

MUSTER
"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1939

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

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

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

GOODWIN: AND NOW BEFORE WE TRANSFER CONTROLS TO THE BUMSTEADS --
A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.
NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES -- TONIGHT OR TOMORROW --
REMEMBER TO TRY CAMELS...THE LONG-BURNING CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS. AND WHEN YOU LIGHT UP YOUR FIRST
CAMEL, PAY PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO THE WAY IT BURNS...THE
WAY IT SMOKES. NOTICE HOW COOL AND MILD A CAMEL SMOKES...
HOW MUCH LONGER IT LASTS. AND BEAR IN MIND THAT ALONG
WITH THE DELICATE TASTE AND LUXURIOUS AROMA OF CAMEL'S
FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS, YOU'RE ALSO GETTING MORE
ACTUAL SMOKING FOR YOUR MONEY. 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. JUST THAT MUCH MORE OF SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST
IN AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE. SO TRY CAMELS...THE
QUALITY CIGARETTE EVERY SMOKER CAN AFFORD...PENNY FOR
PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN...OUT)

GOODWIN: AND NOW...WE TAKE OUR WEEKLY GLIMPSE INTO THE LIVES OF
BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. THIS TIME WE FIND DAGWOOD
ON A J. C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION JOB. (DEEP WHISTLE)
IT'S QUITTING TIME AND A LINE OF MEN ARE FILING BY THE
TIMEKEEPER'S WINDOW WHERE DAGWOOD...SUBSTITUTING FOR
ANOTHER MAN...IS CALLING A LIST OF NAMES...(SHUFFLING
FEET) (MURMURS IN BACKGROUND) (GRUNT'S ANSWER TO EACH
NAME CALLED)

DAGWOOD: BATES...DUFFY...SWYSKOPFSKI...MIKE RIGOLETTO, WILLIAMS...
(PAUSE) WILLIAMS?...ER...MR. WILLIAMS?

WAFFLE: TALKIN' TO ME?

DAGWOOD: WHY, YES...ER, JUST CALLING YOUR NAME...ER CHECKING OUT
AT NIGHT! JUST A FORMALITY, YOU KNOW.

WAFFLE: WHYN'T YOU CALL ME WAFFLENECK LIKE THE OTHER GUYS?

DAGWOOD: WELL, ER I...I DON'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL. ER...MY NAME
IS BUMSTEAD.

WAFFLE: I KNOW IT, I SEEN YOU ON THE ATH-A-LETIC COMMITTEE FOR
THE OUTING.

DAGWOOD: DID YOU? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU NOTICED I WAS THERE.

WAFFLE: OH, SURE...ME AND BUTCH WAS WONDERIN' WHEN YOU WAS GOIN'
TO SAY SOMETHIN' IN THE MEETIN'.

DAGWOOD: WELL...I...ER...DIDN'T WANT TO TALK OUT OF TURN.

WAFFLE: YOU'RE SMART, SHORTY! ME AND BUTCH MCGROARTY CAN HANDLE THINGS OKAY.

DAGWOOD: I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF THINKING THOUGH.

WAFFLE: THAT'S OKAY. YOU KEEP THINKIN' AND WE'LL DO THE REST.

DAGWOOD: OH...THANK YOU. ~~WELL -- I'VE BEEN HOPING TO HAVE A CHAT WITH YOU AND MR. MCGROARTY...HE...ER...HE'S A LITTLE LATE CHECKING OUT TONIGHT ISN'T HE?~~

WAFFLE: BUTCH ALWAYS TAKES A LAST LOOK AROUND BEFORE HE LEAVES THE JOB. HE'S THE REAL BOSS AROUND HERE, AIN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: YEA...SURE. HE CERTAINLY IS! THE MEN ALL DO WHAT HE SAYS ALL RIGHT.

WAFFLE: THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE SMART! AND NEXT TO BUTCH...I'M THE MAIN GUY -- UNDERSTAND?

DAGWOOD: ~~O YES! -- SURE!~~ ER-- THERE'S MR. MCGROARTY NOW. I WONDER IF I COULD HAVE A WORD WITH HIM?

WAFFLE: I'LL SEE IF I KIN FIX IT. (CALLS) HI, BUTCH!

BUTCH: (OFF) JUST A MINUTE, WAFFLENECK. CLOSE THAT GATE YOU GUYS! HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU EXPECT ME TO TELL YOU -- TWICE? (COMING IN) NOW WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

DAGWOOD: OH, NOTHING. NOT A THING! (SOTTO) ER...INTRODUCE ME, WILL YOU, WAFFLENECK?

WAFFLE: SURE. BUTCH, SHAKE HANDS WITH MR. BROOMSTICK.

DAGWOOD: BUMSTEAD -- ER...DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

BUTCH: WHYN'T YOU GET PEOPLES' NAMES RIGHT, WAFFLENECK? HOW YOU GOIN' TO BE MY RIGHT HAND MAN WITHOUT YOU GOT BETTER MANNERS?

WAFFLE: I GOT MIXED UP? HE LOOKS LIKE A BROOMSTICK...SEE?

BUTCH: HE DOES AT THAT. WHAT DO YOU WEIGH, KID?

DAGWOOD: OH -- A HUNDRED AND FIVE...AFTER DINNER.

BUTCH: TOO BAD. I KEEP THINKIN' I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE'S BEFORE...

WAFFLE: HE'S ON THE COMMITTEE FOR THE LABOR DAY OUTING.

BUTCH: OH, YEA...DITHERS PUT HIM ON.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T BEEN MUCH HELP SO FAR -- BUT..

BUTCH: ME AND WAFFLENECK'S GOT IT ALL UNDER CONTROL. WELL --
SO LONG, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: ER...I'M ALL THROUGH WORK, NOW! I...WAS WONDERING IF I
COULD WALK DOWN TO THE CORNER WITH...ER...YOU GUYS.

WAFFLE: WE'RE GOIN' TO BE PRETTY BUSY.

BUTCH: LET HIM COME...WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE.

WAFFLE: WELL, IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU, BUTCH. MAKE IT SNAPPY, KID.

DAGWOOD: I'M COMING. I'LL JUST CLOSE THIS WINDOW...(WINDOW SLAM)

BUTCH: (SOTTO) WHAT'S ON THIS GUY'S MIND?

WAFFLE: I DUNNO...SHALL I BRUSH HIM OFF?

BUTCH: NO...LET'S FIND OUT.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HERE I AM. SAY, IT'S SWELL TO GET TO KNOW
YOU BELLAWS. I -- I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU WORK UP ON THE
BUILDING.

WAFFLE: YOU'D BETTER STAY IN OUT OF THE WIND, KID. YOU MIGHT GET
BLOWN AWAY.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'M PRETTY SURE-FOOTED THOUGH. I'VE GOT A GOOD
SENSE OF BALANCE. THAT'S WHY I'M GOING INTO THE SACK
RACE ON LABOR DAY. ER -- JUST THE MARRIED MEN'S SACK
RACE.

BUTCH: YEA...SURE. I THINK YOU GOT A GOOD CHANCE THERE,
BUMSTEAD. THAT'S ALL YOU'RE OUT FOR, EH?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I THOUGHT I HADN'T BETTER TRY TOO MANY EVENTS...
I MIGHT BE ELECTED ONE OF THE JUDGES, TOO, AND THAT WOULD
TAKE UP MY TIME.

WAFFLE: ME AND BUTCH ARE THE JUDGES.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH. BUT DON'T YOU THINK THERE OUGHT TO BE THREE JUDGES? IN CASE OF DISPUTES?

BUTCH: THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO DISPUTES, KID! NOT SO LONG AS ME AND WAFFLENECK IS TELLIN' EM. IF WE WAS TO PUT YOU IN THERE, TOO -- WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

WAFFLE: RIGHT AWAY, THERE'D BE TROUBLE.

DAGWOOD: THERE WOULD?

BUTCH: CERTAINLY THERE WOULD. LOOK. SUPPOSE FOR INSTANCE ME AND MIKE POPOFF IS TIED FOR FIRST IN -- NOW -- THE SLOT-PUT MAYBE. WHO WOULD YOU GIVE IT TO?

DAGWOOD: OH, I'D BE FAIR. I'D PICK THE BEST MAN.

BUTCH: YEAH...AND THE OTHER GUY'D GET SORE. EITHER WAY, YOU'D BE CARRIED OFF THE LOT. HOW WOULD THAT LOOK?

DAGWOOD: I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

WAFFLE: SURE YOU DO, KID. YOU STICK TO THAT SACK RACE, THEN IF YOU FALL DOWN, IT'LL BE A NATURAL FALL, SEE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IF I'M NOT GOING TO BE A JUDGE, I -- I MIGHT GO IN IN SOME OTHER EVENT.

BUTCH: LIKE WHAT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, BLONDIE...THAT'S MY WIFE...THINKS I MIGHT BE GOOD IN THE ~~TWO~~-MILE RACE.

WAFFLE: WHAT MAKES HER THINK THAT, KID?

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for the bus.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- I'VE BEEN RUNNING ~~TO THE GRADICE~~ FOR YEARS NOW, AND LATELY I'VE TRAINED AT NIGHT, TOO.

BUTCH: AT NIGHT, HUH?

DAGWOOD: SURE. EVERY NIGHT. MR. FUDDLE... THAT'S A NEIGHBOR OF MINE -- CALLS ME A DARK HORSE... BECAUSE I TRAIN AT NIGHT ... GET IT? NIGHT?... DARK?

BUTCH: YEA. I GET IT. WHERE DO YOU TRAIN, KID?

DAGWOOD: OH, BLONDIE DRIVES ME OUT OF TOWN A WAYS. OUT TO GRANT'S WOODS. THERE'S A DIRT ROAD OUT THERE ABOUT TWO MILES LONG. A DIRT ROAD'S BETTER FOR MY SPIKES.

WAFFLE: OH... SPIKE SHOES, TOO, HUH?

DAGWOOD: SURE! YOU BET!

BUTCH: GRANT'S WOODS? H-MMM. THAT ROAD THAT RUNS BY AN OLD SAW MILL?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE. IT'S KINDA PRIVATE AT NIGHT... SEE, UNTIL BLONDIE FINISHES MAKING MY TRACK SUIT... I HAVE TO RUN IN MY ... ER... WELL, MY UNDERWEAR.

WAFFLE: AIN'T YOU APT TO CATCH COLD LIKE THAT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, -- ER -- I USE MY LONG UNDERWEAR. (CHANGE) GOSH! THERE GOES MY BUS (FADES) IT'S BEEN SWELL HAVING THIS TALK WITH YOU FELLOWS (GOING) SO LONG, FELLOWS -- SEE YOU TOMORROW. (FEET RUNNING VERY FAST)

BUTCH: LOOK AT THAT GUY GO.

WAFFLE: YEAH... HE MIGHT COP THAT ~~2~~ MILE AT THAT.

BUTCH: HOW COULD A SKINNY GUY LIKE THAT HOLD OUT FOR ~~2~~ MILES?

WAFFLE: I'D LIKE TO HAVE A PICTURE OF BUMSTEAD RUNNING IN THEM LONG DRAWERS.

BUTCH: PICTURE? (THOUGHT) SAY! YOU GOT SOMETHIN' THERE WAFFLENECK. LISTEN. HOW'S THIS FOR A LAUGH? I GO DOWN TO THAT DIRT ROAD TONIGHT IN MY CAR SEE...WITH MY CAMERA AND FLASHLIGHT BULB -- SEE?

WAFFLE: ~~I GET IT.~~ *And* YOU GET A PICTURE OF HIM. ~~THAT'S A PANIC,~~
BUTCH: ~~(LAUGHS)~~

BUTCH: THAT AIN'T THE HALF. LOOK. I ~~TAKE THIS PICTURE AND~~
~~WE GET IT PRINTED UP SEE? ON HAND BILLS. WE PASTE~~ *Take the*
~~THEM ALL OVER THE JOB.~~ *We could label them "Dithers Dark Horse"*

WAFFLE: WE COULD NAME THE PICTURE "THE PHANTOM FLASH."

BUTCH: OR WE COULD CALL IT "DITHERS' DARK HORSE"...

WAFFLE: THE BOYS WILL LAUGH HIM OFF THE JOB.

BUTCH: WELL --- HE CAN GO BACK TO THE OFFICE OKAY. HE AIN'T THE TYPE FOR OUTDOOR WORK ANYHOW. THE BOYS WOULDN'T TAKE HIM SERIOUS.

WAFFLE: HIM? NAW.

BUTCH: NAW --- ~~TO GET ALONG WITH OUR BOYS -- YOU GOT TO PACK~~
~~THE OLD WALLOR, LIKE ME!~~

ORCHESTRA: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: HA! THAT WAS GOOD, BLONDIE. MEAT AND POTATOES. THAT'S A HE-MAN'S MEAL.

BLONDIE: ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE CARROTS, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELLLL -- NO. BUT WHEN A FELLOW'S IN TRAINING LIKE I AM...

BLONDIE: THAT'S JUST WHEN HE NEEDS VEGETABLES. LOOK! YOU'VE HARDLY TOUCHED YOUR SALAD.

DAGWOOD: NO ROOM FOR IT NOW. ANYWAY -- I DON'T THINK BUTCH MCGROARTY EVER EATS SALAD. NOR WAFFLENECK WILLIAMS EITHER.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! -- WHAT NAMES! WHO ARE THEY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WHO ARE THEY? WHY BUTCH IS THE STRONGEST MAN ON THE CONSTRUCTION JOB. WAFFLENECK IS THE NEXT STRONGEST.

BABY: DADDY?

DAGWOOD: YES, BABY?

BABY: WHOSE THE NEXT STRONGEST?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'M NOT SURE.

BABY: I BET YOU ARE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OH NO!...WELL NOT QUITE, BABY! BUT I'M IN TRAINING NOW, THOUGH.

BABY: SO AM I, TOO.

BLONDIE: THAT'S FINE BABY. NOW EAT YOUR SPINACH.

BABY: NO, MOMMIE. I WANT MORE MEAT AND POTATOES.

BLONDIE: NOT 'TIL YOU'VE EATEN YOUR SPINACH.

BABY: I BET BUTCH MCGROARTY DOESN'T EAT SPINACH.

BLONDIE: NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, I GUESS HE DOES EAT SPINACH BABY. I BET HIS LUNCH PAIL IS FULL OF IT EVERY DAY.

BABY: DID YOU EVER LOOK DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER, NO. BUT ANYWAY YOU NEED A DIFFERENT DIET THAN I DO, BABY. YOU'RE A GROWING BOY.

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT, BABY.

BABY: BUT DADDY'S GROWING, TOO...HE'S GOING TO GET A BIGGER NECK. LIKE BUTCH'S NECK.

BLONDIE: WHY WHERE DID YOU GET SUCH AN IDEA BABY?

BABY: DADDY TOLD ME SO.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A BIGGER NECK?

DAGWOOD: WELL, -- ER -- I READ SOMETHING IN THAT MAGAZINE.
IT SAID A MAN WITH A THIN NECK WOULD NEVER BE A LEADER
AMONG MEN. LOOK -- HERE'S THE AD -- IT SAYS "DO YOU
SUFFER FROM SHOESTRING NECK?" "LET US SHOW YOU HOW
TO WIN NEW FRIENDS IN THIRTY DAYS WITH OUR PATENTED
'NECKGROW' APPARATUS." "HAVE A NECK OF PERSONALITY OR
PAY NOT ONE PENNY."

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEND FOR THAT, ARE YOU?

BABY: IT'S OUT IN THE GARAGE NOW...ISN'T IT, DADDY?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! FIRST IT WAS THOSE LIFTING WEIGHTS TO
CORRECT BOOKKEEPER'S BACK. NOW IT'S SOMETHING FOR
SHOESTRING NECK.

DAGWOOD: IT ALSO CORRECTS NEWSPAPER NECK...THAT'S AN EXTRA LONG
NECK! YOU GET THAT FROM READING OVER PEOPLE'S
SHOULDERS IN THE BUS.

BLONDIE: I'LL BET THAT'S WHAT MADE YOU LATE FOR DINNER TONIGHT.
YOU STOPPED IN THE GARAGE TO PLAY WITH YOUR NEW TOYS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I MISSED THE BUS TOO. SEE -- I HAD A MEETING
OF THE ATHLETIC COMMITTEE TONIGHT. BUTCH AND
WAFFLENECK AND I TALKED ABOUT THE LABOR DAY OUTING.
(PROUD) WE GOT PRETTY CHUMMY, TOO.

BLONDIE: YOU ADMIRE THOSE MEN A LOT, DON'T YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- GOSH! YOU OUGHT TO SEE THEM, BLONDIE! THEY'RE
THE MEN. ARMS AS BIG AS A LEG OF BEEF.

BLONDIE: I BET YOU CAN RUN FASTER THAN THEY CAN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I DON'T KNOW. BUTCH SAID I LOOKED GOOD FOR
THE SACK RACE...

BABY: MOMMIE! I'VE EATEN ALL MY SPINACH...CAN I GO OUT IN
THE GARAGE NOW AND DEVELOP MY NECK?

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BLONDIE: YES, BABY. BUT COME IN WHEN I CALL YOU.

BABY: (FADES) OKAY, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: I DON'T MIND YOUR WINNING THAT SACK RACE, DAGWOOD....
IF YOU WIN THE ~~TWO~~ MILE, TOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL --- NOW --- WE TALKED THAT OVER IN COMMITTEE
MEETING. THE BOYS SELMED TO NEED ME IN THE SACK RACE
MORE. WE'RE A LITTLE WEAK IN THE SACK RACE.

BLONDIE: BUT, I WANT YOU TO WIN THE BIG RACE, DAGWOOD. THAT
MIGHT WIN US THE NEW GAS STOVE.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT STOVE IS THE PRIZE FOR THE MOST OUTSTANDING
ATHLETE OF THE DAY!

BLONDIE: I KNOW IT IS. AND WE NEED THAT STOVE, DAGWOOD. ER ---
WHO DECIDES WHO IS THE MOST OUTSTANDING ATHLETE?

DAGWOOD: THE --- ER -- JUDGES.

BLONDIE: I MEAN -- WHO ARE THE JUDGES?

DAGWOOD: BUTCH AND WAFFLENECK.

BLONDIE: WHY AREN'T YOU A JUDGE, TOO...IF THEY CAN BE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT'S FOR THE COMMITTEE TO DECIDE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- AREN'T YOU ON THE COMMITTEE.?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE -- BUT -- WELL I WOULDN'T WANT BUTCH TO THINK I WAS TRYING TO BE BOSSY WITH HIM.

BLONDIE: HE'LL THINK A LOT MORE OF YOU DAGWOOD IF YOU STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS. YOU JUST TELL HIM YOU ARE OUT TO WIN THAT TWO MILE RACE AND THAT YOU ARE GOING TO BE A JUDGE THE REST OF THE TIME.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL TALK IT OVER WHEN THE COMMITTEE GETS TOGETHER AGAIN. BUT I DON'T WANT TO SOUND TOO BOASTFUL.

BLONDIE: *They'll think a lot more of you*
~~THEY WON'T THINK YOU'VE BEEN BOASTING~~ WHEN THAT TWO MILE RACE IS OVER. I CAN SEE YOU NOW...STANDING UP THERE GETTING THE PRIZE, AND THE CROWD CHEERING...AND THEN YOU'LL MAKE A LITTLE SPEECH.

DAGWOOD: I WILL? ER -- WHAT WILL I SAY?

BLONDIE: WHY YOU'LL JUST LOOK MODEST AND YOU'LL SAY "THANKS, BOYS THIS MAKES ME VERY HAPPY."

DAGWOOD: YEA. THAT'S GOOD. HEH HEH. GOSH, I WOULD BE HAPPY, TOO!

BLONDIE: AND THEN WE WOULD COME HOME...WITH THE NEW STOVE!

DAGWOOD: NOW, LOOK BLONDIE. DON'T GO COUNTING TOO MUCH ON THAT STOVE. EVEN IF I WON THAT ~~TWO~~ MILE RACE -- WHY BUTCH AND THE OTHER FELLOWS WILL BE PUTTING THE SHOT, AND POLE VAULTING...AND...

BLONDIE: NOBODY CARES ABOUT THOSE THINGS. BUT IF IT MAKES YOU NERVOUS, I WON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE STOVE.
(PAUSE) JUST THE SAME, THE ~~TWO~~ MILE RACE IS GOING TO BE THE OUTSTANDING EVENT AND YOU'RE GOING TO WIN IT.

DAGWOOD: NOW, BLONDIE...YOU SAID...

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. NOT ANOTHER WORD!...COME ON NOW...TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE YOUR REGULAR TRAINING.

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- I ATE A LOT OF DINNER. I DON'T THINK I CAN RUN THOSE TWO MILES TONIGHT...LET'S SKIP IT JUST THIS ONCE.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. GET YOUR SPIKED SHOES -- AND TELL BABY TO COME IN FROM THE GARAGE...AND BACK THE CAR OUT...I WANT TO RUN OVER TO FUDDLES BEFORE WE START.

DAGWOOD: WELL, OKAY, BLONDIE. ER -- WHY ARE YOU GOING TO FUDDLES?

BLONDIE: TO ASK MRS. FUDDLE IF SHE COULD USE OUR OLD STOVE... AFTER NEXT MONDAY.

ORCHESTRA: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

(MOTOR SOUND)

BLONDIE: (CALLING) DAGWOOD...WAIT A MINUTE.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) (CALLING BACK) WHAT, HONEY?

BLONDIE: REST A MINUTE, DAGWOOD...I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) HOW FAR HAVE I GONE?

BLONDIE: JUST A MILE. (SOUND: MOTOR OFF) MY, IT'S QUIET OUT HERE IN THE WOODS,

DAGWOOD: YEA, ^{*kinda chilly too.*} TURN OFF THE CAR LIGHTS, BLONDIE. I WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE ME STANDING AROUND IN MY UNDERWEAR.

BLONDIE: THERE...MY, IT'S DARK WITHOUT HEADLIGHTS. WAIT I'LL TURN OUT THE DASH LIGHTS, TOO...OH!

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: OUR GAS IS AWFULLY LOW, DAGWOOD. MAYBE I'D BETTER DRIVE ON TO THE GAS STATION BEFORE IT CLOSES.

DAGWOOD: WHAT TIME IS IT?

BLONDIE: ^{*five*} FIVE TO NINE -- AND THE PLACE CLOSES AT NINE.

DAGWOOD: YEA...MAYBE YOU'D BETTER HURRY, BLONDIE. I'LL REST
A MINUTE, AND THEN SPRINT THE REST OF THE WAY...
IT'S ONLY A ^{Couple //} MILE.()

BLONDIE: YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN THE DARK?

DAGWOOD: SURE...I KNOW THIS ROAD BY HEART NOW. GO AHEAD.
(MOTOR STARTS) SEE YOU LATER. (CAR STARTS AWAY)
(CALLING) GO EASY, BLONDIE! HEY -- TURN ON YOUR
HEADLIGHTS! (CAR FURTHER AWAY) BLONDIE! YOUR
LIGHTS! (LIGHT CRASH...OFF) BLONDIE! WHAT WAS
THAT! (GOING) HEY -- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BLONDIE?
BLONDEEEEEEE!

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) DAGWOOD...I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT...

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) WHAT DID YOU HIT? GOSH! ANOTHER CAR!

BLONDIE: YES. PARKED WITHOUT ANY LIGHTS AT ALL. MY BUMPER
IS HOOKED WITH THAT OTHER ONE -- AND ONE FENDER'S
ALL BENT.

DAGWOOD: SHUT OFF YOUR MOTOR, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: IT IS OFF...THAT'S THE OTHER CAR'S MOTOR.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A FUNNY THING -- TO LEAVE AN EMPTY CAR RIGHT
IN THE ROAD -- WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! DO YOU THINK THAT CAR IS EMPTY?

DAGWOOD: WHY, SURE...THEY'D BE HOLLERING AROUND IF IT WASN'T.
I'LL LOOK, THOUGH.

BLONDIE: BE CAREFUL, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) BLONDIE! THERE -- THERE IS SOMEONE IN THIS
CAR!...ASLEEP!

BLONDIE: TURN ON HIS DASH LIGHTS! WAKE HIM UP!

DAGWOOD: OKAY, I'LL...BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: IT'S BUTCH! BUTCH MCGROARTY...HE -- HE ISN'T ASLEEP!
HE'S SICK OR...

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BLONDIE: (CAR DOOR OPENS) I'M COMING, DAGWOOD. (CAR DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: LOOK, BLONDIE. HE'S BARELY BREATHING AND HIS FACE IS ALL RED...

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD!...WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

DAGWOOD: (RAPIDLY) MOTOR RUNNING...WINDOWS SHUT...MONOXIDE!
BLONDIE, IT'S CARBON MONOXIDE! GOSH, WHAT WILL WE DO?

BLONDIE: OPEN ALL THE DOORS, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: YEA YEA. (DOOR OPENS) I'LL TRY TO GET HIM OUT. (GRUNTS)
NO...HE'S TOO HEAVY! YOU DRIVE FOR HELP, BLONDIE!
THERE'S A PHONE AT THE GAS STATION.

BLONDIE: I CAN'T, DAGWOOD. OUR CAR'S TANGLED UP WITH HIS. YOU GO,
DAGWOOD, RUN!

DAG: R-RUN? YEA...I'LL RUN!...IT'S ² A MILE TO THAT GAS
STATION! ALMOST NINE O'CLOCK NOW!...GOSH, I'LL HAVE TO
RUN FAST.

BLONDIE: YOU CAN RUN FAST, DAGWOOD! YOU'VE GOT ^{7.0} FOUR MINUTES...

DAGWOOD: YEA. (TAKE) WHAT?...RUN ^{7.0} A MILE IN ^{1.0} FOUR MINUTES?

BLONDIE: GO ON, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: SURE -- SURE. POOR OLD BUTCH. (GOING FAST) (RUNNING
FEET) GOSH I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

BLONDIE: (CALLING) CALL EMERGENCY HOSPITAL, DAGWOOD! TELL THEM A
PULLMOTOR! (LOWER) AND, OH, DAGWOOD -- GET THERE IN
TIME!

MUSIC: (IN AND UP THEN SEGUE TO THEME AND UNDER FOR:)
(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" -13-A-
8/28/39

GOODWIN: FROM RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS COMES THIS FACT:
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 -- CAMEL CIGARETTES GIVE A
SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.
HERE'S WHAT THAT EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS CAN MEAN IN THE
DAY-BY-DAY COST OF YOUR SMOKING:
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. SO DON'T DENY
YOURSELF SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST. ENJOY THE LUXURY
OF MILDER, COOLER SMOKING, THE FRAGRANCE AND DELICATE
TASTE OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. GET MORE
PLEASURE PER PUFF -- MORE PUFFS PER PACK, PENNY FOR PENNY
CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY.

(AFTER COMMERCIAL)

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

SOUND: CLOCK STRIKES NINE

ORCHESTRA: (IN ON THIRD STROKE MONTAGE MUSIC)

GOODWIN: (ON SIXTH STROKE) ON THE STROKE OF NINE, THE OWNER OF THE GAS STATION AT THE END OF THAT LONG DIRT ROAD PREPARES TO CLOSE FOR THE NIGHT -- BUT BEFORE HE CAN REACH HIS DOOR, A STRANGE FIGURE IN LONG UNDERWEAR STAGGERS IN...AND MAKES FOR THE PHONE...

MAN: HEY, BUDDY! WHAT'S THE IDEA BUSTIN' IN HERE IN YOUR....

DAGWOOD: PHONE! QUICK! PULLMOTOR...EMERGENCY! (GASPING)

MAN: PULLMOTOR? YOU AIN'T THAT MUCH OUT OF BREATH ARE YOU?
(PHONE RINGS HAND CRANK)

DAGWOOD: OPERATOR...GET ME...EMERGENCY HOSPITAL...AMBULANCE...
PULMOTOR...

MUSIC: (UP AND THEN UNDER AGAIN)

SOUND: SIREN APPROACHING

MUSIC: (UP AND UNDER AGAIN)

SECOND MAN: LIFT EASY, BOYS! HEY, LADY, WHAT'S THIS MAN'S NAME?

BLONDIE: BUTCH...BUTCH MCGROARTY...MY HUSBAND SAYS.

SECOND MAN: WHO TURNED IN THIS CALL FOR US?

BLONDIE: MY HUSBAND...HE RAN ALL THE WAY...

SECOND MAN: WHAT'S THE NAME OF YOUR HUSBAND?

BLONDIE: BUMSTEAD...DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

SECOND MAN: NICE WORK...WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME...MAYBE!

MUSIC: (UP AND UNDER AGAIN)

SOUND: SIREN GOING AWAY

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

SOUND: MOTOR...NOT TOO FAST)

BLONDIE: (CALLING) DAGWOOD...ARE YOU THERE?

DAGWOOD: (WEARILY) YEAH. HERE I AM SITTING OUTSIDE THE GAS STATION
HERE.

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) I EXPECTED TO MEET YOU ON THE ROAD.

DAGWOOD: I TRIED TO WALK BACK BUT...MY ANKLE KINDA HURTS.

BLONDIE: WHY YOU POOR BOY! WHY YOU'RE SHIVERING COLD.

DAGWOOD: I SAW THE AMBULANCE GO BY! TWICE! DID THEY -- GET BUTCH
IN TIME?

BLONDIE: YES. I THINK SO. AND THEY HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR IT TOO.
THOUGH I DON'T NOTICE THAT ANYBODY DID THANK YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OF COURSE, BUTCH COULDN'T -- AND I GUESS THE OTHERS
WERE TOO BUSY.

BLONDIE: LET ME HELP YOU IN THE CAR, DAGWOOD...MY...YOU ARE LIMPING.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SEE -- I WAS RUNNING ALONG AND I FELL OVER SOMETHING
...OOOOHH! EASY 'TIL I GET IN THE SEAT.

BLONDIE: WHERE IS YOUR OTHER SHOE?

DAGWOOD: I TOOK IT OFF AND COULDN'T GET IT ON AGAIN. I WON'T NEED
IT, I GUESS. I -- I DON'T THINK I CAN RUN IN THAT RACE
NEXT WEEK.

BLONDIE: YOU CERTAINLY RAN ^{fast Dagwood} A RACE ~~(TONIGHT)~~. (SUDDENLY) WHY DO YOU
REALIZE THAT YOU MUST HAVE GONE THAT MILE IN ABOUT FOUR
MINUTES OR SOMETHING?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE ^{I had to} A WE COULDN'T SPARE BUTCH ~~OFF THAT COMMITTEE~~.

BLONDIE: BUT, ISN'T THAT A RECORD OR SOMETHING?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS NOT -- I COULDN'T MAKE A RECORD, COULD I? HEY!
WHAT AM I SITTING ON?

BLONDIE: OH! BUTCH'S CAMERA. IT WAS IN HIS CAR WITH A FLASHBULB.
WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE HE HAD THOSE THINGS WITH HIM -- IN A
DARK CAR ON THAT DARK ROAD?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW...BUTCH IS A DEEP GUY...GOSH I -- I HOPE HE'S
ALL RIGHT!

BLONDIE: I HOPE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!...SITTING OUT THERE IN YOUR
UNDERWEAR! PUT THAT BLANKET AROUND YOU.

DAGWOOD: I'M GLAD WE GOT BUTCH'S CAMERA. I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO
THINK WE DIDN'T LOOK AFTER HIS THINGS. AFTER BUMPING HIS
CAR AND ALL.

SOUND: MOTOR UP

BLONDIE: HERE WE GO, DAGWOOD...THE SOONER I GET YOU HOME (GEAR IN)

DAGWOOD: OOOOOOCH! GO EASY!

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD...THAT ANKLE IS ALL SWOLLEN UP.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- YEAH. GOSH!...NO RACE FOR ME! AND NO STOVE FOR
YOU. NO CHANCE NOW.

SOUND: CAR STARTS

BLONDIE: DON'T YOU CARE, DAGWOOD! MAYBE NOW YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE
JUDGES.

DAGWOOD: WELLLLLL...MAYBE. WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT UP IN COMMITTEE...

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (STARTING UP) WHAT? HEY! WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: HOME, DEAR. LIE BACK AND REST. DON'T YOU REMEMBER, DAG?
I BROUGHT YOU HOME AND THE DOCTOR CAME AND...

DAGWOOD: DOCTOR? OH YEAH...HE GAVE ME A PILL...AND IT MADE ME
SLEEPY. HEY! WHAT'S THIS ON MY LEG?

BLONDIE: A SPLINT, DEAR. YOU HURT YOUR LEG BADLY. PULLED A TENDON.
YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP OFF IT FOR ABOUT TEN DAYS.

DAGWOOD: TEN DAYS? GOSH! NOW I CAN'T EVEN GO TO THAT OUTING!

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T FRET, DAGWOOD. ~~MAYBE WE CAN GET YOU THERE...BUT~~
~~YOU WON'T BE RUNNING ANY RACES!~~

DAGWOOD: GOSH...BUTCH WAS COUNTING ON ME FOR THAT SACK RACE! OH
SAY...NO WORD ABOUT BUTCH FROM THE HOSPITAL YET?

BLONDIE: OH YES. THAT'S WHAT I CAME TO TELL YOU. HE'S CONSCIOUS.
HE ASKED FOR SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS ~~AND INSISTED THEY LET~~
~~THEM COME IN.~~ SOME KIND OF A MEETING.

DAGWOOD: ATHLETIC COMMITTEE, I GUESS. HE -- THEY -- NO ONE ASKED
IF I COULD COME, I SUPPOSE?

BLONDIE: YOU COULDN'T GO ANYWAY.

DAGWOOD: ~~MAYBE YOU COULD PHONE AND TELL THEM I HAVE HIS CAMERA. BUT~~
if you've had discovered his car was bumped
~~DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HIS CAR BEING BUMPED. IT MIGHT~~
GIVE HIM A RELAPSE.

BLONDIE: I'VE DONE ALL THE PHONING TO THAT HOSPITAL I'M GOING TO.
~~NOW THAT MR. BUTCH MCGROARTY IS OUT OF DANGER -- EVERYONE~~
Stop worrying about him
~~SEEMS TO THINK IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD!~~ WHAT ABOUT YOU --
RUNNING ALL THAT WAY WITH A BROKEN LEG...

DAGWOOD: NOW BLONDIE -- IT ISN'T BROKEN AND I DIDN'T RUN ALL THE WAY
WITH IT. JUST ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS.

BLONDIE: I DON'T CARE. WHEN MR. BUTCH MCGROARTY IS SILLY ENOUGH TO
SIT IN A CLOSED CAR -- WITH HIS MOTOR RUNNING -- AND NEARLY
DIES -- ITS LITTLE DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD WHO SAVES HIS LIFE BY
RUNNING FASTER THAN ANY MAN EVER RAN BEFORE...

DAGWOOD: AW NOW, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WELL --- YOU CERTAINLY RAN FAST! AND ON A DARK ROAD...AND
WHAT THANKS DO YOU GET?

DAGWOOD: AW, I BET BUTCH WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ME. I'LL
BET BUTCH IS A REAL PAL WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM.

BLONDIE: WELL --- WHEN I GET TO KNOW HIM...IF I EVER DO...I'LL GIVE
HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND.

DAGWOOD: OH GOSH, BLONDIE. DON'T BE MAD AT BUTCH. IT'S NOT
HIS FAULT.

BLONDIE: IT IS TOO! ITS HIS FAULT THAT YOU GOT HURT...AND CAN'T
RUN. WHY, HE'S PRACTICALLY CHEATED ME OUT OF THAT
NEW STOVE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH I --- I AM SORRY ABOUT THE STOVE, BLONDIE. BUT ---
MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE WON IT ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: YES, YOU WOULD, TOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL THEN --- MAYBE I STILL CAN. AFTER ALL ITS A WEEK
AWAY --- ER --- DO YOU THINK THIS SPLINT WOULD SLOW ME UP
MUCH, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! I BELIEVE YOU'D REALLY TRY --- FOR ME.

DAGWOOD: SURE!..IF I COULD.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE --- YOU'RE WONDERFUL, DAGWOOD. I JUST WISH THOSE
MEN KNEW HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE.

DAGWOOD: NOW LOOK, BLONDIE. IF YOU EVER MEET ANY OF THEM -- DON'T GO TALKING LIKE THAT! GOSH, THEY'D NEVER GET THROUGH KIDDING ME.

BLONDIE: I'M NOT LIKELY TO MEET THEM. THEY SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU'RE ALIVE.

SOUND: DOOR BELL

DAGWOOD: WHO'S THAT, DO YOU SUPPOSE?

BLONDIE: (FADES) I DON'T KNOW....AT THIS HOUR.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: YES?

WAFFLE: (OFF) GOOD EVENIN'. THIS THE BUMSTEAD'S HOUSE?

BLONDIE: YES IT IS.

WAFFLE: MR. BUMSTEAD AROUND?

DAGWOOD: WHY I....I THINK IT'S WAFFLENECK...(LOUDER) HOW'S BUTCH? LET HIM IN, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) COME IN, MR. WAFFLE,

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

WAFFLE: (FADES IN) HIYA, BUMSTEAD...I...ER...I'M A COMMITTEE.

DAGWOOD: GOSH....YOU ARE?

WAFFLE: YEAH. YOUR LEG'S ON THE FRITZ I SEE. HURT MUCH?

DAGWOOD: NO. OH NO. IT'S NOTHING.

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY DOES. HE JUST WON'T ADMIT IT.

WAFFLE: WELL, A GUY'S GOT TO BE GAME, LADY, YOU KNOW. THIS KID HERE IS A REGULAR.

BLONDIE: THAT'S NO NEWS TO ME,,MR. WAFFLE.

WAFFLE: WILLIAMS! YOU'RE MRS. BUMSTEAD I GUESS....

BLONDIE: YES.

WAFFLE: GIAD TO KNOW YOU.

DAGWOOD: OH....EXCUSE ME.

WAFFLE: IT'S OKAY.

DAGWOOD: WON'T YOU SIT DOWN...ER, WAFFLENECK?

WAFFLE: NO THANKS. WHAT I GOT TO SAY, I CAN SAY BETTER STANDIN'
UP.

DAGWOOD: IF IT'S ABOUT BUTCH'S CAMERA WHY IT'S ALL RIGHT.

WAFFLE: CAMERA...OH YEAH.....NO....I...I GUESS HE WON'T WANT
THAT CAMERA FOR AWHILE....IT MIGHT MAKE HIM FEEL A LITTLE
FUNNY ABOUT....SOMETHIN'. NO....LIKE I SAY, I'M HERE AS
A COMMITTEE.

BLONDIE: WELL?

WAFFLE: WELL...IT'S LIKE THIS. BUTCH...SAYS THANKS!

BLONDIE: ABOUT TIME, TOO!

WAFFLE: YES, MAM. THE MINUTE HE COME TO AND HEARD WHAT HAPPENED,
HE CALLED A MEETIN' AND YOUR NAME COME UP, MR. BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: I SHOULD THINK IT MIGHT.

WAFFLE: YES, MAM, SO AT THIS MEETIN' WE DREW UP A --- NEW ---
RESOLUTION. HERE IT IS. IT WILL GET WRITTEN BETTER THAN
THIS BUT....I...I'M SUPPOSED TO READ IT TO YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL, GOSH.

WAFFLE: WELL, HERE GOES. "WHEREAS...IT HAS COME TO THE ATTENTION
OF THE ATHA-LETIC COMMITTEE WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT WHEN
BUTCH PASSED OUT AND DAG"....THE BOYS GOT TO CALLIN' YOU
"DAG" AT THE MEETIN'

DAGWOOD: THEY DID?

WAFFLE: YEAH....WHERE WAS I? OH YEAH....."AND DAG BUMSTEAD DID THEN AND THERE SHOW A SWELL FLASH OF SPEED, WHICH IS THE ONLY REASON SAID BUTCH IS STILL WITH US....FOR WHICH WE ARE ALL VERY GLAD...ESPECIALLY BUTCH....AND WHEREAS DAG GOT A BAD LEG AND CAN'T RUN, WHILST HE WAS SAVIN' BUTCH....AND ALSO WHEREAS....THIS COMMITTEE HAS GOT A CERTAIN SPECIAL PRIZE THAT WAS GOIN' TO BE GIVEN FOR A CERTAIN SPECIAL EVENT NEXT WEEK.....NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT HEREBY RESOLVED...(CLEARS THROAT)...RESOLVED AS FOLLOWS. FIRST THAT THIS SAID DAG BUMSTEAD IS AN OKAY MAN AND WE LIKE HIM. SECOND, THAT HE IS INVITED TO BE A JUDGE NEXT WEEK WHICH DON'T TAKE NO RUNNIN'. THIRD, THAT THE MOST OUTSTANDING EVENT OF THE WEEK WAS RUN OFF TONIGHT WITH DAG BUMSTEAD THE OUTSTANDIN' ATH-A-LETE WHO DID IT. SO HE GETS THE SAID PRIZE....WHICH IS A STOVE".....SIGNED BUTCH AND WAFFLENECK..COMMITTEE.

DAGWOOD: SAY!....GOSH.....

BLONDIE: THEN WE ARE GOING TO GET THE STOVE?

WAFFLE: LADY, YOU GOT IT. IT'S HERE. (FADES) WAIT A MINUTE...
(DOOR OPENS) (WHISTLE)....HEY, RED....MIKE, OKAY...BRING IT IN....(HEAVY FEET APPROACH,....ENTER,..FADES IN) NOW, WHERE WILL YOU HAVE IT, MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: OH, MY GOODNESS....SET IT DOWN ANYWHERE...IT MUST BE HEAVY.

DAGWOOD: NOT FOR THOSE BOYS, BLONDIE! LOOK AT THE MUSCLES! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? BUT BUTCH IS BIGGER THAN THAT EVEN.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS...PUT THE STOVE RIGHT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LIVINGROOM...OH, IT'S A BEAUTY!

SOUND: LOUD THUMP OF SETTING DOWN STOVE

WAFFLE: OKAY...SCRAM, BOYS...WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR? OH, I REMEMBER...YEAH. THEY WOULD KINDA LIKE TO SHAKE HANDS WITH YOU, DAG, IF YOU DON'T MIND..

DAGWOOD: WITH ME? OH...SURE. GLAD TO MEET YOU....I MEAN WHY?

WAFFLE:: OH YOU'RE ACES WITH ALL THE BOYS NOW. SHAKE HANDS EASY NOW, RIED. IT'S HIS LEGS ARE STRONG REMEMBER....OKAY, NOW YOU, MIKE.

DAGWOOD: SAY....I HATE TO SEE YOU FELLOWS GO AWAY SO SOON.

BLONDIE: YES, IF THIS NEW STOVE WAS ONLY HOOKED UP I'D GET YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING TO EAT.

DAGWOOD: THE OLD STOVE STILL WORKS, BLONDIE...OR MAYBE A SANDWICH.

WAFFLE: NAW...LISTEN, YOU COULDN'T FEED THE WHOLE MOB.

BLONDIE: MOB?

WAFFLE: YEAH...SEE...SOME OF THE CROWD WANTED TO COME ALONG AND GET A LOOK AT DAG, HERE...THEY THINK HE'S A CHAMP AT LEAST.

BLONDIE: WHERE ARE THEY?

WAFFLE: DOWN IN THE STREET...I'LL GO TELL 'EM DAG CAN'T BE BOTHERED NOW.

DAGWOOD: GOSH, I'M SORRY...I....I COULD HOLLER FROM THE WINDOW... OR LIKE THAT.

WAFFLE: GREAT. MAKE A LITTLE SPEECH. JUST SAY SOMETHIN' SIMPLE LIKE..."GREETINGS FROM THE CHAMP." (GOING) I'LL GO TELL 'EM TO WATCH...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT WAS THAT SPEECH WE SAID YOU WERE GOIN' TO MAKE WHEN YOU WON THE TWO MILE EVENT ON MONDAY?

DAGWOOD: I....GOSH I FORGOT.

BLONDIE: OH! IT WAS..."THANKS, BOYS...I'M VERY HAPPY."

"BLONDIE"
8/28/39

--24--

GOODWIN: AND SO WE LEAVE BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. NEXT MONDAY WE INVITE YOU TO LISTEN AGAIN TO NEW ADVENTURES OF THIS FAMILY MADE FAMOUS BY CHIC YOUNG'S POPULAR KING FEATURES COMIC STRIP. BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND ARTHUR LAKE --

THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES WHO BRING YOU "BLONDIE" OVER THE AIR EACH MONDAY HAVE TWO OTHER RADIO TREATS FOR YOU THIS SUMMER. TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE SAME STATIONS -- BOB CROSBY AND HIS SENSATIONAL DIXIELAND BAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD. ON SATURDAYS --- OVER ANOTHER NETWORK -- BENNY GOODMAN AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF MASTER SWING MUSICIANS BRING 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)

OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZT, WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES -- GOODNIGHT.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.