

3/13/42

Muster

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

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GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen  
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette  
of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0823

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

GOODWIN:

In New York's Times Square there's a big Camel sign and on it a soldier blows real smoke rings, nearly as big as a man, all the way across Broadway. Men in uniform pause to look up, and lots of them seem to smile in approval -- for Camel is the service man's favorite cigarette. Yes, actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Easy to understand when you realize that men in uniform get about the best chance of all to really know cigarettes. They know Camel has rich, extra flavor and the famous Camel extra mildness. They know that Camel's costlier tobaccos, expertly blended, give them a cooler, slower-burning cigarette...a cigarette that tastes good all the time. Remember this preference the next time you send a carton of cigarettes to a man in the service. Send him Camels. Your dealer will wrap and mail the carton for you. And remember Camels when you buy cigarettes for yourself. You'll like 'em, too..

Now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, it's the start of a rather quiet evening in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue. Dagwood is in the living room reading the evening paper, and out in the kitchen Blondie is just finishing up the dinner dishes. Cousin Edgar, for some strange reason, has been helping her...

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

BLONDIE: Well, there's the last <sup>dish</sup> ~~one~~, Edgar. Just put it there in the cupboard with the rest of the ~~dishes~~.

EDGAR: Sure, Blondie.

(FAUCET ON AND OFF...BLONDIE'S CLEANING UP THE SINK)

BLONDIE: That didn't take long, did it?

EDGAR: No, Blondie -- it's always easier when people cooperate with each other.

BLONDIE: It was very nice of you to help me, Edgar. <sup>AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW</sup> I appreciated it.

EDGAR: ~~Did~~ <sup>do</sup> you?

BLONDIE: I certainly ~~will~~ <sup>do</sup>.

EDGAR: Blondie, I wonder if you'd do me a little favor.

BLONDIE: I'd be glad to, Edgar.

EDGAR: That's swell of you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: As long as you don't want to borrow any money from me.

EDGAR: Oh....

BLONDIE: Was that the favor?

EDGAR: Well -- uh, yes, Blondie. You see, I happen to be temporarily broke, and --

~~BLONDIE: Edgar, I hate to be critical, but you're temporarily broke so often it's more like a permanent condition.~~

~~EDGAR:~~ This would only be a small loan for a short time, Blondie

BLONDIE: What do you call a short time?

EDGAR: Oh, you know -- a couple of days.

BLONDIE: Edgar, when you came to visit us two and a half months ago, you said you'd only stay a short time.

EDGAR: You don't know how wonderful it's been, Blondie. Your hospitality, this charming little home, your two swell children --

BLONDIE: Edgar, you've used that sales talk on me before. I'm not going to loan you any more money.

EDGAR: That's final, eh?

BLONDIE: Absolutely.

EDGAR: Okay...I think I'll go into the living room for a while.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Edgar.

EDGAR: Oh, that's all right, Blondie.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

EDGAR: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Hello, Dagwood...Hello, Alexander.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Edgar.

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Hello, Cousin Edgar.

EDGAR: Dagwood, something very embarrassing has happened to me.

DAGWOOD: What makes you think so?

EDGAR: Well, I have a date tonight, and what do you think has happened? I'm --

DAGWOOD: ~~How~~ temporarily broke.

EDGAR: How did you know?

DAGWOOD: I recognized the approach. Edgar, you're beginning to repeat yourself.

EDGAR: You see, Dagwood, I have a date with a woman I'm crazy about. Maybe you've met her -- Mrs. Silvia Windemere.

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. I've met her.~~ She's one of the wealthiest widows in town.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ <sup>Yeah, I've met her.</sup>  
EDGAR: She's the kind of a woman I've been dreaming about.

I've always wanted to find a woman who had plenty of money and who'd be too proud to let me work.

DAGWOOD: That sounds like Mrs. Windemere, all right.

EDGAR: Dagwood, I need ten dollars. A man of my reputation and ability can't take a woman like Mrs. Windemere out on absolutely nothing.

DAGWOOD: A man of your reputation and ability ought to be able to promote ten dollars somewhere else. You've overworked this family, Edgar. Try someone else -- please.

EDGAR: So your answer is no.

DAGWOOD: Yes, it's no.

EDGAR: You don't care what happens to my romance, you don't care if I have to spend the rest of my life a lonely man, do you?

DAGWOOD: A man who owes money to as many people as you do won't ever be lonely. You'll always have creditors to keep you company.

EDGAR: That's right -- hit me when I'm down. You don't -- never mind. Oh, Alexander -- can I talk to you for a moment?

ALEXANDER: Nothing doing, Cousin Edgar.

EDGAR: This is a confidential matter.

ALEXANDER: I loaned you twenty-five cents yesterday, and if you don't pay me back I'm going to let Daisy in your room when I get up in the morning.

EDGAR: You're just joking.

ALEXANDER: Oh, no I'm not. If I don't get my money back, Daisy'll be licking your face tomorrow morning at seven-thirty.

EDGAR: Okay -- here's your quarter.

ALEXANDER: You promised me a nickel, interest.

EDGAR: What a memory...All right -- now just keep that dog away from me.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

DAGWOOD: I think I'll let Daisy in your room tomorrow morning. You haven't paid me back yet.

EDGAR: Now wait a minute, Dagwood -- if you do that you'll regret it. I've got quite a lot of power over animals -- particularly dogs.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You have, humh?

EDGAR: Certainly. It's a form of hypnotism I can use on dogs. I could make Daisy do anything -- I could turn her against you.

DAGWOOD: I suppose you could make her <sup>TALK</sup>~~speak~~, too.

EDGAR: Certainly I could.

DAGWOOD: You do that and I'll give you that ten dollars.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...!

DAGWOOD: All through, honey?

BLONDIE: Yes...Dagwood, you're not going to give Edgar ten dollars. He's borrowed enough from us.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) This would be for something special. I said I'd give him ten dollars if he taught Daisy to ~~talk~~ <sup>TALK</sup>

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh -- well, that seems fair enough.

DAGWOOD: That's what I thought.

ALEXANDER: She's got to speak English, though. No foreign languages.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and we've got to be able to understand her.

EDGAR: Very well -- then it's a deal!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) You're not serious, are you, Edgar?

EDGAR: Certainly I am, Blondie. Of course, I shouldn't do this for only ten dollars -- it's worth a lot more -- but I happen to need the money, so I'll take you up on it.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON BARKING OFF)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- Edgar's been in there over a half an hour now.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- He seems to be trying to make Daisy talk, all right.

BLONDIE: But that's so silly. A grown man like Edgar, doing an idiotic thing like this.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'm afraid Edgar's head is a little loose from the neck up.

ALEXANDER: Mom, why can't Daisy speak? She understands when we speak to her. Why can't she speak to us?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Maybe Cousin Edgar could make her talk.

BLONDIE: No, I'm afraid not, dear.

DAGWOOD: Not possibly. It's just a wacky idea of Cousin Edgar's. Some one of these days a man in a white uniform is going to scoop him up in a butterfly net and take him away.

(DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: (OFF A BIT) I'll be back in a minute, Daisy. You can rest now.

(BARKS, ..DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, Edgar -- how's it working, as if I didn't know.

EDGAR: (DRAMATICALLY) Dagwood -- Blondie -- Alexander -- this is the most amazing thing that's ever happened. I think Daisy's really going to be able to talk!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Now, Edgar, it's time to stop this nonsense!



EDGAR: Blondie, I'll admit I started this whole thing as a gag when Dagwood promised me that ten bucks if I could get Daisy to talk. ~~Some~~ -- I was just joking in there at first. And then -- then I began to see that I might really be successful, that Daisy could talk.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- I can hardly wait to talk to Daisy! That'll be swell!

BLONDIE: Now, Edgar -- please. You're just getting Alexander's hopes up.

DAGWOOD: Even if Daisy really could talk, I wouldn't believe it.

EDGAR: But listen -- I've already got Daisy to say a few words!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Did you hear that, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Yes, Dagwood, I did.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) He's your relative, not mine.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) What! --

EDGAR: That's right -- go ahead and laugh at me. Ha-ha-ha! It's very funny! But remember they laughed at Edison, they laughed at the Wright Brothers --

DAGWOOD: And the Marx Brothers.

EDGAR: Yes! I mean no!...Okay, but I'm telling you that your dog has already spoken to me! Of course I had to hypnotise her a little first, and I doubt if she'd speak if I weren't around, but she speaks just the same.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose you'd like to give us a short demonstration now, would you?

BLONDIE: I don't suppose he would, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

EDGAR: All right -- I will give you a demonstration.

(DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: Come here a minute, Daisy.

(DAISY BARKS A LITTLE...WHINES)

EDGAR: Watch this...Now, Daisy, look me in the eyes. Forget your puppies for a moment, and concentrate on talking again. You're perfectly relaxed. You feel fine. You're very proud because you're going to be the first talking dog in the world. Relax now... That's it. Now just say a word or two -- anything at all.

DAISY: (WHINE, SEGUE INTO:) Hello, everybody --

EDGAR: Aha! There you are! And now we'll go back into the kitchen and continue with the lesson!

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh -- oh -- Dagwood, did you -- hear what -- ~~what I heard!~~

DAGWOOD: B-B-Blondie! Daisy talked to us! I heard her with my own ears!

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! I always wondered if Daisy could talk!~~

Alexander:  
~~Blondie:~~

A talking dog! A real talking dog!

~~DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, maybe we're the ones who are crazy!~~

MUSIC:

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Come on, Edgar -- bring Daisy out again! You've been in there fifteen minutes with her.

ALEXANDER: Bring her out, Cousin Edgar. Daisy's my dog!

BLONDIE: Please, Edgar -- unlock the door and bring Daisy out here.

EDGAR: (INSIDE) Just be patient for a moment, and stop hammering on the door. You'll upset Daisy -- she might lose her power of speech.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'm sorry.

EDGAR: You should be... Now all of you go back and sit down, and I'll bring Daisy out in a second... By the way, Dagwood -- have that ten dollars ready for me.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, Edgar -- sure. I have it for you.

(DOOR OPENS...A FEW BARKS)

EDGAR: Well, folks -- here she is! Daisy, the talking dog. My greatest achievement!... By the way, where's that ten bucks?

DAGWOOD: On the table.

EDGAR: Ah, yes -- thank you, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: Can you speak now, Daisy?

DAISY: Oh, sure, Alexander.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- I feel awfully weak.

DAISY: Now don't upset yourself, Blondie. I feel a little strange myself.

DAGWOOD: Er -- you really can talk, can't you, Daisy?

DAISY: Sounds like it to me, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: <sup>Sounds like it to -</sup>~~Incredible.~~ I don't believe it.

~~BLONDIE: Neither do I. You just can't talk, Daisy.~~

DAISY: Okay, so I can't talk then.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...But we've never heard of a dog talking before. How would you feel if we started talking dog-talk?

DAISY: Well, I guess there's a first time for everything.

BLONDIE: I suppose so.

ALEXANDER: Daisy, have you had a good time living with us?

DAISY: Oh, yes. It's been a dog's life, but after all I'm a dog. Of course your father steals the couch from me, or kicks me off it sometimes --

DAGWOOD: This is awful! I'm being criticized by a dog.

EDGAR: Well, folks -- I believe I'll be running along now. I have to keep my date with Mrs. Windemere.

DAISY: Goodbye, Edgar -- have a good time.

EDGAR: Thank you, Daisy...Goodbye, folks -- and remember, he who laughs last, laughs best. So -- (LAUGHS)

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

ALEXANDER: Gee -- Daisy can really talk. Talk to her daddy.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Well I don't know what to say, she makes me feel a little self-conscious.

BLONDIE: Go ahead Dagwood say something to her.

DAGWOOD: Okay...What's new Daisy huh? Daisy -- speak to me!

... : Say something! Say anything!

(DAISY GROWLS A LITTLE)

BLONDIE: That certainly isn't English.

ALEXANDER: It's just plain dog-talk.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- remember what Edgar said? He hypnotized her to get her to speak, and he said he didn't think she'd be able to talk while he wasn't around.

DAGWOOD: That's right.

(MORE BARKING FROM DAISY)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- Daisy's worth a fortune! The only talking dog in the world! And of all people to have control over her, it would have to be Cousin Edgar. I'm going to stay up tonight and talk to him when he gets back from ~~her~~<sup>his</sup> date.

BLONDIE: And I'm going to stay up with you, Dagwood.  
ALEXANDER: So am I.  
BLONDIE: Oh, no you're not, young man. A lot of ~~extraordinary~~ <sup>STRANGE</sup> things may be happening around here, but you're going to go to bed at your usual time, ~~TALKING dog or no TALKING dog.~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD: (ARE BOTH ASLEEP, AND SNORING)

(SOUND OF KEY IN LOCK...OFF...UNLOCK DOOR  
...DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (WAKING UP) Dagwood...Dagwood.. Wake up, dear.  
DAGWOOD: Hanh? What's that, Blondie? Hey, where am I?  
BLONDIE: I guess we both fell asleep on the couch...I thought I heard someone come in.  
DAGWOOD: Blondie -- did you dream that Edgar could make Daisy talk, and that she spoke to us?  
BLONDIE: Was that a dream?  
DAGWOOD: It must have been!  
BLONDIE: I thought so, too, but I also remember we decided to wait here until Edgar came home, and here we are.  
EDGAR: (OFF) Hey, are you people still up?  
DAGWOOD: Yeah. Edgar, did you make Daisy talk this evening, or did we dream that?  
BLONDIE: Did it really happen, Edgar?  
EDGAR: (COMING UP) Why, of course, Blondie.  
DAGWOOD: It must have happened -- I've got ten dollars less than I had.  
BLONDIE: Could you make her talk again for us?

EDGAR: Yes, but it's very tiring, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: You see, we thought a talking dog would be pretty valuable. We could put her on the stage, or in radio, or in pictures.

EDGAR: Yes, I've considered that, too. Of course, I'd expect a substantial cut in her earnings.

~~DAGWOOD:~~  
~~BLONDIE:~~ How much is a substantial cut?

EDGAR: Oh, no more than ninety per cent of what she makes.

BLONDIE: Ninety per cent?

DAGWOOD: That's outrageous! We won't do it!

EDGAR: All right, Dagwood -- you can refuse to give it to me, then. But remember, Daisy won't talk without me.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh -- that's right.

BLONDIE: I'm beginning to doubt that it ever happened.

DAGWOOD: I'm not as sure as I was about it.

BLONDIE: Maybe we were hypnotized instead of Daisy.

EDGAR: I'll give you another demonstration...Don't make any noise now. I'll open the kitchen door.

(DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: Daisy -- are you awake?

(BARK)

EDGAR: Daisy, this is Edgar.

DAISY: I heard you come in. Did you have a nice time tonight?

EDGAR: Yes, I did, thank you.  
DAISY: Blondie and Dagwood are waiting up for you.  
EDGAR: All right, Daisy. Good night.  
DAISY: Good night.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

EDGAR: Well?  
DAGWOOD: I'm convinced.  
BLONDIE: I -- I guess I am, too.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Say, this is really amazing, isn't it? Daisy can talk. She can carry on a conversation! I wonder what effect this will have on the Bumsteads? What will they do with Daisy? What would you do if you had a talking dog? Well, we'll see what happens in just a moment, ~~but first let's join Blondie and Dagwood. Yep, there's Dagwood, bending over the old drawing board with a patriotic gleam in his eyes.~~



GOODWIN: Right now, if you'll pardon me, I'd like to do a little investigating myself. Ah, there's Daisy now, in the kitchen, and that's Edgar, with his head inside the ice-box. Pardon me, Edgar --

EDGAR: Hi, Goodwin. How about a cold lamb chop?

GOODWIN: Well, I really just came to see Daisy. Tell me, Edgar, does she really --

DAISY: Ah-ah! Don't reach for that lamb chop, Goodwin! Edgar, you promised!

GOODWIN: Well, don't worry, Daisy, I was just going to light up a Camel. Have one, Edgar?

EDGAR: Don't mind if I do.

DAISY: Explain this one point to me, Goodwin. When Blondie's friends come to visit, she serves them Camels, and I catch a lot of favorable comment. Now, tell me, what fun do they get out of Camels?

GOODWIN: Why the fun of smoking costlier tobaccos, Daisy -- choice tobaccos that are blended in the years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending.

DAISY: This makes a difference, I suppose?

GOODWIN: All the difference in the world! It means you get rich, extra flavor and smooth, extra mildness to let you enjoy it. And Camel's slower burning gives you cooler smoking and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

DAISY: Let's be specific.

GOODWIN:

All 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 independant scientific tests of the smoke itself. So you see, Daisy? That's why Blondie and her friends smoke Camels. And I might suggest that all you folks try 'em. Get a pack tonight -- you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it's the next morning. Edgar is still sleeping upstairs, Daisy is sleeping downstairs, under the stove, and Blondie and Dagwood are tip-toeing around the house so as not to awaken them...Then the doorbell rings.

(DOORBELL)

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) I guess that must be Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) Yes. I hope he'll be able to tell us what to do about Daisy.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C...Come on in.

DITHERS: (ALOUD) What's all the whispering for?

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h, they're sleeping.

BLONDIE: We don't want to wake them up.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: (ALOUD) Who's sleeping?

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h. Edgar's sleeping upstairs, and --

DITHERS: I'm going to fire that man! He never comes to work! I've had him at the Dithers Company for more than two months and he hasn't done anything except pat me on the back and say, "Yes, J.C. -- I agree with you."

DAGWOOD: (WORKING UP) I've had to do all his work! It's been terrible! He's a regular parasite! Sh-h-h-h -- who's yelling?...Oh, I am.

DITHERS: Well, what did you want me to come over here for. You both sounded slightly hysterical on the phone.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, the other person who's sleeping is our dog, Daisy. We don't want you to think we're crazy, but Cousin Edgar has taught Daisy to talk.

DAGWOOD: No kidding, J.C.

DITHERS: Blondie, how long have you been feeling like this?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, we're serious.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Honestly, J.C. -- she talks just as well as we do.

DITHERS: You, too, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I heard her with my own ears.

DITHERS: Tell me, have you also been seeing spots in front of your eyes? Have you seen any green dragons with platinum scales, purple hair, and web feet?

DAGWOOD: I don't recall any of those things, do you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: No, but anything could happen.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Have you people gone completely out of your minds?

EDGAR: (OFF) Good morning, everyone.

BLONDIE: Edgar, we've been waiting for you to come down.

DAGWOOD: I'll say we have.

EDGAR: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Siocum, you ought to be at the office.

EDGAR: Yes, J.C. -- I agree with you.

DITHERS: Oh, stop patting me on the back! What's this nonsense about teaching Daisy to talk?

EDGAR: Haven't Blondie and Dagwood told you about it?

DITHERS: They've been babbling about it ever since I came in.

DAGWOOD: Come on, Edgar -- take J.C. out in the kitchen and show him that Daisy can talk.

EDGAR: All right -- let's go in.

DITHERS: If I hear that dog talk, I'm going to reserve a suite of rooms in a nice quiet sanitarium.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Daisy! Here's Edgar to see you.

(DAISY BARKS)

EDGAR: All right now, Daisy -- look right into my eyes. Just relax -- relax -- take it easy -- don't be nervous, you can scratch your ear later. I want you to say a few words to Mr. Dithers. You're among friends, you know. Just be confident that you can talk, and you will talk...All right, Daisy.

DAISY: How are you, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Why, I'm feeling fine, except for a slight touch of -- good grief! She spoke to me!

DAGWOOD: I've got you, J.C. Just put your arm around my shoulder and lean on me.

DITHERS: (TREMBLING) I feel shaky all over.

BLONDIE: ~~I'll get you a drink, Mr. Dithers.~~  
~~Do you want to make that reservation at the sanitarium now, Mr. Dithers?~~

DAISY: Won't you sit down, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (WEAKLY) Thank you -- er -- Daisy.

EDGAR: Well, Mr. Dithers, now what do you think?

DITHERS: (BREATHING HARD) I'm -- I'm amazed. I never heard of such a thing before.

DAISY: All the credit goes to Edgar, Mr. Dithers. You're to be congratulated on having a man of his ability working for you.

DITHERS: Yes, yes -- of course.

DAISY: He's a genius.

Blondie:

DITHERS:

Here's your drink, Mr. Dithers.  
This is staggering. Absolutely staggering. Come on  
(THANK YOU. Bah, this is water.  
-- let's go back into the other room and talk this  
over.

DAISY: Shall I come along, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: No, not now -- er -- Daisy, <sup>er, Miss Bumstead.</sup> And just call me J.C.

DAISY: All right, J.C.

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood -- Edgar -- Blondie -- in the living room.

DAGWOOD: Now who's crazy, J.C.?

DITHERS: We all are. We're stark, raving mad! But there's one thing we do know -- a talking dog is worth a fortune.

(DOOR CLOSES)

EDGAR: Yes, J.C. -- I agree with you.

DITHERS: Stop patting me on the back, Slocum. If you must do something, try scratching my back.

BLONDIE: Excuse me a minute.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Do you want some dog biscuits now, Daisy?

(DAISY BARKS)

BLONDIE: Can't you talk to me just as well as bark?

(BARKING)

BLONDIE: Hmmm --

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Now I've got an ide --

DITHERS: (FADING IN) Now, Dagwood -- this is a big proposition, there's a mint of money in it, and you need a clever man to handle the details.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I was thinking of myself.

DITHERS: No, you wouldn't do.

DAGWOOD: I was afraid I wouldn't.

EDGAR: I'm the only one Daisy will speak for, J.C.

DITHERS: Naturally you'll be in on this, Slocum.

EDGAR: Naturally.

BLONDIE: How much of a cut would you want, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, say twenty per cent.

BLONDIE: Edgar plans to take ninety per cent and you want twenty per cent. That's a hundred and ten per cent already.

EDGAR: Well, I'm willing to be reasonable. I'll come down to eighty per cent.

DAGWOOD: <sup>That's fine why --</sup>  
^ We're still out in the cold.

DITHERS: I'll make my cut only fifteen per cent. That's five per cent for you and Blondie.

BLONDIE: Five per cent isn't very much.

DITHERS: It isn't much? It is if it's five per cent of a couple of million dollars.

EDGAR: Er -- I'm not so sure we ought to go ahead and publicize. Daisy, J.C.

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DAQUOOD: I WAS -

DITHERS:

Certainly we ought to! She's the sensation of the century! Millions of people will pay to see her! Scientists will flock here to talk to her! we want to get started on this right away! Let's go down to the telegraph office and start sending wires!

DAQUOOD: I WAS -  
huh? DAQUOOD: NOTHING,  
Come on -- T.C.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mom.

BLONDIE: Hello, Alexander. How was school today?

ALEXANDER: Okay...Gee, there's an awful crowd of people out front, Mom.

(DAISY BARKS)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Daisy -- how are you today?

(WHINING...LOW BARKS)

BLONDIE: She's had quite a day, Alexander. Reporters, and people coming in, and photographers taking her picture.

ALEXANDER: Poor Daisy. She looks tired.

(DAISY WHINES)

ALEXANDER: Where's Pop?

BLONDIE: He and Mr. Dithers and Cousin Edgar are in the living room. There have been telegrams coming in by the basketful.

ALEXANDER: About Daisy, hunh?

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)



DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- we just got an offer from <sup>Hollywood.</sup> ~~Columbia~~  
~~Pictures!~~ And a dog food company wants Daisy to be  
master of ceremonies on their radio program! Isn't  
it wonderful??!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Mom, are they going to take Daisy away from me  
so she can do all these things?

~~BLONDIE: That's the way they've got it planned, Alexander.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Gosh, Daisy, I wish you had never learned to talk.~~

(DAISY WHINES A LITTLE, DAISY BARKS A  
LITTLE)

BLONDIE: Now don't worry, Alexander. I have a feeling that  
it'll all turn out all right.

ALEXANDER: Gee, I'd certainly miss Daisy.

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Blondie, what do you think? The St. Louis Zoo has a  
sick wolf and they want Daisy to interview him and  
find out what's wrong. Isn't it amazing!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ALEXANDER: St. Louis isn't very near, is it?

BLONDIE: No, I'm afraid it isn't.

ALEXANDER: I don't think I'd like Daisy to talk to a wolf --  
not even a sick one.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- the Camel Caravan wants Daisy to join them and help entertain the soldiers all over the country. Isn't that swell?...Oh, here's a telegram that just came for you.

BLONDIE: Thanks, Dagwood.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: I wouldn't mind so much if Daisy was entertaining the soldiers. That's different.

BLONDIE: Well, let's see what's in my telegram. I've been expecting it.

(OPENING TELEGRAM)

ALEXANDER: What is it, Mom?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) This is very funny...Alexander, I wouldn't worry about losing Daisy. I think she'll stay with us.

ALEXANDER: That's swell! Did you hear that, Daisy?

(DAISY HEARD IT, AND DARKS)

BLONDIE: Let's go in and see what's happening in the other room.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie! Gee, honey -- we're going to be rich! We've got two movie offers already, and more are coming in!

DITHERS: There are seventeen offers of vaudeville dates, Blondie!

EDGAR: We even got a telegram from a man who wants Daisy to prowl around the stables in Florida and get tips on the races direct from the horses.

DAGWOOD: And here's a telegram asking if Daisy will appear as a contestant on a quiz program.

BLONDIE: That's all very interesting, but listen to this telegram I just got.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh~~<sup>never mind</sup>, Blondie, you don't seem to be very excited about all this! We're going to be millionaires! This is something important!

BLONDIE: This telegram is more important.

(CRASH OF GLASS)

BLONDIE: Oh! What was that?

ALEXANDER: Here it is. Someone threw a rock through the window with a piece of paper wrapped around it.

DITHERS: Let's see what it says...Hmmm -- "Can offer you a thousand a week for Daisy at my theatre in Sheridan City." That's chicken feed. Throw the rock back at him.

BLONDIE: Just a minute! Let me read you my telegram. It's more startling than any you've received.

DITHERS: It couldn't be

DAGWOOD: Not possibly.

EDGAR: Who's it from, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Your mother, Edgar. She says, "Dear Blondie. Yes, Edgar's a wonderful ventriloquist. He can throw his voice and make all sorts of animals seem to talk..."

DITHERS: A ventriloquist! We've been swindled!

DAGWOOD: We've lost a fortune! It's all a fake! We've been robbed!

DITHERS: Slocum, you're going to pay for -- Slocum! Where is he! Come back here, you swindler!

EDGAR: (OFF) So long, folks -- I'll see you later.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: There he goes -- out the door! Come on, Dagwood!  
(FADING) Come back here, you chiseler!

DAGWOOD: I've lost millions <sup>Blondie!</sup> -- and ten dollars in cash! ~~Dagwood.~~

~~Dagwood!~~ You can't get away from me, you thief!

(WHIZZZ!)

~~ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- there they go. I guess that's that,~~  
isn't it?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I guess it is, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: How did you know it was Edgar.

BLONDIE: I really didn't, Alexander. But Daisy has never particularly liked Edgar in the first place, she talked a lot like Edgar in the second place, and in the third place --

ALEXANDER: What about the third place?

BLONDIE: In the third place, that had to be the answer. If it weren't -- well, it was, and I guess we're not crazy after all. For a while I was really worried.

EDGAR: (~~WAY OFF...YELLS~~) ~~Horriiip! Horriiip! Murder!~~  
Police!

ALEXANDER: That sounded like Edgar. I guess Pop and Mr. Dithers  
caught him.

BLONDIE: Yes, I'm afraid ~~that's~~ the end of his joke. You  
might even say that ~~yell~~ of his was the punch line.  
(LAUGHS)

MUSIC:

(FOLLOWING MUSIC, AT CLOSE,

GOODWIN:

Before we say goodnight, let me remind you that it isn't just what you put in a cigarette, it's also how you do it. Camel's extra flavor and mildness come not only from costlier tobaccos but also from the way those choice tobaccos are blended. Try a pack of Camels tonight. You'll see for yourself that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos does make a better cigarette!

GOODWIN: Well, next Monday is March sixteenth and the Bumsteads, like the rest of us, have to get their income tax in by midnight. If you want to avoid having trouble with your return, the Bumsteads will show you exactly what not to do. So don't forget to listen in next week for the fun when "Blondie Pays the Income Tax."

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.

And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie," Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's the Al Pearce Show and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra.

Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and stations.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

"BLONDIE" 31-A  
3/9/42

GOODWIN: The Camels are coming -- it's the two Camel Caravans, rolling around from one Army camp to another, giving free shows for the men. Tonight the Eastern unit will be at Fort Wetherill, Rhode Island, tomorrow at Fort Banks, Wednesday at Fort Strong, Thursday at Fort Andrews, Friday at Squantum Naval Air Station and Saturday at Chelsea Naval Hospital and Fort Revere, all in Massachusetts.

Tonight and tomorrow night the Mid-West unit will play at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, Wednesday at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, Thursday at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, Friday they move on to Fort Hayes, Ohio, and Saturday they will be at Selfridge Field, Michigan.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time.

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

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)



ANNCR:

A two and a quarter ounce package for ten cents!  
Think that over, pipe-smokers, and compare it  
with the price and quantity of the tobacco you're  
smoking now. It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco,  
in the big blue two and a quarter ounce package.  
Plunk down a dime yourself. You'll find George  
Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty -- right  
down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl.  
You'll agree that George Washington is America's  
biggest value in smoking tobacco.