

"BLONDIE"

3/19/40

MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.

7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

M. M. M.

CAST:

*See, Name missed the check, Man-
Blondie with time for
Blondie*

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.

IT'S A RECOGNIZED FACT IN THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY THAT CAMEL CIGARETTES ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. THESE COSTLIER TOBACCOS COME TO YOU IN A MATCHLESS BLEND THAT HAS NEVER BEEN DUPLICATED BY ANY OTHER CIGARETTE... THEY COME TO YOU IN A GRAND CIGARETTE, A CIGARETTE THAT IS DEFINITELY SLOWER BURNING. THAT UNIQUE COMBINATION MEANS EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR -- YES, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. RECENT TESTS OF SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS SHOW THIS SMOKING PLUS IN CAMELS AMOUNTS TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE'S PER PACK ON THE AVERAGE. NOW THAT'S NICE ECONOMY FOR ANY SMOKER, ISN'T IT? SUPPOSE YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT. ALL RIGHT, 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... AND THE EXTRA PLEASURE, TOO. IS IT ANY WONDER MORE SMOKERS SAY:

MAN'S VOICE: MAKE MINE CAMELS!

GOODWIN: IS IT ANY WONDER MORE SMOKERS SAY:

MAN'S VOICE: PENNY FOR PENNY, SLOW-BURNING CAMELS ARE THE BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

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"BLONDIE" -2-
3/11/40 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: AND NOW OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTADS. IT'S MORNING -- AND BLONDIE IS IN THE KITCHEN FIXING DAGWOOD A LIGHT BREAKFAST OF PANCAKES AND SAUSAGE WITH EGGS AND POTATOES ON THE SIDE. BABY DUMPLING ENTERS...IN THE SELF-CHOSEN CHARACTER OF A PONY EXPRESS RIDER...
(BABY'S FEET...GALLOPING)

BABY: (COMING IN) WHOA! WHOOOOOA RALPH! (FEET OUT) HELLO, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: HELLO, BABY DUMPLING. IS RALPH YOUR HORSE, BABY?

BABY: UHUH. I'M A PONY EXPRESS...I HAVE TO RIDE ALL OVER -- CARRYING LETTERS TO PEOPLE AND STUFF.

BLONDIE: I SEE THE PONY EXPRESS BRINGS IN THE MORNING PAPER NOW, TOO.

BABY: UHUH. HERE'S YOUR PAPER, LADY.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU. NO LETTERS THIS MORNING?

BABY: WELL, THEY WERE ALL BILLS SO I LEFT THEM IN THE HALL.

BLONDIE: HOW DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE BILLS, BABY?

BABY: OH THEY ALL HAD LITTLE WINDOWS IN THE FRONT TO READ THROUGH, MR. CRUM TOLD ME THEY WERE BILLS.

BLONDIE: WELL -- THE MAILMAN OUGHT TO KNOW. LISTEN, BABY, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR THE PONY EXPRESS. TAKE A MESSAGE TO MR. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...OUR BEDROOM...SECOND FLOOR...
DEAR MR. BUMSTEAD. BREAKFAST IS READY, YOURS TRULY,
BLONDIE.

"BLONDIE" -3-
3/11/40 (REVISED)

BABY: OKAY. HEY, RALPH. SNAP OUT OF IT.. (WHINNY) GIDDAP,
RALPH! (FEET)

BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE.

BABY: WHOA, RALPH! (FEET OUT)

BLONDIE: TAKE THIS NEWSPAPER AND PUT IT ON THE TABLE IN THE HALL.

BABY: OKAY. GIDDAP, RALPH. (FEET)

BLONDIE: WHOA, RALPH! (FEET OUT) HERE COMES DADDY NOW...

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) (YAWNS)

BABY: I THINK HE'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP AGAIN, MOMMIE. LOOKIT
HIS EYES.

BLONDIE: HE'S STILL PRETTY TIRED I GUESS. UP ALL NIGHT MAKING OUT HIS INCOME TAX. (CALLS) COME ON DAGWOOD...I'VE GOT A NICE BREAKFAST FOR YOU...

DAGWOOD: (NEARER) (YAWNING THE WORDS) OKAY...HONEY.

BLONDIE: GO PUT THAT PAPER OUT OF HIS SIGHT, BABY.

BABY: GIDDAP, RALPH! (FEET...GOING AWAY) (VOICE GOING) LOOK OUT DADDY...THE PONY EXPRESS!

DAGWOOD: (A LITTLE OFF) HEY...WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT PAPER?

BLONDIE: NOW DAGWOOD...NEVER MIND THE PAPER. COME EAT YOUR BREAKFAST. LOOK.. SAUSAGE AND PANCAKES AND POTATOES AND EGGS...

DAGWOOD: NO BACON?

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD! YOU ATE ALL THE BACON SOMETIME LAST NIGHT.

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH. I ATE IT BETWEEN BAD DEBTS AND OTHER DEDUCTIONS AUTHORIZED BY LAW.

BLONDIE: BETWEEN WHAT, DEAR? OH! ARE THEY THINGS ON THE INCOME TAX?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. THEY COME RIGHT AFTER FIRE, STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS. DOES THE GOVERNMENT CHARGE PEOPLE FOR HAVING FIRES OR SHIPWRECKS?

DAGWOOD: NO HONEY. YOU CAN CHARGE THEM. I TOOK OFF FOR THE TIME I WAS PRESSING MY PANTS AND LEFT THE HOT IRON ON THEM. BUT IT DIDN'T HELP MUCH.

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH DID YOU FINALLY OWE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL IT WAS...ER...I THINK IT CAME TO...FIFTEEN DOLLARS... NO...NO...THAT WAS BAD DEBTS. THE FIFTEEN I LOANED FUDDLE THAT TIME.

BLONDIE: WELL IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER -- NEVER MIND. DRINK YOUR COFFEE.

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY OF THE FIGURES NOW. TOO MANY OF 'EM.
HEY! WHERE'S MY MORNING PAPER? ~~I ALWAYS LIKE TO READ THAT~~
~~WITH MY COFFEE.~~

~~BLONDIE:~~ NOT THIS MORNING DAGWOOD. YOU OUGHT TO REST YOUR EYES
ANYWAY.

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL,~~ I WANT TO SEE IF THEY CAUGHT THAT FELLER.

BLONDIE: WHO DEAR?

DAGWOOD: THE ONE IN LAST NIGHT'S PAPER. HE GOT AWAY FROM A ~~LOONEY~~
~~HOUSE.~~

BLONDIE: OH, WAS THAT WHERE HE ESCAPED FROM? I JUST SAW THE
HEADLINES.

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH~~ THE PAPER CALLED ~~IT~~ A RE-ORIENTATION RANCH. ~~BUT~~
~~THAT WAS BECAUSE IT'S AN EXPENSIVE PLACE.~~ IT WAS A PRIVATE
HOSPITAL FOR PEOPLE WITH LOOSE WHEELS. (BABY'S FEET
APPROACH AT GALLOP)

BABY: (COMING IN) WHO AAA, RALPH. HO NOW! (FEET OUT) HEY!
ANY MAIL FOR THE PONY EXPRESS?

BLONDIE: OH, DO YOU COLLECT MAIL, TOO, MR. EXPRESS?

BABY: SURE. GOT ANY TO COLLECT?

BLONDIE: YES. YOU GO INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND PICK UP ALL THOSE
OLD ENVELOPES THAT DADDY SCATTERED AROUND ON THE FLOOR
WHEN HE WAS FIGURING HIS TAX LAST NIGHT.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE. ~~WHERE'LL I DELIVER THEM TO?~~

BLONDIE: WELL -- WILL YOU WANT THEM ANY MORE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: NOPE. I NEVER WANT TO SEE 'EM AGAIN.

BABY: OKAY. I'LL TAKE 'EM AROUND ON MY ROUTE. (FEET GOING)
GIDDAP, RALPH. (FEET FADE)

BLONDIE: I NEVER SAW SO MANY OLD ENVELOPES IN MY LIFE. WHY DIDN'T YOU USE PAPER TO DO YOUR FIGURING ON, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- YOU CAN GET TOO MANY FIGURES AT ONCE ON A PIECE OF PAPER. TOO MANY FIGURES AT ONCE MAKE ME NERVOUS AND I GET 'EM WRONG. BUT YOU GIVE ME THE BACK OF AN OLD ENVELOPE AND I'M OKAY.

BLONDIE: I THINK IT WAS VERY SMART OF YOU TO FIGURE OUT YOUR INCOME TAX ALL ALONE. LOTS OF PEOPLE CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT WASN'T SO EASY -- EVEN FOR ME. ONE TIME I ALMOST GAVE UP. ABOUT THREE THIS MORNING I HAD TO GO OUT AND WALK AROUND THE BLOCK TO COOL OFF. I ALMOST GOT ARRESTED.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHY?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I MUST HAVE BEEN RUNNING OVER SOME OF THE FIGURES OUT LOUD. A COP CAME UP AND ASKED ME IF I WAS THE FOX.

BLONDIE: WHO?

DAGWOOD: THE FOX. THE ~~LOGNEY~~ I TOLD YOU ABOUT. THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY LAST NIGHT.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! WHAT HAPPENED?

DAGWOOD: OH, I TOLD HIM I WASN'T CRAZY -- JUST DOING MY INCOME TAX. SO HE OFFERED TO COME IN AND HELP ME. SAID HE COULD SHOW ME A SHORT CUT ON DEPRECIATION, OBSOLESCENCE AND DEPLETION, SCHEDULE E. I SAID NO THANKS, AND WE HAD A NICE CHAT ABOUT RENTS, REPAIRS AND OTHER EXPENSES BEFORE I CAME BACK TO WORK.

BLONDIE: WELL! THE IDEA OF TAKING YOU FOR A LUNATIC NAMED THE FOX.

DAGWOOD: OH, IT'S KIND OF A COMPLIMENT -- IN A WAY.

BLONDIE: IN WHAT WAY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- THAT MAN FOX WAS A VERY IMPORTANT GUY BEFORE THEY HAD TO TAKE HIM TO THE RE-ORIENTATION RANCH.

BLONDIE: POOR MAN. TELL ME ABOUT HIM, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU'D KNOW HIS NAME IN A MINUTE -- IF I COULD THINK OF IT. HIS RIGHT NAME, I MEAN. ANYWAY -- EVERYONE CALLS HIM THE FOX OF FINANCE, BECAUSE HE ALWAYS GOT THE BEST OF THE WOLVES OF WALL STREET.

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT WALL STREET WAS FULL OF BULLS AND BEARS.

DAGWOOD: NO, WOLVES... I THINK THEY CALL HIM ANYWAY -- THE FOX WAS ALWAYS TOO SMART FOR THEM. HE WAS A FINANCIAL WIZARD -- MIXED UP IN BANKS AND RAILROADS AND STEAMSHIP LINES AND ALL THAT STUFF.

BLONDIE: OH. AND THEN I SUPPOSE HE LOST IT ALL AND THAT MADE HIM -- A LITTLE ODD.

DAGWOOD: HE'S MORE THAN A LITTLE. BUT IT WASN'T LOSING HIS MONEY -- BECAUSE HE NEVER LOST ANY. HE DID FINE -- KEPT HIS EYE ON ALL THESE DIFFERENT KINDS OF BUSINESSES AND ALL -- AND THEN ONE YEAR HE TACKLED ONE THING TOO MANY.

BLONDIE: OH. WHAT WAS IT?

DAGWOOD: HE TRIED TO MAKE OUT HIS OWN INCOME TAX.

BLONDIE: (SUSPICIOUSLY) ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: NO, HONEY. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED. THEY FOUND HIM HALFWAY THROUGH HIS INCOME REPORT AND THEY SUSPECTED RIGHT AWAY HE WAS NOT HIMSELF.

BLONDIE: WHY?

DAGWOOD: BECAUSE HE CLAIMED HE WAS A PENCIL SHARPENER AND NEEDED GRINDING.

BLONDIE: WHAT A SHAME. SO THEY SENT HIM TO THE -- RE-ORIENTATION RANCH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IT'S A BIG PRIVATE PLACE WHERE PEOPLE CAN PLAY THEY'RE NAPOLEON OR PENCIL SHARPENERS OR PLATES OF HAM AND EGGS...IF THEY WANT TO. ER -- SPEAKING OF HAM AND EGGS.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. YOU'VE JUST EATEN A BREAKFAST BIG ENOUGH FOR A FARM HAND IN HARVEST TIME. HOW DID THE FOX ESCAPE FROM THE RANCH?

DAGWOOD: OH, HE WAS FOXY AS USUAL. HE BEHAVED SO WELL THEY LET HIM WALK BY HIMSELF AND LAST NIGHT HE JUST KEPT WALKING. HE LEFT A NOTE SAYING HE HAD TO GO FINISH THAT INCOME REPORT.

BLONDIE: POOR MAN. IT'S BEEN ON HIS MIND ALL THIS TIME. WELL -- THANK GOODNESS YOU GOT THROUGH YOURS WITHOUT -- ANYTHING HAPPENING.

DAGWOOD: YEP. ALL THROUGH FOR ANOTHER YEAR. GOT IT RIGHT HERE IN MY POCKET -- READY TO MAIL. (SLAPS POCKET)

BLONDIE: LET'S SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: SURE...HERE IT...ER...OTHER POCKET I GUESS...ER...NO. NOW WHERE...(TAKE) HEY! IT'S GONE! TOOOOOOOH.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! AFTER ALL YOUR WORK. ARE YOU SURE IT'S GONE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I KNOW I HAD IT HERE IN MY POCKET -- I THINK! HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BLONDIE: (GOING) I'M GOING TO LOOK IN THE LIVING ROOM...MAYBE...

DAGWOOD: I'LL COME WITH YOU. (GOING) I DID PUT IT ON THE TABLE FIRST -- BUT THEN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SAFER IN MY POCKET! (COMING IN) BUT IT ISN'T IN MY POCKET SO IT'S GOT TO BE IN HERE...

"BLONDIE" -9-
3/11/40 (REVISED)

BLONDIE: WELL -- I DON'T SEE IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: BUT I'VE GOT TO MAIL IT TODAY. (TAKE) HEY! WHERE ARE
ALL THOSE ENVELOPES WITH FIGURES ON 'EM?

BLONDIE: YOU LET BABY DUMPLING HAVE THEM -- FOR HIS PONY EXPRESS.

DAGWOOD: OH, GOSH. I BET HE PICKED UP MY INCOME TAX WITH THE
OTHER STUFF. HEY! WHERE DID HE GO?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW...BUT I'LL GO FIND HIM. YOU STAY HERE IN
CASE HE COMES BACK WHILE I'M GONE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. BUT SUPPOSE HE DOESN'T HAVE IT WHEN HE GETS BACK?

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD -- I'M SORRY -- BUT IN THAT CASE I'M AFRAID
YOU'LL HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: T-OOOH. T-OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: EXCUSE ME, MRS. RIORDAN. HAVE YOU SEEN BABY DUMPLING THIS MORNING?

MRS. RIORDAN: I HAVE THEN. AND HIM AS LIVELY AS GILLIGAN'S GOAT.

BLONDIE: OH -- THANK YOU! WHICH WAY WAS HE GOING WHEN YOU SAW HIM?

MRS. RIORDAN: WELL -- FROM THE LOOK AV HIM HE WAS HEADED EAST -- BUT FROM THE TALK AV HIM HE WAS GOIN' OUT WEST -- TER BE AN EXPRESSMAN.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. HE'S PLAYING PONY EXPRESS -- AND HE'S CARRIED OFF HIS FATHER'S INCOME TAX RETURN. (GOING) I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO FIND BABY -- OR MY HUSBAND WILL HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN...

MUSIC: (BRIEF INTERLUDE)

GOODWIN: (FILTER) HELLO? BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE, OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR. MR. CASH SPEAKING.

DAGWOOD: OH, HELLO -- ER DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD SPEAKING. REMEMBER ME?

GOODWIN: NO. MR. BROWNBREAD.

DAGWOOD: BUMSTEAD. WELL -- LISTEN...I'VE BEEN SENDING IN MY INCOME TAX EVERY YEAR.

GOODWIN: I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. YOU FELLERS HAVE NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH ME -- ER -- BEFORE.

GOODWIN: OH -- ARE WE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- I HAD MY BLANK ALL MADE OUT -- BUT I -- ER -- SEEM TO HAVE LOST IT.

GOODWIN: OH, YOU DID? WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? TELL J. EDGAR HOOVER?

DAGWOOD: OH NO, DON'T BOTHER THE G-MEN. I WAS JUST WONDERING...

GOODWIN: YES? YOU'VE GOT ME WONDERING TOO.

DAGWOOD: SEE -- ALL THE OLD ENVELOPES ARE LOST TOO -- THE ONES I FIGURED IT OUT ON. BUT I REMEMBER WHAT IT CAME TO. COULD I JUST MAIL IN HOW MUCH I OWE YOU?

GOODWIN: I'M AFRAID NOT, MR. BEDSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: BUMSTEAD. WELL -- LISTEN -- WHAT DO I DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS?

GOODWIN: YOU MAKE SOME MORE NOTES...AND YOU FILL OUT ANOTHER BLANK. AND YOU MAIL IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE -- OR ELSE. GOODBYE, MR. NUMBHEAD. (HANG UP)

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- G'BYE. (HANGS UP) A FINE THING. "OR ELSE!" I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM A FEW THINGS! (PHONE UP AGAIN) LISTEN! IF THAT'S YOUR IDEA OF THE WAY TO TREAT A TAX PAYER I'VE A GOOD MIND NOT TO SEND IN MY TAX AT ALL. (KNOCKING ON DOOR -- HEAVY) T-OOOOH! G-MEN! (HANGS UP) (CALLS) LISTEN! I WAS ONLY KIDDING! (KNOCK AGAIN -- IMPLACABLE) WELL -- IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE (OPENS DOOR) I'LL GO QUIETLY.

NEMO: GO WHERE, FRIEND?

DAGWOOD: HOW DO I KNOW?

NEMO: AH! JUST DRIFTING WITH THE STREAM, EH? ~~WANT TO GO PLACES~~ ~~BUT DON'T KNOW HOW!~~ WELL, ~~YOU'RE IN LUCK~~, FRIEND. I'VE GOT A REMEDY FOR THAT! JUST FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS HANDSOME VOLUME I HOLD IN MY HAND!

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE. ARE YOU SELLING BOOKS?

NEMO: FRIEND -- I'M GIVING THEM AWAY! THE TABLE OF CONTENTS ALONE IS WORTH FAR MORE THAN THE PITTANCE ASKED FOR THE ENTIRE WORK.

DAGWOOD: (RELIEVED) I THOUGHT YOU WERE -- SOMEONE ELSE. COME RIGHT IN.

NEMO: HOW'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: COME ON -- COME ON! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU.

NEMO: WELL -- THANKS. NOW JUST NOTICE THE STRONG COVER IN WHICH THIS OPUS IS BOUND...

DAGWOOD: OKAY. I'LL TAKE IT.

NEMO: ...LITHOGRAPHED IN THREE BRILLIANT COLORS -- ER -- WHAT DID YOU SAY?

DAGWOOD: I SAID I'D BUY IT.

NEMO: OH. WELL NOW -- YOU NOTICE THE PRICE -- PLAINLY MARKED ON THE COVER. ONE DOLLAR. BUT AS A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

DAGWOOD: HERE'S THE DOLLAR.

NEMO: THIS IS VERY IRREGULAR FRIEND. DON'T YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT THIS BOOK?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU CAN TELL ME -- BUT I'LL BUY IT ANYWAY.

NEMO: YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT, FRIEND! WHY WITHIN THE COVERS OF THIS WORK OF WISDOM LIES THE SOLUTION TO ANY AND ALL PROBLEMS THAT LIFE MAY HOLD.

DAGWOOD: HAVE YOU READ IT?

NEMO: FROM COVER TO COVER. TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM. I'LL SHOW YOU THE ANSWER.

DAGWOOD: OKAY -- ~~MY PROBLEM IS~~ -- I LOST MY ~~ARTICLES~~ -- SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS. HOW DO I GET 'EM BACK?

NEMO: LOST ARTICLES. PAGE TEN.. HERE WE ARE---(READS) ---
"WRITE THE NAME OF THE LOST ARTICLE THREE TIMES ON THREE SLIPS OF PAPER. ONE PINK -- ONE WHITE -- ONE GREEN.

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

NEMO: "PLACE THE PAPERS UNDER YOUR PILLOW AND -- AFTER TAKING THREE SPOONFUL OF SALT AND THREE SIPS OF WATER -- GO TO SLEEP.!"

DAGWOOD: HEY! DO I HAVE TO GO BACK TO BED TO MAKE THIS WORK?

NEMO: NATURALLY, FRIEND. AS THE TITLE REVEALS -- THIS BOOK IS OLD WIZARD NEMO'S "DREAM BOOK."

DAGWOOD: I WON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT! I HAVE TO GET MY INCOME TAX ALL MADE OUT AND IN THE MAIL BEFORE TONIGHT.

NEMO: INCOME TAX, EH? THAT'S BAD.

DAGWOOD: YOU SAID IT.

NEMO: WHAT YOU WANT IS THE SEQUEL TO MY 'DREAM BOOK' -- NEMO'S "FRIEND IN NEED OR FAMILY FORTUNE TELLER." ITS ADVICE IS NEVER WRONG. NO WAITING, NO DELAY.

DAGWOOD: HOW MUCH?

NEMO: THE PRICE IS PLAINLY MARKED ON...

DAGWOOD: HERE'S ANOTHER DOLLAR...

NEMO: HERE'S THE OTHER BOOK. ~~NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS.~~
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT AN INCOME TAX?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- ~~SEE -- I LOST THE ONE I'D MADE OUT -- AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE FIGURES HANDY TO MAKE OUT A NEW ONE.~~

NEMO: SAY NO MORE. THINK OF A NUMBER.

DAGWOOD: EH?

NEMO: I'M SHOWING YOU HOW TO OBTAIN THE OLD GYPSY'S ADVICE. THINK OF ANY NUMBER.

DAGWOOD: OKAY -- I HAVE.

NEMO: DOUBLE IT AND ADD YOUR AGE.

DAGWOOD: ER -- WAIT NOW...UHUH! I'VE GOT IT.

NEMO: SUBTRACT THE DATE AND WHAT DO YOU GET?

DAGWOOD: NINETEEN.

NEMO: SPLENDID! NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES....

DAGWOOD: MY EYES?

NEMO: THAT'S RIGHT -- CLOSE 'EM TIGHT -- AND COUNT TO NINETEEN.
THEN SAY "GYPSY, GYPSY, WHAT SHALL I DO?" YOU'LL FIND
THE ANSWER ON PAGE NINE -- PARAGRAPH TEN.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OKAY. ER -- ONE -- TWO -- THREE...

NEMO: YOU'RE PEEKING...

DAGWOOD: NO, NO I CAN'T SEE A THING HONEST! (HE BEGINS TO COUNT
AGAIN SLOWLY AT FIRST AND GETTING FASTER AND FASTER 'TIL
HE REACHES NINETEEN) ALL RIGHT TO OPEN MY EYES NOW?
(PAUSE) HEY! WHERE ARE YOU? GOSH, HE'S GONE! OH, WELL
-- "GYPSY, GYPSY, WHAT SHALL I DO?" -- PAGE NINE --
PARAGRAPH TEN, EH? (LEAVES TURN RAPIDLY) HERE IT IS --
LET'S SEE...(READS) "YOU ARE A BRIGHT LIKABLE FELLOW
BUT UNLESS YOU STOP FOOLING AROUND AND GET DOWN TO WORK
RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE."

TO-OOOOH! T-OOOOOOOOOOOOH!

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: (CALLING) FILIGREE! FILIGREE JONES! HAVE YOU SEEN
ANYTHING OF BABY DUMPLING THIS MORNING?

JONES: YASSUM, MRS. BUMSTEAD -- SHO DID. WHO DAT MAN HE WAS
WID?

BLONDIE: OH -- WAS THERE A MAN WITH HIM?

JONES: YASSUM, LIL' MAN COME UP TER DER BOY AN' GIVE HIM SOME
CANDY, THEN DEY WALKS OFF TERGEDDER!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR, I'VE TOLD HIM NEVER TO SPEAK TO STRANGERS.

JONES: YASSUM. LOTS ER NO GOOD FOLKS BREAKIN' OFF DER
RESERVATION HEAH LATELY. DON'T PAY TER LET NO LIL' BOY
TAKE UP WID TRASH LIKE DAT.

BLONDIE: OH, WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP THEM?

JONES: WELL --- SEEMS LIKE AH WUZ SITTIN' DOWN AT DER TIME...
EFTEN AHD BEEN STANDIN' UP AH EXPECS AHD GONE OVEH AND...

BLONDIE: WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

JONES: DEY JES WENT WALKIN' OFF,...TO-WARD DE PAHK...

BLONDIE: I'LL FIND THEM! I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM! (GOING) I NEVER
SHOULD HAVE LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT! OH, BABY! BABY
DUMPLING...IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU....

MUSIC: (IN THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 15-A
3/11/40

GOODWIN: YOU BASEBALL FANS WON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER TO WAIT NOW.
THE BOYS OF THE BIG LEAGUES ARE LIMBERING UP THEIR
THROWING ARMS AND SHARPENING UP THEIR BATTING EYES.
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE HEAR THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF.

MAN'S VOICE: PLAY BALL!

SOUND: EXAGGERATED CRACK OF BAT AND CROWD ROAR

GOODWIN: YES, BASEBALL IS AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPORT. THE
INTERESTING THING TO ME IS THAT SO MANY OF THE STARS
PREFER AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE....CAMELS. THERE'S
JOE DIMAGGIO, JOHNNY MIZE, BUCKY WALTERS, TO MENTION JUST
A FEW. THEY PLAY MIGHTY FAST BALL, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO
CIGARETTES, THEY'RE WAY OVER ON THE SLOW SIDE...THEY SMOKE
SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. JOHNNY MIZE SAYS:

MAN'S VOICE: NO FAST BURNING FOR ME IN MY CIGARETTES. I SMOKE CAMELS.
THEY BURN SLOWER, AND GIVE ME WHAT I WANT -- EXTRA
MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FINE FLAVOR. AND
CAMELS LAST LONGER, TOO...GIVE ME MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

GOODWIN: SMOKERS, BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND YOU'RE GETTING
ALL YOU CAN EXPECT FROM A CIGARETTE, TRY SLOW-BURNING
CAMELS. ENJOY THE EXTRAS IN MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND
FLAVOR THAT ONLY SLOW-BURNING CAMELS CAN GIVE YOU. AND
ENJOY EXTRA SMOKING, TOO.

GOODWIN: AND NOW...WHILE BLONDIE STILL SEARCHES FRANTICALLY FOR
BABY DUMPLING...WE RETURN TO DAGWOOD AT HOME. HE IS
PREPARING TO START OVER ON THAT INCOME TAX...AND TO PREVENT
INTERRUPTION...HE'S JUST HUNG A SIGN ON THE FRONT DOOR...

DAGWOOD: (READS) "DO NOT DISTURB...MAN AT WORK." "P.S. DO NOT RING
BELL OR KNOCK BECAUSE I WON'T ANSWER." THERE. THAT'LL
GIVE ME A LITTLE PEACE MAYBE. (SHUTS DOOR) NOW LET'S SEE
...(PHONE RINGS) T-OOH! I FORGOT ABOUT THE PHONE.
(PHONE AGAIN) I WON'T ANSWER. (PHONE AGAIN FAST AND
OFTEN) (PHONE UP) HELLO?

GIRL: GOOD AFTERNOON. WHAT RADIO PROGRAM ARE YOU LISTENING TO?

DAGWOOD: NO. GO AWAY.

GIRL: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

DAGWOOD: WHAT WAS IT? I'M BUSY!

GIRL: THIS IS THE CROSSHOPPER CONSUMERS QUERY.

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL...THANKS JUST THE SAME BUT I'M...

GIRL: ARE YOU HAPPILY MARRIED?

DAGWOOD: SURE. BUT LISTEN...

GIRL: HOW LONG MARRIED...AND STATE WHY...IF YOU DON'T MIND.

DAGWOOD: LOOK. I'M TRYING TO DO MY INCOME TAX AND...

GIRL: WHAT IS YOUR INCOME TAX THIS YEAR?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT.

GIRL: DO YOU REMEMBER OFF HAND WHO SPONSORS AUNT FANNY'S FISH-FRY
HOUR?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT'S...I THINK IT'S...

GIRL: YOU MAY HAVE THREE GUESSES.

DAGWOOD: IS IT BILL GOODWIN?

GIRL: NO. I NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

DAGWOOD: OH WELL, YOU ~~WOUND TO HIM~~ HIM. MY WIFE LIKES HIM.

GIRL: WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAM?

DAGWOOD: WELL...I LIKE ~~THE TELLER THAT GIVES OUT WHAT THE WEATHER~~
~~IS GOING TO BE...~~ AND THE POLICE CALLS ARE NICE. ALL IN
CODE, YOU KNOW. (IMITATES) "ATTENTION ALL CARS. GO TO
YOU-KNOW-WHERE AND FIND OUT STUFF. IT MAY BE A SIX AND
SEVEN EIGHTHS...B. THAT IS ALL." HEY? DO YOU KNOW WHAT
THOSE NUMBERS MEAN?

GIRL: NO...AND I HAVEN'T TIME TO CHAT NOW. I'M VERY BUSY.

DAGWOOD: OH...WELL, EXCUSE ME!

GIRL: YOU'D BETTER TRADE YOUR RADIO IN ON A PROWL CAR. G'BYE.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: THANKS, I'LL THINK IT OVER...(TAKE) HOW'S THAT? TOO OH.

(HANGS UP) NOW WHERE WAS I? OH -- INCOME TAX. WELL,
LET'S SEE..."COMPUTATION OF SURTAX...SUBTRACT SIX AND
SEVEN EIGHTHS FROM AUNT FANNY'S FISH-FRY (TAKE) NO. OOOOH...

(MUSIC IN AND UP TO COVER)

BLONDIE: I -- I BEG YOUR PARDON...

MAN: YES? YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE A SEAT ON THIS BENCH? CERTAINLY.

BLONDIE: OH NO THANKS...I JUST WANTED TO ASK.

MAN: YOU'RE WORRIED, AREN'T YOU? YES ~~YES I CAN TELL. TERRIBLE~~
~~THING, WORRY...~~ ^{WELL} BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BENCH IN
THE PARK FOR WORRY. SIT DOWN. SIT DOWN, MADAM.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T TIME...

MAN: TUT TUT TUT. TIME! THAT WAS MY WORRY, TOO. ~~NO TIME.~~
SO MANY THINGS TO DO. NO TIME TO DO THEM. YES. BUT I
GAVE IT ALL UP.

BLONDIE: YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I -- I'VE LOST MY LITTLE BOY.

MAN: OH! PITY! ~~Y~~PITY. WONDERFUL THINGS, BOYS. I WAS A BOY ONCE, YOU KNOW.

BLONDIE: YES -- I'M SURE YOU WERE ~~+~~ BUT...

MAN: ALWAYS WANTED A BOY OF MY OWN. ALWAYS PLANNED TO MARRY AND ALL THAT. KEPT THINKING THAT SOME DAY..(SIGHS) BUT I WAS MONEY MAD! COULDN'T LET GO! COULDN'T STOP TO -- TO LIVE!

BLONDIE: I'M SO SORRY. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY BOY THEN?

MAN: WELL...LET'S SEE. HE WAS A LITTLE CHAP WITH LIGHT HAIR -- BLUE EYES...

BLONDIE: WHY YES. AND HE WAS DRESSED...

MAN: LIKE THAT LITTLE FELLOW BEHIND YOU?

BABY: HELLO, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: BABY! OH MY DARLING! MCOMMIE'S BEEN SO WORRIED.

BABY: OH, I WAS OKAY, MOMMIE. THAT MAN WAS TAKING CARE OF ME.

BLONDIE: OH THANK YOU SO MUCH. I HEARD HE'D BEEN SEEN WITH SOME MAN...BUT...

BABY: HE'S LOTS OF FUN, MOMMIE. HE KNOWS GAMES TO PLAY.

MAN: YES...YES, I -- I LIKE GAMES YOU SEE...NEVER HAD TIME TO PLAY 'EM MYSELF.

BLONDIE: WELL, BABY WOULD KEEP YOU BUSY PLAYING...IF YOU HAD THE TIME.

MAN: OH YES. YES. LOTS OF TIME NOW...TIME FOR IMPORTANT THINGS ...LIKE BOYS AND GAMES.

BLONDIE: WON'T YOU COME SEE US SOMETIME? MY HUSBAND WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU, TOO, FOR BEING SO NICE TO BABY.

MAN: ANY TIME. COME ANY TIME. (EAGER) NOW?

BLONDIE: WHY YES...WHY NOT? COME HOME WITH US NOW.

(MUSIC BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: THIS IS OUR HOUSE.

BABY: THAT'S OUR FRONT DOOR.

MAN: ~~DEAR ME~~. DEAR ME. THAT SIGN ON THE DOOR...

BLONDIE: (READING) "DO NOT DISTURB...MAN AT WORK." OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE CAN GO IN. IT JUST MEANS MY HUSBAND.

MAN: BUSY, EH? TOO BAD. WARN HIM TO RELAX.

BLONDIE: OH HE USUALLY RELAXES EASILY ENOUGH. BUT TODAY HE'S MAKING OUT HIS INCOME TAX.

MAN: OH -- PERHAPS I COULD HELP HIM. I'M VERY GOOD AT FIGURES. ~~ALWAYS HAD THE KNACK. ALWAYS MADE OUT MY OWN INCOME TAX.~~

BLONDIE: IF YOU COULD HELP HIM HE'D BE EXTRA PLEASED TO SEE YOU.

DAGWOOD: (OPENING DOOR) GO AWAY! I'M BUSY!

MAN: DEAR ME!

DAGWOOD: OH, EXCUSE ME. IT'S YOU, BLONDIE...AND BABY. LISTEN, BABY DUMPLING -- WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY INCOME TAX?

BABY: WHAT'S THAT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: IT WAS A BIG PAPER ALL FOLDED UP...AND ALL OVER PRINTING... AND IT WAS IN A LONG ENVELOPE.

BABY: I DIDN'T TAKE IT, DADDY. I JUST TOOK THE OLD ENVELOPES. HONEST.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOCH. I CAN'T MAKE THE NEW ONE COME OUT RIGHT AT ALL.

BLONDIE: WELL, THIS GENTLEMAN SAYS HE CAN HELP YOU.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. HE CAN? COME IN -- COME RIGHT IN.

BLONDIE: IT'S ABOUT TIME. BABY, GO WASH YOUR HANDS. I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE AND THINGS. (GOING) BE BACK SOON...

MAN: NOW THEN! JUST SHOW ME YOUR TAX RETURN BLANK. MY MY -- THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES.

DAGWOOD: HERE IT IS, BUT...

MAN: NOW DON'T THINK ANY MORE ABOUT IT. YOU GO HELP YOUR LITTLE WIFE. I'LL HAVE THIS READY IN NO TIME. YES.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF YOU CAN -- YOU'RE A WIZARD.

MAN: THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME...HEH. HEH.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE...(GOING) BLONDIE...HEY, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) OUT HERE, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) HEY, LISTEN...(WHISPERS) WHERE DID YOU MEET THAT FELLER? WHO IS HE?

BLONDIE: OH ISN'T THAT FUNNY? I NEVER ASKED HIS NAME. BUT HE WAS SO GOOD TO BABY. BABY WAS LOST, YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: HE WAS! WELL, IT'S A GOOD THING HE MET A NICE OLD GUY LIKE THAT ONE. (KNOCK ON DOOR) NOW WHO'S THAT AT THE BACK DOOR?

BLONDIE: I'LL FIND OUT...(DOOR OPENS) YES?

DOCTOR: (SOTTO) YOU WILL EXCUSE ME...SPEAK VERY QUIETLY, PLEASE. I AM DOCTOR AUERBACH.

BLONDIE: DOCTOR AUERBACH...~~THE...THE...~~

DAGWOOD: THE ~~LOONEY~~ ^{looney} DOCTOR?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I MEAN...ARE YOU THE FAMOUS DOCTOR AUERBACH?

DOCTOR: I AM NOT UNKNOWN IN THE FIELD OF PHYSCHIATRY ~~AND THE~~
~~PHYSICIANS.~~

BLONDIE: WELL...WHY COME TO OUR BACK DOOR, DOCTOR?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. NOBODY'S QUEER IN THE HEAD AT OUR HOUSE.

DOCTOR: I AM AFRAID, SIR, THAT YOU ARE MISTAKEN.

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: WHAT?

MAN: NOW DON'T THINK ANY MORE ABOUT IT. YOU GO HELP YOUR LITTLE WIFE. I'LL HAVE THIS READY IN NO TIME. YES.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF YOU CAN -- YOU'RE A WIZARD.

MAN: THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME...HEH. HEH.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE,...(GOING) BLONDIE...HEY, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) OUT HERE, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) HEY, LISTEN...(WHISPERS) WHERE DID YOU MEET THAT FELLER? WHO IS HE?

BLONDIE: OH ISN'T THAT FUNNY? I NEVER ASKED HIS NAME. BUT HE WAS SO GOOD TO BABY. BABY WAS LOST, YOU KNOW.

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BLONDIE: DOCTOR AUERBACH...THE...THE...

DAGWOOD: THE LOONEY DOCTOR?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I MEAN...ARE YOU THE FAMOUS DOCTOR AUERBACH?

DOCTOR: I AM NOT UNKNOWN IN THE FIELD OF PHYSCHIATRY AND THE NEUROSES.

BLONDIE: WELL...WHY COME TO OUR BACK DOOR, DOCTOR?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. NOBODY'S QUEER IN THE HEAD AT OUR HOUSE.

DOCTOR: I AM AFRAID, SIR, THAT YOU ARE MISTAKEN.

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DOCTOR: DO YOU KNOW THE MAN WHO IS NOW IN YOUR -- ER -- LIVING ROOM?

BLONDIE: WELL --- NOT VEFY WELL.

DOCTOR: THEN I DO! I MUST WARN YOU THAT HE IS QUITE MAD --
POOR FELLOW.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH.

DOCTOR: SSSH. WE MUST HANDLE HIM WITH TACT. YOU SEE, HE IS A VERY
WEALTHY AND IMPORTANT MAN --- EVEN THOUGH...

BLONDIE: WAIT! HE -- HE'S NOT -- THE FOX?

DOCTOR: EXACTLY. WE'VE BEEN TRACING HIM ALL DAY. IT WAS JUST BY
LUCK THAT HE WAS SEEN ENTERING HERE...

BLONDIE: OH -- HE SEEMS SO GENTLE. WHAT A SHAME.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN --- I DON'T THINK HE'S ANY SCREWIER THAN I AM...(TAKE)
I MEAN THAN ANYBODY IS...

DOCTOR: LET'S GO IN THE NEXT ROOM AND I'LL SHOW YOU. AFTER YOU,
MADAM...(DOOR OPENS) (FADING) WELL, WELL, HARRY. SO HERE
YOU ARE, EH?

MAN: (FADING IN) YES, YES...DON'T BOTHER ME JUST NOW -- BUSY
YOU KNOW.

DOCTOR: (_____) I'M SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, HARRY. BUT
WE'VE BEEN A LITTLE WORRIED AT THE -- ER -- RANCH.

MAN: TOOK A WALK, THAT'S ALL. SICK OF THE RANCH. NO PIGEONS.

BLONDIE: PIGEONS?

DAGWOOD: HE MEANS BATS.

DOCTOR: SSSSH. PLEASE! WE COULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU PIGEONS, HARRY.

MAN: I WANTED TO SEE THE PIGEONS IN THE PARK. NOW GO AWAY.
I'M DOING AN INCOME TAX.

DAGWOOD: SEE? HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. MAYBE YOU'RE WRONG, DOC.

DOCTOR: LOOK AT WHAT HE HAS DONE...AND SEE.

DAGWOOD: LET'S SEE, MY FRIEND.

MAN: ALMOST FINISHED. SEE -- HERE'S THE TAX AS I FIGURE IT.

DAGWOOD: FIFTY -- THOUSAND AND EIGHTY-NINE DOLLARS! HEY. I CAN'T
OWE THAT MUCH. I DIDN'T MAKE THAT MUCH!

DOCTOR: YOU SEE? NON COMPUS MENTIS.

BLONDIE: AND WHAT'S ALL THIS? DEDUCTION FOR SHIPWRECK. TWO TRAMP
STEAMERS -- AND ONE OCEAN LINER...

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T LOST ANY OCEAN LINERS.

DOCTOR: JUST A MOMENT. LET ME SEE THAT. HMM. YES.

DAGWOOD: NO!

DOCTOR: WHY, HARRY, THIS IS YOUR INCOME TAX YOU'RE DOING, ISN'T IT?

MAN: OF COURSE! I STARTED IT -- LONG AGO -- I -- I CAN'T
REMEMBER, BUT IT WAS TOO LONG AGO. NOW I WANT TO FINISH IT.

DOCTOR: GO AHEAD, HARRY. CHECK IT UP. I -- I THINK IT'S GOING TO
BE ALL RIGHT.

MAN: NATURALLY. I'M A WIZARD AT FIGURES, YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: BUT LISTEN...

DOCTOR: SSSSSH.

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) DON'T YOU SEE, DAGWOOD. IF HE CAN FINISH --
GET IT RIGHT -- IT -- IT MIGHT MEAN...

DOCTOR: (SOTTO) A RETURN TO NORMALCY. YES, YOU'VE HEARD OF
AMNESIA CASES,,.LOSS OF MEMORY CAUSED BY A BLOW ON THE
HEAD. SOMETIMES,..YEARS LATER...ANOTHER BLOW RESTORES
THE MEMORY,

BLONDIE: AND YOU THINK...SEEING THIS TAX BLANK TODAY...,

DOCTOR: MAY HAVE STARTED HIM ON THE ROAD BACK, HE MAY PICK UP
HIS LIFE WHERE HE LEFT IT. IT ALL DEPENDS...

DAGWOOD: ON WHAT?

DOCTOR: ON WHETHER HE CAN GET THAT TAX RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. I'D HATE TO HAVE ANYONE TELL IF I WAS ALL RIGHT
THAT WAY.

MAN: THERE! NOW, DOCTOR. YOU WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT THOSE
-- ER -- HEADACHES I'VE BEEN HAVING, TUTUTTUT!
NOTHING WRONG WITH ME,

DOCTOR: HARRY. I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE. ANSWER ME ONE
QUESTION.

MAN: WELL -- SPEAK UP.

DOCTOR: ARE YOU -- OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN -- A PENCIL SHARPENER?

MAN: EH? WHAT? YOU MEAN DO I OWN A PENCIL SHARPENER, DON'T YOU?
OF COURSE I DO. THOUSANDS I SUPPOSE. WHY?

DOCTOR: OH, NOTHING. IT -- IT'S ALL RIGHT.

MAN: I THINK YOU MUST BE OVERWORKED, DOCTOR. YOU TALK AS IF YOU
WERE NOT RIGHT IN THE HEAD! PENCIL SHARPENER! PAH!

BLONDIE: IS -- IS HE...

DOCTOR: YES. THIS TAX IS PERFECT. JUST AS THE ACCOUNTANTS
FIGURED IT TWO YEARS AGO! ~~THE DAYS OF MIRACLES AREN'T OVER.~~
HE'S SOUND AS A DOLLAR.

MAN: EH. DOLLAR? WHO SAYS THE DOLLAR ISN'T SOUND? DON'T SELL
THE DOLLAR SHORT -- NOW YOU TAKE FRANCS IF YOU LIKE. OR
POUNDS STERLING -- OR THE RUPPEE IN SINGAPORE...

DAGWOOD: EXCUSE ME. I SMELL THAT COFFEE, BLONDIE.

MAN: COFFEE? WHAT COFFEE? ER -- DOCTOR...WHO ARE THESE GOOD
PEOPLE? EH?

DOCTOR: OH, SOME FRIENDS OF MINE...AND VERY GOOD FRIENDS OF YOURS,
HARRY.

MAN: HOW DID I GET HERE?

DOCTOR: NEVER MIND THAT. YOU WERE -- VERY TIRED -- NEEDED TO GET
AWAY FROM YOUR OFFICES AND YOUR TELEPHONES. SO -- MR. AND
MRS...ER...

DAGWOOD: BUMSTEAD! B-U-M...

DOCTOR: BUMSTEAD. OF COURSE. THE BUMSTEADS KINDLY GAVE YOU A --
SHALL WE SAY -- SANCTUARY.

MAN: OH, I SEE. FORGIVE ME. YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND.

DAGWOOD: DON'T MENTION IT.

BLONDIE: IT WAS A PLEASURE.

MAN: YOU WON'T BE SORRY. I HAVE WAYS TO HELP MY FRIENDS...

DOCTOR: A GOOD MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU AGAIN,
HARRY. PERHAPS WE'VE TRESPASSED LONG ENOUGH ON THE -- ER --

MAN: BUMSTEADS! I NEVER FORGET A NAME! -- OR A KINDNESS.

DOCTOR: SHALL WE GO NOW?

MAN: YES...YES...SO MANY THINGS TO DO YOU KNOW. YOU'LL EXCUSE
US?

DAGWOOD: YOU BET.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE.

MAN: NEVER HAVE A MINUTE TO MYSELF. NEVER...

BABY: (COMING IN) HEY -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MAN: UPON MY SOUL! A LITTLE BOY. A FINE LITTLE BOY. WHAT'S
YOUR NAME, SON?

BABY: I'M STILL BABY DUMPLING. WHAT'S YOURS?

MAN: JUST CALL ME -- ER -- FOXY? EH?

BABY: OKAY, FOXY. HEY -- LET'S PLAY SOME MORE GAMES.

MAN: GAMES? YES. YES, BY GEORGE, I WILL! ALWAYS WANTED TO --
AND I'M GOING TO! DOCTOR...I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT
HOLIDAY YOU'VE BEEN PRESCRIBING.

DOCTOR: YOU COULDN'T DO A WISER THING.

MAN: I'VE MADE ENOUGH MONEY. NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE FUN. YOU
COME TO MY HOUSE, BABY DUMPLING...I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY
GAMES...COME TOMORROW. (GOING) COME EARLY. WE'LL HAVE ALL
DAY. BRING YOUR DADDY AND YOUR MOTHER! COME DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: GOODBYE...MRS...ER...MR...ER...

DAGWOOD: BUMSTEAD.

DOCTOR: YES. MUST MAKE A NOTE OF THAT. YOU'VE MADE A VERY FINE FRIEND, TODAY. (GOING) GOODBYE. WAIT FOR ME, HARRY. I'M NOT AS SPRY AS YOU ARE... (DOOR SHUTS)

BLONDIE: OHH, DAGWOOD. WASN'T THAT WONDERFUL. HE GOT HIS TAX RIGHT ...AND HE'S ALL RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...IT CERTAINLY...(TAKE) HEY! WHAT ABOUT MY TAX. HE DIDN'T DO THAT!

BLONDIE: WELL --- YOU'LL HAVE TO START OVER, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: NOW THAT I'VE MET THE FOX...I WANT TO READ ALL ABOUT HIM. WHERE'S THAT MORNING PAPER?

BABY: HERE IT IS, MOMMIE. RIGHT WHERE I PUT IT -- ON THE HALL TABLE.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU DEAR. WHY, DAGWOOD. WHAT'S THIS ON THE TABLE? UNDER THE NEWSPAPER!

DAGWOOD: HEY. THAT'S IT! THE TAX I MADE OUT LAST NIGHT!

BLONDIE: BABY MUST HAVE LAID THE PAPER DOWN ON IT...AND...

DAGWOOD: AND I'VE BEEN HUNTING ALL DAY!

BLONDIE: RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES!

DAGWOOD: OH BOY! I'M GOING TO MAIL THIS NOW!

BABY: I'LL TAKE IT, DADDY. ON THE PONY EXPRESS.

"BLONDIE" -27-
3/11/40

DAGWOOD: OH NO!

BLONDIE: NO THANKS, BABY

DAGWOOD: GOSH. WHEN I THINK WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH...

BLONDIE: I KNOW DEAR...BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW. AND WE HAVE A NEW
FRIEND...AND WE HAVE BABY BACK...AND EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

DADWOOD: YEAH. EVERYTHING'S SWELL. EVERYTHING'S GREAT. (SNIFFS)
TOOOOOOOH!

BLONDIE: WHAT NOW?

DAGWOOD: I SMELL THAT COFFEE BOILING OVER!

MUSIC: (IN SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" -28-
3/11/40

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT'S THE CURTAIN ON THE BUMSTEADS FOR THIS WEEK.
LISTEN AGAIN NEXT MONDAY WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL
CIGARETTES WILL AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS
BLONDIE AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD...
LET ME REMIND YOU TO LISTEN TO CAMEL'S TWO OTHER SHOWS
NEXT SATURDAY. YOU'LL FIND "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF"
WITH ILKA CHASE A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT,
AND THEN SATURDAY NIGHT THERE'S BOB CROSBY AND HIS
DIXIELAND BAND WITH MILDRED BAILEY AND THE "MUSIC WITH
THE HEART BEAT." CHECK YOUR DAILY RADIO COLUMN FOR THE
CORRECT TIME. THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE, --
AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE, REMEMBER CAMELS!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ASHMEAD SCOTT.
THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOOD NIGHT TO YOU FOR CAMELS.
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.