

GAY

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1941

master

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST
7:30 - 8:00 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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BLONDIE: Well, so far, I'm not much impressed.

DAGWOOD: Wait'll you hear, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I'm waiting.

DAGWOOD: Okay. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Blondie, I have been asked to join the Dutch Uncle Club.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- that is wonderful!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I told you so honey.

BLONDIE: What is the Dutch Uncle Club?

DAGWOOD: The Dutch Uncle Club is pretty important -- it's a real honor to belong to it -- and besides it doesn't cost much.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm very proud of you.

DAGWOOD: And not everybody can get in, either. ~~Mr. Berger the president of the Goliath Construction Company has been hinting around to get into the club for years, but they won't take him.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, how did this happen?~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mr. Dithers put my name up for membership, and they voted on me. Of course, I'm not in yet. I've got to pass the test first.

BLONDIE: The test? What test?

DAGWOOD: I'll find out at the meeting tonight. You see, before you can join the Dutch Uncle Club you have to prove you can take it -- that you've got physical, mental, and moral courage.

BLONDIE: Exactly what does that mean?

DAGWOOD: It means that to test you out, they think of something ~~awful~~ ^{awful} ~~stupid~~ for you to do, and you've got to do it.

BLONDIE: For instance?

DAGWOOD: Well, you've heard of Mr. Whitcomb over in Sheridan City haven't you? He's the banker there -- always wears dark suits, very conservative, never raises his voice much. (LAUGHS) You'll never guess what the Dutch Uncle Club made him do.

BLONDIE: I suppose not. What was it?

DAGWOOD: He had to wear a very loud green and yellow plaid suit, and stand in front of his bank selling racing forms at the top of his voice. (LAUGHS) I'll bet that was a howl.

BLONDIE: Did he still have his job at the bank the next day?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. Very fortunately, he owned the bank...And you know our State Senator, J. Randolph Blather.

BLONDIE: What did they do about him?

DAGWOOD: When he was running for election, they made him pass out exploding cigars. (LAUGHS) Pretty good, huh?

BLONDIE: That all depends. How did he ever get re-elected?

DAGWOOD: Well, the Dutch Uncle Club came out and endorsed him just before election.

BLONDIE: It sounds like the members of the Dutch Uncle Club just want excuses to play schoolboy pranks on their new members.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie. It's really a test of your character. ~~Both Mr. Whitcomb and Senator Blather were good sports about it, and now they're members of the Club. You see, if they had refused, they the club members would know they couldn't take it.~~

BLONDIE: The meeting's tonight?
DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie. At eight o'clock.
BLONDIE: Well, I hope they don't want to test you with something like a parachute jump.
DAGWOOD: Parachute jump! Toooooooh.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, I wonder what sort of a test the Dutch Uncle Club will make Dagwood go through before he becomes one of its select members? Who knows -- it might be something very simple, but from what we've heard about the tests so far, I doubt it.
^{now}~~that~~, it's after dinner now, ~~and~~ Dagwood is just looking into the bedroom to say good night to Blondie before running off to the Dutch Uncle Club. He sees her, and says --

DAGWOOD: Blondie, what are you doing -- (STOPS SUDDENLY, AS
THOUGH HE JUST SEES HER, THEN STARTS TO LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Stop that, Dagwood! Stop that laughing this minute!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHING) I -- I can't help it, Blondie! What's
the idea of the long winter underwear?

BLONDIE: I'll have you know this is not long winter underwear!

DAGWOOD: I'll say they're tight! You look like a ~~fur-bearing~~
ballet dancer!

BLONDIE: This is my figure skating outfit, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You're not going to go outdoors like that, Blondie!

BLONDIE: I certainly am! Of course, I wear ^{my} skates, and ~~white~~ ^{will my} ~~skirt, and a fur hat and muff~~ ~~--- in fact, it's~~
~~costume~~ just like the one that Dorothy Lewis, the
young skating star wears in the picture, "Ice-capades!"

GOODWIN: Yes, Blondie, and very much like the one
Dorothy Lewis is going to wear in the new Camel ads,
too! ^{oh!} For Miss Lewis, one of the finest acrobatic
exhibition skaters in the country -- and one of the
prettiest, too -- has been a Camel smoker for several
years. Dorothy Lewis says --

LEWIS:
VOICE I especially like the way Camels taste -- such a rich,
full flavor -- and they're so mild-- too!

Blondie

GOODWIN: Thanks, Miss Lewis! And there's a reason why Camels have extra flavor and extra mildness! Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended with the famous Camel "know-how" -- to make choice tobaccos a really superb cigarette. Camels are cooler, slower-burning -- and that means extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money! And of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO: Twenty-eight percent 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! Get a pack of cool, slow-burning Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's about half-past eight the same evening, and Dagwood and Mr. Dithers, who has proposed Dagwood for membership, are standing outside the door of the inner sanctum of the Dutch Uncle Club. The members are inside, debating just what kind of a test shall be given to Dagwood, and by now, Dagwood's pretty nervous...

DAGWOOD: Er -- Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Do you suppose they've forgotten I'm out here -- waiting?

DITHERS: Of course not and stop jumping around.

DAGWOOD: I'm nervous. What do you suppose they're going to have me do?

DITHERS: I haven't any idea. They'll pick something from a number of suggestions.

DAGWOOD: You don't suppose anyone has suggested that I take a parachute jump, do you?

DITHERS: A parachute jump...Hmmmm -- maybe I better go in and tell them.

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute, Mr. Dithers. Don't do that! Please!

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) I was only joking, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's good -- I was worried.

DITHERS: As a matter of fact, I've already suggested a parachute jump.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh.

(FOUR SLOW KNOCKS AT THE DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! What was that?

DITHERS: Sh-h-h-h-h! That's the signal that they've decided on the test for you. I'll knock back to signify that you're ready.

(FOUR SLOW KNOCKS AGAIN)

DITHERS: There -- we'll go in now. The members of the club will be sitting on both sides of you, wearing their customary Dutch Uncle Club masks...Now for heavens sakes, reflect a little credit on me for bringing you here.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...OCCASIONAL MURMURS OF GROUP THROUGH THIS...)

DITHERS: Fellow members of the Most Noble and Honorable Dutch Uncle Club, I bring a candidate for membership -- Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hello, everybody!...Er -- hello. (WEAK LAUGH) ~~Excuse~~
I'll see you later

VOICE: Bring the miserable wretch forward.

DAGWOOD: *Which one of us does he mean*
Is that me?

DITHERS: (LOW) Quiet! (UP) As you command, Most High and Excellent Grand Uncle...(LOW) Go on, Dagwood -- up to the council table.

DAGWOOD: Stop pushing. I can make it.

VOICE: Brother Dithers, is this pathetic creature actually a candidate for membership in our illustrious club?

~~DITHERS: Yes, Most High and Excellent Grand Uncle, I humbly beseech you to give him a chance, in spite of his frightful appearance.~~

VOICE: He is indeed a very sorry looking specimen.

DAGWOOD: *I've been sick.*
~~I haven't been feeling well lately.~~

VOICE: Silence!

DAGWOOD: Oh, sorry.

DITHERS: Oh, Most High and Excellent Grand Uncle, I plead with you to give this lowly candidate, this humble worm a chance to join our honored company.

VOICE: I hear your plea, Brother Dithers. The members will signify their approval by the customary sign.

(SOUND OF STAMPING OF FEET...)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- what's happening?

DITHERS: Bumstead, be quiet! That's just the way we vote on prospective members.

VOICE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

VOICE: The members of the Dutch Uncle Club have decided to give you a chance.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thank you very much.

VOICE: Brother Dithers, you will read to this miserable person, the test he must go through to join us. Here is the paper.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

DITHERS: Thank you. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Dagwood Bumstead -- from this moment until tomorrow at sundown, you are commanded to answer ~~negatively~~ ^{no to} all questions put to you. You must say "No" to all questions.

DAGWOOD: I have to say No to any question that's asked me?

DITHERS: Yes, that's right, with this exception. You will be allowed to answer just three times during this period with Yes. All other times you must answer negatively. You must tell no one why you are answering as you are. That is all.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, this'll be easy.

VOICE: Candidate Bumstead -- are you sure you want to join the Dutch Uncle Club?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, of course.

DITHERS: You understand about this test we're giving you, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

DITHERS: Bumstead, you nincompoop! You should have answered No to both of our questions! You've already wasted two of your three Yes answers!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooooooh!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: What's worrying you this morning?

DAGWOOD: No.

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: Oh -- I mean, nothing, honey.

BLONDIE: You haven't eaten much at all. Every time I've asked you if you wanted more toast, or coffee, or bacon, you've said, "No".

DAGWOOD: That's good.

BLONDIE: What's good about it?

DAGWOOD: Er -- nothing.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness. *Jack* Dagwood, have you lost your appetite?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- not at all, honey.

BLONDIE: Then would you like some more coffee?

DAGWOOD: No.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, are you sure you're all right?

DAGWOOD: No, I'm not...Blondie, push the coffee pot over my way. I'll help myself.

BLONDIE: I don't understand the way you're acting, Dagwood.
Wait a minute
Has this -- has this got anything to do with the
Dutch Uncle Club?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) No, Blondie -- it hasn't got a thing to do
with it. (LAUGHS) Not a thing.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- look at the time. ~~You've got to hurry~~
~~again, Dagwood.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I guess so.~~

~~BLONDIE: Do you suppose you'll even be on time?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I don't suppose so.~~

~~BLONDIE: Don't you want to be on time?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Huh-uh.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...I'll get the door open for you, Dagwood.
Hurry up. And don't forget to ask Mr. Dithers for
that contract when you get to the office...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: I'll be right there. Just a second -- I'll finish my
coffee. A little toast. I'm still hungry...Gee, I've
got to remember to say No to everything.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood -- I've got the door open!

DAGWOOD: *no*
~~Okay~~; Blondie!

BLONDIE: *oh* Don't forget your hat and coat.

DAGWOOD: *no* ~~I won't~~...I got them. Goodbye, honey.

BLONDIE: Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?

DAGWOOD: Nope. Goodbye.

(WHIZZZZ!....DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Oh -- he didn't kiss me goodbye. *That's*
~~It's~~ the first time in
years. And he didn't seem to want to or --

(DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Hello, honey.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (KISS) Goodbye!

(WHIZZ!...DOOR SLAMS...)

BLONDIE: For heaven's sakes!

MUSIC:

(KNOCKING ON DOOR...)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in, come in.

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

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J.C.

DITHERS: Hello, Dagwood....How's everything this morning?

DAGWOOD: Why everything's just -- gee, I almost forgot. Not so good J.C.

DITHERS: You haven't said yes to any questions yet?

DAGWOOD: No -- Not one. I've had some close calls, but I've still got one yes answer left.

DITHERS: That's fine, ^{my Boy} Dagwood -- I'm proud of you.

DAGWOOD: ^{now} Oh, J. C. -- what I came in to see you about was that contract you promised me about a month ago when I came back to the Dithers Company. ^{Remember} ~~You know~~, the one where you promise not to fire me for a year.

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- I remember. (LAUGHS) Dagwood, you don't really want that contract, do you? Do you?

DAGWOOD: Er -- no.

DITHERS: Thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: That's not fair, J. C. You're deliberately taking advantage of me.

DITHERS: Do you think I am?

DAGWOOD: No...Aw, stop asking me questions like that, J. C.

DITHERS: This is great fun.

(PHONE RINGS...)

DITHERS: Oh, the phone. Will you excuse me?

DAGWOOD: No.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DITHERS: Hello?...Oh, yes -- yes, send him right in, please.

Thank you.

(HANGS UP...)

DITHERS: I'm glad you're here, Dagwood. Harvey Paine is coming right in, and you're familiar with the plans we worked out for him.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, what about that contract? You promised it to me.

DITHERS: Do you want it now?

DAGWOOD: Er -- no.

DITHERS: Then we'll talk about it some other time.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- if that's the way you want to play, it's all right with me.

~~DITHERS: What do you mean by that?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, nothing, J. C., nothing.~~

~~DITHERS: Have you got something up your sleeve?~~

~~DAGWOOD: No -- do you want to look?~~

~~DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle!~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DITHERS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

PAINÉ: Hello, Mr. Dithers. How are you, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Not so good.

PAINE: What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: Nothing.

PAINE: I hope it's not contagious...Well, Mr. Dithers, have you got those plans ready?

DITHERS: Yes, we have, Mr. Paine...I want Mr. Bumstead to be here. He's my junior vice-president, whatever that means. He understands the plans, too.

PAINE: Is that right, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: No, I don't understand them at all.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

PAINE: Well, Mr. Dithers understands them, doesn't he, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: No, he doesn't know a thing about them. Cares less, too.

DITHERS: Bumstead, are you out of your mind?

PAINE: The way you're acting it looks as if you don't want customers.

DAGWOOD: No -- we don't. Good bye.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

PAINE: Okay. I'm sure the Goliath Company will --

DITHERS: Wait a minute Mr. Paine -- I can explain this whole thing. Mr. Bumstead ^{is} a candidate for the Dutch Uncle Club, and as a test he must ~~answer~~ answer any question in the negative.

PAINE: Oh, I see. For a minute I thought he didn't really like me.

DAGWOOD: I don't.

PAINE: (GETTING MAD) That settles it! I'm not going to stand here and be insulted --

DAGWOOD: Okay -- why don't you sit down?
DITHERS: Taaaaaaah!...Bumstead, will you please leave this office?
DAGWOOD: No, I'll stay here.
PAINE: If somebody doesn't show me those plans quick --
DITHERS: I will, Mr. Paine, but just a moment, please...
Dagwood, let's go outside the office a moment...
Come on. I'll be right back, Mr. Paine.
PAINE: Very well.

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

DAGWOOD: Did you want something, Mr. Dithers?
DITHERS: Lock, Dagwood -- I understand the situation. I'm not going to get sore, but take the rest of the day off. Go home. Eat one of those sandwiches of yours and hibernate until sundown. (YELLS) But don't hang around this office! Understand?!
DAGWOOD: Yes, sir!
DITHERS: Ha-ha! There goes your last Yes answer. From now on you're really going to run into trouble.
DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooooooh!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie! I'm home!

BLONDIE: (OFF) My goodness, Dagwood, What are you doing home so early?

DAGWOOD: Oh, nothing, honey. ~~Mr. Withers~~ ^{Joe} just told me to take the rest of the day off.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Why did you say you weren't going to kiss me goodbye this morning when you left for the office?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no reason. It was just a ^{little} whim -- you know...

BLONDIE: No, I don't know, ~~Dagwood~~.

~~DAGWOOD: Well, it was just one of those things so let's just forget about it, huh? Well, I'll forget it.~~

~~BLONDIE: I can't forget it.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie -- don't look so tragic. There's nothing wrong.~~

~~BLONDIE: I think there is -- when a husband says he doesn't want to kiss his wife goodbye in the morning.~~

~~DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I did kiss you goodbye.~~

~~BLONDIE: It was only an afterthought. Dagwood, don't you like to kiss me anymore?~~

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- don't ask that question!

BLONDIE: I'm asking you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh...Well, no -- I mean, not exactly, I mean --

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...!

DAGWOOD: Now, please, Blondie...!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, what's happened to you? You're not acting like yourself at all. What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: Nothing, Blondie. Please believe me.

BLONDIE: Oh, but there is something wrong. Is it my fault?

DAGWOOD: Of course not.

BLONDIE: Haven't I been fixing good breakfasts for you?

DAGWOOD: Er -- no. I mean, not that's not it.

BLONDIE: *maybe I've* ~~Have I~~ been paying too much attention to the children, and not enough to you? Do you feel neglected?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Then ~~I guess~~ you're just getting bored with life here in our little home. ~~I guess~~ the excitement of business has got you. You don't get as much enjoyment out of our home as you do from business, do you?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie...I mean, oh, Blondie, you've got it all wrong. You're trying to make me out to be an awful person, and I'm not!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I've heard enough. You just said you -- you -- (BREAKS) -- you enjoyed business more than being home. I'm going upstairs!

DAGWOOD: Blondie!

BLONDIE: (FADING) Please don't talk to me anymore!

(RUNNING UPSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: Blooooooondie! Wait a minute! Wait for me!

(DAGWOOD RUNS UPSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: I can explain everything. You've just got to ask different questions! Blondie!

(DOOR SLAMS...)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! This is terrible!

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, open the door, please.

BLONDIE: I don't want to talk to you! Please go away and don't bother me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I didn't mean anything I said. Really, I didn't.

BLONDIE: Then what did you say them for? You weren't lying, were you? *Oh every woman has a cross to bear.*

DAGWOOD: No...Oh, gee...

BLONDIE: (FRESH SOBS FROM INSIDE THE DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, if you don't let me in, I'm going to break down the door! I'll break it down, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Don't you dare! It'll cost a lot to have it repaired! *It's more important than I am.*

DAGWOOD: I don't care about the cost!

BLONDIE: Besides, it isn't locked.

DAGWOOD: I don't care if it isn't locked, I'm going to break -- oh, it isn't locked.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (IS SOBBING)

DAGWOOD: Aw, honey -- please don't cry.

BLONDIE: Don't touch me. I feel just miserable. Please go away. *I want my mother!*

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I never know what to do in a situation like this. If I go away you think I'm cruel and cold-hearted, and if I stay, you keep telling me to go away.

BLONDIE: Do whatever you want to. I know you don't want ~~me~~ *me* to be here. I'm a failure as a wife.

~~DAGWOOD: But you're not, Blondie.~~

~~BLONDIE: You've practically told me so with your own lips.~~

I haven't made our home attractive enough.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blooooondie! Don't talk like that. You're breaking up our home. You don't understand this whole thing -- let me explain it to you -- some time after sundown.

BLONDIE: After sundown? Apparently you aren't in much of a hurry.

DAGWOOD: But I can't explain it to you now.

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah, honey?

BLONDIE: Just let me ask you one question.

DAGWOOD: A question? Don't ask me a question, Blondie. I'm allergic to questions today.

BLONDIE: Just one question. You can answer it any way you want to.

DAGWOOD: But I can't, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, do you still love me as much ^{as much as} you always have?

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh...

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- what's your answer? (PAUSE) Well, now you might just as well not answer. (SOBS)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, don't cry. Ask me the question again. Please!

BLONDIE: Do you love me as much as you always have?

DAGWOOD: No!

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-h-h!

DAGWOOD: No, I love you more!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, do you really mean it?

DAGWOOD: No...Oh, heck! I don't care whether they elect me to the Dutch Uncle Club or not! This has gone far enough! I'm going to stop torturing myself and everyone else!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what do you mean?

DAGWOOD: The test the Dutch Uncle Club gave me was saying "No" to every question that was asked me until sundown tonight, and I wasn't supposed to tell anyone why I was answering the way I was. (SIGHS) Well, that's that. I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, is that what it was all about? Why -- why -- (LAUGHS) Oh, how silly of me not to have guessed.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and how silly of me to come home and walk right into this trap.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Dagwood. I just couldn't help being upset -- ~~gee, how would you feel if I told you I was more interested in the women's club than in you?~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know, Blondie...Well, I guess there's no use crying over spilt milk.

BLONDIE: What do you mean?

DAGWOOD: Oh, you know -- the Dutch Uncle Club. I didn't pass the test -- I'll have to tell them that -- and of course they won't let me into the club now. Well, I guess it isn't very important.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I spoiled everything for you.

DAGWOOD: No, it's not your fault, honey. *It's fate.*

BLONDIE: Oh, yes it is. (BREAKING) I shouldn't have doubted you for a moment. I should have trusted you. *It's like a good wife*
all my fault.

DAGWOOD: Now, honey, don't start crying again. I told you all about this so you'd stop crying, and now you're starting again. This is a vicious circle.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry...Do you go and see the members of the Club again tonight.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I'll go over there, and tell them I flunked the test, and then let them give me the brush. I've been wanting to join the Dutch Uncle Club for years -- and now -- well, I guess it's all over for me.

But I don't care.

Blondie: Oh Dagwood.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Poor Dagwood. He's got to tell the members of the Dutch Uncle Club that he failed their test for membership. And he did want to join pretty badly. Well, we'll see how he bears up under the circumstances when ^{HE APPEARS} ~~we rejoin him~~ at the Dutch Uncle Club ^{TONIGHT} ~~in just a moment.~~ ^{NOW IT'S A FEW HOURS LATER.} ~~But right now~~, *and -- well* strange things are happening at the Bumstead home.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! Some people are here to see you!

DAGWOOD: Who is it?

BLONDIE: Oh, nobody much. Just the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy.

DAGWOOD: I can give them a minute.

GENERAL: The Admiral and I thank you.

ADMIRAL: Aye, aye. Dagwood ahoy!

GENERAL: We have a theoretical problem about attacking a theoretical shore.

DAGWOOD: You came to the right man! I've prepared a theoretical attack! First you send a plane to lay down a smoke-screen.

ADMIRAL: Aye, aye. Smoke-screen ahoy!

DAGWOOD: And then suddenly -- a whole fleet of landing boats comes roaring in through the smoke-screen! They're low-slung speedboats, loaded with soldiers --

GENERAL: Hip, hip!

DAGWOOD: And sailors!

ADMIRAL: Aye, aye!

DAGWOOD: -- ^{AND} Add with tanks and scout cars and artillery! The boats are armored, and the men come in shooting! They hit the shore and the tanks and armored cars roll out! They charge up the theoretical shore -- and we win!

ADMIRAL AND (TOGETHER) Hooray!
GENERAL:

MUSIC: (CHORD)

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood, I never heard of such a dream! It must have been those cold-cuts you ate before you went to bed last night!

DAGWOOD: But it's a good idea! I think I ought to write in to the Army and Navy about it!

BLONDIE: I'd just sit back and have a Camel if I were you, Dagwood. I remember reading about those landing boats in a magazine last week!

GOODWIN: Yep, you've got to get up early to get ahead of the Navy these days, Dagwood. Those new armored landing boats are just another example of new techniques and new weapons the Navy's adding to its bag of tricks. But plenty of things in the Navy haven't changed! In the ship's Service Stores you still hear --

VOICE: I'll take a pack of Camels, please!

GOODWIN: Yes, Camels are the most popular cigarette with the Navy, and that's true of the other armed services, too! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Canteens,

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

and Ship's Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Flavor's one big reason for Camel's popularity with the men in uniform -- Camel's rich, extra flavor, and Camel's smooth extra mildness! Economy counts heavily, too, and Camel's slower-burning gives the men extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking, too! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, expertly blended to make a really better cigarette. And of course -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO:

Twenty-eight percent 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:

Buy a pack of Camels tonight! You'll prove to yourself that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos really makes a finer cigarette!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: ^{AN HOUR OR TWO} It's ~~several hours~~ later at the Dutch Uncle Club. Mr. Dithers has just led a ~~rather~~ sad-faced and dejected Dagwood into the inner-sanctum. That's where he is now -- standing in front of the Most High and Excellent Grand Uncle, and surrounded by the silent members of the Dutch Uncle Club...

DITHERS: All right, Dagwood -- you're on your own now.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers...!

VOICE: Dagwood Bumstead...!

DAGWOOD: ^{Sir} Yes, sir.

VOICE: First, do you promise not to reveal by word of mouth or in writing anything that you see or hear in this room? *most High and Excellent Grand Uncle*

DAGWOOD: Sure, [↑] but I don't see why you should go to all this trouble over me. I know that as ^{just} soon as you fellows hear --

VOICE: Silence!

~~DAGWOOD: Sorry -- I was just trying to simplify things.~~

VOICE: Dagwood Bumstead -- have you faithfully followed the instructions of our test?

DAGWOOD: Er -- I'm afraid not.

(MURMUR OF CROWD...SLIGHTLY ON THE OMINOUS SIDE)

~~DAGWOOD: I'm awful sorry, everyone, but I couldn't help it.~~

~~DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead -- you're a disappointment to me. A terrible disappointment.~~

DAGWOOD: ^{I'm sorry, Jr.} Well, goodbye, everybody. It was nice knowing you.

VOICE: One moment, Dagwood Bumstead.

~~DAGWOOD: Just call me Dagwood.~~

VOICE: With whom did you break our test of courage?

DAGWOOD: My wife.

(MORE MURMURS)

~~VOICE: Dagwood Bumstead, where is your will power? Where is your intellectual courage? Where is your strength of character?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I wouldn't know.~~

VOICE: Doesn't membership in the Dutch Uncle Club mean more to you than a slight misunderstanding with your wife?

DAGWOOD: Well, frankly, no... Goodbye, everyone.

Murmur
DITHERS: Wait a minute! Oh, Most High and Excellent Grand Uncle.

VOICE: Yes, Brother Dithers?

DITHERS: I feel sure that the members of the Most Noble and Honorable Dutch Uncle Club should be proud to have a member whose wife children and home ^{and Daisy and the} mean more to ^{puppies} him than anything else.

Dagwood
DAGWOOD: Yes, they're very important. Blondie and I have been marr --

DITHERS: Bumstead, let me do the talking... I ask that he be allowed to take the observation test.

VOICE: What is the wish of the members?

(STAMPING OF FEET AS BEFORE)

VOICE: Dagwood Bumstead -- a member of the Most Noble and Honorable Dutch Uncle Club must be observant. He must forget nothing he sees. You will be given an
(CONTINUED)

VOICE: opportunity to test your observation by writing as
(Cont'd) much as you can remember that has happened since you
walked in here. You have one minute to do this in.
And no longer! Here ^{as your} pencil and paper! Hurry!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE)

VOICE: The time is up, Dagwood Bumstead. Let me see what
you have written on that paper.

DAGWOOD: ^{Wait a minute} Here it is. If you could ^{just} give me a second more I
could write down a couple of extra details.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

VOICE: Fellow members, I will read what has been written.
(CLEARS HIS THROAT) "As soon as I came into the
inner sanctum, I ^{obliterate too--} saw the club members sitting around
the room, wearing silly-looking masks. One of them
was scratching his ear rather thoughtfully."

DITHERS: Bumstead, you didn't need to be literary!

VOICE: "Ahead of me, seated on a high chair was the Most High
and Excellent Grand Uncle -- " Why this is a disgrace!
^{Muttering} Brothers, do you realize what this miserable wretch
has done?

DAGWOOD: Are you talking about me?

VOICE: Silence, you betrayer! Brothers! You heard him
promise not to reveal by word of mouth or in writing
anything that he saw or heard in this room! But this
paper proves that he has proven false to his trust!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh!

(ANGRY MURMURING)

most Excellent Uncle

DAGWOOD: But you told me to write what I saw! I did just what you told me to do!

DITHERS: Bumstead, you've failed me! You've disgraced me! You've humiliated me!

DAGWOOD: But how was I to know that I wasn't supposed to --

VOICE: Silence! Brother Dithers, you will take Mr. Bumstead outside these sacred halls! Let him cringe outside while we debate the punishment for this most horrible crime!

DAGWOOD: I'm innocent! *I swear it--* I'm innocent!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: But gee, Mr. Dithers, how did I know?

DITHERS: Bumstead, I've been asking you for the last fifteen minutes not to speak to me.

~~DAGWOOD: Gosh, Mr. Dithers, are you sore at me?~~

~~DITHERS: (CORNELLY) No, Dagwood, I'm not angry with you. I'm just terribly, terribly hurt.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Are they still arguing?~~

DITHERS: *Yes that's right*

DAGWOOD: What do you suppose they'll do to me?

DITHERS: Oh, nothing you won't be able to recover from in six or eight weeks.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh.

(FOUR SLOW KNOCKS ON THE DOOR)

DITHERS: I guess they're ready for you now...I'll knock back
to let them know we're coming in.

(FOUR SLOW KNOCKS)

DITHERS: Come on, now.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

VOICE: Dagwoooooood Buuuuumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

VOICE: Have you anything to say before I pronounce
sentence on you?

DAGWOOD: No -- just goodbye.

VOICE: Dagwood Bumstead -- (THEN PLEASANTLY) -- let me welcome
you into membership in our club.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Are you sure there's not some mistake?

DITHERS: Of course there's no mistake, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

DITHERS: Oh, no -- from now on you're a Dutch Uncle!
Congratulations, Dagwood!

VOICE: Congratulations, Dagwood!

Dag: *Thanks*
(VOICES AD LIB CONGRATULATIONS)
voice: *you're welcome. That'll be #25, Bumstead.*

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, in spite of everything that happened,
I am now a member in good standing in the Dutch Uncle
Club!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I'm so proud of you.

~~DAGWOOD: Yep! You're looking at a Dutch Uncle.~~

BLONDIE: And I suppose ~~that makes me a Dutch Aunt.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I wouldn't be a bit surprised.~~ You know, I guess they don't expect you to pass all their tests.

BLONDIE: I shouldn't think so.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You know, Mr. Dithers told me he had to take the same test I did when he joined. He had to say No to every question that was asked him, too.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, did he? How did he make out?

DAGWOOD: Not so well. He had to explain the whole thing to Mrs. Dithers at the railroad station, just as she was leaving for Reno.

(THE BABY CRIES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Gee, ~~that sounds like~~ ^{there's} Cookie crying, ~~doesn't it?~~ ^{I wonder what she wants,}

BLONDIE: That's what it is, Dagwood... Well, dear -- it's ^{as though} your turn -- you'd better heat her bottle and ^{I didn't} feed her. ^{know,}

DAGWOOD: But Blondie --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you may be a Dutch Uncle down at the Club, but around here you're still a father!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well folks, Dagwood is at last a full fledged member of the Dutch Uncle Club but that little initiation didn't help things much at home or at the office. *I WANDER how this will affect things in the future now if Mr. Dithers is ever going to sign that contract.*

~~You know, you never can tell about J.C. Well, maybe Blondie will have something to say about that too.~~

Well, join us again next week at this same time ~~for another half hour with the Bumstead Family, because I know you'll want to find out~~ *to see* what happens when "Blondie Strikes an Average", "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by William Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "CAMEL'S ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: The Camels are coming and in army language that means the Camel Caravan is rolling around from one army camp to another giving free open air shows for the men. Tonight and tomorrow night the Camel Caravan will be at Camp Livingston, Louisiana -- Wednesday and Thursday nights at Camp Claybourne, Louisiana -- and one week from tonight at the Baton Rouge Air Base. Best wishes Camel Caravan, may your audiences have a grand time.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel cigarettes.

ANNOUNCER: Say, pipe-smokers, just light up a pipe-load of George Washington Smoking Tobacco and smoke it right down to the bottom of the bowl. You'll say it's mild, and mellow, and tasty -- and you'll wonder how anybody can sell a full two and a quarter ounces of such good tobacco for only a dime! You'll agree with thousands that a big blue package of George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

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