

12/3/41 ✓

"BLONDIE"

MASTER #146

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1941

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)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, there's going to be a lot of excitement in the little white house with the green shutters on Shady Lane Avenue. That is, if you can judge anything from the way Dagwood is racing up to the front door after a day at the office. He certainly seems excited about something. Here he is, just coming in the door...

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Bloooooondie! ~~Oh, Bloooooondie!~~

BLONDIE: (VERY CLOSE) Don't yell, Dagwood -- I'm right here.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Bloooo -- oh, hello, honey.

BLONDIE AND
DAGWOOD IN UNISON: Guess what's happened?

(THEY BOTH LAUGH)

BLONDIE: You first.

DAGWOOD: No, you tell me first.

BLONDIE: No, go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: After you, dear.

BLONDIE AND
DAGWOOD: (AFTER A PAUSE) (IN UNISON) I got a telegram --

(THEY BOTH LAUGH AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: Do you think we'll get any further than this?

(DOOR OPENS OFF A BIT...)

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT -- CALLS) Moooooooooooo! Oh, Moooooooooooo!

BLONDIE: My goodness, listen to Alexander. He's getting more like you every day... We're in here, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Gosh, what do you think? I got a telegram!

DAGWOOD: You got a telegram, too?

BLONDIE: So did we.

ALEXANDER: It's from a magazine.

DAGWOOD: So is mine.

BLONDIE: Mine, too...It's from Giance Magazine -- that big weekly picture magazine. You've seen Giance Magazine, haven't you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, I glance at it every week. I like to read the pictures. (LAUGHS) I'm responsible for these telegrams, I guess.

BLONDIE: Well, they say they're going to come to town and take pictures of us.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, honey.

ALEXANDER: Are we going to be movie stars?

BLONDIE: You'll have to ask your father, Alexander. I don't know much about this.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop -- what goes?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, yeah...Well, you see, about a month or so ago the editors of Giance Magazine sent me a questionnaire at the office. You know, What time do you get up in the morning, what do you eat for breakfast, how many children do you have, do you fight with your wife, do you consider yourself henpecked --

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- we understand -- a lot of questions.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...It seems that the editors of Giance Magazine were looking for an average American family, so they could take a lot of pictures of them for their magazine. Well, I answered the questionnaire and sent it in, and it looks like we're the people they picked as an Average American Family.

ALEXANDER: Gee, does that mean we're famous?

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't think so, Alexander -- What does your telegram say?

ALEXANDER: Here, you read it, Mom.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Hmmm... "Chosen today by the editors of Giance Magazine as well typifying a member of an average American family, were you."

DAGWOOD: Hanh? What's that "were you" doing on the end?

BLONDIE: That's the way they write in Giance Magazine. Their sentences are always sort of upside down and wrongside to.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose it would be easier to read the telegram
upside down huh?

~~backwards?~~

Blondie: I don't suppose.
ALEXANDER: Go ahead, Mom -- finish my telegram.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes... "You will be visited by two able, fact-finding, information-pumping, soul-dredging, ace reporter-photographers." It's signed, "The Editors of Giance Magazine, Yearly Subscription Four Dollars."

DAGWOOD: That's exactly what it said in my telegram.

BLONDIE: Mine, too.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- it's sort of an honor, isn't it? You know, being an average American family.

~~BLONDIE: Yes, but I don't know how we'll like having these two -- these two fact-finding, information-pumping, soul-dredging reporter-photographers clustering around us.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Mom -- wait'll Annabelle Cooper hears that I'm going to be in a magazine. It'll knock her right off her feet.~~

BLONDIE: Well, if those reporters have to come, I'm glad they're coming while I'm Vice-President of the Woman's Club. Oh, my goodness -- I wonder if I can get a new permanent by tonight. I want to look my best.

DAGWOOD: That's right, honey. Those men from Giance Magazine notice everything. They're very painstaking. Just look already -- they sent every one of us a telegram.

BLONDIE: Everyone but Cookie.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

DAGWOOD: (GOING BACK) Holy Smoke, maybe they're here right now.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Oh -- hello -- a telegram? Thanks.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) Holy Smoke, Blondie -- it is for Cookie.

BLONDIE: Oh, for heavens sake! What's it say?

(OPENING ENVELOPE)

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm...Miss Cookie Bumstead, and so on and so forth.

"Chosen today by the editors of Giance Magazine."

It's the same telegram we all got. We're famous.

Wait'll Mr. Dithers hears this -- will he be jealous!

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Mom -- wait'll Annabelle Cooper hears that I'm going to be in a magazine. It'll knock her right off her feet.

BLONDIE: I think I'll sit down too.

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE"
11/24/41
(REVISED)

-6-

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, I wonder what it's going to be like, too. It may be rather nice to have your photograph in a big weekly picture magazine, but it'll probably be quite a nuisance having those two reporter-photographers from Glance Magazine prying into every detail of your everyday life. Well, we'll see how the Bumsteads, an average American family, stands the strain in just a moment. Right now, let's join Dagwood as he opens the door to the bedroom...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, have you seen my old -- (BREAKS OFF)
Jeepers, Blondie, what in the world is that stuff!

BLONDIE: Well, this is a cloche -- and this one is a toque --
and this one is a snood.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, gee! For a minute I was afraid they
were hats.

BLONDIE: But they are hats, Dagwood! They're kinds of hats,
just like men have derbies, and homburgs, and all
that.

DAGWOOD: This one, too?

BLONDIE: That's a half-hat.

DAGWOOD: When are you going to finish the other half?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, it is finished. They just call them
half-hats. I don't know how I'm going to be a
great hat designer like Lilly Dache if you don't
adopt a more understanding attitude. See right
here in this magazine is a whole page of models
wearing Lilly Dache hats.

DAGWOOD: (WHISTLES) Boy! Some stuff -- uh -- the hats I
mean, Blondie!

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood, whether you know it or not, you're
looking at the work of one of America's greatest
designers...in fact Lilly Dache was the first
milliner to receive the American design award. And
like the famous fashion designers, Clare Potter
and Leslie Morris, and like many other of America's
most distinguished and discriminating women, Lilly
Lilly Dache is an enthusiastic Camel smoker.
Lilly Dache says --

"BLONDIE"
11/24/41

-6B-

DACHE VOICE: Why, yes, I've smoked Camels for years! It's such a grand-tasting cigarette -- and seems to have an extra mildness all its own!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Lilly Dache! Most women like the mildness and flavor of Camels, and they like Camels' slower-burning, too -- because it means not only cooler smoking but extra smoking per cigarette per pack! That's because Camel is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- yes, and blended expertly, and matchlessly, as only Camel knows how to blend. And women particularly appreciate the fact that there's less nicotine in the smoke of Camels --

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

GOODWIN: Take the advice of discriminating women -- get a pack of Camels. You'll understand why matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

MUSIC...

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GOODWIN: It's bright and early the next morning, and the Bumstead family is in the dining room, just about to sit down to breakfast when...

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: Oh, there's the front door bell.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- I'll bet it's those people from the magazine.

DAGWOOD: It probably is, Alexander...I'll let them in.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute, ^{if this is an average home} Dagwood -- maybe I should let them in.

~~Do you suppose the wife in the average American family answers the door?~~

ALEXANDER: Maybe I ought to.

DAGWOOD: No, I'll go. I'm the head of the house, most of the time.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Just a second -- I'm coming...Gee, I wonder what they'll be like. Well, we'll see.

(DOOR OPENS)

DIXON: Dagwood Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah, that's right.

DIXON: I'm Dixon of Giance Magazine. This is Miss Connors of Giance Magazine.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm very glad to --

DIXON: Say, Connors, make a note that it took Bumstead twenty seconds to answer his front door.

CONNORS: Right!

DIXON: I presume you're going to invite us in.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, I was just --

DIXON: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: -- Just going to invite you in.

CONNORS: Thank you, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mr. Dixon, you'd better be careful of --

DIXON: Tut, tut -- just let us handle this, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but --

DIXON: We know just what we --

(SOUND OF ROLLERSKATE SLIDING ACROSS FLOOR)

DIXON: Holy smoke -- I'm falling!

(SOUND OF BODY FALLING)

DIXON: Taaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: I hope you didn't hurt yourself.

DIXON: So do I...Connors, make a note.

CONNORS: I've already got it. The average American home has a loose roller skate just inside the front door.

DIXON: Right.

DAGWOOD: Er -- we're having breakfast in the dining room. Just follow me...Oh, Blondie -- here are the people from Giance Magazine. Miss Connors and Mr. Dixon.

BLONDIE: How do you do?

(AD LIB HOW DO YOU DO'S)

BLONDIE: And this is our son, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Hello.

DIXON: Well, I see that Alexander and Mr. Bumstead have lost their black eyes.

ALEXANDER: How did you know about that?

DIXON: Giance Magazine finds out everything. Knife-sharp are the minds of its editors, painstaking its reporters and photographers, ridiculously cheap the subscription rates.

Connors:

BLONDIE:

~~End quote.~~ *Four dollars a year.*

Blondie

DAGWOOD:

They write us that.
~~Those backward sentences again.~~

CONNORS:

It's too bad you got a new permanent last night, Mrs. Bumstead. I wanted to get pictures of you in your local beauty shop.

BLONDIE:

Why, I -- how did you know I got a permanent last night?

CONNORS:

Giance Magazine finds out everything.

BLONDIE:

Apparently.

DIXON:

Oh, by the way, Mr. Bumstead -- congratulations on becoming a member of the Dutch Uncle Club last week.

DAGWOOD:

Hanh?...Oh, yeah. Thanks.

CONNORS:

Now just go right ahead with your breakfast, and don't pay any attention to us.

BLONDIE:

Well, all right, but wouldn't you like a little breakfast?

DIXON:

will maybe
Oh, no -- ~~just~~ a little orange juice, scrambled eggs and bacon, toast, and coffee. No marmalade.

CONNORS:

Just the regular number three breakfast. Now go right ahead and we'll get a few pictures.

DIXON:

Yes...Hmmm -- I think I'll have a piece of toast. Go right on, though -- just pretend I'm not here.

ALEXANDER:

~~Suppose you pretend that toast isn't here. You stole my piece.~~

BLONDIE:

Well -- uh -- coffee, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD:

Oh, yeah -- thank you, honey.

(POURING COFFEE)

DIXON:

(ASIDE) He calls her honey. Got that, Connors?

CONNORS: Right!...He's going to drink his coffee now.
Shall I get a picture?

DIXON: Check!...Hold it, Mr. Bumstead! That's it --
cup to the mouth!

DAGWOOD: (SPUTTERS AND CHOKES)

CONNORS: Hold it, Mr. Bumstead -- and don't smile!
(CLICK OF CAMERA)

CONNORS: There! I got a beauty with his mouth wide
open.

BLONDIE: But -- but it won't be very flattering will it?

CONNORS: Mrs. Bumstead, no run of the mill publication
is Giance Magazine. Unusual are its pictures,
timely its articles.

BLONDIE: Yes. Backward are its sentences, forward its
reporters.

DIXON: I see you read Giance Magazine.

BLONDIE: Yes -- from cover to cover, starting at the
back.

CONNORS: Go right ahead, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Thank you. *Pass the catsup.*

DIXON: Well, Connors, we've got to get some sort of a description of Bumstead.

CONNORS: That's right, Dixon. We can refer to Mrs. Bumstead as cute, trim, ringlet-haired.

DIXON: Right. ^{Blondie: York York} I'll check over Bumstead... Don't pay any attention to me, Mr. Bumstead... Oh, Connors -- Bumstead seems to be losing his hair ever so slightly.

~~CONNORS: Good, we can refer to him as "balding".~~

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- I resent that. I'm not losing my hair!

DIXON: Come, come, Mr. Bumstead -- if you have a complaint, write to the magazine, and we'll print your letter with a funny remark by our editors underneath it... Your eggs are getting cold.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, so they are. Thanks.

CONNORS: How's Mr. Bumstead holding his figure?

BLONDIE: He's holding it very well. Mr. Bumstead gets a lot of exercise running to catch his bus every morning.

DIXON: Let us be the judge of Mr. Bumstead's figure...
Excuse me, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) Hey -- you tapped me right in the solar plexus.

DIXON: Just checking, just checking...I see you have a little paunch, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: No, I haven't -- really. I was just relaxed, that's all.

DIXON: Tut, tut...Say, Connors, do you think we could describe Mr. Bumstead as being right in there paunching?

CONNORS: Sure, and fired from Gance Magazine the next day we would be. Why don't we call it midsection sag?

DIXON: I've got it. "And so, as it must to most men, a little paunch came to Dagwood Bumstead."

CONNORS: We'll need a picture...Stand up, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well -- okay, but I'm sort of ^{late and} hungry. I haven't had much to eat.

DIXON: Stand right up, Mr. Bumstead...Now sag a little -- just relax. You don't want to make a liar out of us, do you?

DAGWOOD: But listen -- !

CONNORS: Hold it!

(CLICK OF CAMERA)

DIXON: Quick -- get the rest of the family!

(CLICK...CLICK...CLICK...)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! You didn't take my picture then, did you?

CONNORS: We certainly did, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: But I had my mouth wide open. It'll look just awful. It wouldn't look at all like me.

CONNORS: Pictures don't lie, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: That one may not lie, but it'll certainly slander me.

ALEXANDER: ~~Gee, Mom -- I had jam all over my face when she took that picture.~~

DIXON: ~~Please don't worry about the picture. We'll let you look them over and decide if you like them later.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Probably at the point of a gun.~~

CONNORS: Mr. Bumstead, you must remember ^{what} ~~then~~ an honor it is to be chosen by the editors of Giance Magazine as a typical American family...Don't you want to see your pictures, and the pictures of your family in Giance?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure.

BLONDIE: Of course we do.

ALEXANDER: I told my girl friend all about it.

DIXON: Then it's all settled...Connors here will stay with Mrs. Bumstead, and get pictures of her going about her daily work. I'll go with Mr. Bumstead to the office and get pictures of him there...What time do you go to the office, Mr. Bumstead?

Look at The Time

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood ~~+~~ you've got to rush. You're going to be late again.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- I ~~still~~ haven't ^{time for} had much breakfast. I'm still hungry. Get the door open for me.

BLONDIE: (FADING) All right, Dagwood.

DIXON: Connors, I'm going to get pictures of Bumstead leaving the house for the office.

CONNORS: I heard he leaves ~~the house~~ like a rocket. You'd better take him at a thousandth of a second.

DIXON: Right...

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Hurry up, Dagwood. Door's open.

DAGWOOD: Just one piece of toast, Blondie, and I'll be right there. It'll just take a second.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Hurry up, dear...

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

DIXON: I'm going outside and get the picture.

BLONDIE: I warn you, don't stand in his way.

DIXON: (LAUGHS) Don't worry about me -- I've taken pictures of speeding planes -- I'll get out of the way in time... (FADING)

BLONDIE: This is different...Hurry, Dagwood -- the whole house will cool off if I leave the door open any longer. I've got your coat and hat and everything.

DAGWOOD: I'm coming, Blondie!

(DAGWOOD COMING UP FAST)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) I've got to hurry, dear...Goodbye.

(KISS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: See you later!

(WHIZZZ...)

DIXON: (YELLS) Hey -- look out!

(COLLISION OF BODIES...)

DIXON: (OFF) Taaaaaah!

CONNORS: (COMING UP) Good grief! What happened, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Your Mr. Dixon ~~may have taken pictures of~~
just got in the way of Dagwood's lap off.
~~speeding planes and gotten away with it, but he didn't~~
~~have much success with my husband.~~

DIXON: (FADING) Hey, Bumstead -- wait for me! Heyyyy-y-y-y!

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: Er -- Mr. Dixon, this is the door to my boss's office.
See on the door -- J. C. Dithers, Prez.

DIXON: Fine, let's go right in.

DAGWOOD: Well -- he might not be in a good mood this morning.

DIXON: Okay, I'll stay here and get a picture of you being
thrown out.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's not that bad, but I'd better go in first
and tell him that you're with me.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in, come in!

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

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J. C.

DITHERS: Don't J. C. me! Bumstead, you're late!

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, Mr. Dithers --

DITHERS: What's the reason for this? You're always getting here late!

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, this morning --

DITHERS: Never mind the alibis! I don't want to hear them. What's happened to the plans for W. K. Henderson's country place? Where are the sketches for the new defense plant? What did you do with the blue prints for my four-family bird house?

DAGWOOD: They're all right on your desk.

DITHERS: Well, bring them in here at once! Don't stand there like an idiot----oh, on my desk.

DAGWOOD: Right under your morning paper.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DITHERS: Hmm -- so they are...

DAGWOOD: Er -- Mr. Dithers, a man came to the office with me, and he wants to sort of follow me around and take a few pictures of me at my desk and --

DITHERS: Absolutely no, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: But he's from a magazine, and he's picked my family as a typical American family, and --

DITHERS: No!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers, it's your favorite picture magazine. You know, Glance Magazine?

DITHERS: I don't care if he's from -- did you say Glance Magazine?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I've always dreamed of being in Glance Magazine.
~~My picture, and the caption underneath it -- "No
thumb-twiddling, penny-ante day-dreamer is dynamic,
eagle-eyed, trigger-minded construction tycoon,
J. C. Dithers." Ah-h-h-h, paradise!~~

DAGWOOD: Shall I show him in?

DITHERS: Of course! By all means!

Dithers: I'll just tidy my desk. Two years' mementos, mostly yours. ...

DAGWOOD: Okay, J. C. You see, Glance Magazine has decided
we're an average American family and --

DITHERS: Never mind -- just show him in.

DAGWOOD:

Hark. Oh, yes.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Come right in, Mr. Dixon.

DIXON: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: This is my employer, Mr. J. C. Dithers -- Mr. Dixon
of Glance Magazine.

DITHERS: Mr. Dixon, it's a real pleasure to meet you. (LAUGHS)
I suppose you want some pictures of me and my junior
vice-president.

DIXON: Exactly what does being junior vice-president mean,
Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Why, er -- it means that Dagwood has -- that is, he's
responsible for -- I mean, the junior vice-presidency
is very important -- well, sort of a --

DIXON: I see -- double talk... Now then, some pictures.
Mr. Bumstead, here, please, and you, Mr. Dithers, here.

DITHERS: But my back is to the camera. You can't see my face.

DIXON: You catch on...Hold it, please!

(CLICK OF CAMERA...)

DIXON: There we are.

DITHERS: Er -- uh, Mr. Dixon, what sort of description of me are you going to put in Gance Magazine?

DIXON: You have a suggestion?

DITHERS: Well, I thought you could say something like, "No thumb-twiddling, penny-ante day-dreamer is dynamic, eagle-eyed, trigger-minded construction tycoon,

J. C. Dithers."

Dixon: *That's a wonderful description.* DITHERS: *Thank you.*
DIXON: Yes, very good.

DITHERS: You like it?

DIXON: Yes, but I may change it to read, "No construction tycoon is hot-tempered, trombone-throated, blow-hard J. C. Dithers. ~~A screwball he.~~"

DITHERS: Taaaaaah!

(SOUND OF CLICK)

DIXON: Now that was a full-face picture we'll print.

DAGWOOD: If you snapped him when he was yelling, it'll be very typical.

DITHERS: You tricked me into that shot! I'll sue if you print that!

DIXON: You don't want us to print any pictures of you, Mr. Dithers? Not even one picture of J. C. Dithers in nationally-famous up-to-the-minute Gance Magazine?

DITHERS: Er -- well -- all right, go ahead, but the least you can do is to refer to me as a tycoon.

DIXON: *Alright* *well call you a junior tycoon.*
Come on, Bumstead -- I need more pictures of you ~~to~~
in a less repulsive setting.
~~fit in with those Connors is taking of Mrs. Bumstead's~~
~~day. They're probably shopping.~~

MUSIC...

(DEPARTMENT STORE SOUNDS...)

BLONDIE: Miss Connors, what do you think of this dress?

CONNORS: Hmmm -- very cute, but it's not the kind of a dress the average American wife would get.

BLONDIE: I think it is.

CONNORS: Sorry, but I don't.

BLONDIE: Just a moment -- who is supposed to be the average American wife, you or me?

CONNORS: *I'm afraid*
~~Well~~, you are.

BLONDIE: Then it's the kind of a dress the average wife would get, and believe me, she's going to get it.

CONNORS: All right, Mrs. Bumstead, but personally I think this other dress is more average.

BLONDIE: I don't think it's very attractive.

CONNORS: Neither do I, but I think it's average.

BLONDIE: An average dress isn't good enough for the average American housewife. She wants something better, and she usually gets it if she has to make it herself.

CONNORS: Are people still making their own dresses?

BLONDIE: They certainly are, Miss Connors. My, I'm afraid you've been living in a vacuum.

CONNORS: Hmm...Well, what about a new hat? I like this one over here.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) That hat?

CONNORS: Yes, of course. It's much nicer than the one you wore here.

BLONDIE: I'm glad you like it, because it happens that is the hat I wore here...I just put it down for a moment. I'm surprised that you'd make a mistake like that. You know -- "...painstaking are Glance Magazine's reporter-photographers." Remember?

CONNORS: Hm -- yes. All right, Mrs. Bumstead...I'll take pictures of you in the hat and the new dress.

BLONDIE: All right -- where shall I stand -- any place in particular? *shall I wear?*

CONNORS: Just hold it where you are, Mrs. Bumstead.

(CLICK...)

CONNORS: All right...You know, Mrs. Bumstead, you're getting to be less and less average every minute.

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't think so. It's just that your ideas about the average wife are changing. By the way, what's next on the list?

CONNORS: I want to interview your son -- what's his name now?

BLONDIE: Well, we used to call him Baby Dumpling, but he's older now, and we have another baby in the house, so we usually call him Alexander.

CONNORS: Well, I hope I'll find him an Average American boy.

BLONDIE: I'm sure you won't. Alexander is a very unusual boy, and not at all average. As a matter of fact, we think he's the most remarkable young man in the world.

MUSIC:

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

DIXON: Well, Connors -- take a look at that and tell me what you think it is.

CONNORS: I have no idea.

DAGWOOD: It's one of my sandwiches. I make lots of them. Doesn't it look wonderful?

CONNORS: It makes me shudder.

DIXON: Yeah -- it might be good for Gargantua, but it wouldn't be good for me.

CONNORS: *I don't want to know what it is but*
What's in it?

DAGWOOD: Er -- reading from top to bottom, there's cheese, baloney, relish, onion, *how did that sardine get in there?* tuna fish, scrambled egg, chopped chicken livers, ham, and sardines.

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Connors: I may be ill.

DIXON: What's that white stuff on the top layer?

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Bicarbonate of soda.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ *no that's sugar.*
DIXON: *oh sugar* We'll have to get a picture of this...What do you call the sandwich?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I just call it a ~~Bumstead Special~~ *sandwich*.

DIXON: In Glance Magazine, we will refer to it as Bumstead's Invitation to ~~Obesity~~ *excess acidity*.

~~CONNORS:~~ ~~Heck!~~

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: What are they doing now, Blondie?

BLONDIE: They're snooping around in my kitchen cupboard.
I wish I'd filmed it.
They're taking pictures of everything.

~~DAGWOOD: Gee, that guy Dixon certainly got Mr. Dithers sore today. He got a picture of Mr. Dithers shouting at the top of his voice.~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, heavens!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Mr. Dixon said that after the picture was developed he'd be able to count all of Mr. Dithers' fillings.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, that Miss Connors tried to tell me what kind of dresses and hats I should wear.~~

DAGWOOD: They both made some uncomplimentary remarks about my sandwiches.

~~BLONDIE: Well, I guess I don't mind their poking around the house too much. Of course, I don't exactly like their counting my linen, and sneaking some of my secret cake recipes, and looking for dust under the rugs and spiderwebs in the corners of the rooms, and checking over our grocery bills -- but I suppose it's sort of an honor to be chosen as an average American family.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and it'll be sort of nice to see our pictures in Glance Magazine.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DIXON: Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead...

DAGWOOD: Oh, -- what is it, Mr. Dixon?

DIXON: Connors and I have made a list of a few things we want pictures of.

CONNORS: You know -- real human interest stuff.

BLONDIE: Well, what are some of the things you have down on the list?

DIXON: First, we want a picture of Mr. Bumstead taking a bath.

Blondie:
DAGWOOD: *of no* ~~subject!~~ *human interest* Can't we have any privacy? *I won't do it.*

DIXON: Not while Glance Magazine representatives are around. Then we want a picture of Mrs. Bumstead cold-creaming her face.

CONNORS: That's for the woman's angle, of course.

BLONDIE: Oh, but how will I look?

CONNORS: Like you're cold-creaming your face.

DIXON: And pictures of the dogs licking Mr. Bumstead's face.
If we can get the dogs to do it.

CONNORS: And Mr. Bumstead having an argument with the neighbors.

DIXON: Say, we might get that man who gave you a black eye a couple of weeks ago to sort of play the scene over again.

DAGWOOD: And give me another black eye?

DIXON: Well...of course, Glance Magazine likes its pictures to be authentic, Mr. Bumstead...Now then, is that all right with both of you?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know. I suppose so, but -- what do you think, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess it's all right. Gee, I wonder what we're letting ourselves in for?

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's hard to say, Dagwood. So far I'd say you and Blondie had taken quite a beating from those two reporters from Glance Magazine. And they don't seem to be through with you yet. Well, we'll return to the Bumsteads in just a moment... But first -- listen --

(COMMERCIAL)

(SOUND: ROAR OF PLANE IN DIVE)

GOODWIN: Roaring down at the floating target comes the new Curtiss dive bomber, best plane of its type in the world. At the controls is Test Pilot Bill Ward...

WARD VOICE: (THINKING OUT LOUD) So far, so good, baby...we'll just keep that target in the sights one more second and -- there goes the bomb! -- all right, pull out of it, baby!

(SOUND: ZOOM OF PLANE PULLING OUT OF DIVE)

WARD VOICE: Pullin' out!

(SOUND: EXPLOSION OFF)

WARD VOICE: Bull's eye! Great work, baby! I think it's about time we took you back to the field. Some nice new gas and oil for you -- and a Camel for poppa!

(SOUND: OUT)

GOODWIN: Yes, Bill Ward, ace test pilot of the new Curtiss dive bomber, really goes for Camels. Bill says --

WARD VOICE: Sure, Camel hits the mark with me every time! I like a cigarette with extra mildness and extra flavor -- and believe me, Camels really fill the bill!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Bill Ward -- and you've got plenty of company among the men in the camps and on the ships and the planes. Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Canteens, and Ship's Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, Camel is the Favorite! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos -- and blended with the famous "know-how" that Camel has been perfecting for

(CONTINUED)

"BLONDIE"
11/24/41

- 24-B -

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

more than twenty years! Camels are slower-burning --
and that means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per
cigarette per pack, too! 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 mild,
flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a
carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about a half an hour later. At the moment, Dagwood is sitting uncomfortably in his bathtub while Mr. Dixon of Glance Magazine is training his camera at him...

(A LITTLE SPLASHING OF WATER)

DAGWOOD: Are you sure you have to have this picture, Mr. Dixon?

DIXON: Broken-hearted would be the editors of Glance Magazine if I didn't come back with a picture of you in the tub.

DAGWOOD: You don't say...You know, I'm a little shy about this. *Doesn't it hurt my eye blood.* It's very nice to be an average American husband or whatever I am, but have I no privacy?

DIXON: Now don't worry about a thing...Hold it, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute. Is it all right to take the picture now?

DIXON: Perfectly okay...Hold it!

(CLICK)

DIXON: There we are...But I want a little more expression from you, Mr. Bumstead. Right now you only look dazed.

DAGWOOD: How's this? (LAUGHS)

DIXON: Heh-heh...No good.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

DIXON: Does this shower here work?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- but I prefer to loaf in the tub.

DIXON: That's why I'm not getting any expression to amount to anything from you. I think a cold shower might help!!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- wait! Don't turn it on! Hey!

DIXON: Here we go, Mr. Bumstead!

(SOUND OF SHOWER...)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Help! It's cold! You're freezing me! Turn that shower off! Turn it off! I'm freezing! Heeeeeelp!

DIXON: Hold it, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DIXON: There we are! That was a dandy!

DAGWOOD: Turn it off! I'm freezing!

(SHOWER OFF...)

DIXON: I'm sorry, Bumstead, old man, but when Glance Magazine wants a picture, it gets a picture... Here's a towel.

DAGWOOD: This is too much!...Thanks.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Mom wants to know what happened, Pop?

DAGWOOD: He just turned the cold shower on me, that's all.

ALEXANDER: Oh, a wise-guy.

DAGWOOD: Where's your mother, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: She and that ^{lady} ~~damn~~ are in looking at Cookie.

DAGWOOD: They are, huhh? I'm going in and see what's happening then. ① They're not going to play any tricks on Cookie. ② I'll put this towel around me.

ALEXANDER: ② Here's your bathrobe, Pop! ④ You better wear that, too.

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DIXON: Well, let's get some pictures of your baby daughter.

DAGWOOD: Good ones, too!...Come on, we'll go in there now.

ALEXANDER: They're right in the nursery, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Alexander.

COOKIE: (COME UP...CRYING A BIT)

DAGWOOD: What's the matter with Cookie, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood. I guess Miss Connors frightened her.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Cookie? Kootsie, kootsie, kootsie! Don't cry, sweetheart. It's all right now.

COOKIE: (STOPS CRYING)

BLONDIE: She stopped, Dagwood. I guess she knows her father when she sees him.

CONNORS: Why that infant can't recognize you at her age, can she?

BLONDIE & DAGWOOD: (QUITE FIRMLY) She certainly can!

DIXON: Hmm -- so this is Cookie.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- isn't she wonderful?

DIXON: Just at a glance I'd say she was a little underweight.

BLONDIE: Underweight!

DIXON: Sure -- she's a little pale.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, she's pale? Her cheeks are rosy!

CONNORS: Well, anyway, I'll stretch a point and say she's an average baby girl.

DIXON: *Ok I wouldn't say that.*

BLONDIE: Just one moment, please. Cookie is not just an average baby girl! She's very unusual! Anyone can see that. And she's going to be very gifted. We know it just as sure as we're standing here!

DIXON: I don't see anything so unusual about her. She's just average.

COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY)

DAGWOOD: Get out of this house!!!!

DIXON: Hunh?

BLONDIE: You heard what Mr. Bumstead said! Get out -- immediately!

DAGWOOD: You can't talk that way about our daughter! Get out of here and make it snappy! Go on! Beat it!

DIXON: Holy smoke! He's gone crazy!

CONNORS: Mr. Bumstead, Glance Magazine is ~~fearless, honest,~~
~~and---~~

DAGWOOD: I don't care about Glance Magazine! Get out of here before I --

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Put down that sterilizer!

DIXON: Come on, Connors -- ~~down the stairs~~ -- quick! He's gone stark, raving mad!

CONNORS: Okay -- they're not very average people, anyway. What makes them think their baby is a genius?

(FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: (SHOUTS) ~~That's the last straw!~~
THAT DID IT.

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Be careful! Let them go!

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- they're getting away! Let go of me! They can't talk that way about Cookie! I'm going to throw them out bodily! Let go of me!

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood -- come back!~~
(WHINE)

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

~~DIXON: (OFF) Quick! Out the door! He's coming after us!~~
(DAGWOOD TEARS DOWN THE STAIRS...)

~~DAGWOOD: (FADING A LITTLE) Come back here, you cowards!~~
~~Come back and let me throw you out!~~

~~ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop! Come back!~~

BLONDIE: Dagwooooooooood!

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

ALEXANDER: Holy smoke, Mom! Pop chased them right out the door!

BLONDIE: Oh, for heavens' sakes! Look! I'm holding
Dagwood's bathrobe! He ran out there with only
a towel around him.

DAGWOOD: (WAY OFF) Bloooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Oh, dear...

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well folks, one way or the other, Dagwood certainly got rid of the reporters for Glimpse Magazine. Next week there will be a C.O.D. package delivered to the little house on Shady Lane Avenue, and what started out to be a perfectly innocent day in the lives of Blondie and Dagwood, will become a very complicated day indeed. What's in the package? And how does it completely upset the Bumstead's plans? Well, be sure to be listening next Monday at this same time and you'll see how "Blondie's Trouble Arrives C.O.D." "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.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "CAMPBELLS 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 the Camel Caravan will be at the Baton Rouge Air Base, Louisiana -- and tomorrow night at the Air Base in New Orleans. On Wednesday they move on to Mississippi to give a performance that night for the Biloxi Air Corps -- and Thursday they will be at Eglin Field, Florida. Best wishes Camel Caravan, may your audiences have a grand time.

(CONTINUED)

"BLONDIE"
11/24/41

30-A

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

In these times, more than ever, every American needs the Red Cross -- and the Red Cross needs the membership of every American. Join hands with mercy and preparedness -- by joining the Red Cross. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

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ANNOUNCER: Say, pipe-smokers, just ask for George Washington Smoking Tobacco if you want America's biggest value in smoking pleasure. The big blue package costs only ten cents -- and weighs two and a quarter ounces! And George Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Plunk down a dime for a big package of George Washington -- tonight!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.