

MASTER

"BLONDIE"

PROGRAM NUMBER SIX

MONDAY, AUGUST 7, 1939

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

VOICE: (ONE LINE IDENTIFICATION...OR OTHER OPENING)

ORCHESTRA: (INTO THEME...EIGHT BARS AND UNDER)

GOODWIN: The quality cigarette every smoker can afford is the cigarette of long-burning, costlier tobaccos. Yes, that's Camel. And there are millions of Camel smokers to tell you that no other cigarette gives the same marvelous combination of smoking pleasure at its best and more smoking per cigarette. That extra amount of smoking in Camels is confirmed by recent impartial laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands. By burning twenty-five percent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested slower than any of them -- Camels give a smoking plus equal to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. And it's mighty nice to get extra smoking when it's topped off with the superb aroma and delicate taste of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Not to mention how much cooler and milder a Camel smokes. Any way you figure it, Camels are your shrewdest cigarette buy!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR FINISH...OUT)

"BLONDIE" -2-
8/7/39

GOODWIN: AND NOW LET'S HAVE OUR VISIT WITH BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD.
WE FIND THEM THIS EVENING IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT.
(TRAFFIC MUSIC LIGHT) BLONDIE HAS BEEN TO A LECTURE
THIS AFTERNOON -- AND DAG TOOK HER TO DINNER AT THE
HIDE AWAY TEA ROOM. (LIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS) THEY'RE JUST
LEAVING THE PLACE NOW AND -- HERE THEY COME... (MUSIC
FADES OUT) (LIGHT TRAFFIC BACKGROUND REMAINS UNDER)

BLONDIE: MY IT'S NICE TO EAT OUT FOR A CHANGE! I HAD SUCH AN
APPETITE. LET'S WALK ALONG THE STREET BEFORE WE START
HOME.

DAG: I HAD AN APPETITE, TOO. I STILL HAVE!

BLONDIE: OH, I THOUGHT IT WAS A LOVELY DINNER, DEAR.

DAG: YEAH, ~~SIX COURSES AND EVEN COURSE WAS SALAD!~~

BLONDIE: ~~WHY NO, DAGWOOD -- THAT WAS WHAT THEY CALL GARNISHINGS.~~

DAG: *Quit* THOSE TEA ROOMS PUT LETTUCE IN EVERYTHING. EVEN MY
APPLE PIE HAD LETTUCE IN IT.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, IF YOU HAD YOUR WAY YOU'D EAT NOTHING BUT
MEAT AND POTATOES. YOU HAVE TO HAVE GREENS, TOO.

DAG: I FELT LIKE A TAME RABBIT --- SITTING THERE NIBBLING ..
LETTUCE WITH ALL THOSE WOMEN LOOKING AT ME.

BLONDIE: THAT WAS BECAUSE YOU WERE SO HANDSOME, DEAR.

DAG: YEAH! ~~WOMEN!~~... I LIKE WOMEN ALL RIGHT, BUT TOO MANY OF
'EM MAKE ME NERVOUS.

BLONDIE: WHY AT THE LECTURE TODAY THE AUDIENCE WAS ALL WOMEN --
AND MR. FROTHINGHAM FAREFORTH DIDN'T MIND A BIT. HE JUST
~~SMILED AT US AND~~ HALF-CLOSED HIS EYES AND TALKED ~~IN A~~
~~KIND OF BORED VOICE~~ ABOUT THE EXCITING THINGS HE HAD DONE.

DAG: WELL -- WHAT HAD HE DONE?

BLONDIE: OH, HE'D ESCAPED FROM CANNIBALS AND SHOT LIONS...AND
LIVED ON PEMMICAN FOR DAYS AND DAYS...

DAG: OH, SO THAT'S WHY YOU ASKED FOR PEMMICAN IN THAT TEA ROOM.

BLONDIE: WELL, I JUST WANTED TO TASTE IT.

DAG: I GUESS IT WOULD TASTE PRETTY FISHY. THEY LIVE ON FISH
DON'T THEY?

BLONDIE: WHO LIVES ON FISH?

DAG: PEMMICANS.

BLONDIE: OH, NO DEAR...PEMMICAN IS DRIED MEAT MIXED WITH RAISINS
AND THINGS TO MAKE IT MORE NOURISHING. YOU TAKE IT ON
SAFARI.

DAG: TAKE IT WHERE?

BLONDIE: ON SAFARI...THAT'S AN AFRICAN WORD, TOO. IT MEANS WHEN
YOU GO ON A LONG TREK IN THE JUNGLE OR SOMEWHERE AND
CAN'T CARRY MUCH FOOD.

DAG: PRETTY NOURISHING STUFF, EH? WELL -- REMIND ME TO GET
SOME NEXT TIME WE GO TO THE DELICATESSEN.

BLONDIE: OH, I DON'T THINK THEY'D HAVE IT...IT'S JUST FOR HE-MEN
LIKE MR. FROTHINGHAM FAREFORTH. I GUESS THERE WOULDN'T
BE MUCH CALL FOR IT IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

DAG: LISTEN, BLONDIE -- DON'T RUN DOWN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD. I
BET THAT GUY FROTHINGHAM JUST MADE UP ALL THOSE STORIES
ABOUT EATING PEMMICAN AND SHOOTING LIONS AND CANNIBALS.

BLONDIE: OH, NO, DAGWOOD -- HE HAD SUCH LOVELY HONEST EYES --- AND
 HE WAS ALL SUNBURNED.

DAG: UHUH. (BORED)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE EXCITING
 THINGS THE MAN DID?

DAG: WELL -- GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO. LET'S WALK ALONG
 THOUGH.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. WE'LL WINDOW SHOP AS WE GO. OH, LOOK AT
 THOSE CUTE HATS.

DAG: COME ON, DEAR!...YOU'VE GOT A HAT NOW.

BLONDIE: "HAPPY TIMES HATTE SHOPPE." I MUST REMEMBER THAT.
 FROTHINGHAM FAREFORTH SAYS THE AFRICAN WOMEN DON'T WEAR
 ANY HATS.

DAG: I KNOW...THEY DON'T WEAR STOCKINGS, EITHER. YOU DON'T
 HAVE TO GO TO AFRICA TO FIND THAT OUT.

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD -- I THINK YOU'RE A LITTLE JEALOUS OF
 MR. FROTHINGHAM FAREFORTH!

DAG: I AM NOT!...BUT WHEN A FELLER'S WIFE COMES HOME ALL EXCITED
 ABOUT SOME PHONEY LIKE THAT...

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!...HE'S NOT A PHONEY! HE'S MISSED
 DEATH BY INCHES A DOZEN TIMES.

DAG: TOO BAD.

BLONDIE: WAIT 'TIL I TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME HE SAVED ALL THEIR
 LIVES!. LISTEN...HE WAS GOING ALONG WITH HIS NATIVES AND
 ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY CAME TO A DONGA.

DAG: A WHAT?

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHERE LIONS HIDE...IN A DONGA...SO HE STOPPED IN
 FRONT OF THIS DONGA...AND YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID?

DAG: SURE. HE SAID DONGA ANY FARTHER, BOYS!

BLONDIE: THAT'S NOT A BIT FUNNY! NO. HE SAID: "WAIT BOYS, I SMELL SOMETHING LIKE A LION."

DAG: DID HE ADMIT THAT IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE?

BLONDIE: DON'T BE VULGAR DAGWOOD. HE JUST KNEW THERE WAS A LION IN THAT DONGA...SO HE RAISED HIS RIFLE AND FIRED JUST ONCE...AND THEN WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT LION'S DEN! AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DAG: I THINK HE WAS CRAZY.

BLONDIE: I MEAN WHAT DO YOU THINK HE FOUND? A DEAD LION!

DAG: HOW LONG HAD IT BEEN DEAD?

BLONDIE: WHAT? OH -- WHY HE HAD JUST SHOT IT! ~~DON'T YOU SEE?~~
~~THERE IT WAS STILL CROUCHED READY TO SPRING ON HIM --~~
~~ITS EYES WERE STILL GLARING --~~ AND ITS JAWS WERE STILL OPEN...~~BUT IT WAS DEAD~~ HE SAID IT WAS THE BIGGEST LION EVER SHOT IN AFRICA.

DAG: SOME LION. (LAUGHS) HEY -- DO YOU GET THAT...

BLONDIE: YOU'RE AS BAD AS MR. FUDDLE. LAUGHING AT YOUR OWN JOKES.
OH, LOOK!

DAG: WHAT?

BLONDIE: LOOK IN THIS WINDOW! A PICTURE OF FROTHINGHAM FAREFORTH. AUTOGRAPHED.

DAG: HE NEEDS A HAIRCUT.

BLONDIE: SEE THERE'S A COPY OF HIS BOOK -- "THE JOY OF DANGER" --
I WONDER IF ALL THOSE GUNS IN THE WINDOW ARE HIS, TOO?

DAG: NAW. THEY BELONG TO BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH -- THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THIS STORE.

BLONDIE: MY. I NEVER SAW SO MANY GUNS.

DAG: SURE...THIS STORE IS THE BIGGEST SPORTING GOODS STORE ANYWHERE I GUESS. "EVERYTHING FROM A CAP-PISTOL TO A CANNON." THAT'S THEIR SLOGAN.

BLONDIE: HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT, DAGWOOD?

DAG: OH -- I USED TO TRADE HERE.

BLONDIE: YOU DID? WHY WHAT DID YOU BUY IN HERE, DAGWOOD?

DAG: BB SHOT FOR MY "DAISY" GUN.

BLONDIE: WHY, I NEVER KNEW YOU EVEN HANDLED A GUN, DAGWOOD.

DAG: WELL --- JUST BECAUSE I DON'T GO AROUND WRITING BOOKS ABOUT IT -- OR SELLING TICKETS TO HEAR ME TALK ABOUT MYSELF...

BLONDIE: DID YOU EVER SHOOT ANYTHING?

DAG: OH, SURE -- SURE. ER -- NO LIONS, OF COURSE. JUST -- ER -- SMALLER GAME.

BLONDIE: WHAT KIND OF GAME?

DAG: OH -- NOTHING MUCH...FORGET IT! OH, LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING BABY DUMPLING WOULD LIKE.

BLONDIE: THAT HUGE THING? WHY HE COULDN'T CARRY IT...

DAG: NO NOT THE SHOT GUN. I MEAN THE WATER-PISTOL RIGHT UNDERNEATH IT.

BLONDIE: WELL --- I DON'T KNOW -- HE MIGHT GO SQUIRTING IT IN THE HOUSE.

DAG: WELL, A BOY OUGHT TO LEARN TO HANDLE A GUN EARLY. YOU DON'T WANT HIM TO BE A SISSY.

BLONDIE: HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU DID YOUR HUNTING, DAGWOOD?

DAG: OH, ABOUT SEVEN I GUESS.

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS -- THAT WAS YOUNG!

DAG: WELL -- THE BUMSTEADS WERE ALL BORN HUNTERS. MY GREAT-GREAT AUNT ON MY FATHER'S SIDE MARRIED A FAMOUS HUNTER, TOO. EVER HEAR OF DANIEL BOONE?

BLONDIE: WHY, YES. DID SHE MARRY DANIEL BOONE?

DAG: WELL -- NOT EXACTLY. BUT SHE MARRIED A MAN THAT DID BUSINESS WITH BOONE ALL THE TIME. HE SOLD HIM THOSE COONSKIN CAPS HE WORE.

BLONDIE: I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT THOSE HATS. WHY DID THEY ALWAYS HAVE A LITTLE TAIL HANGING DOWN BEHIND. DAGWOOD?

DAG: TO KEEP IT OUT OF THEIR EYES I GUESS.

BLONDIE: LOOK! -- SEE THAT WHITE HAT IN THE WINDOW? THAT'S A CORK-HELMET LIKE PROTHINGHAM FAREFORTH WORE ON SAFARI. IT'S ROMANTIC LOOKING ISN'T IT?

DAG: IT'D BE HARD TO KEEP CLEAN, THOUGH -- LIKE WHITE SHOES.

BLONDIE: WHAT DID YOU USE TO WEAR HUNTING, DAGWOOD?

DAG: OVERALLS. IT WAS DIRTY IN THE BARN.

BLONDIE: OH -- DID YOU DO YOUR HUNTING IN A BARN?

DAG: WELL, YEAH. MOSTLY. THAT'S WHERE THE GAME WAS THICKEST.

BLONDIE: NOW WHAT KIND OF GAME COULD ANY ONE SHOOT IN A BARN?...

DAG: WELL -- I SHOT ROACHES.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) OH, DAGWOOD...

DAG: ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT...BUT IT'S HARDER TO HIT A RUNNING ROACH THAN A SLEEPING LION -- DON'T FORGET THAT.

BLONDIE: I GUESS IT WOULD BE...

DAG: YES, SIR. A GOOD LIVELY ROACH IS A TOUGH TARGET. ESPECIALLY WITH JUST AN AIR-RIFLE.

BLONDIE: OH -- THAT'S WHAT YOU HUNTED WITH.

DAG: I WAS PRETTY NEAR A DEAD SHOT WITH IT, TOO. I BET I'M STILL A GOOD SHOT -- IF I HAD THE CHANCE.

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE NEIGHBORS WOULD THINK, DAGWOOD -- IF THEY SAW YOU CREEPING AROUND WITH AN AIR-RIFLE.

DAG: OH, AN AIR-RIFLE IS JUST FOR KIDS. ^{well of course} I'D TAKE A BIGGER GUN NOW.

BLONDIE: NOT ONE OF THOSE TERRIBLY BIG ONES, DAGWOOD.

DAG: WELL NO, NOT THE BIGGEST ONES OF COURSE.

BLONDIE: THERE'S ONE IN THE WINDOW WOULD BE A NICE SIZE FOR YOU.

DAG: THAT'S A TWENTY-TWO.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S TWENTY-TWO MEAN, DAGWOOD?

DAG: WHY, THAT IT'S TWENTY-TWO INCHES LONG -- ER...WOULD YOU MIND IF I WENT IN THIS STORE AND LOOKED AROUND, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE? WHY, NO, DEAR -- I'LL COME WITH YOU.

DAG: WELL -- ER -- NEVER MIND THEN...

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD, YOU WOULDN'T BE ASHAMED TO HAVE ME WITH YOU WOULD YOU?

DAG: WELL -- IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE BUYING MY SUITS, BLONDIE. I DON'T THINK MEN TAKE THEIR WIVES ALONG WHEN THEY BUY THINGS IN A MAN'S STORE LIKE BOMMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH HERE,

BLONDIE: BUT YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO BUY ANYTHING ARE YOU? I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST GOING SHOPPING LIKE I DO.

DAG: WELL, WOULD YOU LIKE ME ALONG WHEN YOU WERE SHOPPING LIKE THAT FOR -- WELL -- WOMAN'S THINGS?

BLONDIE: OH, I WOULDN'T MIND. BUT IF YOU DO IT'S ALL RIGHT. ^{Oh well,} I'LL WALK BACK TO THAT LITTLE HAPPY TIME HATTE SHOPPE. YOU GO AHEAD AND HAVE FUN LOOKING AROUND IN THIS STORE. BUT DON'T BUY ANYTHING MIND!

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DAG: I'LL JUST PRICE THAT WATER-PISTOL. JUST PRICE IT.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DANIEL BOONE. BE CAREFUL IN THAT REVOLVING DOOR! (MUSIC IN SOFTLY) DON'T BE LONG, DEAR. BYE.

DAG: SURE, SURE. NO, I WON'T...BYE... (MUSIC UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAG: PARDON ME -- COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE WATER_PISTOL DEPARTMENT IS?

GORB: NO.

DAG: OH, WELL -- COULD YOU TELL ME WHO COULD TELL ME?

GORB: NO -- GO AWAY.

DAG: NOW LISTEN -- ~~I KNOW THIS IS A BIG STORE AND WATER PISTOLS AREN'T MUCH OF A SALE, BUT~~ I DON'T THINK A CLERK OUGHT TO TALK THAT WAY TO A CUSTOMER -- EVEN IF I AM ONLY PRICING WATER-PISTOLS.

GORB: ~~NEITHER DO I. IF A CLERK TALKED LIKE THAT TO ME, I'D REPORT HIM.~~

DAG: ~~WELL, THEN WHY DON'T YOU -- ER -- WHAT?~~

GORB: IS IT POSSIBLE MY MISGUIDED YOUNG SIR THAT YOU HAVE MISTAKEN ME FOR A CLERK?

DAG: WELL -- AREN'T YOU? OH, GOSH! I'M SORRY.

GORB: MY POOR YOUNG FRIEND! DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE? THIS IS BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH -- WHERE THE CLERKS ARE TRAINED TO HIDE FROM CUSTOMERS. YOU COULDN'T WALK UP TO A BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH CLERK AND SPEAK TO HIM AS YOU JUST SPOKE TO ME. IT ISN'T DONE.

DAG: WELL -- THANKS. I'LL JUST WAIT THEN TIL A CLERK SHOWS UP.

GORB: AH -- BUT IT ISN'T AS EASY AS ALL THAT. NO! MERCY NO.

DAG: WELL -- I'LL GET THE HANG OF IT AFTER WHILE. WHAT DO
YOU DO IF YOU WANT TO BUY SOMETHING HERE?

GORB: YOU PRETEND TO BE INTERESTED IN SOMETHING ELSE. THAT
WAY THE CLERK WHO SELLS WHAT YOU DO WANT MAY GLIDE BY.
I'VE KNOWN IT TO HAPPEN.

DAG: IS THAT WHY YOU'RE LOOKING AT THIS CASE OF BIRDS' EGGS?
ER -- THEY ARE EGGS AREN'T THEY?

GORB: THE MOST AMAZING COLLECTION OF RARE WILD-BIRD EGGS UNDER
ONE ROOF IN THE WORLD. ARE YOU AN ORNITHOLOGIST MY,
YOUNG FRIEND?

DAG: NO -- WE STICK TO OUR OLD FAMILY DOCTOR.

GORB: YOU DON'T LIKE EGGS?

DAG: I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST THEM I GUESS.

GORB: SHUN THEM YOUNG SIR. TURN AWAY YOUR GAZE...REFUSE TO
PONDLE THEM. ONCE YOU BECOME AN EGG-ADDICT YOU ARE LOST.
LOOK AT ME.

DAG: WHY -- YOU LOOK ALL RIGHT. DO EGGS BOTHER YOU MUCH?

GORB: THEY ARE MY LIFE! AS A BOY SOMEONE GAVE ME A ROBIN'S
EGG. THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END. I GOT A SECOND
EGG. THEN A THIRD AND SO ON. SOON I THOUGHT OF NOTHING
ELSE. I WANTED ONLY EGGS -- AND MORE EGGS.

DAG: TCK TCK TCK. CAN'T YOU BUY THEM IF YOU WANT THEM?

GORB: HA. I HAVE BOUGHT THEM. I HAVE THE SECOND ~~LARGEST~~ ^{FINEST}
COLLECTION IN THE WORLD. IF I HAD ONE MORE EGG IT WOULD
BE THE ~~LARGEST~~ ^{FINEST}.

DAG: GOSH. CAN'T YOU AFFORD TO BUY ONE MORE EGG?

GORB: AFFORD IT! CERTAINLY I CAN AFFORD IT! I AM...SSSSH.

DAG: I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING.

GORB: CAN ANYONE HEAR US?
DAG: I -- I DON'T THINK SO.
GORB: THEN I'LL WHISPER MY NAME TO YOU. I FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU.
DAG: WELL, THANKS...BUT...
GORB: YES -- YOU HAVE AN HONEST FACE. IT REMINDS ME OF THE
WHISTLING FINCH -- A SPLENDID BIRD. COME CLOSER.
(WHISPERS) I SIR AM MACILLVANE Q. GORB.
DAG: GOSH. THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE?
GORB: YES -- BUT WHAT ARE MILLIONS WHEN I CAN'T BUY THE WORLD'S
ONE PERFECT EGG?
DAG: BUT WHY CAN'T YOU BUY IT -- WITH ALL YOUR MONEY?
GORB: BECAUSE THE VIPERS WHO OPERATE THIS STORE WON'T SELL
IT TO ME. BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH ARE EGG COLLECTORS,
TOO. IF THEY SOLD ME THIS -- THEN I WOULD HAVE THE
BEST COLLECTION. ~~WHY IF THEY EVEN KNEW I WAS IN THEIR~~
~~STORE THEY WOULD HAVE ME ARRESTED.~~ LOOK! HERE COMES
A CLERK. KEEP MY SECRET...LET ME HAVE A FEW MOMENT'S
PEACE GAZING AT THIS PERFECT SPECIMEN IN THE CASE.
PRETEND YOU WANT TO SEE IT -- THEN LURE THE MAN AWAY.
DAG: WELL I...GOSH I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU BUT...
GORB: QUIET. HERE HE COMES...
CLERK: (COMING IN) AH...ER...GOOD AFTERNOON...
GORB: THERE HE GOES! STOP HIM.
DAG: ER...PARDON ME...

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CLERK: QUITE ALL RIGHT. SOMETHING YOU REQUIRE, SIR?

DAG: I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME -- ER -- EGGS IF YOU DON'T MIND.

CLERK: I'M SO SORRY BUT -- ER -- EGGS. NO! NOT MY LINE YOU SEE. I'M IN THE FIRE-ARMS DEPARTMENT.

DAG: OH, YOU SELL THINGS FOR -- WELL HUNTERS AND EXPLORERS AND PEOPLE LIKE THAT?

CLERK: I DISPLAY OUR LINE, SIR. THE MOST COMPLETE IN THE WORLD. OCCASIONALLY A SALE IS MADE YES.

DAG: ~~WELL THEN MAYBE WE COULD DO SOME BUSINESS.~~ I'M IN THE MARKET FOR SOME -- ER -- PEMMICAN.

CLERK: PEMMICAN! WE DON'T STOCK IT REGULARLY, BUT -- I COULD TAKE YOUR ORDER. YOU WANT ENOUGH FOR YOUR NEXT EXPEDITION?

DAG: WELL -- I -- JUST WANTED A SAMPLE TO BEGIN WITH.

CLERK: OF COURSE. MEN LIKE YOURSELF WHOSE LIVES DEPEND ON THE QUALITY OF THE PEMMICAN THEY CARRY CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. STEP THIS WAY, SIR.

GORB: PSST. DON'T LET ME DOWN. MAKE HIM SHOW YOU THE EGG.

DAG: WELL -- ER -- WHICH ONE?

GORB: THE ONLY ONE WORTH LOOKING AT. THAT ONE!

DAG: GOSH. YOU MEAN THAT BIG EGG MOUNTED ON WHITE SATIN LIKE -- A DIAMOND OR SOMETHING.

GORB: A DIAMOND! NO DIAMOND CAN COMPARE WITH THAT EGG. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?

DAG: WELL, IT'S A PRETTY COLOR...

GORB: THAT, SIR, IS THE EGG OF THE PINK NOSED PLOVER. THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND OUTSIDE THE BRITISH MUSEUM...AND THEIRS IS MUCH SMALLER. THAT IS THE KOOHINOOR OF EGGS. I MUST TOUCH IT -- JUST ONCE. MAKE HIM TAKE IT OUT.

CLERK: (COMING IN) AH...HERE YOU ARE. I THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING WITH ME...

DAG: WELL, THE FACT IS...I -- ER -- JUST GOT INTERESTED IN THAT -- ER, EGG. THE -- THE ONE ON THE WHITE PILLOW.

CLERK: HMM. YES...AN INTERESTING ITEM THEY TELL ME. LET'S SEE...*valued at \$12,500.00*
~~PRICED AT \$2,500.~~ BUT IT'S NOT FOR SALE.

DAG: OH, I WASN'T GOING TO BUY IT -- BUT MY FRIEND HERE MR. --

GORB: BROWN. FRED BROWN.

DAG: YES -- ER -- WHAT? OH! YES! MR. BROWN WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT.

CLERK: I REALLY SHOULDN'T TAKE IT OUT OF THE CASE...BUT FOR A BIG PEMMICAN BUYER LIKE YOURSELF, MR...ER...

DAG: BROWN -- ER BUMSTEAD, I MEAN. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

CLERK: AH, YOU CELEBRITIES! ALWAYS GOING UNDER ASSUMED NAMES TO AVOID PUBLICITY. (LAUGHS) BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! MR. BROWN -- YES. AN HONEST NAME!..BUT BUMSTEAD -- HA HA. OBVIOUSLY INVENTED -- AND HASTILY INVENTED.

DAG: NOW LISTEN...

CLERK: OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET, MR. -- ER -- BUMSTEAD...

GORB: ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME SEE THAT EGG?

CLERK: CERTAINLY, MR. BROWN. HERE IT IS. BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU? THE PINK NOSED PLOVER IS EXTINCT YOU KNOW AND THE EGG VERY RARE. PLEASE DON'T LIFT IT FROM ITS RESTING PLACE. NOW, MR. -- AH -- BUMSTEAD (HA HA) -- COME THIS WAY....

DAG: WELL -- IF YOU HAVEN'T ANY -- ER -- PEMMICAN...

CLERK: OUR PEMMICAN DEPARTMENT IS AT WORK ON THE MATTER...BUT I HAVE SOMETHING NEW I WANT YOU TO SEE. A SPORTSMAN LIKE YOURSELF WILL BE FASCINATED BY IT. OH, I CAN'T WAIT TO SHOW YOU.

DAG: WELL -- LET ME GUESS WHAT IT IS. IS IT -- ER -- A WATER PISTOL?

CLERK: (LAUGHS) OH, DEAR ME, NO. IMAGINE A MAN LIKE YOU BUYING A WATER PISTOL. QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

DAG: WELL, I...MAYBE I'M NOT AS MUCH OF A HUNTER AS YOU THINK...

CLERK: A MAN WHO ASKS FOR PEMMICAN? OH, MY DEAR SIR. I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY. NOW -- DON'T BE INSULTED -- BUT DO YOU EVER SHOOT -- ER -- SMALL GAME...

DAG: WELL...I...I USED TO YEARS AGO AS A BOY...

CLERK: OF COURSE -- ANYTHING SMALLER THAN A GRIZZLY WOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY TO YOU NOW!..BUT WE DO HAVE A GRIZZLY RIFLE THAT I WANTED YOU TO SEE. A CUTE LITTLE THING,..

~~FORTY-FIVE CALIBRE WITH COMPENSATING TELESCOPIC SIGHTS AND A WATER COOLED BARREL. PRICED AT FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS -- WITHOUT SILVER MOUNTINGS, OF COURSE.~~

DAG: OH, SURE SURE. I DON'T CARE FOR SILVER MUCH, IN FACT I COULDN'T USE THIS GUN AT ALL.

CLERK: NO? WELL, I THOUGHT PERHAPS JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT YOU ~~MIGHT GET A GRIZZLY NOW AND THEN.~~ MR. FROTHINGHAM

FAREFORTH BOUGHT ONE OF THESE TODAY,

DAG: THAT PHONEY? WHAT DID HE EVER SHOOT?

CLERK: OH, COME NOW, HE MAY NOT BE IN YOUR CLASS OF COURSE BUT HE SOMETIMES BRINGS IN A FAIR BAG. THAT -- ER, MOOSEHEAD ON THE WALL IS ONE OF HIS SPECIMENS. HE DROPPED THAT MOOSE AT THE AGE OF TEN. ~~IT'S BEEN ON THE WALL EVER SINCE. ONE OF BOOMERORUNDY AND GRETCH'S LANDMARKS.~~

DAG: I'VE SEEN BIGGER -- ER -- MEESE -- THAN THAT,

CLERK: ~~NOT MUCH BIGGER SURELY. I DON'T MEAN TO CONTRADICT A SPORTSMAN OF YOUR STANDING~~ ^{Really, uh,} ~~BUT~~ I'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOLD THAT THAT MOOSE HAS THE LARGEST ANTLERS EVER BROUGHT BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

DAG: BROUGHT BACK? YEAH, BUT WHEN I WAS TEN I DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO BRING BACK MY -- ER -- GAME. JUST LEFT 'EM WHERE THEY FELL.

CLERK: DEAR ME.

DAG: (RECKLESSLY) HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING BIGGER THAN A GRIZZLY GUN?

CLERK: SIR -- BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH HAVE EVERYTHING. NOW HERE'S A NUMBER YOU MIGHT LIKE. FOR RHINOCERI A SIXTY-SIXTY! -- DOUBLE BARRELED AND HAIRTRIGGERED. SECONDS COUNT WHEN A RHINOCEROS CHARGES.

DAG: GOSH, IT'S HEAVY, ISN' IT?

CLERK: I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT. BUT WE FOUND THAT WE CAN'T RISK A LIGHTER GUN WHEN THE AMMUNITION IS SO POWERFUL. LOOK AT THIS CRATRIDGE.

DAG: GOSH, THAT'S A DANDY ALL RIGHT.

CLERK: WITH THAT CARTRIDGE IN THE GUN AND THE GUN IN YOUR HAND YOU CAN FACE ANYTHING THAT WALKS. YOU'RE READY FOR A LIFE OR DEATH COMBAT WITH NATURE IN THE RAW.

DAG: I LIKE MY NATURE JUST MEDIUM RARE.

CLERK: (LAUGHS) I CAN SEE THIS IS THE GUN FOR YOU. SLIP THE CARTRIDGE INTO THE LOADING CHAMBER. HERE... (A CLICK) SEE! SIMPLE, EH? NEVER JAMS AND NEVER FAILS. THE CHAMBER TAKES EIGHT CARTRIDGES. HERE, PUT IN ANOTHER!

DAG: OH, BOY, WHAT THIS WOULD DO TO THAT MOOSE.

CLERK: I KNEW YOU'D LIKE THE FEEL OF THAT GUN. TRY ITS BALANCE,

DAG: YEAH, YEAH, PRETTY SMOOTH ALL RIGHT.

CLERK: LET ME ADJUST THE SIGHTS. THERE. NOW! IMAGINE THAT MOOSE WERE ALIVE AND CHARGING! YOU RAISE THE GUN...

DAG: YEAH...YEAH...

CLERK: COOLLY YOU TAKE AIM...

DAG: I GOT A BEAD ON HIM NOW!..GOODBYE, MOOSE! JUST A LITTLE
PUSH ON THIS TRIGGER AND...(TERRIFIC EXPLOSION...AND
PLEASE DON'T LET IT SOUND LIKE A PHONEY) (FOLLOWING THE
SHOT...A SECOND) (THEN THE TINKLE OF BROKEN GLASS AND
A DULL THUD)

CLERK: THE MOOSE...GONE! THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW...BLOWN TO
BITS! AND YOU...YOU BUMSTEAD...WHERE ARE YOU?

DAG: (FAINTLY) DOWN HERE WHERE THE EGGS USED TO BE...

CLERK: EGGS! GOOD HEAVENS, MAN...GET OUT OF THOSE EGGS...

DAG: ~~T -- I'M COMING...I AM COMING.~~ THAT -- GUN --
KNOCKED ME OVER!

CLERK: WHERE'S THE PLOVER'S EGG? THE PINK NOSED PLOVER'S EGG!
YOU'RE SITTING ON ITS WHITE SATIN PILLOW.

DAG: I -- I'M AFRAID I'M -- SITTING ON THE EGG, TOO. I CAN
FEEL IT.

CLERK: A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR WINDOW! AN EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLAR
MOOSE! ~~A TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR EGG!~~ *a priceless egg* ALL RUINED BY
YOUR RECKLESS SHOOTING! YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY, MR. BUMSTEAD!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS NAUGHTY PRANK!
(MUSIC UP FULL FOR INTERLUDE)

"BLONDIE" -18-
8/7/39

GOODWIN: Whatever price you pay for your cigarettes, it's important to remember this fact: Impartial laboratory tests show that by burning twenty-five percent slower than the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested -- slower than the average of any of them -- Camels give a smoking plus equal to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Smokers who live in communities where certain state cigarette taxes are in effect can save the cost of the tax -- and in some instances, more -- through smoking Camels. If you live in a community where there are no added taxes on cigarettes, the savings are all yours -- plus the extra pleasure you get in every puff of Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos. Penny for penny, Camels are your shrewdest cigarette buy...the quality cigarette every smoker can afford.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN...OUT)

GOODWIN: NOW LET'S HURRY BACK TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF BOOMERGUNDY AND GRETCH -- WHERE WE LEFT DAGWOOD SURROUNDED BY THE WRECKAGE OF HIS UNLUCKY EXPERIMENT WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES. (SIREN MUSIC IN FAINT...EXCITEMENT) OUTSIDE THE SHATTERED WINDOW A GATHERING CROWD IS HELD BACK BY POLICE. ~~MR. GRETCH'S ORDERS A BORDER IS REMOVING THE REMAINS OF THE EXPENSIVE MOOSE HEAD -- BY ORDER OF MR. GRETCH.~~ ^{Inside} DAGWOOD RISES FROM THE RUINS OF THE RARE BIRD EGGS TO FACE MR. GRETCH. ~~ON THAT MR. GRETCH HIMSELF HAS ARRIVED AND HAS THE DISFORTUNE WELL IN HAND...~~ (MUSIC DIES AWAY...OUT)

GRETCH: NOW THEN...NOW THEN. GET UP, YOUNG MAN. GET UP I SAY.

DAG: YES, SIR. I AM. SEE -- IT WAS LIKE THIS -- I WAS JUST SORT OF HOLDING THE GUN -- AND IT WENT OFF.

GRETCH: I AM AWARE OF THAT. ~~PAINFULLY AWARE OF IT.~~ THE WHOLE TOWN IS AWARE OF IT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS HISTORY THE PREMISES OF BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH HAVE BEEN MADE THE SCENE OF DISGRACEFUL NOTORIETY. THAT WILL HAVE TO GO ON THE BILL ALONG WITH THE WINDOW -- MOOSE HEAD -- AND THE PRICELESS EGG OF THE PINK NOSED PLOVER.

DAG: WELL, BUT THAT MAN SHOULDN'T HAVE HANDED ME THE GUN... WHERE DID HE GO?

GRETCH: THE UNFORTUNATE MR. BUNWORTHY HAS RETIRED WITH SHATTERED NERVES. BUT I AM HERE. I AM PHINEAS GRETCH.

DAG: WELL -- PLEASD TO MEET YOU --

GRETCH: I'M SORRY THAT I CAN'T SAY AS MUCH FOR YOU. I AM NOT AT ALL PLEASED -- THE ONLY THING ABOUT YOU THAT CAN GIVE ME THE SLIGHTEST PLEASURE WOULD BE A GLIMPSE OF YOUR CHECK BOOK.

DAG: OH. WELL, I'M SORRY -- BUT MY WIFE CARRIES THE CHECK BOOK.

GRETCH: THEN SEND FOR YOUR WIFE.

DAG: SHE'S PROBABLY OUT IN THAT CROWD. THEY WON'T LET HER IN.

GRETCH: (CALLING) MULDOON! OPEN THE DOOR. ADMIT A MRS...ER...

DAG: BUMSTEAD.

GRETCH: DEAR ME! (CALLS) A MRS. BUMSTEAD!

VOICE: (AWAY) YES, SIR. (CROWD NOISE IN AND UP AS DISTANT
DOOR OPENS)

GORB: (APPROACHING) SO! AT LAST GRETCH, YOU SHOW YOUR TRUE COLORS! YOU EMPLOY ASSASSINS TO SHOOT ME DOWN AS I LEAVE YOUR STORE.

GRETCH: WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHO IS THIS MAN?

GORB: SHOT AT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! I HAVE WITNESSES.

GRETCH: STOP DANCING THAT WRETCHED RIGADOON, SIR, AND EXPLAIN YOURSELF. ~~WE OPENED THE DOOR TO ADMIT THIS MAN'S WIFE AND YOU COME IN ROARING LIKE A GORILLA!~~

GORB: EXPLAIN? YOU EXPLAIN! LET YOUR HIRED DESPERADO EXPLAIN.

GRETCH: ~~MR. BUMSTEAD IS NOT EMPLOYED BY ME AS A DESPERADO OR~~
OTHERWISE. HE IS IN FACT CONSIDERABLY IN MY DEBT. IF YOU, TOO, HAVE BEEN DAMAGED HE WILL HAVE TO MAKE GOOD YOUR LOSSES, TOO.

DAG: MORE BILLS? BLOONDIE! HEY, BLOOCCOONDIE!

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD! LET ME IN!

GRETCH: (CALLS) LET HER IN, MULDOON. (NORMAL) JUST HAVE HER
MAKE OUT A CHECK FOR -- LET'S SEE -- PLATE GLASS WINDOW...
MOOSE HEAD...ASSORTED EGGS...AND THE PRICELESS EGG OF
THE PINK NOSED PLOVER...I'LL HAVE TO TOTAL THIS UP...

GORB: AND WHAT OF ME! MY CAR AT THE CURB...A RIDDLED WRECK!
I SUPPOSE, GRETCH, THAT YOU AND YOUR SNIPERS REGARD ME
AS A CLAY PIGEON.

DAG: NO, NO...I'LL FIX EVERYTHING -- WHEN MY WIFE GETS HERE...
HEY, BLONDIE! HURRY!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN BREATHLESS) OH, DAGWOOD -- WHAT ARE THEY
DOING TO YOU?

GORB: DOING TO HIM? LOOK AT ME.

GRETCH: LOOK AT MY STORE!

BLONDIE: LOOK AT MY HUSBAND! WHY HIS HAIR'S ALL MUSSED AND
THERE'S...EGG SHELLS! ALL OVER HIM...

DAG: BLONDIE...SSSH...

GRETCH: EXACTLY, MADAME. VERY VALUABLE EGG SHELLSS

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

DAG: WHY -- ER -- THIS ONE'S MR. GRETCH -- AND THIS ONE IS --
ER -- I FORGET HIS NAME BUT HE'S AN EGG-ADDICT.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

DAG: WELL -- SEE -- I CAME IN SORT OF AND LOOKED AROUND --
AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I THOUGHT I SAW A CLERK ONLY IT
WASN'T -- IT WAS THIS MAN LOOKING AT EGGS. SO THE CLERK
BELONGED TO THE GUN DEPARTMENT AND DIDN'T SELL EGGS BUT
THE ONE ON THE WHITE SATIN PILLOW WAS WORTH A LOT OF
MONEY SO HE TOOK THAT OUT WHILE I LOOKED AT THE GUNS...
AND THEN IT WENT OFF.

GRETCH: YOU FIRED IT OFF.

DAG: WELL -- I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

BLONDIE: WHO LOADED IT?

DAG: THE CLERK.

BLONDIE: WHO HANDED IT TO YOU?

DAG: THE CLERK.

BLONDIE: HUMP. WHERE IS THAT CLERK?

GRETCH: HE HAS RETIRED WITH A HEADACHE.

BLONDIE: OH, I SEE. HE GETS MY HUSBAND IN TROUBLE AND THEN SNEAKS AWAY.

GRETCH: NOTHING OF THE SORT, MADAME. HE WILL APPEAR AT THE PROPER TIME TO TESTIFY AGAINST YOUR HUSBAND. UNLESS, OF COURSE, OUR LITTLE BILL IS SETTLED WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.

DAG: YEAH -- BLONDIE -- *what are we going to do?* ~~WE'D BETTER PAY THEM AND NOT HAVE ANY SCANDAL~~ -- IF THIS GOT OUT AT THE OFFICE...

BLONDIE: YES, I KNOW, DAGWOOD...BUT HOW MUCH IS THIS LITTLE BILL...

GRETCH: HERE IT IS, MADAME, ITEMIZED!

BLONDIE: (READS) ONE PLATE GLASS WINDOW TWENTY BY THIRTY...HMM. DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT WINDOW WASN'T INSURED?

GRETCH: WHY -- AH -- NATURALLY WE CARRIED INSURANCE.

BLONDIE: THEN GO COLLECT IT. THAT ITEM COMES OFF. NOW THEN... ONE MOOSE HEAD. MOOSE HEAD. WHERE IS IT?

GRETCH: IT USED TO HANG ON THAT WALL, MADAME. A PRICELESS DECORATION...IT HAD HUNG THERE EVER SINCE BOOMERGRUNDY MET GRETCH...

BLONDIE: IT MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY SHOP WORN THEN. LET ME SEE IT.

GORB: ER, THIS LADY SEEMS TO BE QUITE EARNEST, I -- I DON'T THINK I'LL PRESS MY CLAIM.

BLONDIE: (SWEETLY) OH, DON'T GO, MR..ER...WHAT'S-YOUR-NAME!
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT EGGS.

GORB: I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.

BLONDIE: OH, BUT YOU'RE AN EXPERT. IF YOU LEAVE I'LL CALL THE POLICE TO HOLD YOU AS AN EXPERT WITNESS.

GRETCH: HERE'S THE -- ER -- REMNANTS OF THE MOOSE HEAD. ALL THAT'S LEFT OF A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN. LOOK AT THE HORNS. BIGGEST EVER MOUNTED.

BLONDIE: MOUNT 'EM AGAIN THEN. WHAT'S THIS?

GRETCH: ER -- THAT WAS THE CREATURE'S EYE, MADAME.

BLONDIE: IT'S NOTHING BUT GLASS.

DAG: WELL, SURE, BLONDIE...THE MOOSE WAS STUFFED, YOU KNOW...

BLONDIE: AND LOOK HOW IT WAS STUFFED. COMMON COTTON BATTING. AND ALL DUSTY, TOO. VERY CHEAP.

GRETCH: OH, NO...

BLONDIE: OH, YES -- I'VE BEEN SHOPPING BEFORE. AND LOOK AT THIS GLASS EYE. WHY THERE'S A FLAW IN IT.

GRETCH: HMM. YES. I ADMIT THAT.

BLONDIE: AND WHAT'S THIS?

GRETCH: THAT WAS THE ANIMAL'S BEARD. MOOSE HAVE WONDERFUL BEARDS. THIS ONE WAS THE LONGEST AND FINEST.

DAG: YEAH, HE'S RIGHT, BLONDIE. I NEVER SAW ONE THAT LONG BEFORE.

BLONDIE: NOR ANY ONE ELSE, DAGWOOD. WHY THIS ISN'T A MOOSE BEARD.

DAG: NOW, BLONDIE -- LET'S BE FAIR. WE DON'T KNOW A MOOSE BEARD FROM A FALSE MUSTACHE.

BLONDIE: BUT I KNOW DYED SQUIRREL TAIL WHEN I SEE IT. THAT'S WHAT THIS IS.

GORB: HA. THE GREAT FIRM OF BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH TRICKED OUT THEIR TROPHIES WITH FALSE HAIR, EH?

GRETCH: I RECALL NOW THAT THE ORIGINAL WAS -- ER -- SHOT AWAY.

BLONDIE: SO THAT WOULD MAKE A NICE ITEM FOR THE PAPERS. UNLESS...

GRETCH: (HASTILY) WE'LL FORGET THE MOOSE HEAD.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU. THAT'S TWO ITEMS ALL SETTLED. NOW -- ABOUT EGGS...

GORB: EGGS -- AH, I CAN'T BEAR IT. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY LEAVE...

BLONDIE: BUT THIS IS JUST WHEN I NEED YOU.

GRETCH: I NEED YOU, TOO. IF YOU ARE AN EGG COLLECTOR YOURSELF I'LL NEED YOU TO CONVINCING THIS LADY THAT THE EGGS WERE NOT THE THIRTY-FIVE CENT A DOZEN ~~kind~~ *variety*

BLONDIE: WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS JUST HOW THEY GOT BROKEN.

GRETCH: YOUR HUSBAND SAT ON THEM, MADAME. WITH GREAT FORCE.

BLONDIE: NONSENSE, DAGWOOD, DOESN'T GO AROUND SITTING ON EGGS. ONLY HENS DO THAT.

DAG: WELL -- I'M AFRAID I DID THIS TIME, BLONDIE. IT WAS THE RECOIL OF THE GUN. IT KNOCKED ME OVER.

BLONDIE: WHERE ARE THESE EGGS YOU SAT ON?

GRETCH: THE REMAINS ARE MOSTLY STILL ATTACHED TO YOUR HUSBAND'S
-- ER -- TROUSERS -- ~~BUT HERE ARE THE TROUSERS TAGS.~~

BLONDIE: ~~HOW DO WE KNOW THE TAGS GO WITH THE ONES THAT ARE BROKEN?
WHY NO COURT COULD SEPARATE THESE BITS OF SHELL.~~

GRETCH: ~~MADAME~~ -- I AM ~~NOT~~ INTERESTED IN ~~THE~~ ^{only one of these} ~~FINER~~ EGGS. BUT
THE VALUE OF ONE EGG IS BEYOND DISPUTE. HERE IS A
TELEGRAM OFFERING TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT. WE
REFUSED. NOW THE EGG IS GONE. SMASHED -- USELESS.

BLONDIE: CAN YOU PROVE IT?

GRETCH: THIS TIME I CAN. HERE ARE PIECES OF ITS SHELL. ANY
EGG COLLECTOR COULD RECOGNIZE THEM. THE COLOR -- THE
PATINA -- THE LUSTER COULD ONLY BE THAT OF THE PINK
NOSED PLOVER'S EGG.

BLONDIE: IS THAT SO, MR...ER...YOU?

GORB: I'M AFRAID IT IS, MY LITTLE LADY.

BLONDIE: AND YOU CALL YOURSELF AN EGG EXPERT. WHY THIS PIECE OF
SHELL LOOKS LIKE AN EASTER EGG TO ME. IN FACT, I'VE
DYED BETTER EASTER EGGS FOR BABY DUMPLING.

GORB: I AM INSULTED. I WILL GO.

BLONDIE: NO YOU WON'T. YOU WERE AROUND WHEN ALL THIS WAS GOING
ON -- AND YOU'LL JUST STAY TILL IT'S OVER.

GORB: GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOUNG WOMAN -- OR...

DAG: LISTEN, YOU. DON'T TALK THAT WAY TO MY WIFE. I DON'T
CARE IF YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE OR NOT -- OR HOW MUCH
YOU KNOW ABOUT EGGS. YOU CAN'T TALK LIKE THAT TO BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU, DAGWOOD....IS THIS MAN A REAL EXPERT?

DAG: HE SAID HE WAS. HE SAID HIS NAME WAS --- GORB. (TAKE)
SAY -- GOSH, I REMEMBERED IT!

GRETCH: GORB! NOT MACILVANE Q. GORB?

DAG: YEAH. THAT'S IT.

GRETCH: AHA -- GORB. THIS BEGINS TO LOOK FISHY.

BLONDIE: WHY? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?

GORB: SILENCE GRETCH. BE CAREFUL OR I'LL SUE. I'LL -- I'LL
SPREAD THE STORY OF THE FALSE MOOSE BEARD FROM ALASKA
TO RANGOON.

GRETCH: WELL --- I'LL JUST SAY THAT MR. GORB IS A WEALTHY BUT
ECCENTRIC MAN.

BLONDIE: DOES HE DYE EASTER EGGS?

DAG: NO -- NO, BLONDIE. HE COLLECTS EGGS.

BLONDIE: Hmm. I THINK HE COLLECTS THEM IN FUNNY WAYS, SOMETIMES.

DAG: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: I'M NOT SURE -- YET. BUT I'M SURE OF ONE THING. THIS
PIECE OF EGG SHELL IS DYED. I GUESS I KNOW DYE WHEN I
SEE IT. LOOK IT GOES RIGHT THROUGH THE SHELL!

DAG: A FAKE! BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH WERE GOING TO SELL A
FAKE.

GRETCH: NONSENSE...THE NAME OF BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH IS...IS...

DAG: AN AWFUL MOUTHFUL. GO ON, BLONDIE. DETECT SOME MORE.

GRETCH: IT ISN'T NECESSARY. I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NOW. GORB
HERE, PLANTED THE IMITATION, ER -- WHICH WAS BROKEN AND
TOOK THE REAL EGG OF THE PINK NOSED PLOVER. THAT BULGE
IN HIS POCKET!...HOLD HIM!

DAG: I GOT HIM!...BLONDIE!...

BLONDIE: I'VE GOT THE EGG. HERE IT IS IN THIS BOX OF COTTON WOOL.
THE REAL ONE. IT ISN'T BROKEN AT ALL....

GRETCH: THANK YOU -- I -- I'LL TAKE IT (SIGHS WITH RELIEF) THANK
HEAVENS IT'S SAFE AGAIN.

GORB: I'M BEATEN AGAIN. ER -- SEE MY ATTORNEYS, GRETCH. THEY'LL
PAY AS USUAL.

GRETCH: THANK YOU, MR. GORB.

DAG: YOU'RE LETTING HIM GO?

GRETCH: HE'S A VERY FINE MAN, REALLY -- AND VERY -- ER -- WEALTHY.
HE JUST HAS A WEAKNESS FOR EGGS. GETS THEM BY FAIR
MEANS OR FOUL...

DAG: FOWL...HA...I WISH FUDDLE WAS HERE...

BLONDIE: WHY, THEN MR. GORB IS A -- A KLEPTOMANIAC....

GRETCH: YES -- BUT ONLY FOR EGGS...

GORB: SAY NO MORE. I'LL PAY EVERYTHING. ALL DAMAGE. CHARGE
IT TO ME. BUT KEEP MY SECRET.

BLONDIE: WE WILL...SO LONG AS DAGWOOD IS OUT OF TROUBLE.

GRETCH: HE IS. HE IS...IN FACT THE ENTIRE RARE-EGG WORLD OWES
HIM A DEBT. HIS TIMELY SHOT HAS SAVED THE PINK NOSED
PLOVER FROM THE CLUTCHES OF GORB.

GORB: YOU REMEMBER MY WARNING YOUNG MAN. KEEP AWAY FROM EGGS.
AVERT YOUR EYES. NEVER TOUCH THE DREADFUL THINGS. THEY
-- THEY GROW ON YOU...(GOING) IF ONLY SOMEONE HAD
WARNED ME -- WHEN -- WHEN I WAS YOUNG...

DAG: POOR FELLER. WELL -- COME ON, BLONDIE, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO, TOO.

BLONDIE: WAIT, DAGWOOD. YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE, TOO. AND MR. GRETCH SAID HE OWED YOU A DEBT.

GRETCH: I DO. I ACKNOWLEDGE IT. ER -- WHAT DID YOU COME IN TO LOOK AT, MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAG: WHY...A GUN...ER KIND OF A GUN, ANYWAY...

GRETCH: OF COURSE! YOU WERE EXAMINING THIS SIXTY-SIXTY RHINOCEROS RIFLE, WEREN'T YOU? TAKE IT WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF BOOMERGRUNDY AND GRETCH! I WILL HAVE YOUR NAME ENGRAVED ON IT...

DAG: WELL, GOSH, THANKS...BUT I DON'T MEET MANY RHINOCEROSSES
.....AND.....

BLONDIE: WE HAVEN'T ANY PLACE IN THE HOUSE FOR THAT TERRIBLE THING,

GRETCH: THEN WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE? ANYTHING IN THE STORE. JUST NAME IT.

DAG: WELL -- WAIT, TILL I WHISPER TO MY WIFE...ER...(WHISPERS)
HEY?

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT -- IF YOU REALLY THINK IT'S THE BEST...

GRETCH: HAVE YOU DECIDED?

DAG: YES, SIR -- WE THINK WE'LL TAKE THAT WATER-PISTOL. IT'S FOR BABY DUMPLING!

(ORCHESTRA IN STRONG THEN DOWN UNDER)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL AND CREDITS)

"BLONDIE" -29-
8/7/39

GOODWIN: And so we leave Blondie and Dagwood -- until next Monday when we invite you to listen again to new adventures of this family made famous by Chic Young's popular King Feature comic strip. Blondie and Dagwood are played by Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake -- watch for their new Columbia Picture "Blondie Takes A Vacation." You'll enjoy them on the screen, too. The makers of Camel Cigarettes who bring you "Blondie" over the air each Monday have two other radio treats on the air this summer. Tomorrow night over these same stations -- Bob Crosby and his sensational Dixieland Band with Johnny Mercer. On Saturdays -- over another network -- Benny Goodman and the world's greatest collection of master swing musicians brings you tops in swing. That's for your radio pleasure -- and for smoking pleasure at its best try Camels -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Penny for Penny Camels are your best cigarette buy.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FULL WITH THEME)

(CREDITS)