

Master

9/9/40

(6)

(SECOND REVISION)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1940

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 FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. HERE THEY
COME.

DAGWOOD: BLOOOOOOONDIE! C'MERE QUICK! LOOKIT WHAT I'VE GOT ON!

BLONDIE: (AWAY) FOR GOODNESS SAKE! DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) PRETTY GOOD, HEY? NOTICE THE HAT?

BLONDIE: NOTICE IT! YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

DAGWOOD: IT'S WHAT THEY CALL A TEN GALLON HAT! HOW DO I LOOK
IN IT?

BLONDIE: YOU LOOK LIKE A MUSHROOM! IT'S TOO BIG FOR YOU, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- A LITTLE! MAYBE I TAKE ABOUT A FIVE GALLON SIZE!

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GOODWIN: I GUESS EVERY MAN'S WANTED TO SLAP ON A TEN GALLON HAT SOME TIME IN HIS LIFE...AND NOW THAT DAGWOOD'S GOT ONE, HE'S A HAPPY MAN...EVEN THOUGH HIS HEAD IS ONLY A FIVE GALLON MODEL. IT'S A RED LETTER DAY FOR DAGWOOD!...WELL, WE ALL HAVE RED LETTER DAYS ONCE IN A WHILE...THE DAYS WE GET THE "EXTRAS"...TAKE SMOKING, FOR INSTANCE...WHY, YOU CAN GET THE "EXTRAS" EVERY DAY WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR. YOU SEE, CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE MATCHLESSLY BLENDED INTO A CIGARETTE THAT IS SLOWER-BURNING. THAT MEANS FREEDOM FROM THE HARSHNESS AND IRRITATING QUALITIES OF EXCESS HEAT. INSTEAD OF A HOT, FLAT-TESTING SMOKE, CAMELS GIVE A FULL FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE THAT HOLD THEIR APPEAL THROUGH THE LAST PUFF...THROUGH THE LAST EXTRA PUFF...FOR CAMELS, BEING SLOWER-BURNING, GIVE MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

MAN'S 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 SMOKES PER PACK.

GOODWIN: SO TURN TO THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. GET CAMELS AND GET THE "EXTRAS."

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

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GOODWIN: AND NOW TO RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS. --- THE BIG NEWS ON SHADY LANE AVENUE THIS WEEK IS THAT THE LONG ABSENT NEIGHBOR FARQUAHAR FUDDLE -- RACONTEUR EXTRAORDINARY -- HAS RETURNED FROM THE GOLDEN WEST! ONE EFFECT ON DAGWOOD IS THAT TEN GALLON HAT HE'S WEARING.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WEAR THAT TEN GALLON HAT AROUND HERE, ARE YOU, DAGWOOD? IT COMES DOWN OVER YOUR EARS!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I COULD STICK A LITTLE MORE PAPER IN UNDER THE BAND TO MAKE IT SIT HIGHER. I BET THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE WOULD BE SURPRISED IF I WALKED IN IN THIS HAT.

BLONDIE: HMMMM. ^{FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THE HAT'LL WALK IN WITH YOU!} YES! DID MR. FUDDLE GIVE ~~YOU THAT?~~ IT TO YOU.

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DAGWOOD: WELL, HE DIDN'T EXACTLY GIVE IT TO ME. YOU DON'T GIVE AWAY HATS LIKE THIS. WHY SAM DINKA HIMSELF WORE THIS HAT -- HE GAVE IT TO FUDDLE.

BLONDIE: WHO?

DAGWOOD: SAM DINKA. SADDLE-SORE SAM! DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF HIM?

BLONDIE: NO...BUT IF THAT WAS HIS HAT HE SHOULD HAVE HAD IT CLEANED AND REBLOCKED BEFORE HE GAVE IT TO ANYONE.

DAGWOOD: NO -- NO! YOU DON'T GET THE IDEA, BLONDIE. THIS HAT IS PRACTICALLY HISTORICAL. LOOK -- NOTICE THE HOLE UP NEAR THE TOP?

BLONDIE: UMMMMMMMMM. WHAT ABOUT IT?

DAGWOOD: (PROUDLY) THAT'S A GENUINE BULLET HOLE!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! YOU MEAN THIS MR. DINKA ~~HAD~~ ^{WAS UNDER} THAT HAT ON -- AND SOMEBODY SHOT AT HIM?

DAGWOOD: SURE! WHY HE GOT SHOT AT ALL THE TIMES!

BLONDIE: LET ME SEE THE BULLET HOLE!

DAGWOOD: RIGHT HERE SEE! WANT TO PUT YOUR FINGER THROUGH IT?

BLONDIE: NO -- IT'S A REAL HOLE ALL RIGHT -- ONLY...

DAGWOOD: ONLY WHAT?

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'M KIND OF PUZZLED, DEAR. I MEAN...WHERE DID THE BULLET GO?

DAGWOOD: HOW DO YOU MEAN, WHERE DID IT GO? IT WENT THROUGH THE HAT...

BLONDIE: NO DAGWOOD! THAT'S JUST THE POINT! IT DIDN'T GO THROUGH...

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: LOOK! IF MR. DINKA HAD THIS HAT ON...AND SOMEBODY SHOT AT HIM...

DAGWOOD: UHUH...

BLONDIE: AND THE BULLET WENT IN THROUGH THIS HOLE...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...

BLONDIE: WHY DIDN'T IT EVER COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE BLONDIE... (TAKE) ...HEY! ^{THAT} ~~THIS~~ IS KIND OF FUNNY.

BLONDIE: (MOCK...SERIOUS) MAYBE THE BULLET JUST KEPT RATTLING AROUND IN THE HAT UNTIL SAM DINKA REMEMBERED TO TAKE IT OFF AND LET THE BULLET OUT.

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH -- MAYBE THAT'S IT...A BULLET MIGHT GO ROUND THE ROUND UNTIL IT WAS SPENT OR... (BLONDIE GIGGLES)~~ AW -- I BET FUDDLE CAN EXPLAIN HOW IT HAPPENED.

BLONDIE: I BET HE CAN! AS I REMEMBER IT FARQUAHAR FUDDLE CAN EXPLAIN ANYTHING! (TAKE) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BLONDIE: WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR FEET?

DAGWOOD: OH THOSE? COWBOY SHOES -- ER -- BOOTS, I MEAN.

BLONDIE: AREN'T THEY AWFULLY SMALL FOR YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH, THEY DO FEEL A BIT TIGHT AT FIRST. I GUESS →

~~BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE HOW...~~

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL, FUDNED SAME SAM DINKA WAS TELL ALL COWBOYS, HE~~
~~I KNEW TIGHT BOOTS. SEE --~~ COWBOYS DON'T DO MUCH
WALKING.

BLONDIE: BUT WHEN THEY DID WALK I SHOULD THINK THEIR FEET
WOULD KILL THEM. (GIGGLES) OH, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT
IT MEANS IN WESTERN STORIES WHEN IT SAYS, "HE DIED WITH
HIS BOOTS ON."

DAGWOOD: (SERIOUSLY) NO, HONEY! I THINK THAT MEANS THE MAN WAS
SHOT. HEY -- DID YOU NOTICE THE SPURS? LISTEN! THEY
KIND OF JINGLE WHEN I WALK -- (HE TRAMPS A FEW STEPS...
SPURS JINGLE)

BLONDIE: CAREFUL DAGWOOD...YOU'RE TEETERING! (A CRASHING FALL)
I KNEW IT! OH DAGWOOD, ARE YOU HURT?

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOH! BLONDIE! I'M KNOCKED OUT! EVERYTHING'S
BLACK! I CAN'T SEE!

BLONDIE: IT'S THAT HAT JAMMED DOWN OVER YOUR EYES! HERE, LET ME
HELP YOU GET IT OFF! (TUGS AT IT)

DAGWOOD: EASY...EASY! IT'S CAUGHT ON MY EARS! (GRUNTS AS HAT
COMES OFF) THERE!

BLONDIE: ~~NOW BE CAREFUL GETTING UP DEAR...THOSE SPURS...~~

DAGWOOD: DOGGONE IT...THAT'S THREE TIMES I'VE TRIPPED ON THOSE
SPURS...HEY -- HELP ME! ^{UP!} ~~I'M OBVIOUSLY HANGING ON TO THE...
YU.~~

BLONDIE: CAREFUL! (A RIPPING SOUND) OH! DAGWOOD...THE RUG!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! IT'S -- KIND OF TORN.

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY IS. ~~NOW SIT DOWN AGAIN AND TAKE THOSE BOOTS~~
~~OFF THIS MINUTE, DAGWOOD! THE HEELS ARE TOO HIGH TO WALK~~
~~IN...AND THOSE SPURS WERE NEVER MEANT TO WEAR IN A HOUSE!~~

DAGWOOD: WELL, LOOK HONEY...WE CAN PUT A CHAIR OVER IT OR SOMETHING
SO IT WON'T SHOW.

BABY: (AWAY) MOMMIE? I'LL JUST BE SITTING HERE LIKE I WAS
SORT OF RESTING ON THE TRAIL.

DAGWOOD: HERE COMES BABY! HEY, GIVE ME THAT HAT AGAIN! BABY'LL
NEVER KNOW ME IN THIS HAT! THERE, IS IT ON STRAIGHT?

BLONDIE: IT HANGS EVENLY IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.

BABY: (COMING IN) MOMMIE -- I'M ALL DRESSED AND (SEES DAGWOOD)
MOMMIE!! WHAT'S DADDY HIDING UNDER A HAT FOR?

DAGWOOD: WAIT BABY DUMPLING! I'LL JUST PUSH IT BACK OFF MY FOREHEAD
A LITTLE! THERE! HOW DO I LOOK?

BABY: YOU LOOK LIKE ALVIN FUDDLE.

BLONDIE: NOW BABY! WHAT A THING TO SAY TO YOUR OWN FATHER!

~~BABY: WELL, I JUST MEAN ALVIN'S GOT A HAT LIKE THAT, TOO.~~

~~DAGWOOD: HAS HE GOT SPURS, TOO?~~

~~BABY: OH SURE. HE'S GOT A LASSO, TOO! HAVE YOU GOT A LASSO,
DADDY?~~

~~DAGWOOD: WELL -- NOT YET.~~

~~BABY: ALVIN FUDDLE CAN LASSO EVERYTHING WITH HIS LASSO. HE
LASSOED DAISY SO WE COULD SHAVE HER.~~

~~BLONDIE: CAN YOU IMAGINE, DAGWOOD -- THEY SHAVED THAT POOR DOG AND
WERE GOING TO BRAND HIM.~~

~~BABY: JUST WITH INK, MOMMIE! IT WAS GOING TO SAY BAR-B-B ON HER.
THAT MEANS SHE BELONGS TO THE BAR-B BUMSTEAD RANCH.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) IT WOULDN'T HURT DAISY, BLONDIE.~~

~~BLONDIE: WELL, SHAVING DAISY DIDN'T DO YOUR RAZOR ANY GOOD, DAGWOOD!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I KNOW BUT... (TAKE) MY RAZOR! LISTEN, BABY DUMPLING.~~

~~BABY: AW! DADDY! MOMMIE ALREADY SCOLDED ME ONCE!!!~~

BLONDIE: ~~I TOLD HIM I~~ ^{HAVE} A GOOD MIND NOT TO TAKE HIM TO THE
MOVIES TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: OH, YOU GOING TONIGHT? WHAT'S THE PICTURE?

BLONDIE: THE FEATURE IS "WANDERING WIVES" AND I'VE SEEN IT TWICE...
BUT BABY WANTS TO SEE THAT SERIAL, "MONTANA MADNESS."

BABY: IT'S EPISODE THIRTY-THREE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY, I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT...BUT I TOLD FUDDLE I'D BE
HOME TONIGHT IF HE WANTED TO COME OVER.

BLONDIE: OH THAT'S TOO BAD.

BABY: YEAH --. (CHATTERS) LAST TIME SANTA FE FRED WAS DOWN IN THE
MINE AND THE INDIANS WERE THROWING ROCKS DOWN ON HIM.
COME ON, MOMMIE...I WANT TO SEE SANTA FE FRED DODGING THOSE
ROCKS!

BLONDIE: I'M COMING, BABY...GOODBYE, DAGWOOD...PLEASE BE CAREFUL OF
THOSE SPURS NOW...G'BYE. (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: HMMM...SANTA FE FRED, EH? (TO SELF) A TOUGH HOMBRE THAT
FRED...ONLY MAN CAN BEAT SAM TO THE DRAW IS...
BAR-B-BUMSTEAD! HE'S PIZEN BAR-B IS...(SIGHS) WELL BAR-B...
BETTER GET OUT THAR TER THERE CHUCK WAGIN BAR-B!...NO USE
SETTIN' HERE. (GRUNTS AS HE RISES) (RIPPING SOUND)
DOGGONE IT! NOW I'VE TORN MY PANTS ON THESE SPURS!

(BRIEF MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF VICTROLA PLAYING "DOGIE")

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DAGWOOD: (SINGING) "GIT ALONG LIL' DOGIE...GIT ALONG LIL' DOGIE...
(DAISY HOWLS) NO...NOT YOU, DAISY! (SINGS AGAIN) WE'RE
HEADIN' FER THE LAST ROUND-UP" -- ETC.!

(WHEN HE HITS THAT HIGH SLIDE NOTE...DAISY HOWLS AGAIN)

QUIET, DAISY! (KNOCK ON DOOR) LISTEN! NOW YOU'VE
DISTURBED THE NEIGHBORS! (KNOCK AGAIN...THIS TIME IT'S THE
OLD FUDDLE BREAK) HEY! (OPENS DOOR) IT'S FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: THAT'S ME PUDNUH! OLD FAITHFUL FUDDLE. I HEARD YOUR CRY
OF DISTRESS AND HURRIED RIGHT OVER.

DAGWOOD: I WASN'T CRYING -- I WAS HUMMING A TUNE! WAIT TILL I TURN
OFF THE PHONOGRAPH!

FUDDLE: OH, WELL -- I BROUGHT MY SADDLE OVER -- WHEN I HEARD YOU
HUMMING I THOUGHT YOU WERE A LITTLE HORSE! (LAUGHS AS ONLY
FUDDLE CAN AT HIS OWN GAGS) -- (MUSIC OUT)

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! JUST LIKE OLD TIMES! GOOD OLD FUDDLE...

FUDDLE: YEP! SAME OLD FUDDLE...

DAGWOOD: YEP! WITH THE SAME OLD JOKES...

FUDDLE: OH, I GOT A MILLION BUMSTEAD! LISTEN! WHEN I STARTED OUT WITH THIS SADDLE HAZEL TRIED TO DISCOURAGE ME, SEE? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T LET ME IN THE HOUSE WITH SADDLE, SEE? BUT I SAYS TO HER, "HAZEL" I SAYS, "I'M A CINCH TO GET IN THIS SADDLE" I SAYS, "THE MINUTE I POMMEL ON THE DOOR" I SAYS, "SO LET'S NOT STIRRUP TROUBLE" I SAYS. (LAUGHS) GET IT? SADDLE? POMMEL? STIRRUP? (LAUGHS AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS TOO) BRING THE SADDLE RIGHT IN FUDDLE! GOSH -- THAT'S A REAL WESTERN SADDLE ALL RIGHT!

FUDDLE: THAT WAS SAM DINKA'S SADDLE MY BOY!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- DID HE GIVE YOU THAT TOO?

FUDDLE: WELL -- HE KIND OF LEFT IT BEHIND HIM WHEN HE...WENT AWAY.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WHAT EVER BECAME OF SAM?

FUDDLE: (WITH SOB-STOP OUT) WHO KNOWS BUMSTEAD? JUST ANOTHER MYSTERY OF THE DESERT! POOR OLD SAM.

DAGWOOD: GOSH! AND THIS WAS HIS SADDLE! I WONDER...COULD...COULD I SIT IN IT?

FUDDLE: WHY NOT? ANY FRIEND OF MINE IS A FRIEND OF SAMS...WAIT! I'LL PUT IT ON THIS ROCKING CHAIR FOR YOU (A THUMP)

DAGWOOD: TAKE IT EASY, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: DON'T WORRY, BUMSTEAD...THIS SADDLE IS TOUGH! TOUGH AS THE MAN WHO RODE IT!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT THAT ROCKING CHAIR ISN'T SO TOUGH. IT'S AN ANTIQUE!

FUDDLE: I NOTICE IT'S GOT A HORSE HAIR SEAT. WELL -- THE SADDLE WILL BE RIGHT AT HOME ON HORSE HAIR. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (FEEBLY) YEAH, ER -- SPEAKING OF HORSES. THAT SADDLE
SMELLS A LITTLE HORSEY TOO, DOESN'T IT?

FUDDLE: WHAT YOU NOTICE IS THE SCENT OF SAGE-BRUSH, BUMSTEAD?
SPICY AIN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- YES! IT SMELLS UP THE WHOLE ROOM!

FUDDLE: (BREATHES DEEPLY) AH! THE SCENT OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS!
NOW WATCH, BUMSTEAD! I THROW THIS GIRTH AROUND THE RUNGS
OF THE CHAIR SEE?

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

FUDDLE: AND I TIGHTEN THE CINCH...LIKE THIS, SEE?

DAGWOOD: NOT TOO TIGHT NOW!

FUDDLE: NOTHING LIKE A GOOD TIGHT GIRTH FOR A FAST RIDE, BUMSTEAD.
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE THROWN DO YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- NO BUT I...(TAKE) ME?

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY. YOU WANTED TO SIT IN SAM'S SADDLE. NOW COME
ON...JUST PUT YOUR FOOT IN THE STIRRUP!

DAGWOOD: WELL...BUT LISTEN...I'M NOT MUCH OF A RIDER.

FUDDLE: YOU'LL GET THE HANG OF IT, BUMSTEAD. WHY I WAS A TENDERFOC
LIKE YOU WHEN I FIRST ~~ENTERED~~ ^{WON} THE BRONCO-BUSTING CONTEST
AT THE SALINAS RODEO! ~~BUT I HATE TO TALK ABOUT IT!~~

DAGWOOD: YOU WON A RODEO?

FUDDLE: WELL -- YOU KNOW ME, DAGWOOD! I DON'T LIKE TO BOAST. BUT
I'M THE ONLY MAN ALIVE WHO EVER STAYED THREE MINUTES ON
THUNDERBOLT! THE KILLER HORSE!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO RIDE A BUCKING BRONCO?

FUDDLE: JUST GET UP ON THAT SADDLE AND I'LL GIVE YOU A ROUGH IDEA!
NOW PUT YOUR FEET IN THE STIRRUPS AND PRETEND THE CHAIR IS
A HORSE!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OKAY! HEY! THESE SPURS WON'T GO THROUGH THE STIRRUPS!

FUDDLE: NO, NO BUMSTEAD! JUST PUT YOUR TOES THROUGH! THAT'S RIGHT! NOW! TAKE A GRIP ON THE REIGNS...

DAGWOOD: HEY! HEY! IT'S TIPPING!

FUDDLE: SO DOES A HORSE! GRIP IT WITH YOUR KNEES, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. YEAH...WHOA! WHOAAAA NOW!

FUDDLE: WHOAAA THUNDERBOLT! HOLD ON BUMSTEAD! LET HIM KNOW YOU'RE HIS MASTER!

DAGWOOD: (SHAKILY) YEAH...YEAH I AM! WHOOOOA BOY!

FUDDLE: THAT'S THE IDEA! NOW HOLD ON! I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM HIS HEAD! YIPPEEE! (CHAIR BEGINS TO CREAK VIOLENTLY AS FUDDLE ROCKS IT)

DAGWOOD: HEY!! HEY! NOT...TOO...FAST AT FIRST!

FUDDLE: WHY THAT'S JUST A CANTER! LET GO OF THAT POMMEL AND RIDE!

DAGWOOD: O...O...OKAY! (THE CHAIR BEGINS TO THUMP AS IT ROCKS) WHOAAA...WHOAAA!

FUDDLE: YIPPEE! RIDE! I'M COWBOY! (CHAIR THUMPS FASTER)

DAGWOOD: HEY!! LOOKOUT! I...IT'S... (A SPLINTERING CRASH AS CHAIR GIVES WAY) (A THUMP AS DAGWOOD FALLS...PAUSE) TOOOOOH!

FUDDLE: HMMM. THREW YOU -- EH, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! AND LOOK AT THAT CHAIR! GOSH BLONDIE WILL BE MAD!

FUDDLE: OH -- A LITTLE GLUE WILL FIX THE CHAIR!

DAGWOOD: LOOKIT -- ONE OF MY SPURS IS CAUGHT IN THE SADDLE!

FUDDLE: TAKE IT EASY...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT THREW ME I GUESS. I HAD ONE FOOT IN THAT POCKET ON THE SADDLE!

FUDDLE: THAT'S A SADDLE-BAG, BUMSTEAD. (RIPPING SOUND OF LEATHER) CAREFUL, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY!

FUDDLE: YOU'VE TORN IT!

DAGWOOD: WELL A LITTLE GLUE WILL FIX IT. HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

FUDDLE: PART OF THE LINING!

DAGWOOD: NO. LOOK! IT...IT'S A PIECE OF PAPER.

FUDDLE: LETS SEE! (RUSTLE) HMM. MUST HAVE BEEN A SECRET POCKET
IN THERE...BUMSTEAD! IT'S A MAP!

DAGWOOD: A SECRET MAP! HEY -- WHAT'S THAT WRITING SAY?

FUDDLE: (READS) "DEAR OLD PAL...WHEN YOU READ THIS HERE I WILL BE
GONE AND I GOT A FEELIN' I WON'T NEVER COME BACK! TO
YOU OLD PARDNER...I LEAVE THIS MAP! FOLLOW IT CAREFUL AND
ALL THE GOLD IN THE LOST INCA MINE IS YOURS! YOUR OLD
PAL OF THE RANGE...SAM!"

DAGWOOD: SAM! S-S-SADDLE SORE SAM!

FUDDLE: "THE LOST INCA MINE!" BUMSTEAD DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! IT'S A MAP ALL RIGHT.

FUDDLE: A MAP? IT'S THE KEY TO A FORTUNE MY BOY! THE LOST INCA
MINE IS FAMOUS! IT'S THE BURIED TREASURE OF THE INCA
INDIANS. IT'S KNOWN TO EXIST BUT NO MAN KNEW WHERE...UNTIL
SAM FOUND IT! GOOD OLE SAM DINKA...

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! THE INCA-DINKA MINE!

FUDDLE: MINE -- ALL MINE!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! WHAT DID YOU EVER DO FOR THIS SAM?

FUDDLE: DO FOR HIM? I FED AND SHELTERED HIM! I DEFENDED HIM WHEN
HAZEL SAID HE JUMPED HIS BOARD BILL!

DAGWOOD: BOARD BILL? OH...IS THAT WHY HE LEFT THE SADDLE BEHIND?

FUDDLE: HE MEANT IT FOR ME, BUMSTEAD! THE NOTE PROVES THAT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I GUESS HE KNEW YOU'D FIND THAT SECRET POCKET...HEY!

FUDDLE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT...I FOUND THAT MAP!

FUDDLE: THAT'S A DETAIL, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: IT'S A PRETTY IMPORTANT DETAIL! LISTEN FUDDLE...THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH GOLD IN THAT MINE FOR ONE MAN...

FUDDLE: I TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, BUMSTEAD...YOU FINANCE THE EXPEDITION AND I'LL CUT YOU IN!!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...I WANT TO GO WITH YOU WHEN YOU FIND IT!

FUDDLE: WHAT ABOUT YOUR JOB?

DAGWOOD: AH! OH...YEAH...WELL...I'LL GIVE UP MY JOB! WHAT'S A JOB WHEN I'M GOING TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?

FUDDLE: PROMISE ME ONE THING, BUMSTEAD! WHEN YOU THROW UP YOUR JOB...TELL THAT OLD GOAT DITHERS WHERE HE HEADS IN.

DAGWOOD: WELL...HE'LL FEEL PRETTY BAD AT LOSING ME ANYWAY...AND...

FUDDLE: HE'S CRACKED A WHIP OVER YOU FOR YEARS! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO TELL HIM OFF!

DAGWOOD: WELL I...I'LL WRITE HIM A NOTE!

FUDDLE: LET ME WRITE IT FOR YOU! I HAVE A GIFT FOR WORDS.

DAGWOOD: WELL OKAY...ER...WHEN WILL WE START?

FUDDLE: TOMORROW.

DAGWOOD: UHUH...AND...(TAKE) TOMORROW? WE CAN'T! NOT TOMORROW!

FUDDLE: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE IS HAVING BOSTON CREAM PIE FOR DESSERT TOMORROW!

FUDDLE: HMMM! I'M AFRAID BUMSTEAD THAT YOU'RE NOT THE MAN FOR THIS JOB. CREAM PIE AND INDIANS DON'T MIX.

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT...(TAKE) INDIANS?

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY...THE MYSTERIOUS INCAS! NEVER BEEN TAMED! THEY GUARD THE TREASURE, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WH...WHY...WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

FUDDLE: I'VE BEEN READING THIS MAP! LOOK HERE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THERE'S THE TRAIL MARKED IN RED...RIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS!

FUDDLE: READ ON!

DAGWOOD: AND HERE'S A REC CIRCLE...WITH THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS...AND HERE'S AN "X"...LOOK! IT SAYS "X" MARKS THE SPOT!

FUDDLE: YEAH...BUT LOOK AT THIS! IT SAYS "BEWARE!...DANGER! HOSTILE INJUNS."

DAGWOOD: TOOOH! LET ME SIT DOWN!

FUDDLE: THOSE INCAS DON'T FOOL BUMSTEAD! THEY USE POISONED ARROWS AND...

DAGWOOD: LET ME...LET ME LIE DOWN!

FUDDLE: YOU WANT TO BACK OUT, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: NO -- NO! ONLY...RIDING THAT BUCKING ROCKING CHAIR AND FINDING THAT MAP AND ALL...I...I NEED A LITTLE REST!

FUDDLE: TAKE IT EASY MY BOY! TOMORROW WE'RE OFF ON A LONG HARD TRAIL!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! YEAH!

FUDDLE: LISTEN...I'M GOING OVER AND BREAK THE NEWS TO HAZEL! YOU LIE RIGHT THERE AND THINK IT OVER.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I FEEL BETTER NOW...I ALWAYS FEEL BETTER THE MINUTE I LIE DOWN (YAWNS)

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD!! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SLEEP! AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

DAGWOOD: OH, I CAN ALWAYS SLEEP. BUT I...I'LL THINK OUT A PLAN TO GET AROUND THOSE INDIANS...

FUDDLE: HERE I'LL TURN THE PHONOGRAPH ON AGAIN...THAT'LL KEEP YOU AWAKE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, SURE... (A LITTLE DROWSY) DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME...

(MUSIC BEGINS "GIT ALONG LIL' DOGIE" AGAIN) BOY! I CAN SEE US NOW RIDING TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS...

FUDDLE: (GOING) LISTEN! IF YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE PLANS YOU BETTER SIT UP! WASH YOUR FACE WITH COLD WATER...

DAGWOOD: NO...NO...I ALWAYS THINK BETTER LYING DOWN... (DOOR OPEN)

FUDDLE: WELL, I WON'T BE LONG! (DOOR SHUTS) (MUSIC UP A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIE! TAKE ME TO THE
INCA-DINKA MINE! GOLD! I BET BLONDIE WILL BE SURPRISED
... (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

DAGWOOD: (SNORES) (HORSES HOOFS JUST CANTERING STARTS SOFT AND BUILDS) WHOOOA GOLD DUST! (HOOFS OUT)

FUDDLE: WHOOOA, NAPOLEON!

DAGWOOD: IS THAT YOUR HORSE'S NAME... "NAPOLEON?"

FUDDLE: YEAH... I CALL HIM NAPOLEON ON ACCOUNT OF HIS BONEY-PARTS.
(LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, FUDDLE...

FUDDLE: SANTA FE FUDDLE TO YOU PUDNUH...

DAGWOOD: OKAY! BUT LISTEN, SANTA FE... I WISH YOU WOULDN'T KEEP LAUGHING AT YOUR OWN JOKES... IF THERE'S INCA INDIANS AROUND HERE... THEY'LL SPOT YOU BY THE LAUGH...

FUDDLE: LET 'EM COME... THE VARMINTS! (HORSES HOOFS GALLOPING UP)

DAGWOOD: TOOON! THEY HEARD YOU! HERE THEY COME!

FUDDLE: NAW! T'AIN'T NOBODY BUT THAT THAR GAL BUCKSKIN BLONDIE!

DAGWOOD: BUCKSKIN BLONDIE! I'VE HEARD TELL OF HER. SHE SURE CAN RIDE. (HOOFS CLATTER UP AND STOP)

BLONDIE: WHOAAA! HOWDY GENTS!

DAGWOOD: HOWDY!

FUDDLE: HOWDY, GAL!

BLONDIE: YOU SANTE FE!

FUDDLE: YES, MA'AM... AN' THIS HERE'S MUH PUDNUH BAR-B-BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: HOWDY!

DAGWOOD: HOWDY!

BLONDIE: HOW COME YOU-UNS IS RIDING ACROSS MY RANGE, SANTE FE?

FUDDLE: TER GIT TER THE OTHER SIDE. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: I'VE SEED MEN STOP UH BULLET FER LESS'N THAT, SANTA FE!

FUDDLE: TAKE YER HAND OFFEN THAT THAR GUN, GAL!

DAGWOOD: HOLD ON, SANTA FE! EIFFEN YOR AIMIN' TER TANGLE WITH THIS
HERE LADY...YOU GOT ME TER RECKON WITH FUST!

FUDDLE: I AIN'T LOOKIN' FER NO TROUBLE.

DAGWOOD: SPOKE LIKE A MAN, SANTA FE...

BLONDIE: THANK YE STRAGGUH!

DAGWOOD: HOWDY! I MEAN...DON'T MENTION IT MA'AM!

BLONDIE: I RID OVER YERE TER TELL YER THAT THE REDSKINS IS RISIN'
AGAIN.

FUDDLE: THER VARMINTS!

BLONDIE: CHIEF SNORES-LIKE-THUNDER'S GOT ALL HIS BRAVES ON THE
WAR PATH! YOU UNS BETTER TURN BACK.

DAGWOOD: WE KAIN'T TURN BACK NOHOW, MISS BUCKSKIN. WE'RE AIMING
TER MAKE THE LOST INCA DINKA MINE AFORE SUNDOWN.

BLONDIE: YE'LL NEVER FETCH THET MINE WITH A WHOLE SKIN STRANGEH!
WHY JUST A WHILE BACK I WAS SHOT AT MYSELF! LOOK AT MY
HAT!

DAGWOOD: THET THARS A MIGHTY PURTY HAT PIN, MISS BUCKSKIN.

BLONDIE: THANK YE, STRANGEH! ONLY IT AIN'T A HAT PIN! THAT
THAR'S AN ARRRER THEY SHOT THROUGH MY HAT.

FUDDLE: THER VARMINTS!

DAGWOOD: I OPINE THEM REDSKINS MEAN US NO GOOD! HOW FUR IS IT
TER THERE INCA DINKA MINE?

BLONDIE: HIT'S JEST UP OVER TOMBSTONE RIDGE...AND A LITTLE PIECE
ALONG DEAD MAN'S GULCH...BUT YE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WHY
RIGHT NOW WE'RE BEIN' WATCHED BY THEM INJUNS...LIKE AS
NOT...(ZZZZZZZING OF ARROW AND A PLUNK)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH! ANOTHER ARROW!

BLONDIE: YEAH...BUT THIS UNS GOT A NOTE ONTO IT! (TEARS PAPER)
IT SAYS "MR. SANTE FE FUDDLE...DEAR PALEFACE! INJUNS
HEAP MAD AT YOU! LAST TIME YOU STOP IN WIGWAM WE MISS
PLENTY WAMPUMS. NOW WE ON WAR PATH...GETTUM BACK WAMPUM!
GETTUM SCALP, TOO! UGH! YOURS TRULY . SNORES LIKE
THUNDER! CHIEF OF THE INCA DINKAS."

FUDDLE: THE VARMINTS!

BLONDIE: SO IT WAS YOU, SANTE FE FRED THAT PUT THEM REDSKINS ON
THE WARPATH.

FUDDLE: IT'S A LIE! I NEVER DID THEM INJUNS NO DIRT!

DAGWOOD: WELL SOMEBODY TURNED THEM INJUNS HOSS-TILE!

FUDDLE: NOT ME! LISTEN...IF I EVER SAW THAT INJUNS WAMPUM....
I WISH THE EARTH WOULD OPEN AN SWALLER ME UP!

(A RUMBLING NOISE) WAIT! I WAS ONLY FOOLING! (NOISE
LOUDER...A CRASH...RUMBLES DIE AWAY)

DAGWOOD: G-GOLLY! HE SAID IF HE EVER DID AN INJUN A DIRTY TRICK...
HE WISHED THE EARTH WOULD OPEN AND SWALLER HIM...AND...
AND IT DID!

BLONDIE: YEP. I OPINE SANTA FE MUST A BEEN LYIN'!
(WAR WHOOPS HEARD DISTANT)

BLONDIE: LISTEN! THER REDSKINS IS CLOSIN' IN ON US!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I GOT MY SHOOTIN' IRONS! STAY CLOSE TER ME, GAL!

BLONDIE: THANK YE, STRANGEM!

(CHANT BEGINS FAINTLY . INCA-DINKA...INCA-DINKA...
INCA-DINKA)

DAGWOOD: YONDER THEY COME. WAL...I GOT SIX SHOTS IN THIS SIX
SHOTTER...I MEAN SHOOTER...AND I'LL TEACH THE VARMINTS
THAT I KIN SELL MY LIFE DEARLY!
(CHANT UP INCA-DINKA -- INCA DINKA -- INCA -- DINKA...
THEN BLEND INTO MUSIC...AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR)

GOODWIN: LISSSEN, HYAH...PARDNER DAGWOOD...NOW'S THE TIME TO KEEP A COOL HEAD ON THEM THAR SHOULDERS...AND WHILE YOU'RE KEEPING COOL, I'LL TELL THE CASH CUSTOMERS HOW I KEPT COOL OVER THE WEEK-END...I WENT TO THE BEACH AND TRIED TO BE A PETER FICK...YOU KNOW WHO HE IS, DON'T YOU. SURE.. HE'S BEEN HALLED AS THE WORLD'S FASTEST SWIMMER...IN THE WATER, HE IS ALL SPEED. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CIGARETTES, CHAMPION PETER FICK KEEPS STRICTLY ON THE SLOW-BURNING SIDE...WITH CAMELS. HE SAYS:

MAN: SLOWER-BURNING COUNTS WITH ME BECAUSE I WANT ALL THE MILDNESS I CAN GET IN MY SMOKING. CAMELS BURN SLOWER AND GIVE ME EXTRA MILDNESS, ALONG WITH SEVERAL OTHER SWELL "EXTRAS."

GOODWIN: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PETER FICK IS JUST ONE OF MILLIONS OF SMOKERS WHO'VE DISCOVERED THAT THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE AND VALUE GO WITH SLOW-BURNING CAMELS...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. SO GET THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS"...CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE MIDDLE OF DAG'S BAD DREAM...WHERE
THE REDSKINS ARE CLOSING IN ON BAR-B-BUMSTEAD AND
BUCKSKIN BLONDIE... (CHANT HEARD AGAIN "INCA-DINKA" ETC...
SUDDENLY IT STOPS)

DAGWOOD: COME ON YE VARMINTS! I'LL SELL MY LIFE DEARLY.

BLONDIE: LOOK! THARS A REDSKIN YONDER! PEEKIN' OVER THE ROCK.

DAGWOOD: I GOT A BEAD ON HIM, TOO.

BLONDIE: HOLD YER FIRE BAR-B! IT'S JUST A PAPOOSE.

DAGWOOD: THIS IS NO TIME FOR KIDDING, BUCKSKIN BLONDIE! A PAPOOSE
IS THE ~~END OF A TRAIN!~~ LAST CAR ON A FREIGHT TRAIN,

BLONDIE: NO...IT'S A YOUNG INJUN! AND THAT UN'S PLUMB YOUNG,
BAR-B!

BABY: UGH. WHITE MAN NO SHOOTUM PAPOOSE! ME HEAP FRIEND!
ME COME SAVE YOU!

BLONDIE: HEAR THAT, BAR-B? HE'S COME TO SAVE US!

DAGWOOD: (GROWLS) I AIN'T TRUSTIN' NO INJUNS...

BABY: ME GETTUM LOAD OF WHITE LADY! LIKEUM FINE! ME SAVEUM!

BLONDIE: WHY THANK YOU, PAPOOSE.

DAGWOOD: I GOT AN IDEE HE'S HERE TIER LEAD US PLUMB INTER A TRAP.

BABY: NO, NO PALEFACE! ME NO PLAYUM TRICKS! IF ME PLAYUM
TRICKS ME HOPE GROUND OPEN UP AND SWALLOW UM.

(RUMBLE AGAIN) UGH GROUND NO TAKEUM JOKE! (RUMBLE UP
BIG...A CRASH AS BEFORE) (QUIET)

DAGWOOD: GOLLY --- I'M GLAD MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME NEVER TO TELL LIES.
(WAR WHOOPS HEARD AGAIN)

BLONDIE: THE REDSKINS ARE CLOSING IN AGAIN BAR-B.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I...I'LL STILL SELL MY LIFE DEARLY, BUCKSKIN
BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: NO! LISTEN! I KNOW HOW WE CAN ESCAPE.

DAGWOOD: YOU DO? HOW?

BLONDIE: WELL --- EVERYBODY ELSE GOT AWAY BY TELLING A FIB AND THEN SAYING THEY HOPE^D THE EARTH WOULD SWALLOW THEM... AND...

DAGWOOD: AND IT DID! YEAH! GOSH I WISH I COULD THINK OF A GOOD LIE!

BLONDIE: YOU COULD IF YOU WEREN'T TOO SCARED TO THINK!

DAGWOOD: ME! I'M NOT A BIT SCARED! I'M NOT SCARED OF MAN NOR BEAST --- AND IF THAT AIN'T THE TRUTH I HOPE...HEY! GRAB MY HAND! I...I HOPE THE EARTH OPENS UP AND SWALLOWS ME...
(RUMBLE)

BLONDIE: HERE WE GO... (RUMBLE UP....BIG CRASH AS BEFORE)

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! HI...HOLD ON...HOLD ON TO ME!

BLONDIE: I'VE GOT HOLD OF YOU, DEAR! WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG?

DAGWOOD: INJUNS!....I...YOU...HEY WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: YOU'RE ON THE FLOOR...

DAGWOOD: FLOOR? WHAT FLOOR?

BLONDIE: THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR! YOU FELL OFF THE COUCH IN A DREAM I GUESS.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! I DREAMED I WAS OUT WEST LOOKING FOR THE INCA-DINKA MINE AND...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY ANTIQUE ROCKING CHAIR?
IT'S ALL BROKEN...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- THAT'S WHAT I KNOW! SEE...I WAS RIDING IT IN A RODEO...AND...

BLONDIE: THIS IS SOME OF FARQUAHAR FUDDLE'S WORK...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT LISTEN, BLONDIE...IF I HADN'T BROKEN THE CHAIR I WOULDN'T HAVE TORN THE SADDLE BAGS...AND WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THAT MAP.

BABY: THIS MAP, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: TOOooooOH! STAND BACK, PAPOOSE! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

BLONDIE: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, DAGWOOD! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER...
AND STOP CALLING BABY NAMES! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A MAP?

DAGWOOD: IT'S THE MAP OF A LOST MINE...THE INCA-DINKA MINE...

BABY: NO, IT ISN'T, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: EH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT ISN'T.

BABY: IT'S THE MAP OF PACK-RAT PETE'S MINE...I'VE SEEN IT
LOTS OF TIMES!

BLONDIE: YOU'VE SEEN IT, BABY?

BABY: SURE! IN THE MOVIES! THIS IS THE MINE WHERE SANTA FE
FRED HID FROM THE INDIANS IN "MONTANA MADNESS."

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, BABY! THAT MAP BELONGS TO A MAN NAMED
SAM DINKA...

BLONDIE: SAM DINKA? WHY HE'S IN "MONTANA MADNESS," TOO! WE SAW
HIM TONIGHT!

BABY: SURE! SAM DINKA IS THE ONE WHO'S SANTA FE FRED,

DAGWOOD: TOOOH! WAIT A MINUTE! HOW CAN HE BE TWO PEOPLE?

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD, DON'T YOU SEE? SAM DINKA IS AN ACTOR...AND
HE PLAYS THE PART OF SANTA FE FRED...IN THE "MONTANA
MADNESS" SERIAL THAT BABY IS SO CRAZY ABOUT.

DAGWOOD: AN ACTOR? WELL, BUT FUDDLE SAID....LOOK AT THE NOTE ON
THE BACK OF THE MAP. IT SAYS SAM DINKA LEAVES EVERYTHING
TO FUDDLE.

BLONDIE: IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING OF THE KIND! THE NOTE WAS
PROBABLY IN THE MOVIE, TOO.

BABY: SURE IT WAS, MOMMIE! EPISODE THIRTEEN! -- I'M GOING UP TO BED NOW, MOMMIE!

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR, RUN ALONG!

DAGWOOD: TOO OOH! EPISODE THIRTEEN! (FUDDLES KNOCK ON DOOR)
HERE'S SANTA FE FUDDLE NOW...I MEAN...FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: (AS DOOR OPENS) HI, DAGWOOD! CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT WIFE OF MINE? SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE...OH, HELLO, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: GOOD EVENING, MR. FUDDLE. WE'VE JUST BEEN LOOKING AT THIS MAP.

FUDDLE: BETTER LET ME HAVE IT "BLONDIE." THAT MAP'S A MIGHTY VALUABLE THING...

DAGWOOD: NO...IT ISN'T.

FUDDLE: EH?

DAGWOOD: I SAY IT ISN'T WORTH A NICKEL.

FUDDLE: OH. A DOUBTING THOMAS EH, BUMSTEAD? GETTING COLD FEET, EH? WELL -- YOU'LL BE SORRY WHEN I COME BACK WITH THE BOODIE!

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. LISTEN, FUDDLE! THAT MAP WAS JUST A MOVIE PROP! BABY RECOGNIZED IT RIGHT AWAY! HE'D SEEN IT ON THE SCREEN! AND SADDLE SORE SAM IS JUST A MOVIE ACTOR....
AND...

FUDDLE: WELL -- ER -- TO BE FRANK WITH YOU, BUMSTEAD -- I -- ER -- KNEW SAM WAS AN ACTOR -- BUT --

DAGWOOD: AND HE DIDN'T DIE IN THE DESERT ANYWHERE. HE'S STILL ACTING IN "MONTANA MADNESS."

FUDDLE: HE IS? THEN, I'LL FIND THE SCOUNDREL AND COLLECT THAT BOARD BILL!

BLONDIE: OH...DID YOU AND HAZEL HAVE A...BOARDING HOUSE? IN HOLLYWOOD?

FUDDLE: BRIEFLY -- BRIEFLY! WELL -- ER -- ~~SOME OTHER TIME~~ (GOING) I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING BACK HOME NOW. HAZEL'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT I'VE RECONSIDERED ANOTHER TRIP OUT WEST!

BLONDIE: WERE YOU ACTUALLY GOING TO LOOK FOR THIS MINE.

FUDDLE: WELL -- DAGWOOD WAS SO EAGER TO HAVE A TRY AT IT...THAT....

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHY HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY GO. HE HAS A JOB...

FUDDLE: YOU MEAN THAT -- ER DITHERS' JOB? YES...WELL EVERYTHING CONSIDERED IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT THAT JOB!

DAGWOOD: YES AND (TAKE) TOO BAD!

FUDDLE: YES! I'M MIGHTY SORRY, BUMSTEAD...BUT YOU'LL SOON FIND A BETTER JOB.

BLONDIE: HE DOESN'T WANT A BETTER JOB! DAGWOOD! YOU DIDN'T RESIGN?

DAGWOOD: ME? NO! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: WELL BUMSTEAD...YOU ASKED ME TO WRITE AND RESIGN FOR YOU SO I DID!

BLONDIE: WHAT? WHEN?

FUDDLE: AS SOON AS I LEFT DAGWOOD HERE!

DAGWOOD: D--DID YOU MAIL IT? HEY. IF I CAN GET TO THE OFFICE EARLY...BEFORE MR. DITHERS...

FUDDLE: I DIDN'T MAIL IT...

BLONDIE: THANK HEAVENS!

FUDDLE: I WIRED IT...

BLONDIE: WHAT???

DAGWOOD: YOU -- SENT MR. DITHERS A TELEGRAM? TOO OH! I'M SUNK...

BLONDIE: CALL MR. DITHERS UP!

FUDDLE: I WOULDN'T! IT WAS A PRETTY STRONG WIRE.

DAGWOOD: TOO OH! (DOOR BELL) OOH. MAYBE THAT'S MR. DITHERS NOW..

FUDDLE: ER...I...I'LL JUST SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY...PAINFUL SCENE AND ALL THAT! (GOING) DON'T TAKE TOO MUCH BACK TALK FROM HIM BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: GET OUT...GET OUT FUDDLE. I CAN TALK TO HIM BETTER ALONE

FUDDLE: (AWAY) IF HE GETS NASTY -- REFER HIM TO ME! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE...(FURIOUS KNOCKING) ER...GOODNIGHT (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN BLONDIE...IF THAT IS MR. DITHERS...WHAT'LL I SAY?

BLONDIE: I'LL HANDLE IT! AFTER ALL YOU DIDN'T SEND THE WIRE... (DOOR OPENS) GOOD EVENING MR. DI...OH! IT'S A MESSENGER BOY!

BOY: YEAH...LISTEN LADY! IS THE GUY WHO SENT THIS WIRE HERE OR NEXT DOOR?

DAGWOOD: THE WIRE! IS THAT TO MR. DITHERS?

BOY: YEAH...BUT THE GUY SENT IT COLLECT AND THE DITHERS PARTY WOULDN'T PAY FOR IT.

BLONDIE: WE'LL PAY FOR IT! GIVE IT HERE!

BOY: IT'S A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF WIRE! IT'S LONG AND SASSY!

BLONDIE: HERE'S A DOLLAR...AND...THANKS FOR BRINGING IT BACK!

BOY: IT WAS ME DUTY LADY! G'NIGHT (DOOR SHUTS)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WE'VE GOT IT BACK! MR. DITHERS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT NOW...

DAGWOOD: YEAH! GOSH! I'M GLAD MR. DITHERS IS TOO TIGHT TO PAY COLLECT WIRES.

BLONDIE: SO AM I. BUT I SUPPOSE YOU ARE A LITTLE SORRY THE GOLD MINE WASN'T REAL? AREN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: ME? NO! I'M HAPPY AS A KING THE WAY I AM...I'VE GOT YOU AND BABY DUMPLING.

BLONDIE: AND A COZY LITTLE HOME...

DAGWOOD: AND A GOOD JOB! I DON'T WANT A THING MORE! AND IF THAT ISN'T TRUE I HOPE THE FLOOR OPENS UP AND SWALLOWS ME...
(PAUSE) SEE? NOTHING HAPPENS! (LAUGHS) HEY! LET'S CELEBRATE MY NOT RESIGNING. LET'S...LET'S HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT!

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD...YOU WOULD...WANT FOOD! WELL, THERE'S SOME FRANKFURTERS IN THE ICE-BOX!

DAGWOOD: HOT DOG! (LAUGHS) LISTEN...I'LL PUT EM ON TO BOIL... LISTEN NOW...I'LL PUT EM ON TO BOIL...AND WHEN THEY'RE COOKING...(HE LAUGHS IN ANTICIPATION)...WHILE THE HOT DOGS ARE COOKING I'LL SING A LITTLE NUMBER THAT GOES LIKE THIS...(SINGS) GITTIN' DONE L'L DOGGIE...GITTIN' DONE LIL DOGGIE...GITTEN' DONE LITTLE DOGGIE...
(THE MUSIC PICKS UP THE MELODY...WE HEAR THEM LAUGHING OVER IT...JUST BEFORE IT SEGUES TO THEME FOR...)

GOODWIN: 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!

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 **GIVES** YOU THE "EXTRAS."

Join us again next Monday night at
this same time when Blondie meets a
Chinese Mandarin - Velly, Velly much
fun for all honorable family,

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