

"BLONDIE"

Produced by  
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY  
Pro Camel Cigarettes  
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
Winston Salem, N.C.

*As broadcast*

"BLONDIE GOES ON A PICNIC"

MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1943  
CBS STUDIO "C"

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE...PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD...ARTHUR LAKE

FARMER BROWN.....*Wally Maher*  
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK  
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX  
*Dog and Goofy* ~~MAN~~.....~~WALLY MAHER~~ *mel Blanc*  
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX  
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT  
COMMERCIAL (salute)..PAT MCGEEHAN  
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

Dive in water  
Falling of picnic  
Equipment (and stuff)  
Buzzing of Hornets  
Rattle of boards (fence)  
Roar of Bull  
Rattle of branches  
Bull Thunders fast  
Splashing in water (feet)  
Bubbles (man under water)  
Walking along gravel road

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1943

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

---

*Wilcox*  
~~WILCOX~~

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

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS...C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: Packed to go around the world -- that's Camels - packed  
to go anywhere - to join the men who've made Camel  
cigarettes first in all the services -- first with men  
in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the  
Coast Guard, according to actual sales records, Yes, we  
pack Camels to stay fresh, keep their famous extra flavor  
and mildness, keep their cool, slow way of burning --  
anywhere in the world! The Camel pack keeps your  
Camels fresh, too -- preserving for you the extra  
goodness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier  
tobaccos!

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

WILCOX: Camels! For yourself, for that fellow in the service --  
get Camels -- fresh because they're packed to go around  
the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN....(HOLD FOR)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the  
Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME.....(FADE FOR)

WILCOX: Well, summer wouldn't be summer without a picnic, and  
today Blondie, Dagwood, Alexander and Cookie are off  
to the country. They've ridden to the end of the  
trolley line, walked for about a quarter of a mile  
along the Old River Road, through a pasture, and now  
they're going down a path through the woods. Dagwood  
is staggering under a load of picnic equipment....

DAGWOOD: (GROANING) Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: Isn't it lovely here, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I can't see. My water wings have fallen over my  
eyes....Blondie, you've got to unload me. I'm  
tottering like the Axis.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, I think I see the river ahead of us through  
the trees, *pop!*

COOKIE: Oh, boy!  
DAGWOOD: *I can't see a thing!*  
BLONDIE: It won't be long now, Dagwood...My, it's so beautiful  
here. I'll bet there hasn't been a human being  
around here for years.

FARMER: Hello, folks!

BLONDIE: (STARTLED) Oh-h-h-h, you startled me!

FARMER: Yep--sure did, didn't I? (CLUCK, CLUCK)

BLONDIE: You sure did. (CLUCK, CLUCK)

FARMER: *you* going picnicking down by the river?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we're going picnicking *down by the river.*

FARMER: That'll be two bits apiece.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

FARMER: In advance

DAGWOOD: *Two bits apiece*  
Hmm-~~A~~ Blondie, didn't I hear you say there hadn't been a human being around here in years?

BLONDIE: That still goes. Charging us a quarter apiece is in-human.

DAGWOOD: Pay him the money, Blondie. I can't carry this stuff much longer.

BLONDIE: Here you are. *BLONDIE: you're welcome.*

FARMER: Thank you, lady. ~~A~~. You going in swimming, too?

ALEXANDER: You bet we are!

FARMER: That'll be another two bits apiece.

DAGWOOD: (SCREAMS) This is robbery!

FARMER: (CHUCKLES) Yeah--ain't I the chiseler?...That's in advance, too.

BLONDIE: Just give us our money back and we'll go somewhere else.

FARMER: (CHUCKLES) Sorry, there's no refund.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, pay him the dollar. If you don't unload me in a minute I'm going to fall flat on my face.

BLONDIE: Oh, all right--here you are then.

FARMER: Thank you, lady....You going to do any sunbathing?

COOKIE: Oh, sure we are.

FARMER: (CHUCKLES) That's free....Goodbye, folks -- I'll see you later.

DAGWOOD: I don't like the way he said that.

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood--it's just a couple more steps and we're there.

COOKIE: I see the river!/  
ALEXANDER: So do I!  
BLONDIE: And so do I!

DAGWOOD: Will somebody take these water wings off my eyes?  
BLONDIE: We'll unload you in just a minute....Let's see--  
where can I put my purse? Oh--I'll put it on top of your hat.

DAGWOOD: No, no, no, Blondie! I couldn't carry another ounce.

BLONDIE: Nonsense!

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- it would be the straw that broke the camel's back.

BLONDIE: Now just hold your head still a moment....There.

DAGWOOD: That did it!...Whooooaaa! I can't stand up! I'm falling! Here I go-o-o-o!

(ENTHUSIASTIC CRASH OF ASSORTED THINGS AND STUFF...)

FARMER: (off) *That'll be another two bits apiece.*  
ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop--you'll do anything for a laugh!

DAGWOOD: Oh, go jump in the river!

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop!

(SPLASH)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, he jumped right in!

BLONDIE: And he's got all his clothes on!....Alexander!

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Pop told me to!

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!  
Blondie: *He is his father's son - unfortunately*  
COOKIE: Come on, Daddy--get up.

DAGWOOD: I can't move!

COOKIE: There's a big snake right behind you.

51454 1937

DAGWOOD:

Yeow-w-w-w!

(RATTLE OF JUNK AGAIN....)

DAGWOOD:

Where is he? Where's the snake? Get me a club!  
Call the police!

COOKIE:

I was just joking, Daddy.

DAGWOOD:

(TAKES BIG BREATH\*\*EXHALES) Give me strength!

BLONDIE:

Well, now let's see, Dagwood. Have we got everything here? .....Alexander, come out of the water and get into your bathing suit. Your clothes will have to dry.

ALEXANDER:

(OFF) Okay, Mom.

BLONDIE:

Where are the sardines?

DAGWOOD:

In my inside coat pocket....And I've got two extra hard boiled eggs in my hat.

BLONDIE:

Dagwood!

DAGWOOD:

Hanh?

BLONDIE:

Your hip pocket is leaking.

DAGWOOD:

Holy smoke--that must be the cole slaw.

BLONDIE:

Is that where you put it?

DAGWOOD:

Yeah--I guess that paper container didn't contain it very well.

BLONDIE:

I guess not....Well, we can leave everything here. It's a little scattered, but that's all right.

DAGWOOD:

Well, anyway, we got here. <sup>Hey</sup> ~~Go~~ it's pretty nice, isn't it? <sup>That's the first she's seen with all that stuff over my face</sup> The trees and the river and everything.

COOKIE:

Daddy, why are there so many trees in the woods.

DAGWOOD:

Well, it often happens that there are a lot of trees in the wood because-----hanh?

COOKIE: Why are there, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Well, if there weren't any trees, there wouldn't be any woods.....Now run along and play now.

COOKIE: If there weren't any woods, what would there be?

DAGWOOD: An open field....Now run along and play.

COOKIE: How many trees make a woods?

DAGWOOD: I don't know....Now run along and play.

COOKIE: Gee, Daddy--don't you know anything?

DAGWOOD: That's not a fair question!

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop--hey, Mom! Come here and see what I've found!

BLONDIE: What is it, Alexander?

DAGWOOD: What've you got?

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Look--hanging to this limb. A hornet's nest!

BLONDIE: Alexander--put down that stick!

ALEXANDER: Aw, Mom--I was just going to give the nest a little whack.

DAGWOOD: Put down that stick, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Now ~~the~~ *your Pop will* show you how to handle a hornet's nest.

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, we can't have these hornets buzzing around and spoiling our picnic. The thing to do is to stop up this hole so they can't get out. I did this once before, Blondie.

BLONDIE: What happened?

DAGWOOD: Boy, did I get stung!

BLONDIE: That's what I thought happened.

DAGWOOD: But I'm older and wiser now.

BLONDIE: Well, you're older, anyway.....

ALEXANDER: I guess I'd better give it a couple of ~~whacks~~ <sup>pokes</sup>.

DAGWOOD: No, no, Alexander. Just watch me. Let's see--I'll take this stick and ---

BLONDIE: Look out, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Plug it in the hole like this! (LAUGHS) There we are. They can't get out now, can they?

ALEXANDER: Nope, they sure can't!

BLONDIE: And what are you going to do the rest of the day--- stand here holding that stick in the hole?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Well, if you let go of the stick, it's going to come out of the hole--with the hornets right after it.

DAGWOOD: Hey, I just remembered!

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: That's how I got stung the last time!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- the next time we go picnicking I'm going to bring a pillow slip along--just to tie over hornet's nests.

DAGWOOD: Gee, sometimes I just don't think.

BLONDIE: You are so right!

ALEXANDER: What are you going to do now, Pop?

DAGWOOD: *what am I going to do now?*  
I'm going to *think this over.*

BLONDIE: Well, take your time--you've got the rest of the day.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I can't just stand here and---whooooaa!  
The hornet's nest is coming loose! It's falling off the tree!



ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop! Pop! Balance it on the end of the stick!

DAGWOOD: What do you think I am--a juggler! Look out! There it goes!

BLONDIE: That stick came out of the hole, Dadwood!

(BUZZING OF HORNETS.....)

ALEXANDER: Here come the hornets!

DAGWOOD: Into the river! <sup>Everybody!</sup> It's our only chance! Hel-l-l-l-lp!

(SPLASHES)

MUSIC.....

BLONDIE: Well, fortunately none of us got stung, <sup>Dagwood you can stand up and eat lunch.</sup> It's a good thing Cookie hid under the picnic tablecloth.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'll say. Well, anyway -- the next time we see a hornets' nest, I'll know what to---

BLONDIE: There isn't going to be any next time.

DAGWOOD: No?

BLONDIE: No, and that's final.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop---you'll do anything for a laugh.

DAGWOOD: Oh, go jump in the <sup>BLONDIE: oh no no no</sup>---no, no, no! Don't do it!

BLONDIE: After all, the only dry clothes we have are our bathing suits.

ALEXANDER: Hey, where's Cookie?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, <sup>Alexander</sup> I thought you were looking after her.

ALEXANDER: I thought Mom was looking after her.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I thought you were looking after her.

DAGWOOD: I thought Alexander was looking--oh, I've <sup>said that</sup> already said that. ....(YELLS) Cooocookie!

BLONDIE: Cooocookie!

ALEXANDER: Hey, Sis!

COOKIE: (WAY OFF) Here I am.

BLONDIE: Oh, she must be up by that pasture. Come on, we've got to get her. If that farmer finds her and we want to get her back from him, that'll be another twenty-five cents please. (*click click*)

DAGWOOD: Gee, something's always happening. I wanted to take it easy and catch a few fish.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you might as well face it--you won't be able to take it easy until both the children are in college

ALEXANDER: There's Cookie! She climbed over the old rail fence into the pasture.

DAGWOOD: I don't see her.

ALEXANDER: Over there by that little tree.

DAGWOOD: Come on---over the fence. This is the way <sup>*you'll*</sup> ~~you're~~ got to do it! (GRUNTS) Look out!

(RATTLE OF BOARDS AND BEAMS.....)

BLONDIE: If you don't mind, I'll do it differently.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop--you'll do anything for a laugh.

DAGWOOD: Will you stop harping on that?....Cooookie!

BLONDIE: Cookie--stay right where you are! (TO DAGWOOD)  
From now on <sup>*Dagwood*</sup> it's just a matter of time until she runs away from home. I can tell she's getting to that age.

COOKIE: (COMING UP) what's everybody running for?

DAGWOOD: We're running after you.

COOKIE: No kidding?

DAGWOOD: Yes, no kidding! Where were you going?

COOKIE: I was just looking around.

BLONDIE: After this, young lady, please do all your looking  
around near one of us...You might have gotten lost.

COOKIE: I wouldn't have been lost. You would have been lost.

DAGWOOD: That all depends on how you look at it.

BLONDIE: Come on, Cookie -- we're going back,  
(BARK OF DOG FROM OFF...)

ALEXANDER: Hey, what was that?

WILCOX: (OFF) Hel-1-1-1p!

ALEXANDER: Holy smoke, Pop--look!  
(BARK OF DOG OFF...)

WILCOX: (CLOSER) Hel-1-1-1p!

DAGWOOD: My gosh! It's a great big dog. And he's chasing that  
*big as a Shetland Pony*  
~~guy~~ *fellow* -

BLONDIE: We'll never make it back to the fence! Come on, Cookie --  
we're going up this tree.

ALEXANDER: Boy, it's a good thing it's got low branches!  
(RATTLE OF BRANCHES...ETC...)

ALEXANDER: Okay -- I'm up.

DAGWOOD: Here's Cookie!  
(DOG BARKING OFF...)

ALEXANDER: I got her! *pop -*

BLONDIE: I'm up. Oh, goodness! Hurry, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (CASUALLY) Just a second -- I've got to pick some  
cockleburr's off me. (TAKE) Hey, what am I saying????  
Move over on that limb! Here I come!

(RATTLE OF BRANCHES...)

ALEXANDER: Here comes that man! And the dogs right behind him!

WILCOX: (COMING UP) Out of my way, folks! It's a matter of life  
or death!

(CRASHING OF BRANCHES...)

(DOG BARKS AND RUNS PAST...)

WILCOX: Oh boy, I made it!

(DOG BARKS AND FADES)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Tarzan.

WILCOX: Why, it's the Bumsteads!

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. What you you doing here?

WILCOX: Perspiring. Before that I was taking a quiet walk in  
the country.

(COMMERCIAL)

DAGWOOD: Well, you brought that dog over here, Harlow. Now what are you going to do?

WILCOX: Make him go away, of course!

BLONDIE: How?

WILCOX: Well, you've got to use psychology on a dog! If he thinks we want him to stick around, he'll go away.

DAGWOOD: What are you going to do -- invite him up <sup>here in the tree</sup> ~~here~~ <sub>with us.</sub>

WILCOX: Listen...(CROONS) Oh, d-o-o-oggy! How would the pretty puppy-wuppy like to join the nice Bumsy-Wumsteads in a party-warty!

(SNARLS, GROWLS)

DAGWOOD: I'd say the same thing.

WILCOX: Now, folks, be happy! Pretend you're having a party! Here, Dagwood, have a Camel!

DAGWOOD: Thanks.

WILCOX: Now enjoy it! Enjoy that wonderful Camel flavor, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: I am!

WILCOX: That <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ flavor's <sup>that</sup> ~~what~~ helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! See, you look so happy the dog is getting discouraged. (*growl*)

BLONDIE: He doesn't <sup>sound</sup> ~~look~~ discouraged to me!

WILCOX: Keep it up, Dagwood! Give that Camel cigarette a workout in your T-zone -- "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

(MORE GROWLS, SNARLS)

DAGWOOD: Don't tell me! Tell the dog!

WILCOX: This'll get him. (UP, FOR THE DOG'S BENEFIT) Isn't it great, Dagwood, to have a nice friendly puppy dog to play with -- and to sit back and enjoy a nice fresh pack of Camels. And you know, Camels do stay fresh -- stay cool smoking and slow burning -- because they're packed to go around the world -- yes, packed to preserve all the goodness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

(SNARLS, GROWLS)

DAGWOOD: He's trying to climb the tree! I think you sold him Camels!

BLONDIE: Well, the problem now is how to get away without that dog catching us.

ALEXANDER: He's a pretty big dog.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- he's about a hundred times bigger than Daisy.

COOKIE: Mommy, can I whisper in your ear?

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh.

BLONDIE: What is it, Cookie?

COOKIE: (WHISPERS)

BLONDIE: Oh.....Oh.....Well, not right now, dear.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: (PAUSE) She's thirsty.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

WILCOX: Hey, look ---there's the farmer on the other side of the fence.

BLONDIE: Oh, that man again. He certainly knows how to make farming pay off.

DAGWOOD: When we came along, he hit the jackpot.

FARMER: (OFF A BIT) Howdy, folks -- getting a little exercise *up there*

BLONDIE: For heaven'ssakes, call off that dog. *in that tree*

FARMER: *okay* That'll be twenty-five cents apiece....

DAGWOOD: What are you trying to do--become a millionaire in one day?

ALEXANDER: You better pay him the money, Pop, or we'll be here the rest of the day.

DAGWOOD: I'm darned if I will!

(DOG BARKS)

DAGWOOD: I've changed my mind.

*Farmer Brown*

WILCOX: Hey, wait a minute! You're not going to charge me a quarter, are you? I met that dog way over in the corner of the field, and if I hadn't let him chase me, he wouldn't have scared these people up this tree.

FARMER: *Well* -- You got somethin' there son - guess you're right.

WILCOX: Sure. You see - I brought all this business to you.

FARMER: Okay -- I won't charge you nothin'... *not even* ~~not~~ nothin'...

WILCOX: Well, thanks.

FARMER: I'll just charge these people an extra quarter.

DAGWOOD: This is an outrage! I won't stand for it! You can't do this to me! I'll fix you! I'll tell the sheriff about this! I'll write my Congressman!

(DOG BARKS)

DAGWOOD: Here's the money, *please - pretty please*. Now get that dog away from here!

MUSIC:

(SPLASHING SOUNDS...)

BLONDIE: Now this is more like it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I'll say it is. The water's wonderful. *wahae!*

BLONDIE: It's much better than going to a crowded beach. There you don't even know the people you're stepping on.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Cookie -- don't wade out too far now.

COOKIE: Okay, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: I wonder if I can float without moving my hands or feet.

BLONDIE: Probably not.



DAGWOOD: Oh, is that so! Well, I'll show <sup>you</sup> watch this.  
See? It's just as easy as --- <sup>pie</sup>

(BUBBLES.....)

DAGWOOD: (GASPING FOR BREATH) Well, some people can float  
and some people can't.

BLONDIE: Yes. Just so long as you remember about yourself.  
You sink.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- such language!

BLONDIE: No, dear--I said you sink.

DAGWOOD: Oh, pardon me.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Mom.

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: When are we going to tie on the feed bag?

BLONDIE: What?.....Oh, yes. Well, I don't know if your  
father's ready to eat yet and I --

DAGWOOD: I'm starving! I'm famished! I'm ravishing!

BLONDIE: You mean ravenous.

DAGWOOD: That, too!....Let's get started.

(SPLASHING OF WATER.....)

BLONDIE: Well, everything's ready. I laid ~~it~~ all out before  
we went in swimming and we can sit right down and eat.

COOKIE: (COMING UP) I'm hungry, too.

ALEXANDER: So am I. We've had a lot of exercise.

DAGWOOD: I feel like I've just been run through a commando  
course.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! What do you think has happened to all  
our food?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke---what?

BLONDIE: There aren't any ants in it!

*no ants!*

DAGWOOD: Gee--a picnic isn't a picnic without ants.

BLONDIE: We can do without them....well, everybody--just sit right down and ----- Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: I know this is a picnic, but as long as the children are watching try to think how you look with a sandwich in each hand one in your mouth, and a pickle behind your ear.

DAGWOOD: (TRIES TO TALK WITH HIS MOUTH FULL)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear....Well, children, for the next half-hour I'll have to ask you to pretend this isn't your father eating here, but just sort of a machine that runs on vitamins.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

COOKIE: Yes, Mommy.

DAGWOOD: (TRIES TO TALK WITH MOUTH FULL AGAIN)

BLONDIE: And any resemblance to what you see your father do and good table manners is strictly accidental.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, I'll say one thing--the picnic baskets are going to be a lot lighter going home.

DAGWOOD: Maybe so, but I'm going to be a lot heavier...Gee, that certainly was good, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: I wonder if our clothes are dry yet?

BLONDIE: Well, I know a good way to find out.

DAGWOOD: Uh--what way is that?

BLONDIE: Go and feel them.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that ought to work. Let's take a look.

COOKIE: Where did you hang the clothes, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: On a tree just on the other side of these willows. I was afraid I wouldn't find the right kind of a tree.

BLONDIE: The right kind of a tree?

DAGWOOD: Sure--you know that old saying. Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't fall in the water.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop--look. There's a man fooling around with our clothes.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness!

DAGWOOD: ~~Pop~~ <sup>Don't worry Pop</sup> handle this, Blondie. I'll tell him to clear out of here before I toss him into the river.

~~BLONDIE:~~ <sup>Alexander:</sup> He's bigger than you, Dagwood. <sup>pop!</sup>

DAGWOOD: On second thought, I'll try diplomacy....(RAISES VOICE) Uh---nice day, isn't it?

MAN: Buh--duh--huhh?

DAGWOOD: I--uh--said it's a nice day, isn't it?

MAN: Buh--I haven't looked yet...I'll look now. Yeaow, it is a nice day, ain't it?

DAGWOOD: Yes, it ain't--I mean, it is... <sup>I hate to trouble you, but</sup> ~~Pop~~--those are our clothes.

MAN: No they're not. They're mine.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no they're not.

MAN: Oh yes they are. I saw them first. (JERK LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Now those are our clothes. How do you think you'd look in that pink and blue play suit of mine?

MAN: Gosh, I'll bet I'd look pretty cute...Shall I try it on?

BLONDIE: No, no, no, no, no, no!

MAN: Gee, <sup>lady</sup> you're real pretty.

BLONDIE: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Uh--my husband's pretty, too.

MAN: Yeaow, he ~~sure is~~. *he's gorgeous.*

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie!

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop--I don't think he's very ~~bright~~. *S.M.A.R.T.*

MAN: *I know what that is -- that's spelling.*

DAGWOOD: ~~No. He and Albert Einstein wouldn't have much to talk about.~~

BLONDIE: Uh--what are you doing around here?

MAN: Duh--I?

BLONDIE: Yes. I don't imagine you're a game warden. What are you?

MAN: Duh--I'm a moron.

DAGWOOD: That's nice work if you can get it.

MAN: I work for--duh--Farmer Brown...I think I'll try on my new clothes.

DAGWOOD: No, no, don't!

ALEXANDER: Hey! Put down my sailor suit!

MAN: I found these clothes, and--duh--I can do what I want to with them. I think I'll take them back to my room now.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute!

BLONDIE: If you take our clothes, how are we going to get back home?

MAN: Duh--why don't you try walking?

DAGWOOD: Now look, you idiot---

MAN: Duh--don't you call me an idiot! I'm not an idiot! I'm a moron.

DAGWOOD: Oh, pardon me. *I've heard a lot of stories about you lately -- Have you heard --*

BLONDIE: *Dagwood!*

51454 1952

MAN: And I'm entitled to a little respect....Well,  
goodbye now.

BLONDIE: Wait! You can't walk away with our clothes!...Dagwood,  
aren't you going to do something?

DAGWOOD: ~~I'm afraid if I do do something, he'll do something~~  
*I am doing something.*

BLONDIE: ~~worse to me,~~ *What?*  
DAGWOOD: ~~trampling!~~  
COOKIE: Mommy--here comes the farmer again.

FARMER: Hello, folks.

MAN: Duh--hello, Mr. Brown.

FARMER: Hello, Goofy *guy*. You folks having a little trouble?

DAGWOOD: Yeah--this guy's trying to take our clothes away with  
him.

FARMER: Is that right, Goofy?

MAN: Buh--duh--yeeow, that's right.

FARMER: Well, I guess that means you *folks* lose your clothes then.

BLONDIE: But he works for you. And we can't go back to town in  
our bathing suits. Can't you make him give us our  
clothes back?

FARMER: Well-1-1-1, yes.

DAGWOOD: That's good.

FARMER: But that'll be another twenty-five cents apiece,  
please.

DAGWOOD: We won't pay it! That's highway robbery!

FARMER: You better take those clothes and run along now,  
Goofy.

MAN: Duh--okay, Mr. Brown.

DAGWOOD: Wait! Okay--we'll pay it.

BLONDIE: But there's only three suits of clothes, so you only get seventy five cents.

FARMER: Well, that's a fair profit.

DAGWOOD: Here---give me those pants a minute.

FARMER: Hand them the clothes, Goofy.

MAN: Duh--aw, gosh, Mr. Brown.

FARMER: Go ahead.

MAN: *All right but*  
~~Cash~~, I wouldn't <sup>do it</sup> ~~hand them back~~ if I wasn't such a dope...Here you are.

DAGWOOD: Okay....Let's see--yeah--here's fifty cents of it.

FARMER: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, have you got quarter?

BLONDIE: I think there's a quarter in my ~~purse~~ <sup>purse</sup>....Well, two dimes and a nickel, anyway.

FARMER: Thank you, folks.

BLONDIE: (SNAPS) Oh, you're very welcome!

FARMER: It was a pleasure to help you out...Come on, Goofy ~~boy~~ <sup>we've got some work to do. We'll give you a nice</sup>

MAN: Duh--goodbye, folks. It was nice to ~~meet you.~~ <sup>socialize with you now</sup> ~~have in~~ <sup>met</sup> ~~you.~~ <sup>you.</sup>

(FADING)

BLONDIE: I can't figure out whether that Mr. Brown is really a farmer or a city slicker who moved to the country.

ALEXANDER: He got four bucks away from sus, didn't he?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: How much have you got left now, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I haven't a cent left. That was my last fifty cents.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. All I've got left is--let me see my purse. Well, I've got thirty cents left. That'll get us back on the street car.

*Thirty cents*  
DAGWOOD: *^* That's good.  
BLONDIE: Wait a minute, dear. I haven't got thirty cents. It's just three of those pennies that look like dimes.  
DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh, Blondie -- then that means that --  
BLONDIE: That's right, Dagwood. It means that we're stranded. And we've got a six mile walk back to town!

MUSIC:

(TRUDGING ALONG GRAVEL ROAD....)

DAGWOOD: Bloondie! Let's stop and rest here a minute. I'm tired.  
BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood, but we haven't walked any distance at all yet. We <sup>re</sup> just in front of that farmer Brown's house.  
COOKIE: There's that man, Daddy.  
ALEXANDER: Yeah--it's Goofy *boy* --  
MAN: Duh--hello, folks.  
BLONDIE: Hello, Goofy....Uh--Goofy, <sup>boy</sup> how would you like to work in town for the J.C. Dithers Construction Company? You'd make a lot more money and you wouldn't have to work as hard.  
MAN: Oh, boy--that would be--duh--swell. *delicious*  
DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie--what's the idea?  
BLONDIE: Never mind, Dagwood---you'll find out in a minute.... You'd probably make twice as much money, Goofy.  
MAN: Oh, boy! Oh, gee! Gosh! Wheeeeeee!  
ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop--isn't he a little childish?  
COOKIE: Here comes the other man, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Here comes Farmer Brown, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Good. It couldn't be better.

FARMER: Hey, what's going on here?

BLONDIE: Oh, nothing. Mr. Bumstead works for the J.D. Dithers Construction Company in town, and he's going to hire Goofy to work for the company.

FARMER: Hey, hold on there....You can't leave me, Goofy!

MAN: Duh--I'll bet I can.

FARMER: But what'll I do for a hired man?

BLONDIE: Well, you might try whistling for one. That's all the good it'll do you.

FARMER: But I need him. And besides, he's frozen <sup>to</sup> his job.

BLONDIE: Maybe he is, but he hasn't heard about it, have you, Goofy? *boy?*

MAN: Duh--no, ~~I ain't heard a thing about being~~ ~~frozen~~ <sup>myself</sup>. I think it's warm today. *Goodbye,* Mr. Brown.

FARMER: Wait a minute. You can't take him away from me. I need him. He's got to stay here.

BLONDIE: Well, that'll be four dollars and a ride to the trolley *car*, please.

FARMER: I won't pay it!

DAGWOOD: Come on, Goofy. *would better let's go then.*

MAN: Okay, Goodbye, Mr. Brown.

FARMER: Wait. All right--I'll pay it. ~~Here~~ <sup>Here</sup> here's the four dollars.

DAGWOOD: *maybe, would better not take it*

BLONDIE: Thank you.

FARMER: Doggone city slickers!



BLONDIE: And don't forget the ride to the station....

FARMER: I'll take you there in the horse and buggy. Fine people, they are, Cheating a man out of his means of making a living.....(FADING)

BLONDIE: Oh Dagwood a horse and buggy. Do you remember the last time we rode in a horse and buggy.

DAGWOOD: Yah and I told you you were the sweetest girl in the world and you told me I was the sweetest boy in the world.

BLONDIE; Yes but then I didn't know much about men.....

DAGWOOD: Hunh.

BLONDIE: I mean you still are dear....the sweetest boy in the world.

DAGWOOD: ~~Aw, gee, Blondie... you're sweet~~

ALEXANDER: Aw gosh some more ~~love stuff~~ *of that mushy stuff* ---

MAN: Yeah - and they call me a ~~moron~~ *goofy*.

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Private Atlas Lovell, of Attalla, Alabama, one of a scouting patrol of forty men who made a daring raid, swimming and wading through the sea for several miles around enemy held shoreline. Separated from his comrades in the darkness, Private Lovell crawled through underbrush in enemy territory during the day, and then at night dived into the sea, swimming underwater as much as possible to avoid heavy enemy rifle fire, and finally reached American-held territory. We salute you, Private Atlas Lovell, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our men overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four four hundred thousand Camels to our men overseas.... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

Also folks, be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio shows each week - Thursday, "Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante ~~and~~ Georgie Gibbs. Friday, The Comedy Quiz show - Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and next Monday "Blondie", that famous comic-strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME....FADE FOR....)



WILCOX: There's plenty of fun in store for you next week when Dagwood and Mr. Dithers dress up in women's clothes and try to crash a party for women only....Don't forget to listen in next week when "BLONDIE PLAYS BOUNCED".

---

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Axtel. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

---

WILCOX: Remember, if you want a cigarette that stays fresh, cool smoking and slow burning - get Camels! They're packed to go around the world!

---

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes. First in the service!

(APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH) Yes sir, I'll bet you'll get up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every ten-cent package when you switch to George Washington Smoking Tobacco! That's because you get a big blue two and a quarter ounce package for one dime! A two and a quarter ounce package for one dime! What's more, George Washington is mild, mellow and tasty, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Remember -- George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!  
This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.