

Qs Broadcast 8/1/41
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"BLONDIE"

PRESENTED BY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

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

Monday, ~~June 29~~ ^{JULY 21}, 1941

SCENES

1. IN CAR ON HIGHWAY AND HARVEY'S MOUNTAIN HOME.
2. COMMERCIAL IN BUMSTEAD HOME.
3. AT HARVEY'S MOUNTAIN HOME.
4. THE SAME.
5. THE SAME.
6. THE SAME.
7. THE SAME.
8. THE SAME.
9. COMMERCIAL IN BALL PARK.
10. AT THE HARVEY'S MOUNTAIN HOME.
11. THE BUMSTEAD HOME.

CAST

- BLONDIE.....Penny Singleton
DAGWOOD.....Arthur Lake
ALEXANDER....Leone Le Doux
COOKIE.....Leone Le Doux
BOY.....Lester Jay
GIRL.....Mary Orr
VOICE 1.....Tom Hanlon
VOICE 2.....Ray Erlenborn
DI MAGGIO....Fred Shields
ANNOUNCER....Bill Goodwin
TAG ANN.....Dick Joy

SOUND

CAR...HORN...MOTOR QUILTS, SLOWS DOWN...STARTER...CAR DOOR...PAPER RATTLE...SHOULDER AGAINST DOOR...BODY CRASHES DOOR...CRASH OF FURNITURE...PHONE...RECEIVER RATTLE...KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS... RATTLE OF DISHES...HARD BISCUIT ON PLATE...CRACK BISCUIT WITH KNIFE ...CRUNCHING SOUND...RADIO SWITCH CLICK...DAGWOOD RUSHES IN... DAGWOOD TRIPS AND FALLS...ANOTHER CAR COMES IN AND STOPS...CAR DOOR ...BASEBALL CROWD...CRACK OF BAT...ENGINE BREAKS INTO LIFE... BLOWOUT AND CAR STOPS...SLIDE WHISTLE.

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial --
Listen to "Blondie",...presented by Camel...the
cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

51455 8321

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bunsteads. Well, it seems that some friends of the Bunsteads -- the Harveys -- have invited them for a week-end visit to the mountains. Yes, they accepted the invitation, and now we find them driving along in the family car, not far from their destination. Blondie and Dagwood are in the front seat, Dagwood driving, and Alexander and Ookie, the baby are in the back....

(COME UP ON CAR, FADE TO BACKGROUND)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, look how low the gas gauge is. The needle says there's hardly any gas at all in the tank.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, ^{HOW OFTEN DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU} when the gasoline gauge says "empty" there's always a gallon or so in the tank.

BLONDIE: Well, what does the needle say when the tank really is empty?

DAGWOOD: Well, it says empty then, too.

BLONDIE: Hmmm -- I liked the old kind where you stuck a ruler into the gas tank. Then you knew.

(HONK, HONK, HONK OF LOUD HORN PASSING THEM)

~~DAGWOOD: Did you see that, Blondie? Did you see it, Alexander?~~

~~BLONDIE: That man who just passed by was making faces at me, Dagwood.~~

~~ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) I'll bet he was.~~

~~DAGWOOD: If anyone who has passed us today has made faces at me, I'd like to know what the big idea is.~~

~~ALEXANDER: I know, Pop.~~

~~DAGWOOD: What is it?~~

51455 8322

ALEXANDER: I've been making faces at the bank since I first saw you
who passed us.

BLONDIE: My goodness, what kind of faces?

ALEXANDER: Faces like this. ~~Yeh, yeh, yeh!~~

BLONDIE: Oh! Don't you do that any more. What would you do if
you saw faces like that?

ALEXANDER: I'd be a mousetrap with the people around.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeh,

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: Huh?

BLONDIE: Isn't this the little road going up a hill when you go
past an abandoned farm with a sign that says "White
Scholarship"?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeh. ~~That's the road to the Harveys' place.~~ Gee,
Blondie, we're going to have a swell time at the Harveys'
place. You know, this is sort of wild country around here.

ALEXANDER: We'll be right on top of the mountain, won't we, Pop?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Alexander. We'll be away from all the
trouble and cares of everyday life. Why, we'll be
practically in the deep woods. The nearest neighbor is
five miles away.

BLONDIE: You'd better hurry up, Dagwood, or we'll run out of gas.

DAGWOOD: I'll stop on the hill.

BLONDIE: If we run out of gas here, there'll be a long walk for
somebody. It won't be me.

ALEXANDER: It won't be me.

COOKER: (To Dagwood from the kitchen)

5145 8323

~~BLONDIE: It won't be the baby.~~

~~DAGWOOD: That leaves me, I'll sleep on it.~~

~~(CAR UP)~~

~~MUSIC~~

(COME UP ON CAR GOING OVER BUMPY ROAD, SLOWLY)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- look. There's the Harveys' house ahead of us at the end of the road.

BLONDIE: Gee, the way it feels, the road ended five miles back.

ALEXANDER: Yeah -- it's been awful bumpy, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Is the baby all right?

BLONDIE: SHE'S WONDERFUL.
ALEXANDER: Oh, sure -- it rocked her right to sleep.

DAGWOOD: That's good.

ALEXANDER: Of course she could be unconscious.

DAGWOOD: Huh?

BLONDIE: Alexander -- don't talk like that.

ALEXANDER: Gee, look at the trees all round us. Oh, boy! I can hardly wait to get out and get lost.

BLONDIE: None of that, Alexander. It could happen very easily around here. Dagwood, honk the horn so the Harveys'll know we're here.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Okay, honey.

(HONK...HONK...HONK...HONK)

BLONDIE: It certainly is nice and quiet and secluded here.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it'll be a wonderful rest for a week-end.

(MOTOR QUITS, CAR SLOWS DOWN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't stop the car yet. Drive up closer to the house.

DAGWOOD: The car stopped itself, Blondie. I think we're out of gas.

(STARTER)

BLONDIE: Oh, I was afraid this would happen. I've never trusted our gas gauge.

DAGWOOD: Well, we're here, anyway.

BLONDIE: It's lucky it's only a few steps. It could have happened half way up the mountain.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Don't worry about it now, Blondie. George can drive me to a gas station in his car and I can bring back plenty of gas for us. COME ON - EVERYBODY OUT

ALEXANDER: Gee, I wonder where everybody is. It doesn't look as though ~~there's~~ anyone home.

BLONDIE: Oh, they're home, all right. (CALLS) Yoo-hoo! Eloisel

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Oh, George! We're here!

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Yoo-hoo!

ALEXANDER: Gee, nobody answers.

BLONDIE: Oh, look ^{DAGWOOD} there's a note pinned to the door.

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh...That doesn't look so good.

BLONDIE: Maybe they're out shopping for dinner tonight.

ALEXANDER: Maybe they aren't, too.

DAGWOOD: Well, ^{COME ON} let's read it.

BLONDIE: All right.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Oh.....

DAGWOOD: What is it?

BLONDIE: Listen. (READS) "Dear Bumsteads: We tried to catch you before you left home to tell you we wouldn't be here, but we missed you. ^{DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD I TOLD YOU THAT WAS} We've both been suddenly called away, so ^{OUR} I guess it'll have to be some other week-end. Sorry to ^{PHONE} disappoint you after making the long trip up here. Yours ^{AS WE} -- Eloise and George." ^{DROVE AWAY FROM THE HOUSE}

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Well, I guess that's that. We'll just have to go home again.

ALEXANDER: We're out of gas, Pop. ~~Now we're going to get home?~~

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sake! Dagwood -- how are we going to get home?

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, what's this? It looks as though the Bumsteads are really in a predicament -- out of gas, miles from a gas station, way up on top of a mountain at their friends' summer cabin. ~~It's a real predicament. They're in a real predicament.~~

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

51455 8326

GOODWIN: And to think that only a little while ago they were all having so much fun -- especially Blondie, just before they started out from home.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: W-what's so funny, dear?

BLONDIE: (THROUGH STIFLED GIGGLES) That outfit you've got on. It's...it's...(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING)

DAGWOOD: (INDIGNANT) What's the matter with these clothes? They're the latest summer styles...and sort of expensive, too, I just bought them all...this fancy grass hat with the red band around it, the imported Mexican sandals and everything

BLONDIE: (STILL GIGGLING) But that polo shirt...

DAGWOOD: Cost me two ninety-five...it's the best.

BLONDIE: And those white slacks with the wide blue stripes.

DAGWOOD: They're made out of very fine linen.

BLONDIE: Well, dear, I'm sure that big cowboy belt is the best, too. But all those wonderful things...well...somehow, Dagwood they just don't add up to anything very much.

GOODWIN: Blondie, you've given me my cue. Dagwood's super-deluxe summer outfit proves a mighty important point about cigarettes. To have a good cigarette, you naturally need choice, costly tobaccos. But it isn't only what you put in that cigarette...it's also how you do it. You must have that certain "know-how"...that indescribably "savvy"...to blend the best tobaccos into a better cigarette. Yes, and it's in Camels that the costlier tobaccos and this matchless blending go hand in hand. It's with a Camel that you get the slower-burning smoke...extra flavor, extra coolness, extra mildness -- with less nicotine in the smoke.

"BLONDIE" 6-B
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MAN: (ECHO CHAMBER) ~~Twenty-eight percent~~ less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than ~~any~~ of them, according to independent scientific tests ~~of the smoke itself.~~

GOODWIN: And the ~~smoke's~~ the thing. In addition, slow... slow-burning Camels bring you ~~more~~ smoking... ~~extra~~ smoking per cigarette per pack. So friends, see what it means to smoke the cigarette with that ~~matchless~~ blend of ~~costlier~~ tobaccos. Smoke Camels. And for a bonus in economy...for more convenience, too...get your Camels by the carton.

MUSIC:

51455 8328

AFTER BLONDIE READ THE NOTE FROM THE HARVEYS

GOODWIN: It's a moment ~~later~~. The Bumsteads have just had a family conference over the situation, and they've decided that...

BLONDIE: There's just one thing to do. Push the car to get it started coasting. Then we'll just go down the hill.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- we'll go down the hill, but backwards! Blondie -- that'll be dangerous.

BLONDIE: All right, then -- I'll steer it.

DAGWOOD: That'll be more dangerous.

ALEXANDER: Okay then -- I'll --

BLONDIE: (GUTS IN) That won't be necessary.

ALEXANDER: I don't think we can move it anyway. ^{LOUIS} It's in sort of a rut ^{IN}

DAGWOOD: Well, let's try. Come on -- we'll all put our shoulders to the wheel and push.

BLONDIE: All right -- come on, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: One...two...three...shoooooove! Gee -- did we all push?

ALEXANDER: Sure.

DAGWOOD: Then why didn't the car move?...Gee, it must be stuck.

BLONDIE: Let's try again. One...two...three...shove!

DAGWOOD: Okay -- we're failures. We might as well give this up.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, we'll have to break into the Harveys' cabin and telephone a gas station to send a man up here.

DAGWOOD: ~~All the windows are boarded up.~~ But maybe I can get in the front door.

ALEXANDER: I'll go around and look in the back, Pop... (FADING)

BLONDIE: My -- something always happens to us, doesn't it?

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I'll say so, Blondie. We're just pawns of fate...

LOCKED - Well, we ought to be able to get in here. This door doesn't look awfully strong. ^{TO ME}

(BUMPING SHOULDER AGAINST DOOR A COUPLE OF TIMES)

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- you'll just bruise yourself that way.

DAGWOOD: We've got to get in somehow, Blondie...I don't suppose I could get up on the roof and slide down the chimney like Santa Claus.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

BLONDIE: Besides, you're out of season for that.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie ^{LOOK OUT} -- stand back. I'll just have to be dynamic -- I'll have to break it down.

BLONDIE: I was afraid you couldn't resist the temptation...Well -- be careful, dear.

DAGWOOD: Sure ^{STAND BACK} now, watch this. (GRUNTS)

BLONDIE: ^{IT DIDN'T WORK}
(CRASH OF BODY AGAINST DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Ouch!..I'll have to get back a little further and get a good start.

BLONDIE: I wonder what's happened to Alexander.

DAGWOOD: I don't know. ^{LOOK OUT} Well, here goes, Blondie!

(WHIZZ)

(DOOR OPENS)

(CRASH OF FURNITURE, ETC., AS DAGWOOD SLIDES INTO THE HOUSE)

DAGWOOD: Dooooooh!

ALEXANDER: COME RIGHT IN

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- are you hurt?

DAGWOOD: ^{WAIT A MINUTE I'LL LOOK}
Not critically...Gosh -- Alexander opened the door just as I was about to crash into it. How'd you get in ~~there~~ anyway?

ALEXANDER: ^{THE BACK DOOR}
The key was under the back door mat.

DAGWOOD: I should have known it.

BLONDIE: Oh, look -- there's a note on the table here.

DAGWOOD: What's it say?

BLONDIE: (READS) If you want to get into the house, the keys are under the door mat, Eloise."

DAGWOOD: That's very helpful.

BLONDIE: Well, there's the phone. I'll call a gas station.

(PICK UP PHONE)...RATTLE OF HOOK)

BLONDIE: Hello!..Hello!...Hello!...

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I think the phone's dead.

DAGWOOD: Let me try. *YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO WORK THIS KIND*

(RATTLE HOOK)

DAGWOOD: Hello!..Hello!..Hello!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, it is dead...Now what do we do?

ALEXANDER: I'm getting hungry.

DAGWOOD: So am I. *I WONDER WHERE YOU GO*

BLONDIE: Well, the first thing you'll have to do, Dagwood, is go and get some gas for the car.

DAGWOOD: I suppose so.

BLONDIE: Just follow the road, and you'll come to a gas station eventually.

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- eventually sounds like hours from now. And the way the road winds around coming up here -- gee, Blondie, it would be shorter if I just walked down the side of the mountain, through the woods,

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you'd just get lost. You'd be walking in circles,

DAGWOOD: That's silly -- that's just one of those stories you read about in books. I'm going right down through the woods and out onto the ^{OPEN}road below.

51455 8331

BLONDIE: All right, dear, but hurry up.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I'll be back before you know it.

BLONDIE: Don't forget the gasoline.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah --the gasoline. Okay, honey.....Goodbye.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: I wonder who that is at the back door.

ALEXANDER: Maybe it's Pop back already.

BLONDIE: No -- he wouldn't knock. He'd walk right in. Let's go and see. Maybe whoever it is can help us out.

(MORE KNOCKING)

ALEXANDER: Gee, we're sort of in a spot, aren't we, Mom?

BLONDIE: Well, possibly. We'll see..

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Pardon me, but I'm lost and I wondered if you could tell me where ----- Blondie!

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What're you doing here? I expected you to stay at the Harveys' cabin until I got back.

BLONDIE: I did, and you're back.

DAGWOOD: Huh?

ALEXANDER: You've been walking in circles, Pop. You're right back where you started.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh! I've walked for miles and miles ^{AND MILES} and I didn't get anywhere.

ALEXANDER: You got ~~plenty of exercise, Pop,~~ FROM THE FRONT TO THE BACK DOOR

DAGWOOD: Well, ^{NEVER MIND} this isn't going to stop me. I've still got time to make it to the gas station before it gets dark, and I'm going down through the woods again. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear. Now when you get lost again, you just call and we'll come and find you.

~~DAGWOOD: It won't happen to me again. I still don't believe that walking is a business.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop.~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, I guess your father made it, this time.

ALEXANDER: I hope so. Gee, if he doesn't we'll have an awful time.

BLONDIE: Yes, I'm afraid we'll be stranded up here on top of the mountain.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, it's getting late. The sun's almost gone now.

DAGWOOD: (WAY, WAY OFF) Bloooooooondie!

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh--that sounds like Pop.

BLONDIE: Yes, it must be.

ALEXANDER: That's his distress signal. I wonder where he is.

BLONDIE: I just hope he isn't calling from the top of another mountain.

(DOOR OPENS.)

DAGWOOD: (WAY OFF) Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Yoo-hoooo, Dagwooooood! Where are you?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) Over here!

ALEXANDER: I see him, Mom....Hey, Pop -- here we are!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay -- I see you ~~now~~. DO YOU SEE ME?

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Did you get the gasoline?

YES WE SEE YOU

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I didn't get anything. (COMING UP) Blondie, I have a confession to make to you. I was walking in circles,... I didn't even see the road.

BLONDIE: Well, then we'll just have to stay here for the night.

DAGWOOD: Sure -- it won't be so bad. Just sort of like camping out....Why don't we have a little something to eat now -- I'm starved.

BLONDIE: (DRY LAUGH).

DAGWOOD: Beg pardon?

ALEXANDER: Go ahead and tell him, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Tell me what?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, there is very very little in the Harveys' kitchen.

DAGWOOD: How about the ice box? Was there anything in it?

BLONDIE: Well, yes.

DAGWOOD: That's better.

BLONDIE: One lemon.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! The Harveys weren't even going to feed us. Didn't we bring anything at all?

BLONDIE: Just for the baby -- her formula.

~~ALEXANDER: That's right. That's all we brought in the way of food.~~

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose there'd be enough for four of us, would there?

BLONDIE: No, I don't!

DAGWOOD: I didn't think so.

BLONDIE: Well, anyway, I'm going to fix some kind of a dinner.
You and Alexander can watch the sunset. ~~I'm afraid that~~
~~will have to be the soup course.~~

DAGWOOD: LOOK AT THAT SUNSET - IT LOOKS ^{JUST} LIKE A
BLONDIE: YOU CAN HAVE THAT FOR FRIED EGG
MUSIC: THE FIRST COURSE.

BLONDIE: HERE THEY ARE
ALEXANDER: WHAT ARE THOSE?
(COME UP ON RATTLE OF DISHES)

BLONDIE: ~~Now here are the~~ well, I guess we might as well
call them biscuits. (I found some flour.)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- biscuits.

BLONDIE: One for you.

(RATTLE OF HARD BISCUIT ON PLATE)

BLONDIE: One for you, Alexander.

(RATTLE OF BISCUIT AGAIN)

BLONDIE: And one for me.

(ANOTHER CLANK)

DAGWOOD: I think I'll flip mine. Heads I eat it and tails I don't.

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mom?

BLONDIE: Yes?

ALEXANDER: How do you break these biscuits?

BLONDIE: Well, maybe you can crack them with your teeth?

DAGWOOD: I'm going to hammer mine to pieces with my knife.

(HE GIVES IT A COUPLE OF CRACKS WITH A KNIFE)

DAGWOOD: Well, now that I've got the biscuit apart, I'll see how it tastes.... Aren't you going to eat yours?

BLONDIE: Well -- we'll just see how you come out first.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(CRUNCHING SOUND)

ALEXANDER: How is it, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Well, it sounds like celery but it tastes a little like cement.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Dagwood, but it's the best I could do.... I had to make them without baking powder or milk.... I don't think I'll eat mine.

ALEXANDER: I'll just put mine in my pocket for later.

BLONDIE: When you're through, there's a third of a lemon apiece for dessert.

DAGWOOD: You know, Blondie -- I never did like the Harveys.

Sweet
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, you just wouldn't like anyone with an empty icebox.

~~DAGWOOD: Maybe that has something to do with it. Gosh, I've never felt so vacant inside.~~

~~ALEXANDER: I'm awfully hollow, too. This lemon is going to be an awful disappointment to my stomach.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, I'm out through, but I'm still hungry. Let's go into the other room.~~

~~BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Gosh, I'll bet my stomach thinks my mouth moved into another neighborhood.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, I'm hungry, too, but well, just have to forget about it. There's nothing we can do. Well, stuck up here until we can get some gas for the car.~~

DAGWOOD: I'll turn on the radio. That'll take our minds off the dinner we didn't have.

(CLICK OF RADIO SWITCH...)

BLONDIE: That's a good idea, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Anything to make us forget.

VOICE: (FILTER) Yes, you'll want to stop at the Old Tavern Inn on the Greensburg Pike. Just listen to this. A thick, tender juicy steak dr-r-r-ripping with rich gravy, smothered in delicately fried tasty onions and mushrooms. Yum-yum! How does that sound to you?

BLONDIE: Ohhhhh-h-h-h!

DAGWOOD: It sounds like heaven.

ALEXANDER: ~~Look, it's wonderful.~~

VOICE: ~~(CONTINUES) And that's not all. Soft, velvety, creamy
baked potatoes made with lots of real country butter,
and in the middle of this, a brimming lake of thick,
luscious brown gravy. And then a mere thin generous
helping of slender, tender, string beans just acting to
melt in your mouth.~~

ALEXANDER: Turn it off -- turn it off, Pop!

BLONDIE: Get something else, Dagwood -- please! I can't stand it.

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- he had me hypnotised... I'll get something else.

SECOND VOICE: (FILTER) -- And the result is a huckleberry pie to
^{OF THIS RECIPE}
dream about. A soft, crisp, flaky crust crammed to
overflowing with those delicious berries just bursting
with juicy goodness. Oh, boy -- what a treat!

(CLICK) .

DAGWOOD: That's enough! That man would drive me crazy! In
another minute he would have put a great big scoop of
ice cream on that huckleberry pie, and I would have
passed right out.

COOKIE: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

BLONDIE: Well, Cookie, you don't mind being way up here in the
middle of nowhere, do you?

DAGWOOD: No, she likes it.

ALEXANDER: ~~She's had something to eat. She's not hungry. Gee --
babies get all the babies.~~

BLONDIE: ~~All right, Alexander -- do you want us to start eating
you Baby Dumping, again?~~

ALEXANDER: ~~No.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Then you'll have to be a little man about this. It's
uncomfortable for all of us.~~

COOKIE ~~(CARRIES ON LIKE MAD)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~(LAUGHS) Gee, listen to Cookie.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~She's not uncomfortable.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Very well, Alexander. Tonight you can sleep in the baby's bassinet.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Oh, no, Mom. I take it all back.~~

DAGWOOD: I think we'd all better get to bed. Tomorrow I'm going to get the gasoline for the car ^{IF IT'S THE LAST} ~~same way we got out of~~ _{THING I DO} here. If we have to stay here another day we'll all be chasing rabbits for food.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwooooood! Come on in to breakfast!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Breakfast! Oh, boy -- ~~It's so right now.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Here he comes, Mom!~~

BLONDIE: I'm afraid he's going to be ~~quite~~ disappointed when ~~we see what we have.~~

DAGWOOD: I'LL BE RIGHT IN
(DAGWOOD COMES RUSHING IN)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Good morning, Blondie! (KISS) Good morning, Alexander! Well, what are we having for breakfast?

BLONDIE: Dandelion greens.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! Blondie, how can you use a beautiful word like breakfast and mean dandelion greens?

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- Alexander and I dug them up this morning and you'll have to eat them.

DAGWOOD: I couldn't, Blondie. It wouldn't be fair to my stomach. It's been used to fried eggs and bacon and breakfast food and cream.

BLONDIE: But dandelion greens are very good for you.

ALEXANDER: That's right, Pop. They taste awful, so they must be.

DAGWOOD: I'd rather eat my way across a golf course...No, Blondie
-- I'm going to get that gas right now. ^{GOOD BYE} I'm going to
start walking.

~~BLONDIE: All right, dear.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll be back as soon as I can. Goodbye.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, be waiting.~~

~~ALEXANDER: So long, Pop.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

(DAGWOOD TRIPS AND FALLS)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- did you hurt yourself?

ALEXANDER: Pop never hurts himself. He's an iron man.

DAGWOOD: No, I'm not hurt, but it was quite a -----ooooouch!

BLONDIE: What's the matter, dear?

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- it's my ankle. I turned it, and it sort of hurts.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- can you get up? Here, let me help you.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Blondie -- I guess I'll -- ouch! Gosh, I guess
I can walk a little on it, all right, but I'll never be
able to make it all the way to a gas station.

BLONDIE: Well, then, I guess it's up to me to go.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you can't walk that far, ^{ESPECIALLY} / Not in those high
heels.

ALEXANDER: Then I guess it's up to me to go.

BLONDIE: Now, Alexander, you can't go.

ALEXANDER: Gee, why not? I'm practically a man now.

BLONDIE: But it must be ten miles or more. That's a very, very
long way for you to walk.

7/21/41

GIVE ME A RIDE

ALEXANDER: ~~Oh, I'll get you out of here.~~ Someone will ~~pick me up~~. I have a very honest face.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't want you riding with strangers.

ALEXANDER: Okay -- I won't go then, but what are we going to eat?

BLONDIE: That's right, what are we going to eat?

(SOUND OF CAR OFF)

DAGWOOD: Listen -- I thought I heard something.

BLONDIE: I thought I heard a car.

DAGWOOD: No, it couldn't be -- that's too wonderful to be true. We must be so hungry we're hearing things.

~~BLONDIE: Yes, maybe it's like a mirage only instead of seeing it, you hear it.~~

(CAR CLOSER)

ALEXANDER: Look -- I see it -- and it's coming this way.

BLONDIE: We're saved!

DAGWOOD: We're rescued! Come on -- let's go out and see who it is.

BLONDIE: Can you make it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- it's not that bad. Say, it looks like a boy and a girl.

(DOOR OPENS)

(CAR COMING UP,...IT STOPS)

ALEXANDER: Look, Pop -- they're necking.

BLONDIE: Heavens -- where did you learn that word?

ALEXANDER: Oh, I get around...

BLONDIE: *ILL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER*
(CALLS) Hello, there...

DAGWOOD: Hi.

BOY: (EMBARRASSED) Oh -- er -- hello.

GIRL (EMBARRASSED GIGGLE) Hello.

BLONDIE: Well, did you come up here to see the Harveys? They're not home, if you did.

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BOY: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Oh, no -- we didn't come up here to see anybody.

GIRL: We were hoping we wouldn't see anybody.

DAGWOOD: We're sorry to disappoint you.

GIRL: YOU DIDN'T DISAPPOINT US - MUCH.

BOY: We've just been married.

GIRL: We're newlyweds.

BLONDIE: Well, isn't that wonderful?

BOY: Yeah -- we think so, don't we, Florence?

DAGWOOD: YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A LITTLE
GIRL: ~~(SINGS)~~ PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE ON
YOU DO YOU?

BLONDIE:
DAGWOOD: You weren't looking for anyone then.

BOY: No. We always wanted to come up here on the top of the mountain.

GIRL: We wanted to sit on a rock and look down on the world when the sun set.

BOY: You know -- like the man and the girl in the insurance company ads. They're always sitting on a rock on top of a mountain, watching the sun set.

BLONDIE: Well, that certainly sounds romantic.

BOY: That's what we thought.

GIRL: Yes, that's what we thought.

BOY: We wanted to be away from everybody and everything.

BLONDIE: Well, this is it. This is the spot you've been looking for. There's a little less than nothing around here.

GIRL: Oh, we wouldn't want to disturb you.

BLONDIE: Oh, we'll leave.

BOY: Oh, no -- you don't have to do that.

DAGWOOD: We'd be glad to. ~~We'd be happy to leave you in this place all to yourselves.~~ As a matter of fact, we're stuck up here.

BLONDIE: We're out of gas.)

~~ALEXANDER: We'll make you a proposition, won't we, now?~~

~~BLONDIE:~~ ^{NOW} Well, yes. If you can give us some of the gasoline in your tank so we can get our car started and leave, you can be all alone up here.

BOY: We've got plenty of gas.

GIRL: And we would like to be alone *WOULDN'T WE DARLING?*
DAGWOOD: 1-6-4!
(CAR DOORS OPEN)

BOY: I've got a rubber tube and an old gas can in the back of the car. We can siphon off a couple of gallons.'

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- at last it looks like we're going to get out of her. Isn't it wonderful?

GIRL: Oh, Edgar -- at last it looks as though we're going to be alone -- and on a mountain, too.

BOY: Yeah -- isn't it wonderful!

BLONDIE: Everything's wonderful, now. *BUT LETS GET THE GASOLINE*
(MUSIC)

(COME UP ON CAR DOORS CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess we're all ready to go now. Thanks a lot for the gasoline.

BOY: Oh, that's all right. Thanks a lot for leaving us -- or ^{GIRL!} EDGAR!
uh -- thanks a lot.

BLONDIE: Goodbye and have a nice time up here.

GIRL: Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- let's go. I'm still famished.

DAGWOOD: So am I.

ALEXANDER: I'm not famished, but I sure am hungry. Let's go, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Well, goodbye everybody.

(STARTER)

DAGWOOD: Gee, it doesn't start. That's funny.

BLONDIE: (DRY LAUGH) Not very,

ALEXANDER: Try again.

EVERYBODY: ^{GOODBYE -}

(STARTER)

~~DAGWOOD: It doesn't work.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Ask the people if they brought any food with them.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, won't the car start now? Not even with the gasoline you got?

(STARTER)

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- there's the answer. We're still marooned up here! Maybe we'll starve to death before we leave! Blondie -- what are we going to do!

(MUSIC)

GOODWIN: Well, now what's going to happen? What is wrong with the car? Will the Bumsteads ever leave this place? ~~Will they return to the island?~~

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC)

"BLONDIE" 21-A
7/21/41

GOODWIN: We'll be back with Blondie and Dagwood in a moment -- but
right now let's pretend we're listening to a broadcast
from a baseball park --

SOUND: FADE IN SOUND OF A BASEBALL CROWD

SPORTS ANNCR: The pitcher's back on the mound -- he gets set for the
pitch -- there it is --

SOUND: DISTANT CRACK OF THE BAT...CROWD YELLS

SPORTS ANNCR: It's a hard line drive out to the left field fence.
DiMaggio rounds first base...he's going to second --

SOUND: CROWD YELLS LOUDER

SPORTS ANNCR: Yes, sir -- Joe's going to stretch it to a
three-bagger. He's done it again, folks -- DiMaggio's
done it again!

SOUND: CROWD YELLS UP FULL...THEN FADE FOR:

"BLONDIE" -21-B
7/21/41

GOODWIN: You might have heard that almost any time during the past few weeks. Joe DiMaggio has done it again -- and he did it for fifty-six games. Fifty-six games in succession with a hit in every game. That streak has busted every consecutive game hitting record in major league baseball history, including Wee Willie Keeler's forty-four game streak that lasted forty-four years. Yes, Joe has slammed a big niche for himself in baseball's hall of fame...and now he's already off to a flying start on streak number two. Just yesterday at Detroit, Joe banged out three doubles and a home run -- all in one game. And when he came clomping into that Yankee locker room at Detroit yesterday, what do you think he said?

"BLONDIE" 21-C
7/21/41

DIMAGGIO VOICE: Whew! How about a Camel, boys!

GOODWIN: Yes, sir, like so many of his pals in the major leagues, Joe's a strong booster of Camels -- he really goes for the extra mildness and extra flavor of America's favorite cigarette. Joe says --

DIMAGGIO VOICE: The cigarette that scores with me is the slow-burning brand...Camel! Yes, sir, I've got to have a cigarette that's mild -- Camels are extra mild -- with less nicotine in the smoke. And believe me, that Camel flavor is swell. Yep, give me a Camel every time!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Joe DiMaggio -- and the reason behind your enthusiasm for Camels is this -- Camels are a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos...they're slower-burning...with extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And there is less nicotine in the smoke.

VOICE: (ECHO CHAMBER) Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! Try a pack of slow -- slow-burning Camels today -- and you'll want a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's about a half hour later. Dagwood, and the man of the honeymoon couple, have gone all over the Bumstead car, trying to find out why it won't work. Blondie's been looking on, as has Alexander, and finally...

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what's this here?

DAGWOOD: Don't bother me now, honey, I'm trying to find out what's wrong.

BOY: It's got me baffled, Mr. Bumstead.

GIRL: Please hurry up and fix it, Edgar.

BOY: All right, Florence.

GIRL: Aw, gee...

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- listen to me. Shouldn't this wire be connected somewhere?

DAGWOOD: What wire?

BLONDIE: This wire right here.

BOY: I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE MRS. BUMSTEAD

DAGWOOD: Say -- that ought to go over here. Sure -- that's what was wrong. I knew it all the time.

BLONDIE: You knew what, dear?

DAGWOOD: Er -- that there was something wrong.

ALEXANDER: Gee, have we been here all this time just because of a little piece of wire?

BLONDIE: We certainly have.

DAGWOOD: Well, we'll know in a moment... ~~Hold your breath...~~

~~EVERYBODY:~~
EVERYBODY: GOODBYE --
(STARTER)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

ALEXANDER: I'll go dig some more vandelion greens.

(STARTER... CAR ENGINE BREAKS INTO LIFE)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- there she goes! Jump in everyone and let's get started.

(CAR DOORS CLOSE)

BLONDIE: I never thought we'd make it... Goodbye, you two.

~~BOY: Goodbye, it was nice to meet you.~~

~~GIRL: Have a nice drive home.~~

DAGWOOD: Goodbye -- have a nice marriage.

EVERYBODY! GOOD BYE
(CAR STARTS OUT)

~~BLONDIE: Oh, what goodness we're on our way to have, on our way~~

~~home.~~

DAGWOOD: / I'LL HAVE TO TURN AROUND HERE
Gee, to think that all the time we had plenty of gas.

BLONDIE: I've always said that the old gas tanks with the ruler you stuck in them to see how much you had were better than what we have now.

~~ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- why don't you invent a new gas tank made out of glass. Then you could see how much you had.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Say, that is an idea. Maybe I could sell it.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Don't forget -- I get half of all you get for it.~~

~~BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, don't worry about anything else but just getting us back home. Oh, I hope we never go up to that place again.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'd rather go camping in the middle of Death Valley. For a while, I thought we were making soup from one leather in our shoes.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Stop on it, Pop.~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- a little faster. Every minute brings us closer to a nice juicy steak.~~

(BANG... CAR BUMPS TO A STOP)

BLONDIE: Heavens -- now what!!!?

DAGWOOD: Just a blowout. Gosh -- everything happens to me. *MAY YOU*
BOY: WHAT IS IT MY BUMSTEAD?
(MUSIC) *DAGWOOD: DO YOU WANT TO GIVE*
ME A HAND HERE CHANGING
(COME UP ON SOUNDS OF COOKING) *A TIRE?*

DAGWOOD: Home at last.

ALEXANDER: When do we eat?

BLONDIE: We can make steak sandwiches with this. I'll get some bread.

DAGWOOD: Never mind the bread -- just give us the meat.

BLONDIE: I know just how you feel.

~~ALEXANDER: Oh boy -- plenty of vitamins!~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, there were plenty of vitamins in the dandelion greens.~~

~~ALEXANDER: I'd rather eat the vitamins in steak.~~

DAGWOOD: All I care about is eating at home. *ANYWAY* There's nothing like it.

BLONDIE: Isn't it wonderful? I don't think I was ever so glad to see any place as I was to see our little home.

DAGWOOD: Me, too.

ALEXANDER: Me, too. *ALEXANDER: ME TOO OH - I SAID THAT*

COOKIE: (COOS AND GURGLES)

BLONDIE: Cookie says she's glad to be home, too.

(PHONE RINGS)

~~BLONDIE:~~ *DAGWOOD*
DAGWOOD: There's the phone, ~~Blondie.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, right, I'll answer it.~~

~~DAGWOOD:~~
DAGWOOD: If it's for me, say that I'm in the middle of some very important eating and can't be disturbed.

ALEXANDER: If that's Alvin calling me, tell him I'm in conference.

~~BLONDIE: GO AHEAD AND ANSWER THE PHONE~~
DAGWOOD: Hunh? *DAGWOOD*

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

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DOGWOOD:

BLONDIE: Hello?...Oh...(INTO ACCENT) What number you calling, hahh?...How you spell it?...Boomstead, hay? Never heard of hem.

BLONDIE:

Hey, ^{DOGWOOD} ~~Blondie~~ -- what's the matter with you? That's for us!

DOGWOOD:

(SOTTO) Quiet, ~~Blondie~~.

~~ALL SILENCE: Goo, listen to them. I never heard her talk like that~~

~~before.~~

DOGWOOD:

(STILL ON PHONE) Speak a little louder, don't you?...You have wrong number. Goombye. No one here by name of Blondie. No one here by name of Dogwood. This is the Populopulos home. Goombye, call again.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE:

^{DOGWOOD} ~~Blondie~~ -- that was for us -- what did you put on that funny accent for?

DOGWOOD:

It was much easier that way, ~~Blondie~~, HONEY

BLONDIE:

But who was it?

DOGWOOD:

That was George Harvey, and from what he started to say, I knew he was going to invite us up to his place in the mountains for next week-end.

BLONDIE:

Ohhhhhhhh. DEAR

DOGWOOD:

So just remember, ^{HONEY} ~~dear~~, unless you want to go back to dandelion greens, for the next week, this is the Populopulous residence, wrong number, goombye.

(MUSIC)

"BLONDIE"
7/21/41

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GOODWIN: Well folks, all in all, things didn't go so well for the Bumsteads on their week end in the mountains. But they are safely home at last. Next week Blondie and Dagwood are going on an important business trip with Mr. Dithers. So be sure to be with us next Monday at this same time to see how, "Blondie frames Dagwood".

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camels Cigarettes.

ANNOUNCER: (SPELLS) S-T-R-E-T-C-H.

SOUND: SLOW BLAST ON SLIDE WHISTLE TO DENOTE STRETCHING

ANNOUNCER: Yes, stretch...and, pipe-smokers, that's just what you do to your tobacco money when you pack your pipe with George Washington Smoking Tobacco. A big blue two and one-quarter ounce package of George Washington costs only ten cents. And what a big buy in pipe-smoking pleasure: Mild, tasty -- just right for real he-man smokers. Try George Washington Tobacco...the better smoke for your money. This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.