

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1941

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST
7:30 - 8:00 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)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander have just come home from a football game between two semi-professional teams -- the local dynamiters and the Sheridan City Tigers. Dagwood seems to have a rather peculiar look in his eyes as he says...

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- how did you like the game?

BLONDIE: Oh, I thought it was very exciting, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: Gee, it was swell, Pop. I'm going to try some of those trick plays the next time our team plays the Alley-Cats.

BLONDIE: You know, ^{Honey} for a while I was ^{kind of} afraid the Dynamiters were going to lose.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it was pretty close.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, ~~you didn't tell us~~ ^{tell me} -- how did you manage to get such wonderful seats to the game?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You'd like to know, huh?

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop -- we were sitting right on the fifty-yard line with Mr. Dithers and Mayor Snipe and everybody important.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, I've got a little surprise for you. You know, next Saturday, the Dynamiters are playing the Thunderbolts.

"BLONDIE"
11/3/41

the papers say -3-

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- and from what ~~I've read in the papers,~~
it's going to be a pretty hard game. The
Dynamiters aren't supposed to have a chance.

DAGWOOD: Well, we're going to win, all right. And
you and Alexander are going to be sitting right
on the fifty-yard line again.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Pop -- that's terrific.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I won't be with you.

BLONDIE: Why not, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I'm going to be playing with the
Dynamiters.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see. I thought maybe -- Dagwood! What did
you say?

DAGWOOD: I'm going to be the Dynamiter's star half-back.

ALEXANDER: Gee, are you going to play, Pop?

BLONDIE:
DAGWOOD: *BUT*
I certainly am! I haven't played football
since I was in high school, but --
But - DAGWOOD
Gosh -- Imagine that! My own Pop -- a football
hero. Wait'll I tell the other kids.

BLONDIE
ALEXANDER: Alexander, I wouldn't say anything about it. Your
father is not going to play in that game.

DAGWOOD: Oh, but I am, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, *But*, you're not. *DAGWOOD*

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, I am.

BLONDIE: Dagwood...!

DAGWOOD: *Oh yes!*
~~But, Blondie~~ -- why not?

BLONDIE: Because I'm not going to sit in the stands and watch
them carry my husband off the football field feet
first!!

51454 0256

DAGWOOD: Now don't worry about that, Blondie. I'm going to be a specialist. ^{Blondie: OH} The Dynamiters are just going to send me in to make a couple of quick touchdowns now and then. ^{Blondie: OH I see dear} They want me to play for them because I'm so fast. ^{Blondie: THATS A good Idea}

BLONDIE: Definitely no. ^{DAGWOOD: How About it.} Besides, you have to work next Saturday.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers is going to let me off. I told him I was going to play with the Dynamiters, and he's already bet fifty dollars on the game. He got odds of five to one.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- ^{Just This} Look at ~~the~~ program -- here are some of the men who are going to play on the Thunderbolt team.

DAGWOOD: Let's see.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Ed Carooski, left tackle, two hundred and three pounds. Steve Wodlovitch, right guard, two hundred and fifteen. Jim Nelson, fullback, a hundred and ^{eighty} ~~ninety~~ pounds.--

DAGWOOD: He's a little underweight.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- it would be simply terrible.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- they'd never lay a hand on me. It would be just zip! -- I'd get the ball -- and whizzi! -- I'd be over the goal line.

BLONDIE: It would be more like zip! -- You'd get the ball -- and wham! -- you'd be a hospital case.

DAGWOOD: Tooool!

ALEXANDER: But Mom -- Pop's got lots of speed. He goes out of the house like a rocket!

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Aw, Blondie.

BLONDIE: No, dear.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers is counting on me.

BLONDIE: ~~He'll have to find someone else who's tired of living. .Dagwood, you've nine mouths to feed besides your own. Alexander, Cookie, me and Daisy, and the five pups. What would happen to us if something happened to you?~~

DAGWOOD: But nothing's going to happen to me. When I was ~~in high school, I used to play~~

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood. I'm not going to see my husband brushed up off a football field with a whisk broom and a bushel basket. You'll just have to face it -- you're not going to play with the Dynamiters next Saturday. **Do I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?**

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, I guess most all men would like to think of themselves as a football hero^s -- that is, if it could happen painlessly. But it looks as though, Dagwood's hopes have been shattered. I wonder if he'll get in the game anyway. We'll see in a moment.

(SOUND: OUTBOARD MOTOR, HEARD RATHER
FAINTLY, HOLD UNDER)

GOODWIN: Hmm. What was that? Sounded almost like an outboard motor. Of course that couldn't be...well, not if Dagwood and Blondie are sitting in their car...

(SOUND: OUTBOARD MOTOR, A LITTLE LOUDER)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I wish you'd stop rocking the car!

DAGWOOD: Don't be silly, Blondie, you ~~can't~~ rock a ^{BoAT} car!
~~CANT Rock A CAT~~
You ~~rock-boat!~~

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not sure, now, Dagwood. ^{But} If this is a car, what's that outboard motor doing on back?

DAGWOOD: That's so we can go sixty miles an hour through that water blazing with gasoline!

(SOUND: OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT STARTS TO ROAR
ALONG AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR)

DAGWOOD: Come on, Blondie! We're going right through the flames!

BLONDIE: Stop, Dagwood! I'm getting all wet!

DAGWOOD: Hold on tight, Blondie! See that inclined platform up ahead? We go up over it and shoot through the air!

BLONDIE: You can't, Dagwood! You can't! There's a wall in back of the platform!

DAGWOOD: Hold on! We're going through the wall!

(SOUND: LOUD SLIDING CRACK AS BOAT HITS
PLATFORM AND SHOOTS OVER IT...BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD
SQUEALING MEANWHILE...FOLLOWED BY A LOUD CRASH
AND COMPLETE SILENCE)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Dagwood! Wake up! You've been asleep ^{ON}
~~the couch!~~
~~the couch!~~

DAGWOOD: Lemme out! Lemme out! Uh -- oh, uh, gee, Blondie!
I dreamed I was Malcolm Pope, the motor-boat stunt man,
flying through the air at sixty miles an hour!

BLONDIE: Here -- just take it easy, Dagwood, and I'll light
you a nice, mild Camel!

GOODWIN: How'd you know, Blondie? That's just what Malcolm Pope
does after a dare-devil ride on a ski-jumping
motor-boat, at Cypress Gardens, in Winterhaven,
Florida. Yes, sir, after roaring through blazing
water, and crashing over jumps and through walls,
Malcolm Pope ~~likes~~ ^{Likes} to light up a Camel. He says...

POPE VOICE: Sure, I've smoked Camels for years! I like that
extra flavor -- and the extra mildness that goes along
with it!

GOODWIN: Right! And Camels are cooler, slower-burning, too
-- and that means extra smoking per cigarette per
pack! That's because Camels are ^{Made} ~~most~~ of costlier
tobaccos, blended with Camel's matchless "know-how"
-- expertly blended to make a really superb cigarette.
And of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent 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: Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll see what a
difference costlier tobaccos can make.

GOODWIN: It's the next day. Dagwood is at the J. C. Dithers Company, and right now he's knocking on the door of Mr. Dithers' office.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (OFF) Come in, come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Dagwood. What's on your mind?

DAGWOOD: I hope I'm not interrupting you, J.C.

DITHERS: No, no -- I've got ~~plenty of time~~ ^{ALL DAYS sit DOWN DAG!}

DAGWOOD: ^{oh THANKS} J. C., I wish you'd sign that contract you promised me. You know, the one that says you can't fire me for a year.

DITHERS: I haven't got time right now, Dagwood.

I'm very busy. Lots of things to do. Every moment is valuable. ^{To COIN A PHRASE} Time is money, you know.

~~Blondie~~: ~~Where is Blondie now?~~

DITHERS: ~~It's in my "urgent" file.~~ But let's not waste ~~time~~ ^{Words}
^{ON TRIVIA:}
~~words.~~ Tell me, Dagwood -- are you getting
in condition for the big game with the Thunderbolts?

DAGWOOD: Er ^{No No} -- I guess I'm not going to play.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Blondie won't let me, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Bumstead, you can't do this to me. I've bet fifty
dollars on that game -- just because of you. The
Dynamiter's haven't got a chance unless you go in
there and outrun the Thunderbolts a couple of times.
Bumstead -- you' ^{Re} ^{ing} betray ~~me~~ me!

DAGWOOD: I can't help it, Mr. Dithers. You know how Blondie
is when she makes up her mind about something.

DITHERS: But think of fame and the glory, Dagwood. Millions of
people cheering for you. The score's tied!
^{It's} Dagwood Bumstead goes into the game! ^{Dagwood! yea I do} The crowd goes
wild! ^{yes} There's only a few seconds to play! ^{yes} They're
yelling, "Come on, Bumstead!"

DAGWOOD: We want a touchdown! **BUMSTEAD**

DITHERS: The ball's snapped back! Bumstead gets it! He's
running around the end, shifty, speedy, and elusive!

DAG: ~~_____~~ ^{you said it}
The Thunderbolt halfback lunges at him!

DAGWOOD: He misses me! But I trip --

DITHERS: You do not!!
^{I do not}

DAGWOOD: Oh, no! ^I I've got to get over that goal line!

DITHERS: The safety man's coming up at you fast! He dives at
you!

DAGWOOD: I reverse my field!

DITHERS: The safety man bites the dust and Dagwood Bumstead goes over for a touchdown and wins the game!

DAGWOOD: Yippee! We won! Hurray! Yahoooooo!

DITHERS: That's enough: now, Dagwood -- the game's over.

DAGWOOD: Yip -- oh, pardon me, J. C.

DITHERS: Now, you see, Dagwood -- the Dynamiters need you.

DAg: ~~————~~ You've got the speed they need in the backfield.
~~Its no use Mr. Dithers — Blondie just wont let~~ *Let*
You've got to play in that game! ~~^~~ You can't disappoint *Me do*
everyone. Think of our home team, think of your *it's*
friends, think of my fifty dollars. *guess*

~~DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) See, it's no use, Mr. Dithers. Blondie just wont let me do it. I guess well just have to forget it.~~

MUSIC:...

oh DeAR (PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER LIFTS)

BLONDIE: Hello.

DITHERS: (FILTER) Blondie...

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Er -- ah -- I don't know quite how to tell you this, Blondie -- but -- well, it's my duty.

BLONDIE: What's ^{Wtong} ~~happened~~, Mr. Dithers? ~~Is something wrong?~~
Has something happened to Dagwood?

DITHERS: ~~Well -- uh, -- yes, in a way.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, Mr. Dithers -- Tell me quick!~~

DITHERS: Now, Blondie, don't get upset. Just try to control yourself. There's been a little accident.

BLONDIE: An accident? ~~Is~~ Dagwood hurt?

DITHERS: Well, not badly, ~~Blondie~~. You see, we were out looking at those houses we're building, and a beam fell on him. *Oh A BEAM?*

Blondie:

A BEAM

Blondie: Oh

DITHERS: *yes* Fortunately it hit him on the head. [^] He's got quite a lump there, but outside of that there are no injuries that you can see.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Oh, Mr. Dithers, -- ~~that's a relief~~. He's really all right then?

Blondie: But you said

DITHERS: Er -- not exactly, Blondie. [^] He's walking around all right -- he isn't even dizzy, at least no more so than usual...but he doesn't recognize me at all. He doesn't seem to know anyone. As a matter of fact, Blondie, he doesn't even know his own name.

BLONDIE: But you said he was all right --

DITHERS: Blondie -- I'm afraid Dagwood has amnesia.

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhhhhhh!

ALEXANDER. BING MUMMY the dictionary quick.

MUSIC: . . .

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Right in here, Dagwood^{ie}. Just step right in.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Pop. Are you all right?

DAGWOOD: Hello, young man. Whose little boy are you?

ALEXANDER: (CALLS) Oh, Mom! ^{my} Come quick! Pop's home, and there's something funny the matter with him!

Dagwood:

Did I say something?
(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Now, Alexander, don't worry about your father. He'll be all right.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, Dagwood -- Dagwood -- I was so worried about you!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey! Who're you? Take your arms off my neck. Gosh, we haven't even been introduced.

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: Who are you, anyway?

DITHERS: You see, Blondie. His mind has just suddenly gone blank. He doesn't remember anything at all before the moment he came to after that beam hit him.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness...Dagwood, don't you know me?

DAGWOOD: I don't believe so...Er -- what was your name again?

DITHERS: Mr. Dithers, Dagwood. Surely you remember me.

DAGWOOD: No, I just met you an hour ago...Er -- (LAUGHS) -- er,

SAY would you mind introducing me to this girl. (LAUGHS)
She's pretty cute.

BLONDIE: Good heavens! ~~Of course, it's a nice compliment, but~~

~~DITHERS: Dagwood, I want you to meet your wife.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, I'm always glad to meet my wi -- my what?~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood, don't you remember? I'm your wife.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Ohhhh, no! I'm not married.~~

BLONDIE: Now see here, Dagwood Bumstead -- you can't fool me like this! I'm not going to stand for any more of this nonsense!

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Mr. -- Mr. -- what was your name again?

DITHERS: Dithers -- J. C. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Don't you think I'd better get out of here? It's a strange house, and --

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhhh, Dagwood....

DITHERS: You see what I mean, Blondie? ~~That hit on the head did it. He's just forgotten everything that happened up to the moment that beam fell on him.~~

BLONDIE: I'm so sorry, Dagwood -- I thought you were joking.

DAGWOOD: Why does everybody call me Dagwood?

ALEXANDER: Gee whiz, Pop, don't you know your own name? It's

DAGWOOD: Dagwood Bumstead.
DAGWOOD: SAY Who ARE YOU ANYWAY?

DAGWOOD: Gosh, that's a funny name.

~~ALEXANDER: I don't think there's anything funny about it. I like it.~~

DAGWOOD: Who are you, anyway?

ALEXANDER: Gee, what a silly question.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- Alexander is your son.

DITHERS: Yes, that's right, Dagwood. He's your own son. And you've got a baby girl upstairs, too.

DAGWOOD: I have?

BLONDIE: Of course you have!

DAGWOOD: Something very peculiar is going on around here. I think someone is trying to frame me! I won't stand for it! It's not fair! It's an outrage!

BLONDIE: Gee, Mr. Dithers -- he certainly seems all right, but -- but he just doesn't remember.

DITHERS: Blondie -- maybe I'd just better run along and leave you alone with ^{him} Dagwood. Maybe you can get him to remember. ~~I'm sure he'll get over this -- it's probably just a matter of time.~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, I hope so.~~

~~DITHERS: If you want anything at all, Blondie, just call me.~~

~~BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.~~

~~DITHERS: Well, Goodbye, Blondie -- goodbye, Dagwood.~~

DAGWOOD: Hey, ~~you're not going to leave me here, are you?~~
You can't leave me here with this strange woman.

BLONDIE: Strange woman??!!!

ALEXANDER: (SINGS IT) ~~She~~ never heard Pop talk like ~~this~~ ^{that} before.

DAGWOOD: She's married, and she's got two children! And besides she's very attractive.

DITHERS: Goodbye, Dagwood -- you stay here.

^(DOOR OPENS...CLOSES...)
DAGWOOD: ~~HELLO~~ ^{HELLO} I guess maybe I'd better go, too.

BLONDIE: Dagwood ^{is} -- come here a minute.

DAGWOOD: Er -- ^{who me?} ~~uh~~ -- well, ^{yes} okay.

BLONDIE: Sit down here -- right here on the davenport ^{now} Just relax.

DAGWOOD: I'm nervous.

BLONDIE: Alexander, you'd better go up to your room and ^{Alexander: I straightened it up} straighten it up. ^{now} You've got your toys all over the floor.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom -- I catch on...(FADING)

BLONDIE: ^{Well} You don't remember me, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I don't remember much of anything, except I've got this pain in my head, and a big egg on top here.

BLONDIE: ^{Where} Oh, my -- you have, haven't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah...I guess maybe I'd better go, huh?

BLONDIE: Not yet, dear.

DAGWOOD: Dear?

BLONDIE: Of course... ^{Now} give me a little kiss, darling.

DAGWOOD: ^{Nuh} But I hardly know you.

BLONDIE: This may help you to remember. ~~It may bring something~~
~~back to you~~...Give me a little kiss, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I just met you.

BLONDIE: Come on now. (LAUGHS) Please.

DAGWOOD: ~~See~~, you're ^{CERTAINLY} a fast worker.

BLONDIE: If you remembered how long it took me to get you to propose you wouldn't say that...Put your arms around me.

DAGWOOD: Well, I do like you a lot.

BLONDIE: That's it...Now kiss me.

(LONG PAUSE)

(SIGHS) Now, do you remember me, dear?

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) ^{Oh} ~~No~~, I don't remember you, but ^{CERTAINLY WILL} ~~you're~~ ^{FROM NOW} ~~certainly awfully nice. Gosh...!~~ ^{ON}

BLONDIE: You don't remember me at all?

DAGWOOD: Nope.

BLONDIE: That kiss didn't mean anything special to you?

DAGWOOD: It was wonderful, but --

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, my poor darling! ~~You've got amnesia -- and you've got it bad!~~

MUSIC...

~~(DOOR CLOSES)~~

BLONDIE: Well, Doctor, ~~has he really got amnesia?~~ What could you tell from the examination?

DOCTOR: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, it's very hard to tell about these things. He does seem to have forgotten his entire past. ~~I don't believe he has a brain injury, but the shock of that beam falling on him has given him a lapse of memory.~~

51454 0268

BLONDIE: ^{Oh} But -- how long will it take for him to get over it, to get back to normal?

DOCTOR: That all depends. Perhaps some very familiar thing -- a phrase, an object, ^{Abat of Music} ~~a song~~ -- it would be anything -- will strike into his consciousness and pierce the curtain that shades the past from him. Perhaps another accident or a similar shock would bring his memory back again. That's the usual thing.

BLONDIE: It might be a long time, though?

DOCTOR: It's hard to say. Sometimes recovery is made in a day or so, sometimes never.

BLONDIE: ^{Never?} ~~Oh, dear -- Dagwood's not even very sure he's married to me. He's almost like a stranger.~~

DOCTOR: Well, don't upset yourself too much, Mrs. Bumstead. He may recover very quickly. In the meantime, try to recall to him little things from the past. Maybe ^A something at his office --

BLONDIE: Thank you, Doctor. I'll try that. ^{Good bye} ~~Yes, my own husband -- practically a casual acquaintance!~~

MUSIC:..

DITHERS: All right, Blondie -- just have him come in here, and I'll see if I can recall anything to him.

BLONDIE: Make it strong, Mr. Dithers. We've just got to bring him back to normal again.

DITHERS: I will. Just let him in now.

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Come on in, Dagwood.

L A d Y

DAGWOOD: Humh?...Oh, all right, ~~Mr. Bumstead.~~

DITHERS: Bumstead!!!

DAGWOOD: Who, me?

DITHERS: Yes, you! I'm tired of the way you've been fooling around here. I've put up with it long enough! You're a complete nit-wit! You've given me nothing but trouble! Bumstead, you're fired!!!

DAGWOOD: Fired?

DITHERS: (LOW) I think maybe it's working. (UP) Yes, you're fired!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I don't even remember being hired.

DITHERS: You don't?

DAGWOOD: No. But give me two week's salary and I'll go.

DITHERS: Taaaaaah!

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: What's the idea of firing my Pop, Mr. Dithers? You can't do that! It's not fair! It's an outrage! ~~Who~~
Every DAY you Fire MY POP
~~do you think you are, anyway?~~

BLONDIE: Now calm down, Alexander. Mr. Dithers didn't really mean it.

~~Dithers — OF Course Not~~
~~ALEXANDER: He ought to be more careful when he says. We Bumsteads stick together.~~

~~DITHERS: I'm sorry, Alexander.~~

~~ALEXANDER: And don't call me Alexander! I'm Mr. Bumstead.~~

~~DAGWOOD: You see, help Mr. Bumstead. You must have had us confused.~~

~~DITHERS: Thank you.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why don't you and Alexander sort of wander around the offices for a while. Just look around. See if it doesn't seem familiar to you.

51454 0270

DAGWOOD: Okay, but where's my two weeks' pay?

DITHERS: We'll talk about that later.

ALEXANDER: Come on, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Okay, young man...Will I see you later, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes --

DAGWOOD: Oh...I hope you won't think I'm handing you a line, but sometimes it seems to me that I've known you a long time.

BLONDIE: Does it really, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, I guess I am handing you a line...I'll be back later. Oh -- and you, Mr. -- Mr. --?

DITHERS: Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Yes. Mr. Dithers. Don't try any funny stuff. I saw Mrs. Bumstead first.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers, I just don't know what to do.

DITHERS: Well, I don't know much about it, but I've heard that some people have been cured of amnesia by a hit on the head.

BLONDIE: The Doctor said something like that, too. But I couldn't bear to hit Dagwood with a vase or anything.

DITHERS: Of course not.

BLONDIE: If there were only some way --

DITHERS: Yes. I'm interested in seeing ^{HIM} Dagwood cured of this nearly as much as you are. Dagwood^{is} a friend of mine, and besides, he's very valuable to the J. C. Dithers Company. Hmmm -- I wonder if that would work?

BLONDIE: What's that?

DITHERS: It probably would, but I'd rather not suggest it, Blondie, I don't think you'd like it.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I'm willing to try anything.

DITHERS: Well, Blondie -- why don't you let Dagwood play football with the Dynamiters this Saturday ~~in their game with the Thunderbolts.~~

BLONDIE: Oh...

DITHERS: He's bound to get some sort of a shock, and it might be just the thing that would bring him back again.

~~BLONDIE: Yes, but do you think he'd live through it?~~

~~DITHERS: Why, of course, that's why I suggested it. Football uniforms are pretty well padded and reinforced. The leather is sponge rubber and the padding is made of a material that is perfectly safe.~~

BLONDIE: You know, Mr. Dithers -- I think that's a good idea. Yes, it's certainly worth trying.

DITHERS: That's fine, Blondie! ~~That's fine!~~

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Dithers -- Saturday, Dagwood will play football with the Dynamiters.

Dithers: *Fine HA, HA,*

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON CROWD CHEERS...)

ALEXANDER: Gosh these are wonderful seats -- right in the front row

DITHERS: Well, Blondie -- here come the Dynamiters out on the field.

BLONDIE: Yes, but ^{Just} look at the size of the Thunderbolt team. What's going to happen when one of them tackles Dagwood?

ALEXANDER: Hey, Mom -- there's Pop! There's Pop with a football suit on! Oh, Boy! (CALLS) Hey, Pop! Hey, Pop!

DITHERS: Let's call him over here ~~before he goes back to work.~~

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwoooooood!

DITHERS: (CALLS) Bumstead! Hey, Bumstead!

ALEXANDER: Here he comes, Mom. He's trotting over here.

BLONDIE: Oh, I hope everything goes all right.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, Mrs. Bumstead...Hello, Mr. Dithers.

Hello, ~~Alexander~~. *S O N N Y*
(THEY AD LIB HELLOS...)

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Ch, you mean me. What is it?

ALEXANDER: You've got your football helmet on backwards.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- no wonder I couldn't see very well.

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood, we'll be cheering for you. We expect a lot of you. We want you to go in there and fight.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll do my best...(EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Oh, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Yes?

DAGWOOD: If I make a few touchdowns, and our team wins --

BLONDIE: Yes?

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I don't know how to say this. Well, I -- er -- afterwards there's something I'd like to ask you.

BLONDIE: Well, what is it? Ask me now.

DAGWOOD: I'm too embarrassed.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, no you're not.~~ *SM NOT* What is it?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm in -- gee -- I'm in love with you.

BLONDIE: Oh!

DAGWOOD: And I'm going to ask you to marry me, even if you do have two children. Gosh -- I've said it -- goodbye!

DITHERS: Great Scott!

ALEXANDER: Mom -- is Pop all right? ~~He's wonderful~~
BLONDIE: He's wonderful getting
~~like that before~~. Gee, he's ~~got~~ awful mushy.

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious. Imagine -- I'm having a whirlwind courtship with my own husband! HA, HA,

MUSIC...

And believe me folks its Been A

ANNOUNCER: (FILTER -- COME UP) A Hard fought contest between the Dynamiters and the Thunderbolts. It's getting along toward the end of the game, and the score is Thunderbolts 6 -- Dynamiters, 0. The score would have been even more in favor of the Thunderbolts if Red Cluskey, their star back, hadn't twisted his ankle in the first quarter, but that's the breaks of the game. Up to that time the Thunderbolts were going through the Dynamiters line like a herd of wild horses through a cheese-cloth fence. I understand the Dynamiters have a dark horse ~~with them today~~ ^{IN THE LINE TODAY} who hasn't been in the game yet. His name is Dagwood Bumstead, weight, 147 -- I wonder if ~~that's~~ a typographical mistake -- and he's supposed to run with the speed of light. There are rumors that he can run the 100 yards in seven seconds flat, but that's just a rumor...Well, play's are about to be resumed, and -- wait a minute, ~~there's~~ ^{here's} a substitution. It's Bumstead, folks! He's going in for Stone-crusher Stull, the Dynamiters' left half...Now we'll see what he can do. It had better be good because there's not much time left in this ball game. But anything can happen, folks, -- anything can happen.

THAT WHOLE THING IS >

(COME UP ON CHEERS...FADE DOWN FOR...)

BLONDIE: Well, there he is, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (YELLS) Come on, Bumstead! Let's see what you can do!

ALEXANDER: (YELLS) Come on, Pop! Make a touchdown! Touchdown!
Show 'em some speed, Pop!

DITHERS: They're lining up. Dagwood's back, and it's a double wing
back to the left. The ball goes to Dagwood!

(CROWD CHEERS...)

ALEXANDER: Come on, Pop!

DITHERS: Look at that man go! They can't lay a hand on him!
Come on, Dagwood!

ALEXANDER: Come on, Pop! Touchdown!

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood! Come on!...Look out for that man!
Look out, Dagwood!

DITHERS: He got away from him! He's reversing his field! There
he goes! He's going over for a touchdown! He made it!
We're ahead!

BLONDIE: Yippppppeeeeeee!

ALEXANDER: Hurray for Pop! Hurrrrraaaaaaaay!

DITHERS: That's ^{Five} Fine
(CROWD CHEERS UP...)

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Dagwood has put the Dynamiters out in front, but what about his amnesia? Will he ever be caught by those bruisers on the Thunderbolt team, and ^{IF} ~~when~~ they do catch him, will the shock of a crushing tackle bring Dagwood back to normal again? We'll return to Blondie and Dagwood and the Dynamiters-Thunderbolts game in just a moment.

But first, let's wander over to a local movie house in almost any town along either coast of the United States. There's a soldier and a sailor standing out front...

SOLDIER: Well, going in, sailor?

SAILOR: (INDIFFERENT) Hmmm. Don't know. Looks like kid stuff to me.

SOLDIER: Kid stuff? Listen, son, that picture's about the Army. If it's the real McCoy it'll show you boys you're on a cruise vacation.

SAILOR: Oh, will it? ^{SAY} Did you ever try playing nurse-maid to a dive bomber on the flight deck of a carrier in a sixty-mile-an-hour gale?

SOLDIER: Apple pie! Junior, you're speaking to the field artillery. Why, we --

GOODWIN: Say, fellows, nobody's going to win that argument. Break down and admit you're both terrific. Then we can have a smoke and swap a few yarns. How about a Camel?

SAILOR: Sure thing, Mister. It's my brand!

SOLDIER: Mine, too! Thanks!

GOODWIN: I figured you boys would agree on that point. Know why? Because we looked up the facts. Actual sales records from Canteens, Post Exchanges, and Ship's Service Stores show

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard -- Camel is the favorite. Must be a good reason for such clear-cut preference by young America on the march.

SAILOR:

Well, personally, mister, I like flavor in a cigarette. Camel's got extra flavor and extra mildness, too!

SOLDIER:

Economy counts with me. Camel's slower burning gives me extra smoking per cigarette per pack! Gives me a cooler smoke, too.

GOODWIN:

Thanks, fellows. I guess a good reason behind all that is Camel's costlier tobaccos, and more important, the matchless way that Camel blends those tobaccos. And of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke ^{Too,} Twenty-eight per cent 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! Why not get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, back to the game between the local semi-pro football game between the Dynamiters and the Thunderbolts. Let's go up to the Broadcasting booth, ^{where Mike Frankovitch is} and see how things are coming along...

ANNOUNCER: (FILTER) I've never seen anything like it, folks. The ball went back to Bumstead, and from then on all I saw was was a faint blur. The next thing I knew he was over the goal line and banging up against the fence in the ~~end~~

Parking Lot Across The Street

~~some~~. That man has speed, folks! Several of the Dynamiters were knocked down on that play -- they started out to run interference for Bumstead, but they weren't fast enough and he climbed right over them -- The Dynamiters kicked the extra point, and the score is now Dynamiters, seven -- Thunderbolts, six. The Thunderbolts received the ball on the kick-off, but fumbled and it was recovered by the Dynamiters on the Thunderbolts' twenty-five yard line. The Dynamiters are within striking distance, and they'll probably give the ball to Bumstead again. There's only a few seconds left to play -- time for just one more touchdown...Here's the play. ^{They came out of a} They ^{Huddle} shift to the left -- Bumstead's back -- the ball is snapped -- it goes to Bumstead! There he goes, folks -- he's weaving and spinning through the Thunderbolts -- he turns around -- hey! Hey! He's running in the wrong direction. He's headed for his own goal line! His own team is chasing him! Great Jumping Jupiter! They'll never be able to catch him!

(CROWD UP...)

DITHERS: (YELLS) Bumstead! You're running in the wrong direction!

Broad-
CASTING
the
GAME

51454 0278

ALEXANDER: (YELLS) Turn around, Pop! Turn around! The other way!

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness, this is awful!

DITHERS: The Dynamiters can't catch him, either! There goes the game! There goes my fifty dollars! Taaaaah!

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwooooooooood! Dagwooooooooood!

DITHERS: ~~Blondie~~ Look, ~~Mom~~ -- I think he heard you!

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwooooooooood! Stop!

DITHERS: Blondie, he's stopped! He's waving to you! For heaven's sakes wave back to him!

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- here come the Dynamiters!

BLONDIE: Oh, they're going to tackle him!

(GUN GOES OFF...)

DITHERS: There's the gun -- the game's over! Yipppeeeeeee!
TACKLED
His own team ~~got~~ him! ~~They're gloating him!~~

DAGWOOD: (WAY OFF) Bloooooooooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers -- did you hear that. I guess Dagwood's amnesia ^{or whatever it was} has been cured!

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: Sit down, Dagwood... just relax, ^{deaf} you're home again now -- how do you feel?

DITHERS: Are you all right, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm all right. ~~See, the last thing I remember was~~
~~seeing this whole building fall down.~~

BLONDIE: ~~These dynamiters are pretty mean. I guess they~~
~~tackled you pretty hard.~~

DAGWOOD: So I won the game, hunh? I told you I'd be able to do it, Blondie. I haven't been running for the bus every morning without working up a little speed.

51454 0279

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) Dagwood, you were terrific.

BLONDIE: And you don't remember anything about amnesia?

DAGWOOD: Amnesia?

BLONDIE: Yes. ^{De At} You were hit on the head by a beam while you were inspecting a house with Mr. Dithers. It gave you amnesia.

DAGWOOD: Imagine that.

BLONDIE: ^{OH POP} ~~Why you didn't know me or Alexander or Cookie or anything. It was awful.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know about that.

(DOOR OPENS...)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, what is it, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Would you mind coming out in the back yard for a moment. Some of my friends want to look at you.

DAGWOOD: Sure -- I'd be glad to, Alexander. ^{Oh My Knees}

ALEXANDER: ^{LEAN ON ME} Gee, I sure am proud of you, Pop. You certainly were terrific.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was nothing, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: It wasn't nothing the way I've been telling the story.

DITHERS: I'll go along with you, Dagwood. ^{Blondie: Just TAKE it easy}

DAGWOOD: I'll be back in a minute, Blondie... (FADING) Come on, ^{De At}
J.C.

BLONDIE: All right, dear. ^{WELL its CERTAINLY nice to have Dagwood Again}
(DOOR CLOSES) ^{Himself AGAIN}

DAGWOOD AND DITHERS: (ARE LAUGHING LOUDLY IN THE NEXT ROOM)

BLONDIE: HMMMMM -- listen to those men laugh. I wonder... I wonder whether Dagwood really had amnesia, or whether he just wanted to play in that football game today!! ^{hm mm mm}

MUSIC...

51454 0280

GOODWIN: Well folks, Dagwood finally got to play in the football game all right and it was his touchdown that won the game for the Dynamiters, ~~and~~ ^{So} it seems that for a while at least, Blondie's worries should be over. But something is bound to happen soon, so be sure to be listening next Monday at this same time when "Blondie Gets a Present."

"Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Billy Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMELS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: "The Camels are coming, it's a two Camel Caravans -- free open-air shows on wheels, touring the camps of the nation. Tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday, unit number one -- in cars, trailer and portable stage -- is giving shows at Camp Shelby, Louisiana -- on Thursday night at the Jackson Air Base, Mississippi, and a week from tonight at Barksdale Field, Louisiana. Tonight the West Coast Unit of the Camel Caravans is playing at Camp Hahn, Riverside, California and ~~Tuesday~~ ^{Tomorrow} and Wednesday at Fort Rosecrans, San Diego. On ~~next~~ Thursday night they will be in Camp Elliott, Friday night at the Marine Base, San Diego, and next Monday at the San Diego Naval Training Station. "Best Wishes, Camel Caravans, -- from the Blondie show. We hope your audiences have a lot of fun." This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ANNOUNCER: You know, pipe-smokers, when we talk about a big package of tobacco we like to use facts -- and tell you there are two and a quarter ounces in every big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. We like to talk about price, too -- because George Washington costs just one dime. And we don't need to tell anybody about George Washington's flavor -- mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Try George Washington tomorrow. It's America's biggest dime's worth of pipe smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.