

MYSTERY

OK

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1940

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

GOODWIN: AH-AH-AH, DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL...THIS IS THE TIME WHEN
THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES BRING YOU --

DAGWOOD: (OFF MIKE) ~~MIKE~~, "BLONDIE!"

BLONDIE: SSSSSH! -- DAGWOOD!

GOODWIN: (LAUGHING) THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES, C-A-M-E-L
CIGARETTES BRING YOU 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.
THIS IS A BIT OF NEWS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD BEFORE -- BUT IF
YOU HAVEN'T APPLIED IT TO YOUR OWN INDIVIDUAL CASE, THEN,
BELIEVE ME, IT'S WORTH WHILE LISTENING TO AGAIN. IT'S THE
REPORT OF A GROUP OF RESEARCH SCIENTISTS WHO CONDUCTED A
SERIES OF TESTS ON THE BURNING SPEEDS OF VARIOUS CIGARETTES.
IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE BRANDS WERE COMPARED. IT WAS FOUND THAT CAMEL
CIGARETTES BURNED SLOWEST OF ALL -- TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT
SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE OTHER BRANDS TESTED. YES,
CAMELS...THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS...ARE DEFINITELY
SLOWER-BURNING. THAT MEANS YOU DON'T COME UP AGAINST THE
IRRITATING QUALITIES OF TOO-FAST BURNING. IT MEANS EXTRA
(CONTINUED)

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GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS. IT MEANS EXTRA SMOKING IN
CAMELS, TOO -- EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK. TRY CAMELS: FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF HOW
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE
PUFFS PER PACK. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE BUY!

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GOODWIN: AND NOW AS OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEDS BEGINS --
WE FIND THE WINDOWS OF THEIR LIVING ROOM OPEN TO THE
SOFT AIR OF AN EARLY SPRING EVENING. MAYBE IT'S THE
WEATHER OR PERHAPS IT'S THE HOUR THAT MAKES BABY DUMPLING
YAWN... (BABY YAWNS)

BLONDIE: GOODNESS -- BABY!

BABY: EXCUSE ME, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: MY! NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO... (YAWNS THE WORDS)
YAAAWN, TOO! OH!! EXCUSE ME!

DAGWOOD: HEY, LISTEN! IF YOU TWO ARE GOING TO SIT THERE AND...
(A YAWN CATCHES UP WITH HIS WORDS) EYAAAAAARH!

BLONDIE: (AFTER PAUSE) EXCUSE YOU, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: DON'T MENTION IT.

BLONDIE: MAYBE WE'D BETTER ALL GO TO BED.

BABY: AW NO, MOMMIE. YOU PROMISED TO READ MY NEW FAIRY TALE
BOOK.

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER'S FINISHED
WITH IT.

DAGWOOD: EH? ME? I HAVEN'T GOT IT. THESE ARE CATALOGS. SEED
CATALOGS, HONEY.

BLONDIE: WELL -- IF THEY'RE LIKE ~~LARGE~~ ^{the} SEED CATALOGS *we had*
THEY'RE FULL OF FAIRY TALES, TOO. *last year*

DAGWOOD: THE RADISHES CAME UP LAST YEAR.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. WE PLANTED TEN DOLLARS WORTH OF GARDEN TRUCK
SEEDS -- AND GOT FORTY CENTS WORTH OF RADISHES.

BABY: YOU OUGHT TO READ MY BOOK, MOMMIE. IT TELLS HOW TO
GROW BEANS. LOOKIT THE PICTURE.

BLONDIE: OH. YES, I SEE. WELL OF COURSE THOSE WERE MAGIC
BEANS, BABY.

BABY: WHERE COULD WE BUY SOME MAGIC BEANS, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: I WISH I KNEW. I'D BUY SOME FOR DADDY. THEN HE COULD HAVE A GARDEN WITHOUT WORKING SO HARD.

DAGWOOD: OH, I DON'T MIND WORKING IN THE GARDEN.

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST SPRING, DAGWOOD. BUT BY JUNE THE WEEDS WERE SO HIGH WE COULDN'T SEE DAISY'S DOG HOUSE FROM THE BACK WINDOWS.

BABY: YOU COULD SEE THE LIGHTNING ROD ON IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL THAT WAS BECAUSE I KIND OF SPECIALIZED LAST YEAR. THAT GRASS GREW UP WHILE I WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH MY IDEA FOR CROSSING CORN WITH BEANS. I BET YOU'D HAVE BEEN PRETTY PROUD IF I'D INVENTED A SUCCOTASH PLANT.

BLONDIE: WHAT WAS THAT THAT FINALLY CAME UP?

BABY: MR. FUDDLE CALLED IT BUMSTEAD'S BLUNDER.

BLONDIE: SSSSH, BABY.

DAGWOOD: NO TELLING WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. FUDDLE'S RABBIT GOT IT BEFORE IT WAS SIX INCHES HIGH. I ALWAYS THOUGHT MAYBE THAT WAS SABOTAGE.

BABY: CAN I HAVE A RABBIT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NO. READ YOUR BOOK, BABY.

BLONDIE: MAYBE THIS YEAR WE OUGHT TO TRY HAVING JUST FLOWERS.

DAGWOOD: OH, WE'LL HAVE FLOWERS. I'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT HERE ON PAPER WHERE EVERYTHING WILL BE. SEE? KIND OF A MAP.

BLONDIE: LET'S SEE, DEAR. HMMMM. IS THIS OUR YARD?

DAGWOOD: WHY, SURE. ~~OF COURSE IT ISN'T DRAWN EXACTLY TO SCALE.~~

BLONDIE: ~~OH --- MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE CITY HALL PARK.~~

BABY: CAN WE HAVE DUCKS LIKE IN THE PARK?

BLONDIE: ~~NO, BABY. OUR YARD ISN'T REALLY AS BIG AS IT LOOKS ON~~
PAPER.

DAGWOOD: ^{yeah} I FIGURE TO HAVE IT A FORMAL GARDEN THIS YEAR. SOMETHING
LIKE THE ONE AROUND CITY HALL -- ONLY MORE ORIGINAL. NOW
-- FOR INSTANCE -- SEE THIS?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! A BIRD BATH?

DAGWOOD: WHY NO, HONEY. THAT'S THE CABBAGE.

BLONDIE: THE CABBAGE?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WE DON'T EAT MUCH CABBAGE. I FIGURE ONE IS ENOUGH.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT CERTAINLY WOULD BE IF IT GREW THAT BIG.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I ~~TOLD YOU~~ IT WASN'T DRAWN TO SCALE.

BLONDIE: WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET THOSE TWO TREES?

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT? TREES? OH! THOSE ARE TOMATO PLANTS, DEAR.
BEEFSTEAK TOMATOES. (SMACKS LIPS) UMMMM.

BABY: CAN I HAVE SOME LETTUCE?

BLONDIE: WHY, BABY! I HAVE TO BEG YOU TO EAT LETTUCE.

BABY: IT'S NOT FOR ME! IF I HAD LETTUCE I COULD FEED A RABBIT
IF I HAD A RABBIT.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY RABBIT.

BLONDIE: AND IF YOU DID GET A RABBIT IT COULD HELP US EAT THE
CABBAGE.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT RAISING THAT CABBAGE FOR RABBIT FOOD!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS, DAGWOOD -- DON'T BE SO BITTER ABOUT RABBITS.
THEY'RE KIND OF CUTE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH! RABBITS! TRAMPLING DOWN ALL THE FLOWERS AROUND MY
CABBAGE!.

BLONDIE: OH, ARE THOSE FLOWERS AROUND THE CABBAGE?

DAGWOOD: SURE. THAT'S WHERE THE FORMAL PART OF THE GARDEN COMES IN. I'M HAVING AN ORNAMENTAL BORDER AROUND ALL THE DIFFERENT VEGETABLES

BLONDIE: ALL MIXED UP TOGETHER?

DAGWOOD: NOT MIXED UP HONEY. LOOKIT THE MAP. IT'S ALL LAID OUT FORMALLY. SEE? PARSLEY AROUND THE BEEFSTEAK, TOMATOES AND VIOLETS AROUND THE CABBAGE AND...

BLONDIE: BUT, DAGWOOD. MOST PEOPLE HAVE THE VEGETABLES IN ONE PLACE AND THE FLOWERS IN ANOTHER.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHERE OUR GARDEN WILL BE ORIGINAL. SEE -- THIS WAY -- BABY CAN ENJOY LOOKING AT THE GERANIUMS WHILE HE'S HOEING THE CORN.

BABY: ME?

DAGWOOD: SURE, BABY. DADDY'S GOING TO LET YOU HELP HIM THIS YEAR. WON'T THAT BE SWELL? RAISING YOUR OWN STUFF TO EAT! MAYBE YOU'LL RAISE A BIG PUMPKIN...AND MOMMIE'LL MAKE IT INTO A PIE...

BABY: AND YOU'LL EAT IT HEY, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, SURE! (TAKE) NO, NO, BABY! WE'LL ALL EAT IT.

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK BABY IS VERY EXCITED ABOUT RAISING A PUMPKIN, DAGWOOD. THEY TAKE SO LONG TO GROW.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO RAISE, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: RABBITS.

DAGWOOD: NO! NO RABBITS! YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN CHARGE OF VEGETABLES!

BLONDIE: WHY ARE YOU SO SET ON BABY'S GOING IN FOR GARDEN TRUCK, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IT'S EDUCATIONAL. LOOKIT ALL THE FAMOUS MEN WHO WERE RAISED ON A FARM.

BLONDIE: OH -- WELL IF IT'S EDUCATIONAL...WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GET HIM INTERESTED.

DAGWOOD: READ HIM THAT BOOK I BROUGHT HOME. THAT'S A VERY EXCITING STORY ABOUT VEGETABLES.

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK?"

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT JACK DID, BABY DUMPLING. STARTING IN WITH JUST A HANDFUL OF BEANS!

BABY: OKAY, DADDY. READ IT NOW, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL, I TELL YOU. RUN UP AND GET READY FOR BED. THEN MOMMIE'LL READ IT TO YOU.

BABY: (GOING) OKAY, MOMMIE. I HOPE IT'S AS GOOD AS THE PICTURES IN IT.

DAGWOOD: IT'S A FUNNY THING. BABY KNOWS THAT A STORY CAN BE JUST MAKE-BELIEVE -- BUT HE THINKS ANYTHING HE SEES IN A PICTURE IS SO.

BLONDIE: MAYBE HE TAKES AFTER HIS FATHER.

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE -- EVERYONE SAYS HE. (TAKE) HOW'S THAT?

~~BLONDIE: YOU BELIEVE IN PICTURES, TOO.~~

~~DAGWOOD: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?~~

BLONDIE: ~~THOSE SEED CATALOGS YOU'VE BEEN~~ ^{seed} ~~READING~~ ^{Catalog} ~~AT.~~ YOU LIKE THE ~~ONE~~ WITH THE COLORED PICTURES BEST. *don't you?*

~~DAGWOOD: WELL, SURE. I LIKE TO SEE WHAT I'M GETTING.~~

~~BLONDIE: YES -- IF YOU GET WHAT YOU SEE! BUT JUST LOOK AT THOSE RED ROSES. WHY THEY'RE AS BIG AS YOUR HEAD!~~

~~DAGWOOD: YEAH. NEW KIND. THAT'S A SWELL COLOR, TOO.~~

~~BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD...THEY CAN MIX PRINTER'S INK ANY COLOR THEY WANT.~~

~~DAGWOOD: YOU THINK THE ROSES AREN'T THAT COLOR?~~

BLONDIE: MAYBE THEY ARE. I JUST SAY THE PICTURE DOESN'T PROVE IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ANYWAY THEY MUST BE PRETTY BIG ROSES. THAT COLOR IS PRINTED OVER A PHOTOGRAPH AND PHOTOGRAPHS CAN'T LIE, YOU KNOW.

BLONDIE: OH, YES THEY CAN, DAGWOOD. REMEMBER THAT SNAPSHOT I TOOK OF YOU SITTING WITH YOUR FEET ON THE PORCH RAIL? YOUR FEET WERE THE BIGGEST THING ABOUT YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL GOSH, HONEY. THIS CATALOG IS FROM A NEW FIRM AND...

BLONDIE: AND THAT'S JUST IT. IF YOU'RE GOING TO BUY PLANTS I THINK YOU'D BETTER DEAL WITH AN OLD FIRM LIKE THE STANDARD NURSERIES.

DAGWOOD: AW THEIR CATALOG ISN'T ANY GOOD. ALL BIG WORDS AND LITTLE PICTURES. YOU CAN'T SEE WHAT COLOR ANYTHING IS -- OR ANYTHING.

BLONDIE: BUT THEIR STUFF GROWS, DAGWOOD. LOTS OF WOMEN IN THE GARDEN CLUB BUY FROM THEM.

DAGWOOD: WELL, ~~MAYBE THOSE WOMEN KNOW WHAT THE WORDS MEAN.~~ LISTEN. YOU KNOW WHAT A BELLIS PERRENIS IS?

BLONDIE: WHY, YES. IT'S KIND OF A DAISY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THEN WHY DON'T THEY SAY DAISY AND BE DONE WITH IT? GOLLY -- LOOK AT THIS NAME! FUNKIA PLANTIGINEA GRENDIFLORA! THOSE STANDARD NURSERIES JUST THINK THEY'RE SMART IS ALL.

BLONDIE: OH NO, DEAR. THERE'RE SO MANY DIFFERENT KINDS OF FLOWERS IN ONE FAMILY THEY HAVE TO HAVE DIFFERENT NAMES. LIKE OUR OWN FAMILY DOES...DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD AND BLONDIE BUMSTEAD AND BABY DUMPLING BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: UHUH. BUT SUPPOSE WE WENT AROUND CALLING BABY DUMPLING
INFANTASIOSIS DUMPLIANA BUMSTEORORIUM! WHAT WOULD THAT GET
US?

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD...ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT IF YOU WANT
THINGS TO GROW -- BUY 'EM FROM PEOPLE YOU KNOW ARE RELIABLE.
OH, THAT REMINDS ME...DID YOU READ THAT ARTICLE ABOUT THE
FAKERS THAT ARE GOING AROUND...

DAGWOOD: GOING AROUND WHERE?

BLONDIE: EVERYWHERE...THEY HAVE ^{a lot} ~~TRUCKS FULL~~ OF OLD WEEDS THAT THEY
CLAIM ARE VALUABLE PLANTS...AND THEY MAKE ALL KINDS OF
PROMISES...AND THEN...

BABY: (OFF) MOMMIE! I'M READY TO GET READ TO!

BLONDIE: (CALLS) I'M COMING, BABY DUMPLING! (NORMAL) I'LL BRING
DOWN THE ARTICLE FOR YOU TO READ, DAGWOOD.

~~IT'S A BIG BUSINESS IN IMMIGRATION PLANTS FOOD, TOOLS, ETC. IN
THE TIME ANYONE FINDS OUT IT'S NOTHING BUT A HOAX. THESE
MEN ARE ALL GONE AWAY. THEY CALL THEM GYPSY GARDENERS:~~
*of course by the time people discover
the time anyone finds out it's nothing but a hoax. these
men are all gone away.*

DAGWOOD: GYPSY GARDENERS, EH?

BLONDIE: UHUH. WITH THE ACCENT ON THE GYP!

BABY: (CALLS) MOMMIE!

BLONDIE: (GOING) YES DEAR...I'M COMING!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) THEY COULDN'T FOOL ME, I CAN TELL A GYPSY BY THE
EARRINGS. (TO SELF) NOW LET'S SEE...WHAT ELSE IS IN THE
CATALOGUE?...ONIONS, EH? SPRING ONIONS. BOY THOSE LOOK
GOOD, HMM, SPEAKING OF ONIONS...I THINK I'LL STEP INTO
THE KITCHEN AND MAKE A LITTLE ONION SANDWICH TO KIND OF
SETTLE MY DINNER.

MUSIC: (BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: (STILL MUTTERING TO SELF) HMP! LOOKIT THIS NAME! LILIUM SPECIOSUM MELPOMENE...AND IT'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD BUT ANOTHER LILY. HA! I GUESS I'LL HAVE ANOTHER SLICE OF ONIONORIUM WITH WHITEUM BREADIOSUM! (TAP AT DOOR) ENTORIO THE DORRIATUS! (DOOR OPENS)

MAY: I BEG YOUR PARDON. DID YOU SAY COME IN?

DAGWOOD: UHUH...BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE IT'D BE A FRIEND OF MINE.

MAY: I HOPE WE WILL BE FRIENDS MR. -- ER -- BUMSTEAD ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

MAY: I'M MAYAPPLE.

DAGWOOD: EH?

MAY: MILTIADES MAYAPPLE -- THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

DAGWOOD: THE WHAT?

MAY: I SELL FLOWERS...THE LOVELIEST BLOOMS THAT EVER DELIGHTED THE EYE OF MAN!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. DO YOUR PLANTS GROW?

MAY: GROW? THEY BURGEON, MR. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: THEY DO EH?

MAY: INEVITABLY MR. BUMSTEAD. OF COURSE, I'M JUST GETTING A START IN YOUR TOWN...AND I'M WORKING AMONG MY ADORABLE FLOWERS ALL DAY LONG...SO THAT IS WHY I HAVE TO DEVOTE MY EVENINGS TO TAKING ORDERS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I TELL YOU...

MAY: OH COURSE, I'M ONLY APPROACHING REAL FLOWER LOVERS -- IN THE BETTER NEIGHBORHOODS JUST AT THE FIRST.

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

MAY: YES, INDEED! I FEEL ABOUT MY PLANTLETS AS THOUGH THEY WERE MY OWN CHILDREN...I WANT THEM TO HAVE GOOD HOMES.
(GIGGLES) YOU SEE MY POINT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I TELL YOU...

MAY: IN FACT, I'M AFRAID I CONTINUE TO THINK OF THEM AS MINE -- EVEN AFTER I HAVE -- ER-- SOLD THEM. THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS COME BACK TO SEE HOW THEY'RE GETTING ALONG.

DAGWOOD: YOU -- ER -- COME BACK TO SEE IF THEY'RE GROWING OKAY?

MAY: I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THAT'S SILLY OF ME. OF COURSE, THEY ALWAYS DO GROW -- BEAUTIFULLY.

DAGWOOD: THEY DO? ALWAYS?

MAY: INVARIABLY. THE MAYAPPLE SYSTEM SEES TO THAT. "WITH A \$ MAYAPPLE SEED -- OR SHRUB -- OR PLANT -- NOTHING GOES WRONG -- BECAUSE IT CAN'T." (PAUSE) UPSYDAISY!

DAGWOOD: UPSY -- ER -- DAISY

MAY: THAT'S THE SECRET. UPSYDAISY IS MY NAME FOR THE MOST WONDERFUL PLANT FOOD. MY OWN INVENTION! ~~WHAT MILK IS TO AN INFANT -- OR RED MEAT TO A MAN --~~ UPSYDAISY IS TO THE TINY GREEN GROWING THINGS ~~IN YOUR GARDEN!~~ MAYAPPLE PRODUCTS MUST PRODUCE GORGEOUS RESULTS MR. BUMSTEAD -- OR YOU DON'T OWE A PENNY!

DAGWOOD: ~~AND -- YOU COME BACK YOURSELF TO SEE THAT THE STUFF GROWS?~~

MAY: ~~I WOULDN'T DREAM OF DOING OTHERWISE.~~

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD TO ME. I'LL COME OUT TO YOUR PLACE SOME TIME AND LOOK AROUND...

MAY: NO, NO, MR. BUMSTEAD. THAT'S NOT THE MAYAPPLE WAY, I BRING THE POSEYS TO YOU.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

MAY: I HAVE A TRUCK JUST FULL, FULL, FULL OF GROWING THINGS -- RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR AT THIS MOMENT.

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL -- IT'S PRETTY DARK TO SEE...

MAY: I KNOW...AND IT'S FEARFULLY LATE. I DON'T WANT TO DRIVE THAT LADEN TRUCK HOME. I TELL YOU JUST WHAT I'LL DO, MR. BUMSTEAD I'LL JUST SELL THE WHOLE THING TO YOU -- AT A BARGAIN PRICE. TWENTY DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: TWENTY DOLLARS FOR A TRUCK LOAD? WHAT'S ON THAT TRUCK?

MAY: EVERYTHING FROM ASTERS TO ZINNIAS...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I TELL YOU...

MAY: ALL YOURS FOR TWENTY DOLLARS...AND...AS A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER -- I'LL THROW IN "MAYAPPLES SEED PACKETS" ...VEGETABLES, YOU KNOW...A COMPLETE TRUCK GARDEN FROM ARTICHOKES TO ZUCHINNI...FOR ONLY FIVE DOLLARS MORE.

DAGWOOD: OH! FIVE MORE, EH?

MAY: BUT THINK, MR. BUMSTEAD! EVERYTHING TO DELIGHT THE EYE -- CHARM THE NOSTRILS -- FILL THE INNER MAN -- FOR A PALTRY TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

DAGWOOD: PALTRY?

MAY: WE MUST CONSIDER THAT I PERSONALLY GUARANTEE THE GROWTH OF THESE WONDERS OF NATURE. REMEMBER THAT I RETURN -- DAY AFTER DAY IF NEED BE -- TO LAVISH UPON THEM A FATHER'S CARE!

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO COME EVERY DAY! WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE FOR A STEPFATHER'S CARE?

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MAY: YOU WOUND ME, MR. BUMSTEAD -- YOU DO INDEED. I SIMPLY CANNOT HAGGLE OVER MY PLANTS. IT -- IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO PART WITH THEM AT ALL...

DAGWOOD: HEY LISTEN...DON'T BREAK DOWN NOW. I -- I'LL BUY THE STUFF...

MAY: YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT SIR.

DAGWOOD: I'LL TAKE A SACK OF THAT -- ER -- UPSYDAISY STUFF TOO.

MAY: TO YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD, I'LL MAKE THE PRICE OF A FULL SACK OF UPSYDAISY -- JUST FIVE DOLLARS MORE. ^{that will be} THIRTY DOLLARS IN ALL!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE KEEP OUR PETTY CASH IN THE OLD BEAN POT HERE! LET'S SEE...(TO SELF) TEN DOLLARS...AND TWO IS SEVEN...

MAY: WHAT A QUAINT OLD BEAN POT! ARE YOU FOND OF BEANS, MR. BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: (TO SELF) THREE IS TWENTY...(ALOUD)...YEAH I LIKE BEANS... (TO SELF) AND ONE IS TWENTY-ONE...

MAY: ~~TEN~~ HERE MR. BUMSTEAD IS AN EXTRA PREMIUM FOR YOU... SOMETHING NOT INCLUDED IN THE REGULAR SEED LIST..."MAYAPPLES MARVELS...THE BEAN OF TOMORROW"...FREE TO YOU!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...THANKS. ~~PUT THEM ON THE SINK THERE...~~ (TO SELF)... AND ~~EIGHT IS TWENTY-NINE~~...(ALOUD)...HEY. I'VE ONLY GOT TWENTY-NINE FIFTY HERE! I GUESS THE DEAL'S OFF.

MAY: NO, NO, MR. BUMSTEAD! I'LL TRUST YOU FOR THE DIFFERENCE.

DAGWOOD: SAY -- THANKS!

MAY: NOT AT ALL...NOW I'LL UNLOAD THE THINGS ON YOUR BACK PORCH... AND WAIT...JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THEM TOMORROW!

MUSIC: (IN BRIEFLY)

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE! OPEN THE WINDOW WIDE BEFORE YOU COME TO BED.

BLONDIE: I'LL WAIT TILL WE'RE READY TO GO TO SLEEP. BABY MIGHT CATCH COLD.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S HE GOING TO CATCH COLD FROM OUR WINDOW?

BLONDIE: HE'S COMING IN TO HAVE ME TELL HIM MORE ABOUT JACK AND THE BEAN STALK. IT'S GROWING CHILLY. THESE SPRING NIGHTS ARE TREACHEROUS.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY. YOU DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE FROST DO YOU?

BLONDIE: WHY NO, DEAR...WHY?

DAGWOOD: WHY ALL' THOSE PLANTS...OUT THERE...

BLONDIE: WHAT PLANTS? OUT WHERE?

DAGWOOD: OH -- ALL THE PLANTS OUTDOORS...EVERYWHERE,

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD. IS THERE SOMETHING YOU'RE TRYING TO HIDE FROM ME?

DAGWOOD: WELL...A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THE MORNING. NOW DON'T GO GUESSING!

BLONDIE: IF I DIDN'T KNOW EVERYTHING WAS CLOSED AT NIGHT, I'D THINK YOU'D BEEN BUYING SOMETHING. YOU -- DIDN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE, DID YOU?

DAGWOOD: NO, HONEY. COME ON TO BED.

BLONDIE: WHAT ARE THESE THINGS ON YOUR DRESSER?

DAGWOOD: EH? OH...ER...BEANS!

BLONDIE: BEANS?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. "MAYAPPLES MARVELS." GIVE 'EM HERE!

BLONDIE: (KIDDING) ARE YOU GOING TO SLEEP WITH THEM UNDER YOUR PILLOW?

DAGWOOD: MAYBE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD. WHERE DID YOU GET THESE BEANS?

DAGWOOD: I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING.

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR THOSE OLD DRIED UP BEANS?

DAGWOOD: NOT A CENT. THEY'RE FREE...KIND OF A SAMPLE.

BLONDIE: OH! WELL DON'T GO BUYING ANYTHING FROM PEOPLE WHO COME TO THE DOOR. HAVE YOU READ THAT ARTICLE I TOLD YOU ABOUT IN THE MAGAZINE?

DAGWOOD: NO -- WHERE IS IT?

BLONDIE: RIGHT HERE. LOOK...(RUSTLE OF LEAVES) HERE IT IS!

DAGWOOD: YOU READ IT TO ME HONEY. (YAWNS)

BLONDIE: FIRST I HAVE TO READ TO BABY DUMPLING AND NOW TO YOU...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- THE ONIONS I ATE MADE ME SLEEPY.

BLONDIE: ONIONS! YOU KNOW THEY MAKE YOU DREAM. WELL -- IT SAYS HERE..."A NEW TYPE OF SWINDLER IS DEGRADING THE FINE OLD ART OF HORTICULTURE..."

DAGWOOD: THE WHAT?

BLONDIE: SOME CROOKS ARE MAKING A CHEAP RACKET OUT OF THE FLOWER BUSINESS.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. JUST GIVE ME THE HIGH SPOTS, HONEY.

BLONDIE: WELL, THE IDEA IS THAT THESE MEN PRETEND TO KNOW ALL ABOUT FLOWERS. AND THEY GET IN WITH AMATEUR GARDENERS BY TELLING THEM HOW MUCH THEY LOVE FLOWERS.

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) EH?

BLONDIE: YES. THEY MAKE BELIEVE THEY HAVE SUCH FINE PLANTS THAT THEY CAN'T BEAR TO PART WITH THEM.

DAGWOOD: OH...GOLLY!

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: NOTHING! NOTHING...JUST...A COINCIDENCE, I GUESS. GO AHEAD, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: THEY TRAVEL IN TRUCKS.

DAGWOOD: TRUCKS!

BLONDIE: WHY YES, THEY BRING THE PLANTS RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.

DAGWOOD: T O O O O O O H.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! SOMETHING IS THE MATTER!

DAGWOOD: THE -- ONIONS I ATE -- MAYBE. THE -- THE BACK DOOR?

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE SO. THE TRUCK IS LOADED WITH OLD DRIED UP TWIGS AND THINGS THAT THEY CLAIM ARE JUST READY TO BLOOM. IF THE CUSTOMER SUSPECTS THEY'RE NO GOOD, THE SHARPERS CLAIM THEY'LL COME BACK AND SEE THAT THEY GROW. (BED CREAKS VIOLENTLY) WHY DAGWOOD! WHAT ARE YOU GETTING UP FOR?

DAGWOOD: I'VE GOT TO OPEN THAT WINDOW! IT -- IT'S HOT IN HERE!

BLONDIE: OH! WELL, AND THEN THESE CROOKS SELL WHATEVER THEY HAVE FOR WHATEVER THEY CAN GET.

DAGWOOD: TWENTY-NINE FIFTY.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: I SAID -- PRETTY NIFTY. (WINDOW SQUEAKS...UP PART WAY)

BOY, IT IS HOT! THIS WINDOW IS STUCK!

BLONDIE: OF COURSE THE SWINDLERS MAKE THE MOST MONEY OUT OF THE SAWDUST THEY SELL FOR PLANT FOOD.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH. UPSYDAISY!

BLONDIE: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I SAID -- ER, UPSYDAISY!...TO THE WINDOW. (GRUNTS)
(WINDOW UP SHARP)

BLONDIE: OH, WELL NOW COME BACK TO BED.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. JUST -- JUST A MINUTE. (SMALL GRUNT AS HE THROWS)

BLONDIE: WHAT DID YOU THROW OUT OF THE WINDOW, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH...IT WAS...THOSE OLD TIRED BEANS. (SADLY) I DON'T GUESS THEY'RE...NOT MUCH GOOD!

BABY: (COMING IN) THAT'S WHAT JACK'S MOTHER DID, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: EH? JACK WHO?

BABY: JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. HE THREW SOME OLD BEANS OUT OF THE WINDOW...AND BOY, DID THEY GROW!

DAGWOOD: OH. YEAH. (WORRIED) WELL, I GUESS I'LL GET SOME SLEEP NOW...I...I WANT TO BE UP EARLY IN THE MORNING. DON'T YOU GET UP WHEN I DO, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: YOU WANT TO GET UP FIRST? AREN'T YOU WELL, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, I'M ALL RIGHT. I -- I'LL TELL YOU IN THE MORNING.

BABY: READ ME JACK AND THE BEANSTALK AGAIN, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- IF DADDY'S SO TIRED...MAYBE WE JUST BETTER LOOK OVER THE PICTURES. GET YOUR FEET UNDER THE BLANKET...

BABY: OKAY...TELL ME THE PICTURES...

BLONDIE: (QUIETLY) WELL, HERE'S JACK COMING HOME -- AFTER SELLING ALL THEY HAD -- AND WITH NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT BUT SOME NO-GOOD BEANS.

DAGWOOD: (SOFTLY) TOOOOOH.

BLONDIE: ARE WE DISTURBING YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) NO, NO! I'M ALMOST ASLEEP.

BABY: GO ON, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: AND HERE'S JACK'S MOTHER THROWING THE BEANS OUT THE WINDOW...
AND HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE MARVELOUS BEANSTALK THAT GREW UP
OVERNIGHT. HIGHER THAN THE CLOUDS...

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) UPSYDAISY!

BABY: WHAT, DADDY?

BLONDIE: SSSH, DEAR. LET HIM GET TO SLEEP. AND HERE'S A PICTURE OF
JACK CLIMBING THE BEANSTALK AND MEETING THE GIANTESS.

BABY: SHE WAS NICE TO HIM.

BLONDIE: SHE CERTAINLY WAS -- CONSIDERING THAT HE ~~STOLE~~ THE GIANT'S
FAIRY HARP. *that could with play & talk*

BABY: THE HARP HOLLERED HELP. HELP!

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) HELP!

BLONDIE: SSSH, BABY! HERE'S THE GIANT SAYING FEE FIE FO FUM...AND
HERE'S THE MAGIC HEN THAT COULD LAY GOLDEN EGGS...

BABY: I CAN DO LIKE A HEN, MOMMIE (CLUCKS LIKE HEN) *Blondie! No Baby!*

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) HEY -- LISTEN, HEN! HOW'S FOR LAYING A LITTLE *That date*
GOLD EGG? *repeat 2 5 - Blondie's sound like a chicken*

BLONDIE: I THINK DADDY'S DREAMING...

BABY: UHUH. DREAMING HE'S JACK UP THE BEANSTALK... (GIGGLES)

MUSIC: (DREAM MUSIC IN...UNDER AND OUT)

GOODWIN: (FILTER) DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...CALLING DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: GO AWAY. I'M ASLEEP!

GOODWIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

DAGWOOD: WHO IS THAT? CAP'N SCUPPER?

~~Commercial~~

"BLONDIE"
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17-A-

GOODWIN:- IF YOU WERE ANNOUNCING OVER THE AIR ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES, AND KNEW THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE WOULD BE HAPPIER IN THEIR SMOKING IF THEY TOOK UP CAMELS, I WONDER WHAT YOU WOULD SAY! NOW YOU TAKE MY CASE, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL. AND IF I HAD TO TELL ABOUT JUST ONE FEATURE OF CAMELS, I'D RECOMMEND CAMELS BECAUSE THEY ARE SLOWER-BURNING. FOR THAT SLOWER-BURNING MEANS SO MUCH -- THERE ARE SO MANY DEFINITE EXTRAS THAT GO ONLY WITH CAMELS AND SLOWER-BURNING. EXTRA MILDNESS IS ONE, AND THERE'S EXTRA COOLNESS, TOO. YOU CAN SEE THAT IT'S NATURAL THAT THE SLOWER A CIGARETTE BURNS, THE COOLER AND Milder THE SMOKING. ALSO, THE EXTRA FLAVOR IS VERY SWELL. NOTHING INTERFERES WITH CIGARETTE FLAVOR AND AROMA LIKE TOO MUCH HEAT FROM TOO-FAST BURNING. BUT WITH CAMELS IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE -- SLOW-BURNING PRESERVES THE FLAVOR OF THOSE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS -- AND LETS IT COME THROUGH IN THE SMOKING. SO THERE ARE THREE DEFINITE ADVANTAGES IN FAVOR OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS -- EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR. THERE'S ALSO EXTRA SMOKING. IN RECENT IMPARTIAL 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 CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS ARE PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

Top
Goodwin: And now by a new trick of Public Ledgerman I am returning to the middle of Raymond's Dream.

GOODWIN: NOOOO. THIS IS THE SAND MAN...

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

GOODWIN: WHY DID YOU THROW THOSE BEANS OUT OF THE WINDOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I'LL PICK 'EM UP IN THE MORNING.

GOODWIN: TOO LATE, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...IF YOU DON'T KNOW THOSE WERE
MAGIC BEANS -- WHY YOU DON'T KNOW BEANS!

DAGWOOD: WERE THEY REALLY ANY GOOD?

GOODWIN: LET'S GO DOWN TO THE GARDEN.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO. LISTEN...I'M IN BED, SEE? AND...(SLIDE WHISTLE
DOWN SOFTLY) HEY! NO, I'M NOT! I'M OUTDOORS SOMEWHERE...

BABY: (SMALL BROAD A VOICE...RAPID) OR TO ~~DESCRIBE YOUR~~
~~SITUATION WITH~~ ~~GENERALITIES~~ -- ALLOCATE
YOUR WHEREABOUTS SPECIFICALLY RATHER THAN ~~GENERALITIES~~
GENERALITIES... YOU MAY BE DESCRIBED AS ~~HAVING BEEN~~ *your situation as last*
GENERALITIES... ~~GENERALITIES~~ *We* ~~GENERALITIES~~ *of being in*
GENERALITIES... ~~GENERALITIES~~ ~~GENERALITIES~~ MISCALLED A
GARDEN.

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHO'S THAT?

BABY: (AS BEFORE) I, SIR, AM ONE OF THE FAMILY OF SMOOTH KIDNEY
SHAPED EDIBLE SEEDS BORNE SEVERALLY IN LONG PODS BY CERTAIN
LEGUMES.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

GOODWIN: IN OTHER WORDS, ~~IT'S~~ *He says he's* ONE OF THE BEANS.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY. IT CERTAINLY TALKS WELL -- FOR A BEAN.

GOODWIN: WELL -- IT'S A BOSTON BEAN, YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: OH. YOU DON'T SEE A SLICE OF BROWNBREAD AROUND, DO YOU?

BABY: OUR TRADITIONAL ASSOCIATE IS ABSENT, SIR. WE ARE NOT HERE
IN OUR EDIBLE, BUT IN OUR GENERATIVE CAPACITY! PRAY
PROCEED.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT NOW?

GOODWIN: THE BEANS WANT TO BE PLANTED.

DAGWOOD: OH. SURE. GLAD TO OBLIGE. I'LL JUST THROW A LITTLE LOOSE
EARTH OVER 'EM...NOW WHAT?

GOODWIN: JUST SPRINKLE A LITTLE OF THIS UPSYDAISY OVER THEM...AND
JUMP OUT OF THE WAY!

DAGWOOD: JUMP! YOU MEAN THEY START GROWING RIGHT AWAY?

GOODWIN: CERTAINLY! UPSYDAISY WORKS LIKE MAGIC. TRY IT!

DAGWOOD: OKAY. LET'S SEE...ONE HANDFUL OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK...
THERE!

GOODWIN: LOOK OUT! (RUMBLING SOUND...THEN LOUD POPS...AND A SLIDE
WHISTLE UPWARD)

DAGWOOD: (FADING) HEY...HEY...I'M CAUGHT IN THE BRANCHES...HELP!
(FADING OUT) HEEEELP!

MUSIC: (IN FOR INTERLUDE...OR CENTRAL)

~~GOODWIN: AND NOW -- BY A NEAT TRICK OF THIS MAGIC --~~
~~TO THE MIDDLE OF DAGWOOD'S DREAM...~~

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) THAT UPSYDAISY CERTAINLY WORKS FAST. ONE MINUTE
I WAS IN MY OWN GARDEN AND NOW...HERE I AM...BUT WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: (STRONG IRISH ACCENT)...(WITH HARPLIKE MUSIC) SURE AN'
BEGORRY, THE LAD MUST BE DIZZY -- TO BE AFTER ASKIN' HIMSELF
WHERE IS HE.

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHO'S SAYING THAT?

BLONDIE: (AS BEFORE) LOOK AT THE TREE -- AND WHATEVER YE SEE --
LEANIN' AGIN THE BARK -- THAT'S ME!

DAGWOOD: ALL I SEE IS A HARP!

BLONDIE: WELL -- WHAT D'YE THINK I AM?

DAGWOOD: I MEAN THE KIND OF A HARP YOU CAN PLAY MUSIC ON... (HARP PLAYS A BIT OF THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN) OH...A HARP THAT CAN TALK AND PLAY BY ITSELF! GOLLY -- I BET BABY DUMPLING WOULD LIKE THAT...

BLONDIE: (AS BEFORE) MAYBE HE WOULD AN! MAYBE HE WOULDN'T -- BUT EVEN IF I WANTED TER GO -- I COULDN'T.

DAGWOOD: WHY NOT?

BLONDIE: (AS BEFORE) THE GIANT HAS ME UNDER A SHPELL...IF ANYONE TOUCHES ME -- I HAVE TO YELL!

DAGWOOD: OH, THIS MUST BE THE GIANT'S HARP! WELL -- ER -- HOW LOUD CAN YOU YELL?

BLONDIE: (GIVES VERY TINY SCREAM...OR DO IT ON STRINGS)

DAGWOOD: OH -- WELL, I GUESS THE GIANT WOULDN'T HEAR THAT! COME ON -- LET'S GO!...

BLONDIE: (AS BEFORE) DON'T TOUCH ME NOW OR I'LL HAVE TO YELP -- IT'S SOMETHIN' THAT I CANNOT HELP. LOOK OUT! (STRING CHORD)
LOOK OUT (STRING CHORD) (YELPING RUN ON STRINGS COURTESY OF PERRY BODKIN)

DAGWOOD: GOSH! SSSSSSH!

MAY: (AS GIANT) FEE-FIE-FO-FUM...AND I'LL BE BOUND -- ~~SOMEONE'S~~
GIVING MY HARP THE RUNAROUND.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOHH. THE GIANT! LEGS! TAKE ME AWAY! (SLIDE WHISTLE)

MUSIC: (BRIEF MUSIC)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE! HEY! OPEN UP IN HERE! (KNOCKS
AGAIN) ISN'T ANYBODY HOME?

BABY: (CLUCKS LIKE HEN) NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS.

DAGWOOD: CHICKENS! THIS IS TOO BIG FOR A HEN HOUSE --- ER --- ISN'T IT?

BABY: (CLUCKS) NOT FOR A GIANT'S HEN HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: OH DOES THIS BELONG TO THE GIANT TOO?

BABY: SURE. THIS IS HIS HEN HOUSE AND I'M HIS HEN.

DAGWOOD: YOU SOUND A LOT LIKE BABY DUMPLING. I MEAN YOU SOUND LIKE BABY DUMPLING WOULD SOUND IF HE SOUNDED LIKE A HEN.

BABY: LISTEN --- YOU WANT A NEST FOR THE NIGHT?

DAGWOOD: I WOULDN'T MIND. SEE --- I'M HIDING FROM THE GIANT.

BABY: THEN YOU'RE IN THE WRONG ROOST. THE GIANT COMES HERE EVERY NIGHT TO COUNT HIS GOLDEN EGGS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. WHICH HEN LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS?

BABY: THAT ONE OVER THERE.

DAGWOOD: THANKS! I WANT TO TAKE THAT HEN HOME TO BLONDIE...JUST A LITTLE SOUVENIR OF MY TRIP.

BABY: YOU'D BETTER NOT LET THE GIANT CATCH YOU TOUCHING THAT HEN.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THE GIANT IS AS TOUGH AS HE LOOKS. HE REMINDS ME OF A FELLER NAMED MAYAPPLE. AND HE WASN'T VERY TOUGH.

BABY: THE GIANT'S NAME USED TO BE MAYAPPLE. WHEN HE STARTED TO GROW HE CHANGED IT TO BIG APPLE.

DAGWOOD: WHAT STARTED HIM GROWING?

BABY: OH A BIG BOWL OF UPSYDAISY EVERY MORNING... (CLICK)

GOODWIN: (FILTER) YES SIR! A BIG CRISPY CRUNCHY BOWL OF UPSYDAISY EVERY MORNING WILL CERTAINLY GIVE YOU ROSY CHEEKS AND LOTS OF ENERGY!

DAGWOOD: HEY TURN THAT OFF!

GOODWIN: NOW HERE'S HOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN UPSYDAISY!...JUST
GRIND UP A NICE PIECE OF TWO-BY-FOUR IN A PINT OF CREAM...
(A CLICK)

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF A RADIO IN A
HEN HOUSE.

BABY: ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN A DREAM.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IF I'M DREAMING -- I THINK I'LL TAKE A FEW GOLDEN
EGGS AND GO HOME -- BEFORE I WAKE UP.

BABY: YOU'D BETTER HURRY. I HEAR THE GIANT COMING NOW...(HEAVY
KNOCK ON DOOR) THAT'S HIM.

MAY: FEE FIE FO FUM -- WHO'S IN MY HEN HOUSE -- AN HOW COME?
(RATTLES LOCK)

DAGWOOD: NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS! TOOH! NO!

MAY: (SWINGS IT) WITH A FEE -- AND A FIE...AND A FIE-FO-FUM...
I'M SO MAD I COULD CRUSH A NASTURTIUM! (RATTLES LOCK)

BABY: HE SAYS HE'S MAD!

DAGWOOD: SSSH! -- YEAH.

MAY: (RATTLES DOOR) LET ME IN HERE FOR PITY'S SAKE -- OR I'LL
PART YOUR HAIR WITH A GARDEN RAKE...

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) LISTEN -- UNLOCK THE DOOR AND WHEN HE OPENS IT
...I'LL RUN BETWEEN HIS LEGS AND FIND THE BEANSTALK...

BABY: OKAY. READY. ONE -- TWO -- THREE (DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: GANG'WAY (SLIDE WHISTLE) (MUSIC IN FAST THEN UNDER...)

BABY: RUN...RUN...RUUUUUUN!

DAGWOOD: ~~(PANTING)~~

MAY: FEEEEE -- FIEEEEEE -- FOOOOO -- FUMMMM... (FADING)

DAGWOOD: HERE'S THE BEANSTALK...NOW I'LL CLIMB DOWN...

MAY: (FADING IN) I THINK YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK THERE, CHUM!

BABY: FASTER...FASTER!

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T GO ANY FASTER...TOOOH! WHY DO I HAVE DREAMS LIKE THIS?

GOODWIN: (FILTER) THIS DREAM COMES TO YOU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE UPSYDAISY PLANT FOOD COMPANY!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE END! I'M GOING TO JUMP!

MUSIC: (DOES FALLING EFFECT...ENDS WITH CRASH)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! FOR GOODNESS SAKE WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: TOOH! LOOK OUT BELOW!...I'M FALLING...

BLONDIE: YOU HAVE FALLEN...OUT OF BED!

DAGWOOD: EH? WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: YOU'RE IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM, DAGWOOD...AND IT'S TIME TO GET UP.

DAGWOOD: MORNING? YEAH! LOOKIT -- SUNSHINE!

BLONDIE: I KNOW.

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE -- YOU KNOW WHAT? I JUST HAD A SPONSORED DREAM!

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU'D BETTER GET UP NOW. MR. MAYAPPLE IS DOWN STAIRS.

DAGWOOD: MAYAPPLE? HOW BIG IS HE?

BLONDIE: OH, JUST AN ORDINARY SIZE MAN. WHY?

DAGWOOD: I DREAMED HE WAS A GIANT.

BLONDIE: HE SEEMS LIKE A NICE MAN, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: NICE? OH, NO, BLONDIE. WHY HE'S THE ONE THAT SOLD ME ALL THAT STUFF...A TRUCK LOAD OF PLANTS THAT PROBABLY WON'T GROW AND SOME OF THAT SAWDUST PLANT FOOD.

BLONDIE: YOU MUST HAVE DREAMT THAT TOO, DAGWOOD. MR. MAYAPPLE ISN'T THAT KIND OF A MAN AT ALL...WHY JUST LOOK OUT THE WINDOW...

DAGWOOD: OUT THE WINDOW...ARE...ARE THOSE BEANS GROWING?

BLONDIE: WHY, NOT YET, SILLY.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I'M A LITTLE MIXED UP. (FADING) DO YOU LIKE THAT STUFF I BOUGHT LAST NIGHT.

BLONDIE: (FADING) IF YOU ASK ME YOU GOT A BARGAIN. LOOK DOWN THERE.

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) GOLLY, MAYAPPLE'S SPADING UP THE WHOLE GARDEN.

BLONDIE: UHUH. OH I LOVE THE WAY EARTH SMELLS IN THE SPRING. I WANT TO DIG IN IT TOO, DAGWOOD.

BABY: (COMING IN) ME TOO, DADDY. LOOKIT -- I'VE GOT MY OVERALLS ON!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...GOOD MORNING. I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT A HEN ANY MORE.

BLONDIE: A HEN?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HE WAS A HEN AND YOU WERE A HARP! BOY THAT WAS SOME DREAM.

BLONDIE: IT MUST HAVE BEEN.

BABY: COME ON, DADDY. HURRY UP OR THAT MAN WILL HAVE THE GARDEN ALL DONE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...MAYAPPLE NEEDN'T THINK HE'S GOING TO HAVE ALL THE FUN! (YELLS) HEY MAYAPPLE -- WAIT FOR US!

BABY: I'LL GO DOWN AND TELL HIM, DADDY. (FADING) I'M GOING TO TELL HIM TO LEAVE ROOM FOR A LITTLE RABBIT HOUSE...JUST IN CASE!

BLONDIE: THIS YEAR WE REALLY WILL HAVE A GARDEN WON'T WE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: YOU BET, HONEY! WHAT'S THE USE OF PAYING ALL KINDS OF PRICES FOR VEGETABLES WHEN YOU CAN RAISE THEM YOURSELF?

BLONDIE: AND FLOWERS. IF WE GROW MORE THAN WE CAN USE -- WE CAN GIVE THEM TO PEOPLE...

DAGWOOD: SURE! I BET PEOPLE WILL BE HANGING OVER THE FENCE LOOKING AT OUR FLOWERS THIS YEAR.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE IT WILL TAKE A LITTLE WORK, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH, I DON'T MIND WORKING IN A GARDEN, HONEY... (MUSIC IN SOFTLY) I CAN GET UP A LITTLE EARLIER EVERY DAY... LIKE THIS MORNING...

BLONDIE: AN I CAN BUY A LITTLE GARDENING SMOCK AND A SHADE HAT... AND SOME GLOVES... (MUSIC UP VERY SLIGHTLY) AND WORK IN THE AFTERNOON.

DAGWOOD: AND I CAN GET IN A LOT OF WORK... EVENINGS BEFORE IT GETS DARK...

BLONDIE: OH, I BET WE HAVE A LOVELY GARDEN THIS YEAR...

DAGWOOD: I BET IT WILL BE THE BEST GARDEN ON SHADY LANE AVENUE...

MUSIC: (MUSIC OF A SPRING SONG COVERS THE WORDS)

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GOODWIN: WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SPRING HAS REALLY COME TO THE BUMSTEAD'S COTTAGE ON SHADY LANE AVENUE AND SO WE LEAVE DAGWOOD, BLONDIE, AND BABY DUMPLING DIGGING IN THE GARDEN UNTIL NEXT WEEK WHEN WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN US IN ANOTHER VISIT TO THE BUMSTEADS WITH PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD.

LET ME ALSO SUGGEST THAT YOU LISTEN TO CAMELS' OTHER STAND OUT SHOWS. ON SATURDAY THERE'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE. YOU'LL FIND IT A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT -- ON SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR BOB CROSBY AND MILDRED BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A "HEARTBEAT." WELL, 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: THE "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZT 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,