

"BLONDIE"

D.K. 1/22/90

MONDAY, JANUARY 15, 1940

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

~~MUSKEY~~

GOODWIN: AH, AH, AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- THIS IS THE "BLONDIE" PROGRAM BROUGHT YOU BY THE CAMEL CIGARETTE PEOPLE.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER FOR:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE TO VISIT CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

WE HEAR A LOT TODAY ABOUT SPEED. ON LAND AND IN THE AIR, AMERICA MOVES FASTER AND FASTER. BUT IT'S A DIFFERENT STORY IN CIGARETTES. SCIENCE POINTS THE WAY -- AND THE EXPERIENCE OF MILLIONS OF SMOKERS CONFIRMS IT: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR, STAY ON THE SLOW SIDE...THE SLOW-BURNING SIDE. FOR NOTHING DESTROYS A CIGARETTE'S DELICATE ELEMENTS OF FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE LIKE EXCESS HEAT. AND CIGARETTES THAT BURN FAST DO BURN HOT.

A SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE IS Milder, MELLOWER, AND -- NATURALLY -- COOLER. AND THE SLOWER-BURNING BRAND -- AS SMOKERS EVERYWHERE KNOW -- IS CAMEL. IN RECENT WIDELY REPORTED LABORATORY TESTS, CAMEL CIGARETTES BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. SO WHY NOT ENJOY EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR IN YOUR SMOKING. NEXT TIME GET THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE...GET CAMELS!

51455 5977

GOODWIN: AND NOW IT'S TIME TO PAY THAT WEEKLY VISIT TO THE BUMSTEAD HOME. BLONDIE'S IN THE KITCHEN...TIDYING UP AFTER A SATURDAY AFTERNOON SNACK. DAGWOOD IS IN THE LIVING ROOM -- ASLEEP ON THE COUCH -- AND HERE'S BABY DUMPLING -- COMING IN FROM THE GARAGE WITH A SMALL HAND-VACUUM CLEANER.

BABY: HERE'S IT IS, MOMMIE. IT WAS OUT IN THE GARAGE. I GUESS DADDY WAS FIXING IT OUT THERE.

BLONDIE: I HOPE IT STILL ACTS LIKE A VACUUM CLEANER.

BABY: I GUESS IT WILL BE BETTER, MOMMIE -- WITH ALL THOSE EXTRA PIECES IN IT.

BLONDIE: WHAT EXTRA PIECES, BABY?

BABY: THE ONES DADDY TOOK OUT OF THE BIG VACUUM CLEANER.

BLONDIE: OH, MY GOODNESS! HAS HE GOT THAT ONE APART, TOO!

BABY: UHUH, I GUESS THAT'S WHAT'S ALL SCATTERED AROUND OUT THERE.

BLONDIE: I NEVER SAW SUCH A MAN TO TINKER WITH THINGS! I'D BETTER PLUG THIS IN AND SEE WHAT HE'S DONE TO IT.

BABY: YOU KNOW THAT MUSIC BOX I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS?

BLONDIE: THE ONE UNCLE GIDEON SENT YOU?

BABY: UHUH. WELL...DADDY MENDED THAT SO IT DOESN'T WORK EITHER.

BLONDIE: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! THERE! I'VE PLUGGED IN THE VACUUM. TURN THE SWITCH ON IT, BABY, AND SEE IF IT RUNS. (A CLICK ...HUM OF VACUUM) YES...IT SOUNDS ALL RIGHT. (A SERIES OF BELL-LIKE NOTES -- UP THE SCALE) LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT?

BABY: IT'S COMING OUT OF THE LITTLE CLEANER, MOMMIE! (TINY BELLS PLAY A TUNE...LIKE A MUSIC BOX...THE TUNE IS "BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE!")

BLONDIE: IT'S PLAYING "BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE",...

BABY: THAT'S WHAT MY MUSIC BOX USED TO PLAY!

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) WELL...IF A VACUUM CLEANER IS GOING TO PLAY ANYTHING -- I SUPPOSE "BRIGHTEN THE CORNER" IS ABOUT AS APPROPRIATE AS ANYTHING ELSE! TURN IT OFF, BABY!  
(CLICK SOUND OUT)

BABY: I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GET MAD AT DADDY FOR TAKING MY MUSIC BOX WITHOUT ASKING ME.

BLONDIE: IT'S NO USE TO GET MAD AT HIM, BABY. HE CAN'T HELP INVENTING THINGS -- ESPECIALLY IN BAD WEATHER WHEN HE CAN'T GO OUT AND WALK IT OFF.

BABY: WELL -- I GUESS I'LL HIDE THE REST OF MY TOYS -- UNTIL THE WEATHER CLEARS UP!

BLONDIE: MAYBE SOME DAY DADDY WILL INVENT SOMETHING USEFUL, THEN WE'LL ALL BE RICH.

BABY: UHUH, DADDY'S BEEN READING A BOOK ABOUT MAKING MONEY, I'VE GOT IT HERE IN MY BLOUSE -- AND IF YOU WAIT A MINUTE I'LL SHOW YOU...

BLONDIE: NO WONDER YOUR BLOUSES GET ALL OUT OF SHAPE! BABY! WHAT ARE THOSE CLAWS STICKING OUT OF YOUR BLOUSE?

BABY: OH, THAT USED TO BE THE LASTFOGEL'S PARROT.

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING BUMSTEAD! AN OLD DEAD PARROT! IN YOUR BLOUSE!

BABY: IT ISN'T EXACTLY DEAD, MOMMIE! I MEAN IT'S JUST A STUFFED ONE. SEE.

BLONDIE: THROW IT AWAY!

BABY: AW, MOMMIE, I WANT TO SELL IT BACK TO ALVIN FUDDLE,

BLONDIE: SELL IT BACK TO HIM?

BABY: UHUH, WE WERE PLAYING GROCERY STORE -- AND IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A TURKEY, ALVIN CHARGED ME TEN DOLLARS FOR IT.

BABY: THAT WOULD BE HIGH FOR A REAL TURKEY.

BABY: WELL, EVERYTHING IN ALVIN'S STORE IS TEN DOLLARS...BECAUSE ALL OUR PLAY MONEY SAYS TEN DOLLARS ON IT.

BLONDIE: OH. WELL, WITH THAT KIND OF SHOPPING, DADDY BETTER GET RICH QUICK. WHERE'S THAT BOOK YOU WERE GOING TO SHOW ME?

BABY: HERE IT IS, MOMMIE. SEE WHAT IT SAYS ON THE COVER?

BLONDIE: (READS) "HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT HOME." HMMMMTUM.

BABY: THERE'S ONE PLACE IN IT TELLS HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT ANY LEMONS. ALVIN AND I ARE GOING TO TRY THAT ONE WHEN IT GETS WARM. I GOT THE PLACE MARKED.

BLONDIE: VERY INTERESTING. BUT I CAN'T READ THIS NOW, BABY. I'VE GOT TO GET THAT LIVING ROOM CLEANED.

BABY: CAN I GO PLAY WITH ALVIN AGAIN? THIS STORE IS ALL SOLD OUT...AND I KNOW WHERE TO GET MORE STUFF TO SELL HIM. DOWN AT THE DUMP.

BLONDIE: THE DUMP! IS THAT WHERE THOSE OTHER THINGS CAME FROM?

BABY: UHUH. THERE'S LOTS OF SWELL STUFF DOWN THERE.

BLONDIE: NO, BABY! I DON'T WANT YOU PICKING THINGS OFF THE ASH HEAP. LOOK UP IN OUR ATTIC. AT LEAST OUR TRASH IS CLEAN..

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: AND TAKE DAISY WITH YOU...

BABY: WHY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: BECAUSE THAT DOG HAS EVERY CHAIR IN THE LIVING ROOM COVERED WITH DOG HAIR.

BABY: SHE ONLY GETS UP ON THE CHAIRS WHEN DADDY TAKES HER PLACE ON THE COUCH.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. I THINK SHE DOES IT FOR SPITE. ANYWAY, I'VE GOT TO USE THIS LITTLE VACUUM ON EVERY CHAIR AND I DON'T WANT DAISY GETTING THEM DIRTY AGAIN FASTER THAN I CAN GET THEM CLEAN.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE...(GOING) HERE, DAISY! HERE, DAISY!  
(DAISY BARKS AWAY)

DAGWOOD: (AWAY...SLEEPY) HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA...WAKING ME UP?

BLONDIE: (CALLING) I HAVE TO RUN THE VACUUM ANYWAY, DAGWOOD...  
I THINK MR. DITHERS IS COMING...(CLICK...VACUUM IN)  
I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE HIM FIND OUR HOUSE LOOKING LIKE A  
MONKEY CAGE. (THE BELLS BEGIN "BRIGHTEN THE CORNER.")  
HERE I COME...READY OR NOT...(SINGS) BRIGHTEN THE CORNER  
WHERE YOU ARE...

MUSIC: (TAKES UP MELODY...SWELL FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: I WISH I COULD BREAK YOU OF SLEEPING ON THE COUCH,  
DAGWOOD. (BEATS UP CUSHIONS) THESE CUSHIONS GET ALL OUT  
OF SHAPE. (PAUSE) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I HEARD YOU. BUT LISTEN, HONEY...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHAT DO YOU THINK I FOUND?

DAGWOOD: WHEN?

BLONDIE: JUST NOW. UNDER THE CUSHION ON THE COUCH...

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE'S UMBRELLA?

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK HE LEFT THAT UMBRELLA HERE AT ALL...JUST  
TRYING TO MOOCH ONE OF OURS...

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND THAT, DAGWOOD...THIS IS IMPORTANT! HAVE YOU  
LOST ANYTHING LATELY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'VE BEEN LOSING SLEEP EVERY NIGHT.

BLONDIE: NO -- I MEAN HAVE YOU LOST ANY MONEY?

DAGWOOD: ME? LOSE MONEY? NOT A CHANCE!

BLONDIE: THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW...

DAGWOOD: WHY? DID YOU FIND SOME MONEY?

BLONDIE: NEVER YOU MIND. FINDER'S KEEPERS.

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN. IF IT WAS MONEY YOU FOUND...IT MIGHT BE MINE AT THAT. I SLEEP ON THAT COUCH ALL THE TIME AND...

BLONDIE: BUT YOU ~~WERE~~ <sup>haven't</sup> LOST <sup>any</sup> MONEY...

DAGWOOD: THAT ISN'T LOSING IT. IF IT ROLLS OUT OF YOUR POCKET ON YOUR OWN COUCH.

BLONDIE: THIS ISN'T THE KIND OF MONEY THAT ROLLS. IT'S A BILL!

DAGWOOD: UHUH! COME TO THINK OF IT -- I REMEMBER NOW -- I WAS SHORT A DOLLAR BILL JUST LAST WEEK...

BLONDIE: THIS ISN'T A DOLLAR BILL, DAGWOOD. IT'S TEN DOLLARS.  
LOOK!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL BE DARNED. A BRAND NEW TEN DOLLAR BILL!  
(LAUGHS) LISTEN, SEEING AS YOU FOUND IT...I'LL GIVE YOU HALF.

BLONDIE: YOU'LL GIVE ME HALF? I GUESS NOT, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. THIS IS GOING STRAIGHT BACK INTO MY BUDGET...WHERE IT PROBABLY CAME FROM.

DAGWOOD: HOW COULD IT COME FROM YOUR BUDGET? YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR BUDGET UNDER THE COUCH CUSHIONS NOW, DO YOU?

BLONDIE: NO. BUT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN SITTING THERE...COUNTING THE BUDGET MONEY...AND THIS COULD HAVE KIND OF SLIPPED DOWN...

DAGWOOD: WHEN DID YOU LOOK AT YOUR BUDGET LAST?

BLONDIE: JUST THIS MORNING. AND IT WAS EMPTY. SO THAT PROBABLY PROVES IT.

DAGWOOD: IT DOESN'T PROVE A THING. THAT BUDGET IS ALWAYS EMPTY.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...(BELLS RINGS) LISTEN!

DAGWOOD: THE DOORBELL!

BLONDIE: PEEK OUT THE WINDOW AND SEE WHO IT IS, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: IT'S SOME WOMAN. BOY, WHAT A GET-UP! LOOKIT THAT PURPLE HAT, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! A WOMAN HER SIZE SHOULD NEVER WEAR PLAID CLOTHES.  
(BELL RINGS AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: I'D BETTER LET HER IN.

BLONDIE: IF YOU ASK ME -- SHE'S SELLING SOMETHING! LOOK AT THAT SAMPLE CASE.

DAGWOOD: MAYBE THAT'S HER VANITY CASE.

BLONDIE: WELL, JUDGING FROM THE AMOUNT OF MAKE-UP SHE HAS ON -- IT MIGHT BE... (POUNING ON DOOR)

OPH: (AWAY) HEY! OPEN UP! I KNOW YOU'RE HOME!

DAGWOOD: SHE KNOWS WE'RE HOME.

BLONDIE: I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT SHE WANTS...BUT DON'T BUY ANYTHING.

DAGWOOD: NO -- NO! (DOOR OPENS) ER -- HELLO.

OPH: HELLO, KIDDO. I HOPE I DIDN'T WAKE YOU UP OR SUMTHIN', DID DID I?

DAGWOOD: OH, NO. ER -- NO.

OPH: HOW ABOUT THE LADY OF THE HOUSE? ANY CHANCE OF BENDING HER EAR WITH A LITTLE FAST SALES TALK?

DAGWOOD: OH. ARE YOU SELLING SOMETHING?

OPH: THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO FIND OUT, PAL!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I DON'T THINK WE WANT TO BUY ANYTHING TODAY.

OPH: WHO DOES? THE MINUTE YOUR DOORBELL RINGS AND IT'S SOMEBODY SELLIN' SUMTHIN', THE ANSWER IS NO -- EVEN BEFORE YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS THEY'RE SELLIN'. RIGHT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.

OPH: NOW, SUPPOSE IT WAS NEEDLES I WAS SELLIN'. WOULD YOU WANT ANY?

DAGWOOD: NO.

OPH: SEE? THAT'S WHY I GAVE UP SELLIN' NEEDLES. I HAD SOME THAT WERE SELF-THREADIN', BUT WHEN I WENT TO SHOW 'EM HOW THEY WORKED --- I COULDN'T MAKE 'EM WORK. HOW YOU OFF FOR SOAP, PAL?

DAGWOOD: SOAP?

OPH: YEAH. YOU KNOW -- SOAP TO WASH WITH. YOU WASH, DON'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: WHY, CERTAINLY.

OPH: I'M SELLIN' SOAP. NOBODY EXPECTS ME TO SHOW 'EM HOW THAT WORKS. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I...

BLONDIE: (OFF) WE HAVE PLENTY OF SOAP, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WE DON'T WANT SOAP.

OPH: NO SOAP?

DAGWOOD: NO SOAP.

OPH: JUST BETWIXT US GIRLS... THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE SMART. THE SOAP'S NO GOOD.

DAGWOOD: NO?

OPH: NO. IT WON'T LATHER.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT SO? I INVENTED SOME SOAP LIKE THAT ONCE, MYSELF. IT WOULDN'T LATHER -- BUT IT WOULD BOUNCE THOUGH.

OPH: THIS WON'T EVEN BOUNCE SO FAR AS I KNOW.

DAGWOOD: WELL THEN -- WHAT MAKES YOU GO AROUND SELLING IT?

OPH: WELL, I TELL YOU. IT SMELLS PERFECTLY ELEGANT!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I CAN SMELL IT FROM HERE. IT MUST BE A PRETTY STRONG PERFUME.



OPH: YOU SAID IT. IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE, IT'S ANY OF THAT  
NOW-YOU-SMELL-IT -- NOW-YOU-DON'T PERFUMERY. GIVE ME  
SOMETHING WITH A LITTLE BITE TO IT IS WHAT I ALWAYS SAY.

DAGWOOD: YOU'VE GOT IT THERE ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: (OFF) DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YES, HONEY?

BLONDIE: (HINTING) YOU'LL CATCH COLD STANDING THERE WITH THE DOOR  
OPEN.

OPH: NOW THERE'S A GOOD WIFE FOR YOU.

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER COME IN AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

OPH: WELL, THANKS! I DON'T CARE IF I DO.

DAGWOOD: HEY, LISTEN. I DON'T THINK MY WIFE MEANT...

OPH: IS THIS YER WIFE? MY! AIN'T SHE PRETTY?

BLONDIE: WELL -- THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT...

OPH: PRETTY AIN'T THE WORD FOR IT. LISTEN. I GOT SUMTHIN' IN  
MY BAG THAT WOULD LOOK SIMPLY SWELL IN YOUR HAIR. TWO  
LITTLE COMBS...

BLONDIE: OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH -- BUT...

OPH: DON'T GET ME WRONG. I'M NOT SELLING 'EM TO YOU. THEY'RE  
A PRESENT! SEE? RUBIES. THEY AIN'T REAL, OF COURSE.

BLONDIE: WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

OPH: DON'T SAY A WORD. THERE...DON'T THEY LOOK LOVELY WITH HER  
COLORING?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- THEY DO LOOK NICE, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: BUT I DON'T FEEL RIGHT TAKING A PRESENT FROM A -- STRANGER..

OPH: DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU NONE. THEM COMBS COME FREE WITH  
THE SOAP.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WILL YOU LET ME PAY YOU THE PRICE OF THE SOAP FOR THE COMBS?

OPH: I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT. I TELL YOU WHAT. IF YOU'RE SO SET ON BUYING SOMETHIN', I AIN'T GOT THE HEART TO REFUSE YOU. SO I'LL MAKE THE COMBS A PREMIUM WITH THE LEMON EXTRACT. HOW YOU FIXED FOR LEMON EXTRACT?

BLONDIE: I CAN ALWAYS USE THAT I SUPPOSE.

OPH: THAT THERE IS THE DOLLAR SIZE. IT SELLS FOR EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS.

DAGWOOD: OH...WELL I HAVEN'T GOT THAT MUCH CHANGE RIGHT NOW...

~~BLONDIE: I CAN ALWAYS USE THAT I SUPPOSE.~~  
OPH: WELL, I'LL LET IT GO TO YOU FOR SIXTY CENTS. THAT'S WHAT IT COSTS ME.

DAGWOOD: WELL, ALL I'VE GOT IS FORTY-EIGHT CENTS HERE.

OPH: WELL -- WHAT'S TWELVE CENTS. IT'S A SALE.

BLONDIE: NO. I WON'T LET YOU DO THAT. GET MY PURSE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: SURE, HONEY. (GOING) TAKE A SEAT, MISS...ER...

OPH: THANKS. MY FEET ARE ABOUT KILLING ME.

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE YOUR WORK IS HARD.

OPH: I'M USED TO WORK. WHEN I WAS IN SHOW BUSINESS WE DID THREE SHOWS A DAY AND REHEARSED ALL THE REST OF THE TIME.

BLONDIE: OH -- YOU WERE AN ACTRESS?

OPH: YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT TO LOOK AT ME, DEARIE...BUT I WAS QUEEN OF THE COLUMBIA WHEEL.

BLONDIE: I GUESS I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WAS.

OPH: IT WAS A BURLESQUE CIRCUIT.

BLONDIE: OH. BURLESQUE?

OPH: UHUH. I HAD A GOOD SHAPE IN THEM DAYS. BUT DON'T GO  
TELLIN' IT AROUND ON ME. I'M NOT ASHAMED OF IT...BUT I GOT  
SOME HIGH-TONED RELATIVES HERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD THAT  
WOULDN'T WANT IT KNOWN.

BLONDIE: WELL, DON'T YOU CARE. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

OPH: THANKS. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

BLONDIE: BLONDIE.

OPH: MINE'S OPHELIA.

BLONDIE: OH. I GUESS YOU WERE NAMED AFTER THE CHARACTER IN  
SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET.

OPH: YEAH. MY DADDY WAS A LEGIT ACTOR. ONLY -- THE WAY I  
UNDERSTAND THIS OPHELIA IN THE PLAY WENT NUTS. I'D LIKE TO  
HAVE A WORD WITH PAW ABOUT THAT. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY, BLONDIE! I LOOKED IN YOUR PURSE AND THERE  
ISN'T ANY MONEY IN IT!

BLONDIE: OH, MY GOODNESS. THIS IS AWFULLY EMBARRASSING.

OPH: LET IT GO. LET IT GO.

BLONDIE: NO...I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. I'VE GOT A TEN DOLLAR BILL HERE.

DAGWOOD: WE FOUND IT.

OPH: NICE GOING.

BLONDIE: TAKE THE PRICE OF THE EXTRACT OUT OF THIS -- OPHELIA.

OPH: A SAWBUCK? I AIN'T GOT THE CHANGE.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR.

OPH: THE DEAL IS OFF. KEEP THE COMBS ANYHOW.

BLONDIE: NO. YOU'VE BEEN GENEROUS ENOUGH AS IT IS.

OPH: WELL -- I TELL YOU. I COULD RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND  
CHANGE IT FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WAIT NOW -- I DON'T KNOW...

OPH: OH, I'LL LEAVE MY SAMPLES HERE. THEY'RE WORTH MORE THAN  
TEN DOLLARS.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD DIDN'T MEAN THAT WE DIDN'T TRUST YOU...

DAGWOOD: NO, NO. I JUST MEANT --- AFTER ALL WE DON'T KNOW YOU VERY  
WELL AND...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! HERE, OPHELIA! TAKE THE TEN DOLLARS AND GET IT  
CHANGED. I'D GO MYSELF --- BUT WE'RE EXPECTING MR. DITHERS,  
DAGWOOD'S BOSS.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT! HE DIDN'T SAY HE WAS COMING TODAY AT ALL.

BLONDIE: I KNOW HE WILL THOUGH. I FEEL IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I BET TEN DOLLARS...(DOOR BELL) T000000000H,

BLONDIE: YOU BET TEN DOLLARS WHAT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I -- I BET TEN DOLLARS THAT'S MR. DITHERS NOW...

OPH: WELL --- I'LL BE BACK IN NO TIME WITH THE CHANGE, FOLKS.  
YOU KEEP MY SAMPLES TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME...(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: (COMING IN) ANYBODY HOME?

DAGWOOD AND BLONDIE: (AD LIB, "HELLO, MR. DITHERS.")

OPH: COME RIGHT IN, SPORT.

DITHERS: EH? WHO'S THIS?

OPH: LOOK! RIGHT AWAY HE WANTS AN INTRODUCTION! IT'S LIKE OLD  
TIMES ON THE COLUMBIA WHEEL. SO LONG, GANG. DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT YOUR TEN BUCKS...DON'T GO AWAY, BIG BOY. (GOING)  
(LAUGHS) (DOOR SLAMS)

DITHERS: WHO -- WHO WAS THAT?

BLONDIE: HER NAME'S OPHELIA.

DITHERS: OPHELIA? OPHELIA WHO?

DAGWOOD: SHE DIDN'T SAY.

BLONDIE: I FORGOT TO ASK HER!

DITHERS: WHAT DID SHE MEAN, "DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR TEN BUCKS?"

BLONDIE: OH -- I GAVE HER TEN DOLLARS TO CHANGE FOR US.

DITHERS: YOU GAVE A WOMAN YOU DON'T KNOW TEN DOLLARS? WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD IT WASN'T MY MONEY.

DAGWOOD: IT WASN'T OURS, EITHER. WE SORT OF FOUND IT.

DITHERS: SORT OF FOUND IT? WHERE?

BLONDIE: RIGHT UNDER THE CUSHION OF OUR COUCH.

DITHERS: YOU MEAN THAT COUCH? THE ONE I SAT ON AT THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY?

DAGWOOD: SURE. WASN'T IT LUCKY WE FOUND IT?

DITHERS: IT CERTAINLY WAS. BUT DON'T EVER TELL CORY I LOST IT.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO -- WE WON'T SAY ANYTHING...(TAKE) WHAT? YOU LOST IT?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY. I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH MY PETTY CASH THE NEXT MORNING. THIS ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

BLONDIE: OH, BUT MR. DITHERS...DAGWOOD THINKS HE MIGHT HAVE LOST IT

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD! HOW COULD IT BE YOURS?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- ER -- HOW COULDN'T IT? I MEAN...

DITHERS: CAN YOU DESCRIBE IT, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WHY CERTAINLY I CAN. IT WAS...IT WAS...ER -- DESCRIBE IT?

DITHERS: THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

DAGWOOD: OH -- YEAH. WELL. IT WAS KIND OF -- ER -- GREEN -- ON ONE SIDE.

DITHERS: SO WAS MINE.

DAGWOOD: IT SAID -- ER -- "TEN DOLLARS" ON IT.

DITHERS: OF COURSE IT DID. GO ON.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IT HAD A PICTURE ON IT. A MAN'S PICTURE...AND A LOT OF SCROLL WORK -- KIND OF....

DITHERS: SO DID MINE...

DAGWOOD: AND IT WAS NEW...

DITHERS: SO WAS MINE. GO ON BUMSTEAD -- GO ON.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU KNOW WHAT A TEN DOLLAR BILL LOOKS LIKE...

DITHERS: YEAH. BUT YOU DON'T.

DAGWOOD: WELL...I NEVER HAD ONE LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN IT BY HEART!

DITHERS: MINE HAD MY OWN PENCIL MARK ON THE CORNER, TOO. I ALWAYS MARK MY MONEY. IN CASE MY POCKET GETS PICKED. HAND IT OVER AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY INITIALS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT IT ANY MORE!

DITHERS: WHAT?

BLONDIE: DON'T YOU REMEMBER? WE GAVE IT TO OPHELIA TO CHANGE...

DITHERS: OOOOOH. MY TEN DOLLARS! BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! YES, SIR?

DITHERS: WHICH WAY DID THAT WOMAN GO?

DAGWOOD: WHY -- ER -- OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

DITHERS: GOOD! THEN I'LL -- (TAKE) EH? FRONT DOOR? OF COURSE SHE WENT OUT THE FRONT DOOR! I DIDN'T THINK SHE FLEW UP THE CHIMNEY! BUT AFTER THAT WHERE DID SHE...

BLONDIE: SHE WENT OUT THE DOOR AND DOWN TO THE STORE...

DITHERS: (INCOHERENT WITH EXCITEMENT) OUT THE STORE AND DOWN TO THE DOOR...I MEAN DOWN TO THE DOOR AND OUT OF...NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND!

DAGWOOD: HEY. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DITHERS: (AWAY) I'M GOING TO FIND THAT WOMAN, YOU IDIOT! I'M GOING TO GET BACK MY MONEY...OR ELSE! (DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! I THINK HE'S PRETTY MAD!

(MUSIC IN FAST...SEGUE TO THEME)

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 14-A  
1/15/40

GOODWIN: Pick your cigarette for slow burning...and make Camels your cigarette...You'll find a lot of extras in Camels -- extra pleasure -- extra smoking, too, in every pack. The economy of smoking Camels is easy to figure: In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested -- slower than any of them. That means that Camels give extra smoking equal, on the average, to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. If you live in a community where certain state cigarette taxes are in effect, you can save the cost of the tax through smoking Camels. If there are no added taxes where you live, the savings are all yours. So for extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor -- and extra smoking per pack, turn to slow-burning Camels. Camels are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy!

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- A FEW MINUTES AFTER MR. DITHERS' STORMY EXIT  
-- WE FIND DAGWOOD -- PACING THE FLOOR -- MUTTERING --  
DAGWOOD: OR ELSE! GOLLY! OR ELSE!  
BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD...STOP PACING UP AND DOWN LIKE THAT!  
DAGWOOD: I CAN'T HELP IT. I HATE ANYONE TO HOLLER "OR ELSE!" AT  
ME AND THEN SLAM THE DOOR. "OR ELSE" WHAT?  
BLONDIE: I GUESS MR. DITHERS MEANT HE'D GET BACK THE TEN DOLLARS  
"OR ELSE" HE WOULDN'T. HE WAS EXCITED.  
DAGWOOD: I NOTICED HE WAS! (SIGH) I GUESS IT WAS PRETTY SILLY  
TO GIVE A STRANGER TEN DOLLARS TO CHANGE.  
BLONDIE: MAYBE. BUT I BET SHE'S ALL RIGHT.  
DAGWOOD: YEAH. MAYBE! (BELL) HEY, MAYBE THIS IS OPHELIA NOW...  
BLONDIE: I'LL LOOK. UMMMM. NO.  
DAGWOOD: IT ISN'T DITHERS AGAIN, IS IT?  
BLONDIE: NO. IT'S JUST A MAN IN A DARK SUIT -- WITH A DERBY HAT.  
(RAPPING)  
DAGWOOD: I'LL GO...(DOOR OPENS) WE DON'T WANT ANY!  
DICK: YOU DON'T WANT ANY WHAT?  
DAGWOOD: WHATEVER YOU'RE SELLING.  
DICK: I'M NOT SELLING ANYTHING, BROTHER.  
DAGWOOD: WELL, WE DON'T WANT ANY COMPANY EITHER.  
DICK: THAT'S TOUGH. BUT I'M USED TO GOING WHERE I AIN'T WANTED.  
GANGWAY!  
DAGWOOD: HEY...WHAT'S THE IDEA -- PUSHING IN HERE?  
DICK: JUST A FEW QUESTIONS, BROTHER. WHO'S THIS?  
DAGWOOD: THAT'S MY WIFE. MRS. BUMSTEAD.



DICK: OH, HELLO, MRS. BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: HELLO. DO YOU ALWAYS WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE HOUSE?

DICK: YEAH. BUT MOSTLY I DON'T STAY LONG.

BLONDIE: THAT'S GOOD.

DAGWOOD: LOOK -- IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE, I -- I'LL CALL A COP.

DICK: DON'T BOTHER. I'M A COP. TAKE A PEEK AT THE BADGE.

DAGWOOD: OH.

BLONDIE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW, OFFICER?

DICK: YOU KNOW A WOMAN IN A PURPLE HAT AND A HORSE-BLANKET DRESS BY THE NAME, OPHELIA?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE JUST MET HER ONCE.

BLONDIE: SHE CAME TO THE DOOR SELLING SOAP.

DICK: UHUH. DID YOU GIVE HER A TEN DOLLAR BILL TO CHANGE AT A STORE?

BLONDIE: YES, WE DID.

DICK: YOU GAVE A WOMAN YOU DON'T KNOW TEN DOLLARS? JUST LIKE THAT? WHY?

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU CARE, WHY?

DICK: BECAUSE IT DON'T MAKE SENSE THAT ANYONE WOULD GIVE TEN DOLLARS IN GOOD MONEY TO A STRANGER. THAT'S WHY. BUT SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO GET RID OF THAT BILL WITHOUT TAKING ANY RISK YOURSELF. THEN YOU MIGHT GET HER TO CHANGE IT. YOU KNEW THAT BILL WAS PHONEY ALL RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, OF ALL THE SILLY...(TAKE) HEY! PHONEY?

BLONDIE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DICK: I MEAN THE BILL YOU ADMIT PASSING ON TO BE CHANGED WAS  
COUNTERFEIT!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH. TOOOOOOOH!

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DICK: NOW, LISTEN. I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME. THIS  
MONEY IS HOME-MADE MONEY! IF YOU DIDN'T MAKE IT -- WHERE  
DID YOU GET IT?

DAGWOOD: I TELL YOU WE FOUND IT.

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT.

DICK: ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. IF YOU WANT TO STICK TO A CRAZY  
STORY LIKE THAT -- YOU CAN TELL IT TO THE COURT.  
(SCORNFUL) FOUND IT!

DAGWOOD: SURE WE DID. UNDER A CUSHION.

DICK: IS THAT SO? WELL, I'VE BEEN FINDING THINGS, TOO. SEE  
THIS BOOK.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THAT'S MINE.

DICK: I'M GLAD YOU ADMIT IT. LOOK AT THE TITLE!

DAGWOOD: I SEE IT. "HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT HOME." OH GOSH, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU, DAGWOOD. THERE'S NOTHING  
WRONG IN THAT BOOK.

DICK: NOTHING WRONG IN IT, EH? HOW ABOUT THIS FORMULA -- HOW  
TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT LEMONS. ANOTHER GYP GAME.

DAGWOOD: I WASN'T GOING TO MAKE ANY LEMONADE.

DICK: THEN WHY DID YOU HAVE THE PLACE MARKED?

BLONDIE: OH. I REMEMBER NOW. IT WAS BABY DUMPLING MARKED THAT.

DICK: UHUH. BABY FACE DUMPLING. ANOTHER OF THE GANG.

BLONDIE: DON'T BE SILLY. HE'S JUST A LITTLE BOY.

DICK: DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE MARKED THE PLACE IN THE BOOK WITH?

BLONDIE: NO.

DICK: WITH ANOTHER OF THOSE PHONEY TEN DOLLAR BILLS.

DAGWOOD: OH, MY GOLLY!

DICK: YOU MAY NOT MAKE 'EM -- BUT YOU GOT SO MANY OF 'EM AROUND  
YOU USE 'EM FOR BOOKMARKS!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! I HAVE AN IDEA.

DICK: SO HAVE I -- AND MY IDEA IS THAT YOU'D BETTER COME CLEAN!

BLONDIE: IF YOU'LL JUST BE QUIET A MINUTE.

DICK: QUIET, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: QUIET YOURSELF. (THERE IS DEAD SILENCE FOR A COUNT OF  
THREE...THEN)  
(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: (GLADLY) HI, MR. DITHERS. GOSH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!

DITHERS: (TAKEN ABACK) EH? YOU ARE? WHY?

DAGWOOD: SO YOU CAN TELL THIS MAN I'M NOT A CROOK.

DICK: I'LL DO THE TALKING HERE. WHO'S THIS?

DITHERS: I'M J. C. DITHERS, OF THE J. C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION  
COMPANY.

DICK: OH, YEAH?

DITHERS: YEAH? DO YOU DOUBT IT?

DICK: YEAH!

DITHERS: YOU DO?

DICK: YEAH! YOU'RE NO CARPENTER. TOO WELL DRESSED!

DITHERS: CARPENTER!

DICK: LET'S SEE -- WELL DRESSED -- SMOOTH SHAVEN -- EXCEPT  
MUSTACHE...ONE GLASS EYE.

DITHERS: IT'S A LIE!

DICK: OH, YEAH -- NOW I SEE THE OTHER IS JUST AS BAD! WELL --  
YOU LOOK LIKE "BARKING BOB" -- THE CON MAN TO ME.

DITHERS: NOW, LISTEN, YOU...

DICK: I'LL DO THE TALKING. YOU LISTEN! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF  
BUSTING IN HERE ALL EXCITED?

BLONDIE: DID YOU FIND THE WOMAN, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: NO.

DICK: WHAT WOMAN?

DITHERS: THE WOMAN WHO HAD MY MONEY.

DICK: YOUR MONEY!

BLONDIE: OH YES. MR. DITHERS CLAIMS THAT WAS HIS TEN DOLLAR BILL.

DITHERS: IT WAS MINE.

DAGWOOD: NO! LISTEN, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: DON'T ARGUE, BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: NO. DON'T ARGUE, DAGWOOD.

DICK: LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT. THE BILL THESE PEOPLE SAY THEY  
FOUND -- UNDER A CUSHION. THAT WAS YOUR BILL?

DITHERS: YES!

DICK: AND THE BILL OPHELIA TOOK TO THE STORE. THAT WAS YOUR  
BILL?

DITHERS: YES! HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO BE TOLD?

DICK: THAT'S ENOUGH TIMES. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

DITHERS: EH? ME? WHAT FOR?

DICK: PASSING COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

DITHERS: W -- WHAT?

BLONDIE: HE SAID...COUNTERFEIT.

DITHERS: COUNTERFEIT!

DICK: YEAH. HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO BE TOLD?

DITHERS: LISTEN, BUMSTEAD. TELL THIS MAN WHO I AM.

DAGWOOD: DON'T YOU KNOW.

DITHERS: I KNOW -- BUT HE DOESN'T! YOU TELL HIM!

DAGWOOD: WHO -- ME?

DITHERS: YES! YOU!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?

DICK: NEVER MIND WHAT HE WANTS. JUST ANSWER MY QUESTIONS.  
NOW WHO IS THIS GUY, JITTERS?

DITHERS: DITHERS!

DAGWOOD: THE HEAD-MAN OF OUR WHOLE OUTFIT.

DICK: "THE BRAINS" EH? THE REST OF YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT HE SAYS?

DAGWOOD: I'LL SAY WE DO. HE'S A TOUGH GUY!

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! KEEP OUT OF THIS. LISTEN, I'M NO CROOK! IF --  
IF THAT WAS COUNTERFEIT MONEY -- IT -- IT COULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN MINE.

DICK: OH, NO?

DITHERS: NO!

BLONDIE: NO -- OF COURSE IT WASN'T, OFFICER. NOW WHY NOT LISTEN  
TO ME FOR A CHANGE.

DICK: OH, YEAH. WHEN DITHERS ALIAS "BARKING BOB" CAME IN YOU  
WERE GOING TO TALK. GO AHEAD.

BLONDIE: I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THE WHOLE THING NOW. WHERE THE BILL  
CAME FROM. HOW IT GOT WHERE WE FOUND IT. EVERYTHING.

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

BLONDIE: YEAH! BABY DUMPLING MARKED THE BOOK WITH ONE BILL,  
JUST BEFORE THAT HE'D BEEN PLAYING STORE, ISN'T THIS  
PART OF A WHOLE LOT OF FUNNY MONEY THAT'S MISSING,  
OFFICER?

DICK: THAT'S RIGHT.

BLONDIE: WOULD YOU LIKE TO FIND THE REST OF IT?

DICK: I SURE WOULD.

BLONDIE: THEN COME WITH ME!

DICK: WHERE?

BLONDIE: DOWN TO -- THE DUMP! COME ON!

DAGWOOD: THE DUMP?

DITHERS: THE DUMP?

DICK: THE DUMP?

BLONDIE: YES -- THE DUMP. HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO BE TOLD?

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

SOUND: MARCHING FEET

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THIS IS THE DUMP. NOW WHAT?

DICK: YEAH. WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR?

BLONDIE: FOR BABY DUMPLING. (CALLS) BABY DUMPLING!  
(DAISY BARKS...BABY SAYS "SSH!")

BLONDIE: HE PROBABLY HID WHEN HE SAW ME COMING. I TOLD HIM NOT TO  
COME HERE ANY MORE.

DITHERS: WHAT'S HE WANT TO COME HERE FOR, ANYWAY. MESSY PLACE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHY HE LIKES IT. HE FINDS THINGS HERE. OF  
COURSE THIS TIME IT'S A GOOD THING HE DID COME BACK.  
BECAUSE I THINK WE'LL FIND THINGS, TOO.

"BLONDIE" 21-A  
1/15/40 (REVISED)

DAGWOOD: WELL, THEN WE CAN'T PUNISH BABY IF WE FIND HIM.

BLONDIE: NO. (LOUD) I WON'T PUNISH BABY DUMPLING THIS TIME.

BABY: HELLO, MOMMIE. (QUIETLY...QUITE NEAR)

BLONDIE: WHY, BABY. (DAISY WHINES) AND DAISY! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING BEHIND THAT OLD BARREL?

BABY: FINDING THINGS, MOMMIE. I -- I NEEDED SOME MORE OF THAT PLAY MONEY FOR ALVIN'S STORE. HE'S GOT BUTTER UP TO TEN DOLLARS A POUND NOW.

BLONDIE: IS THIS WHERE YOU FOUND THE OTHER PLAY MONEY, DEAR?

BABY: UHUH. STICKING OUT FROM UNDER THIS ASH BARREL. I THOUGHT THERE WAS MORE IN HERE, BUT THE BARREL'S TOO HEAVY TO PUSH OVER.

BLONDIE: HELP HIM, DAGWOOD. PUSH OVER THE BARREL.

DICK: HEY! YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

DAGWOOD: THINK LATER. HELP ME PUSH. (GRUNTS)

DITHERS: YES. WHEN BLONDIE HAS A HUNCH LIKE THIS...

DAGWOOD: YOU, TOO...DITHERS! PUSH! (GRUNTS) (A CRASH AS BARREL GOES OVER)

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD. TAKE A STICK AND POKE AROUND IN WHAT CAME OUT OF THE BARREL.

BABY: LOOK, MOMMIE. HERE'S SOME MORE PLAY MONEY!

DAGWOOD: I SEE IT! LOOK...A BIG PACKAGE. WRAPPED IN OLD NEWSPAPER.

DITHERS: LOOK! MONEY! THE BUNDLE IS FULL OF IT!

DICK: OKAY. LET ME HAVE A LOOK. YEP. JUST LIKE THE OTHERS. MUST BE TWENTY THOUSAND BUCKS IN THIS LOT.

DITHERS: (GROANS) AND ALL PHONEY!

DICK: BOY, WILL THE CHIEF BE GLAD TO SEE THIS. LADY, MY HAT IS OFF TO YOU!

BLONDIE: NEXT TIME, TAKE IT OFF WHEN YOU FIRST COME IN THE HOUSE.

DICK: WELL, I'LL JUST TAKE THIS BACK TO THE STATION.

BABY: HEY. THAT'S MINE. I FOUND IT.

BLONDIE: WAIT, BABY. BEFORE YOU TAKE THAT AWAY, OFFICER. LOOK AT THE DATE OF THE NEWSPAPER IT'S WRAPPED IN.

DICK: SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. HAS THAT BEEN LYING AROUND A DUMP ALL THAT TIME?

BLONDIE: YES. DON'T YOU REMEMBER READING IN THE PAPER ABOUT THE GANG THEY CAUGHT LAST SEPTEMBER, DAGWOOD? ALL BUT ONE MAN...AND ONE BUNDLE OF MONEY. THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR IT EVER SINCE!

DICK: (RESPECTFULLY) YOU GOT A THEORY, MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE. BUT YOU MUST HAVE GUESSED.

DICK: OH, SURE. SURE -- BUT YOU TELL IT.



BLONDIE: WELL. THE MAN WHO GOT AWAY HAD THIS PACKAGE OF THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY. LOOK! HERE'S AN ARTICLE RIGHT ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THIS SAME PAPER THAT GIVES A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE MISSING BILLS. IT'S A WARNING TO WATCH FOR BILLS -- WITH THIS SERIAL NUMBER. WHEN THE CROOK READ THAT -- HE KNEW HE COULDN'T SPEND THE MONEY. HE WAS AFRAID TO BE CAUGHT WITH IT, SO HE USED THE NEWSPAPER TO WRAP IT UP -- AND THREW IT IN AN ASH BARREL. THE BARRIL CAME HERE. BABY FOUND IT -- BROUGHT SOME HOME...AND...BABY! BABY! COME OUT OF THAT!

BABY: WHY, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YOU'VE GOT TO COME HOME WITH MOMMIE NOW. GET ALL CLEANED UP NICELY.

BABY: AW, WHY?

BLONDIE: MOMMIE IS TAKING YOU DOWN TO THE FEDERAL BUILDING. FIRST WE'LL GET OPHELIA OUT OF TROUBLE...AND THEN WE'LL CLAIM THE REWARD THAT'S OFFERED FOR THIS MONEY!

DAGWOOD: REWARD?

DITHERS: REWARD?

BLONDIE: CERTAINLY. THAT WAS PRINTED IN THE PAPER TOO. FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. ALL FOR BABY DUMPLING.

DAGWOOD: GOSH, BABY, WHAT'LL YOU DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?

BABY: WELL -- I THINK I'LL BUY THIS DUMP...AND SEE WHAT ELSE I CAN FIND IN IT.

BLONDIE AND  
DAGWOOD: OH BABY! (LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: (IN AND UP THEN SEGUE TO THEME)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THE SLIGHTLY WACKY GOINGS-ON, YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN NEXT WEEK, WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE, AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. ON SATURDAY NIGHTS, CAMELS HAVE STILL ANOTHER SHOW THAT YOU'LL LIKE. OVER A DIFFERENT NETWORK, AT TEN P.M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME, WE BRING YOU BOB CROSBY, AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND, WITH MILDRED BAILEY! THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE, AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE, TRY CAMELS...YOU'LL FIND MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: JOIN "THE MARCH OF DIMES"...HELP SCIENCE TRACK DOWN THE DEADLY GERM OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS, BY SENDING ONE OR MORE DIMES, TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZ, WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS... THIS IS BILL GOODWIN, SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES...GOOD NIGHT. THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.