

Blondie
Wm. G. ...
100 ... "BLONDIE"

OK
10/9/39

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1939

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST.

BLONDIE: YOU CAN'T GO OUT NOW. THIS IS BLONDIE...YOU'VE GOT A
DATE WITH ME!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER FOR:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE TO VISIT CHIC
YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A
WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.
CAMEL CIGARETTES SMOKE COOLER AND MILDER. THE DELICATE
FLAVOR OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS NEVER TIRES
YOUR TASTE. AND BECAUSE THEY ARE SLOW-BURNING, CAMELS
GIVE EXTRA SMOKING IN EVERY PACK. THERE, IN A FEW WORDS,
IS THE STORY OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CIGARETTE.
YOU'LL LIKE CAMELS...THEIR PLEASING MILDNESS....THEIR
SUPERB FLAVOR AND AROMA...AND YOU'LL LIKE THEM EVEN MORE
WHEN YOU DISCOVER JUST HOW MUCH OF A SAVING TO YOUR
POCKETBOOK THERE IS IN CAMEL'S LONG-BURNING QUALITIES.
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. YES -- EQUAL ON
THE AVERAGE TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

(CONTINUED)

51455 5581

"BLONDIE" 1-A
10/ 9/39

GOODWIN: AND YOU'LL ENJOY THAT EXTRA SMOKING ALL THE MORE BECAUSE
(Cont'd) IT'S THE RIGHT KIND OF SMOKING -- THE COOLER, MILDER,
TASTIER SMOKING THAT YOU CAN ENJOY STEADILY. THERE'S
MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK IN
LONG-BURNING CAMELS...PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE'RE ALL SET FOR A LITTLE JOURNEY WITH THE
BUMPSTEADS. THEY'VE BEEN ~~TO NEW YORK~~^{East} TO SEE THE WORLD
SERIES AND WE FIND THEM IN ~~THE ORIGINAL~~^{the original} STATION HURRYING
ALONG THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN FOR ~~INDIAN POINTS~~^{the station} WHERE THEY
ARE TO STOP ON THE WAY HOME FOR THE WEDDING OF BLONDIE'S
OLD MAID AUNT BESSIE. THEY LOOK A LITTLE ANXIOUS AS THEY
SCAN THE CARS AND AS WE JOIN THEM BLONDIE SPEAKS.

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING...PICK UP YOUR FEET.

BABY: I'M TIRED, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: SO AM I, BUT WE HAVE TO FIND OUR CAR BEFORE THE TRAIN
STARTS.

BABY: ...AN' I WANT A BANANA.

BLONDIE: NOW, BABY, WAIT TILL WE'RE SETTLED IN OUR SEATS. WHAT'S
THE NAME OF OUR CAR, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S CAR THIRTY-ONE.

BLONDIE: IT MUST HAVE A NAME. ALL THE CARS HAVE. EVEN THE DINING
CAR. LOOK, THEY CALL THAT MOUNT DESSERT.

BABY: I BET THEY'VE GOT A BANANA.

DAGWOOD: QUIET, BABY. HERE'S A CAR NAMED LAKE STAGNANT.

BLONDIE: AND THIS ONE'S MINNIEWANNAHACHACHOBIE.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE THAT'S A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR. HMM GENERAL STILTON
...MOUNT FROSTBITE...FORT BOYSENBERRY. I WONDER WHO
NAMES PULLMAN CARS.

BLONDIE: I THINK THEY GET THE NAMES OUT OF OLD CROSSWORD PUZZLES.

DAGWOOD: I COULD THINK UP BETTER NAMES THAN THESE. BOY, THAT'S A
JOB I'D LIKE TO HAVE.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A PLACE TO SIT DOWN.

BABY: I'D LIKE TO HAVE A BANANA.

BLONDIE: NOW, DON'T TEASE, BABY DUMPLING AND PLEASE PICK UP YOUR FEET.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BABY. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME. WHEN WE'RE ON OUR WAY I'LL BUY YOU A BANANA.

BABY: YOU SAID YOU'D BUY ME ONE IN THE STATION.

DAGWOOD: I TRIED TO, BUT THE FRUIT STAND MAN SAID AN EXCURSION TRAIN HAD JUST LEFT AND THEY WERE ALL SOLD OUT.

BLONDIE: THIS MUST BE OUR CAR, DAGWOOD. IT'S THE LAST ONE.

DAGWOOD: THIS IS CAR THIRTEEN.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN THE NUMBERS TWISTED. ASK THE PORTER.

DAGWOOD: I FEEL SILLY ASKING PEOPLE QUESTIONS ALL THE TIME. THEY'LL THINK WE NEVER TRAVELED BEFORE.

BLONDIE: WELL, WE NEVER HAVE MUCH. I'LL ASK HIM. PORTER!

PORTER: YES, MA'AM.

BLONDIE: WE'RE LOOKING FOR THIRTY-ONE.

PORTER: AIN'T THAT TOO BAD?

DAGWOOD: YES -- WHAT???? HOW DO YOU MEAN?

PORTER: THEAH MUST'A BEEN SOME MISCLASSIFICATION IN YOUR ITINERARY. THIS HEAH TRAIN DON' CARRY NO CAH THIRTY-ONE.

DAGWOOD: BUT WE'VE GOT TICKETS FOR IT A WHOLE SECTION. UPPER BERTH AND LOWER BERTH.

PORTER: YESSUH. THIS IS THE ONLIEST CAH WHICH IS GOT SECTIONS ONTO IT ON THIS HEAH TRAIN.

BLONDIE: THEN WE MUST BE IN THIRTEEN, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: THIRTEEN!!! DOESN'T THE RAILROAD KNOW THAT'S AN UNLUCKY NUMBER.

PORTER: YASSUH. THEY KNOWS IT, ALL RIGHT. THAT'S WHY THEY PUT IT THE END OF THE TRAIN. THEY FIGGER NO USE MESSIN' UP THE WHOLE THING.

DAGWOOD: FINE THING! PUTTING US IN CAR THIRTEEN.

BLONDIE: THERE'S NO USE ARGUING ABOUT IT NOW, DAGWOOD. TELL THE PORTER TO TAKE OUR BAGS INSIDE.

DAGWOOD: WHERE ARE THEY?

BLONDIE: PILED THERE IN THE VESTIBULE. THERE'S MY OVERNIGHT BAG AND BABY'S ZIPPER RIGHT ON TOP.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I SUPPOSE THEY'VE GOT MY NEW BROWN SUITCASE RIGHT ON THE BOTTOM! HEY, GEORGE!

PORTER: YASSUH.

BABY: WHY DO YOU CALL ALL THE PORTERS GEORGE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: ALL EXPERIENCED TRAVELERS CALL 'EM THAT. (UP) AH... GEORGE!

PORTER: YASSUH. YOU ALL RIDIN' WITH ME?

DAGWOOD: YES. WE ALL ARE. BRING IN THAT BAG AND THAT ONE AND A BROWN SUITCASE -- A NEW ONE.

PORTER: YAS SUH...LESSEE NOW...WHICH SECTION IS YO' OCCUPYIN'?

DAGWOOD: EH? OH...YEA...YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT...HEY, BLONDIE
...WHAT'S OUR SECTION NUMBER?

BLONDIE: IT'S ON THE TICKETS, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: OH SURE...JUST A MINUTE, GEORGE.

PORTER: YAS SUH. YO' JES TAKE ANY SEAT FOR THE INTERUM TILL
YOU FINDS OUT WHERE IS YOU GOIN' TO BE AT (FADES)
BE WITH YO' DIRECTLY...

DAGWOOD: YEA...(TAKE) HEY! BLONDIE! I --- I CAN'T FIND THE
TICKETS! I MUST HAVE LEFT THEM HOME...COME ON, LET'S
GET OFF QUICK!

BABY: DADDY...WHEN WE GET OFF CAN I HAVE A BANANA?

BLONDIE: SHHHH, BABY. NOW, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: GOSH, BLONDIE...WHY DIDN'T YOU THINK OF THE TICKETS?

BLONDIE: I DID.

DAGWOOD: WELL, JUST THE SAME (TAKE) WHAT?

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GET LOST...SO I PINNED THEM
INSIDE YOUR VEST.

DAGWOOD: PHEW! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT (TAKE) WHAT? PINNED
THEM...IN MY VEST? HOW AM I GOING TO GET AT THEM?

BLONDIE: JUST UNPIN THEM, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: NOW HOW IS THAT GOING TO LOOK? A GROWN MAN STANDING
IN THE MIDDLE OF A TRAIN UNPINNING HIS VEST...LIKE A
KID.

PORTER: (FADES IN) YASSUH. HERE WE IS. YO' FIND DEM
TICKETS OKAY?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- YES...ER...NO. I MEAN I --- I KNOW WHERE THEY
ARE.

BABY: THEY'RE PINNED INSIDE HIS VEST!

DAGWOOD: BABY! I --- I'LL GO INTO THE SMOKING ROOM, BLONDIE --
AND --- ER -- GET THEM.

BABY: HI, GEORGE.

PORTER: YASSUH.

BABY: IS YOUR NAME GEORGE, GEORGE?

PORTER: NAWSUH! STRICTLY SPEAKIN', MY NAME IS MONTMORENCY.

BABY: ARE YOU GOING TO INDIANAPOLIS, TOO?

PORTER: YASSUH.

BABY: DO YOU KNOW MY AUNT BESSIE?

PORTER: NAWSUH. DON'T RECKON I DO.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND BABY. DID YOU FIND MR. BUMPSTEAD'S NEW BROWN
BAG, MONTMORENCY?

PORTER: NO, MAM. NOT YET. THAT MAKES THREE AH KAIN'T FIND SO FAR!

BLONDIE: OH, MY...DO YOU OFTEN LOSE BAGS LIKE THAT?

PORTER: IT AIN'T NEVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFO! THIS YEAH IS MAH
FUST TRIP!

SNEEVIL: (AWAY) GEORGE!

PORTER: YAS SUH (GOING) COMIN', SUH...RIGHT AWAY, SUH.

BLONDIE: THE POOR MAN...THEY'VE CERTAINLY GOT HIM JUMPING!

BABY: MOMMIE...I WANT A BANANA NOW.

BLONDIE: NO, BABY. NOT TILL AFTER THE TRAIN STARTS. JUST SIT
BACK IN THAT SEAT AND RELAX. I'LL PUT YOUR BAG HERE...
AND MINE HERE! NOW THEN! MY IT FEELS GOOD TO GET OFF
MY FEET...AND...

PORTER: YASSUH. RIGHT HEAH'S YO' SEAT, SUH. 'SCUSE ME, LADY,
BUT AH SPECTS AH HAS TO MOVE YO...

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR...COME, BABY.

PORTER: JES TAKE ANY LIL OLE EMPTY SEAT, MAM, TILL AH CATCHES WITH THE CURRENT OF EVENTS.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) BLONDIE. HEY, GEORGE! WHERE'S MY WIFE AND BABY!

SOUND: LOCOMOTIVE BELL FAINT...KEEP UNDER

BLONDIE: (TALKS OVER BELL) OVER HERE, DEAR! WHY...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: (HOARSE WHISPER) THEY ARIEN'T IN MY VEST. THEY'RE GONE! LOOK...NO PINS...NO TICKETS.

BLONDIE: WHY, THAT'S YOUR BLUE VEST, DAGWOOD. THE TICKETS ARE PINNED TO YOUR GREY VEST.

DAGWOOD: WHAT? WHY ARE THEY?

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU'RE WEARING YOUR GREY SUIT, DEAR...YOU JUST PUT ON YOUR BLUE VEST IN THE EXCITEMENT OF GETTING READY.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT EXCITED. I JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THINGS ARE. HEY...WHERE IS MY GREY VEST?

BLONDIE: THAT'S PROBABLY WITH YOUR BLUE SUIT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT'S IN MY BROWN BAG.

PORTER: YASSUH...YO' FINE THOSE TICKETS OKAY?

DAGWOOD: NO...NO...SEE THEY'RE PINNED TO MY GREY BAG IN MY BROWN VEST...I MEAN...ER...LISTEN! WHERE IS THAT BAG, GEORGE?

BABY: HIS NAME'S MONTMORENCY. (ENGINE PUFFS FAINTLY, AWAY)

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T HELP THAT...I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT BAG OF MINE RIGHT AWAY. A NEW BROWN BAG, SEE? NOW WHERE IS IT?

PORTER: THAT'S WHUT SEEMS TO BE MISSIN'.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T FOUND THAT BAG YET?

BLONDIE: HE'S LOST TWO OTHERS SINCE HE STARTED TO LOOK FOR YOURS.

DAGWOOD: LOST! LISTEN...ALL MY CLOTHES ARE IN THERE.

BLONDIE: AND OUR WEDDING PRESENT FOR AUNT BESSIE!

DAGWOOD: AND OUR TICKETS -- COME ON, BLONDIE -- WE'LL HAVE TO
GET OFF -- QUICK!

PORTER: CAIN'T GET OFF NOW NOHOW, SUH. WE HAS DEPARTED.

DAGWOOD: WHAT? (BELL AND ENGINE UP A LITTLE)

PORTER: WE IS ON ROUTE!

BLONDIE: WE'RE MOVING, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: GOSH WE ARE!! WE -- WE'VE STARTED!

BABY: OKAY, DADDY, NOW CAN I HAVE A BANANA? (ENGINE TRAIN
WHISTLE AND BELL UP)

ORCHESTRA: (TRAIN MUSIC IN AND UP)

BLONDIE: HE'S LOST TWO OTHERS SINCE HE STARTED TO LOOK FOR YOURS.

DAGWOOD: LOST! LISTEN...ALL MY CLOTHES ARE IN THERE.

BLONDIE: AND OUR WEDDING PRESENT FOR AUNT BESSIE!

DAGWOOD: AND OUR TICKETS -- COME ON, BLONDIE -- WE'LL HAVE TO GET
OFF -- QUICK!

ORCHESTRA: (TRAIN MUSIC UP AND OUT)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, WE SIMPLY HAVE TO FIND THAT SUITCASE. WE CAN'T
GO TO AUNT BESSIE'S WEDDING WITHOUT HER WEDDING PRESENT.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, BLONDIE. I'VE LOST THREE SUITS AND A LOT OF SHIRTS,
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED AUNT
BESSIE AND HER WEDDING CAN JUMP IN THE LAKE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S JUST LIKE A MAN. YOU'VE PROBABLY HAD FIFTY SUITS
AT ONE TIME AND ANOTHER AND AUNT BESSIE'S NEVER HAD ONE
SINGLE HUSBAND.

DAGWOOD: I SUPPOSE THAT'S MY FAULT.

BLONDIE: NO, BUT YOU COULD AT LEAST WORRY. MY GOODNESS! THE WHOLE
FAMILY'S BEEN TRYING TO GET AUNT BESSIE MARRIED FOR AS
LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER.

DAGWOOD: SHE CERTAINLY MUST BE A BEAUTY!

BLONDIE: YOU NEEDN'T BE SARCASTIC. SHE'S A VERY REMARKABLE WOMAN.
SHE'S JUST BEEN UNFORTUNATE.

DAGWOOD: SHE'S BEEN UNFORTUNATE! HOW ABOUT US, IF IT WASN'T FOR
HER, WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD. HOW CAN YOU BLAME AUNT BESSIE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF SHE'D MARRIED THAT OLD COOT SHE HAD ON THE STRING
A LONG TIME AGO, WE WOULDN'T BE HERE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S THE GENTLEMAN SHE'S MARRYING NOW. MR. SNEEVIL.
THEY'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR THIRTEEN YEARS. I THINK AUNT
BESSIE'S BEEN VERY PATIENT.

DAGWOOD: I THINK SNEEVIL'S BEEN FAST ON HIS FEET.

BLONDIE: THAT ISN'T IT -- HE JUST TRAVELS A LOT.

DAGWOOD: SHE CERTAINLY MUST WANT A MAN BAD -- TO MARRY A GUY NAMED SNEEVIL. WHAT A NAME.

BLONDIE: NOW, LISTEN TO ME, DAGWOOD. BE VERY CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY TO MR. SNEEVIL. HE'S SENSITIVE. ONE WRONG MOVE FROM ANY OF OUR FAMILY AND HE'S LIKELY TO GO OFF ON ANOTHER OF HIS LONG TRIPS...

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, BLONDIE -- I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. HE'S NOT MARRYING ME!

BLONDIE: HE'S MARRYING INTO OUR FAMILY -- AND WE ALL HAVE TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION. IF ANY OF US ARE RUDE TO HIM -- IT'LL SCARE HIM OFF. (SIGHS) HE DOES TRAVEL SO EASILY!

DAGWOOD: IF HE CAN LOOK AT AUNT BESSIE FOR THIRTEEN YEARS WITHOUT GETTING SCARED OFF HE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO STAND ME.

BLONDIE: WELL, JUST BE EXTRA NICE TO HIM, DAGWOOD. ALL THE REST OF OUR FAMILY ARE HOLDING THEIR BREATH TILL THIS WEDDING IS OVER. IF YOU WERE THE ONE TO SPOIL IT -- THEY'D NEVER FORGIVE YOU.

DAGWOOD: GOSH, BLONDIE -- DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'LL HELP GET AUNT BESSIE LAUNCHED! ONLY RIGHT NOW -- I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY CLOTHES! WHERE DID THAT PORTER GO TO?

BLONDIE: MAYBE HE'S IN THE SMOKING ROOM. OH! DID YOU LOOK IN THERE FOR YOUR BAG, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OF COURSE, I DID!

BLONDIE: WELL, LOOK AGAIN...AND HAVE A SMOKE WHILE YOUR IN THERE. IT'LL SOOTH YOUR NERVES...(WHISTLE)
(MUSIC REPEATS LAST INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: ER --- EXCUSE ME...

SNEEVIL: DON'T APOLOGIZE. SMOKING ROOMS PUBLIC. COME IN. COME IN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THANKS.

SNEEVIL: SIT DOWN. SIT DOWN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OKAY. I AM KIND OF TIRED...

SNEEVIL: HAD A HARD TRIP, EH? BUSINESS BAD! NO SALES! WHAT'S YOUR LINE, BROTHER?

DAGWOOD: MY BUSINESS? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU...

SNELL: MINE IS ANCHORS.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT SO? ANCHORS FOR SHIPS?

SNELL: IT'S NOT MY BUSINESS WHAT THEY DO WITH THEM. I SELL ANCHORS AND SHEEP-DIP.

DAGWOOD: ANCHORS AND SHEEP-DIP?

SNELL: WHAT'S WRONG WITH SHEEP-DIP?

DAGWOOD: WHY -- NOTHING I GUESS... ONLY THEY'RE SO DIFFERENT.

SNELL: WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE DIFFERENT? AM I GOING TO CARRY A SIDELINE IN COMPETITION WITH MYSELF?

DAGWOOD: IS THE SHEEP-DIP YOUR SIDELINE?

SNELL: NOT IN WYOMING.

DAGWOOD: OH THAT'S WHERE YOU SELL THE SHEEP-DIP?

SNELL: WOULD I SELL ANCHORS IN WYOMING? WHY, LISTEN! IF I OFFERED THOSE RANCHERS JUST ONE ANCHOR -- I'D LOSE THEIR CONFIDENCE!

DAGWOOD: YEA... THAT'S RIGHT. WYOMING WOULD BE POOR PICKINGS.

SNELL: YOU CALL SELLING FIVE THOUSAND BARRELS OF SHEEP-DIP POOR PICKINGS?

DAGWOOD: NO... THAT'S GOOD.

SNELL: YOU CALL THAT GOOD, EH? WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE ORDER I'M GOING TO GET IN NEW YORK?

DAGWOOD: HOW MANY BARRELS?

SNELL: BARRELS OF WHAT?

DAGWOOD: SHEEP-DIP!

SNELL: SHEEP-DIP? WHAT WOULD MY NEW YORK MAN DO WITH SHEEP-DIP?

"BLONDIE"
10/9/39

-11-

DAGWOOD: WHY...DIP SHEEP IN IT, I GUESS.

SNELL: WHERE IS THIS MAN GOING TO PUT SHEEP --- ON A BOAT?

DAGWOOD: OH, HE HAS A BOAT?

SNELL: IF HE DIDN'T HAVE A BOAT WHY WOULD I BE SELLING HIM
A TWO TON DOUBLE FLANGE ANCHOR?

DAGWOOD: OH...I GET IT NOW... YOU SELL ANCHORS ON THE
SEA-COAST AND SHEEP-DIP IN WYOMING. GOSH THAT
TAKES A LOT OF TRAVELING.

SNELL: I FOUND THAT OUT. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT TO GIVE UP
MY SIDELINE.

DAGWOOD: WHICH ONE IS THAT?

SNELL: WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DAGWOOD: I --- I CAN'T THINK VERY WELL...SEE --- I'M WORRIED
ABOUT LOSING MY NEW SUITCASE WITH ALL MY CLOTHES
AND THE TICKETS AND...

SNELL: LET'S NOT CHANGE THE SUBJECT! THIS IS IMPORTANT
TO ME. WHAT DOES THE WORLD NEED MOST? SHEEP OR
SHIPS? SHIPS OR SHEEP? A BIG QUESTION, YOUNG MAN.

DAGWOOD: TOO BIG FOR ME, I GUESS...BETTER ASK SOMEONE ELSE.

"BLONDIE"
10/9/39

-12-

SNEEVIL: A GOOD IDEA. WE'LL GET A THIRD PARTY, AND JUST TO BE PERFECTLY FAIR, YOU ARGUE FOR SHEEP DIP AND I'LL ARGUE FOR ANCHORS...NOW....

PORTER: (COMING IN) YO' FIND YO' BAG YET, SUH?

SNEEVIL: AH! HERE'S OUR MAN.

PORTER: WHO...ME?

SNEEVIL: REMEMBER, YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE SHEEP-DIP AND I'M ANCHORS. YOU GO FIRST.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ANYTHING TO OBLIGE. ER -- LISTEN, MONTMORENCY. YOU KNOW WHERE WYOMING IS?

PORTER: GOLLY...DID YOU LOSE THAT, TOO?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...IT'S A STATE...IT'S FULL OF SHEEP.

PORTER: NOBODY LIVES DERE BUT SHREEPS?

DAGWOOD: SURE THEY DO. NOW...SAY FOR INSTANCE...YOU LIVE IN WYOMING....

PORTER: WHAT'S I DOIN' OUT THERE?

DAGWOOD: RAISING SHEEP.

PORTER: HOW MUCH THEY PAYIN' ME FER THAT?

DAGWOOD: WHY...YOU DON'T GET A SALARY.

PORTER: THEN I QUIT.

DAGWOOD: NO--NO, I JUST MEAN THAT YOU OWN THESE SHEEP. SO TO MAKE MONEY YOU HAVE TO KEEP THEM IN GOOD SHAPE. NOW THE WHOLE WORLD IS WAITING -- FOR LAMB CHOPS AND WOOL. PRICES ARE UP!

PORTER: HOT ZIGGITY!

DAGWOOD: BUT WAIT! YOU'RE SHEEP ARE FULL OF TICKS AND STUFF.
THEY NEED TO GET -- ER -- DIPPED. BUT YOU'RE ALL OUT
OF SHEEP-DIP. YOU ORDERED IT, BUT IT HASN'T GOT THERE.
THE SHEEP ARE STANDING AROUND MOOING AND YOU'RE
WATCHING THE ROAD FOR HELP. LOOK! THERE'S A LITTLE
CLOUD OF DUST!

PORTER: WHUT'S THAT COMIN'?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S ME IN A WAGON WITH FIVE BARRELS OF SHEEP-DIP.
I'M WHIPPING THE HORSES....I'M GETTING NEARER....

PORTER: COME ON SHEEP-DIP!

DAGWOOD: HERE I COME! HERE I AM.

PORTER: MISTAH...YOU JUS' MADE IT!

DAGWOOD: YEA...BUT SUPPOSE I GOT OUT OF THE WAGON AND HANDED YOU
AN ANCHOR!

PORTER: WHO HANDS WHO WHUT ANCHOR? AH, DON'T WANT TO ANCHOR!

DAGWOOD: THERE YOU ARE, MR -- ER --. YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP SELLING
ANCHORS!

SNELL: NOW WAIT A MINUTE! MONTMORENCY! YOU DON'T LIVE IN
WYOMING AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SHEEP TO YOUR NAME.

PORTER: UM-HMMM....THAT WAS SOON OVER!

SNELL: YOU'RE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. IT'S
A DARK STORMY NIGHT....THE WIND HOWLS AND THE WAVES ROAR.
A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES THE MAST...YOU'RE ON THE
DECK....

PORTER: WAS ON THE DECK....

SNELL: NO, YOU STAY THERE. YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN, AND YOUR SHIP
IS DRIFTING TOWARD A REEF.

PORTER: HOW AH GET IN A MESS LIKE THAT?

SNELL: HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET OUT OF IT? NOW HERE'S THIS YOUNG FELLOW COMING.

PORTER: WHEN HE LEAVE WYOMING?

SNELL: NEVER MIND. HE'S ON THE SHIP, AND SO AM I. I'VE GOT AN ANCHOR AND HE'S GOT SHEEP-DIP. WHICH ONE DO YOU TAKE:

PORTER: BOSS, I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE REST. THIS STORM WORE ME OUT.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK MONTMORENCY IS INTERESTED IN THIS. SEE -- WE'RE BOTH WORRIED ABOUT THAT BAG I LOST AND...

SNELL: SO THAT'S IT! YOU COME IN HERE AND START AN ARGUMENT. WASTE MY TIME -- AND THEN WALK OUT ON ME!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- BUT LISTEN...

SNELL: YOU LISTEN! YOU THINK YOU CAN BELITTLE THE ANCHOR BUSINESS, EH?

DAGWOOD: NO...NO.....LOOK.....

SNELL: WELL, YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

DAGWOOD: BUT...

SNELL: ALL RIGHT! SAY NO MORE! BUT, YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS, MY MAN! NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

SOUND: WHISTLE

ORCHESTRA: (TRAIN MUSIC IN UNDER LAST LINE...NOW UP TO COVER)

BUTCH: (AWAY) MAGAZINES, PEANUTS -- SOUVENIR POSTCARDS...

BLONDIE: HERE COMES THE CANDY MAN AGAIN.

BABY: IS HE BRINGING MY BANANA?

BLONDIE: HE SAID HE WOULD. I HOPE DADDY CAN FIND US. WE'VE BEEN MOVED TWICE SINCE HE LEFT.

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) BLOOOONDIE!!

BABY: THERE HE IS.

BLONDIE: HERE WE ARE, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) I COULDN'T FIND IT, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR. WELL -- WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I MET A MAN IN THE SMOKING ROOM. A GROUCHY GUY. HE HAD ME SELLING SHEEP-DIP IN A STORM AT SEA.

BLONDIE: WELL -- THAT'S NOT MUCH WORSE THAN OUR BEING ON A FAST TRAIN WITHOUT ANY TICKETS. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT BAG, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE EXCEPT IN THE WATER COOLER.

BLONDIE: DID YOU LOOK IN THE PRIVATE ROOMS?

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: THE DRAWING ROOMS...LIKE THIS ONE RIGHT BEHIND US.

DAGWOOD: SAY! I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT. LISTEN! YOU KEEP YOUR EYE OUT AND I'LL JUST OPEN THE DOOR A CRACK AND PEEK IN.

BLONDIE: I HOPE THERE'S NONE IN THERE.

DAGWOOD: NO...IT BELONGS TO THAT GUY WHO'S IN THE SMOKING ROOM. SAY! HE'S JUST THE TYPE TO STEAL A BAG.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S IN THERE YET.

DAGWOOD: HE'S JUST THE TYPE...I'M GOING TO LOOK.

BLONDIE: THE CANDY BUTCHER'S COMING. DON'T LET HIM SEE...

DAGWOOD: HE'S BUSY SELLING THAT OLD LADY A COPY OF "PARISIANNE FOLLIES." I'LL SLIP IN THE ROOM AND CLOSE THE DOOR TILL HE GOES BY. (GOES) HERE I GO.

BUTCHER: (COMING CLOSER) POSTCARDS, PEANUTS...PERIODICALS...

BABY: HEY! YOU GOT MY BANANA?

BUTCH: (COMING IN) SAY...I FORGOT THAT AGAIN. MAYBE YOU BETTER TAKE A CHOCOLATE BAR THIS TIME.

BABY: I WANNA BANANA!

BUTCH: (GOING) WELL, NEXT TRIP SURE. (FADES) WHO'S THE NEXT HERE...PEANUTS, POSTCARDS...ETC.

DAGWOOD: PSSSST. BLONDIE, LOOK!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! YOU FOUND IT?

DAGWOOD: IT WAS IN THERE! RIGHT ON THE SEAT! CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT GRIP SNATCHER'S NERVE. STEALING MY BAG AND THEN GIVING ME AN ARGUMENT. I KNEW HE WAS A PHONY.

BLONDIE: MAKE SURE NOTHING IS MISSING OUT OF IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I'M TRYING TO OPEN IT NOW. THIS LOCK IS STUCK!

BLONDIE: LOOK FOR THE TICKETS FIRST.

DAGWOOD: YEA. YEA. WHY SHOULD THIS LOCK STICK ON A NEW BAG?

BLONDIE: MAYBE IT'S LOCKED. WHERE'S THE KEY?

DAGWOOD: THE KEY'S IN THE BAG.

BLONDIE: WE'VE GOT TO OPEN IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST. I'M GOING TO CUT IT OPEN.

BLONDIE: IT'LL SPOIL THE BAG.

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T HELP THAT. HERE GOES.

SOUND: RIPPING LEATHER

DAGWOOD: THERE NOW! I'LL REACH IN AND...(TAKE) HEY!

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: WHO PUT THIS IN MY BAG?....A BIG SILVER FRAME WITH A PICTURE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! -- THAT'S A PICTURE OF AUNT BESSIE!

BABY: OOH, LOOKIT! HERE'S A TOY BATTLESHIP.

BLONDIE: A BATTLESHIP --- AND AUNT BESSIE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH....WITH OVERSIZED ANCHORS!...THE BATTLE SHIP, I MEAN.
HEY, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE IN HERE.

BLONDIE: BOTTLES OF SOMETHING!

DAGWOOD: OH, MY GOLLY, IT'S SHEEP-DIP!

BLONDIE: WHO PUT AUNT BESSIE IN SHEEP-DIP?

SNEEVIL: (COMING) SHEEP-DIP! MY SHEEP-DIP! OUT OF MY BAG! AND
TAKE YOUR THIEVING HANDS OFF MY BESSIE'S PICTURE.

BLONDIE: YOUR BESSIE???

SNEEVIL: I FOLLOWED THIS MAN! I KNEW HE WAS A CROOK!

BABY: HE IS NOT!

DAGWOOD: NO...NO! I CAN EXPLAIN.

SNEEVIL: EXPLAIN! YOU STOLE MY BAG. OUT OF MY DRAWING ROOM...
RIFLED IT!

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT IT WAS MY BAG.

SNEEVIL: A FINE STORY. LOOK AT MY BRAND NEW BAG! SLASHED OPEN!

DAGWOOD: WELL, MINE WAS NEW TOO, AND ---

SNEEVIL: DON'T TRY TO BRAZEN IT OUT. YOU CAN'T FOOL GIDEON K.
SNEEVIL!

DAGWOOD: SNEEVIL!

BLONDIE: MR. SNEEVIL --- OH, DAGWOOD!

SNEEVIL: I'VE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED! --- CONDUCTOR! (GOING)
WE'LL SEE IF THERE'S A LAW IN THIS LAND. CONDUCTOR!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. IT'S MR. SNEEVIL, AUNT BESSIE'S ...
FIANCE. THAT WAS HIS BAG!

DAGWOOD: BUT ---

BLONDIE: YOU'VE DONE IT! YOU'VE RUINED AUNT BESSIE'S LIFE!
(CRYING AS SHE FADES) OHHHH, THE FAMILY WILL NEVER
FORGIVE YOU!

"BLONDIE"
10/9/39

--18--

DAGWOOD: HEY --- BLONDIE...BLONDIEEEE!

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE

ORCHESTRA: (TRAIN MUSIC IN SEGUE TO THEME AND UNDER)

GOODWIN: (COMMERCIAL)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND OUT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!
AND THAT HOLDS TRUE FOR EVERY SMOKER -- NO MATTER WHERE
YOU LIVE -- OR WHAT YOU'RE ACCUSTOMED TO PAYING PER PACK
FOR YOUR CIGARETTES.
FOR EXAMPLE -- 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. IN THIS WAY:
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.
IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THERE ARE NO ADDED
TAXES ON CIGARETTES -- THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS.
SO FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST -- AND ECONOMY, TOO,
TURN TO CAMELS. THEY ARE YOUR SHREWDEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG AND OUT)

GOODWIN: AND NOW THE NIGHT HAS PASSED AND WE FIND THE SPEEDING
TRAIN HAS CARRIED THE BUMSTEDS HUNDREDS OF MILES FURTHER
WEST. SUNLIGHT STREAMING INTO THE DINING CAR -- FINDS
BLONDIE CHATTING ACROSS THE TABLE WITH NONE OTHER THAN
SNEEVIL! (TRAIN WHISTLE AWAY)

BLONDIE: THE WAY YOU EXPLAIN IT, MR. SNEEVIL YOUR WORK IS JUST FASCINATING.

SNEEVIL: NOT EVERY WOMAN IS SMART ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND THAT. I'M CERTAINLY GLAD I MET YOU.

BLONDIE: IT'S MUTUAL. (COYLY) OF COURSE WE'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THAT ANY MAN WHO COULD WIN AUNT BESSIE WOULD HAVE TO BE PERFECTLY CHARMING.

SNEEVIL: AH, BESSIE WILL BE PROUD WHEN I TELL HER HOW EASILY YOU SOLVED MY PROBLEM. NOW I WON'T HAVE TO GIVE UP SELLING ANCHORS OR SHEEP-DIP.

BLONDIE: OH, MY HUSBAND FIGURED THAT OUT.

SNEEVIL: HE DID?

BLONDIE: YES, INDEED, THE MINUTE HE CONCENTRATED HE HAD THE ANSWER. HE KNEW RIGHT AWAY THAT IF YOU SOLD TO BOATS THAT CARRY SHEEP THEY'D NEED BOTH.

SNEEVIL: SPLENDID! WHAT A BUSINESS I'LL DO WITH CATTLE BOATS. YOUR HUSBAND MUST BE A VERY BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN.

BLONDIE: HE IS. YOU'LL LIKE HIM WHEN YOU KNOW HIM.

SNEEVIL: IF HE'S YOUR HUSBAND I'M SURE I WILL. (DRYLY) THOUGH HE DOES MAKE A VERY PECULIAR FIRST IMPRESSION.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD HAS A LOVELY NATURE REALLY. HE WAS JUST EXCITED ABOUT LOSING HIS BAG.

SNEEVIL: I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY FOUND IT.

BLONDIE: YES. WASN'T IT SILLY OF US? IT WAS RIGHT UNDER THE FIRST SEAT WE SAT IN.

SNEEVIL: IT WAS EXACTLY LIKE MY BAG, TOO. I'M SORRY I WAS SO HASTY.

BLONDIE: WELL IT'S ALL OVER NOW.

SNEEVIL: NO IT ISN'T. NO SNEEVIL EVER FAILS TO RIGHT A WRONG.
I MUST GO TO YOUR HUSBAND AND APOLOGIZE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S VERY GENEROUS, MR. SNEEVIL.

SNEEVIL: NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL. ONE OF DEAR BESSIE'S RELATIVES
WE MUST BE FRIENDS. WHERE IS HE NOW?

BLONDIE: HE'S BACK IN THE OBSERVATION CAR. HE SEEMED TO WANT TO
BE ALONE.

SNEEVIL: DEAR ME! DID OUR LITTLE FALLING OUT DISTURB HIS NIGHT'S
REST?

BLONDIE: POOR DAGWOOD HARDLY SLEPT A WINK, AND BABY DUMPLING WAS
UP AT DAYBREAK RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE AISLES. IT WAS
SO NICE OF YOU TO LET BABY TAKE A NAP IN YOUR DRAWING
ROOM.

SNEEVIL: IT WAS A PLEASURE. TO THINK THAT THAT BEAUTIFUL CHILD
IS GOING TO BE MY NEPHEW. I HAVE A LITTLE PRESENT FOR
HIM WHEN HE WAKES UP.

BLONDIE: I IMAGINE HE'LL BE WAKING ANY TIME NOW.
WE'D BETTER GET BACK I EXPECT. AND THANK YOU SO MUCH
FOR THE LOVELY BREAKFAST.

SNEEVIL: I HAVE A SPLENDID IDEA. WHEN WE GET BACK TO MY DRAWING
ROOM, WE'LL SEND FOR YOUR HUSBAND AND HAVE A NICE PARTY
AND HAVE A JOLLY TIME PLANNING THE FUTURE WHEN WE'LL ALL
BE ONE BIG FAMILY.

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC BRIDGE)

BUTCH: (FADE IN) PEANUTS, POSTCARDS, PERIODICALS, PRALINES
PEPPERMINTS....HEY IS YOUR NAME BUMPSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: (LISTLESSLY) YEAH.

BUTCH: WELL, YOU'RE WANTED.

DAGWOOD: I DOUBT THAT. WHERE?

BUTCH: FELLA NAMED SNEEVIL. DRAWING ROOM A IN CAR THIRTEEN SAYS
HE WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY.

DAGWOOD: OH, MY! THAT MEANS TROUBLE. HAVE YOU SEEN MY WIFE?

BUTCH: YEAH. SHE'S WITH HIM.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S MORE TROUBLE.

BUTCH: HOW ABOUT A NICE JOKE BOOK. CHEER YOU UP. GOT A COUPLE
GOOD ONES. "SLOW TRAIN THROUGH ARKANSAS" AND "ONE
THOUSAND FUNNY CONUMDRUMS".

DAGWOOD: NO THANKS. I GUESS WHAT I NEED IS THAT BOOK ABOUT HOW
TO WIN FRIENDS AND THOSE OTHER THINGS.

BUTCH: THAT WOULDN'T DO YOU NO GOOD THE FIX YOU'RE IN.

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

BUTCH: SURE EVERYBODY ON THE TRAIN KNOWS ABOUT IT. YOU GOT IN A
BEEF WITH YOUR AUNT'S FINANCE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH....I GUESS I WAS WRONG.

BUTCH: NOW THAT AIN'T RIGHT. DON'T GO TAKIN' NO NEGATIVE
ATTITUDE ON THINGS.

DAGWOOD: NO?

BUTCH: NAW. YOU GOTTA STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS.

DAGWOOD: I....I DON'T THINK MY RIGHTS ARE VERY STRONG JUST NOW.
HE WAS THE ONE GUY BLONDIE WANTED TO LIKE ME.

BUTCH: AN WHAT DOES IT GET YOU? YOU TRIED TO EXPLAIN, DIDN'T
YOU?

DAGWOOD: YEAH BUT ---

BUTCH: NEVER TRY TO EXPLAIN. YOUR FRIENDS DON'T NEED IT AN'
YOUR ENEMIES WON'T BELIEVE IT.

DAGWOOD: SAY....I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT.

BUTCH: SURE IT'S RIGHT..I KNOW ALL ABOUT HUMAN NATURE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. TRAVELING ALL THE TIME THE WAY YOU DO I GUESS YOU
WOULD.

BUTCH: CERTNY I DO. WHY I SEFN HUMAN NATURE ALL OVER THE
PLACE. AN' I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO HANDLE THIS SNEEVIL.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I THOUGHT IF I WENT TO HIM AND SAID: "LOOK
MR. SNEEVIL LET'S BE FRIENDS ---

BUTCH: YEAH AN' RIGHT AWAY HE THINKS HE'S GOT YOU LICKED.

DAGWOOD: HE DOES?

BUTCH: CERTNY HE DOES. SO HE SAYS TO YOU: "SCRAM BUMPSTEAD."
AN' RIGHT AWAY YOUR OWN WIFE AN' BABY GIVES YOU THE
HORSE LAUGH.

DAGWOOD: OH NO. NOT BLONDIE.

BUTCH: WHY WOULDN'T SHE? WHAT ANY DAME LIKES IS A STRONG GUY.

DAGWOOD: WELLLLLL....MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

BUTCH: CERTNY I'M RIGHT. BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA DO THAT.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT?

BUTCH: NAW. YOU'RE GONNA GO IN AN' SAY. "LISTEN SNEEVIL. I
DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE." AN HE SAYS "YOU DON'T HUH?"
AN' YOU SAY "NO I DON'T AN' WHAT IS FURTHER AN' MORE WE
DON'T NEED YOU IN OUR FAMILY."

DAGWOOD: GOSH....WHAT DOES HE SAY THEN?

BUTCH: HE'S PARALYZED!

DAGWOOD: IS BLONDIE PARALYZED TOO?

BUTCH: SHE'S FACINATED.

DAGWOOD: SHE IS?

BUTCH: CERTNY. RIGHT AWAY SHE SEES YOU'RE A GUY WHO WON'T TAKE
NOTHIN' FROM NOBODY. SO SHE FOLLOWS YOU OUT OF THE ROOM.
A PROUD AN' CONTENTED WIFE.

DAGWOOD: (DELIGHTED) GOSH!

PORTER: SCUSE ME MR. BUMSTEAD. MR. SNEEVIL SAY HE WANT TO SEE
YOU.

DAGWOOD: (TOUGH) OH YEAH. WELL I WANT TO SEE HIM TOO. COME ON.

BUTCH: DON'T FORGET WHAT YOU'RE GONNA SAY BUDDY.

DAGWOOD: (TOUGH) DON'T WORRY. I DON'T TAKE NOTHIN' FROM NOBODY.

ORCHESTRA: BRIDGE

PORTER: HEAH WE ARE MR. BUMSTEAD. I RECKON THEY GOT A SURPRISE
FOR YOU IN THERE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? WELL I GOT A SURPRISE FOR HIM TOO. STAND BACK
MONTMORENCY.

PORTER: YASSUH.

SOUND: FURIOUS POUNDING ON THE DOOR

SNEEVIL: (CORDIALLY) COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR BANG OPEN

DAGWOOD: LISSEN! SNEEVIL. I DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE!

SNEEVIL: (CORDIALLY) .. BUMSTEAD MY DEAR BOY. COME IN.

DAGWOOD: NO I DON'T AN' WHAT IS FURTHER AN' MORE WE DON'T NEED --

BLONDIE: LOOK DAGWOOD! THIS IS A PARTY FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: (STILL TOUGH) AN' FURTHER AN' MORE --- (TAKE) A PARTY?
FOR ME?

SNEEVIL: FOR ALL OF US MY DEAR BOY. I MISJUDGED YOU BUMSTEAD,
AND I'M MAN ENOUGH TO SAY I'M SORRY. THAT PLAN YOU
SUGGESTED ABOUT THE CATTLE BOATS IS WONDERFUL.

DAGWOOD: IT IS -- I MEAN --- I DID? SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BLONDIE: YOU REMEMBER, DAGWOOD. ABOUT HOW MR. SNEEVIL CAN SELL
ANCHORS AND SHEEP-DIP AT THE SAME TIME TO CATTLE BOATS.

DAGWOOD: WHEN DID I SAY THAT?

BLONDIE: HE'S A TYPICAL GENIUS, MR. SNEEVIL. HE THINKS OF SO
MANY THINGS HE JUST CAN'T REMEMBER THEM ALL.

SNEEVIL: WHAT A MAN! SHAKE HANDS, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WELL --- IF YOU INSIST

BLONDIE: NOW THEN -- WE'RE ALL FRIENDS.

BABY: LOOK, DADDY! WHAT UNCLE GIDEON GAVE ME.

BLONDIE: THE TOY BATTLESHIP, DAGWOOD. ISN'T THAT LOVELY?

BABY: LOOKIT. IT FLOATS IN THE WATER, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING! WHO FILLED THAT GOOD SUITCASE FULL OF
WATER?

SNEEVIL: (BEAMING) BABY DUMPLING THOUGHT OF THAT HIMSELF. HE
SAW AT ONCE THAT YOU COULDN'T LAUNCH A BATTLESHIP ON
DRY LAND. GREAT MIND, BUMSTEAD. LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.

DAGWOOD: YEA? (LAUGHS...THEN SOBER) SAY, BLONDIE -- DO YOU
THINK IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT ABOUT --- YOU KNOW --
MR. SNEEVIL AND AUNT BESSIE?

BLONDIE: OH, YES. WE'RE BOUND TO STAND BY OUR FRIEND MR. SNEEVIL
RIGHT UP TO THE ALTAR RAIL.

SNEEVIL: AH, HAPPY DAY WHEN I MAKE HER MINE. BUT FIRST WE MUST
HAVE THE CHRISTENING!

DAGWOOD: SURE. (TAKE) ER --- WHAT?

SNEEVIL: WE'RE ABOUT TO CHRISTEN THE BATTLESHIP.

DAGWOOD: OH YES --- YES.

BLONDIE: GO AHEAD, BABY!

BABY: I'M GONNA NAME IT FOR YOU, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: I THINK IT WOULD BE NICER TO NAME IT FOR AUNT BESSIE.

SNEEVIL: WHAT LOVELY SENTIMENT. GO AHEAD, BABY, CHRISTEN IT
WITH THIS.

DAGWOOD: HEY! THAT'S A BOTTLE OF SHEEP-DIP.

SNEEVIL: THAT'S RIGHT. NOTHING FINER. GO AHEAD, BABY.

BABY: OKAY. ONE, TWO, THREE, I NAME THIS BATTLESHIP THE
AUNT BESSIE.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH (SMALL)

DAGWOOD: WELL, BLONDIE, I GUESS WE'VE GOT AUNT BESSIE LAUNCHED.

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE. -- THE COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS. -- DON'T FORGET -- YOU'LL BE EXPECTED AT THE BUMSTEADS NEXT MONDAY AT THE SAME TIME.

BEFORE THEN BE SURE TO HEAR THE OTHER TWO GREAT CAMEL PROGRAMS -- TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE SAME STATIONS, BOB CROSBY AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND, WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD. SATURDAY CAMEL BRINGS YOU BENNY GOODMAN AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST SWING BAND ON ANOTHER NETWORK. ALL THESE ARE FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE -- AND FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT IT'S BEST -- REMEMBER CAMELS, MORE PLEASURE PER BUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR)

(CREDITS)

GOODWIN: 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 -- GOOD NIGHT.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR)

GOODWIN: THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.