

8/14/90

OK

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1940

Master

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

GOODWIN: 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!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS."

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

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD'S HOUSE TO VISIT
CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND
"DAGWOOD," A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

"BLONDIE" -1A-
8/5/40

GOODWIN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WHEN YOU LIGHT UP A SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTE, YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS: FROM THE FIRST FLAVORFUL PUFF RIGHT THROUGH THE LAST EXTRA PUFF YOU'RE GOING TO GET AN EXTRA MEASURE OF PLEASURE YOU WON'T FIND IN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE. RIGHT NOW, ALL OVER AMERICA MILLIONS OF SMOKERS ARE ENJOYING THE "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS. THEY ARE AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE. SMOKERS APPRECIATE THE "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS...THE EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR THAT COME FROM CAMEL'S MATCHLESS BLEND OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS AND CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING. THAT UNIQUE SLOWER WAY OF BURNING ALSO MEANS EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. REMEMBER, FOR THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE... IN SMOKING VALUE, TURN TO SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S MORNING --- BREAKFAST TIME, IN FACT --- AND BLONDIE IS BUSY AROUND THE KITCHEN AS BABY DUMPLING ENTERS --

BABY: GOOD MORNING, MOMMIE --

BLONDIE: GOOD MORNING, BABY DUMPLING --- READY FOR YOUR BREAKFAST?

BABY: THAT KIND OF DEPENDS, MOMMIE. WHAT ARE YOU FIXING FOR BREAKFAST, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: (WITH A SIGH) WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE TO YOU, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: IT LOOKS LIKE FISH. (SNIFFS) IT SMELLS LIKE FISH, TOO.

BLONDIE: WELL -- IT IS FISH.

BABY: I THOUGHT WE HAD FISH FOR BREAKFAST YESTERDAY MORNING.

BLONDIE: WE DID.

BABY: WASN'T THAT FISH WE HAD FOR DINNER LAST NIGHT, TOO?

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT --- IT WAS.

BABY: LISTEN, MOMMIE -- HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE WE HAVEN'T HAD FISH?

BLONDIE: IT'LL BE FOUR DAYS BY SUPPER TIME TONIGHT.

BABY: FISH AGAIN TONIGHT? (SIGHS) WHAT KIND OF FISH TONIGHT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: THIS SAME KIND -- IT ALL COMES OFF THAT TWELVE POUND CHUNK OF FISH YOUR FATHER BROUGHT HOME LAST FRIDAY.

BABY: EXCUSE ME, MOMMIE --- BUT I'M GETTING KIND OF A LITTLE BIT TIRED OF THAT SAME OLD FISH.

BLONDIE: SO AM I, BABY -- WE'RE BOTH TIRED OF THIS FISH. IF YOU ASK ME -- I THINK THE FISH IS GETTING A LITTLE TIRED, TOO

BABY: WELL -- WHY DON'T WE HAVE SOMETHING ELSE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK YOUR FATHER, DEAR. EVERY TIME I SUGGEST SOMETHING DIFFERENT, HE LOOKS KIND OF WILD AND SAD AND ASKS FOR MORE FISH. YOU'D THINK TO SEE HIM BEG FOR FISH, THAT HE WAS A TRAINED SEAL.

BABY: WELL, BUT HE DOESN'T EAT IT AS IF HE LIKED IT.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. (LOWERS VOICE) TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, BABY DUMPLING -- I'M A LITTLE BIT WORRIED ABOUT HIM.

BABY: WHY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: HE'S KEEPING SOMETHING A SECRET FROM ME. I CAN READ HIM LIKE A BOOK. ALL THE TIME WE'VE BEEN MARRIED, HE'S ONLY HAD TWO SECRETS FROM ME.

BABY: DID HE FINALLY TELL YOU THE SECRETS, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WHEELLL -- I FINALLY FOUND THEM OUT. ONCE WAS THE TIME HE JOINED THE LODGE -- AND THE OTHER WAS THE TIME HE THOUGHT HE WAS AWFULLY SICK AND HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO KNOW IT.

BABY: USUALLY WHEN HE'S SICK, HE WANTS EVERYBODY TO KNOW IT. HE HOLLERS LIKE EVERYTHING.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHEN HE JUST HAS A HEADACHE OR SOMETHING UNIMPORTANT. THIS OTHER TIME HE DECIDED HE HAD APPENDICITIS AND DIDN'T WANT ME TO WORRY 'TIL HE FOUND OUT FOR SURE.

BABY: DIDN'T HE HAVE IT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO -- IT WAS JUST THAT HE'D EATEN A WHOLE WATERMELON. BUT WHAT WORRIES ME, IS THAT MAYBE THIS TIME HE IS SICK.

BABY: WHY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN ACCOUNT FOR HIS GOING ON A DIET. ESPECIALLY A FISH DIET.

BABY: WHAT KIND OF SICKNESS IS FISH GOOD FOR, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT I DON'T KNOW. SEEMS TO ME IT'S GOOD FOR HIS BLOOD PRESSURE OR NERVOUS PROSTRATION OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BABY: HE MUST HAVE IT PRETTY BAD IF WE ALL HAVE TO GO ON A FISH DIET.

BLONDIE: WELL, WE CAN'T ASK POOR DADDY TO EAT FISH ALL ALONE EVERY DAY. (RATTLES PAN) (A SIZZLING SOUND) NOW WHEN HE COMES DOWN FOR BREAKFAST, BE EXTRA NICE TO HIM, BABY DUMPLING. TRY TO KIND OF TAKE HIS MIND OFF THE FISH.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE -- (DAGWOOD HEARD HUMMING OFF) I THINK HERE HE COMES NOW.

BLONDIE: THAT HUMMING DOESN'T FOOL ME, EITHER. IT'S TO MAKE ME THINK THERE'S NOTHING WRONG. WELL -- TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME. (HUMMING IN...SHE HUMS TOO LOUDLY) GOOD MORNING, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: GOOD MORNING -- FINE MORNING -- WHAT ARE WE HAVING FOR BREAKFAST -- (SNIFFS) AH -- FISH, EH?? I THOUGHT I SMELLED FISH FRYING.

BABY: HOW DO YOU FEEL, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: HUH? ME? OH, I FEEL OKAY. I FEEL GREAT -- WHY?

BLONDIE: ARE YOU SURE YOU DO, DEAR? (ANXIOUS)

DAGWOOD: WHY -- I -- I THINK I DO. (TAKE) HEY -- WHAT'S THE MATTER? DO I LOOK FUNNY?

BLONDIE: WHY, NO, DEAR --

BABY: WANT ME TO BRING YOU YOUR SLIPPERS, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: EH? SLIPPERS? WHY -- NO, BABY DUMPLING. GOSH, I JUST PUT ON MY SHOES!

BLONDIE: BABY WAS JUST TRYING TO SHOW HIS AFFECTION FOR YOU, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: OH. ER -- WHY? IS IT HIS BIRTHDAY SOON OR ANYTHING?

BLONDIE: WHY, OF COURSE NOT, DAGWOOD. BABY JUST THOUGHT THAT
MAYBE YOU WEREN'T FEELING SO AWFULLY WELL -- AND HE WANTED
TO -- TAKE YOUR MIND OFF -- THINGS.

BABY: YEAH, DADDY. WHAT CAN WE TALK ABOUT -- EXCEPT FISH?

DAGWOOD: EXCEPT FISH? OH, HEY, LISTEN -- IS THAT FISH I BROUGHT
HOME ABOUT GONE?

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD -- WE'LL EAT THE LAST OF IT TONIGHT. UNLESS
OF COURSE -- YOU'D LIKE A CHANGE.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO -- LET'S EAT IT UP -- WE'RE GOING TO NEED MORE ROOM
IN THE ICEBOX.

BLONDIE: MORE ROOM -- WHAT FOR, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WHY FOR THE NEXT PIECE OF THAT FISH I BRING HOME.

BABY: AW, DADDY -- NOT SOME MORE OF THAT SAME FISH --

DAGWOOD: WHY -- WHAT'S THE MATTER? THAT'S A NICE FISH.

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR -- BUT BABY AND I WERE THINKING IF WE HAVE TO
EAT FISH THREE TIMES A DAY NOW -- (WE DON'T MIND,
MIND YOU -- FOR YOUR SAKE) -- BUT WHY DON'T YOU BRING
HOME DIFFERENT KINDS OF FISH?

DAGWOOD: WHY GOSH, HONEY -- YOU CAN'T GET DIFFERENT KINDS OF FISH
OFF THE SAME FISH!

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN -- YOUR DIET CALLS FOR JUST ONE KIND OF FISH?

DAGWOOD: EH? DIET? WHAT DIET?

BABY: YOUR DIET FOR HIGH NERVOUS PRESSURE!

DAGWOOD: FOR WHAT? LISTEN, I'M JUST EATING FISH!

BLONDIE: WE'RE ALL EATING FISH -- AND HAVE BEEN FOR DAYS. IF IT'S
NOT FOR YOUR HEALTH, DAGWOOD -- WHAT IS IT FOR?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE'VE GOT TO EAT THAT FISH UP, HAVEN'T WE? GOSH,
I DON'T WANT TO KEEP ON PAYING STORAGE ON IT!

BLONDIE: STORAGE?

DAGWOOD: SURE, HONEY -- A BIG SWORDFISH LIKE THAT NATURALLY TAKES
UP ROOM IN THE BUTCHER'S ICE BOX AND HE HAS TO CHARGE ME
RENT -- DID YOU EVER SEE A THREE HUNDRED POUND SWORD FISH?

BABY: AW, DADDY -- DO WE HAVE TO EAT ALL THAT?

BLONDIE: THREE -- HUNDRED -- POUNDS! OH, DAGWOOD! WHY IN THIS
WORLD DID YOU EVER GET MIXED UP WITH A THREE HUNDRED POUND
FISH?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- IT STARTED OUT TO BE KIND OF A JOKE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!

BABY: WHEN DO WE START LAUGHING, DADDY?

BLONDIE: HERE I WAS WORRYING BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE SICK.
WELL, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING VERY FUNNY IN THREE HUNDRED
POUNDS OF FISH HUNG UP IN AN ICEBOX!

DAGWOOD: (MEEKLY) WELL -- IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE A FUNNY JOKE.

BLONDIE: (SARCASTICALLY) WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO HEAR THAT.
I CAN EAT THE REST OF THE FISH WITH A LOT MORE PLEASURE
NOW THAT I KNOW THE JOKE WASN'T FUNNY.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO EAT IT ALL. WE COULD GIVE
SOME OF IT AWAY.

BLONDIE: OH, YES. IT MAKES A LOVELY GIFT. WE COULD RUN ALL OVER
THE NEIGHBORHOOD HANDING OUT THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF
SWORDFISH. PEOPLE WOULD THINK WE WERE CRAZY.

DAGWOOD: THEY WOULD NOT. WHEN MEN GO FISHING AND CATCH A LOT OF
FISH, THEY GIVE THEM AWAY TO THE NEIGHBORS.

BLONDIE: YES --- AND EVERYONE HAS TO HELP THEM EAT IT --- BUT NOBODY
EVER REALLY WANTS SOMEBODY ELSE'S FISH.

BABY: MOMMIE. I'VE GOT AN IDEA. I KNOW WHO'D TAKE SOME FISH
OFF OUR HANDS. MRS. MEOW.

DAGWOOD: WHO?

BLONDIE: WE DON'T KNOW HER RIGHT NAME --- BUT THEY CALL HER
MRS. MEOW ON ACCOUNT OF THE CATS. SHE HAS HUNDREDS -- ALL
THE STRAYS IN TOWN LIVE AROUND HER LITTLE SHACK. THAT'S
A GOOD IDEA BABY.

DAGWOOD: I NEVER SAW THIS MRS. MEOW, DID I?

BLONDIE: NO -- SHE USUALLY GOES BY WHEN YOU'RE AT WORK --- SHE
COMBS THE ALLEYS FOR CATS AND CAT FOOD, POOR SOUL.

BABY: (GOING) I'LL GO ASK HER NOW, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: BREAKFAST, FIRST, DEAR.

BABY: (OFF) AW, MOMMIE -- I CAN'T EAT ANY MORE FISH -- RIGHT
NOW! MAYBE THE WALK WILL GIVE ME AN APPETITE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- ALL RIGHT. BUT DON'T BE GONE TOO LONG.

BABY: (GOING) NO, MOMMIE --

BLONDIE: (SOUND OF A SPATULA IN PAN) READY FOR YOUR FISH NOW,
DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: GOLLY NO. I DON'T THINK I WANT ANY BREAKFAST.

BLONDIE: MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TAKE A WALK FOR YOUR APPETITE, TOO.

DAGWOOD: NO, I'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR MR. DITHERS.

BLONDIE: OH, IS HE COMING BY FOR YOU THIS MORNING?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I ASKED HIM IF HE WOULD -- BECAUSE I WANTED TO
SHOW HIM THE PICTURES ON THE WAY DOWN TOWN -- SORT OF
CASUAL.

BLONDIE: WHAT PICTURES, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: THE FISH PICTURES. THAT'S WHY I BOUGHT THE FISH -- FOR THE PICTURES.

BLONDIE: LISTEN, DAGWOOD -- I'M NOT REALLY VERY HUNGRY FOR BREAKFAST MYSELF. SUPPOSE WE JUST SIT DOWN QUIETLY -- AND YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

DAGWOOD: SURE. I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU ANYWAY -- BUT I WANTED TO SEE HOW THE PICTURES CAME OUT.

BLONDIE: HOW DID THEY COME OUT?

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO LOOK YET. THEY JUST CAME IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING. THEY'RE IN THIS ENVELOPE HERE. WAIT (TEARS ENVELOPE OPEN) HERE THEY ARE -- LOOK!

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS! I NEVER SAW SUCH A BIG FISH!

DAGWOOD: ISN'T HE A BEAUTY? AND LOOK --- HERE'S A PICTURE OF ME WITH HIM --- HERE --- I'M THE ONE WEARING THE HAT (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: YES DEAR, BUT -- WHY ARE YOU LYING DOWN NEXT TO THE FISH?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S TO SHOW HOW LONG HE IS. OF COURSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HANG A BIG FISH UP AND STAND NEXT TO HIM. BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE A DERRICK HANDY -- SO YOU GET THE SAME EFFECT BY LYING DOWN -- KIND OF ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: I SEE -- BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS THE MAN WHO CAUGHT THE FISH WHO GOT HIS PICTURE TAKEN --

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH -- THAT'S RIGHT. ER -- I DON'T CARE IF MR. DITHERS GETS THE IDEA I DID CATCH IT --

BLONDIE: (REPROVING) OH --- DAGWOOD -- THAT'S JUST THE SAME AS TELLING A WHOPPING BIG LIE!

DAGWOOD: IT IS NOT -- NOT ABOUT A FISH. GOSH EVERYBODY TOUCHES UP A FISH STORY A LITTLE! NOBODY BELIEVES MORE'N HALF OF WHAT ANYBODY TELLS THEM ABOUT THE FISH THEY CAUGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL -- BUT WHAT'S THE POINT OF TRYING TO FOOL MR. DITHERS?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- I'VE GOT TO GET AHEAD OF THIS FELLER WILLIAMS!

BLONDIE: WAFFLENECK WILLIAMS?

DAGWOOD: NO, WAFFLENECK WORKS ON THE STREET. ~~THIS GUY IS A~~
SALESMAN IN THE OFFICE -- AND YOU TALK ABOUT LYING! TO HEAR HIM TELL IT -- HE'S CAUGHT EVERY KIND OF FISH THAT SWIMS -- AND NOTHING BUT BIG ONES.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WHAT DO YOU CARE?

DAGWOOD: BECAUSE MR. DITHERS BELIEVES HIM!

BLONDIE: I NEVER THOUGHT MR. DITHERS WAS VERY EASY TO FOOL.

DAGWOOD: NO -- BUT FISH ARE HIS WEAKNESS RIGHT NOW. HE'S FISH CRAZY!

BLONDIE: DOES HE GO FISHING HIMSELF?

DAGWOOD: NO. HE LETS ON HE WOULD BE A WONDER AT IT -- IF IT WASN'T FOR HIS RHEUMATISM. HE LIKES TO TELL WHAT HE USED TO CATCH -- BUT HE'S TOO SMART TO BACK IT UP BY GOING FISHING ANY MORE!

BLONDIE: SO HE TAKES IT OUT IN SWAPPING FISH STORIES WITH THIS MR. WILLIAMS?

DAGWOOD: YEAH (DISGUST) I. W. WILLIAMS. HE SAYS THE INITIALS STAND FOR ISAAK WALTON.

BLONDIE: OH -- THE ONE WHO WROTE THE BOOK ON FISHING?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THIS GUY REWRITES IT EVERY DAY... AND J. C. JUST SITS THERE AND LISTENS -- HE HASN'T ANY TIME TO LISTEN TO ME ANY MORE AT ALL.

BLONDIE: OHO. SO THAT'S IT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'M NOT GOING TO LET A FELLER LIKE THAT COME INTO THE OFFICE AND TAKE ALL OF MR. DITHERS' TIME. IF MR. DITHERS WANTS FISHERMEN AROUND THE PLACE I'M GOING TO BE A FISHERMAN TOO.

BLONDIE: WELL -- MAYBE YOU COULD CATCH FISH, DAGWOOD. IF YOU KNEW WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GOT THERE.

DAGWOOD: OH, I'VE CAUGHT FISH! -- REMEMBER THAT TIME AT THE PICNIC--

BLONDIE: OH, YES. YOU CAUGHT A FINNY MONSTER THAT WEIGHED ALL OF SIX OUNCES WHILE IT WAS STILL WET.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OF COURSE IT WAS KIND OF A YOUNG FISH...

BLONDIE: AND INEXPERIENCED!

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) YEAH. YOU KNOW -- SOMETIMES I THINK THAT A FISH OLD ENOUGH TO GET ANY SIZE IS SMARTER ABOUT FISHING THAN I AM. THE BIG ONES ALL GET AWAY.

BLONDIE: I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT THIS ONE ON THE PICTURE -- AND THERE'S SOMETHING PUZZLES ME. IF IT'S A SWORDFISH WHY DOESN'T IT HAVE A SWORD?

DAGWOOD: OH -- IT DID HAVE A SWORD -- A REGULAR SWORDFISH SWORD -- I SORT OF SAWED THE SWORD OFF WITH A SAW.

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: THAT WOULD GIVE IT AWAY. DITHERS WOULD KNOW I NEVER WENT SWORDFISH FISHING -- BUT IF HE THINKS IT'S A TROUT IT WILL LOOK EXTRA BIG TO HIM.

BLONDIE: A TROUT. WHY A TROUT THAT SIZE WOULD BE A MONSTER!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. I'M GOING TO LET ON THAT IT'S A SPECIAL KIND. IT'S GOING TO BE NAMED THE BUMSTEAD TROUT -- AFTER ME. THE HOOK LINE AND SINKER SOCIETY OF AMERICA IS GOING TO NAME IT THAT.

BLONDIE: WHO ARE THE HOOK LINE AND SINKER SOCIETY OF AMERICA?

DAGWOOD: I AM.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...I DON'T WANT TO DISCOURAGE YOU...BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE JUST HEADING FOR TROUBLE. MR. DITHERS IS GOING TO TAKE ONE LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AND CATCH ON.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF HE DOES I'LL TELL HIM IT'S A JOKE ON WILLIAMS. DITHERS LIKES JOKES -- ON OTHER PEOPLE.

BLONDIE: I KNOW HE DOES -- BUT...

DAGWOOD: AND AFTER WE'VE HAD A LAUGH IT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SHOW WILLIAMS UP FOR A PHONEY.

BLONDIE: HOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF WILLIAMS DOESN'T CATCH ON THAT THIS ISN'T A TROUT HE'S NO FISHERMAN AT ALL...AND I DON'T THINK HE IS!

(DOOR BELL) HEY -- I GUESS THAT'S MR. DITHERS NOW...

(DOOR OPENS AWAY) I'LL GO ASK HIM IN.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) BUMSTEAD!!

BLONDIE: HE IS IN.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HI MR. DITHERS...GOOD MORNING.

DITHERS: (ACCUSINGLY) I SMELL FISH!

BLONDIE: WHY -- ER YES -- WOULD YOU LIKE SOME?
DITHERS: FISH? FOR BREAKFAST? NO!
DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS DOESN'T LIKE TO EAT FISH, BLONDIE...HE JUST
LIKES TO TALK ABOUT 'EM.
DITHERS: FISH! PAH!
DAGWOOD: IF THERE'S ANYTHING HE LIKES TO TALK ABOUT IT'S...(TAKE)...
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
BLONDIE: HE SAID PAH!
DAGWOOD: YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT FISH ANY MORE.
DITHERS: IT'S A SORE SUBJECT WITH ME, BUMSTEAD.
DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT YOU LIKED TO TALK ABOUT --
ER -- YOU-KNOW-WHAT. GOSH...YOU AND WILLIAMS...
DITHERS: WILLIAMS -- DON'T MENTION THAT SCOUNDREL'S NAME!
DAGWOOD: OKAY...THAT'S TWO THINGS I WON'T MENTION! -- ER -- WHAT
HAPPENED?
DITHERS: I FOUND OUT HE HAD RHEUMATISM!
DAGWOOD: RHEUMATISM?
DITHERS: JUST LIKE MINE. HE CAN'T FISH ANY MORE THAN I CAN NOW.
DAGWOOD: OH...WELL -- ER -- THAT'S TOO BAD.
DITHERS: TOO BAD...IT'S INSUBORDINATION. THAT'S WHAT IT IS! LETS
ME ENTER HIM IN THE NATIONAL CONTEST AND THEN BACKS OUT
AT THE LAST MINUTE.
BLONDIE: I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. DITHERS...WHAT NATIONAL CONTEST?
DITHERS: WHY THE NATIONAL CONTEST. THE ALL-AMERICAN DRY FLY FISHING
TOURNAMENT. I WANTED A DITHERS MAN TO WIN THAT -- THE
PUBLICITY IS TERRIFIC.
DAGWOOD: GOLLY, THAT'S TOO BAD. IF I WAS MORE OF A FISHERMAN...

BABY: (COMING IN) IT'S OKAY, DADDY...MRS. MEOW SAYS SHE'LL TAKE ALL THE FISH WE HAVE.

BLONDIE: SSSH BABY.

DITHERS: EH? ALL WHAT FISH?

DAGWOOD: OH WE --- JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE A LITTLE MORE FISH ON HAND THAN WE COULD EAT OURSELVES.

BABY: THREE HUNDRED POUNDS...

DITHERS: WHAT!

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...NOT...NOT NOW...HE WOULDN'T SEE THE JOKE RIGHT NOW!

DITHERS: JOKE? THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF FISH IS NO JOKE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

DITHERS: LOOK HERE, BUMSTEAD...YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING FROM ME. NOBODY EVER BOUGHT THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF FISH AT ONE CRACK. YOU...YOU MUST HAVE CAUGHT IT!

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...NOT...ER NOT EXACTLY.

DITHERS: SUFFERING SALMON! LOOK AT THIS! LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH!

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...DON'T LOOK!...I MEAN...

BLONDIE: I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THAT PICTURE, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: TELL ME ABOUT IT? YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME...I CAN SEE, CAN'T I? BUMSTEAD AND HIS CATCH! BOY! THAT'S A WHOPPER. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE A REAL FISHERMAN, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: AW -- SHUCKS, MR. DITHERS...LISTEN...

DITHERS: SAVE IT, BUMSTEAD!...YOU'RE GOING TO GET A CHANCE TO TELL ALL ABOUT IT --- BEFORE AN AUDIENCE THAT WILL APPRECIATE THE STORY! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO THE ANGLERS CLUB... FOR LUNCH...TODAY!

"BLONDIE"
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DAGWOOD: NO --- NO ---

BLONDIE: OH NO MR. DITHERS --

DITHERS: OH YES...AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY ENTRY IN THAT DRY FLY CONTEST, TOO. I'LL ENTER YOU TODAY.

DAGWOOD: NO -- PLEASE, MR. DITHERS --

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD -- YOU CAN'T.

DITHERS: NOW, LISTEN TO ME, BUMSTEAD. I'VE HAD ONE DISAPPOINTMENT AND I DON'T WANT ANOTHER. I FIRED WILLIAMS FOR LETTING ME DOWN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- BUT -- NOBODY CAN GUARANTEE TO CATCH FISH...AND MY TACKLE IS ALL RUSTY...

DITHERS: I'LL GET YOU NEW TACKLE...AND HIRE A GUIDE! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO WIN THAT CONTEST...COME ON...GET YOUR HAT! LET'S GO!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH!

MUSIC: (PROBABLY SEGUE TO THEME HERE FOR CENTRAL)

GOODWIN: WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS IN A MOMENT, BUT FIRST A WORD ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES -- IF THERE ARE ANY SET OF QUALITIES THAT ALL SMOKERS AGREE ON ... APPRECIATE IN A CIGARETTE, THEY ARE:

MAN'S VOICE: MILDNESS, COOLNESS AND FLAVOR.

GOODWIN: YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND THE REASON MORE SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE IS BECAUSE CAMELS GIVE YOU AN EXTRA MEASURE OF EACH PLUS AN EXTRA AMOUNT OF SMOKING. CAMELS, WITH THEIR MATCHLESS BLEND OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS...THEIR SLOWER WAY OF BURNING, SMOKE WITH A FULL, RICH FLAVOR THAT DOESN'T TIRE YOUR TASTE...AND WITH A NATURAL SLOW-BURNING MILDNESS THAT IS WELCOME TO THE MOST SENSITIVE THROAT. CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING LETS THE PLEASURE COME THROUGH FOR REAL SMOKING ENJOYMENT. CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR. AND CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING CAN MEAN A REAL SAVING IN THE DAY-TO-DAY COST OF YOUR SMOKING.

MAN'S VOICE: IN RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TEST, 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.

GOODWIN: THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. THOSE ARE THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE AND VALUE YOU GET WHEN YOU TURN TO SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS. NEARLY A WEEK HAS GONE BY SINCE MR. DITHERS FORCED A RELUCTANT DAGWOOD TO BECOME THE J. C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S ENTRY IN THE NATIONAL FISHING CONTEST. TRUE TO HIS THREAT, J. C. BOUGHT NEW TACKLE AND ELABORATE EQUIPMENT...HIRED AN INDIAN GUIDE...AND SENT THE EXPEDITION OUT INTO THE WILDS AFTER FISH...FOR THE LATEST BULLETIN ON THE RESULT ...LISTEN...

DAGWOOD: (APPARENTLY FINISHING A LONG SPEECH)...AND SO...GENTLEMEN OF THE ANGLERS CLUB...THAT'S HOW I LANDED THE PRIZE WINNING FISH USING NOTHING BUT A COMMON HOUSE FLY ON A BENT PIN...~~(TERRIFIC APPLAUSE NOT FAINTLY HEARD)~~ THANKS FOR THE TROPHY, WHICH I WILL ALWAYS PRIZE...(ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF LOUDLY) TOOOOOOH. (DAGWOOD WAKES) WASSAT?

BABY: IT'S THE ALARM CLOCK, DADDY. WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: EH? (SMOTHERS ALARM UNDER BLANKET) ALARM CLOCK? DOGGONE IT. I WAS HAVING A SWELL DREAM! HEY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

BABY: IT'S ALMOST DAYLIGHT, DADDY.

SOUND: MUFFLED ALARM OUT...ROAR OF STREAM

DAGWOOD: WHO LEFT THE WATER RUNNING SOMEWHERE?

BABY: IT'S THE RIVER, DADDY. IT ALWAYS RUNS!

DAGWOOD: RIVER? LISTEN -- ARE WE STILL ON THE FISHING TRIP?

BABY: UHUH. IT'S THE LAST DAY OF IT. YOU BETTER GET UP AND FISH.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) GOLLY -- I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HAVE TO SNEAK UP ON THE FISH IN THE DARK!

BABY: MOMMIE'S BEEN UP A LONG TIME. SO'S CHIEF CHARLEY HORSE.

DAGWOOD: THAT INDIAN THINKS I'M CRAZY -- AND HE MAY BE RIGHT!
(GRUMBLING) COMING ALL THE WAY OUT INTO THE COUNTRY
AFTER A FEW FISH! RIDING A HORSE FROM WHERE THE RAILROAD
STOPPED SO NOW I CAN'T SIT DOWN! CRAWLING OVER WET ROCKS
TILL I CAN'T HARDLY STAND UP... (TAKE) TOOOOH. BABY!

BABY: WHAT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: CALL YOUR MOTHER! GET A DOCTOR...OOOOH! BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

DAGWOOD: YOU -- YOU'LL HAVE TO BE BRAVE, BLONDIE! I -- I'M DONE
FOR! MY LEGS! I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS!

BABY: MAYBE THEY'RE JUST ASLEEP, DADDY!

DAGWOOD: NO...I CAN BEND 'EM...BUT JUST SO FAR AND...

BLONDIE: I'LL MASSAGE YOUR FEET, DEAR...HERE, BABY...TAKE THE
BLANKET OFF AND (WITH RELIEF) OH DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: YOU WENT TO BED WITH THOSE RUBBER BOOTS ON! THAT'S WHY
YOUR LEGS ARE STIFF.

DAGWOOD: BOOTS? OH GOLLY! MY WADERS!

BLONDIE: YOU POOR BOY! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN AWFULLY TIRED WHEN YOU
CAME INTO THE TENT LAST NIGHT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I REMEMBER NOW...CHIEF CHARLEY HORSE SAID
SOMETIMES THE FISH GOT HUNGRY AT NIGHT...SO WE WENT OUT
FISHING WITH A LANTERN. I GUESS THEY'VE ALL LOST THEIR
APPETITES THOUGH...I DIDN'T GET ANY.

BLONDIE: YOU'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO CATCH SOME KIND OF FISH TODAY,
DAGWOOD. IT'S THE LAST DAY AND MR. DITHERS WILL WANT
SOMETHING FOR HIS MONEY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. HE'S SPENT A LOT ON ME...I TOLD HIM NOT TO BUT HE
WOULDN'T LISTEN. WELL, I CAN TRY...(GROANS)...OOOH!
WHEN I THINK OF RIDING THAT HORSE BACK TO THE RAILROAD
AGAIN...(TERRIFIC BEATING ON A FRYING PAN) TOOOH!
WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: CHIEF CHARLEY HORSE.

BABY: I GUESS HE'S ON THE WARPATH.

CHIEF: (AWAY) CHUCKS UP! COME GIT HIM!

DAGWOOD: OH BREAKFAST! "CHUCKS UP" IS INDIAN TALK FOR BREAKFAST IS
READY. MMM. (SNIFFS) I SMALL BACON. AND COFFEE!
GANGWAY -- GANGWAY. (SWISH OF MUSIC AS HE RUNS OUT)

BLONDIE: THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS LEGS!
(BRIEF MUSIC)

DAGWOOD: YMMM. ANYBODY WANT THIS LAST PIECE OF BACON?

BLONDIE: NO DEAR. YOU EAT IT.

DAGWOOD: THANKS.

BLONDIE: FEEL BETTER NOW?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SURE. I THINK THE EFFECTS OF THE HORSE ARE KIND
OF WEARING OFF. HEY, CHIEF CHARLEY -- WHEN WE GO BACK
YOU MAY BE SO CATCHUM NOTHER HORSE FOR ME?

CHIEF: THAT HORSE PLENTY GOOD HORSE. PAPOOSE RIDE THAT HORSE
ALL TIME.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE SO...BUT WE JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.
THAT HORSE WAS ALWAYS COMING UP WHEN I WAS GOING DOWN...
AND ER...VICE VERSA.

CHIEF: GUESS YOU NO RIDE HORSE MUCH. GUESS YOU NO FISH MUCH BEFORE THIS TIME, HUH?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- NO. BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S ALL MY FAULT. MAYBE NOT MUCH FISH IN THIS RIVER ANY MORE.

CHIEF: UGH. PLENTY FISH. WASHY-WASHY RIVER FULL OF FISH. BIGGEST FISH IN WORLD LIVE IN WASHY-WASHY.

BABY: YEAH, I SAW SOME BIG ONES JUMP OUT OF WATER YESTERDAY, DADDY.

BLONDIE: SO DID I...I SAW ONE WHOPPER. RIGHT OVER IN THAT POOL BEHIND THE ROCKS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF HE'S STILL THERE I'LL LAND HIM. ONE THING I'VE LEARNED TO DO IS PUT A FLY JUST ABOUT WHERE I WANT IT.

BLONDIE: THAT'S FINE, DEAR. COULD YOU CAST INTO THAT POOL?

DAGWOOD: SURE...WHERE'S MY ROD?

BABY: HERE IT IS, DADDY...

DAGWOOD: THANKS...(GOING) NOW WHEN I GET TO THE BANK...JUST WATCH.

BLONDIE: THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL ROD MR. DITHERS BOUGHT HIM. IT COST THIRTY DOLLARS.

CHIEF: TOO GOOD MAYBE SO. INJUN CATCHUM PLENTY FISH ON HOMEMADE POLE. YOU WANT CHARLEY MAKE YOU ONE?

BLONDIE: I'D LOVE IT!

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) HEY...WATCH NOW!

BABY: OKAY, DADDY!

DAGWOOD: I'LL PUT IT RIGHT IN THE POOL. WATCH! (WHIRR OF REEL)
TOOOOH.

BLONDIE: NOW WHAT?

DAGWOOD: A BEE! A BEE STUNG ME! RIGHT HERE!

BLONDIE: WHAT A SHAME! IT SPOILED HIS CAST!

CHIEF: UGH. NO BEE! HIM HOOK HIMSELF WITH FISH-HOOK -- IN SEAT OF PANTS!

(MUSIC BRIEFLY)

BABY: HEY, MOMMIE...WHAT YOU DOING?

BLONDIE: (WAKING WITH A START) WHAT? OH, GOODNESS. I BELIEVE I DOZED OFF. -- THE SUN IS LOW! DADDY HASN'T COME BACK, HAS HE?

BABY: NO, MOMMIE...HEY -- IS THAT YOUR FISH POLE STICKING IN THE BANK?

BLONDIE: UHUH. CHIEF CHARLEY HORSE MADE IT OUT OF A WILLOW TREE LIMB. HE BAITED MY HOOK FOR ME, TOO. WITH A FUNNY LOOK LOOKING BUG.

BABY: DIDN'T YOU GET ANY BITES, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO...I SAT DOWN AND LEANED BACK AGAINST THIS ROCK AND WAITED. *But nothing happened* THAT'S THE WAY CHIEF CHARLEY HORSE SAYS THE INDIANS FISH. THEY DON'T TRAMP ALL OVER THE RIVER. THEY JUST SIT AND WAIT FOR A FISH TO COME WHERE THEY ARE.

BABY: BUT IF ONE CAME AND BIT YOUR BAIT WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! I GUESS I'D JUST TRY TO PULL HIM IN. (STIFLES A YAWN) MY, THE SOUND OF THE RIVER AND THE WARMTH OF THE SUN MAKES ME SLEEPY.

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) HELLOOOOO!

BABY: HERE COMES DADDY.

BLONDIE: HE LOOKS AWFULLY TIRED. KIND OF DOWNHEARTED, TOO. I'M AFRAID HE STILL HASN'T HAD ANY LUCK.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) HEY...YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ANY FISH THAT WAY. YOU HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM, BLONDIE!

BABY: LIKE YOU DO, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I NEARLY GOT ONE. BIGGEST ONE I EVER SAW. HE CAME RIGHT UP AND LOOKED AT MY LUMINOUS TANDEM SPINNER I WAS USING.

BABY: THEN WHAT HAPPENED, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WHY THEN -- HE WENT AWAY AGAIN. IF HE'D BITTEN THAT SPINNER I'D HAD HIM.

BLONDIE: CHIEF CHARLEY HORSE SAYS THE INDIANS USE BUGS...LIKE THE ONE I HAVE ON MY HOOK. HE SAYS THE FISH LIKE BUGS.

DAGWOOD: BUGS! LISTEN...I'VE GOT EVERY KIND OF FLY KNOWN TO MAN IN MY KIT HERE...AND I'VE USED 'EM ALL...AND THESE FISH DON'T GO FOR ANY OF 'EM. NOW HOW CAN YOU EXPECT FISH LIKE THAT TO GO AFTER AN ORDINARY BUG LIKE THEY SEE AROUND ALL THE TIME?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW, DEAR...BUT...(WITHOUT UNDUE EXCITEMENT)
OH LOOK...SOMETHING'S FOOLING AROUND WITH MY LINE....

DAGWOOD: WHAT? YEAH! DON'T MOVE, ANYBODY...MAYBE...BOY!
A STRIKE!

BABY: THE POLE'S BENDING!

DAGWOOD: GRAB IT!

BLONDIE: MERCY!

BABY: HELP ME! HE'S PULLING ME IN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NO! PULL HIM IN! LET ME HAVE THAT...TOOOH. YOU LET GO OF IT!

BABY: WELL, YOU SAID...(BIG SPLASH) LOOKIT!

BLONDIE: HE JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER! (SPLASH AGAIN) THERE HE GOES.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY, HE'S A WHOPPER! HEY, THAT'S THE ONE GOT AWAY FROM ME!

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BABY: LOOKIT THE POLE GO! HE'S SWIMMING AWAY!

DAGWOOD: NO...HEY! COME BACK! WAIT...

BLONDIE: HE'S GETTING AWAY!

DAGWOOD: HE IS NOT...I...I'LL GET HIM! (TERRIFIC SPLASH AS DAGWOOD
JUMPS IN)

BABY: DADDY JUMPED IN!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

BABY: HE'S GOT THE POLE. (DAGWOOD SPLUTTERS) (FURIOUS SPLASHING)

BLONDIE: I NEVER KNEW DAGWOOD COULD SWIM SO FAST!

BABY: HE'S NOT SWIMMING...THE FISH IS TOWING HIM....

MUSIC: (INDICATIVE OF PASSING DAGWOOD AND FISH THROUGH WATER)
THERE THEY COME...

MUSIC: (AGAIN)

BLONDIE: THERE THEY GO!

BABY: HOLD HIM, DADDY...

BLONDIE: HE'S GOT IT BY THE TAIL! (TERRIFIC THRASHING)

BABY: LOOKIT! HE'S GOT BOTH ARMS AROUND IT. (REGULAR...FAST...
SLAPPING) BAAAW! IT'S SLAPPING DADDY'S FACE WITH ITS
TAIL!

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) GUB...GUB...HEY! LOOK OUT! I'M GOING TO THROW IT
ON THE BANK! (PAUSE...A THUMP AND FLAPPING)

BLONDIE: MY, WHAT A HUGE FISH!

DAGWOOD: GUB...GUB...DON'T LET IT GET BACK IN THE WATER!

BABY: DON'T WORRY, DADDY...I'M SITTING ON IT!

MUSIC: (IN AND UP BRIEFLY)

MAN: AND NOW...FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE ANGLERS CLUB. YOU'VE SEEN ALL THE MAGNIFICENT SPECIMENS OF GAME FISH BROUGHT IN TO COMPETE IN THE ALL AMERICAN CONTEST...ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE DITHERS ENTRY. FROM THE SMILE ON MR. DITHERS FACT I EXPECT HE HAS SOMETHING PRETTY GOOD UNDER THAT LARGE BANK OF FLOWERS BEFORE HIM ON THE TABLE...ER I CALL ON MR. DITHERS!

DITHERS: WELL, MEN! I HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO...BUT WHEN I SENT DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD OUT AFTER FISH...I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING. I'M GOING TO WHIP AWAY THE COVER NOW...AND...THERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN. THERE'S YOUR WINNER...FROZEN IN THAT BLOCK OF ICE YOU SEE THE LARGEST RAINBOW TROUT EVER TAKEN IN ANY STATE OF THIS GLORIOUS UNION! (WHISTLES...APPLAUSE)

MAN: WELL, FELLOW FISHERMEN...I THINK YOU'LL AGREE THAT THE GOLD TROPHY GOES TO THE MAN WHO BROUGHT IN THAT TROUT! MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. (CHEERS...APPLAUSE...CRIES OF SPEECH...SPEECH!)

DITHERS: GO TO IT, DAGWOOD! SAY SOMETHING!

DAGWOOD: WHO...ME?...AW...

BLONDIE: GO ON DEAR...SAY THANK YOU! (NOISE OUT)

DAGWOOD: WELL...ER...FELLOW FISH...ER...FISHERMEN...ALL I CAN SAY IS...A LOT OF CREDIT GOES TO MY WIFE...AND BABY DUMPLING, HERE...THEY REALLY CAUGHT THIS FISH YOU MIGHT SAY.

BLONDIE: DON'T BELIEVE HIM. HE CAUGHT IT...WITH HIS BARE HANDS!
(LAUGHTER)

MAN: WELL, GENTLEMEN, WE'VE ALL HEARD FISH STORIES IN OUR TIME...BUT THIS LITTLE LADY TOPS 'EM ALL! (CHUCKLES)
THE IDEA OF THE GREATEST DRY FLY FISHERMAN OF OUR DAY -- MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD -- CATCHING A FISH WITH HIS HANDS!
(LAUGHTER)

DAGWOOD: GOSH, BLONDIE...THEY DON'T BELIEVE US!

DITHERS: NEVER MIND, BUMSTEAD! WE'VE GOT THE TROPHY AND WE'VE GOT THE FISH! I'LL PUT THE GOLD CUP IN THE OFFICE AS AN INSPIRATION TO THE REST OF THE BOYS! YOU'LL WANT THE FISH TO TAKE HOME, OF COURSE.

DAGWOOD: EH? WELL...ER...NO THANKS. WE HAVE QUITE A LOT OF FISH LEFT OVER NOW...AND...

DITHERS: I MEAN TO MOUNT ON THE WALL...

DAGWOOD: OH...

BLONDIE: THE CLUB IS STILL WAITING TO HEAR YOU SPEAK, DAGWOOD...
(WHISPERS) LISTEN...IF THEY WON'T BELIEVE THE TRUTH, TELL THEM A FISH STORY...THEY'LL LIKE THAT BETTER...

DAGWOOD: OH...WELL...(RAISES VOICE) WELL, FELLOW FISHERMEN...ER... HAVE ANY OF YOU EVER BEEN FISHING UP ON THE WASHY-WASHY RIVER?

VOICES: (NO...NEVER HEARD OF IT, ETC.)

DAGWOOD: WELL THEN...I CAN SPEAK FREELY. THIS WASHY-WASHY RIVER IS JUST A BRANCH OF THE WISHY-WASHY RIVER...AND THAT'S A BIG RIVER WITH BIG FISH IN IT...IF YOU THINK THIS FISH I BROUGHT HOME IS BIG...YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY! WHY, MEN, THAT FISH WAS SO BIG...THAT WHEN HE TRIED TO SWIM FROM THE WISHY-WASHY INTO THE WASHY-WASHY...HE GOT STUCK AT THE INTERSECTION!...(LAUGHTER...APPLAUSE)
(MUSIC: IN..."JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"...SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(CLOSING)

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GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT, WE WILL TRY AND GIVE YOU A BRIEF
SYNOPSIS OF NEXT WEEKS EPISODE, BUT FIRST --

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

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS --
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVE YOU THE "EXTRAS".

Don't forget to tune in on Blondie at this same time again next
week --The Humsteeds will strike a high note in Harmony when Blondie
takes up music"

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD IS
PORTRAYED BY ARTHUR LAKE. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING

Blondie is
written and
directed by
Ahmeded Scott.

GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.
THIS IS THE...COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.