

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 20, 1940

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

Master

ANNOUNCER: AH -- AH -- AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- LISTEN TO

"BLONDIE" BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!!!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: For extra mildness and extra coolness -- get CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: For extra smoking per pack, get CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

(THEME: EIGHT MEASURES)

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

WALLINGTON: 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. YOU KNOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT, A SMOKER'S SENSE OF VALUE AND HIS SENSE OF TASTE PRETTY MUCH DETERMINE HIS CHOICE OF CIGARETTES. THAT'S WHY CAMELS ARE AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE. CAMELS GIVE YOU THE COMBINATION OF EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. YOUR SENSE OF TASTE WILL TELL YOU THAT THE SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE Milder AND COOLER THE SMOKE...AND THE MORE DELICATE THE FLAVOR, TOO. SLOW BURNING LETS ALL
(CONTINUED)

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WALLINGTON: THE RIPE FLAVOR OF CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS COME
(Cont'd)

THROUGH TO YOU. YOUR SENSE OF VALUE WILL TELL YOU THE
SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE LONGER IT LASTS. CAMELS
GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING. IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY
TESTS, CAMEL CIGARETTES 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 A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE
EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS,
EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING, TOO. THOSE ARE THE
EXTRAS IN CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS.
TONIGHT WE SEEM TO HAVE RINGSIDE SEATS AT THE DITHERS
A.C. -- AN ATHLETIC CLUB -- SPONSORED BY THE GREAT
J.C. DITHERS IN PERSON --- AND MANAGED BY DAGWOOD'S
HERO --- THE STEELWORKER --- WAFFLENECK WILLIAMS.
(ROAR OF CROWD IN VERY FAINTLY) ...KEEP YOUR SEATS
FOLKS...THE MAIN BOUT IS ON! AN EPIC BATTLE FOR THE
CHAMPIONS BELT -- BETWEEN LOU JOVIS...AND GUESS WHO?
(ROAR OF CROWD UP) (DOWN UNDER AN INSTANT)

VOICES: BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! LEAD WITH YOUR LEFT!

BABY: SOCK HIM DADDY! (ROAR OF CROWD UP AGAIN)

ANNOUNCER: (FILTER IN) BUMSTEAD LEADS WITH HIS LEFT -- A LIGHT
TAP ON JOVIS' JAW! JOVIS TRIES FOR BUMSTEAD'S HEAD WITH
A RIGHT AND MISSES --- NOW BUMSTEAD STEPS IN WITH A
ONE-TWO -- RIGHT ON THE BUTTON. THE CHAMP STEPS BACK
AND -- BUMSTEAD NAILS HIM WITH A LOOPING LEFT AGAIN!

BABY: ATTABOY DADDY!

ANNOUNCER: JOVIS GIVES GROUND AND BUMSTEAD CROWDS HIM TO THE ROPE!
THE MEN CLINCH AND THE REFEREE STEPS IN! THEY BREAK
CLEAN AND -- NOW THEY'RE SPARRING FOR A MOMENT! THE
CHAMPION -- JOVIS -- LOOKS TIRED -- AND PUZZLED...
(ROAR FROM CROWD) JOVIS IS RUSHING BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

ANNOUNCER: BUMSTEAD STANDS UP TO MEET HIM! (SERIES OF RAPID SMACKS)
OH BOY THIS MAN BUMSTEAD CAN TAKE IT JUST AS WELL AS HE
HANDS IT OUT! (ROAR) BATTLING BUMSTEAD HOOKS A WICKED
RIGHT 'TO JOVIS' HEAD AND THE CHAMP IS DOWN! HE'S DOWN...
NO HE'S UP...HE'S DOWN! HE'S DOWN ON ONE KNEE...HE CAN'T
GET UP...THE REFEREE...

DITHERS: (COUNTING MAN OUT) ONE --- TWO --- THREE -- FOUR (CROWD
ROAR DROWN VOICE) EIGHT --- NINE -- TEN!

ANNOUNCER: IT'S ALL OVER FOLKS...AND THERE'S A NEW CHAMPION OF THE
WORLD! THE REFEREE IS HOLDING UP HIS HAND! IT'S...

WAFFLENECK: THE WINNAH!

BABY: DADDY!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

ANNOUNCER: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! (PANDEMONIUM) HEY DAG! HI BUMSTEAD!
JUST A MINUTE! COME OVER TO THE MIKE AND SAY A FEW WORDS
TO THE RADIO LISTENERS! HERE HE COMES FOLKS...

DAGWOOD: (COMES IN ON FILTER,..PANTING) WELL I -- ALL I CAN SAY IS
I'M GLAD I WON AND I DID IT FOR THE WIFE AND BABY DUMPLING.
HI BLONDIE -- HI BABY DUMPLING! I'M OKAY!"

ANNOUNCER: YOU LOOK AS FRESH AS A DAISY!

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT? OH SURE. FRESH AS A DAISY! (DAISY BARKS) HEY,
THAT'S MY DOG DAISY BARKING! (DAISY BARKS LOUD AND LONG)
(FILTER OUT ON THIS TAKING US TO ROOM) HI DAISY! DAISY --
WHERE ARE YOU?

BLONDIE: SSSH DAISY -- YOU'LL WAKE HIM UP! (BARKS OUT)

BABY: WHAT WAS DADDY DREAMING ABOUT THIS TIME, MOMMIE?

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) HI, DAISY...I...I WON THE FIGHT!

BLONDIE: OH --- FIGHTING! THAT'S WHY HE WAVED HIS ARMS THAT WAY.

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) I WON THE FIGHT, DAISY. (DAISY WHINES) I'M CHAMPPIEN OF THE WORLD!

BABY: HE SAYS HE'S THE CHAMPPIEN, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: OH DEAR! EVER SINCE MR. DITHERS SPONSORED THAT ATHLETIC CLUB YOUR DADDY'S BEEN TALKING OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH -- AND NOW HE THINKS HE'S A FIGHTER.

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) TELL THE NEWSPAPER BOYS I'LL MEET ALL COMERS...

BABY: LISTEN, MOMMIE. ~~ALREADY~~ HE WANTS ANOTHER FIGHT.

BLONDIE: I'M GOING TO HIDE THAT TURTLE NECK SWEATER HE BOUGHT.

BABY: HE'S GOT A CHECKED CAP, TOO, MOMMIE.

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) THAT'S ALL FOR NOW BOYS. GOT TO GET HOME TO THE LITTLE WOMAN.

BABY: HE SAYS HE'S . COMING HOME.

BLONDIE: I HEARD HIM. HE'LL WAKE UP TIRED OUT FROM THAT DREAM AND HUNGRY AS A BEAR.

DAGWOOD: TOOOH. (GROANS)

BABY: HE'S AWAKE NOW, MOMMIE.

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: YOU'RE HOME, DAGWOOD. ON THE LIVING ROOM COUCH.

DAGWOOD: WHAT? LEMME GET UP -- I -- OOOOOOOOH!

BABY: TAKE IT EASY, DADDY. THAT WAS A TOUGH FIGHT YOU HAD IN YOUR DREAM.

DAGWOOD: DREAM? AW GOSH! I -- I THOUGHT...

BLONDIE: I KNOW DEAR -- BUT IT WAS ONLY A DREAM. CAN YOU STAND UP?

DAGWOOD: (TRYING TO RISE) ME? SURE...THAT GUY NEVER LAID A GLOVE ON ME. I...OOOOOOOH!

BABY: LOOK, MOMMIE. HE FELL DOWN AGAIN.

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER LIE THERE AND REST UP FROM YOUR NAP, DAGWOOD. WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE CUP OF COFFEE?

DAGWOOD: WELL I -- SURE -- I COULD SIP A CUP OF COFFEE. ER -- IS THERE ANY OF THAT BEEF-AND-KIDNEY PIE LEFT OVER?

BLONDIE: WELL IT'S ALL COLD DEAR -- AND I'M NOT SURE YOU OUGHT TO EAT AGAIN TONIGHT...

DAGWOOD: WHY NOT? GOLLY -- I NEED MY STRENGTH.

BLONDIE: (GOING) ALL RIGHT, DEAR...BUT IN YOUR NEXT DREAM YOU MIGHT LOSE THE TITLE!

DAGWOOD: THE TITLE! YEAH...I HAD THE TITLE THERE FOR A MINUTE. THAT WAS A SWELL DREAM, BABY! I WAS IN THE RING WITH LOU JOVIS! AND THE CROWD WAS YELLING...

BABY: FOR YOU, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- MOSTLY FOR ME...AND JOVIS HIT ME WITH ALL HE HAD AND IT DIDN'T HURT A BIT. BOY -- THAT'S THE LIFE!

BABY: HEY, DADDY -- WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE FIGHTS AT DITHERS A.C.?

DAGWOOD: YOUR MOTHER SAYS YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO GO TO FIGHTS YET.

BABY: WELL, BUT SHE WENT WITH YOU LAST TIME, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. BUT SHE DIDN'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH.

BABY: WELL SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT SO GOOD THE FIRST TIME. BUT NEXT TIME SHE WILL.

DAGWOOD: SHE WILL? WHY?

BABY: SHE'S BEEN READING MAGAZINES ABOUT ALL THE DIFFERENT FIGHTERS.

DAGWOOD: SHE HAS?

BABY: UHUH. HERE'S ONE SHE WAS READING TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: LESSEE. OH YEAH.

BABY: IS THE LADY ON THE COVER A PRIZE FIGHTER TOO, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: HUH? OH -- NO BABY. SHE'S A WRESTLER!

BABY: MOMMIE SAYS SHE'S GOT TOO MUCH MUSCLE TO BE PRETTY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...IT'S THE MEN WHO OUGHT TO BE ALL MUSCLE LIKE THAT,

BABY: THAT'S WHAT MOMMIE SAYS. SHE SAYS THE MEN IN THAT MAGAZINE HAVE WONDERFUL PAZZEEKS.

DAGWOOD: WELL SURE...(TAKE)...HAVE WHAT, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: PAZZEEKS.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS SHE MEANT PHYSIQUES. (SIGHS) I GUESS ALL WOMEN ARE THE SAME. NO MATTER HOW SMART A MAN IS THEY LIKE 'EM STRONG, TOO. SAY LISTEN, BABY...DO I -- DO I LOOK KIND OF SKINNY TO YOU?

BABY: OH, NO, DADDY. ANYWAY YOU'RE NOT AS SKINNY AS THE MAN IN THAT PICTURE.

DAGWOOD: THIS PICTURE? WELL I SHOULD HOPE NOT. WHY THIS FELLER IN THE AD IS A REGULAR LIVING SKELETON. HEY! HOW DOES THE MAGAZINE HAPPEN TO BE OPEN TO THIS AD? WAS YOUR MOTHER READING THIS?

BABY: UHUH. READ IT TO ME, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WELL IT SAYS HERE, "ARE YOU A WEAKLING? IF SO READ ON."

BABY: READ ON, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH I... (TAKE) HUH?

BABY: READ WHERE IT TELLS HOW THE SKINNY MAN GOT TURNED INTO THE TIGER MAN.

DAGWOOD: OH -- WELL IT SAYS HERE, "IF YOUR BEST FRIENDS CALL YOU 'BEANPOLE' DON'T GIVE UP HOPE." HUH... MY BEST FRIENDS BETTER NOT CALL ME 'BEANPOLE' OR I'D POKE 'EM IN THE EYE.

BABY: WOULD YOU POKE THE TIGER MAN IN THE EYE, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WHO? OH THIS ONE WITH ALL THE MUSCLES? WELL -- I'D GIVE HIM FAIR WARNING FIRST!

BABY: THE TIGER MAN WAS ONCE AS FLABBY AND FEEBLE AS YOU, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

BABY: THAT'S WHAT THE AD SAYS.

DAGWOOD: OH. YEAH... IT SAYS HERE, "I WAS ONCE AS FLABBY AND FEEBLE AS YOU. BUT I NOW HAVE THE WORLD'S FINEST MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT. NOW WHEN I STROLL ON THE BEACH, MEN STAND ASIDE AND WOMEN SMILE AT ME." GOSH -- THIS GUY HATES HIMSELF, DOESN'T HE? (SARCASTIC) "WOMEN SMILE AT ME"....

BABY: WELL, I GUESS THEY DO, DADDY. MOMMIE DID.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN YOUR MOTHER SMILED AT THIS BIG APE IN THE PICTURE?

BABY: UHUH. SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING TO SHOW IT TO YOU NEXT TIME YOU WERE TOO TIRED TO BEAT THE RUGS.

DAGWOOD: HMMM, WELL THIS TIGER MAN DIDN'T GET ALL THOSE MUSCLES BEATING RUGS EITHER. IT SAYS HERE HE DISCOVERED A SECRET.

BABY: IS HE GOING TO KEEP IT A SECRET, DADDY?

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DAGWOOD: NO, HE SAYS HE'S WILLING TO SHARE IT WITH THE WORLD.
HE SAYS, "LET ME PROVE THAT I CAN ADD INCHES TO YOUR
BICEPS RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME OR YOU OWE ME NO MONEY."

BABY: HOW MUCH DO YOU OWE HIM IF HE DOES PROVE IT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: IT DOESN'T SAY. IT JUST SAYS, "SEND THE COUPON NOW
FOR BIG FREE BOOKLET. ADDRESS SAMSON POWERHOUSE --
THE TIGER MAN." WELL -- IF IT'S FREE I MIGHT SEE WHAT
SAMSON HAS TO SAY...

BABY: THE OTHER ADS ALL HAVE FREE BOOKS, TOO, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WHAT OTHERS?

BABY: THERE'S A LOT MORE ADS IN THAT MAGAZINE --

DAGWOOD: (TURNING PAGES) OH YEAH...HERE'S ONE ABOUT "HERCULES
HAIRCHESTER -- WORLD'S STRONGEST HUMAN!" HE SAYS, "DON'T
BE MISLED BY FALSE CLAIMS! MY PLAN MAKES YOU A HE-MAN
AND NOT A MUSCLEBOUND MAMMOTH".....HMMMMMMMM.

BABY: I THINK THE BEST ONE IS FLASH KINKFREE --- HE ISN'T SO
BIG, BUT LOOKIT WHAT HE'S DOING IN THE PICTURE.

DAGWOOD: WHERE? (TURNS PAGES) OH, HERE HE IS! GOLLY! HE'S
KNOCKING OUT FOUR MEN AT ONCE!

BABY: UHUH. SEE -- THEY CAME UP AND GOT FRESH WITH THAT LADY
WITH HIM...AND HE LET 'EM HAVE IT.

DAGWOOD: IT SERVES THEM RIGHT, TOO. GETTING FRESH LIKE THAT.

BABY: READ ABOUT HIM, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. IT SAYS HERE..."COULD YOU DEFEND YOUR WIFE OR
SWEETHEART FROM UNWELCOME ADVANCES? I TEACH YOU HOW
IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME."

BABY: MOMMIE LIKED THAT ONE THE BEST.

DAGWOOD: SHE DID, EH? HMMM. I SEE HERE WHERE FLASH KINKFREE
SELLS PUNCHING BAGS AND FULL INSTRUCTIONS. I ALWAYS DID
WANT A PUNCHING BAG.

BABY: YEAH, BUT MOMMIE SAYS FLASH KINKFREE NEVER EATS BETWEEN
MEALS -- YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THAT, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: I WOULDN'T LIKE IT MAYBE -- BUT I COULD DO IT.

BABY: (DOUBTFULLY) UHUH.

DAGWOOD: HOW DO YOU MEAN "UHUH?" I COULD, TOO. IN FACT, I WILL!
I'M GOING TO BUY THAT PUNCHING BAG, TOO. THEN LET
ANYBODY WALK UP TO BLONDIE AND START FLIRTING WITH HER
OR SOMETHING -- AND THEY'LL GET A SURPRISE!

BABY: WHAT'LL YOU DO, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: I'LL DO LIKE FLASH KINKFREE IS DOING IN THE PICTURE.
I'LL DO LIKE I DID TO LOU JOVIS IN MY DREAM TONIGHT!
I'LL JUST HAUL OFF LIKE THIS, AND...(TAKE) TOOOOOOOOOOOH!

BABY: WHAT'S THE MATTER, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: MY ARM! I MUST HAVE THROWN MY SHOULDER OUT IN THAT FIGHT TONIGHT!

BABY: WELL, YOU WEREN'T IN TRAINING FOR IT.

DAGWOOD: NO...BUT I'M GOING INTO TRAINING. STARTING NOW...

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) HERE YOU ARE, DAGWOOD. I FIXED A NICE TRAY FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: TRAY? LISTEN, HONEY, I'M NO INVALID, YET!

BLONDIE: OF COURSE NOT, DEAR, BUT...

DAGWOOD: AND FURTHERMORE I'M NOT DOING ANY MORE EATING BETWEEN MEALS. TAKE AWAY THAT FOOD!

BLONDIE: WHAT? DAGWOOD -- AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?

DAGWOOD: NO! I MEAN YES...I FEEL FINE. ALL I NEED IS A PUNCHING BAG AND A GOOD DIET...

BLONDIE: DIET?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I SAID! HEREAFTER, I'M EATING MEAT AND POTATOES AT MEALTIMES, INCLUDING BREAKFAST...

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR, BUT DON'T YOU THINK...

DAGWOOD: NOBODY'S GOING TO INSULT YOU AND GET AWAY WITH IT.

BLONDIE: WHY, NO DEAR, BUT...

DAGWOOD: I'M SEEING WAFFLENECK WILLIAMS TOMORROW MORNING, TOO.

BLONDIE: ARE YOU DEAR? WHAT ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE RUNS THE DITHERS A.C. AND HE CAN FIX ME UP WITH A SPARRING PARTNER!

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...YOU'LL COME HOME WITH CAULIFLOWER. EARS OR SOMETHING.

DAGWOOD: OH, IS THAT SO? WELL, MAYBE I'M MORE OF A HE-MAN THAN YOU'D THINK.

BLONDIE: DARLING, I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL. ONLY -- YOU OUGHT TO TAKE IT EASY JUST AT FIRST...

DAGWOOD: NO, SIR. I'VE BEEN TAKING IT EASY TOO LONG. WELL, GOOD NIGHT ALL.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! IT ISN'T BEDTIME YET.

DAGWOOD: IT IS FOR ME! I WANT TO SEE WAFFLENECK, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING BEFORE HE STARTS TO WORK. AND I'M GOING TO TELL HIM I'M ALREADY IN TRAINING!

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

SOUND: SOUND OF PUNCHING BAG...NOT WELL PUNCHED

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTING) UMP! (BAG RATTLES) TAKE THAT! AND...
OOOOMP! (BAG RATTLES) THAT! (PANTS) I'LL TEACH YOU TO GET FRESH WITH MY WIFE!

W.W.: (DOOR OPENS) HOY! WHO'S BEATIN' UP THAT PUNCHIN' BAG?

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH. WHO'S THAT?

W.W.: IT'S ME! (COMES IN) WAFFLENECK WILLIAMS!

DAGWOOD: OH. HI, WAFFLENECK! HEY -- REMEMBER ME? DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD?

W.W.: BUMSTEAD! SAY, EXCUSE ME, DAGWOOD. I DINT REKERNIZE YER IN THEM CLOTHES.

DAGWOOD: THESE ARE MY RING TOGS, WAFFLENECK. TURN ON THE LIGHTS AND TAKE A LOOK! (A CLICK)

W.W.: HOY! WHAT'S THE SKIRT YER WEARIN'?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NO SKIRT. THAT'S THE TRUNKS. I BOUGHT 'EM FROM IRONJAW JONES.

W.W.: DEY FIT YER TOO LATE, KID. LISTEN, WHAT'S THE IDEA, ANYHOW?

DAGWOOD: OH -- I'M TAKING UP THE "MANLY ART," WAFFLENECK.

W.W.: THE WHAT?

DAGWOOD: "THE MANLY ART OF SELF DEFENSE." BOXING.

W.W.: YOU -- YER MEAN YER WANT TER BE A BOX-FIGHTER?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, LISTEN. I'M STARTING TRAINING SEE? I'M ON A DIET AND EVERYTHING.

W.W.: WAIT A MINUTE, KID. LEMME SIT DOWN.

DAGWOOD: I SUPPOSE YOU'RE A LITTLE BIT SURPRISED, HUH?

W.W.: YEAH. JUST A LITTLE. WHEN I HEAR THE BAG GOIN' AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE A.M., I THINK IT'S SOME SLAP-HAPPY MUG THAT CAN'T TELL TIME NO MORE. BUT WHEN I FIND YOU IN HERE, I AM MORE SURPRISED -- AND NOW I AM PRACTICALLY AMAZED.

DAGWOOD: WELL, LISTEN, WAFFLENECK, I'M SORRY IF I WOKE YOU UP PUNCHING THE BAG...

W.W.: OH, THAT'S OKAY, KID.

DAGWOOD: BUT I HAVE TO GET IN MY TRAINING BEFORE I GO TO WORK, SEE? BLONDIE WON'T STAND FOR ME BEING LATE FOR DINNER OR GOING OUT NIGHTS VERY MUCH.

W.W.: YEAH...BUT WHAT DYER WANT TER MIX IN THE FIGHT RACKET FOR? YOU AIN'T THE TYPE, KID.

DAGWOOD: OH -- I SUPPOSE YOU THINK I'M NOT TOUGH ENOUGH FOR A FIGHTER, EH?

W.W.: NOW DON'T GO GETTIN' SORE, KID. LISTEN...REMEMBER THAT TIME YOU WAS TRAININ' FER THE TRACK MEET?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, AND EVERYBODY KIDDED ME THAT TIME...

W.W.: I KNOW. I WAS ONE A THE KIDDERS, TOO...AND YOU SAVED MY LIFE THAT TIME.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

W.W.: I KNOW IT'S ALL RIGHT. OH SWELL --- YOU RUN A MILE IN NUTHIN' FLAT WHEN YOU FOUND ME OUT COLD FROM MONOXIDE IN ME CAR. IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, I WOULDN'T BE HERE TERDAY --- SO I'M FER YOU, KID. DON'T MAKE NO MISTAKE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH --- WELL LISTEN, WAFFLENECK...YOU RUN THE DITHERS A.C. HERE, DON'T YOU? AND ALL THE GUYS HAVE TO DO WHAT YOU SAY, DON'T THEY?

W.W.: THAT'S NO LIE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THEN --- I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO HELP ME TRAIN AND THEN GET ME A MATCH.

W.W.: JEEPERS! WHO WIT?

DAGWOOD: OH, SOME GOOD HANDY BOY ABOUT MY WEIGHT.

W.W.: THAT'S THE 'TING, KID...NONE OF OUR BOYS IS YOUR WEIGHT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL BE PUTTING ON WEIGHT NOW. MY DIET WILL PACK IT ON FAST.

W.W.: I DUNNO. YOU AIN'T GOT A BAD BUILD, BUT ALL MY BOYS IS BIG BOYS. *you'd get hurt*

DAGWOOD: GET SOMEBODY OUTSIDE THE CLUB, THEN.

W.W.: I CAN'T. THIS HERE IS A PRIVATE CLUB AND ALL THE MATCHES HAS TER BE MADE BETWIXT DITHERS EMPLOYEES. OUTSIDERS IS ILLEGIBLE.

DAGWOOD: OKAY --- I'LL GET A MATCH IN SOME OTHER CLUB.

W.W.: NO YOU WON'T, KID. I'LL TELL THE MUGS AT THEM OTHER CLUBS, IF THEY MATCH YOU -- AND YOU GET HURT -- ME AN MY BOYS WILL DROP BY AND TOSS THEIR JOINT OUTEN THE STREET, SEE?

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, WAFFLENECK...YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF ME AS IF I WAS A LITTLE KID, SEE?

W.W.: I AIN'T GOING TER SEE YOU BEAT UP --- NO MATTER HOW MAD YOU GET.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE AS BAD AS BLONDIE.

W.W.: BLONDIE'S GOT SENSE AND ALWAYS DID HAVE.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW BUT I DON'T WANT HER TAKING CARE OF ME. I WANT TO TAKE CARE OF HER! SUPPOSE SOME FRESH GUY CAME UP AND FLIRTED WITH HER --- WHAT WOULD I DO?

W.W.: YOU TELL ME AND I DEMOBILIZE THE GUY.

DAGWOOD: NO. I WANT TO HANDLE HIM MYSELF.

W.W.: OOOOOHH. I GET IT. IT AIN'T THE FIGHT GAME YOU'RE SO HOT ABOUT. IT'S KIND OF NOW --- BEIN' HANDY WITH YER MITTS IN CASE? HUH?

DAGWOOD: SURE --- THAT'S IT. I'M A FULL GROWN MAN. (SLAPS CHEST...
COUGHS)

W.W.: OKAY. OKAY. DON'T KNOCK YERSELF OUT KID!

DAGWOOD: NOW WILL YOU HELP ME?

W.W.: YEAH...BUT WE GOT TO TAKE IT EASY KID. LOOK. I'LL HELP YOU TRAIN OKAY. BUT NO FIGHTS YET.

DAGWOOD: NO?

W.W.: NO.

DAGWOOD: WELL I --- I'D KIND OF LIKE TO HAVE BLONDIE SEE ME IN THE RING.

W.W.: OKAY --- BUT I DON'T WANT HER TER SEE YER CARRIED OUT OF IT. LISTEN. I GOT AN IDEA. JUST AT THE FIRST WE'LL MAKE YER A REFEREE!

DAGWOOD: WELL --- I DON'T KNOW.

W.W.: LISTEN...A REFEREE MAKES A GOOD SHOWIN' IN THE RING. HE'S THE GUY THAT TELLS THE FIGHTERS WHERE TER GET OFF AIN'T HE? HE PUSHES IN BETWIXT EM AN'ALL? THAT'S THE JOB FER YOU KID. THE BIG SHOT. THE REFEREE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IT WOULD BE OKAY TO START WITH. ER -- WHEN DO I START?

W.W.: RIGHT AWAY, TERDAY. LISTEN...THERES A LITTLE SMALL PRIVATE GRUDGE FIGHT ON HERE TERDAY...BETWIXT IRONJAW JONES AND BULL ARMBREAKER. YOU BE HERE -- AND I'LL LET YER REFEREE THAT.

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

(NOTE: DURING THE MUSIC WE HEAR THE SLAP OF GLOVES.

DAGWOOD'S VOICE CALLS. "BREAK"...SLAPS BUILD AGAIN...AND

AGAIN DAGWOOD CALLS "BREAK"...THERE IS A PAUSE...A THUD...

AND DAGWOOD YELLS..."TOOOOOOH!"...MUSIC GOES INTO BIRD CALLS TWEETING)

BLONDIE: PUT HIM RIGHT DOWN HERE ON THE COUCH, MR. WAFFLENECK.

DAGWOOD: I -- I'M ALL RIGHT. LEMME ALONE!

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT? I NEVER SAW SUCH A BLACK EYE IN ALL MY DAYS!

W.W.: IT WAS NOW KIND OF A ACCIDENT, MRS. BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: I KNEW HE'D BE GETTING INTO TROUBLE.

BABY: MOMMIE -- HOW DID DADDY GET THE SHINER?

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, BABY DUMPLING. TAKE THIS MONEY AND RUN TO THE BUTCHERS AND GET A STEAK.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE. WHAT KIND OF STEAK?

BLONDIE: TELL THE BUTCHER IT'S FOR A BLACK EYE.

DAGWOOD: I'LL GO GET IT MYSELF.

W.W.: NOW LISTEN, PAL...YOU LIE DOWN AND TAKE IT EASY.

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HEY LOOK. IS THAT MY PUNCHING BAG OVER THERE?

BLONDIE: YES. IT CAME TODAY. YOU LIE STILL AND LOOK AT IT WITH YOUR GOOD EYE WHILE I HAVE A TALK WITH MR. WAFFLENECK WILLIAMS.

W.W.: THIS HERE AIN'T MY DOING MRS. B! ME --- I WANTED TER TAKE A POKE AT THE GUY THAT HUNG THAT SHANTY UNDER HIS EYE -- BUT DAGWOOD WOULDN'T LEAVE ME DO IT.

DAGWOOD: I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM MYSELF.

BLONDIE: YOU'LL DO NO MORE FIGHTING, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: I WASN'T EVEN FIGHTING! I WAS REFEREE!

W.W.: YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. SEE IT WAS LIKE THIS...

BLONDIE: COME OUT IN THE KITCHEN AND TALK. I WANT DAGWOOD TO REST.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'LL REST UP AND THEN I'LL GO AFTER THAT GUY!

BLONDIE: SSSSH. (GOING) COME ON MR. WAFFLENECK.

W.W.: YEAH...THANKS...YOU AN ME IS GOT TER GET OUR HEADS TERGETHER, MRS. B.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: NOW THEN I'LL THANK YOU TO TELL ME WHY YOU BRING MY HUSBAND HOME IN THAT CONDITION.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

W.W.: WELL, MAM, IT WAS LIKE THIS SEE. DAG COMES TER ME THIS MORNING AND WANTS ME TER MATCH HIM FER A FIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT.

W.W.: I NEVER DONE IT. HONEST. I TRY TER GIVE HIM THE BRUSH ... OFF AND HE GETS SORE. SO I GOT A GOOD IDEA...

BLONDIE: AND DAGWOOD GOT A BLACK EYE.

W.W.: WELL IT LOOKED LIKE A GOOD IDEA. I TELLS HIM INSTEAD OF BEIN' A FIGHTER WHY DOESN'T HE BE A REFEREE. SO HE DOES.

BLONDIE: I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD FIGHTS IN THE AFTERNOON.

W.W.: THIS WAS A PRIVATE BOUT BETWIXT IRONJAW JONES AND BULL ARMBREAKER. BOT' BOYS IS MEMBERS AT THE CLUB.

BLONDIE: WELL?

W.W.: WELL, SO THEY HAS QUITE A TASTY SCRIMMAGE -- ONLY EXCEPT THAT IRONJAW KEEPS FOULIN' BULL -- AND DAG, AS REFEREE KEEPS WARNING IRONJAW -- AND IRONJAW KEEPS GETTIN SORER AND SORER AT DAG.

BLONDIE: SO FINALLY IRONJAW HIT DAGWOOD, I SUPPOSE?

W.W.: YES, MAM. DAG GOES DOWN AND OUT FER THE COUNT AND I HOP INTER THE RING AND TAKE A POKE AT IRONJAW. HE WAS ALMOST LYNCHED ON ACCOUNT YER HUSBAND IS PRETTY POPLAR WIT' THE BOYS. BUT DAG COME TO TOO SOON -- AND STOPS US.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M AFRAID THOSE BOYS PLAY A LITTLE TOO ROUGH MR. WAFFLENECK. HEREAFTER I DON'T WANT DAGWOOD AROUND THAT DITHER'S A.C. AT ALL.

W.W.: NO MAM. HE AIN'T THE TYPE FER THE FIGHT RACKET. BUT HE'S A GAME GUY THOUGH. LISTEN...MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE HIM BACK OUTER THE CHALLENGE.

BLONDIE: WHAT CHALLENGE?

W.W.: WELL IT WAS LIKE THIS -- WHEN DAG COME TO -- HE SENDS A CHALLENGE TER IRONJAW FER A GRUDGE FIGHT TO A FINISH.

BLONDIE: HE MUST BE CRAZY!

W.W.: WELL HE WAS FIGHTIN' MAD MRS. B. -- AN ACCORDIN TER THE RULES AT THE CLUB, WHY ANY MEMBER CAN CHALLENGE ANY OTHER MEMBER SEE?

BLONDIE: OH DEAR. WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

W.W.: WHY THE OTHER GUY NATURALLY HAS TER ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE AND THEY FIGHT IT OUT.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD WILL NEVER BACK OUT! I KNOW HIM! HE'S TOO ANXIOUS TO HAVE ALL THE MEN RESPECT HIM.

W.W.: YES, MAM.

BLONDIE: BUT HE --- HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THIS IRONJAW
JONES --- WILL HE?

W.W.: HE WON'T HAVE NO MORE CHANCE THAN A SNOWBALL IN THE HOT
PLACE.

BLONDIE: CAN'T YOU MAKE THE OTHER MAN BACK OUT?

W.W.: I COULD BEAT HIM UP MYSELF PERSONALLY BUT IF I DONE THAT
DAGWOOD WOULD GET WISE AND PROB'LY CHALLENGE ME. HE'S
AWFUL TOUCHY. (SOUND OF PUNCHING BAG FURIOUSLY BEATEN)
LISTEN AT HIM PUNCHIN' THAT BAG!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOOOD! (DOOR OPENS,..BAG SOUND LOUDER) DAGWOOD
BUMSTEAD...STOP THAT NONSENSE! (SOUND OF LOUD SMACK)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH! (SOUND OF FALL)

W.W.: IT GOT HIM IN THE OTHER EYE!

BLONDIE: HELP ME PICK HIM UP!

BABY: (COMING IN) HERE'S THE STEAK FOR DADDY'S EYE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: RUN BACK TO THE BUTCHERS FOR ANOTHER STEAK! DADDY'S GOING
TO HAVE TWO BLACK EYES NOW...

BABY: (GOING) OKAY, MOMMIE.

W.W.: HERE, DAG...SIT DOWN ON THE COUCH AGAIN. LISTEN YOU DIDN'T
OUGHT' TER STOP NO PUNCHIN BAG WIT YER EYE.

DAGWOOD: OOOOOOH. I JUST LOOKED AROUND WHEN BLONDIE YELLED...AND
...(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: DON'T TRY TO TALK DAGWOOD...WILL YOU ANSWER THAT PHONE
MR. WAFFLENECK?

"BLONDIE" 20-21-
5/20/40

W.W.: (GOING) SURE -- SURE.

BLONDIE: NOW LISTEN TO ME, DAGWOOD.

W.W.: (PHONE UP) HELLO...YEAH...THIS IS HIS HOUSE...HUH?

BLONDIE: YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE UP ANY IDEA OF FIGHTING, DAGWOOD.

ANYBODY WHO GETS TWO BLACK EYES WHEN THEY'RE NOT FIGHTING --

W.W.: OKAY --- I'LL TELL HIM. (PHONE DOWN)

DAGWOOD: WHO WAS THAT ON THE PHONE?

W.W.: WELL, IT SEEMS LIKE IT WAS IRONJAW JONES...AND HE SAYS
TO TELL YOU THAT IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO ACCEPT YER
CHALLENGE! A FIGHT TO A FINISH HE SAYS.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD. PLEASE, YOU CAN'T!

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T, EH? I CAN TOO! WHY I'LL KILL THAT BUM! I ---
(TAKE) TOOHH.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! NOW WHAT?

W.W.: IT'S HIS ARM...HE MUST A TURN IT OUT AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: T'OOOOOOH.

MUSIC: (IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR CENTRAL)

"BLONDIE" 21-A
5/20/40

WALLINGTON: WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS IN A MOMENT, BUT FIRST A REMINDER: -- WHEN I TALK ABOUT THE EXTRAS IN SLOW-BURNING CAMELS, I ALWAYS LIKE TO BE SURE THAT YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING -- EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. YOU SEE, CAMELS ARE SLOWER BURNING, AND THE SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE LONGER IT SMOKES. HERE ARE THE FACTS:

VOICE: IN RECENT IMPARTIAL 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 A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKIES PER PACK.

WALLINGTON: AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ECONOMY OF THAT EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS IS WELL WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

VOICE: IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT, YOU CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES WHERE YOU LIVE, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS.

WALLINGTON: SO FOR THE EXTRAS IN SMOKING PLEASURE -- EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING -- TURN TO SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN IRONJAW JONES AND DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. IN FACT IT'S ALMOST ZERO HOUR NOW -- AND DOWN IN HIS DRESSING ROOM AT THE DITHERS A.C, DAGWOOD PEERS AT BLONDIE THROUGH TWO HALF CLOSED PEEPERS THAT ONCE WERE EYES...

BLONDIE: YOU MIGHT AS WELL RELAX DAGWOOD AND TAKE OFF THOSE SILLY BOXING GLOVES BECAUSE A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT THERE WASN'T GOING TO BE ANY FIGHT FOR YOU TONIGHT,

DAGWOOD: HAS IRONJAW APOLOGIZED?

BLONDIE: NO -- HE HASN'T.

DAGWOOD: THEN THERE'S GOING TO BE A FIGHT.

BLONDIE: WAFFLENECK WILLIAMS TOLD ME NOT TO WORRY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, A FINE SECOND HE IS. TRYING TO DISCOURAGE HIS MAN. WHERE IS HE ANYWAY?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW.

DAGWOOD: HE OUGHT TO BE HERE GIVING ME A RUB DOWN. (KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: MAYBE THIS IS WAFFLENECK NOW. COME IN. (DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. HELLO, MR. DITHERS. HEY HOW'S THE CROWD UP THERE?

DITHERS: BIG CROWD. TO BAD TO DISAPPOINT THEM.

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY. YOU CAN TELL THE BOYS I'M IN THE PINK OF CONDITION AND EXPECT TO LAST -- WELL ANYWAY THREE ROUNDS -- I HOPE!

DITHERS: YOU'RE NOT FIGHTING IRONJAW JONES TONIGHT BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: OH -- DID HE APOLOGIZE FOR POKING ME IN THE EYE?

DITHERS: NO -- BUT HE ISN'T ELIGIBLE TO FIGHT IN THIS CLUB.

DAGWOOD: HE IS TOO. ANY EMPLOYEE OF THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY CAN FIGHT HERE. THAT'S THE RULES.

DITHERS: YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I KNOW, BUT IRONJAW DOESN'T WORK FOR ME ANYMORE.

DAGWOOD: DID HE QUIT YOU?

DITHERS: NO. I FIRED HIM! TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT FOR? I DON'T LIKE HIM -- BUT HE'S A GOOD WORKER.

DITHERS: THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. I FIRED HIM TO SAVE YOU BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: TO SAVE DAGWOOD?

DITHERS: YEAH...YOU DON'T WANT HIM BEATEN TO A PULP DO YOU?

BLONDIE: NO...BUT...

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE. YOU MEAN YOU FIRED THAT MAN JONES BECAUSE HE ACCEPTED MY CHALLENGE? THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK.

DITHERS: WELL IT WASN'T ALL MY IDEA, YOUR FRIEND WAFFLENECK PUT ME UP TO IT.

DAGWOOD: I WON'T STAND FOR IT! IT'S NOT FAIR! IF YOU FIRE HIM I'LL QUIT.

DITHERS: BLONDIE! REASON WITH HIM WILL YOU?

BLONDIE: NO!

DITHERS: THANKS I (TAKE) HOW'S THAT? YOU WON'T?

BLONDIE: NO -- I AGREE WITH DAGWOOD! THAT MAN JONES HAS A WIFE AND THREE KIDS AND HE NEEDS A JOB.

DITHERS: YEAH -- BUT HE COULD KILL DAGWOOD. AND DAGWOOD
WOULDN'T BACK DOWN AND JONES WOULDN'T -- SO IT WAS
THE ONLY WAY. IF JONES DOESN'T WORK FOR ME HE
CAN'T FIGHT HERE.

BLONDIE: WELL I DON'T WANT DAGWOOD HURT -- BUT I DON'T WANT HIM
SAVED THAT WAY!

DAGWOOD: NO SIR! I'LL QUIT! AND WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT IN SOME
OTHER CLUB.

DITHERS: NO YOU WON'T. WAFFLENECK HAS THAT FIXED.

DAGWOOD: OKAY. BUT I'M THROUGH! YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM
QUITTING! I QUIT WORK IN SYMPATHY WITH IRONJAW JONES.

DITHERS: LISTEN I THOUGHT YOU TWO HAD A GRUDGE.

DAGWOOD: WE DO. BUT NOT THAT KIND. NOW YOU GO AND TELL HIM
HE'S HIRED AGAIN OR I WON'T WORK FOR YOU ANOTHER DAY.

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT DAGWOOD. WE'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW.

DITHERS: OOOOOH. LISTEN...DON'T MAKE ME THE VILLAIN OF THIS
PIECE. I DIDN'T WANT TO FIRE JONES IN THE FIRST PLACE!
IF YOU TWO CAN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I'M DOING FOR YOU --
ALL RIGHT. JONES GOES BACK ON THE JOB...

BLONDIE: THANK YOU, MR. DITHERS...

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THANKS.

DITHERS: (GOING) JONES GOES BACK ON THE JOB...AND YOU BUMSTEAD
WILL PROBABLY GO TO THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL! (DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND DEAR. WE WERE RIGHT. NOW I'M FOR YOU
DAGWOOD. GO UP THERE AND FIGHT...AS LONG AS YOU CAN.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...IT...IT'S TIME TO GO UP I GUESS. WHERE'S WAFFLENECK ANYWAY? A FINE SECOND...HEY...YOU BRING THAT WATER BUCKET BLONDIE...AND...THE SPONGE...AND PLENTY OF TOWELS...(DOOR OPENS)

VOICE: (LOUD P.A.) THE MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING...
IRONJAW JONES VERSUS DAG (BATTLING) BUMSTEAD...
TEN ROUNDS TO A FINISH! (ROAR OF CROWD)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH. TO -- TO THE FINISH!

MUSIC: (BRIEF MUSIC INTERLUDE)

SOUND: CROWD NOISE SUBDUED

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD. YOU'RE IN THE RING.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

DITHERS: YOU GOT A GREAT HAND WHEN YOU CLIMBED IN TOO.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT WHERE'S THE OTHER FELLER? WHY DON'T WE GET S-S-STARTED?

DITHERS: NOW DON'T LET IT RATTLE YOU BUMSTEAD. IT'S AN OLD GAG FOR ONE FIGHTER TO KEEP ANOTHER WAITING TO MAKE HIM NERVOUS.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. IT -- IT WORKS TOO.

DITHERS: WELL -- YOU WOULD GO THROUGH WITH THIS FIGHT. YOU SHOULD HAVE LET JONES STAY FIRED WHEN I HAD HIM FIRED.

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU SURE YOU TOLD HIM HE WAS HIRED AGAIN?

DITHERS: WAFFLENECK TOOK HIM THE NEWS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHY DOESN'T WAFFLENECK GET BACK HERE? A FINE SECOND HE IS.

DITHERS: HERE COMES WAFFLENECK NOW! (ROAR FROM CROWD)

DAGWOOD: HEY WAFFLENECK...WHERE'S IRONJAW JONES!

DITHERS: HE CAN'T HEAR YOU...GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO CLIMB UP INTO
THE RING.

DAGWOOD: NOW HE'S UP. (CROWD OUT) HI WAFFLENECK! OH -- ER --
EXCUSE ME.

W.W.: QUIET DAG. I GOT AN ANNOUNCEMENT TER MAKE. (BAWLS)
YER KIND ATTENTION KINDLY. I GOT HERE IN MY HAND A
LETTER FROM IRONJAW JONES!

DITHERS: TAKE THE LOUDSPEAKER WAFFLENECK!

W.W.: OKAY (FILTER IN LOUD) I GOT HERE A LETTER TO READ YER
ALL. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN...I IRONJAW JONES HEREBY
WANT TER STATE THAT DAG BUMSTEAD IS A WHITE MAN IF
EVER THEY WAS ONE ON ACCOUNT HE SAVED ME MY JOB
TERNIGHT EVEN THOUGH I WAS GOIN' TER BEAT HIS EARS
DOWN.

DAGWOOD: OH IS THAT SO?

DITHERS: QUIET BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR.

W.W.: AND FURTHERANDMORE I HEREBY STATE THAT I GOT NO
QUARELL WITH NO GUY LIKE THAT SO I APOLOGIZE FER
DOTTIN' HIS EYE FER HIM AND HOPE THEY IS NO HARD
FEEELIN'. ANYHOW I AIN'T GOIN' TER FIGHT HIM.
SIGNED, IRONJAW JONES.
(APPLAUSE -- CROWD HUM)

DITHERS: OKAY, BUMSTEAD...COME OUT HERE IN THE CENTER OF THE RING.
DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT HE ISN'T GOIN' TO FIGHT.
DITHERS: I KNOW...GIVE ME YOUR HAND.
DAGWOOD: WHAT FOR?
W.W.: (FILTER IN) LADIES AND GENTS WHEN ONE FIGHTER BACKS
OUTEN A FIGHT WHY THE OTHER GUY WINS BY DEEFAULT SO
THE REFREE MR. DITHERS WILL KINDLY HOLD
UP DAG BUMSTEAD'S HAND.
DITHERS: I AM.
W.W.: LADIES AND GENTS...THE WINNAH! DAG BUMSTEAD O THIS
CLUB!
SOUND: CHEERS...WHISTLES, ETC.....THEN FADE UNDER
DAGWOOD: GOSH...IT...IT'S JUST LIKE MY DREAM.
BLONDIE: (COMING IN) OH, DAGWOOD...YOU WON!
DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH -- BUT IT WAS PRETTY SUDDEN!
BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SORRY YOU GOT OUT OF IT?
DAGWOOD: WELL -- I TELL YOU...ONCE YOU GET ALL KEYED UP FOR A
FIGHT...
BLONDIE: OH, BUT DEAR...JUST THINK...NOW YOU CAN BREAK TRAINING!
NOW YOU CAN HAVE YOUR LITTLE MIDNIGHT SNACKS AGAIN.
DAGWOOD: FOOD? YOU MEAN REAL FOOD LIKE KIPPER HERRING ON
FRIED EGG WITH MUSTARD PICKLE AND --
BLONDIE: YOU BET. ANYTHING YOU WANT...
DAGWOOD: OH BOY! WHAT I COULD DO TO A SANDWICH...COME ON LET'S
GO!
SOUND: CHEERS UP LOUDLY
MUSIC: (IN BIG AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(CLOSING)

WALLINGTON: IN JUST A MOMENT, WE WILL TRY AND GIVE YOU A BRIEF
SYNOPSIS OF NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE, BUT FIRST --

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS --
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS. CAMELS BRING
YOU THREE OTHER GREAT SHOWS EACH WEEK. ON FRIDAY NIGHT
CAMELS BRING YOU THE AL PEARCE PROGRAM. AND ON
SATURDAY, THERE'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH
IIKA CHASE. YOU'LL FIND IT A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME
ENTERTAINMENT -- ON SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR
BOB CROSBY AND MILDRED BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A
"HEARTBEAT." NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AGAIN YOU'LL HEAR
"BLONDIE" AND....

*Don't miss the excitement
when "Blondie Tames the
Wildman"*

THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO ENJOYMENT. AND FOR YOUR
SMOKING ENJOYMENT -- TRY CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT
GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE)

WALLINGTON: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD BY
ARTHUR LAKE -- "BLONDIE" IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY
ASHMEAD SCOTT...

THIS IS JIMMY WALLINGTON (PINCH-HITTING FOR BILL
GOODWIN AND) SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF
CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.