

WOSTON...
"BLONDIE"

MASTER

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1939

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

GOODWIN: OUT OF THE FUNNIES INTO YOUR HOMES -- AND WE HOPE YOUR HEARTS, THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES BRING YOU "BLONDIE."

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. COSTLIER TOBACCOS...LONGER-BURNING TOBACCOS. TO MILLIONS OF SMOKERS THE LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMEL CIGARETTES SPELL NOT ONLY EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK -- BUT MORE REAL PLEASURE. TOO. MORE PLEASURE BECAUSE CAMELS SMOKE SO MUCH Milder...COOLER...WITH A FINENESS OF FLAVOR THAT IS ALWAYS REFRESHINGLY MILD AND MELLOW. SMOKING CAMELS IS THE KIND OF SMOKING THAT'S FUN -- RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST EXTRA PUFF. AND THERE'S A LOT OF EXTRA PUFFS OF PLEASURE TO ENJOY BECAUSE CAMELS HAVE THAT SLOW-BURNING FEATURE. RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS CONFIRM IT! 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. YES, CAMELS ARE THE PLEASURE CIGARETTE...SO FROM BOTH THE PLEASURE ANGLE AND THE VALUE ANGLE, CAMELS ARE PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

Handwritten notes on the left margin, including a large stylized 'S' and other illegible scribbles.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW IT'S TIME TO VISIT THE BUMSTEADS AGAIN. TONIGHT WE FIND BLONDIE IN HER KITCHEN...GLANCING TOWARD THE CLOCK THAT HAS LONG SINCE PASSED THE DINNER HOUR... SUDDENLY DAISY...THE DOG...RUNS TOWARD THE DOOR....WHINES ...(SOFT DOG WHINE HEARD....SHORT LOW BARK)

BLONDIE: DAISY! ARE THEY COMING? (DAISY BARKS AGAIN AS THOUGH IN ASSENT)

DAG: (AWAY) BLOOOONDIE!! (DOOR SLAMS AWAY)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

DAG: (AWAY) OUT TO THE FAIR GROUNDS!

BLONDIE: I'VE BEEN WORRIED TO DEATH!

BABY: HELLO, MOMMIE...HERE WE ARE (RAPIDLY COMING IN) HEY, MOMMIE, WE BEEN AT THE FAIR -- ONLY IT ISN'T OPEN -- BUT IT'S SWELL -- AND I SAW SOME PIGS...AND WE GOT A SECRET, MOMMIE!

DAG: (COMING IN) NOW, BABY...DON'T TELL MOMMIE THE SECRET YET.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!...THE NEXT TIME YOU KEEP BABY OUT WITHOUT ANY DINNER 'TIL THIS HOUR...

DAG: AW, BLONDIE...I COULDN'T HELP IT. SAY -- WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE THE FAIR! THE DITHERS' EXHIBIT IS RIGHT ON THE MID-WAY THIS YEAR...NEXT TO BOSCO THE WILD MAN.

BLONDIE: THAT WILL BE NICE. MR. DITHERS AND BOSCO CAN TAKE TURNS
YELLING AT EACH OTHER! COME, EAT YOUR DINNER.

DAG: WELL...I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY.

BLONDIE: WELL...THEN BABY AND I WILL HAVE TO EAT ALONE.

BABY: I'M NOT HUNGRY TOO, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: DID YOU TWO HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT AT THE FAIR GROUNDS,
DAGWOOD?

DAG: YEA...A COUPLE OF GREASE JOINTS WERE OPEN AND...

BLONDIE: GREASE JOINTS!

DAG: THAT'S WHAT THE CARNIVAL MEN CALL THE HAMBURGER STANDS.

BLONDIE: GREASE JOINTS! NO WONDER YOU HAVE NO APPETITE. NOW
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH ALL THIS DINNER?

BABY: MINNIE WOULD LIKE IT, MOMMIE. WE COULD SAVE IT FOR
MINNIE.

BLONDIE: WHO'S MINNIE? A LITTLE GIRL YOU MET?

BABY: MINNIE WAS ONE OF THE PIGS! SHE WAS THE BEST ONE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHERE DID BABY MEET PIGS?

DAG: I DON'T KNOW, BLONDIE. I WAS PRETTY BUSY AND BABY WENT
AROUND MAKING FRIENDS ALL OVER THE GROUNDS.

BLONDIE: NICE FRIENDS...PIGS!

BABY: MINNIE IS NICE, MOMMIE. SHE'S CLEAN AS ANYTHING...AND
VERY HEALTHY.

DAG: I GUESS MINNIE WAS IN THE STOCK BARN. THEY HAVE A FAT
PIG SHOW.

BLONDIE: ~~HMMM. WHAT ELSE DID YOU SEE, BABY?~~

BABY: ~~LOTS OF PEOPLE...BUT I LIKED MINNIE BEST.~~

DAG: TELL MOMMIE ABOUT THE SWORD SWALLOWER, BABY.

BLONDIE: DID YOU SEE HIM SWALLOW A SWORD, BABY?

BABY: NO...BUT HE ATE SOME NEEDLES FOR ME.

BLONDIE: A SWORD SWALLOWER EATING NEEDLES! MAYBE HE WAS ON A DIET.

DAG: HE'S GOING TO EAT SOME ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS AT HIS
REGULAR SHOW, TOO. WHY DON'T YOU TELL MOMMIE ABOUT THE
FERRIS WHEEL AND THE MERRY-GO-ROUND...AND THE MONKEYS
THAT RIDE BICYCLES, BABY?

BABY: YEA...THE MONKEYS EAT BANANAS...BUT MINNIE EATS THE MOST
...SHE EATS CORN.

BLONDIE: MINNIE SEEMS TO HAVE MADE A BIG IMPRESSION.

BABY: COULD WE BUY MINNIE, DADDY?

DAG: BUY A BIG PIG? OH, GOSH, BABY, I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'D
KEEP HER.

BLONDIE: NO, BABY...AND A PIG LIKE THAT MIGHT WIN A PRIZE AND BE
AWFUL EXPENSIVE, TOO.

BABY: WELL, I'M GOING TO WIN SOME MONEY -- AND THEN WE COULD
BUY MINNIE.

BLONDIE: HOW ARE YOU GOING TO WIN SOME MONEY, BABY?

DAG: WELL -- THAT WAS OUR SECRET, BUT I GUESS WE'D BETTER TELL
YOU NOW. SEE -- I MET THIS MR. MCWHIRTLE AND HE ADMIRER
BABY...SO I TOOK A CHANCE. *But why?*

BLONDIE: ~~IN A RUFFLE?~~

DAG: ~~NO, NO, BLONDIE...THIS IS DIFFERENT!~~ PRACTICALLY A SURE
THING.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID WHEN MR. FUDDLE HAD THAT PUNCH BOARD
~~YOU THOUGHT YOU'D WIN IN A RUFFLE.~~ YOU TOOK TWENTY-FOUR
PUNCHES AND GOT NOTHING...AND MR. FUDDLE TOOK THE LAST
PUNCH AND WON ^{the raffle} HIMSELF. *Then I lost*

DAG: YEA...BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT. ¹ FUDDLE ISN'T SHOWING ME
WHERE TO PUNCH.

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BLONDIE: WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, WHAT IS THIS THING YOU GOT INTO?

BABY: I'M GOING TO BE IN A PARADE, MOMMIE...WITH A LOT OF OTHER KIDS...BUT I'LL BE THE BEST,..AND WIN THE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...YOU DON'T MEAN THE BABY CONTEST?

DAG: OH, DID YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

BLONDIE: EVERY MOTHER IN TOWN KNOWS ABOUT IT. I PUT BABY'S NAME IN LAST WEEK.

DAG: YOU DIDN'T PAY THE MAN FIVE DOLLARS, DID YOU?

BLONDIE: WHY, YES, I DID...WHY? DID YOU?

DAG: GOSH...YEA. NOW BABY'S ENTERED TWICE!

BLONDIE: WELL -- NEVER MIND. WE CAN GET ONE OF THE ENTRY FEES BACK.

DAG: NO...MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT MAKE A FUSS ABOUT IT. MIGHT ANTAGONIZE MR. MCWHIRTLE...AND HE'S ONE OF THE JUDGES, TOO.

BLONDIE: BUT THERE'S NO SENSE IN PAYING TWICE, DAGWOOD.

DAG: I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THIS WAY BABY'LL HAVE TWICE AS MUCH CHANCE OF WINNING.

BLONDIE: IF THOSE JUDGES ARE FAIR...HE'LL WIN ANYWAY. THE PRIZE IS FOR THE CHILD WHO LOOKS MOST LIKE THE SPIRIT OF LITTLE AMERICA.

DAG: LITTLE AMERICA. MAYBE WE COULD DRESS BABY LIKE AN ESKIMO.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. LITTLE AMERICA IS JUST THE TITLE HE WINS. IT MEANS THAT HE'S THE MOST TYPICAL AMERICAN BOY OR SOMETHING.

DAG: WELL...HE'LL NEED A PRETTY FANCY COSTUME TO GO IN
AGAINST ALL THOSE OTHER KIDS. THAT'S WHAT MISS GREEVY --
THE DRESSMAKER SAYS -- I SAW HER TODAY ON THE WAY HOME.

BLONDIE: DID SHE TRY TO SELL YOU ONE?

DAG: WELL...YEA. SHE HAD JUST ONE LEFT OVER...

BLONDIE: WE DON'T WANT ANY COSTUME FOR BABY, DAGWOOD. IF I DRESS
HIM NEAT AND CLEAN IN HIS BEST SUIT, HE'LL LOOK MORE LIKE
A REAL AMERICAN BOY THAN ANY OF THEM. WON'T YOU, BABY?
(PAUSE) BABY!

DAG: GOSH...HE'S ASLEEP!

BABY: (DROWSY) NO, I'M NOT...BUT I FEEL AWFUL FUNNY.

BLONDIE: DO YOU FEEL SICK, DEAR?

BABY: I GUESS I'M JUST TIRED OR SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: HE'S ALL TIRED OUT FROM THE EXCITEMENT TODAY. I'LL PUT
HIM TO BED AND THEN PRESS OUT HIS NEW SUIT FOR TOMORROW.

DAG: I STILL THINK HE OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL TO WEAR.
THE JUDGES WILL SEE ABOUT THREE HUNDRED KIDS, AND THEN
GET TIRED OF LOOKING...AND UNLESS BABY MAKES A FLASH....

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. BABY WILL STAND OUT IN ANY CROWD JUST AS
HIMSELF. COME BABY...MOMMIE'LL CARRY YOU...

BABY: (DROWSY) SLEEPY MOMMIE....

DAG: WELL, I GUESS MISS GREEVY WILL BE PRETTY DISAPPOINTED IN
US. SHE WAS SAVING THAT SUIT. GO AHEAD BLONDIE...I'LL
BRING HIS SHOES...YOU BETTER SEE MISS GREEVY WHEN SHE
COMES, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: IS SHE COMING HERE?

DAG: YEA..I--I TOLD HER SHE COULD BRING THE SUIT AROUND AND SHOW
YOU.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT WONT DO HER A BIT OF GOOD. (DOOR BELL) SEE WHO
THAT IS, DAGWOOD.

DAG: I GUESS IT'S MISS GREEVY. I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER...HERE
...I'LL TAKE BABY UP TO BED, AND YOU TALK TO HER, BLONDIE
(GOING) YOU CALL ME WHEN SHE'S GONE. (DOOR BELL)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) YES -- JUST A MINUTE. (DOOR OPENS) OH HELLO,
MISS GREEVY.

GREEVY: IS THAT YOU MRS. BUMSTEAD? MY...YOU LOST WEIGHT, DIDN'T
YOU? I'D NEVER IN THIS WORLD HAVE KNOWN YOU.

BLONDIE: OH, I HAVEN'T LOST THAT MUCH, MISS GREEVY. COME IN
WONT YOU?

GREEVY: WELL...JUST FOR A MINUTE (DOOR CLOSES) MY GOODNESS --
SUCH A TIME AS I'VE HAD...JUST EVERYBODY WANTING COSTUMES,
AND ALL AT THE LAST MINUTE! AND ~~SUCH COSTUMES!~~

BLONDIE: REALLY?

My goodness for a child costume!

GREEVY: I DO HOPE THE PRIZE GOES TO A GREEVY COSTUME!

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT IT WAS THE CHILD WHO WON THE PRIZE.

GREEVY: OH MY NO. EVERYONE'S TRYING TO OUTDO EVERYONE ELSE, AND A KIDDIE IN ORDINARY CLOTHES WON'T BE ANYWHERE!

BLONDIE: I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. *Well...*

GREEVY: NOT ANYWHERE, MY DEAR! WHY JUST TAKE FOR INSTANCE, LITTLE HERCULES POPOPULIS. HE'S GOING TO BE UNCLE SAM -- IN CELLOPHANE!

BLONDIE: CELLOPHANE?

GREEVY: WITH REINFORCED SEAMS! AND BABY ERYMTRUDE UPHAM! LOVELY MY DEAR! SIMPLY DIVINE! SHE'S THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE...^{IN} CHIFFON VELVET WITH HER MOTHER'S DIAMOND DOG COLLAR FOR A DEW DROP ~~IN THE CENTER~~! SWEET?

BLONDIE: GOODNESS!

GREEVY: AND NOVELTY NUMBERS GALORE! ~~NUMBER ONE!~~ YOU KNOW HERMAN SHULTZ?

BLONDIE: THE PLUMBER?...YES.

GREEVY: HIS BOY IS ~~A NOVELTY~~ GOING TO BE DRESSED ALL IN OIL CLOTH AND ~~HE~~ REPRESENTS THE SPIRIT OF TWO BATHS IN EVERY AMERICAN HOME!

BLONDIE: WELL...I...

GREEVY: SHULTZ GOT OFF VERY CHEAPLY. *only* ELEVEN DOLLARS ~~COMPLETE~~, AND A NEW ELBOW UNDER MY SINK.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S LITTLE ALVIN FUDDLE WEARING?

GREEVY: HE'S ONE OF THE ROGERS.

BLONDIE: WHO ARE THE ROGERS?

GREEVY: THEY'RE SOMETHING ORIENTAL, IN BAGGY PANTS AND A TURBAN.

BLONDIE: OH...AN EAST INDIAN RAJAH!

Blondie - How could!

GREEVY: BUT YOU WONT BE ASHAMED OF BABY DUMPLING WHEN YOU SEE
Blondie, dear, just wait till you see
WHAT I HAVE FOR ~~YOU~~. (RUSTLING PAPER) (BUNDLE UNWRAPPED)
is it Dumpling?
THIS IS THE CUTEST THING! LOOK!

BLONDIE: IS...IS THAT A SAILOR SUIT?

GREEVY: OF COURSE MY DEAR. SEE? BLUE SATIN WITH PUFFED SLEEVES --
AND A BIG BIG COLLAR...TO MAKE IT SAUCY! THAT'S REAL LACE
ON THE COLLAR OF COURSE...AND SUCH A TIME AS I HAD PUTTING
ON THOSE RHINESTONE ANCHORS ON THE POCKETS!

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'M AWFULLY SORRY MISS GREEVY -- BUT I DON'T
THINK BABY DUMPLING WOULD WANT TO WEAR THAT.

GREEVY: OF COURSE HE WOULD. HE'D LOVE IT. WHY THIS SUIT WAS
MADE FOR WILLIE SNIPE -- THE MAYOR'S SON!

BLONDIE: WHY ISN'T WILLIE GOING TO WEAR IT THEN?

GREEVY: WHY HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? WILLIE CAN'T BE IN THE PARADE!
HE HAS MEASLES.

BLONDIE: MEASLES!

GREEVY: ISN'T THAT A PITY? AFTER ALL MY WORK -- FITTING THIS ON
HIM DAY AFTER DAY.

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN THAT SUIT HAS BEEN WORN...BY A BOY WITH MEASLES?

GREEVY: WHY...JUST FOR THE FITTINGS...

BLONDIE: MISS GREEVY! DON'T YOU KNOW MEASLES ARE CATCHING?

GREEVY: OH MY....WELL,

BLONDIE: WRAP THAT SUIT UP AS QUICK AS YOU CAN AND TAKE IT STRAIGHT
OUT OF THIS HOUSE!

GREEVY: GOODNESS ME! DO YOU CATCH MEASLES FROM CLOTHES?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW...AND I DON'T WANT TO FIND OUT! PLEASE
HURRY! BABY DUMPLING ISN'T FEELING WELL AS IT IS AND...

GREEVY: MAYBE HE ALREADY HAS MEASLES...

BLONDIE: WHAT?

GREEVY: THEY'RE GOING AROUND, YOU KNOW. LOTS OF CASES I HEAR.
SO IF HE'S ALREADY GOT 'EM...DON'T BLAME ME! (FUDDLES
RING AT DOOR)

BLONDIE: OH DEAR, THERE'S MR. FUDDLE. (CALLS) DAGWOOD!

DAG: (COMING IN) YEA...I HEARD HIM! HELLO MISS GREEVY.

GREEVY: GOODBYE.

DAG: EH? (DOOR OPENS)

GREEVY: I SAID "GOODBYE"

DAG: OH...

FUDDLE: HELLO DAGWOOD.

DAG: GOODBYE.

FUDDLE: EH?

BLONDIE: GOODBYE, MISS GREEVY.

FUDDLE: HELLO BLONDIE.

GREEVY: GOODBYE.

BLONDIE: HELLO, MR. FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: GOODBYE, BLONDIE...ER HELLO...ER -- SAY...WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

DAG: MISS GREEVY'S JUST LEAVING.

FUDDLE: OH.

GREEVY: HELLO, MR. FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: ER GOODBYE! SAY...HOW MANY OF US ARE LEFT? (LAUGHS)

GREEVY: THERE'LL BE ONE LESS IN A MINUTE! NOW DON'T WORRY TOO
MUCH, MRS. BUMSTEAD. AT WORST HE'LL ONLY BE SICK ABOUT
THREE WEEKS. WELL GOODBYE! (DOOR CLOSES)

FUDDLE: WHO'S SICK?

DAG: WE DON'T KNOW YET...ER I MEAN...

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD,...HOW WAS BABY WHEN YOU LEFT HIM?

DAG: KIND A RESTLESS...

BLONDIE: I'LL RUN UP AND SEE HIM (FADES) EXCUSE ME, MR. FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: (CALLING) AS THE CONVICT SAID TO THE GOVERNOR -- PARDON ME! (LAUGHS)

DAG: SHHHH. FUDDLE! NOT SO LOUD. BABY SEEMS TO HAVE A FEVER AND...

FUDDLE: NOW BUMSTEAD...TAKE IT EASY! WHAT'S A LITTLE FEVER...

DAG: MAYBE IT'S A SIGN OF SOMETHING. I GUESS I'D BETTER GET A DOCTOR.

FUDDLE: NONSENSE. LET ME LOOK AT HIM.

DAG: NO, FUDDLE -- YOU AREN'T ANY DOCTOR.

FUDDLE: I CAN OUTSMART A ^{ANY} DOCTOR! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME HAZEL HAD A DOCTOR FOR ME! HE RUSHED ME OFF TO THE HOSPITAL -- AND TOOK OUT MY TONSILS. (LAUGHS)

DAG: WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

FUDDLE: I HAD HIM FOOLED. IT WAS APPENDICITIS! (LAUGHS)

DAG: I DON'T FEEL LIKE CLOWNING, FUDDLE...GOSH...NOW BABY MAY HAVE TO SYAY IN BED...AND MISS THE BABY CONTEST.

FUDDLE: WELL -- JUST AS A FRIEND, BUMSTEAD -- HE WON'T MISS A THING. YOU KNOW WHO'S GOING TO WIN THAT CONTEST DON'T YOU?

DAG: WHO?

FUDDLE: MY LITTLE ALVIN'S GOING TO WIN IT.

DAG: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

FUDDLE: I ~~KNOW~~ LISTEN...IT'S IN THE BAG. IN THE FIRST PLACE THERE ALVIN HIMSELF --- HIS FATHERS OWN SON --- ALL DRESSED UP AS AN ORIENTAL POTENTATE...AND RIDING IN A HOWDAH.

DAG: IN A WHAT?

FUDDLE: IN A HOWDAH. THAT'S A HOUSE ON AN ELEPHANTS BACK. HOWDA YER LIKE THAT? (LAUGHS)

DAG: WAIT A MINUTE...YOU MEAN HE'LL BE ON AN ELEPHANT?

FUDDLE: HE CERTAINLY WILL! SO WILL I! I'LL BE BLACKED UP AND CARRY A PALM LEAF FAN, AND...

DAG: WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET AN ELEPHANT?

FUDDLE: FROM MY OLD FRIEND MCWHIRTLE.

DAG: MCWHIRTLE? YOU...YOU KNOW HIM?

FUDDLE: LIKE A BROTHER. I'VE ~~LOANED HIM MONEY IN THE PAST!~~

DAG: GOSH, AND HE'S JUDGE OF THE CONTEST TOO, ISN'T HE?

FUDDLE: THAT'S JUST THE POINT, BUMSTEAD. MY OLD FRIEND MCWHIRTLE IS A JUDGE --- A KEEN ~~JUDGE OF BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD~~, HE IS ALSO LITTLE ALVIN'S GODFATHER.

DAG: GODFATHER?

FUDDLE: SO YOU SEE, THE OTHER KIDS ARE WASTING TIME AND MONEY. ~~MY~~ ^{and -y} ~~ADVICE TO YOU BUMSTEAD, IS TO KEEP~~ BABY DUMPLING SAFE IN BED...IF HE GETS UP FOR THAT PARADE, HE'LL ONLY BE GOING FROM BED TO WORSE! (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD! HASN'T MR. FUDDLE GONE YET?

FUDDLE: JUST GOING, BLONDIE. JUST GOING. I'LL BUZZ ALONG AND LET YOU "B"...(LAUGHS) (DOOR OPENS) SO LONG BUMSTEAD. (DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER GO!

DAG: LISTEN BLONDIE, ~~YOU KNOW WHAT FUDDLE'S GOING TO DO?~~

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT BABY!

DAG: YEAH. ~~AND~~ AN ELEPHANT IS TOUGH COMPETITION. JUST THE SAME, BABY LOOKS PRETTY GOOD IN THAT SAILOR SUIT...AND...

BLONDIE: WHAT? HAS BABY HAD THAT SUIT ON?

DAG: SURE! DOWN AT MISS GREEVY'S TODAY...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! DO YOU KNOW THAT SUIT HAS BEEN WORN BY A BOY WITH MEASLES?

DAG: MEASLES?...WHO?...WHEN?

BLONDIE: NO WONDER BABY IS FEVERISH!

DAG: HE IS? OH, GOSH -- MEASLES! HAS HE GOT 'EM? NOW DON'T GET EXCITED! ARE THEY SERIOUS? HEY, LET'S PHONE THE DOCTOR QUICK! (PHONE PICK UP...CLICKS)

BLONDIE: HIS OWN FATHER -- LETTING THAT INNOCENT CHILD RUN AROUND ALL ALONE MEETING PIGS AND NEEDLE EATERS AND WEARING MEASLES' SUITS! (PHONE CLICKS)

DAG: HELLO! HELLO! WELL, LISTEN, BLONDIE, I...HEY, WHERE ARE YOU, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: (AWAY) I'M GOING BACK TO MY BABY...(PHONE CLICKS)

DAG: WEL.....(CLICK-CLICK) HEY GIVE ME SOME SERVICE HERE!
(CLICKS) LISTEN, BLONDIE...WAIT...HE BLOOOOOONDEEE!
(MUSIC IN AND UP...THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: PENNY FOR PENNY CAMEL CIGARETTES ARE YOUR BEST -- AND YOUR SHREWDEST -- CIGARETTE BUY. 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. FOR CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING. 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 BACK. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES ON CIGARETTES, WELL -- IT JUST COMES TO THIS -- THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. AND THERE'S NOT ONLY THE ECONOMY OF SMOKING CAMELS -- BUT MORE PLEASURE, TOO. COOLER, MILDER SMOKING, TOPPED OFF WITH THE DELICATE FLAVOR OF CAMEL'S MATCHLESS BLEND OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. DON'T DENY YOURSELF ~~THE BEST~~. TURN *Smokers' pleasure is the best.* TO CAMELS FOR PLEASURE, PLUS ECONOMY!

GOODWIN: (IN VERY QUIET --- CONFIDENTIAL VOICE) AND NOW THE SMALL
CLOCK IN BABY DUMPLING'S BEDROOM HAS TICKED AWAY A GOOD
MANY OF THE DARK HOURS...(CLOCK TICKING HEARD IN SHORT PAUSE)
BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD SIT HAND IN HAND --- LISTENING TO BABY'S
BREATHING --- WATCHING THE TOUSLED HEAD ON ITS PILLOW...(THE
TICKING VERY DISTINCT -- IT CONTINUES UNDER THE WHOLE SCENE)

BLONDIE: (AFTER A LITTLE PAUSE --- SOFTLY) DAGWOOD.

DAG: (VERY QUIET AND SLEEPY) YEAH. SURE. ~~I'LL GET IT, BLONDIE.~~
(THE FOLLOWING ALL IN WHISPERS:)

BLONDIE: ~~I DIDN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING, DAGWOOD...~~ WERE YOU ASLEEP?

DAG: NO...OH NO. I'M WIDE AWAKE.

BLONDIE: YOU CAN HARDLY HOLD YOUR HEAD UP. YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO TO
BED, DEAR.

DAG: NO, NO. BABY MIGHT NEED ME.

BLONDIE: HE'S ASLEEP AGAIN. MY HE LOOKS LITTLE, DOESN'T HE?

DAG: YEAH. ~~HE WAS RUNNING AROUND TODAY --- ALL OVER THE PLACE ---
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT TONIGHT HE'D BE LYING THERE --- SO SICK
AND ALL...~~

BLONDIE: ~~DR. WELLS DIDN'T SEEM VERY WORRIED ABOUT HIM --- ON THE PHONE.~~

DAG: (IF YOU ASK ME, I THINK THAT DOCTOR SHOULD HAVE COME RIGHT
OVER AND NOT WAIT TILL MORNING. ~~HOW DOES HE KNOW HOW SICK
BABY IS?~~

BLONDIE: WELL --- HE SAID WE COULD CALL IF ^{Baby} HE GOT ANY WORSE.

DAG: IF HE GETS ANY WORSE I'LL GO GET THAT DOCTOR MYSELF.

BLONDIE: I WISH I COULD TOUCH HIS FACE TO SEE IF IT'S STILL SO HOT,
BUT I DON'T WANT TO WAKE HIM...(PAUSE WHILE CLOCK TICKS)
NEARLY ONE O'CLOCK.

DAG: YEAH. LOOK --- HE'S SAYING SOMETHING --- IN HIS SLEEP.

BABY: (VERY SOFTLY AND SLEEPY) MERRY-GO-ROUND...PLAYS TUNES...

BLONDIE: HE'S DREAMING ABOUT THE FAIR.

DAG: HE WON'T GET TO SEE IT NOW. IT'S ALL MY FAULT, TOO!

BLONDIE: SSSSH, DEAR.....I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE SO CROSS WITH YOU.

DAG: I DESERVED IT.

BABY: (A LITTLE LOUDER) MINNIE! COME ON, MINNIE....

DAG: I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE SAW IN THAT PIG MINNIE....

BABY: (AWAKE NOW BUT DROWSY) MOMMIE!

BLONDIE: YES, BABY -- MOMMIE'S HERE...

DAG: DADDY'S HERE, TOO, BABY...

BABY: WHERE IS MINNIE?

DAG: MINNIE'S ASLEEP RIGHT NOW...

BLONDIE: YOU GO BACK TO SLEEP, TOO, BABY -- AND GET ALL WELL -- AND THEN MAYBE SOME DAY YOU'LL SEE MINNIE AGAIN.

BABY: TOMORROW...I'LL GO TO THE FAIR TOMORROW.

BLONDIE: MAYBE -- BUT YOU'RE A PRETTY SICK LITTLE BOY -- AND YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP WARM AND REST -- AND GET WELL...AND THEN.... EVEN IF YOU MISS THE FAIR THIS YEAR...WHY IT WILL COME BACK AGAIN SOME DAY...AND NEXT TIME WE'LL BE THERE...

BABY: WILL MINNIE BE THERE, TOO?

DAG: IF SHE ISN'T, WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE SHE LIVES AND GO VISIT HER.

BABY: (DROWSY) OKAY, DADDY...(CLOCK TICKS FOR A TIME)

DAG: I WONDER HOW MUCH A PIG LIKE MINNIE WOULD COST....

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, IF WE BROUGHT MINNIE WE'D ALL HAVE TO MOVE TO A FARM...BABY WILL GET OVER WANTING MINNIE -- SOONER OR LATER...JUST LIKE HE'LL GET OVER THE MEASLES.

BABY: (SOFTLY) MOMMIE.

DAG: HE'S AWAKE!

BABY: MOMMIE -- WHAT ARE MEASLES?

BLONDIE: OH -- JUST SOMETHING A LITTLE BOY CAN CATCH -- DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, BABY.

BABY: DO YOU GET THEM FROM...SOMETHING YOU EAT?

BLONDIE: WHY, NO, DEAR.

DAG: WHAT MAKES YOU ASK THAT, BABY?

BABY: IF I TELL YOU -- WILL YOU BE CROSS?

DAG: NO, BABY...OF COURSE NOT.

BLONDIE: WHY, BABY?

BABY: WELL -- I DON'T THINK I'VE GOT MEASLES THEN...BECAUSE... WELL, WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME WAS THOSE HOT DOGS.

BLONDIE: WHAT? HOT DOGS? DAGWOOD, DID YOU....

DAG: NO. DID YOU HAVE SOME HOT DOGS, BABY?

BABY: UHUH. AND THE FIRST TWO WERE OKAY -- BUT THE NEXT ONE MADE ME THIRSTY SO I HAD SOME ICE CREAM.

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH?

BABY: I DON'T KNOW...BUT THERE WAS SOME DADDY GAVE ME...AND
SOME I BOUGHT...AND THEN THE MAN WHO OWNED MINNIE GAVE
ME SOME...

BLONDIE: OH, ON TOP OF THREE HOT DOGS?

BABY: BUT IT WAS THE STRAWBERRY SODA THAT MADE ME FEEL KIND OF
FUNNY.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! MAYBE IT ISN'T MEASLES AT ALL.

BABY: IT WAS MORE OF A TUMMY ACHE WHILE IT LASTED.

BLONDIE: NO WONDER HE HAD A TEMPERATURE...LET ME FEEL YOUR HEAD...
YES, IT'S COOLER!

DAG: YOU -- YOU FEEL BETTER NOW, BABY?

BABY: SURE, DADDY -- I'M FINE NOW...BUT YOU LOOK SICK, DADDY.

DAG: ME? -- I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE! (DOOR BELL --
STRAIGHT RING) NOW WHO'S RINGING OUR BELL AT ONE IN THE
MORNING...

BLONDIE: MAYBE THE FUDDLES -- THERE'S STILL A LIGHT OVER THERE,
LOOK.

DAG: IT'S NOT HIS RING...BUT...WELL, I'LL GO SEE (TAKE)
HEY...NOW BABY CAN GO IN THE CONTEST. I'LL SHOW FUDDLE
IT TAKES MORE THAN AN ELEPHANT TO LICK BABY DUMPLING.
(BELL AGAIN)

BLONDIE: GO SEE WHO IT IS, DAGWOOD... *Don't come in*

DAG. (GOING) YEAH...YEAH...~~I HOPED IT IS FUDDLE~~ SO I CAN
TELL HIM WHAT HE'S UP AGAINST NOW. (MUSIC DESCENDING
RUN AS DAG GOES DOWNSTAIRS. DOOR OPENS) HELLO, FUDDLE!
HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? SAY, WHAT ARE ALL THOSE
CARS OUT IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE?

FUDDLE: DOCTORS.

DAG: DOCTORS! I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THEM...HEY,
WHO'S SICK?

FUDDLE: IT'S MY LITTLE ALVIN...(BROKENLY) IT'S -- IT'S MEASLES,
BUMSTEAD.

DAG: OH, MAYBE NOT...WE THOUGHT BABY HAD THEM TOO...BUT HE
HASN'T...

FUDDLE: DON'T TRY TO KID ME OUT OF IT...YOU CAN'T FOOL A DOCTOR
AND ALL THREE OF THEM SAY THE SAME THING. MEASLES!

DAG: GOSH. I'M SORRY. I -- I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL...WE'VE JUST
GONE THROUGH IT!

FUDDLE: COULD ONE OF THE NURSES SLEEP OVER HERE?

DAG: NURSES?

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY, NURSES. YOU DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LET
LITTLE ALVIN GO WITHOUT CARE NIGHT AND DAY DO YOU?

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. BABY'S ASLEEP
AGAIN. WHY, MR. FUDDLE -- WHAT...

DAG: ALVIN'S GOT MEASLES...AND HE REALLY HAS TOO, BLONDIE.
THREE DOCTORS AND TWO NURSES.

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS! ~~CAN I DO ANYTHING TO HELP?~~ POOR HAZEL...I'LL
RUN RIGHT OVER.(GOING) ~~OH~~, WHAT A SHAME -- JUST BEFORE THE
CONTEST TOO...

DAG: YEAH. TOO BAD ABOUT THAT CONTEST, FUDDLE...AND YOU WITH AN
ELEPHANT ON YOUR HANDS.

FUDDLE: PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL, BUMSTEAD. THAT ELEPHANT WAS
AIMING TOO HIGH -- BUT LISTEN, BUMSTEAD. I WANT THE ^{Prize} ~~TITLE~~
~~OF LITTLE AMERICA~~ TO STAY IN OUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD. FROM
NOW ON -- I'M BEHIND BABY DUMPLING!

DAG: YOU MEAN IT?

FUDDLE: THERE'S MY HAND, BUMSTEAD. I'LL GO TO MY FRIEND MCWHIRTLE
...TELL HIM THAT BABY IS MY CANDIDATE NOW!...YOU'LL SEE
THE RESULT!...I GOT TO HURRY BACK TO ALVIN...BUT DON'T
FORGET...MEET ME NEAR THE JUDGES STAND --- TOMORROW ---
JUST BEFORE THE PARADE...

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE...SEGUE TO SOUND OF CARNIVAL MUSIC
...LIKE A CARROUSEL ORGAN...FADE THIS TO FAINT BACKGROUND
AND HOLD UNDER).

BLONDIE: HERE WE ARE, DAGWOOD...ISN'T IT EXCITING. LOOK AT ALL THE
PEOPLE!

BABY: MOMMIE! ~~OVER HERE, MOMMIE.~~ THAT'S WHERE MINNIE IS --
IN THAT BARN!

DAG: COME ON, BABY -- ~~YOU CAN LOOK AT THE ANIMALS LATER.~~

BLONDIE: GOODNESS, DAGWOOD. ~~WHAT'S THE HURRY?~~ THIS IS WHERE THE
PARADE STARTS. *Dagwood.*

DAG: I KNOW, BUT I PROMISED TO MEET FUDDLE NEAR THE JUDGES
STAND...

BLONDIE: IT DOESN'T SOUND HONEST TO ME, DAGWOOD...TALKING TO THE
JUDGE ABOUT BABY.

DAG: I'M NOT GOING TO SAY A WORD. JUST LET HIM LOOK AT BABY
BEFORE THE EVENT. ~~THAT WAY HE CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM.~~
GOSH, I STILL WISH BABY HAD A COSTUME.

BLONDIE: I DON'T. BABY LOOKS FINE I ~~THINK~~ IN HIS NICE CLEAN
SUIT.

DAG: HEY! I SEE FUDDLE OVER THERE. ~~COME ON,~~ *hurry up* BABY...

BABY: DAISY WON'T GO ANY FASTER, DADDY.

DAG: WELL -- LOOK, BABY, YOU FOLLOW DADDY AS FAST AS YOU CAN.
DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF ME NOW. (GOING) SEE YOU LATER,
BLONDIE...

MUSIC: (CARNIVAL SOUNDS AND MUSIC UP SLIGHTLY)

BARKER: (AWAY) AAAAAAALL READYYYYY. ALL RRRRRRREADY! SEEE
SEAOLA THE SEAL GIRL.

DAG: (MIDDLE DISTANCE) HEY, FUDDLE! HI!

BARKER: (CLOSE) HURRRRRY -- HURRRRRRRY! HURRRRRRRRRY!

DAG: (CLOSE) I AM HURRYING. (TAKE) OH, EXCUSE ME! HI,
FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: (FADING IN) HELLO, BUMSTEAD. WHERE'S OUR ENTRY?

DAG: OH, BABY DUMPLING WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE...HE'S RIGHT
BEHIND ME.

FUDDLE: A LITTLE LATE -- LIKE HIS DADDY BEFORE HIM. A CHIP OFF
THE OLD BLOCK HEAD! (LAUGHS)

DAG: I'M GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, FUDDLE. ER -- WHERE'S
MR. MCWHIRTLE?

FUDDLE: ~~MAC'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW. AND WHEN HE COMES --
LET ME DO THE TALKING. MAC AND I UNDERSTAND EACH
OTHER.~~

DAG: YEAH, WELL, LOOK, FUDDLE...MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT
WAIT FOR HIM. A LOT OF KIDS ARE IN LINE ALREADY.

FUDDLE: NOW DON'T BE NERVOUS, BUMSTEAD. ~~WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR IF YOU DON'T USE THEM?~~

DAG: WELL, MR. MCWHORTLE ISN'T MY FRIEND AND...

FUDDLE: ANY FRIEND OF MINE IS A FRIEND OF MAC. YOU'LL SEE.

DAG: WELL I DON'T WANT HIM TO THINK THAT I WOULD ASK HIM TO GIVE THE PRIZE TO BABY -- UNLESS HE HONESTLY THOUGHT HE WAS THE BEST.

FUDDLE: LISTEN. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO WIN HAVEN'T THEY? WHY SHOULD MAC GIVE IT TO A STRANGER? ALL WE'RE DOING IS HELPING HIM MAKE UP HIS MIND.

DAG: I'D FEEL PRETTY SILLY IF HE TURNED YOU DOWN.

FUDDLE: MAC? TURN ME DOWN? AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER IN THE OLD DAYS? DON'T BE SILLY!

DAG: WELL, LET'S JUST INTRODUCE HIM TO BABY DUMPLING AND LET IT GO AT THAT.

FUDDLE: LET ME HANDLE IT, BUMSTEAD. I'LL HAVE HIM EATING OUT OF MY HAND.

DAG: WELL -- HERE HE COMES.

FUDDLE: WELL -- PRETEND YOU DON'T NOTICE HIM JUST AT FIRST...I'LL BUTTER HIM UP A LITTLE TO GET HIM IN THE RIGHT MOOD...(LOUDER) YES, SIR, DAG...WHEN YOU MEET MCWHIR~~T~~LE YOU'RE GOING TO MEET A REAL SHOWMAN. A FINER FELLER NEVER TROD THE EARTH...AND WHAT A PAL! TRUE BLUE! OH, HELLO, MAC...SAY, MAC OLD SCOUT... SHAKE HANDS WITH MY FRIEND, DAG.

DAG: YEA...SURE. I MET MR. MCWHIR~~T~~LE THE OTHER DAY -- WHEN I PAID HIM BABY'S ENTRY FEE.

FUDDLE: YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME FIRST. MAC WOULDN'T TAKE MONEY FROM A FRIEND OF MINE...WOULD YOU MAC?

MAC: NO FRIEND OF YOURS EVER HAD MONEY...VERY LONG. NOT IF YOU KNEW HE HAD IT, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: (LAUGHS) SAME OL' MAC...ALWAYS KIDDING.

MAC: SPEAKING OF MONEY. THAT ELEPHANT WILL BE CASH ON THE LINE, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: ELEPHANT? OH YES...WELL THANKS JUST THE SAME MAC OLD BOY, BUT I WON'T BE NEEDING THE ELEPHANT AFTER ALL.

MAC: HOW DO YOU MEAN YOU WON'T NEED HIM? I TURNED DOWN THREE OFFERS TO RENT THAT BULL.

FUDDLE: TOUGH LUCK MAC OLD BOY. VERY TOUGH. BUT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO PAY FOR SOMETHING I COULDN'T USE.

MAC: I WOULDN'T EH? WELL LISTEN. I LOST BUSINESS ON ACCOUNT OF YOU AND THAT ELEPHANT NEVER STOPS EATING. I WANT DOUGH!

FUDDLE: FROM ME? THINK OF THE OLD DAYS MAC.

MAC: I OFTEN DO. I REMEMBER KOKOMO IN 1928! YOU BORROWED TEN BUCKS YOU FORGOT TO REMEMBER. AND THE GOOD OLD DAYS IN DES MOINES -- ESPECIALLY THE GOOD OLD DAY WHEN YOU WALKED OUT IN MY BEST PAIR OF PANTS TO KEEP A DATE. THE DATE MUSTA BEEN WITH A HOCKSHOP BECAUSE I NEVER SAW THE PANTS AGAIN. NOW YOU TRY TO STICK ME ON ELEPHANT HIRE!

DAG: LET'S GO, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: JUST A MINUTE, DAG. I'M AFRAID MAC HERE HAS CHANGED...HE THINKS MORE OF AN OLD PAIR OF PANTS THAN HE DOES OF A LIFE LONG FRIENDSHIP!

DAG: YEA...ANYWAY I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO DO US ANY FAVORS. LET'S GO.

FUDDLE: WAIT, DAG. MAC HERE ISN'T AS ROUGH AS HE SEEMS. UNDER THAT WATCH CHAIN OF BRASS BEATS A HEART OF GOLD! LET HIM LOOK AT YOUR TINY TOT, BUMSTEAD...

DAG: NO...I DON'T THINK WE'D BETTER.

FUDDLE: TAKE MY ADVICE BUMSTEAD, MAC'S HEART WILL SOFTEN TOWARD THE
LITTLE MAN.

DAG: NO...LET'S GO, FUDDLE.

MAC: WAIT A MINUTE. ARE YOU BACKING SOME KID IN THE CONTEST,
FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT...

MAC: BECAUSE IF YOU ARE...DON'T LET ME SEE HIM. I WANT TO PLAY
FAIR, AND IF I KNEW WHICH ONE YOU WERE FOR, THAT'S THE ONE
I'D BE AGAINST!

SOUND: BUGLE BLOWS FIRST CALL

FUDDLE: NOW LISTEN, MCWHIRTLE!

MAC: I HAVEN'T GOT TIME. THE PARADE STARTS IN A MINUTE (GOING)
SO LONG MISTER! I'M SORRY I MET YOU IN BAD COMPANY!

DAG: GOSH! I'M GLAD BABY DIDN'T CATCH UP WITH US IN TIME FOR YOUR
OLD PAL TO SEE HIM. HEY! WHERE DID BABY GO? HE OUGHT TO BE
HERE BY NOW!

FUDDLE: MAYBE HE'S WITH BLONDIE AGAIN!

DAG: WELL, WHERE'S BLONDIE THEN? I DON'T SEE HER WHERE I LEFT
HER! HEY BLONDIE! (BUGLE...FANFARE)

FUDDLE: THE PARADE IS STARTING!

DAG: BAABY! HEY BAABY! WHERE ARE YOU? BLOOOONDIE! (FADING)

BAABY! (BAND MUSIC AS OF PARADE IN AND UP...THEN DOWN UNDER)

FUDDLE: LOOK! HERE THEY ARE -- AT THE END OF THE LINE!

DAG: BLONDIE...WHAT HAPPENED TO BABY? HE'S ALL DIRTY!

BLONDIE: HE'S BEEN OVER IN THAT PIG BARN!

BABY: LOOKIT, DADDY...MINNIE WON A BLUE RIBBON AND THE MAN ~~GAVE~~ IT
TO ME -- FOR GOOD LUCK!

Let me talk

BLONDIE: YOU'LL CERTAINLY NEED IT, TOO. I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND NOT TO LET HIM GO IN THE PARADE AT ALL. I'M SO ASHAMED. LOOK... HIS HAIR IS ALL MUSSED...

DAG: AND HIS STOCKINGS ARE DOWN...CAN I HELP, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: IT'S HOPELESS, DAGWOOD. HE JUST LOOKS AWFUL!

DAG: OH LET HIM GO, BLONDIE. RUN BABY -- CATCH UP TO THE OTHERS!

BABY: COME ON, DAISY (FADES) HURRY UP DAISY...WE'RE IN THE PARADE!

ORCHESTRA: (BAND UP AN INSTANT...UNDER AGAIN)

BLONDIE: THERE HE GOES...UP PAST THE JUDGES' STAND!

DAG: GOSH...HE CERTAINLY LOOKS TOUGH -- IN AMONG THOSE FANCY CLOTHES!

BLONDIE: BUT HE WALKS BETTER THAN ANY OF THEM. HE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND BEING DIRTY! OH, DAGWOOD...HE IS CUTE!

DAG: HE'S DRAGGING POOR DAISY. DAISY LOOKS BORED!

BLONDIE: OH, IF THOSE JUDGES COULD ONLY SEE UNDER THE DIRT AND THE TORN BLOUSE...IF THEY ONLY KNEW HOW NICE HE REALLY WAS...

DAG: LOOK...THE JUDGES ARE TALKING ABOUT HIM NOW...GOSH I WISH I COULD HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...(BAND UP AN INSTANT ONLY... UNDER FAST)

LADY J: MR. MCWHIRTLE...DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

MAC: THE BOY AND HIS DOG? YEA...ER...KIND OF MUSSED UP. SOME POOR KID I GUESS!

LADY J: IF YOU ASK ME...HE'S A RELIEF AFTER ALL THOSE UNCLE SAM'S AND QUEENS OF THE MAY!

MAC: HE'S REAL ANYWAY! *(cheerful) (Buddy, don't worry!)*

LADY J: EXACTLY! AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T CLOTHES WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE JUDGING...BUT CHILDREN...

MAC: HE'S A REAL AMERICAN BOY...IF EVER I SAW ONE. WHAT'S HIS NUMBER?

"BLONDIE"
10/23/39

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LADY J: NUMBER NINETEEN. LET'S TALK TO THE OTHER JUDGES... (MUSIC UP
AGAIN... THEN UNDER... AND OUT)

DAG: WHAT'S THE DELAY? BABY WAS LAST! LET'S GO UP THERE AND GET
BABY!

MAC: (ON LOUD SPEAKER) YOUR KIND ATTENTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION... THE JUDGES HAVE UNANIMOUSLY
AGREED THAT THE MOST TYPICAL AMERICAN CHILD IN THE CONTEST
WAS... NUMBER NINETEEN... BABY DUMPLING BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAG: GOSH HE WON!

BABY: (COMING IN) HEY MOMMIE... I WON! HEY DADDY... I WAS THE BEST!

BLONDIE: OH, YOU DARLING!

DAG: OH BOY! YOU'VE MADE YOUR DADDY AWFUL PROUD, BABY. NOW WE'LL
HAVE FUN.. MERRY GO ROUND... FERRIS WHEELS... SHOWS... WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO SEE FIRST, BABY?

BABY: I WANNA SEE MINNIE, AND TELL HER I WON A PRIZE TOO!

(ORCHESTRA)

(CLOSING)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE --- THE COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS.
SO -- UNTIL NEXT MONDAY WE LEAVE THE BUMSTEADS -- BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD -- BUT THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES HAVE OTHER RADIO TREATS FOR YOU DURING THE WEEK. TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE SAME STATIONS YOU CAN LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF BOB CROSBY AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD --- AND IF YOU LIKE "SWING," WELL YOU'D BETTER MAKE A DATE WITH YOUR RADIO FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WHEN BENNY GOODMAN AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST SWING BAND BRING IN ANOTHER MUSICAL CARAVAN. THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE...AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE LET US SUGGEST THAT YOU TRY CAMELS. YOU'LL FIND MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

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

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.