

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT
7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...

(SINGS: C-A-M-E-L-S)

Camel, the cigarette ^{that's first in the service} ~~of excellent~~ tobaccos.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: No matter what time it is, it's safe to say that the sun is shining on a Camel cigarette, for Camels are traveling with our men to every corner of the globe. Matter of fact, you could have said much the same thing in ^{Nineteen}~~Seventeen~~ and 'Eighteen, for in those days, too, Camel was the soldier's ~~and the sailor's~~ cigarette. Ask a man who smoked 'em then. Chances are he's smoking 'em still -- for Camel smokers are loyal, year in and year out. We're proud of that, and we say it's the best proof of Camel character. Yes, character's in the Camel extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And character's in the extra mildness that comes from cool smoking and slow burning. Test Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat -- your own proving ground for flavor and mildness. Then for steady smoking you'll stick to Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos! Get a pack of Camels tonight!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

WILCOX: Well, Dagwood's been out since early morning and Blondie is wondering where he is but she won't have to wonder much longer because here he comes from the garage with Andy Fidler, a friendly old fellow who lives in their neighborhood.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie,

BLONDIE: Hello dear -- where have you been?

DAGWOOD: Come on in, Andy.

ANDY: (OFF) Okay, son.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I want you to meet Andy Fidler.

BLONDIE: How do you do, Mr. Fidler.

ANDY: Howdy, ma'am. My, it sure smells fragrant in this kitchen. What's cookin'?

BLONDIE: I'm getting Alexander his breakfast.

ANDY: Mind if I have a bite -- I haven't et all day.

BLONDIE: You haven't? But it's still early morning.

ANDY: Yeah -- but why wait?

DAGWOOD: Oh, we haven't time right now, Andy. Let's tell Blondie the news.

ANDY: You do the spillin' son.

BLONDIE: What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I, Dagwood Bumstead, have just solved the A card calamity.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I want you to meet Andy Fidler.

BLONDIE: How do you do?

ANDY: Well, I ain't getting any younger, but as the saying goes in my family, I'm fit as a Fidler...Yep, yep, yep, yep.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Blondie, I, Dagwood Bumstead, have just solved the A-card osimity.

BLONDIE: And I, Blondie, your loving wife, doubt it very much.

DAGWOOD: I've done it, haven't I, Andy?

ANDY: ^{Um-hum} ~~Yep, yep, yep, yep!~~ He sure has, Mrs. B.

BLONDIE: Well, it's wonderful if you have.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was really nothing, Blondie. Just a stroke of pure genius, that's all...Here -- put your coat on, and we'll show you.

BLONDIE: What's this all about?

ANDY: (LAUGHS) Mrs. B. is sure going to be surprised, ain't she, Daggy?

DAGWOOD: I'll say.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, is this one of those amazing ideas you get every couple of months?

DAGWOOD: It sure is.

BLONDIE: I better get my smelling salts.

~~DAGWOOD: No, no, Blondie -- come on with me.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Where are we going?

DAGWOOD: It's in the garage.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: What is it -- a scooter bike?

~~DAGWOOD: No.~~

ANDY: Wait a minute, Mrs. Bumstead, you shouldn't go knockin' down Dagwood's ideas like that -- remember they called Edison crazy, they called Fulton crazy, why they even called my Uncle George crazy.

BLONDIE: What did your Uncle George invent?

ANDY: Nothin'. He was crazy.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't tell me you have invented something again.

DAGWOOD: Well not exactly -- but sorta. Come on out here and I'll show you.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Where are we going?

DAGWOOD: It's out here in the garage.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what is this all about?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I've invented a device to replace the automobile.

BLONDIE: Well what in the world is it?

DAGWOOD: Open up the garage door, Andy.

(GARAGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

DAGWOOD: A horse.

(HORSE WHINNYS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! A horse!

(WHINNY)

ANDY: He even sounds like a horse.

DAGWOOD: You see Blondie instead of gasoline he burns oats.

ANDY: He won't have no blowouts neither.

BLONDIE: An ice boat?

DAGWOOD: No... Try an electric car.

BLONDIE: All right. An electric car?

DAGWOOD: No... Just a second -- I'll get the door open.

ANDY: I've got it, Daggy.

(GARAGE DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: There, Blondie -- look inside.

(HORSE WHINNY)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! A horse!

DAGWOOD: He burns oats in the winter, and grass in the summer.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Dagwood -- that's wonderful!

~~ANDY: He won't have no blowouts, neither.~~

DAGWOOD: And you don't have to change his oil every thousand miles.

BLONDIE: Where'd you get him?

DAGWOOD: From ^{Mr. Pettibone} the milkman. He bought him from some guy but the ^{very well} horse didn't work out for him.

BLONDIE: What was wrong?

DAGWOOD: He wouldn't stop while Mr. Pettibone delivered the milk.

ANDY: He also had a habit of kicking the milk wagon to pieces.

BLONDIE: Oh -- that doesn't sound so good. How much, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Er -- less than fifty dollars, Blondie.

BLONDIE: ^{Dagwood} How much, exactly?

DAGWOOD: Forty-nine, ninety-five... He was a bargain.

(HORSE WHINNY)

ANDY: Don't forget to tell Mrs. B. about the sleigh, Daggy.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Mr. Pettibone threw in an old sleigh, too.

BLONDIE: But, Dagwood -- you don't know anything about horses.

ANDY: Well, that's where I come in, Mrs. B.

BLONDIE: Do you know about horses, Mr. Fidler?

ANDY: (LAUGHS) Know about horses. Why I know everything about horses. I'm around horses every day of my life -- why I actually live with horses.

BLONDIE: Yes. (CLEARS THROAT) Dagwood, would you mind opening the window.

DAGWOOD: All right, honey.

BLONDIE: What are you going to call your horse, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I think "Milkman" would be appropriate.

BLONDIE: Milkman.

DAGWOOD: Do you think Milkman's a good horse, Andy?

ANDY: Looks like a mighty fine piece of horse flesh to me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- let's all go out for a sleigh ride this afternoon.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'd love to.

DAGWOOD: Fine. We'll ride around town and laugh at all our friends with those "A" cards.

(Whinney)

ANDY: ~~Well, that's where I come in, Mrs. B. Know all about 'em.~~
DAGWOOD: ~~Andy's going to sort of look after Milkman... That's what we're calling him.~~
BLONDIE: ~~Well, Andy -- do you think Milkman's a good horse?~~
ANDY: ~~Yep, yep, yep, yep. Looks like a mighty fine piece of horseflesh.~~
DAGWOOD: ~~And, Blondie -- this afternoon we're going to go for a sleigh ride and sneer at all our friends with A-cards.~~

~~(HORSE WHINNY'S)~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HORSE TROTTING ALONG OVER SNOWY ROAD)

ANDY: Git up, Milkman... Well, folksies, how do you like it?
DAGWOOD: It's swell, isn't it, Blondie?
BLONDIE: Yes, it seems too good to be true.
ANDY: Wait'11 the young people around here find out you don't have to steer a horse. Heh-heh. The necking that's going to go on!

(SLEIGH BELLS OFF) (FADE IN)

DAGWOOD: Hey, look -- here comes someone behind us in ^{another} a sleigh.
BLONDIE: Oh, yes. And it looks like Mrs. Frobish.
ANDY: Mrs. Frobish -- heh! She's a snooty old dame!

(JINGLING OF SLEIGH BELLS)

MRS. F: (CALLS) Pull over! Pull over, ^{there} and let me pass!
ANDY: The old hen! Pull over nothing.
BLONDIE: Maybe we'd better let her go by.
DAGWOOD: No, let's race her. Let her pull up alongside us, Andy, and then you can open Milkman up.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mrs. Frobish.

MRS. F: Well -- Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead. Have you rented a sleigh?

BLONDIE: No, we own the horse and sleigh, both.

MRS. F: Oh, do you really?

DAGWOOD: Yes -- really.

MRS. F: Well, ~~well~~ -- It's surprising what one can buy with a lead nickel these days. Well, I'll have to be hurrying along.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodbye, Mrs. Frobish....

ANDY: If you ask me, that old snob needs a good horse whippin'.

DAGWOOD: Yes -- and I know just the horse that can do it, ^{too} Give her the gun, Andy.

ANDY: Git up, Milkman!

(HORSES' S HOOFBEATS UP FAST)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- we're pulling away from her!

BLONDIE: Mrs. Frobish must be dying.

DAGWOOD: No, she's just turning red in the face.

ANDY: Come on, now, Milkman. Get those legs moving there, or we'll sell you back to Mr. Pettibone.

BLONDIE: ^{HURRAY!} We're winning!

DAGWOOD: Yippee!

(HORSE'S HOOFS UP LOUD)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, sit down and stop waving at Mrs. Frobish!

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- I'm enjoying this!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- you'll fall!

DAGWOOD: I'm just as steady as -- whoaaaa! Hey!

BLONDIE: Look out!

DAGWOOD: Blooooondie!... (FADES)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! Right in a snowbank! *I told you so!*

MUSIC:

(HORSE WHINNYS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, this is going to be your new home, Milkman. We hope you'll like it.

BLONDIE: Aren't you supposed to feed him now?

ANDY: Yep, yep, yep. Where's the oats, Daggy?

DAGWOOD: I knew I forgot something.

BLONDIE: ^{oh dear} It's a little late to get oats now. The feed stores will be closed.

DAGWOOD: I know. We'll give him a box of that breakfast food you bought that nobody likes. What's it called ~~now~~?

BLONDIE: Crummies.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- ~~it tastes the same way~~. We'll give Milkman a whole box of it.

ANDY: You're going to spoil this horse with that fancy food.

BLONDIE: ^{But Andy} It's full of vitamins.

ANDY: I know, I know. ^{Nowadays} They take ~~out~~ all the good ^{stuff out} parts, and don't leave ^{nothing} ~~anything~~ in but the improvements.

DAGWOOD: Say, Blondie -- I just thought of something!

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: We ought to enter Milkman in the Hill and Dale Sleigh Race. It's next ^{Friday} ~~Saturday~~.

BLONDIE: Oh, no, Dagwood -- that's a very fancy affair. Too much society. They've had that race every ^{New Years Day} ~~year~~ for thirty or forty years.

ANDY: You're right, Mrs. B. It's very high fa'ootin'.

BLONDIE: It's really just for people from the Social Register.

DAGWOOD: It wouldn't hurt to have someone in it from the telephone book.

BLONDIE: But they have special sleighs and thoroughbred horses.

DAGWOOD: But we just beat Mrs. Frobish and she's the one that won it last year.

BLONDIE: Well, yes, but --

DAGWOOD: What do you think, Milkman?...Blondie! Look! He winked at me! Oh, boy -- that settles it! I'm going to enter ~~the~~ *Bumsteads* in that race the first thing tomorrow morning!

(HORSE WHINNYS)

MUSIC:

MAN: (A BORED SNOB) *And what did you say your name was?*
~~Sit down, Mr. Bumstead.~~ --

DAGWOOD: Bumstead. Dagwood Bumstead.

MAN: (SAYS "OH, YES" ROLLED TOGETHER) Ohesss.

DAGWOOD: I'd like to enter the Hill and Dale Sleigh Race.

MAN: You don't say.

DAGWOOD: Yes, I just said so.

MAN: Ohess.

~~DAGWOOD: (AFTER A PAUSE) Well, whose turn is it to speak next?~~

MAN: Mr. Bumstead, we try to keep the Hill and Dale Sleigh Race an exclusive affair.

DAGWOOD: Yes, I've noticed the people in it are always the cream of the social riff-raff.

MAN: Precisely. Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Just a minute. That race is supposed to be open to anyone of good family.

MAN: It is?

DAGWOOD: Yes.

MAN: Ohess. I suppose your family came over on the Mayflower!

DAGWOOD: No. They came over on the second boat. ~~They sent the servants ahead on the Mayflower.~~

MAN: You must have quite a family tree. Where do you fit in on it?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm not exactly connected with the tree itself.

MAN: Oh -- what are you, the smudge pot?

MAN: *How far back does your family go? Dagwood: Pretty far Man: How far?*

MAN: What's the name of the horse, please? *Dagwood: Adam and Eve.*

DAGWOOD: Milkman.

MAN: How's his family?

DAGWOOD: Well, Milkman is descended from a horse brought over by the Spanish explorer, Don Bernardo de Balboa de Bumstead.

MAN: The name seems familiar...Now there's a small entrance fee.

DAGWOOD: There is?

MAN: Ohess.

DAGWOOD: How much?

MAN: Roughly, fifty dollars.

DAGWOOD: Roughly fifty dollars?

MAN: Well, when you smoothe it out -- twenty-five.

DAGWOOD: There's a hundred dollar prize to the winner, isn't there.

MAN: Ohyes -- I wouldn't worry about ~~it~~ ^{that}, if I were you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no? -- Well, they'll find out when the race is over. You've got to get up pretty early in the morning to beat the Milkman!

Man: oh yes.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: How much is that when you smooth it out?
MAN: Uh -- twenty-five dollars... There's a hundred dollar first prize though to the winner of the race, and the rest of the proceeds will go to the U.S.O. this year?
DAGWOOD: Okay, here you are... A hundred dollar prize, hanh?
MAN: I wouldn't worry about it.
DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- well, they'll find out when the race is over.
~~You've got to get up pretty early to beat the Milkman~~

MUSIC:

(LIGHT TRAFFIC..ESTABLISH...FADE OUT)

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, twenty-five dollars is twenty-five dollars.
DAGWOOD: You're so right... But we'll win a hundred dollars. ^{we BEAT} ~~If we~~
~~Mrs. Frobish's horse yesterday and we can do it again~~ ^{can run away from Mrs. Frobish's horse the way we did} ^{New}
~~yesterday it'll be a cinch.~~ ^{YEAR'S}
^{DAY}
BLONDIE: I hope so... Don't forget you've got to buy some hay and oats, too. I've already given Milkman our last box of Crummies.
DAGWOOD: Okay.
BLONDIE: How much will the feed cost?
DAGWOOD: Andy said not more than ten dollars for what we need. Maybe fifteen.
BLONDIE: And how much was the extra harness you had to buy?
DAGWOOD: Well, twelve fifty, Blondie.
BLONDIE: And Andy said Milkman will need some new shoes.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes -- so he did.

BLONDIE: I can't see that a horse is much different than a car. Instead of gas, we buy oats, and instead of brake bands, we buy new shoes.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, there can't possibly be another expense. We've taken care of everything but the shoes. Milkman will pay for himself as soon as we win the race.

BLONDIE: And by now, we've spent so much money we've just got to win. *Spending THAT MUCH MONEY RIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS -- We've GOT TO STOP Somewhere.*

DAGWOOD: Hey...Hey, Blondie -- look. Here comes Mrs. Frobish.

BLONDIE: Now be nice to her.

DAGWOOD: Uh -- hello, Mrs. Frobish. How are you?

MRS. F: Hmmn -- ~~Mr. and Mrs.~~ ^{The} Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: We're just fine, thank you.

MRS. F: Indeed. I had sort of hoped you'd still be in that snowbank.

BLONDIE: Uh -- we've just entered in the race this ~~Saturday~~ ^{Friday}, Mrs. Frobish.

MRS. F: (AGHAST) You are entered in the Hill and Dale Sleigh Race?

BLONDIE: My! Is that a criminal offense?

MRS. F: Oh, how our standards have dropped. It's ghastly.

DAGWOOD: Are you entered, Mrs. Frobish?

MRS. F: Well, naturally.

DAGWOOD: I hope you won't feel too bad when we win.

MRS. F: (DRY LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: Going to be a bad loser, hanh?

MRS. F: I expect to win, Mr. Bumstead, ^{because} ~~and~~ I will be driving my champion -- Algernon De Quincey the Second.

"BLONDIE" -13-
12/28/42 (REVISED)

Against

BLONDIE: Is that the horse you raced, us ~~with~~ yesterday?

MRS. F: (LAUGHS) That old nag? I should say not. That bag of bones was even rejected by Bing Crosby.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooooo!

MUSIC: (QUICK CURTAIN INTO "BLONDIE" THEME)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Well, it looks as though Dagwood has entered "Milkman" against some of the finest horses in the county, and I'd say his chance of winning The Hill and Dale Sleigh Race is a little less than no chance at all.

Of course, if he had the expert assistance of one of our Camel customers, it might be a different story.

Margaret Smith, for instance, who works around gunpowder all day, might fix up a special rocket attachment -- if she weren't so busy turning out machine gun bullets. She's one of thousands of women defense workers who smoke Camels -- has for eight years. She's said, QUOTE --

SMITH VOICE: Camels really do have the flavor! No matter how often I smoke they never tire my taste or wear out their welcome. And Camels are so easy on my throat, too!

WILCOX: UNQUOTE. Yes, and with men in all the services Camel is the favorite, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. You'll see why when you try a pack. First of all you'll probably notice the flavor -- the extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. You'll like Camel's smooth extra mildness, too -- the mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S.

MUSIC:

WILCOX: And now Act Two of "Blondie."

MUSIC: (FADES FOR:)

WILCOX: Well, it's the next morning, and Andy Fidler, who's been helping Blondie and Dagwood take care of Milkman -- their horse -- has just come in from the garage --
(DOOR OPENS) where Milkman is stabled.....

(DOOR CLOSES)

ANDY: Well, Daggy, I got bad news for you.

DAGWOOD: What's wrong?

BLONDIE: I'll bet it's something else we've got to buy for Milkman.

ANDY: Yep, yep, yep, yep.

BLONDIE: What's the trouble?

ANDY: Milkman won't eat his oats, and he won't eat his hay.
He's getting temperamental.

DAGWOOD: What will he eat?

ANDY: Nothing but those go1 durned Crummies!

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

BLONDIE: You mean we have to feed that breakfast food to him by the shoveifui?

ANDY: ^{Um-hum}
~~Yep, yep, yep, yep.~~ Milkman's turned into one of them there prime-a-donnas.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- that'll cost a fortune.

BLONDIE: We would get a horse with expensive tastes. Today he's satisfied with just the breakfast food, but tomorrow he'll want cream and sugar on it!

ANDY: That's a smart horse. I think he's caught on that we're expecting a lot from him.

DAGWOOD: He doesn't need to take advantage of us. That's carrying things too far -- even for a horse!

ANDY: He knows he can get away with it, too.

BLONDIE: He must be drunk with power.

ANDY: Nope. He just loves them there Crummies.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we just can't invest any more money in Milkman. Those Crummies are very expensive and that horse eats fifteen boxes a day, and that ain't hay.

DAGWOOD: I know it, Blondie...Hey, I've got it! We'll make Milkman invest some money in himself.

ANDY: How's that again, son?

DAGWOOD: I'll go out and float a loan on him. If he's going to eat breakfast food, he's going to have to pay for it himself!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HORSE WHINNY)

DAGWOOD: Well, Milkman, old boy, you can certainly run, even if you are fussy about your food.

~~BLONDIE: He's running better now that he's been eating Crummies, ~~isn't~~?~~ *Them There*

~~ANDY: Yep, yep, yep, yep. Sure did this mornin'. But it's a fine way for a horse to act. He's more particular than one of them there rotagravura sopranos.~~

BLONDIE: When do you have to pay Mr. Jenkins back the twenty-five ~~dollars you borrowed on Milkman?~~

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: How do you expect us to live in this house with all that breakfast food all over the place. Crummies in the closets, crummies under the piano - just everywhere I look - ~~its~~ crummies.

ANDY: Did you see Milkman's twelve o'clock feeding I stirred up in the bathtub?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood - how are you going to pay for all that stuff?

DAGWOOD: Well, that's just it Blondie - I'm not going to pay for it - Milkman is.

ANDY: How's that again, son?

DAGWOOD: Well - I made a deal with Mr. Jenkins, the grocer.

BLONDIE: Oh dear.

DAGWOOD: If ^{my horse} ~~Milkman~~ wins the race Mr. Jenkins will give me all the crummies ^{my horse} ~~Milkman~~ can eat for a whole year.

(HORSE WHINNYS)

BLONDIE: And if he loses?

DAGWOOD: Well, then, Mr. Jenkins gets Milkman.

ANDY: Yeah, Mrs. B., and Milkman will have to pull old Jenkins grocery wagon, for the rest of his days.

(HORSE WHINNYS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but that's not the worst. Poor Milkman will never get to eat any more Crummies.

(. WHINNYS...ENDLING LIKE "OH,NO")

DAGWOOD: Milkman, you've just got to win that race!

MUSIC:

(TAP TAP TAP AT THE DOOR)

BLONDIE: I wonder who that can be.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR AND DOOR OPENS)

TWINKLE: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead. *Happy New Year*

BLONDIE: Oh, ~~hello~~ *Happy New Year*, Mr. Twinkle. Come in.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

TWINKLE: Thank you...Oh, dear, look at me, I still got my apron on again. And it's that awful one with the ruffles.

BLONDIE: Now don't be embarrassed, Mr. Twinkle, you look fine.

TWINKLE: I wouldn't wear it but Beulah just adores me in it.

BLONDIE: Oh, how is your wife, Mr. Twinkle?

TWINKLE: Oh, Beulah's fine...working hard every day.

BLONDIE: How are you getting along with your housework?

TWINKLE: Oh, just goodie...Except for my baking. My cake fell again this morning, you know.

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Twinkle, that's the fourth cake this week. Doesn't your wife object?

TWINKLE: Oh, no, I just punch holes in them and Beulah thinks they're waffles...Oh, there I go chatting along like an old magpie, what I really came over for was to borrow some thread.

BLONDIE: Thread?

TWINKLE: Yes, you see Beulah got a big ^{rip} ~~tear~~ in her overalls and her slip shows.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's too bad. What color thread do you want, Mr. Twinkle?

TWINKLE: Oh, any color just so long as it's good and strong...You don't know my Beulah --when she sits down she doesn't mess *around* with it.

BLONDIE: Beulah must be a big girl, all right.

TWINKLE: Big, ~~she's immense~~ -- and such muscles -- why they stand out on her back like eggs.

BLONDIE: Really?

TWINKLE: Yes, and with eggs so scarce, it's a thrilling sight. -- By the way, I noticed Mr. Bumstead brought a horse home with him yesterday.

BLONDIE: (SAD) Yes.

TWINKLE: I know just how you feel. My father felt the same way the day I brought Beulah home. -- But whatever is Mr. Bumstead going to do with a horse?

BLONDIE: Oh, we're entering him in the Hill and Dale Race this afternoon. He's just got to win it too, it's so important to us.

TWINKLE: How exciting.

BLONDIE: Oh, look at the clock, it's almost time to leave for the race. I'd better call Dagwood.

TWINKLE: Well, I've got to skip along too. I'll see you tomorrow Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Twinkle.

(DOOR OPENS)

TWINKLE: Goodie-bye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MUSIC:

(CROWD NOISE IN BACKGROUND AT RACE)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- why don't they start? It's almost
two thirty now, and ~~that's when the race was supposed to start~~
~~at one.~~

~~At eleven.~~

~~THERE'S MR JENKINS~~

BLONDIE: Yes, and ~~he's~~ standing right over there, licking his chops.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah, he hopes my horse won't win, so it will be his horse.~~

ANDY: These society people never start nothing on time. It ~~why don't~~
They start?
ain't supposed to be polite.

DAGWOOD: What's taking so long!?

BLONDIE: They're probably introducing the horses to each other.

ANDY: Say -- here comes that Jenkins feller, Daggy.

JENKINS: ~~THE RACE WILL SOON BE OVER THEN~~
~~Five minutes~~, Mr. Bumstead, and the horse is mine.

~~HAPPY NEW YEAR~~
~~Unless you've got the twenty five dollars.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~HAPPY NEW YEAR~~
~~Yeah, but Mr. Jenkins, you wouldn't --~~

~~JENKINS: Oh, yes, I would.~~

~~DAGWOOD: You would, huh?~~

~~JENKINS: And if the horse wins, I get the prize. I'll be the
owner.~~

~~DAGWOOD: But we can't possibly run the race in five minutes.~~

~~JENKINS: I know. (LAUGHS) Well, see you later.~~

(JINGLING OF SLEIGH BELLS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, ^{now} look who's coming up next to us.

ANDY: Doggoned if it ain't that snooty Mrs. Frobish.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet that's who they've been waiting for! What a
nerve!

(JINGLING STOPS...HORSE WHINNY)

MRS. F: Hmmm -- it's Mr. Bumstead again.

Andy:
DAGWOOD: What's the idea of being so late! You've held up the whole race! What took you so long getting here?

MRS. F: I didn't like the way my hair was fixed....My maid had to do it over three times.

Andy:
DAGWOOD: A fine thing! ~~It's people like you who start revolutions!~~

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: ~~Should be one of the first to go!~~

MRS. F: At the moment, I'm only interested in ^{WINNING THE RACE} ~~being the first one~~ ^{FOR THE 4TH CONSECUTIVE YEAR} ~~back across the finish line.~~ (CALLS) Yoo-hoo---I'm all ready.

BLONDIE: Get in the sleigh, Dagwood. They're going to start.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- there's the signal to get ready.

BLONDIE: I'm counting on you and Andy and Milkman.

ANDY: We'll do our best, Mrs. B.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. And Milkman doesn't want to pull that grocery wagon.

BLONDIE: I'll be right here waiting for you! They're ready to shoot the gun now!

(CRACK OF STARTING GUN)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Blondie!
Blondie: ~~Goodbye, and don't stand up!~~
(LOTS OF HORSES STARTING UP.....)

(CHEERS.....THEN TO BACKGROUND)

Blondie: ~~Com'on Milkman!~~
GRANT: (RUSHING UP) Pardon me, Madam, but who owns that horse that was here? The chestnut brown.

BLONDIE: Well, we own the horse now, but we ^{maybe} won't ^{AFTER THE RACE} in a few minutes. ~~Against Mrs. Jenkins's champion. If he loses his new owner we borrowed twenty-five dollars on him from this man coming will be Mr. Jenkins. Here he comes now. over here. I guess he's going to collect now.~~

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JENKINS: (COMING UP) Well, Mrs. Bumstead -- ^{IT might be a little premature} ~~there's just two~~
~~minutes left. Twenty five dollars or I get the horse.~~
but shake hands with milkman's new owner.

GRANT: ~~Here you are. Here. Here's twenty five dollars.~~
There seems to be two schools of thought on that.

JENKINS: Hmmm. Who ARE you?

~~GRANT: It's all there. Now go away.~~

~~BLONDIE: But--but--but who are you?~~
let me introduce myself.

GRANT: I I'm judging the race as a guest of the committee. My
name's Justin Grant.

BLONDIE: Yes, but -- ~~the twenty five dollars -- why did you --~~

GRANT: Well, you see that horse of yours is really mine. He
was stolen from me ten months ago!

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhhhh!

GRANT: Great Scott! She's fainted!

MUSIC:

GRANT: (BOARD FADE IN)...And so it's a double pleasure for me to
award the first prize of the Annual Hill and Dale
Sleigh Race to Mr. Dagwood Bumstead. My congratulations.

(CAST: APPLAUSE...AD LIB CONGRATULATIONS...)

(BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD...AD LIB THANK YOU'S...)

BLONDIE: Well, no wonder Milkman won the race, Dagwood. He was a
real thoroughbred all the time.

DAGWOOD: We should have guessed he was a thoroughbred. He ate
like one.

GRANT: By the way, I'll take care of any expenses you've incurred
with the horse, and there's a reward as well.

DAGWOOD: Oh--~~sweet!~~ ^{Thank you Mr. Grant}

MRS. F: (COMING UP) Well, congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mrs. Frobish.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

MRS. F: When are you going to give the party?

DAGWOOD: Party? What party is that?

MRS. F: Oh, didn't you know? Well, it's a custom for the winner to give a formal dinner party for all the others who were in the race.

BLONDIE: Ohhh. Twenty-three people-- and all we've got in the house is Crummies!!!!.....

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Next week Dagwood tries to swing a business deal by posing as the Dithers Company's competitor -- Mr. Berger, of the Goliath Company. Don't forget to listen in next week at this same time. There's plenty of fun in store for you when "Blondie Plays her Part."

WILCOX: Blondie, I hear that one reason women are switching to Camels is that they start buying 'em for that fellow in the service -- then decide to try one themselves!

BLONDIE: But there has to be a reason why they stay with Camels, Mr. Wilcox, and I think that's because Camels have more flavor, along with smooth, extra mildness!

WILCOX: Thanks, Blondie! Get a pack of Camels tonight, folks! You'll like 'em! Remember, Camel presents four great radio shows each week. Thursdays, it's Abbott and Costello. Fridays -- the Camel Caravan, Saturdays -- Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and on Mondays it's "Blondie." Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake and Blondie by Florence Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. This is Harlow Wilcox, reminding you to listen to Abbott and Costello this Thursday night, and saying good-night for Camel Cigarettes. First in the service!

ANNCR: Say, Mister Pipe-Smoker, if you want that Christmas pipe to give you mild, mellow, tasty smoking right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl, get George Washington Smoking Tobacco! Comes in a great big blue two and a quarter ounce package -- yes, sir, two and a quarter ounces -- and it costs only one dime, ten cents! Get a big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

TY AND CO.

"As Broadcast"
(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

#4

CAMEL CIGARETTES

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1942
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Broadcast: 4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT
Repeat: 7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

CAST

BLONDIE.....Florence Lake **** DAGWOOD.....:Arthur Lake

ANDY.....	Wally Maher
MRS. FROBISH.....	Ann O'Neal
MAN.....	Mel Blanc
JENKINS.....	Joe DuVal
GRANT.....	Herb Vigran
MR. TWINKLE.....L.....	Dick Ryan
ANNOUNCER.....	Harlow Wilcox
CONDUCTOR.....	Billy Artzt
SMITH VOICE (COMM'L).....	Helen Andrews
GEORGE WASHINGTON ANNCT.....	Fred Shields

SOUND EFFECTS:

Door
Garage Door
Horse Whinny
Horse Trotting (Snow)
Sleigh Bells
Thump of plank
Horses Whinny (Several)
Pistol Shot
Horse Race
Crowd Noise

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