

MINSTER

"BLONDIE"

PROGRAM NUMBER SEVEN

MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1939

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.
(REVISED)

GOODWIN: DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL....THIS IS THE STATION. RELAX....
LISTEN TO BLONDIE.

ORCHESTRA: (IN STRONG WITH THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE TRANSFER CONTROLS TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSEHOLD
TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE FRENZIED ACTIVITY OF BLONDIE
AND DAGWOOD PREPARING FOR A PICNIC.....A WORD FROM THE
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES. IT IS IMPORTANT TO OBSERVE
THE WAY YOUR CIGARETTE BURNS. RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY
TESTS SHOW THAT BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT 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.

HERE'S WHAT THAT EXTRA SMOKING CAN MEAN IN THE AMOUNT OF
SMOKING YOU GET FOR YOUR MONEY:

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
ADDITIONAL TAXES ON CIGARETTES THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS
--- PLUS THE EXTRA PLEASURE IN EVERY PUFF OF CAMEL'S
MATCHLESS BLEND OF LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS.
CAMELS ARE THE QUALITY CIGARETTE EVERY SMOKER CAN AFFORD.
PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN AND OUT)

GOODWIN: AND NOW, HERE WE ARE IN THE BUMSTEAD KITCHEN AGAIN ON
A FINE SUNDAY MORNING. ^{where Blondie is pulling up the blinds} THAT ADVENTURE IN THE SPORTING
GOODS STORE LAST WEEK MUST HAVE GIVEN BLONDIE AND
DAGWOOD A TASTE FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORS; AT LEAST IT'S MY
GUESS THAT ALL THAT STRING AND WAX PAPER -- SANDWICH
BREAD AND ASSORTED PICKLES ARE PREPARATIONS FOR A PICNIC.
BABY DUMPLING LOOKS A LITTLE WISTFUL AS HE WATCHES
BLONDIE FIX THE LUNCH... ~~BABY SPEAKS...~~ ~~(ORCHESTRA OUT)~~

BABY: WE'RE GOING HUNTING, AREN'T WE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO, BABY DUMPLING. JUST ON A LITTLE PICNIC.

BABY: WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE GOING ON A PICNIC BUT I'M GOING
HUNTING. AND DADDY'S GOING FISHING,

BLONDIE: ~~IT OUGHT TO BE QUITE A DAY, IF WE EVER GET STARTED.~~

BABY: CAN I TAKE MY WATER PISTOL, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER NOT.

BABY: I THINK I'D BETTER, MOMMIE. WE MIGHT MEET A MOOSE.

BLONDIE: WE AREN'T VERY LIKELY TO MEET A MOOSE ON A PICNIC.

BABY: WE MIGHT. DADDY MET ONE IN A STORE LAST WEEK.

BLONDIE: I KNOW -- BUT THAT WAS JUST A MOOSE HEAD ON THE WALL.

BABY: DADDY TOLD MR. FUDDLE HE HIT IT THE FIRST SHOT.

BLONDIE: YES; AND EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE STORE WITH THE SECOND
SHOT. I HAD QUITE A TIME, BUT IT TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT.

BABY: IT TURNED OUT GOOD. THE MAN GAVE DADDY MY WATER PISTOL.

BLONDIE: I'M NOT SURE THAT WAS SUCH A GOOD THING.

BABY: CAN I HAVE MY WATER PISTOL BACK NOW, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO.

BABY: WHY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHY. BECAUSE YOU WERE NAUGHTY. POOR LITTLE ALVIN PUDDLE -- IN HIS BEST SUIT, TOO.

BABY: ALVIN DIDN'T LIKE THAT SUIT, ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: HIS MOTHER DID. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE FILLED YOUR PISTOL FROM A MUD PUDDLE.

BABY: WELL, I HAD TO WORK FAST. I WAS A HUNTER AND HE WAS A MOOSE -- AND HE ALMOST GOT AWAY.

BLONDIE: A MOOSE! ALVIN DOES LOOK A LITTLE LIKE A MOOSE.

BABY: THEY'RE TRAINING HIS EARS BACK NOW, THOUGH. HIS MOTHER TIES THEM AT NIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL, I WISH I COULD TIE YOUR FATHER AT NIGHT. I DON'T KNOW ANY OTHER WAY TO KEEP HIM FROM EATING US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME. JUST LOOK AT THIS.

BABY: CHEESE.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S LEFT OF THE CHEESE. AND LOOK AT THIS HAM!

BABY: MAYBE IT WAS DAISY ATE THE HAM. DOGS LOVE HAM.

BLONDIE: IF IT WAS -- DAISY CERTAINLY SLICED IT NEATLY. OH! MY COLD CHICKEN! BOTH DRUMSTICKS GONE. BABY -- WHERE IS YOUR FATHER?

BABY: OUT IN THE GARAGE -- WORKING ON HIS INVENTION.

BLONDIE: INVENTION? WHAT INVENTION?

BABY: IT'S A SECRET -- BUT IT'S A FISH INVENTION.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU RUN OUT AND TELL HIM...

DAG: (AWAY) BLONDIE...HI! BLOONDIE!

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND. HERE HE COMES...(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...SLAMS)

DAG: (COMING IN) I'VE GOT IT, BLONDIE. IT'S FINISHED! LOOKIT!

BLONDIE: WHY...WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT, DAGWOOD? IT LOOKS LIKE
SOME KIND OF A BUG!

DAG: THAT'S JUST WHAT THE FISH WILL THINK! OH BOY! BUT THIS
IS ONLY PART OF IT. HEY, BABY -- RUN OUT IN THE GARAGE
AND BRING DADDY THAT LITTLE TIN CAN ON THE WINDOW-SILL.

BABY: (GOING) OKAY, DADDY.

DAG: NOW LOOK, BLONDIE...SEE THESE LITTLE FEATHERS ON THIS
THING. KNOW WHAT THEY ARE?

BLONDIE: YES. THEY'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE
MY MOTHER GAVE ME. HOW DID YOU FIND THAT?

DAG: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. IF THIS THING WORKS, WE'LL BE
RICH. I'LL BUY YOU A BIRD OF PARADISE FARM!

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER BUY SOME MORE FOOD FOR LUNCH FIRST. YOU'VE
EATEN ALL WE HAD.

DAG: WE WON'T NEED IT. I'LL CATCH PLENTY OF FISH WITH THIS
AND WE'LL BROIL 'EM.

BLONDIE: IF IT WORKS.

DAG: IT'S GOT TO WORK! LISTEN...YOU KNOW THERE ARE TWO KINDS
OF FISHERMEN, DON'T YOU?

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN THE ONES THAT CATCH FISH AND THE ONES WHO DON'T?

DAG: YES...ER NO. I MEAN THERE'S THE BENT-PIN OR
FISHING-HOLE KIND. THEY USE WORMS FOR BAIT. THEN
THERE'S THE DRY-FLY FISHERMAN.

BLONDIE: DON'T TELL ME THEY USE FLIES. WHY THEY COULDN'T GET
THEM ON A HOOK!

DAG: THEY AREN'T REAL FLIES. THEY'RE MADE OF FEATHERS LIKE
THIS. FLY FISHING IS MORE SPORTING...BECAUSE MORE FISH
GET AWAY.

BLONDIE: OH -- WELL, WHAT KIND ARE YOU GOING TO BE, DAGWOOD?

DAG: BOTH. I'M GOING TO USE A FEATHERED WORM! I FIGURE IF A MAN CAN CATCH TWO FISH WITH A FLY WHILE ANOTHER MAN IS CATCHING THREE FISH WITH WORMS -- WHY NOT USE BOTH AND CATCH FIVE FISH. SEE?

BLONDIE: NO.

DAG: WELL -- LOOK AT THIS INVENTION OF MINE. THE FEATHERS ARE MOUNTED ON A LITTLE PIECE OF LEATHER, SEE? THAT'S THE SADDLE FOR THE WORM.

BLONDIE: ARE YOU GOING TO BUCKLE A WORM INTO THAT THING?

DAG: SURE -- NOW YOU'RE CATCHING ON! IT DOESN'T HURT THE WORM A BIT. SO HE'LL LAST LONGER. SEE? THE WORM HAS LOTS OF ROOM TO WIGGLE. HE CAN KIND OF BECKON TO THE FISH!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD.

DAG: CUTE, HEY? AND THEN WHEN THERE'S NO FISH AROUND, THE WORM CAN KIND OF LEAN BACK IN THE SADDLE AND REST.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) DAGWOOD!

DAG: ALL RIGHT. GO AHEAD AND LAUGH. THEY LAUGHED AT FULTON, TOO, WHEN HE INVENTED THE TEA KETTLE.

BLONDIE: I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING AT THE IDEA OF A FEATHERED WORM. OH! WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET THE WORMS?

DAG: I'VE GOT TWO ALREADY. I PROBABLY WON'T NEED THE SPARE.

BLONDIE: BUT DON'T THE FISH BITE THE WORMS, DAGWOOD?

DAG: IF THE WORM'S GOT SENSE HE'LL DODGE. THEN THE FISH BITES THE CANDY INSTEAD.

BLONDIE: CANDY?

DAG: OH, DIDN'T I TELL YOU? SURE! MY INVENTION DOESN'T USE ANY HOOK. JUST SOME BUTTERSCOTCH. THE FISH BITES INTO THAT AND CAN'T OPEN HIS JAWS AGAIN AND YOU'VE GOT HIM.

BLONDIE: WELL -- I STILL THINK YOU OUGHT TO HAVE MORE THAN TWO WORMS. IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.

DAG: OH, I THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO. I CAN GET WORMS ANYWHERE AT SHORT NOTICE. THAT'S WHERE MY OTHER INVENTION COMES IN. SEE THIS?

BLONDIE: IT LOOKS LIKE MY OLD TOASTING FORK.

DAG: WELL, IT WAS. BUT NOW IT'S AN ELECTRIC WORM DIGGER.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, WHAT ON EARTH IS AN ELECTRIC WORM DIGGER?

DAG: THIS IS. I SAW ONE IN A STORE LAST WEEK -- SO I CAME HOME AND MADE THIS -- SEE YOU STICK THE FORK DOWN INTO THE GROUND AND THEN YOU PLUG THIS INTO A SOCKET AND THE ELECTRICITY RUNS DOWN THESE WIRES AND HEATS UP THE FORK -- THAT MAKES THE WORMS NERVOUS SO THEY COME UP OUT OF THE GROUND AND YOU JUST PICK THEM UP. SIMPLE, HEY?

BLONDIE: YEEES. BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING, DAGWOOD.

DAG: ANYTHING YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND JUST ASK ME, BLONDIE. I'VE THOUGHT THIS ALL OUT.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET THE ELECTRICITY FROM -- OUT THERE IN THE WOODS?

DAG: WHY YOU JUST -- HUH? (SCREEN DOOR OPENS...SLAMS)

BABY: (COMING IN) DADDY. HERE'S THE LITTLE TIN CAN. IT'S GOT TWO WORMS IN IT.

DAG: YEAH. YEAH -- WELL, I THINK WE'D BETTER DIG SOME MORE, BABY -- BEFORE WE LEAVE. HEY, BABY, WHAT'S THAT YOU GOT THERE?

BABY: THAT'S MY FISH POLE, DADDY.

DAG: IT'S THE TOP JOINT OF MY FISHING ROD! I WONDERED WHERE THAT WENT TO. YOU CAN'T HAVE THAT, BABY.

BABY: I WANTED TO FISH LIKE YOU.

DAG: WELL -- THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL LET YOU HOLD MY FISHING ROD SOMETIMES. BUT YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH DADDY'S THINGS. ALWAYS REMEMBER NOT TO TAKE ANYTHING UNLESS IT'S ALL YOURS OR YOU ASK FOR IT.

BLONDIE: VERY GOOD ADVICE, DAGWOOD. WHO ATE THIS CAKE?

DAG: CAKE? ~~OH -- ER -- THAT ...~~

BLONDIE: YES. THERE WAS A WHOLE NEW CAKE ON THIS PLATE LAST NIGHT. NOW THERE ARE NOTHING BUT A FEW CRUMBS.

DAG: WELL -- I HAD ONE PIECE. *It was so good, Blondie.*

BLONDIE: ONE?

DAG: JUST AT FIRST I HAD ONE I MEAN, IT WAS VERY GOOD.

BLONDIE: UHUH.

DAG: BUT I -- COULDN'T SEEM TO TELL IF IT WAS CHOCOLATE OR MORE ON THE GINGER SIDE. SO I HAD TO TRY ANOTHER PIECE. WELL, THE FIRST ONE WAS MORE LIKE CHOCOLATE BUT THE NEXT ONE WAS PRETTY GINGERY -- SO I TOOK THAT THIRD ONE TO MAKE SURE.

BLONDIE: THAT SHOULD LEAVE ONE PIECE -- EVEN THE WAY YOU CUT CAKE.

DAG: OH. WELL -- I DIDN'T SEE MUCH USE IN LEAVING JUST ONE PIECE.

BLONDIE: "NEVER TAKE ANYTHING UNLESS IT'S ALL YOURS OR YOU ASK FOR IT" -- DAGWOOD -- WHAT ARE BABY DUMPLING AND I GOING TO DO FOR CAKE ON THIS PICNIC?

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DAG: WELL -- GOSH, I'M SORRY.

BLONDIE: (TEASING) I DON'T THINK IT'S A VERY GOOD EXAMPLE FOR
BABY DUMPLING.

DAG: AW, DON'T RUB IT IN, BLONDIE. I -- I'LL BUY A CAKE.

BLONDIE: (RELENTING) YOU WON'T HAVE TO, DARLING. I HAVE ANOTHER.

DAG: ~~WHAT! *cake*~~

BLONDIE: ~~YOU DON'T THINK I'D BAKE JUST ONE -- AND LEAVE IT IN
PLAIN SIGHT, DO YOU? THE DAY BEFORE A PICNIC. I GUESS
NOT.~~

DAG: ~~BABY DUMPLING. YOUR MOTHER IS A SMART WOMAN. ER --
WHERE IS THAT OTHER ONE, BLONDIE?~~

BLONDIE: ~~COULDN'T YOU FIND IT?~~

DAG: ~~NO...ER...I MEAN -- OF COURSE I DIDN'T LOOK VERY HARD.~~

BLONDIE: ~~IT WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ANY GOOD. I STILL HAVE ONE PLACE
TO HIDE THINGS THAT YOU HAVEN'T DISCOVERED, THANK HEAVEN.
(FASTER) NOW DON'T STAND THERE LICKING YOUR CHOPS. I'M
NOT GOING TO TAKE THAT CAKE OUT WHILE YOU'RE WATCHING.
GO GET THOSE WORMS! MY GOODNESS! WE'LL NEVER GET
STARTED ON THIS PICNIC.~~

(MUSIC STEALS IN UNDER LAST LINE...IT'S THE "VIENNA
WOODS" MOTIF...COMBINED WITH A HINT OF "THREE LITTLE
FISHES"...UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAG: WELL, HERE WE ARE! BOY, WHAT A SPOT! LOOK AT IT,
BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: I HAVE LOOKED AT IT -- ARE YOU SURE WE OUGHT TO HAVE OUR
PICNIC HERE, DAGWOOD?

DAG: WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT? NICE GRASS -- TREES -- AND A POND
OF WATER FULL OF FISH.

BABY: IT'S GOING TO RAIN, THOUGH.

DAG: OH, NO, BABY; THOSE CLOUDS ARE TOO FAR AWAY.

BLONDIE: HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE'S FISH IN THAT POND?

DAG: WELL -- I BET THERE'S A FISH UNDER EVERYONE OF THOSE
LILY PADS. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY FEATHERED WORM IN
THE WATER AND TRY IT OUT.

BLONDIE: (DOUBTFUL) WEEEELL, IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT...

DAG: GEE WHIZ, BLONDIE -- WE PASSED A DOZEN OTHER PLACES AND
YOU DIDN'T LIKE ANY OF THEM...

BLONDIE: I DIDN'T LIKE THAT LOVELY SWAMP YOU WANTED TO FISH IN IN
THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. AND I WASN'T CRAZY ABOUT HAVING
LUNCH IN THAT OTHER PLACE WHERE THE HORNETS WERE...

BABY: AND ONE PLACE DADDY WAS AFRAID OF THE BULL...

DAG: I WAS NOT. BUT THE SIGN SAID "BEWARE OF UGLY BULL."

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK ANY BULL IS VERY GOOD LOOKING.

DAG: IT MEANT A MEAN TEMPERED BULL. HEY, BABY, HOLD THIS
WORM FOR DADDY WHILE I PUT THE SADDLE ON HIM!

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'LL SPREAD THE LUNCH RIGHT NEAR THE WATER HERE.
THERE ARE ANTS UP ABOVE THERE.

DAG: WELL -- I'M GLAD WE FOUND THIS PLACE. IT'S THE BEST
WE'VE COME TO.

BABY: IT'S GOING TO RAIN, THOUGH.

DAG: NO, BABY; NOW DON'T SPOIL THE PICNIC.

BLONDIE: THIS PLACE IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. EVERYTHING IS SO NEAT...AND I'M SURE THAT SIGN DOWN THE ROAD MEANT SOMETHING.

DAG: MAYBE IT DID ONCE -- BUT IF THEY WANT ANYBODY TO READ IT THEY OUGHT TO KEEP IT PAINTED. LOOK, HERE GOES MY INVENTION IN THE WATER. (SPLASH) OH BOY.

BABY: ~~LET~~ ME HOLD THE POLE, DADDY! YOU SAID I COULD! LEMME, DADDY!

DAG: GOSH, BABY -- CAN'T YOU WAIT A MINUTE? -- I'VE HARDLY GOT MY LINE WET...

BLONDIE: LET DADDY FISH A MINUTE, BABY.

DAG: YEAH -- I'LL PROBABLY GET A BITE RIGHT AWAY! I'M GOING TO THROW IT OVER NEAR THAT BIG WATER LILY.

BLONDIE: THAT'S THE BIGGEST LILY I EVER SAW. AND SUCH A LOVELY COLOR.

DAG: LOTS OF FLOWERS AROUND. YOU GO PICK MOMMIE SOME FLOWERS, BABY.

BABY: AWRIGHT, DADDY.

BLONDIE: DON'T STEP BACKWARD WITHOUT LOOKING, DAGWOOD. THE CAKE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

DAG: SSSSSH. I THINK THERE'S A FISH LOOKING AT MY FEATHERED WORM.

BLONDIE: HE PROBABLY THINKS HE'S SEEING THINGS.

DAG: HE'LL GO FOR IT IN A MINUTE.

BLONDIE: NOW WHAT MAKES THIS CAKE SO HIGH IN THE MIDDLE? WHY -- DAGWOOD -- LOOK.

DAG: WHAT? I CAN'T! I'M FISHING.

BLONDIE: THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS CAKE. BETWEEN THE LAYERS.
IT MAKES A BIG LUMP.

DAG: WELL -- LIFT A LAYER AND LOOK.

BLONDIE: WELL, THEN...OH!

DAG: WHAT IS IT?

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING'S WATER PISTOL. HE HAD IT IN THE CAKE!
IT'S GOT CHOCOLATE ALL OVER IT!

DAG: I'LL LICK IT OFF FOR YOU.

BLONDIE: NOW LISTEN TO ME, BABY DUMPLING...BABY! WHERE ARE YOU?

BABY: (AWAY) PICKING FLOWERS, MOMMIE!

BLONDIE: BABY! COME IN OUT OF THAT POND!

DAG: YES, BABY! IF YOU MUDDY THE WATER THE FISH CAN'T SEE
THE BAIT!

BLONDIE: HE'S GOT HIS SHOES AND STOCKINGS ON. BABY, COME HERE.

BABY: (WADING IN) (SPLASHES) LOOKIT, MOMMIE! I PICKED A BIG
FLOWER FOR YOU!

DAG: HE PICKED THAT BIG WATER LILY!

BABY: (IN) HERE, MOMMIE. IT'S A PRETTY PURPLE ONE. PUT IT
IN YOUR HAIR, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: OH, BABY, LOOK AT YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS. SOAKING WET!

BABY: I DON'T MIND, MOMMIE. IT'S GOING TO RAIN ANYWAY AND I
GOT YOU THE FLOWER.

BLONDIE: WELL, THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I SUPPOSE I CAN'T SCOLD YOU
FOR PICKING ME A FLOWER BUT...ASK DADDY TO TAKE OFF YOUR
SHOES RIGHT AWAY.

DAG: AW, GOSH, BLONDIE, I'M TRYING TO FISH.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M TRYING TO GET THIS LUNCH SPREAD OUT...AND I
CAN'T GET MY HANDS ALL MUDDY...IF YOU WANT ANY LUNCH...

DAG: WELL -- SURE I COULD EAT A BITE ANY TIME. THESE FISH DON'T SEEM TO BE VERY HUNGRY. | HERE. BABY DUMPLING. I'LL LET YOU HOLD THIS FISHING ROD. SIT DOWN HERE AND HOLD ^{the fishing rod} IT WHILE I PULL OFF YOUR WET THINGS...

BABY: HOW DO I KNOW IF A FISH BITES, DADDY?

DAG: IF YOU THINK ONE IS BITING -- ASK ME! GIVE ME YOUR FOOT NOW...

BLONDIE: MY, THIS WATER LILY IS LOVELY. I NEVER SAW ONE LIKE THIS. IT LOOKS CHINESE OR SOMETHING.

DAG: HOLD THE POLE STILL, BABY...DON'T MAKE THE FISH CHASE THE BAIT ALL AROUND LIKE THAT.

BABY: I'M NOT MOVING IT, DADDY. IT'S MOVING ITSELF.

DAG: OH, WELL, THEN I GUESS -- WHAT? WHY MAYBE -- SAY! I THINK YOU'VE GOT A BITE! HERE -- GIVE THE POLE TO DADDY!

BABY: I WANT TO CATCH HIM! I WANT TO CATCH HIM!

DAG: NO! YOU'LL LET HIM GET AWAY. LET ME TAKE IT! GOSH... THIS IS A BIG ONE I BET! BOY, LOOKIT HIM SPLASH! STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! GIVE ME ROOM TO PLAY HIM.

BLONDIE: DON'T STEP BACK, DAGWOOD. THE CAKE. OOOOH. YOU'RE ON IT!

DAG: I'M GETTING HIM...HERE HE COMES! BOY, HE'S FIGHTING MAD!

BABY: I SEE HIM, DADDY...PULL HIM IN...

DAG: I AM...I AM. LOOK OUT NOW! OOOOPS! THERE HE IS! LOOK, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS -- WHAT A PRETTY FISH!

BABY: HE'S A BIG ONE, TOO.

BLONDIE: HOW BIG IS HE, DAGWOOD?

DAG: I BET HE'S -- WELL -- PRETTY NEAR FOUR INCHES LONG AT LEAST.

BLONDIE: THROW HIM BACK BEFORE HE DIES, DAGWOOD.

DAG: WHAT? WHY I JUST CAUGHT HIM!

BLONDIE: BUT HE'S SO PRETTY -- OH, THE POOR THING.

BABY: I WANT TO KEEP HIM, DADDY. I WANT HIM FOR A PET!

BLONDIE: NOW, BABY, WHERE WOULD WE KEEP HIM?

BABY: IN THE BATHTUB. I COULD PLAY WITH HIM WHEN I TOOK A BATH

DAG: NO, BABY...HE'D GET SOAP IN HIS EYES. LOOK, I'LL DROP HIM IN MY CREEL. AND PUT NICE WET LEAVES ON HIM. BOY, HE'S A BEAUTY!

BLONDIE: I NEVER SAW A FISH LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE. WHY, HE'S GOT AN EXTRA TAIL.

DAG: YEAH, BUT THAT PURPLE STRIPE WITH THE SILVER SPOTS IS WHAT GETS ME. SAY! MAYBE I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW KIND OF FISH! MAYBE THEY'LL NAME IT AFTER ME!

BLONDIE: I THINK WE OUGHT TO LET IT GO! (LOW RUMBLE THUNDER)

DAG: AW, NO, BLONDIE. NOT UNLESS I CATCH A BIGGER ONE. HEY, THAT'S AN IDEA! I'LL TRY TO CATCH ANOTHER! WHERE'S MY SPARE WORM? THIS ONE LOOKS KIND OF TIRED!

BLONDIE: IT'S UP IN THE CAR, DEAR.

DAG: (GOING) BOY, WHAT A DAY! MY INVENTIONS WORK AND I CAUGHT A NEW KIND OF FISH!

BLONDIE: I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO LET THIS POOR FISH GO...

BABY: LOOK, MAMA...THERE'S A MAN COMING...(THUNDER) AND I KNOW IT'S GOING TO RAIN!

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE DAGWOOD WOULD BE FURIOUS IF I LET THIS GET AWAY...BUT...

BABY: MAMA. LOOK. THERE'S A MAN COMING-- AND HE LOOKS CROSS!

BLONDIE: WHAT? OH...MY, HE DOES LOOK CROSS. I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?

BABY: LOOK, HE'S TALKING TO DADDY!

DAG: (AWAY) BLOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR...TROUBLE!

BABY: THE MAN IS WAVING HIS ARMS.

DAG: (NEARER) BLONDIE...(THUNDER)

BABY: IT'S RAINING, MOMMIE. I KNEW IT WOULD.

BLONDIE: HUSH, BABY. WHAT'S WRONG, DAGWOOD?

DAG: (COMING IN) WHY -- ER -- THIS MAN SAYS THAT WE...THAT
I...OH, GOSH.

BEEFUM: NO PROFANITY, PLEASE. IT'S ENUFF TO FIND YOU TRESPASSIN'
'ERE WITHOUT ADDIN' INSULT TO INJURY. THAT IT IS!

BABY: HE TALKS FUNNY, MAMA.

DAG: QUIET, BABY.

BEEFUM: OOW, I DON'T KNOW WOT THE MARSTER'LL SAY TO THAT! 'E
CAWN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF A BABY. THAT 'E CAWN'T.

BLONDIE: OH, IS THAT SO? WELL, I'M SURE NO ONE WANTS HIM TO LOOK
AT BABY DUMPLING. YOU CAN TELL HIM FOR ME -- WHOEVER HE
IS -- THAT HE'S AN OLD -- AN OLD...

DAG: SSSSH. BLONDIE. WE'RE IN BAD ENOUGH. WHY WE'RE ON
SOMEBODY'S PRIVATE GROUNDS AND IT'S AGAINST THE LAW.
(THUNDER SLIGHTLY CLOSER) (SLIGHT RAIN HEARD)

BLONDIE: WELL, WE CAN GO!

BEEFUM: OH, NO, YOU CAWN'T. NOT TILL I SEE IF ANY 'ARM'S BEEN
DONE.

DAG: WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING -- WE'RE JUST HAVING A PICNIC.

BEEFUM: HA PICNIC, EH? A PICNIC -- IN MISTER PRATTBURY'S PRIVATE
PARK. HA! WOT'S THAT IN YER 'AND, ME LAD?

DAG: JUST A WORM: A SPARE WORM!

BEEFUM: A WORM! BLYME! YOU -- YOU 'AVEN'T BEEN FEEDING THESE
'ERE FISH WORMS, 'AVE YOU?

DAG: WELL -- ER -- NO. OH, NO! I DIDN'T FEED THEM.

BEEFUM: THEY 'AVE A SPECIAL FOOD Y' KNOW. WORMS WOULDN'T DO AT
ALL.

DAG: I DIDN'T GIVE THEM ANY WORMS. I WAS JUST USING THE WORM
FOR BAIT!

BEEFUM: BAIT! DON'T TELL ME YOU WERE FISHIN' 'ERE! YOU CAN'T
FISH 'ERE!

DAG: OH, IS THAT SO? WELL, I DID CATCH ONE.

BEEFUM: WOT? YOU CAWT ONE OF MISTER PRATTBURY'S 'HIMPORTED
JAVANESE DAWNCING FISH? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

DAG: IT IS NOT. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME LOOK IN THAT CREEL.

BEEFUM: I -- I CAWN'T LOOK! WHY YOU MIGHT AS WELL 'AVE DESTROYED
THE RARIORLILUS AQUATERARRIUM... (THUNDER ROLLS) (RAIN
SPLASH)

BLONDIE: GOODNESS -- WHAT'S THAT?

BABY: THUNDER! I'M GETTING WET, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: NO -- I MEAN THAT LONG NAME.

BEEFUM: THAT, MADAME IS A FLOWER...A RARE FLOWER...IF YOU WILL
LOOK WHERE I'M POINTING YOU...OW!

DAG: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BEEFUM: GAWN. IT'S GAWN...

BLONDIE: DO YOU MEAN THIS WATER LILY?

BEEFUM: OW! IT -- IS IS. PICKED FROM ITS STEM! RUINED! DO YOU
KNOW WOT YOU'VE DONE, MADAME?...

BABY: SHE DIDN'T PICK IT -- IT WAS ME.

BEEFUM: OW. BAD GRAMMER, TOO!

DAG: YOU LEAVE HIS GRAMMAR OUT OF THIS. SUPPOSE WE DID PICK ONE OF MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME'S FLOWERS? WE'LL TELL HIM WE'RE SORRY.

BEEFUM: SORRY. DO YOU REALIZE, YOUNG FELLER, ME LAD, THAT THE RARIORLILUS AQUATERARIUM COMES FROM THE INTERIOR OF TIBET? THAT IT TYKES FIVE YEARS AND 'UNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO BRING TO BLOOM? THAT IT BLOOMS BUT ONCE BEFORE IT DIES FOREVER AND THAT THE OWNER 'ASN'T EVEN SEEN THIS ONE BLOOM 'IMSELF AS YET?

DAG: GOSH, I'M SORRY. BUT WHY DIDN'T HE COME SEE IT IF IT'S SO RARE AND ALL?

BEEFUM: MISTER PRATTBURY IS AFFLICTED WITH GOUT -- WHICH PREVENTS 'IS MOVING ABOUT AND DOES NOTHING TO IMPROVE 'IS TEMPER!
(THUNDER...RAIN FALLS LOUDER NOW)

BABY: MAMA. I'M ALL WET!

DAG: SSH, BABY, DON'T USE SLANG.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR HE IS ALL WET. SO AM I. I'VE BEEN SO EXCITED I DIDN'T NOTICE THE RAIN...

BEEFUM: RYNE OR NO RYNE -- I MUST AWSK YOU ALL TO COME WITH ME.

DAG: WELL -- RYNE OR NO RYNE...ER -- I MEAN RAIN OR NO...I MEAN WHERE ARE WE GOING?

BEEFUM: MISTER PRATTBURY WILL WISH TO PASS ON YOUR GRYVE MISCONDUCT 'IMSELF. MISTER PRATTBURY IS A MAGISTRYTE IN THESE PARTS AND CAN THEREFORE IMPOSE ANY SENTENCE OR FINE 'E SEES FIT!

DAG: OH, GOSH! KIND OF A JUDGE?

BEEFUM: AND I AM A SPECIAL OFFICER -- SO DON'T TRY ANY ANTICS, ME LAD.

BLONDIE: WE WON'T RUN AWAY IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. I'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO GET INSIDE A HOUSE OUT OF THIS RAIN.

BEEFUM: INDEED? IF I WAS 'IN YOUR BOOTS, I'D WALK THROUGH THE
'ARDEST RAIN THAT EVER FELL BEFORE I'D FACE
MISTER PRATTBURY AFTER DESTROYING 'IS FLOWERS AND
CATCHING 'IS FISH! 'OWEVER...IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TYSTE
I SUPPOSE.

DAG: WE CAN TAKE THE CAR.

BEEFUM: OVER THESE LAWNS? OH, NO! 'ARDLY! WE'LL JOLLY WELL
WALK.

DAG: OH, ALL RIGHT I'LL WALK. BUT I WON'T BE SO JOLLY!

BLONDIE: HOW FAR IS THE HOUSE? I DON'T SEE IT.

BEEFUM: ONE MILE AND ONE QUARTER, MADAME -- AS THE CROW FLIES.
'OWEVER...

DAG: I KNOW. WE'RE NO CROWS. WELL -- LET'S GO.

BEEFUM: I'LL TYKE THE FLOWER. POOR THING. AND THE CREEL WITH
THE FISH IN IT. POOR THING. THESE WILL BE EVIDENCE.

BLONDIE: I'LL TAKE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LUNCH.

BEEFUM: YOU WILL ALL WALK A'HEAD OF ME. AND NO TRICKS NOW, OR
YOU'LL BE IN MORE TROUBLE! (THUNDER AND RAIN)

DAG: MORE TROUBLE? GOSH! THE WAY I GET IT WE'RE UNDER ARREST
ON THREE CHARGES -- AND WE'VE GOT TO WALK A MILE AND A
HALF THROUGH A THUNDER STORM TO MEET A GUY WITH THE GOUT
WHO IS GOING TO BRING THE COMPLAINTS AGAINST US AND THEN
TRY THE CASE HIMSELF. THE LUNCH IS SPOILED AND MY FEET
HURT AND -- AND -- (SNEEZES) -- AND NOW I'VE CAUGHT A
COLD. IF YOU CAN TELL ME HOW I CAN BE IN ANY MORE TROUBLE
I -- I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT! (TERRIFIC
THUNDER AND RAIN)

(ORCHESTRA IN AND UP FOR CURTAIN...THEN SEQUE TO THEME
AND UNDER FOR:)

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: YOU CAN TELL A LOT ABOUT A CIGARETTE BY THE WAY IT BURNS. WHETHER A CIGARETTE BURNS FAST OR SLOW CAN HAVE A LOT TO DO WITH COOLNESS, MILDNESS, AND TASTE. CAMEL CIGARETTES ARE NOTED FOR THEIR LONG BURNING. LIGHT UP A CAMEL AND DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF JUST HOW MUCH ADDED SMOKING ENJOYMENT THERE IS TO BE HAD IN CAMEL'S MATCHLESS BLEND OF LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS. NOT ONLY IN THE COOLER, MILDER SMOKING YOU GET IN CAMELS -- STEADY SMOKERS ESPECIALLY APPRECIATE THAT -- BUT IN THE SUPERB AROMA AND MORE DELICATE TASTE. IT'S THE UNMISTAKABLE FLAVOR OF FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -- AND CAMEL'S SLOW, EVEN BURNING DELIVERS ALL OF THIS FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE TO YOU! AND WHILE YOU'RE ENJOYING SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST, REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE GETTING MORE ACTUAL SMOKING IN LONG-BURNING CAMELS, TOO. RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS SHOW THAT BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT 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. LUXURY SMOKING...YET ECONOMICAL. AMERICA'S SHREWDEST CIGARETTE BUY IS CAMEL...THE CIGARETTE OF LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

(AFTER COMMERCIAL MUSIC UP AND OUT FOR CURTAIN)

DAG: (SNEEZES) I -- I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THAT FELLER SO LONG?

BLONDIE: HE'S PROBABLY CHANGING TO DRY CLOTHES BEFORE HE GOES TO SEE OLD MR. PRATTBURY. HE'S AS WET AS WE ARE.

BABY: HE'S WETTER, MAMA.

BLONDIE: WHY?

BABY: WELL --- DADDY WAS CARRYING ME -- AND THE TOP OF HIS HAT WAS FULL OF WATER -- AND -- I STILL HAD MY WATER PISTOL!

BLONDIE: OH, BABY DUMPLING. I'M TOO TIRED TO SCOLD YOU.

DAG: IT'S ALL MY FAULT...I -- I (SNEEZES) 'M SORRY.

BLONDIE: WE'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER, DAGWOOD. I DO WISH WE COULD HAVE WAITED IN A WARMER ROOM, THOUGH. THIS IS A BIG COLD HOUSE. AND THIS HALL IS THE DRAFTIEST PLACE! KEEP THAT BLANKET AROUND YOU, BABY DUMPLING.

DAG: (SORROWFUL) I SHOULD HAVE READ THAT SIGN ON THE ROAD LIKE YOU SAID, BLONDIE...AND I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD BABY TO PICK FLOWERS -- AND I SHOULDN'T HAVE CAUGHT THAT FISH. (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CAUGHT COLD EITHER, BUT YOU DID.

DAG: I'LL SEE THE MAN ALONE. NO USE OF YOU AND BABY HEARING HIM BAWL ME OUT.

BLONDIE: YOU JUST APOLOGIZE NICELY, DAGWOOD, AND IF HE ACTS MEAN JUST BE DIGNIFIED.

DAG: DIG --- (SNEEZES) IFIED? OH, SURE I WILL -- I (SNEEZES) WILL!

BLONDIE: HERE COMES THE MAN TO TAKE YOU TO MR. PRATTWORTHY...

BEEFUM: THIS WAY YOUNG MAN!

DAG: SURE -- OKAY. I WON'T BE LONG, BLONDIE...I HOPE. (SOUND OF DAG WALKING SLOWLY IN SHOES SO WET THEY SQUISH WITH EACH STEP)

BEEFUM: I SAY CAWN'T YOU STOP THAT SILLY NOISE?

DAG: IT'S MY SHOES...THEY'RE SOAKING WET. (MORE SQUISHES)

(DOOR OPENS)

BEEFUM: THE -- ER -- PERSON SIR!

MR. P.: HMMP. WELL, YOUNG MAN. BEEFUM HERE TELLS ME YOU ARE NOT ONLY A TRESPASSER -- BUT WORSE. HOW MUCH WORSE I'M STILL WAITING TO HEAR. HARD BUT FAIR THAT'S MY MOTTO. LET THE ACCUSED HEAR THE CHARGES AGAINST HIM. PROCEED, BEEFUM.

BEEFUM: WELL, SIR, I FOUND THIS PERSON WITH TWO OTHER PERSONS ON THE EDGE OF THE -- THE LILY POOL, SIR.

MR. P.: EH? WHERE THE...ER...THE...WHAT-YE-CALL-EM BLOOMS?

BEEFUM: THE RARIORILUS AQUATERARIUM. YES, SIR.

MR. P.: HMMP. GO ON!

BEEFUM: I CHARGED THEM WITH TRESPASSING AT ONCE, SIR. THEN -- TO ME 'ORROR I LEARNED THAT THAT WASN'T ALL.

MR. P.: NO. WELL -- SPEAK UP -- SPEAK UP -- WHAT MORE?

BEEFUM: THIS -- PERSON -- CONFESSED. BOASTED IN FACT -- THAT 'E CAWT ONE OF THE 'HIMPORTED JAVANESE DAWNCING FISH. THAT 'E DID!

MR. P.: OH, HE DID. BOASTED OF IT, EH? WELL -- HAVE YOU THE CORPUS DELICTI?

BEEFUM: NO, SIR. BUT 'ERE'S THE FISH! RIGHT IN THIS CREEL, SIR...
OW!

MR. P.: WHAT NOW, BEEFUM?

BEEFUM: IT'S GAWN, SIR. THE BLINKIN' CREEL'S EMPTY!

MR. P.: THEN WE CAN'T CONVICT. NO EVIDENCE -- AND I'M A FAIR MAN -- EVEN IF IT WAS MY OWN FISH.

DAG: WELL -- I CAN BE AS FAIR AS YOU ARE. THE FISH WAS IN THERE.

MR. P.: YOU -- ER -- CONFESS?

DAG: YES, SIR. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR FISH. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS ANYBODY'S FISH: I THOUGHT I HAD DISCOVERED IT.

MR. P.: HMM. YOUR CANDOR DOES YOU CREDIT. KNOW WHERE IT WENT?

DAG: NO -- BUT I BET BLONDIE KNOWS. SHE KNOWS ANYTHING.

MR. P.: A REMARKABLE PERSON. WHO IS BLONDIE?

DAG: MY WIFE!

BEEFUM: IT WAS HER 'AD THE -- THE RARIORLILUS AQUATERARIUM, SIR.

MR. P.: WHAT?

BEEFUM: YES, SIR. PICKED IT SHE 'AD.

DAG: SHE HAD NOT. BAB...I MEAN -- I PICKED IT!

MR. P.: PICKED THE RAREST FLOWER KNOWN TO BOTANISTS. WHY...WHY, YOUNG MAN?

DAG: WELL -- IT WAS FOR MY WIFE'S HAIR.

MR. P.: (PAUSE) FOR YOUR WIFE'S -- HAIR.

BEEFUM: HMMP. I SUPPOSE YOU CAUGHT THE FISH FOR YOUR WIFE'S 'AIR, TOO?

MR. P.: THAT WILL DO, BEEFUM. BRING MRS...ER...

DAG: BUMSTEAD...

MR. P.: MRS. BUMSTEAD IN...

BEEFUM: (GOING) YES, SIR.

DAG: GOSH -- YOU DIDN'T LAUGH AT MY NAME. EVERYBODY DOES.

MR. P.: I SELDOM LAUGH AT ANYTHING...TOO SELDOM, PERHAPS. CERTAINLY I WOULD NOT BE GUILTY OF INSULTING A MAN UNDER MY ROOF -- NOT EVEN A PRISONER CHARGED WITH -- WITH PICKING A FLOWER FOR HIS WIFE'S HAIR. (DOOR OPENS) AH -- MRS. BUMSTEAD. COME IN. A CHAIR FOR MRS. BUMSTEAD, BEEFUM. AND PLACE IT NEAR THE FIRE.

BEEFUM: YES, SIR.

BLONDIE: OH, THANK YOU...BUT I CAN'T LEAVE BABY DUMPLING OUT THERE IN THE COLD HALL.

MR. P.: A -- A BABY? WHAT'S THIS, BEEFUM?

BEEFUM: I TRIED TO KEEP IT FROM YOU, SIR.

MR. P.: WHERE'S YOUR COMMON SENSE MAN?...BRING THE CHILD IN -- NEAR THE FIRE!

BEEFUM: BUT YOU -- A BYBY!...ER -- VERY WELL, SIR.

MR. P.: NOW THEN, MRS. BUMSTEAD. DO YOU KNOW WHAT BECAME OF A VERY VALUABLE ORIENTAL FISH THAT YOUR HUSBAND CAUGHT?

BLONDIE: I LET IT GO AGAIN.

MR. P.: LET IT GO?

BLONDIE: THE POOR THING WAS SO PRETTY I COULDN'T SEE IT DIE LIKE THAT.

MR. P.: HMM. IT WILL PROBABLY DIE IN ANY CASE. THE HOOK...

BLONDIE: OH, THERE WASN'T ANY HOOK. MY HUSBAND INVENTED A -- SOMETHING -- THAT CATCHES THEM WITHOUT A HOOK! IT USES BOTH A FLY AND A WORM...

MR. P.: EH? WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? AN INVENTION THAT --

DAG: I KNOW IT SOUNDS SILLY...

MR. P.: SO DID MY INVENTION...THE ONE I MADE ALL MY MONEY ON. THE SILLIEST LITTLE THING IN THE WORLD! BUT IT MADE MILLIONS. DON'T LET ANYONE LAUGH YOU OUT OF YOUR INVENTING, YOUNG MAN! HRRMP! PUT THAT FLOWER BACK IN YOUR HAIR, MRS. BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: I'M SORRY BABY PICKED IT.

MR. P.: BABY PICKED IT, EH? I SEE. YOUR HUSBAND TOOK THE BLAME. HMM. DID YOU THINK I'D BE HARD ON A CHILD, BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: YOUR MAN SAID YOU -- DIDN'T LIKE CHILDREN.

(2)

MR. P.: I NEVER SEE THEM. I -- I THINK I'LL TELL YOU WHY. COME OVER HERE. DO YOU SEE THIS LITTLE TINTYPE? IT WAS TAKEN WHEN I WAS POOR IN MONEY BUT VERY RICH IN -- OTHER THINGS. I WOULDN'T PART WITH IT FOR THE FINEST PAINTINGS IN THE WORLD. LOOK AT IT!

BLONDIE: OH! HOW PRETTY SHE IS...AND THE -- THE BABY. (PAUSE)
YOURS?

MR. P.: THEY WERE BOTH MINE...LONG AGO. I HAVEN'T WANTED TO SEE OTHER CHILDREN BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE EASIER TO -- FORGET. IT HASN'T BEEN... (DOOR OPENS) AH. HERE HE IS...

BLONDIE: THIS IS BABY DUMPLING. SAY HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR.

BABY: HELLO.

MR. P.: (SLOWLY) I -- I THINK I'VE BEEN MISSING A LOT. IN FACT I'VE BEEN AN OLD FOOL! COME HERE, YOUNG MAN.

BABY: SURE...ARE THOSE REAL WHISKERS?

DAG: BABY DUMPLING!

MR. P.: PULL THEM AND SEE.

BABY: OKAY. YEP! SAY THEY'RE LONG, TOO.

MR. P.: (ANXIOUS) TOO LONG DO YOU THINK?

BABY: NO -- I LIKE 'EM. WANT TO SEE MY WATER PISTOL?

BLONDIE: BABY!

BABY: OH IT'S EMPTY.

MR. P.: TOO BAD. BEEFUM!

BEEFUM: YES, SIR.

MR. P.: A BASIN OF WATER, PLEASE.

BEEFUM: WOT?

MR. P.: A LARGE BASIN OF WATER. AMMUNITION YOU KNOW. HURRY.

BEEFUM: I -- ER -- YES, SIR. AT ONCE, SIR.

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) DAGWOOD! BABY'S HANDS ARE ALL OVER CHOCOLATE FROSTING FROM THAT CAKE.

DAG: (SOTTO) GOSH...IT'S IN HIS BEARD, TOO.

BLONDIE: (ALoud) COULD I -- WASH BABY'S HANDS SOMEWHERE? THEY'RE SO DIRTY...YOU SEE WE HAD A PICNIC, AND...

MR. P.: PICNIC! OF COURSE. THAT'S WHY YOU CAME TO MY PLACE. WELL WE MUST HAVE A PICNIC.

BEEFUM: THE -- ER -- WATER, SIR. AND IF I MAY SAY SO SIR, THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN YOUR -- ER -- LAP IS A RATHER ACCURATE SHOT WITH THAT WATER-PISTOL.

MR. P.: GOOD! SEE IF YOU CAN HIT THAT BEAR RUG OVER THERE, BABY DUMPLING! NOW, BEEFUM!

BEEFUM: SIR?

MR. P.: FETCH A TABLECLOTH.

BEEFUM: T-TABLECLOTH, SIR?

MR. P.: YES -- YES -- YES! FOR THE PICNIC. SINCE IT'S RAINING OUTSIDE, SPREAD IT ON THE FLOOR.

BEEFUM: ON THE -- FLOOR, SIR. YES, SIR. (GOING...SOTTO) BLIME!

BLONDIE: COME ON, DAGWOOD. LET'S GET THE FOOD THAT'S LEFT. IT'S OUT IN THE HALL.

DAG: WELL, SURE, HONEY...I...GOSH! (SOTTO) SAY HE'S NOT A BAD GUY AT THAT IS HE?

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) SHUT THE DOOR. OH, DAGWOOD! THAT POOR OLD MAN.

DAG: POOR! WHY LOOK AT THIS HOUSE HE LIVES IN...

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...OH, DAGWOOD, I'M NEVER GOING TO SCOLD BABY AGAIN WHEN HIS HANDS ARE DIRTY OR -- OR ANYTHING...

DAG: SAY HE LIKED MY INVENTION!

BLONDIE: AND HE DIDN'T MIND MY HAVING THE FLOWER.

DAG: WELL --- I DON'T SEE HOW HE'D HAVE BEEN ABLE TO WALK DOWN TO THAT POOL TO SEE IT, ANYWAY. HE CAN'T GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR CAN HE?

BLONDIE: HE DOESN'T, ANYWAY...OPEN THE DOOR, DAG, MY HANDS ARE FULL.
(DOOR OPENS) DAGWOOD!

DAG: WHAT?

BLONDIE: LOOK OVER MY SHOULDER. HE IS OUT OF THE CHAIR! HE'S ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES PLAYING WITH BABY DUMPLING. LOOK! THEY'RE MAKING BELIEVE HUNT A BEAR OR SOMETHING!

DAG: GOSH! BABY DUMPLING CERTAINLY MAKES FRIENDS FAST!

BLONDIE: HE TAKES AFTER HIS DADDY.

DAG: NO! I'M THE ONE THAT GETS US ALL IN A JAM AND...SAY!
WHERE'S THE JAR OF JAM WE BROUGHT ON THE PICNIC? OH, HERE IT IS.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, WE'RE REALLY GOING TO HAVE OUR PICNIC AFTER ALL!

DAG: YEAH...OH, GOSH! THOSE ANTS GOT IN THIS JAR OF JAM! AND THE BUTTER! SAY! THERE'S ANTS IN EVERYTHING!

BLONDIE: WELL -- THAT PROVES IT'S A PICNIC. COME ON!

(MUSIC IN AND SEGUE TO THEME)

(CLOSING)

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)