"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 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, TOO, 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.

GOODWIN: EVERY SMOKER WANTS A COOL, MILD SMOKE -- A CIGARETTE WHICH CAN BE SMOKED STEADILY -- WITHOUT THROAT IRRITATION -- WITHOUT LOSING THE SENSE OF SMOKING ENJOYMENT.

YOU'VE PROBABLY READ OR HEARD A LOT ABOUT HOW SLOW-BURNING IN A CIGARETTE GIVES YOU MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS AND BETTER TASTE. AND HOW CAN YOU TELL WHICH BRAND IS THE SLOWER-BURNING? WELL, OF THE SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE BRANDS RECENTLY COMPARED IN IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS, CAMEL CIGARETTES BURNED SLOWEST OF ALL. BUT EVEN WITHOUT SUCH CONVINCING SCIENTIFIC PROOF -- JUST BY SMOKING CAMELS, YOU CAN TELL CAMELS ARE COOLER, MILDER... SLOWER-BURNING. AND YOU'LL DISCOVER, TOO, THAT THERE'S REAL ECONOMY IN CAMEL'S SLOWER-BURNING. 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. YOUR SENSE OF TASTE AND YOUR SENSE OF VALUE WILL TELL YOU THAT PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- WITH THANKSGIVING TIME APPROACHING -- WE FIND THE BUMSTEADS THINKING AHEAD TO THAT DAY OF THE BIG DINNER. IN THE BUMSTEAD LIVING ROOM, BLONDIE IS LISTENING TO CORY -- WIFE OF DAGWOOD'S BOSS, J.C. DITHERS -- WHO IS TELLING HER A FEW PLAIN FACTS ABOUT MR. DITHERS....

CORY: THAT MAN! ONCE HE GETS AN IDEA IN HIS HEAD THERE'S NO GETTING IT OUT SHORT OF BLASTING!

BLONDIE: I'M SORRY YOU'VE HAD ANOTHER ARGUMENT, CORY! WHY LAST TIME YOU WERE HERE -- FOR DINNER...

CORY: I KNOW. THAT WAS YOUR DOING, BLONDIE. YOU GOT ME OUT IN THAT KITCHEN MAKING BISCUITS FOR HIM AGAIN...AND HE'S BEEN PERFECTLY LOVELY TO ME FOR WEEKS. MORE LIKE A FRIEND THAN A HUSBAND!

BLONDIE: WELL -- BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU TWO -- ER -- DISAGREE ABOUT?

CORY: THANKSGIVING!

BLONDIE: THANKSGIVING? OH, WHAT A SHAME! WHY THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A HAPPY, PEACEFUL DAY.

CORY: WELL, IN OUR FAMILY IT'S GOING TO BE ABOUT AS PEACEFUL AS AN AIR RAID -- UNLESS HE GIVES IN AND ACTS SENSIBLE.

BLONDIE: MAYBE YOU COULD BOTH GIVE IN A LITTLE...

CORY: I'D BE GLAD TO GIVE IN IF I WAS WRONG -- BUT I'M NOT! I LEAVE IT TO YOU, BLONDIE! CAN JULIUS CAESAR DITHERS AFFORD TURKEY FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER -- OR CAN'T HE?

BLONDIE: WHY, I SHOULD CERTAINLY THINK HE COULD.

CORY: WELL THEN...HE NEEDN'T EXPECT ME TO GIVE THANKS OVER A PLATE OF PORKCHOPS!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! DOES HE REALLY WANT PORKCHOPS -- ON THANKSGIVING?

CORY: SO HE SAYS! HE CLAIMS TURKEY IS TOO HIGH-PRICED. SAYS THE THOUGHT OF BEING ROBBED FOR THE BIRD WOULD SPOIL HIS WHOLE DAY. SO I TOLD HIM IF HE OFFERED ME A PORKCHOP I'D SPOIL THE REST OF HIS LIFE FOR HIM!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR -- I SUPPOSE THAT LED TO A REAL SQUABBLE.

CORY: WELL -- NOT QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES. JULIUS ISN'T SO GOOD AT THE COME-BACKS AS HE WAS. NO MORE SNAP TO HIM LATELY THAN A PAIR OF LAST YEAR'S GARTERS.

BLONDIE: WHY, CORY -- YOU DIDN'T ENJOY THE QUARRELS YOU USED TO HAVE?

CORY: WELL...NO...BUT I'D RATHER HAVE A GOOD FIGHT AND GET IT OVER THAN TO HAVE HIM SO GLOOMY AND STUBBORN FOR DAYS...WELL -- I GUESS THERE'S NO HELP FOR IT.

BLONDIE: OH YES, CORY! I HAVE AN IDEA! LOOK! IF YOU BOTH HAVE DINNER WITH US, MR. DITHERS WON'T MIND OUR HAVING TURKEY...

CORY: NOW I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: OH, WE'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU...AND THAT WILL SETTLE THE WHOLE THING...I'M GOING TO CALL DAGWOOD AT THE OFFICE -- AND ASK HIM TO INVITE MR. DITHERS FOR DINNER.

CORY: TELL HIM TO SAY IT WON'T BE PORKCHOPS, EITHER...

BLONDIE: OH NO, CORY.

CORY: WELL, NO -- MAYBE YOU BETTER NOT. THAT'D JUST START DITHERS UP AGAIN...AND I DON'T WANT ANY MORE TALK ABOUT PORKCHOPS AS LONG AS I LIVE. MY LAST WORD TO THAT MAN THIS MORNING WAS THAT I'D LEAVE HIM IF I EVEN HEARD OF HIM MENTIONING PORKCHOPS ALOUD AGAIN.

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE...MAY BE BASED ON "MESS CALL")

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: EH? OH! YES, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: WHAT IS YOUR FEELING TOWARD PORKCHOPS?

DAGWOOD: PORKCHOPS? OH -- I FEEL FRIENDLY TOWARD THEM.

DITHERS: WELL -- HOW ABOUT BLONDIE? IF YOU WENT TO THAT PHONE RIGHT NOW AND SUGGESTED TO BLONDIE THAT SHE GIVE YOU A NICE PORKCHOP FOR DINNER TONIGHT -- WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

DAGWOOD: OH, I WOULDN'T DO THAT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: (SCORNFULLY) HA! WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: BECAUSE WE HAD THEM FOR DINNER LAST NIGHT!

DITHERS: NO, NO, BUMSTEAD -- YOU DON'T GET THE IDEA! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS -- HAS A MAN GOT THE RIGHT TO EAT WHAT HE WANTS AT HIS OWN TABLE, OR HASN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: WHY SURE HE HAS! YOU BET! HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO RAID HIS OWN ICE BOX TOO. WHEN I WAS FIRST MARRIED I LET BLONDIE KNOW I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY NONSENSE ABOUT A LITTLE SNACK AROUND BEDTIME AND --

DITHERS: YES, YES, BUMSTEAD -- BUT DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT!

DAGWOOD: OH. ER -- WHAT WAS THE SUBJECT?

DITHERS: PORKCHOPS!

DAGWOOD: LOOK, MR. DITHERS...LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THEM ANY MORE. I -- I CAN TAKE THEM OR LEAVE THEM ALONE MOST TIMES. BUT -- SEE -- I JUST HAD A BIG LUNCH AND...

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT, BUMSTEAD...ALL RIGHT! HEREAFTER I'LL REFER TO THEM BY INITIALS -- P.C. -- UNDERSTAND?...P.C. STANDS FOR...

DAGWOOD: (HASTILY) YEAH -- SURE, I GET YOU. WHAT ABOUT -- ER -- P.C.'S?

DITHERS: I WANT THE BENEFIT OF YOUR THINKING, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- THANKS!

DITHERS: CORY -- ER -- MRS. DITHERS...

DAGWOOD: I KNOW -- YOUR WIFE...

DITHERS: YES. WELL -- THE FACT IS -- SHE'S TAKEN AN UNREASONABLE ATTITUDE ON THE QUESTION OF -- ER P.C. SAYS IT WOULD BE AN INSULT TO OFFER THEM TO OUR GUESTS -- (IF ANY) -- NEXT THURSDAY...

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT'S SILLY...

DITHERS: IT'S PREPOSTEROUS...

DAGWOOD: IT'S WORSE THAN THAT -- IT'S -- IT'S -- WHAT DID YOU SAY?

DITHERS: I SAID IT WAS RIDICULOUS!

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! IT'S...(TAKE) HEY -- WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T NEXT THURSDAY THANKSGIVING?

DITHERS: THAT DEPENDS ON YOUR POLITICS, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WITH ME IT DEPENDS ON MY APPETITE. WE'RE CELEBRATING BOTH THANKSGIVINGS.

DITHERS: WHAT? RASH EXTRAVAGANCE, BUMSTEAD! (SARCASTIC) I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HAVING TURKEY TOO?

DAGWOOD: (APOLOGETIC) WELL -- I KIND OF THOUGHT...(PHONE)...EXCUSE ME! (PHONE UP) HELLO!...

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO JUST SAY, "HELLO?" -- SAY, "J.C. DITHERS COMPANY -- MR. BUMSTEAD'S OFFICE -- BUMSTEAD SPEAKING." LET THE OTHER PARTY KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

DAGWOOD: SHE KNOWS ME....IT'S MY WIFE.

DITHERS: WHAT DOES SHE WANT?

DAGWOOD: I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT -- BUT YOU KEEP TALKING...

DITHERS: WELL, MAKE IT FAST.

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE...WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN, BLONDIE? ~~EH? -- NO -- BUT MR. DITHERS WAS TALKING TOO. -- AND...~~ WHAT? OH...YEAH. YEAH, SURE. WELL, I'LL FIND OUT. EH? OH, SURE, IT'S A GOOD IDEA -- I GUESS. OKAY. GOODBYE. (HANG UP)

DITHERS: I SUPPOSE, BUMSTEAD -- THAT WAS A MIGHTY IMPORTANT MATTER -- FOR BLONDIE TO INTERRUPT YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSINESS DAY!

DAGWOOD: SHE JUST WANTED ME TO INVITE YOU TO DINNER. I'LL TELL HER NOT TO LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

DITHERS: WELL, I -- ER -- SUPPOSE THAT SOCIAL AFFAIRS SEEM IMPORTANT TO THE WOMEN. DINNER, EH? ER -- WHEN?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ON THANKSGIVING. BUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE TURKEY...

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD...IF YOU'VE BOUGHT A TURKEY, THERE'S NO SENSE WASTING IT. ESPECIALLY AT THIS YEAR'S PRICES.

DAGWOOD: (APOLOGETIC) WELL -- IF YOU'D RATHER HAVE -- ER -- YOU KNOW -- P.C.'S...WE DIDN'T BUY SUCH A BIG TURKEY...

DITHERS: I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE BIRD'S PHYSIQUE, BUMSTEAD... I'M TALKING VALUE. HOW DO YOU FIGURE YOU CAN AFFORD TO EAT TURKEY WHEN I CAN'T?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT ISN'T AS IF THANKSGIVING CAME EVERY DAY, MR. DITHERS. GOSH...PEOPLE ALWAYS EAT TURKEY ON THANKSGIVING -- EVER SINCE THE PILGRIMS INVITED THE INDIANS TO DINNER. BOY, WHAT A FEED THEY HAD...

DITHERS: HOW DO YOU KNOW? YOU WEREN'T THERE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, NO. BUT A GREAT-GREAT-GREAT UNCLE OF MINE WAS, THOUGH. HIS NAME WAS BLESSINGS-ON-THEE BUMSTEAD.

DITHERS: I SUPPOSE HE CAME OVER ON THE MAYFLOWER, EH?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ALMOST. HE WAS A LITTLE TIRED THAT MORNING, SO HE GOT DOWN TO THE WHARF A LITTLE LATE. HE CAME OVER ON THE NEXT BOAT, THOUGH -- AND GOT THERE FOR THANKSGIVING.

DITHERS: SOUNDS LIKE A TYPICAL BUMSTEAD. MISSED THE BOAT BUT GOT TO THE TABLE ON TIME!

DAGWOOD: ANYHOW, IT'S IN OUR FAMILY HISTORY. ALL ABOUT THE FIRST THANKSGIVING. THE PILGRIMS KEPT THEIR GUNS HANDY IN CASE THE GUESTS GOT ROUGH AND THAT REMINDS ME ...SHALL I TELL BLONDIE YOU'RE COMING?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY! ER -- KNOW ANY MORE GOOD ONES ABOUT THE PILGRIMS?

DAGWOOD: WELL, THE INDIANS BEHAVED SWELL. THEY BROUGHT THE TURKEYS FOR THE FEED.

DITHERS: UHUH. WELL, TIMES HAVE CHANGED, BUMSTEAD. GUESTS DON'T BRING THEIR OWN DINNERS NOW.

DAGWOOD: IT WAS A NICE IDEA, THOUGH.

DITHERS: IT WAS ALL RIGHT IN THOSE DAYS...ALL THE INDIANS HAD TO DO WAS TO STEP OUT OF THEIR -- ER --

DAGWOOD: TOUPEES.

DITHERS: TOUPEES? WHAT TOUPEES? THEY DIDN'T WEAR TOUPEES!

DAGWOOD: THEY DIDN'T WEAR 'EM. THEY LIVED IN 'EM.

DITHERS: NOT TOUPEES, BUMSTEAD. TEEPEES! THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED THEIR TENTS. AND RIGHT OUTSIDE THEY COULD SHOOT ALL THE TURKEYS THEY WANTED. DIDN'T COST A CENT!

DAGWOOD: GOSH -- IT WOULD BE SWELL IF WE COULD (TAKE) HEY...I'VE GOT AN IDEA!...WHAT'S WRONG WITH US SHOOTING SOME WILD TURKEYS?

DITHERS: (SARCASTIC) NOT A THING, BUMSTEAD -- EXCEPT OF COURSE THAT WE HAVEN'T ANY GUNS OR HUNTING LICENSE AND WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THERE ARE ANY WILD TURKEYS.

DAGWOOD: YES, WE DO. I MEAN I DO! LOOK -- I GOT A LETTER FROM MY COUSIN HOMER TODAY...AND HE TRAVELS AROUND AND MEETS PEOPLE AND HE MET A MAN WHO HAS A HUNTING LODGE AND INVITED HOMER UP THERE ANY TIME. IT'S A LITTLE FAR FOR HOMER RIGHT NOW BECAUSE HE'S IN SOUTH AMERICA -- BUT IT'S NEAR US AND HOMER SAID TO GO UP ANY TIME AND JUST MENTION HIS NAME TO THE MAN.

DITHERS: AND I SUPPOSE IF WE MENTION HIS NAME TO THE TURKEYS THEY'D COME RIGHT UP AND SIT ON THE END OF OUR GUNS.

DAGWOOD: OH, WE MIGHT HAVE TO WALK OUT INTO THE WOODS A LITTLE WAY. OF COURSE MAYBE YOU COULDN'T BAG A TURKEY, MR. DITHERS, BUT I'D PROBABLY BRING IN A COUPLE TO MAKE UP FOR IT.

DITHERS: ARE YOU INSINUATING, BUMSTEAD, THAT I COULDN'T HIT A TURKEY? WHY, IN MY YOUNGER DAYS THEY CALLED ME DEAD SHOT DITHERS...I BROUGHT IN SO MUCH GAME.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THERE WAS MORE GAME BACK IN THOSE DAYS...

DITHERS: I'M NOT EXACTLY PREHISTORIC, BUMSTEAD! AND JUST TO TAKE YOU DOWN A PEG, I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO TAKE YOU UP ON THAT SHOOTING TRIP.

DAGWOOD: SWELL! HOMER SAYS HIS FRIEND SAYS THE LATCHSTRING IS ALWAYS OUT EVEN WHEN HE ISN'T THERE. THERE'S GUNS THERE AND ALL...

DITHERS: GOOD. IT'LL FEEL GOOD TO GET A GUN IN MY HAND AGAIN... STALK THROUGH THE WOODS AFTER THE GAME! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME SHOOTING, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: SO WILL I...

DITHERS: WE'LL HUNT TILL IT'S NEARLY DARK AND THEN BRING HOME OUR BAG...A TURKEY OVER EACH SHOULDER...A PARTRIDGE AT MY BELT...MAYBE A HAUNCH OF VENISON...

DAGWOOD: BETTER LET ME CARRY THAT DEER-MEAT FOR YOU, MR. DITHERS..

DITHERS: I CAN PICTURE THE LOOK ON CORY'S FACE WHEN SHE SEES WHAT I BRING BACK...I CAN SEE HER STANDING THERE IN THE CABIN DOOR...LOOKING UP THE TRAIL...

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE) (MAYBE HUNTING SONG)

BLONDIE: SEE ANYTHING OF THEM YET, CORY?

CORY: NOT A SIGN OF THEM! I KNEW DITHERS WOULDN'T GET ANY GAME. I TOLD HIM THE ONLY WAY HE EVER COULD GET A WILD TURKEY WOULD BE TO BUY A TAME ONE AND ANNOY IT.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR. THEY LEFT AT DAYBREAK AND IT'S NEARLY NOON. I'M A LITTLE WORRIED.

CORY: I'M NOT. IT'LL TEACH MY HUSBAND A LESSON. HE ACCUSED ME OF THROWING MONEY AROUND LIKE IT WAS OLD WRAPPING PAPER AND THEN -- TO SAVE THE PRICE OF A TURKEY HE WENT OUT AND BOUGHT HUNTING CLOTHES THAT COST MORE THAN A PEACOCK STUFFED WITH PLATINUM. COME ON INSIDE.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

BLONDIE: WELL...THEY'LL BE HUNGRY WHEN THEY DO COME BACK...IT'S A GOOD THING WE HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO BRING THAT GOOSE.

CORY: IT'S A GOOD THING YOU KNEW HOW TO COOK IT ON THAT THING-~~GUMM~~Y IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE. I NEVER HEARD OF A HOUSE WITHOUT A COOKSTOVE.

BLONDIE: MR. MEEKER -- WHO OWNS THE HUNTING LODGE -- LIKES TO ROUGH IT. THAT'S HOW PEOPLE COOKED ALL THEIR MEAT IN THE OLD DAYS. THEY HUNG IT IN FRONT OF THE FIRE ON A METAL ROD LIKE THAT AND ~~KEPT TURNING IT WITH THE WHEEL AT THE SIDE SO IT GOT DONE~~ EVENLY.

CORY: IT CERTAINLY WORKS. MY! IT LOOKS NICE, BLONDIE. IT'S BEGINNING TO GET BROWN NOW! HERE, I'LL BASTE IT. (SOUND OF SPOON IN PAN AND SIZZLING...ALSO CRACKLE OF FIRE) UMMM, THE MEN FOLKS ARE GOING TO BE GLAD TO SEE THIS....

BLONDIE: LISTEN! I HEAR THEM COMING! STAND IN FRONT OF THE GOOSE, CORY -- SO THEY DON'T SEE IT AT FIRST. WE'LL SURPRISE THEM. (DOOR BURSTS OPEN) OH, HELLO, MR. DITHERS. HELLO, DAGWOOD. WHERE ARE ALL THE TURKEYS? LEAVE THEM OUTSIDE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH. THEY'RE OUTSIDE, ALL RIGHT, I GUESS... ONLY...

DITHERS: OUTSIDE? OUTSIDE OF WHAT...OUTSIDE THE STATE LINE?

CORY: DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME,JULIUS CAESAR DITHERS, THAT YOU DIDN'T BRING BACK A TURKEY?

DITHERS: (GROAN) OOOH!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- AS A MATTER OF FACT -- NO.

DITHERS: OOOOH. LET ME SIT DOWN.

DAGWOOD: HIS FEET KIND OF GAVE OUT.

DITHERS: IT'S THESE NEW HUNTING BOOTS...

CORY: WELL, BLONDIE...THERE YOU ARE. THE MIGHTY HUNTERS ARE HOME -- AFTER KEEPING US WAITING ALL MORNING -- WITHOUT ANYTHING FOR US TO EAT!

DAGWOOD: HEY. ISN'T THERE ANYTHING IN THE PLACE?

BLONDIE: OH, WE GOT THE VEGETABLES READY, BUT...

CORY: BUT IF MR. DITHERS THINKS -- AFTER PROMISING ME WILD TURKEY -- HE CAN SIT ME DOWN TO A VEGETABLE PLATE LUNCH -- HE'S GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING.

DITHERS: WELL, GET YOUR THINGS ON, CORINTHIA, AND WE'LL GO IN TOWN TO A RESTAURANT.

BLONDIE: OH -- LET'S WAIT TILL YOU'VE RESTED. WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT A TURKEY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: GOSH. WE DIDN'T EVEN SEE ONE...

DITHERS: WE DID SEE ONE, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: NOW, MR. DITHERS...I KNOW THAT WAS A CROW IN THAT TREE.

DITHERS: CROW NOTHING...IT WAS A WILD TURKEY.

DAGWOOD: IT WAS KIND OF BLACK FOR A TURKEY...MORE LIKE A CROW.

DITHERS: WELL -- WILD TURKEYS ARE NATURALLY DARKER.

DAGWOOD: AND IT WAS SMALL -- LIKE A CROW.

DITHERS: DON'T ARGUE, BUMSTEAD. IT WAS A TURKEY.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OKAY -- BUT I BET IF IT HAD GOBBLED IT WOULD HAVE SOUNDED LIKE A CROW.

DITHERS: IF I'D GOT A SHOT AT IT -- I'D HAVE BROUGHT IT DOWN... AND THEN YOU'D SEE WHAT IT WAS...

CORY: WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU GET A SHOT AT IT. BUCK FEVER?

DITHERS: THIS IDIOT, BUMSTEAD, SHOT FIRST...MISSED OF COURSE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I DIDN'T HIT HIM -- BUT I BET I SCARED HIM PRETTY BAD. (LAUGH)

DITHERS: SCARED HIM! YOU SCARED ALL THE GAME OUT OF THE COUNTY WITH THE NOISE THAT HOWITZER OF YOURS MADE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU CAN'T SHOOT A GUN WITHOUT SOME NOISE, MR. DITHERS.

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD, I SUPPOSE YOUR BAD LUCK HAS SPOILED YOUR APPETITE.

DAGWOOD: GOSH, NO, BLONDIE. I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A SHOEMAKER'S APRON.

CORY: HOW ABOUT YOU, DANIEL BOONE DITHERS? COULD YOU EAT ANYTHING AT ALL? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A LITTLE PIECE OF ROAST GOOSE?

DITHERS: NOW BLAST IT ALL, CORINTHIA, DON'T TORMENT ME! ROAST GOOSE! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A HUNGRY MAN CRAZY... TALKING ABOUT ROAST GOOSE. I -- I THINK I AM A LITTLE CRAZY. I THINK I SMELL ROAST GOOSE...

DAGWOOD: SAY -- SO DO I.

DITHERS: QUIET, BUMSTEAD. DON'T MAKE IT WORSE.

BLONDIE: WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A ROAST GOOSE RIGHT NOW?

DITHERS: YOU TOO, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: OH, I'M NOT JUST TEASING. STEP ASIDE, CORY AND LET THE MEN SEE WHAT'S ROASTING IN FRONT OF THE FIRE!

CORY: WELL, THEY DON'T DESERVE IT, BUT...TAKE A LOOK!

DITHERS: (MOANS) AAAAAAH IT -- IT DOES LOOK LIKE A GOOSE.

DAGWOOD: I SEE IT TOO! I SMELL IT. IT IS A GOOSE!

DITHERS: THANK HEAVENS.

CORY: YOU CAN THANK BLONDIE AND ME, TOO. WE HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO BRING IT. IF WE'D DEPENDED ON YOU...

DITHERS: OH, I DON'T KNOW...DAGWOOD CAME PRETTY CLOSE TO THAT CROW...ER TURKEY.

DAGWOOD: I SURE DID. I HIT THE TREE RIGHT NEXT TO -- THE ONE IT WAS ON!

BLONDIE: IS THAT VERY CLOSE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH MY GUN...

DITHERS: THAT'S RIGHT...AND IF I'D SEEN A BIRD YOU'D HAVE HAD IT, CORY. ER...STAND A LITTLE TO THE LEFT, DAGWOOD, I DON'T WANT TO LOSE SIGHT OF THAT GOOSE. MY, MY, MY...THAT LOOKS GOOD. HOW SOON WILL IT BE DONE?

CORY: NOT LONG, NOW...(GOING) I'LL GO GET FLOUR FOR THE GRAVY.

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW -- I THINK THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR GUN, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: SURE THERE WAS...BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU KNOW WHEN YOU CLEANED IT LAST NIGHT -- I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T GET IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT I DID.

BLONDIE: I KNOW -- BUT YOU HAD A LITTLE PIECE LEFT OVER.

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: I FOUND IT ON THE FLOOR THIS MORNING. I HAD IT IN MY POCKET...HERE IT IS.

DAGWOOD: LET'S SEE? OH! I -- I GUESS THIS GOES ON THE END HERE...

DITHERS: YES. JUST THE FRONT SIGHT IS ALL THAT WAS MISSING, BUMSTEAD. A FINE HUNTER! AIMS A GUN AND DOESN'T KNOW THE FRONT SIGHT IS GONE!

BLONDIE: WELL...HE CAME PRETTY CLOSE FOR A MAN WITHOUT A FRONT SIGHT...

DAGWOOD: SURE...AND IF I'D HAD THE FRONT SIGHT...BOY...I'D HAD HIM SURE. I'D JUST HAVE DRAWN A BEAD ON HIM LIKE THIS...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! BE CAREFUL! DON'T AIM THAT AT THE ROAST GOOSE!

DITHERS: HA...THAT'S THE ONLY BIRD HE'S EVER LIKELY TO HIT! A ROAST GOOSE...HANGING STILL...TEN FEET FROM HIS GUN!

DAGWOOD: QUIET...I JUST WANT TO MAKE BELIEVE THE GOOSE IS ALIVE. LOOK, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: PLEASE, DAGWOOD, BE CAREFUL!

DAGWOOD: OH, THIS GUN ISN'T LOADED...AND BESIDES IT TAKES QUITE A PULL ON THIS TRIGGER TO FIRE IT! I COULD PULL IT WAY DOWN TO...

SOUND: TERRIFIC NOISE OF SHOTGUN...PLEASE WORK ON THIS, CLIFF

BLONDIE: (SCREAMS) DAGWOOD!

DITHERS: THE GOOSE!

CORY: (RUNNING IN) WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT WAS THAT SHOT?

BLONDIE: THE GOOSE! IT'S GONE!

CORY: GOOSE? GONE? GONE WHERE?

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD BLEW IT TO BITS!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD!

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: OH, BLOOOOOOOONDIE!

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

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: THE MILDER, COOLER, MORE FRAGRANT AND FLAVORY SMOKING YOU GET IN CAMEL CIGARETTES IS A LUXURY THAT NOT ONLY DOESN'T COST YOU MORE...BUT ACTUALLY GIVES YOU ECONOMY IN YOUR SMOKING. FOR CAMELS ARE SLOW-BURNING. IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS, CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. THAT MEANS CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL ON THE AVERAGE TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

SMOKERS WHO LIVE IN COMMUNITIES WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX -- AND IN SOME INSTANCES, MORE -- THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES ON CIGARETTES, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR -- AND: AS I EXPLAINED BEFORE, A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL ON AN AVERAGE TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. AND DON'T FORGET, WITH THANKSGIVING JUST AHEAD, YOU'LL WANT PLENTY OF CAMELS TO GO WITH THE TURKEY AND ALL THE FIXIN'S. DEALERS FEATURE CAMELS FOR THANKSGIVING AT ATTRACTIVE CARTON PRICES. PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW...ALONG TOWARDS SUNSET, WE FIND DAGWOOD AND DITHERS...OUT IN THE WOODS ONCE MORE...LIKE THE PIONEERS OF OLD...LOOKING VERY EARNESTLY FOR SOME SIGNS OF SOMETHING THAT CAN BE COOKED AND EATEN...

DITHERS: COME ON, BUMSTEAD...DON'T WEAKEN! LOOK AT ME!

DAGWOOD: YESSIR. I SEE YOU.

DITHERS: I HAVEN'T HAD ANY DINNER EITHER. THANKS TO YOU. PROBABLY THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER HIT ANYTHING WITH A GUN IN YOUR LIFE...AND IT HAD TO BE OUR ONLY ROAST GOOSE.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW.

DITHERS: WHAT ARE YOU STAGGERING FOR? I'M NOT STAGGERING.

DAGWOOD: NO, SIR. WOULD YOU LIKE TO CARRY YOUR OWN GUN AWHILE NOW?

DITHERS: WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUMSTEAD? GETTING TRAIL TIPSY?

DAGWOOD: WELL, NO. BUT WHAT WITH YOUR GUN AND MINE IT'S HARD TO KEEP THE TENT ROLL FROM RUBBING MY SHOULDER.

DITHERS: WELL, YOU WANTED TO BRING THE TENT...

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT IT MIGHT RAIN IN THE NIGHT...

DITHERS: IT'S COLD ENOUGH TO SNOW...

DAGWOOD: AND WHEN CORY SAID NOT TO COME HOME WITHOUT SOME GAME, I -- I THINK SHE MEANT IT.

DITHERS: I KNOW SHE DID. TRY THAT TURKEY CALL AGAIN, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...WAIT, TILL I PUSH MY HELMET UP OUT OF MY EYES...

DITHERS: DROP ALL THAT STUFF, BUMSTEAD...(VARIOUS THUDS AND CLANKS) NOW, GO AHEAD AND BLOW THAT TURKEY CALL...

DAGWOOD: OKAY. (SOUND OF COMEDY TURKEY CALL)

DITHERS: DO YOU THINK ANY TURKEY WILL THINK THAT'S ANOTHER TURKEY?

DAGWOOD: THE MAN THAT SOLD IT TO ME SAID THEY WOULD.

DITHERS: ANY BIRD THAT WOULD ANSWER THAT WOULD BE A MENTAL CASE.

DAGWOOD: HE MIGHT STILL BE GOOD TO EAT. HERE YOU TRY IT...

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT...HERE GOES. (EVEN WORSE SOUND OF TURKEY CALL)

DAGWOOD: BETTER LET ME TRY AGAIN...I'VE GOT MORE OF A LIP FOR IT.

DITHERS: WELL...GO AHEAD! PUT SOME HEART INTO IT!

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT'S HARD TO SOUND LIKE BENNY GOODMAN ON ONE OF THESE THINGS, BUT I'LL TRY IT AGAIN. (TURKEY CALL AGAIN) (PAUSE) NO USE, I GUESS. IF THERE ARE ANY TURKEYS AROUND WE'RE NOT FOOLING THEM MUCH...(CHICKEN CLUCKS FAINTLY... DONE BY MEEKER) (DAG DOES TAKE, BUT SOFTLY) HEY...HEY, LISTEN!

DITHERS: I HEAR IT...I HEAR IT. (CLUCKS NEARER) THAT'S A TURKEY, ALL RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'S SOMETHING...LET'S TRAIL IT...

DITHERS: LEAVE THOSE THINGS WHERE YOU DROPPED THEM, BUMSTEAD...WE'LL PICK THEM UP ON OUR WAY BACK! COME ON!...HAND ME MY GUN... (CLUCKS FAINTER) IT'S GOING AWAY.

DAGWOOD: IT'S NEARLY GONE...OH, WELL, IT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE MUCH OF A BIRD ANYWAY...

DITHERS: I DON'T CARE WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE! I WANT IT TO EAT -- NOT FOR ITS VOICE, BUMSTEAD!...(CLUCKS AGAIN) LISTEN! IT'S OVER THERE SOMEWHERE...COME ON!

DAGWOOD: GO AHEAD...I'LL KEEP BLOWING MY CALL...(BLOWS IT) (CLUCKS ANSWER)

DITHERS: THERE IT IS...FOLLOW ME, BUMSTEAD...AND WATCH YOUR STEP! (CLUCKS FAINTER) (ALTERNATE CALLS AND CLUCKS FADING AS:)

MUSIC: (BRIDGE...AFTER BRIDGE THE CALL BUT NO ANSWER)

DAGWOOD: IT'S NO USE...THAT BIRD JUST LED US INTO THE WOODS AND THEN WENT OFF SOMEWHERE.

DITHERS: WE DID FOLLOW IT A LONG WAY. ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE,

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE, WE...ER...WE...I THINK WE CAME THAT WAY...IT'S ALMOST TOO DARK TO SEE EVEN IF THERE WERE ANY TURKEYS TO SHOOT

DITHERS: IF YOU ASK ME, BUMSTEAD...YOU'RE LOST.

DAGWOOD: I AM? GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT BLONDIE WILL SAY...

DITHERS: WELL, I KNOW WHAT CORY WILL SAY IF I STAY OUT ALL NIGHT! WE BETTER START BACK, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: SURE -- I GUESS WE HAD. ONLY WHICH WAY IS BACK? (CHICKEN CLUCKS AGAIN) HEY, LISTEN! (CLUCKS NOW SOUND LIKE LAUGHTER)

DITHERS: IS THAT INFERNAL BIRD LAUGHING AT US, BUMSTEAD? (CLUCKS NEARER)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! IT'S COMING BACK THIS WAY!

DITHERS: JUST LET IT COME IN RANGE AND I'LL TEACH IT TO GIVE ME THE LAUGH.

DAGWOOD: DON'T SHOOT, MR. DITHERS...I SEE IT!

DITHERS: WHERE?

DAGWOOD: OVER THERE IN A COONSKIN CAP!

DITHERS: NONSENSE! BIRDS DON'T WEAR CAPS...(CLUCKS CLOSE)

DAGWOOD: LOOK...PEEKING FROM BACK OF THAT TREE...IT'S A MAN!

DITHERS: HEY. HEY, YOU! (CLUCKS CLOSER) STOP THAT NOISE AND COME OVER HERE.

MAN: HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: WAS THAT YOU THAT KEPT MAKING A NOISE LIKE A TURKEY?

MAN: NOPE. THAT WAS A HEATH HEN I WAS IMITATIN'.

DITHERS: HEATH HENS ARE EXTINCT!

MAN: HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: NEVER MIND. I KNOW A HOLD-UP WHEN I SEE IT! HOW MUCH?

MAN: EH? HOW MUCH WHAT?

DAGWOOD: HOW MUCH TO SHOW US THE WAY OUT OF THE WOODS?

MAN: OH. (PAUSE) LOST, ARE YOU?

DITHERS: YES! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS TO SHOW US THE WAY BACK TO MEEKER'S HUNTING LODGE! FIVE DOLLARS! CAN YOU HEAR THAT?

MAN: DON'T SHOUT....I HEAR EVERYTHING PLAIN AS DAY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY...YOU KNOW THE WAY TO MEEKERS, DON'T YOU?

MAN: (CHUCKLES) I SHOULD SAY SO. YES, INDEED. KNOW EVERY FOOT OF THESE WOODS.

DITHERS: WELL, HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE US TO GET TO MEEKER'S PLACE?

MAN: THAT DEPENDS.

DAGWOOD: DEPENDS ON WHAT?

MAN: ON WHETHER I SHOW YOU THE WAY OR NOT. YOU STAYING AT MEEKER'S?

DITHERS: YES...AND I'LL GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS TO SHOW US THE SHORTEST WAY BACK THERE.

MAN: WANT THE SHORTEST WAY, DO YOU? WELL -- FOLLOW ME.

DITHERS: HA. THE TEN DOLLARS GOT HIM! COME ON, DAG....

DAGWOOD: HE'S GOING UP THIS LITTLE HILL....

MAN: COME ON...THIS LITTLE RISE AIN'T NO HIGHER THAN YOUR HEAD...

DAGWOOD: WE'RE COMING! (SOUND OF SCRAMBLING THROUGH BUSHES) PHEW. HERE WE ARE!

DITHERS: WELL -- TELL HIM TO GO ON, DAG -- UNTIL WE'RE IN SIGHT OF THE LODGE.

MAN: OH, YOU'RE IN SIGHT OF IT RIGHT NOW. LOOK DOWN THERE!

DITHERS: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: THERE IT IS! IT WAS THERE ALL THE TIME -- JUST OVER THE HILL.

MAN: YOU MUST A WALKED IN A CIRCLE, FRIENDS.

DITHERS: BAH. TEN DOLLARS FOR A GUIDE TO TAKE US TEN FEET! (GOING) I WON'T PAY IT!

DAGWOOD: HEY, WAIT, MR. DITHERS. WAIT FOR ME!

(MUSIC IN AND UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DITHERS: BAH! THANKSGIVING DAY!

CORY: NOW, JULIUS DITHERS -- BE THANKFUL YOU'RE BACK ALIVE.

DITHERS: I WON'T BE ALIVE LONG IF I'M NOT FED.

DAGWOOD: SOME OF THAT GOOSE IS STILL STICKING TO THE BACK OF THE FIREPLACE...MAYBE I COULD SCRAPE OFF A LITTLE FOR YOU, MR. DITHERS.

CORY: NO -- I TRIED THAT. ANY PIECE THAT'S LARGE ENOUGH TO CATCH HOLD OF IS FULL OF LEAD...AND TASTES LIKE A DISH OF TIN SOLDIERS!

BLONDIE: I CAN WARM UP THE POTATOES AGAIN...

DAGWOOD: I'LL HELP, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. YOU NEED YOUR REST. HOW DID YOU EVER FIND YOUR WAY BACK?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE MET A MAN...

DITHERS: A MAN! A BIRD OF PREY! A VULTURE! (KNOCK ON DOOR) IF THAT'S HIM, TELL HIM I WON'T PAY IT!

CORY: WON'T PAY WHAT?

DITHERS: TEN DOLLARS FOR A GUIDE THAT GOT US LOST IN THE FIRST PLACE...(DOOR OPENS) YOU KEEP OUT OF HERE -- OR I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR TRESPASSING.

MAN: HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: AND DON'T START THAT AGAIN.

MAN: HOW'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: HE SAYS YOU'RE TRESPASSING.

MAN: NOPE. JIM MEEKER WON'T MIND ME BEING HERE.

CORY: OH, HE'S A FRIEND OF MR. MEEKER WHO OWNS THE PLACE.

DITHERS: A FINE FRIEND! LOOK AT HIM!

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU CAN'T JUDGE PEOPLE BY THEIR CLOTHES. YOU AND DAGWOOD LOOK LIKE HUNTERS!

MAN: (CHUCKLES) PRETTY WITTY. PRETTY WITTY.

DITHERS: WELL, I WON'T PAY HIM ANY TEN DOLLARS.

MAN: NOBODY ASKED YOU TO. IT WAS YOUR IDEA. HAD DINNER YET?

DITHERS: NO! AND DON'T BRING THE SUBJECT OF DINNER UP AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: SEE -- WE'RE PRETTY HUNGRY.

MAN: WELL NOW...I'M A MITE SHARP-SET MYSELF.

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) OH, DAGWOOD. HE'S HUNGRY, TOO...WE OUGHT TO ASK HIM TO STAY AND SHARE OUR DINNER.

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) YEAH...SURE...BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY.

BLONDIE: THERE'S THE VEGETABLES. (LOUD) WILL YOU JOIN US IN A BITE TO EAT, MR. -- ER --

MAN: DON'T CARE IF I DO. AND THANKS.

DITHERS: HE HEARD THAT ALL RIGHT.

MAN: MIND IF I WASH MY HANDS FIRST? ALWAYS DO WHEN I EAT WITH COMPANY.

BLONDIE: GO RIGHT AHEAD...THE PUMP IS OUT BACK.

MAN: (GOING) I KNOW. KNOW EVERY FOOT OF THE HOUSE.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE! IF YOU VISIT MR. MEEKER...

MAN: WHEN HE'S HOME -- THE LATCHSTRING IS ALWAYS OUT FOR COMPANY. SO -- MAKE YOURSELVES TO HOME. (GOING) I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. (CHUCKLES) WON'T TAKE ME NO LONGER THAN IT DID FOR THE OTHER MEN FOLKS TO GET HERE AFTER I STARTED GUIDING THEM. (CACKLING LAUGH) (DOOR OPENS... SHUTS)

CORY: My, he acts kind of peculiar, don't you think?

BLONDIE: MAYBE HE THINKS WE'RE PECULIAR, TOO. AFTER ALL, THIS ISN'T OUR PLACE...IT'S MEEKER'S...AND WE OUGHT TO PASS ON HIS HOSPITALITY TO OTHERS. ESPECIALLY AT THANKSGIVING TIME.

DAGWOOD: DON'T KEEP MENTIONING THANKSGIVING, BLONDIE. IT REMINDS ME OF TURKEY.

DITHERS: AND DON'T MENTION TURKEY, BUMSTEAD. WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY..

CORY: AND DON'T MENTION NOT HAVING ANY, JULIUS CAESAR DITHERS. FOR IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT.

DITHERS: IT ISN'T MY FAULT. IT'S BUMSTEADS...DRAGGING US OUT HERE MILES FROM ANY DECENT PLACE TO EAT! BLOWING UP OUR DINNER...

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, DITHERS! I'VE HEARD ALL I WANT TO OUT OF YOU TODAY...

BLONDIE: SSSSH! GOODNESS! WHAT WOULD THAT STRANGER THINK IF HE HEARD US FIGHTING LIKE THIS?

DITHERS: HMMPH. NOW WE CAN'T EVEN ACT NATURAL! IF YOU ASK ME THAT MAN OUGHT TO GO! HOW DO WE KNOW HE'S WHAT HE SAYS HE IS?

BLONDIE: WE DON'T! BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK DANGEROUS TO ME. AND HE'S A STRANGER AND HUNGRY -- SO HE'S GOING TO BE FED.

DITHERS: BAH!

BLONDIE: SSSSH. I HEAR HIM COMING BACK. (KNOCK ON DOOR) COME ON IN!

MAN: (AWAY) I CAN'T -- NOT WITH MY ARMS FULL.

DAGWOOD: ARMS FULL? FULL OF WHAT? WAIT! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR. (DOOR OPENS) HEY, WHAT'S THAT? LOOK, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: A TURKEY!

MAN: YEP. READY TO COOK, TOO.

CORY: WELL, WHERE IN THE WORLD DID THAT COME FROM?

MAN: TOLD YOU I KNEW MY WAY AROUND HERE. IT WAS HANGING OUT IN THE SPRING HOUSE.

BLONDIE: WELL, FOLKS, THE STRANGER BROUGHT US ALL OUR DINNER.

DAGWOOD: OH, BOY. WHAT A TURKEY! SAY...THANKS!

DITHERS: WAIT A MINUTE. IF THAT BIRD WAS IN THE SPRING HOUSE, IT'S MEEKER'S, NOT HIS!

MAN: ANYTHING THAT'S MEEKER'S IS MINE -- AND VICY VERSY, YOU MIGHT SAY.

CORY: DON'T LET'S LOOK A GIFT TURKEY IN THE TEETH RIGHT NOW, JULIUS.

DITHERS: I JUST WANT TO GET THIS STRAIGHT. WHY DOES THIS MAN LAY CLAIM TO MR. MEEKER'S PROPERTY?

MAN: WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, MISTER. I'M JIM MEEKER. PERSONALLY, YOU MIGHT SAY.

DITHERS: HOW'S THAT?

CORY: HE'S MEEKER. THE OWNER OF THE PLACE.

MAN: YEP. NOW WHO IS THAT FELLER THAT DOES ALL THE YELLING?

CORY: JUST MY HUSBAND, MR. DITHERS.

MAN: NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE...AND I'M A FRIEND OF MY COUSINS...HOMER BUMSTEAD.

MAN: WELL, NOW! ANY FRIENDS OF HOMER'S ARE FRIENDS OF MINE. WELCOME TO MY ROOF AND MY TABLE. LIKE THIS LITTLE LADY SAID TO ME, "WILL YOU JOIN IN A BITE TO EAT?" WHAT LITTLE I HAVE IS YOURS.

DAGWOOD: THAT TURKEY ISN'T SO LITTLE.

BLONDIE: COME ON, CORY, LET'S COOK IT. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

DITHERS: WAIT. LET ME OUT OF HERE! I'M NOT GOING TO SIT AROUND AND SMELL ANOTHER BIRD COOKING. I CAN'T STAND IT! (GOING) I -- I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK. (DOOR OPENS)

CORY: DON'T GET LOST AGAIN, JULIUS.

DITHERS: LOST? BAH! (DOOR SLAMS)

CORY: HE'S IN PRETTY BAD HUMOUR. HE'LL HAVE INDIGESTION AGAIN IF I DON'T GO AFTER HIM AND SMOOTH HIM DOWN.

BLONDIE: GO RIGHT AHEAD. I CAN MANAGE THE TURKEY EASILY.

CORY: (GOING) I'LL BE BACK IN TIME TO HELP DISH UP. (DOOR OPENS...SHUTS)

MAN: NOW THERE'S A GOOD WIFE. LOOKIN' AFTER HER HUSBAND.

DAGWOOD: DITHERS IS ALL RIGHT, TOO...AFTER YOU GET USED TO HIM.

MAN: I EXPECT SO. THEY GOT A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR...THEY HAVE ONE ANOTHER. I REMEMBER WHEN...MY WIFE AND I USED TO COME OUT HERE -- HOLIDAY TIMES. SHE LIKED THE PLACE. THAT'S HER PICTURE UP ON THE MANTEL.

BLONDIE: OH -- HOW PRETTY.

MAN: YES SHE WAS. REAL PRETTY AND SWEET...I -- I THINK I'LL GO UP TO HER ROOM AND SET A SPELL. I USUALLY DO ABOUT THIS TIME IN THE EVENING...SHE ALWAYS DID HAVE A KNACK OF MAKING HER ROOM THE HOMIEST PLACE. IT STILL IS TO ME. HOMIEST PLACE IN THE WORLD. YOU EXCUSE ME?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE...

MAN: (AWAY) IT'S REAL NICE TO HAVE YOU FOLKS HERE. (FADING) GET'S KIND OF LONESOME SOMETIMES...

DAGWOOD: (AFTER A PAUSE) I GUESS IT WOULD BE PRETTY LONESOME... IF....

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, I'M SO THANKFUL I HAVE YOU....

DAGWOOD: I'M CERTAINLY THANKFUL I HAVE YOU....

BLONDIE: AND WE HAVE OUR HEALTH! AND YOU HAVE A JOB....

DAGWOOD: I'VE GOT A GOOD APPETITE, TOO.

BLONDIE: OH, WE HAVE SO MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR...COME ON, LET'S COOK THIS TURKEY!

(MUSIC IN AND SEGUE TO THEME)

(CLOSING)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY ARTHUR LAKE -- THE COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS WHOSE LATEST PICTURE, "BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY," IS NOW RELEASED. 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 WITH MILDRED BAILEY BRING YOU 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.

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