLEY: Hey, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Huhh?...Oh, hello, Herb.

WOODLEY: What's the idea of sitting out here on your front steps with your chin in your hands? You look like a human quarantine sign.

DAGWOOD: That's exactly how I feel.

WOODLEY: What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, but I'm an outcast. Blondie won't speak to me.

WOODLEY: Hey -- that's bad.

DAGWOOD: She'll only talk to me second-hand. Through Alexander

WOODLEY: What does she say?

DAGWOOD: Very little.

WOODLEY: Well, come on, Dagwood -- get a grip on yourself. Go in there and demand that she tell you what the trouble is.

DAGWOOD: I tried that. I commanded her to tell me -- practically on bended knee -- but it didn't work.

WOODLEY: These women. They're certainly complicated pieces of machinery, aren't they? Just like an automobile.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- only they never react the same way ~~to~~.

WOODLEY: Isn't that the truth. You turn on the ignition and a ~~new~~ tire blows out, you **step** on the starter and the radio goes on, you get out and slam the door and the car drives off without you. Yep -- women are pretty complicated pieces of machinery.

DAGWOOD: I'll never understand them!

WOODLEY: Well, Dagwood -- where was Blondie today? Maybe that had something to do with it.

DAGWOOD: I think I heard her say this morning, "I'm going shopping with Harriet Woodley," so I suppose she was out with your wife.

WOODLEY: With Harriet, eh? Well, that simplifies things.

DAGWOOD: It does, hunh? How?

WOODLEY: You come along with me, Dagwood. We'll go in and see what Harriet has to say about this...Come on.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- do you suppose you'll get anywhere?

WOODLEY: Certainly. I make it a rule never to let my wife have an edge on me. As soon as she tries a new stunt on me -- I squelch it. You've got to be firm, Dagwood ...see what I mean?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it sounds practically impossible.

WOODLEY: Impossible? (LAUGHS) I'll show you it's as simple as anything. *COME ON IN*

(DOOR OPENS ...)

WOODLEY: (CALLS) Oh, Harriet...Oh, Snookie-pie!

DAGWOOD: Here she comes...Hello, Mrs. Woodley.

HARRIET: Oh, hello, Dagwood. How are you?

DAGWOOD: I'm terrible.

HARRIET: Well, that's nice. I'm glad to hear that you're --
what did you say?

DAGWOOD: I said I felt terrible.

HARRIET: Oh, did you really?

WOODLEY: Just a second...Harriet, did you go shopping with
Blondie, today? (PAUSE) Harriet -- did you hear what
I said? ^{I ASKED YOU A SIMPLE QUESTION} I asked you if you'd been shopping with
Blondie. (PAUSE) Well, why don't you answer me?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) It's the same thing that happened to me.
She won't speak to you.

WOODLEY: Harriet, I'm giving you to a count of three to speak
to me. One...two...three.

DAGWOOD: Well, she didn't speak to you. Now what are you going
to do?

WOODLEY: I'll try it again. ONE -

HARRIET: Dagwood, you can tell Herbert that it's no use -- I
won't speak to him.

WOODLEY: Dooooh!...What's wrong, Snookie-pie?

HARRIET: Tell him I can't tell him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: She can't tell you, ^{DAGWOOD I MEAN} Herb. Let's see you squelch this.

WOODLEY: This is awful. It must be some new fad. ^{I WONDER IF ITS}

DAGWOOD: - ^{NEW FAD - HUH?} You mean it's going to be stylish for wives not to ^{GOT SOMETHING TO} DO WITH ^{REDUCING} speak to their husbands?

WOODLEY: Nothing would surprise me. (SOTTO) I'll try something. (UP) Harriet, your nose is shiny.

HARRIET: Oh, goodness -- is it really?

WOODLEY: It's shining like a light bulb, and in case you've already forgotten, you just talked to me.

HARRIET: I did not -- I was just asking a question, and I might just as well have been asking the question of Dagwood as of you, so there!

WOODLEY: Well, if you didn't talk to me then, you have now.

HARRIET: Oh-h-h-h, you're awful! You tricked me into talking to you. Now you've spoiled everything...I'm going right up to my room and I think I'm going to cry...

(FADING)

WOODLEY: (CALLS) But Snookie-pie -- come back. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Snookie-pie!

(DOOR SLAMS OFF...)

DAGWOOD: That's how you do it, hunh?

WOODLEY: Oh, gosh -- it's gone from bad to worse. There's no telling how long it'll take her to get over this.

DAGWOOD: How long does it usually take?

WOODLEY: About three hours and a box of candy. *DAGWOOD! IT WOULDN'T HELP ME ANY*
THE SAME why don't you try ~~that~~ trick ~~on~~ on Blondie.

DAGWOOD: No, sir -- I don't want any more trouble.

WOODLEY: But Blondie's not the same type as Harriet.

DAGWOOD: I guess she isn't, at that.

WOODLEY: Much as I love her, Harriet's a little feather-brained. She's slightly wacky. Now Blondie's different...why don't you see if it'll work?

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- maybe you're right, Herb. Yep -- I think I'll try it.

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie! Oh -- (STOPS) -- Oh, there you are.

ALEXANDER: She's still not speaking to you, Pop.

DAGWOOD: She's not, hunh?...Blondie, you've got to tell me what's wrong. Mrs. Woodley isn't speaking to Herb, either.

ALEXANDER: Well, Mom -- is there something you want me to tell Pop?

BLONDIE: Yes. That I still can't explain it.

ALEXANDER: She still can't explain, Pop. I guess it's just one of those things.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- Say, look at that!

BLONDIE: Ask your father, look at what?

ALEXANDER: Look at what, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Why, Blondie -- you've got three or four gray hairs.

BLONDIE: Gray hairs? ^{WHERE?} Where are they, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I thought that would make you talk to me!

BLONDIE: There aren't any gray hairs?

DAGWOOD: Of course not.

BLONDIE: Then it was just a trick to make me talk to you,
^{DAGWOOD: SURE} wasn't it? Dagwood Bumstead -- that wasn't fair!

DAGWOOD: I had to do something. Now don't get excited, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I'm going upstairs right away. I don't think that
was a bit nice of you... (FADING) MR. BUMSTEAD

DAGWOOD: But Blondie...! ...Gee.

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop, ^{YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN} ~~I guess you're in a spot.~~ Mom doesn't go
upstairs unless she feels pretty bad.

DAGWOOD: Maybe she's just going upstairs to look in the bathroom
mirror for the gray hairs.

ALEXANDER: ~~You're still in a spot just like Mom.~~ I DON'T THINK SO.

DAGWOOD: ^{I DON'T THINK SO EITHER} / Yeah -- well, I'm going out and see Woodley. We're
both in the same boat.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

WOODLEY: ~~Hi Dagwood~~
(OFF) How'd you make out, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: ~~Just like you did~~ JUST LIKE YOU DID

WOODLEY: (COMING UP) You've got my sympathy, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: That's a great consolation.

WOODLEY: Went upstairs, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yep...I guess all women are alike in some ways,
though they're not all alike in other ways. I mean,
you can always count on them to do the thing you do
expect them to do just often enough to make it
confusing when you expect them to do something else.
Do you see what I mean?

WOODLEY: HOW TRUE

WOODLEY:
YEAH

WOODLEY: ^{NO} I lost you after the first sentence, but I'm sure no
truer words were ever spoken.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Woodley, we're outcasts.

WOODLEY: Our wives don't like us.

DAGWOOD: They'll probably never speak to us again.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ We're failures as husbands. I'M VERY UNHAPPY

WOODLEY:
~~DAGWOOD: There's nothing but unhappiness here...~~

what are we going to do!!?

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Now don't worry, Dagwood -- it's not quite as bad as all
that. But: it must look pretty discouraging to you
right now. Well, we'll see what happens in just a
moment. Meanwhile let's have a look into an Army
Barracks. Couple of young privates are sitting on
their bunks. Listen --

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

BILL: Look at this stuff, Andy! Boot socks, hot-water bottles, wrist warmers!

ANDY: Gee, at home they must think you're in the dog-sled squadron.

BILL: I wish my folks would take a tip from yours. How do they always know what to send you?

ANDY: That's easy! Dad was in the army in 'seventeen -- and he knows what mom used to send him. That's why he just wraps up a carton of Camels -- and sends it along!

GOODWIN: Your dad knows what a soldier likes best, Andy. A survey made at Army Camps proved that cigarettes topped the list of the things the boys wanted most to get from home. And what brand's-preferred by this cross-section of Americans? You guessed it! Camel! Actual sales records in post exchanges and canteens show that with men in the army, navy, marine corps and coast guards -- Camel is the favorite. Why?

ANDY: I like cool smoking, mister -- with extra flavor and extra mildness. That's Camel every time.

BILL: Me for Camel's extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Slower burning makes my cigarette money go a long way!

ANDY: And don't forget! There's less nicotine in the smoke!

GOODWIN: Right! 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. Buy a pack of Camels tonight -- and you'll want to get a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC.....

GOODWIN: It's about fifteen minutes later. Apparently Dagwood and his neighbor, Mr. Woodley, have arrived at a possible solution to their problems, because they've both come back from a quick trip to Swabbers Drug Store, and they've both got packages under their arms...

DAGWOOD: Well, Herb -- let's hope this works.

WOODLEY: Yeah. Gee, the trouble we go through.

DAGWOOD: Well, good luck.

WOODLEY: The same to you, Dagwood...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Herb. *SO LONG!*

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blooooooondie! You don't have to speak to me if you don't want to, but come here a minute.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: *YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEAK --*
Gee -- you mean, we're speaking again?

BLONDIE: Why of course, dear.

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE) I don't get it. There's something wrong here.

BLONDIE: Not really, ~~Dagwood~~. *HONEY*

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes there is. How come you've changed your mind so suddenly? Fifteen minutes ago you weren't speaking to me -- now you are. Nothing's happened in that time. What's wrong?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I can explain. It sounds sort of silly, but a fortune teller told me that if I didn't speak to you for an hour after you got home, I'd get a present.

DAGWOOD: You mean I've gone through all this just because of a fortune teller?

BLONDIE: Well, in a way.

DAGWOOD: What's her name? I'll have her tossed into the cooler!
She can't get away with this! She's breaking up homes!
She's a menace!

BLONDIE: Now calm down, dear.

DAGWOOD: I don't care! That's terrible! I don't believe in
fortune tellers!

BLONDIE: Well, I don't, either -- not really, Dagwood. But she
said when I went out of her place to walk to the right.
So I did and if I'd walked to the left I might have
been hit by a car that went up over the sidewalk.

DAGWOOD: ~~That's just a pure coincidence.~~ *YOU WEREN'T WERE YOU? NO NO - YOU'RE HERE -*

BLONDIE: Well, another thing she said was that something important
would happen to Alexander today.

DAGWOOD: Well, did anything happen to him?

BLONDIE: Yes. He told me he's fallen in love.

DAGWOOD: That's ridiculous. *ILL PUT A STOP - BABY DUMPLING*
(CALLS) Alexander! Oh, Alexander!

(ON) Just supposing that it might be true, who's the

girl? *AND HOW FAR HAS IT GONE?*
HE SAYS HE'S DESPERATELY IN
BLONDIE: ~~She's the daughter of the new people who moved in at~~
~~the corner of Shady Lane Avenue and Elm Street. Her~~
~~name's Annabelle Cooper... here comes Alexander -- just~~

ask him. *YOURSELF*

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Did you want me, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yes. *YOUNG MAN*
Did you fall in love today?

ALEXANDER: Yes, Pop. *WHY*

~~DAGWOOD: *What?*~~

~~ALEXANDER: *Desperately in love.*~~

DAGWOOD: I just wondered.

~~ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Gosh, how they grew up... But I still say fortune tellers
are a lot of bunk. Why didn't you tell me what it was
all about.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, Mrs. Woodley said that if I let you know why I
wasn't speaking to you, it might break the charm. Then
I wouldn't get a present.~~

~~DAGWOOD: The whole thing is silly.~~

BLONDIE: Well, I'm sorry, Dagwood. But after everything else
came true, I didn't think it would hurt to find out...
What's that under your arm.

DAGWOOD: Oh...oh, yeah -- this. It's a box of candy for you,
honey.

BLONDIE: Candy! Oh, how thoughtful of you, Dagwood.

~~DAGWOOD: That's all right, Blondie.~~

~~BLONDIE: Gee, you haven't brought me candy for a long time.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I guess that's right.~~
IT'S REALLY NOTHING

BLONDIE: Well, it looks as though the fortune teller was right.
I got a present after all.

DAGWOOD: What present?

BLONDIE: Why this candy you just brought me. This is a present,
isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! It's not fair! That fortune teller knew
that if you didn't speak to me, I'd feel terrible and
go out and buy you a present of some kind.

BLONDIE: Well, no matter what you say, I got a present. (LAUGHS)
Thank you, dear.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! This is an outrage! *YOU MIGHT AT
LEAST OPEN THE CANDY I'M HUNGRY*

MUSIC...

~~(RATTLE OF DISHES IN THE SINK)~~

~~BLONDIE: (HUMMING TO HERSELF)~~

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, Mom... Come out in the living room a minute.~~

~~BLONDIE: What is it?~~

~~ALEXANDER: You'll see.~~

~~BLONDIE: All right... Well, what's the trouble?~~

~~ALEXANDER: It's Pop.~~

BLONDIE: ~~What is it,~~ Dagwood? (PAUSE) Dagwood -- ~~what did you~~
~~want?~~ Dagwood! *WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?*

DAGWOOD: (SEPULCHRALLY) Alexander, tell your mother I'm not
speaking to her.

ALEXANDER: He says it's his turn now, Mom.

BLONDIE: Hmm -- ~~oh~~ I see.

DAGWOOD: *ALEXANDER*
/ Tell your mother I just got a telegram from the
fortune teller, and she said that if you didn't make
me a banana cream pie for desert tonight, I shouldn't
speak to you for a week.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. All right, Dagwood -- I'll make a banana cream pie for you.

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, honey. I guess she was right after all.

BLONDIE! NOW ALEXANDER YOU RUN DOWN TO THE STORE
ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Alexander?

I JUST HEARD FROM MY
ALEXANDER: Tell Mom ~~the~~ fortune teller sent me a message too. She said Mom ought to give me some money to go to the movies tonight.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- here we go again!

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE"
9/15/41

27-A

GOODWIN: Well, folks, that fortune teller certainly complicated things for the Bumsteads for a while, but everything finally came true, and all is well at last. But there is trouble in store for Dagwood down at the office. So be sure to be listening next week at this same time to see how Mr. Dithers is saved a lot of money when "Blondie Stops the Monkey Business."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

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

"BLONDIE"
9/15/41

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ANNOUNCER: You know, pipe-smokers, there's no guess-work about how much tobacco you get for your money. It's government-stamped, right on top of the package. Look on top of a big blue ten-cent package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It says, two and a quarter ounces! Compare that with other tobaccos that cost even more than ten cents. Compare the taste, too -- for George Washington is mild, mellow, tasty -- from the first puff right to the bottom of the bowl! Get a big package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tonight!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.