

6/3/40

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1940

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

ANNOUNCER:: AH -- AH -- AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- LISTEN TO
"BLONDIE" BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!..EXTRA! !.

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: For extra mildness and extra coolness -- get CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: For extra smoking per pack, get CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

(THEME: EIGHT MEASURES)

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

WALLINGTON: 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.

SOUND: ROAR OF MOTORS ..PASSING GIVEN POINT

ANNOUNCER: HERE HE COMES ROARING DOWN THE HOME STRETCH FOR THE CHECKERED FLAG, IT'S WILBUR SHAW, RIDING TO HIS THIRD VICTORY IN THE FAMOUS INDIANAPOLIS FIVE HUNDRED MILE AUTOMOBILE CLASSIC. LISTEN TO THAT MOTOR, LISTEN TO THE CHEERS OF THAT CROWD.

SOUND: ROAR OF MOTOR...CROWD CHEER UP.

ANNOUNCER: YES IT WAS A GREAT RACE AT INDIANAPOLIS ON MEMORIAL DAY EVEN IF THE RAIN DID CHEAT WILBUR SHAW OUT OF HIS CHANCE AT A NEW TRACK RECORD. BUT WILBUR DIDN'T HAVE TO BREAK THE RECORD TO PROVE HE'S THE TOP MAN IN THE AUTOMOBILE RACING GAME. THREE TIMES NOW HE'S WON THAT GRUELLING TEST OF MAN AND MACHINE AND HE'S THE ONLY DRIVER IN HISTORY TO WIN IT TWO YEARS IN A ROW. NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT, WILBUR SHAW IS A RACE DRIVER PLUS -- PLUS THOSE EXTRAS THAT BET THE CHAMPIONS APART. AND YOU KNOW THE THING I LIKE ABOUT IT IS, WILBUR SHAW GOES OUT FOR THE EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE, TOO. HE'S A CAMEL FAN FROM WAY BACK. HE SAYS:

MAN'S VOICE: YES, CAMELS HAVE BEEN MY CIGARETTE FOR YEARS. THEY BURN SLOWER AND THOSE EXTRAS IN CAMELS ADD A LOT OF ENJOYMENT TO MY SMOKING, ESPECIALLY CAMELS EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA FLAVOR, THAT'S WHY I SAY, "I'D WALK A MILE FOR THOSE EXTRAS IN A CAMEL."

ANNOUNCER: YES, THERE ARE DEFINITE EXTRAS IN THE COSTLER TOBACCOS IN SLOWER BURNING CAMELS. THERE'S EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. SO TURN TO SLOWER BURNING CAMELS...THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS.

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTHADS. THIS TIME WE FIND DAGWOOD DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES -- MEASURING THE FLOOR OF THE ^{Back porch} ~~SERVICED PORCH~~ JUST OFF THE KITCHEN -- WHILE THE VOICES OF BLONDIE AND BABY DUMPLING CALL TO HIM...FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS...

BABY: (FAR OFF MIKE) HEY DADDY!

BLONDIE: (FAR OFF MIKE) ~~DAGWOOD?~~ DAGWOOOOOOOOOD?

DAGWOOD: (TO SELF) GOSH HERE SHE COMES! (ALoud) YEAH HONEY. I'M COMING. (LOW AGAIN) TWO FEET FOUR AND SEVEN-EIGHTS INCHES ONE WAY BY...

BABY: (FAR OFF MIKE) DADDY! HEY DAAAAAAAADY!

DAGWOOD: TWO FOUR AND SEVEN EIGHT'S BY FOUR FEET SEVEN INCHES AND ABOUT TWO SIXTEENTHS...

BLONDIE: (STILL OFF) DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: JUST A MINUTE HONEY! (TO SELF AGAIN RAPIDLY) TWO SIXTEENTHS IS AN EIGHTH, SO THAT MAKES...

BABY: DAAAAAAAADY. (OFF)

DAGWOOD: QUIET! (TO SELF AGAIN) THAT MAKES TWO, FOUR, SEVEN, EIGHTS BY FOUR, SEVEN, SIXTEEN -- UNDER THE IRONING BOARD ALONE...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...WHERE ARE YOU? (NEARER BUT NOT IN YET)

DAGWOOD: UNDER THE IRONING BOARD!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) WHAT ARE YOU DOING UNDER THE IRONING BOARD DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: HUH? WELL -- I -- JUST WANTED TO FIND OUT -- ER -- SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- YOU'RE NOT INVENTING ANYTHING ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO HONEY. HONEST -- I'M NOT INVENTING A THING.

BLONDIE: BECAUSE THAT IRONING BOARD WORKS PERFECTLY WELL THE WAY IT IS AND I DON'T WANT IT TO PLAY MUSIC OR DO ANYTHING BUT BE AN IRONING BOARD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT LISTEN BLONDIE --

BLONDIE: I HAVEN'T TIME TO LISTEN NOW DAGWOOD...I'VE GOT TO GO OUT. DO YOU KNOW WHAT BECAME OF MY BEST GLOVES?

DAGWOOD: THE WHITE ONES?

BLONDIE: YES. WHITE WITH BLACK STITCHING ON THE BACK...

DAGWOOD: WHITE WITH BLACK -- AND A BIG BLACK BUTTON?

BLONDIE: YES DEAR -- WHERE DID YOU SEE THEM LAST?

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM FOR WEEKS. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: IT ISN'T A BIT FUNNY DAGWOOD. [✓]I'M GOING TO A VERY IMPORTANT LUNCHEON...AT MRS. UPHAMS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU WOULDN'T EAT LUNCH WITH GLOVES ON ANYWAY... ER...WOULD YOU?

BLONDIE: CERTAINLY NOT. BUT IT'S PROPER TO AT LEAST CARRY GLOVES. (GOING) I'LL HAVE TO FIND THOSE GLOVES...

DAGWOOD: (CALLING AFTER HER) LOOK IN THE SILVER DRAWER IN THE SIDEBBOARD!

BLONDIE: (CALLING BACK) WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY'D BE THERE?

DAGWOOD: (YELLING) WELL, THAT'S WHERE WE FOUND OUR ICE BAG THAT TIME WE COULDN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE ELSE!

BABY: (STILL OFF) DAAAAAAAAAADDY!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) BABY! CUT OUT THAT YELLING!

BABY: (YELLS ~~BACK~~) I AIN'T YELLING DADDY.

DAGWOOD: YOU CUT OUT SAYING AIN'T TOO. THAT'S SLANG!

BABY: (COMING IN) ~~WHAT'S SLANG, DADDY?~~

DAGWOOD: SLANG IS -- WELL IT'S -- FOR INSTANCE -- WELL "AIN'T"
IS SLANG -- OR BAD GRAMMAR OR SOMETHING -- AND WE'VE
GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL BABY DUMPLING -- NOW THAT YOUR
MOTHER IS GOING OUT IN SOCIETY...

BABY: WHAT'S SOCIETY, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: IT'S MRS. UPHAM AND PEOPLE LIKE THAT. IN SOCIETY PEOPLE
ARE RICH AND TALK GOOD GRAMMAR.

BABY: WILL WE EVER BE RICH, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. MAYBE SOMEDAY WE WILL BE. ~~WE'RE GOING TO~~
~~START SAVING MONEY FAST~~ AFTER WE GET ALL THE
INSTALLMENTS PAID UP ON EVERYTHING.

BABY: MOMMIE SAYS EVERYTIME WE GET ONE THING ABOUT PAID -- WE
BUY SOMETHING ELSE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE'VE GOT ABOUT EVERYTHING WE NEEDED -- AT LAST!

BABY: SOMETHING ELSE CAME THIS MORNING DIDN'T IT DADDY?

DAGWOOD: SSSSH. HOW DID YOU KNOW? I THOUGHT YOU WENT TO THE
MARKET WITH YOUR MOTHER.

BABY: NUH -- UH. I WAS HIDING IN DAISY'S DOG HOUSE WHEN THEY
PUT IT OUT IN THE GARAGE.

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT WHILE YOUR MOTHER
IS AROUND. I WANT TO HAVE IT ALL SET UP IN PLACE BEFORE
SHE SEES IT.

BABY: WHAT IS IT DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND NOW. IT'S A SURPRISE FOR YOUR MOTHER.

BABY: I WON'T TELL HER.

DAGWOOD: YOU MIGHT GIVE IT AWAY WITHOUT MEANING TOO.

BABY: IS IT GOING TO STAY OUT IN THE GARAGE, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: NO -- IT'S GOING TO BE SET UP IN HERE.

BABY:: THE BOX LOOKS TOO BIG TO GO IN HERE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT WHEN IT'S OUT OF THE BOX IT WILL FIT. I MEASURED. ~~I'LL HAVE TO TAKE OUT THE IRONING BOARD,~~ BUT WE WON'T NEED THAT WITH THIS NEW THING ANYHOW.

BABY: IT'S NAME IS JENNY, ISN'T IT? THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON THE BOX.

DAGWOOD: JENNY? NO BABY...THAT'S NOT THE WAY YOU PRONOUNCE IT... IT'S...

BLONDIE: (WAY) DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. DON'T LET BLONDIE HEAR US TALKING NOW...

BABY: (LOW) I STILL THINK IT'S TOO BIG TO GO IN HERE.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) IT IS NOT. I'LL GO OUT AND MEASURE IT AND SHOW YOU...(GOING) NOW DON'T SAY ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT IT WHILE I'M GONE...(SCREEN DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD...WHY...WHERE DID HE GO, BABY?

BABY: OUT TO THE GARAGE. MOMMIE WHAT'S A JENNY?

BLONDIE: A -- JENNY? WHY THAT'S A GIRLS NAME DEAR.

BABY: WELL, THIS ISN'T A GIRL -- I DON'T THINK. LISTEN MOMMIE DOESN'T G-E-N-I-E SPELL JENNY?

BLONDIE: G-E-N-I-E? OH...GENIE!

BABY: UHUH...WHAT IS IT MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: IT'S A CHARACTER OUT OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS...

BABY: WHAT'S ARABIAN NIGHTS, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: GOODNESS. ONE QUESTION AFTER ANOTHER! I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TODAY DEAR, I'M GOING TO MRS. UPHAMS TO LUNCHEON.

BABY: (SADLY) I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU DEAR.

BABY: (ACCUSINGLY) I HOPE YOU WON'T BE WORRIED ALL THE TIME THAT YOU WENT OFF WITHOUT TELLING YOUR LITTLE BOY WHAT'S A GENIE.

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) MAYBE I'D BETTER MAKE SURE MY CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR BY TELLING YOU.

BABY: WELL, WHAT IS IT?

BLONDIE: WELL -- IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS STORIES THERE WAS A BOY NAMED ALADDIN...AND HE HAD A WONDERFUL MAGIC LAMP...

BABY: YOU MEAN A MAGIC LANTERN?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR...JUST AN OLD OIL LAMP...BUT IT WAS MAGIC BECAUSE WHEN HE RUBBED IT -- THERE'D BE A CLAP OF THUNDER AND A PUFF OF SMOKE AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE STOOD THE GENIE READY TO GIVE ALADDIN ANYTHING HE ASKED FOR.

BABY: CAN GENIES DO THAT?

BLONDIE: UHUH. THIS ONE COULD ANYHOW. YOU SEE THIS GENIE WAS KIND OF A MAGICIAN WHO COULD DO ANYTHING. WHY THIS GENIE COULD MAKE HIMSELF AS BIG AS A GIANT -- OR SO SMALL HE COULD CLIMB INTO A JAR NO BIGGER THAN A BEAN POT.

BABY: OH, WELL THEN I GUESS DADDY WAS RIGHT ABOUT A GENIE NOT BEING TOO BIG.

BLONDIE: TOO BIG FOR WHAT?

BABY: TOO BIG TO GO UNDER THE IRONING BOARD.

BLONDIE: WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT MY IRONING BOARD? WHAT IS YOUR FATHER UP TO?

BABY: YOU BETTER ASK HIM MOMMIE. HERE HE COMES.

BLONDIE: HE LOOKS PRETTY MYSTERIOUS TOO. WHAT IN THE WORLD IS HE DOING WITH HIS HANDS.

BABY: HE'S JUST HOLDING 'EM APART, MOMMIE -- LIKE HE WAS HOLDING SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: WHY YES. HE LOOKS AS IF HE WAS CARRYING SOMETHING BETWEEN HIS TWO HANDS BUT THERE ISN'T ANYTHING BETWEEN THEM. (OPENS DOOR) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) TOOHH. DON'T JOGGLE ME NOW. I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THE SIZE!

BLONDIE: THE SIZE OF WHAT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH NOTHING. WAIT 'TIL I SEE SOMETHING. HMM. JUST WHAT I THOUGHT. PLENTY OF ROOM.

BLONDIE: PLENTY OF ROOM FOR WHAT?

DAGWOOD: FOR ANYTHING NO BIGGER THAN THE SPACE BETWEEN MY TWO HANDS.

BABY: OH, DADDY WAS MEASURING SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE UP TO DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WHY SURE HONEY...BUT IT WOULD -- ER -- TAKE TOO LONG RIGHT NOW. YOU'RE DUE AT THAT LUNCHEON.

BLONDIE: YES -- AND I WANT NO MONKEY BUSINESS WITH MY IRONING BOARD WHILE MY BACK IS TURNED.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO HONEY. DID YOU EVER FIND YOUR GLOVES?

BLONDIE: YES! THEY WERE ROLLED IN A BALL AND STUFFED INTO THE BELL OF THE ALARM CLOCK!

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH...ER...I MEAN IS THAT SO?

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY IS -- AND I WON'T EMBARRASS YOU BY ASKING HOW THEY GOT THERE.

DAGWOOD: WELL THAT ALARM CLOCK WAS ALWAYS GOING OFF JUST WHEN I WAS DREAMING SOMETHING EXTRA IMPORTANT. THREE NIGHTS RUNNING IT WOKIE ME UP JUST AS I WAS GOING TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

BLONDIE: HAVE YOU MADE IT SINCE YOU STUFFED THE ALARM CLOCK?

DAGWOOD: NO! DOGGONE IT! I HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD DREAM SINCE. LISTEN -- SPEAKING OF CLOCKS...I DON'T WANT TO RUSH YOU BUT... LOOKIT THE TIME.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS -- I MUSTN'T BE LATE AT MRS. UPHAMS LUNCHEON. NOT TOO LATE . ANYWAY --- JUST LATE ENOUGH TO BE STYLISH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- DON'T LET THOSE SOCIETY DAMES GET ANYTHING ON YOU...LISTEN! REMEMBER NOT TO DRINK YOUR TEA OUT OF THE SAUCER. (LAUGHS)

BABY: (LAUGHS TOO)

BLONDIE: OH, YOU TWO!

DAGWOOD: AND PUSH YOUR SPOON AROUND ONTO THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR CUP SO THE HANDLE WON'T GET IN YOUR EYE! (LAUGHS AGAIN)

BLONDIE: (GATLY) I'LL GET ALONG ALL RIGHT. I'LL JUST DO WHAT THE OTHERS DO. GOODBYE (GOING) NOW DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE WHILE I'M GONE...

DAGWOOD: G'BYE, BLONDIE...HAVE A NICE TIME.

BABY: G'BYEEEE MOMMIE...(DOOR SHUTS AWAY) SHE'S GONE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. OH BOY...I'LL HAVE A COUPLE OF HOURS TO WORK!
COME ON...LET'S GET THAT GENIE OUT OF THE GARAGE!

MUSIC: (BRIEF INTERLUDE)

SOUND: CLANK OF WRENCH ON PIPE...OUT

DAGWOOD: THERE! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, BABY. IT'S ALL
INSTALLED AND READY TO WORK!

BABY: UHUH. (WITH RESERVE) IT LOOKS NICE AND SHINY, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: ISN'T IT A HONEY? OH BOY!

BABY: IT'S SWELL, DADDY -- BUT WHAT IS IT?

DAGWOOD: I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO -- I (TAKE) HUH? WHY, IT'S A
GENUINE GENIE WASHING MACHINE!

BABY: (SAD) UHUH.

DAGWOOD: DON'T YOU LIKE IT?

BABY: WELL, I THOUGHT A GENIE WAS GOING TO BE SOMETHING MAGIC.

DAGWOOD: IT'S PRACTICALLY JUST LIKE MAGIC, BABY. WHY LOOK --
SEE -- YOU JUST FILL IT WITH WATER -- THEN YOU PUT IN
SOME SOAP KIND OF...AND THEN YOU PUT IN THE CLOTHES YOU
WANT WASHED -- THEN YOU TURN THIS KNOB... (SOUND OF
WHIRRING GEARS) TOO OH...NO, THAT KNOB STARTS THE
WRINGER!

BABY: DADDY. LOOK OUT...IT'S EATING YOUR NECKTIE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, MY NECKTIE IS CAUGHT. (FADING) TOO OH! WHICH
KNOB DID I TURN?

BABY: THE RED ONE?

DAGWOOD: NO, THAT OPENS THE DOOR...HEY QUICK TURN THE YELLOW ONE!

BABY: OKAY...

DAGWOOD: (A CLICK AND MORE GEARS) NO...NO! THAT STARTS
SOMETHING INSIDE SOMEWHERE! THE GREEN! TRY THE GREEN
KNOB! QUICK, BEFORE MY NOSE IS DRAGGED INTO THAT
WRINGER! (TWO CLICKS) GOSH, THANKS! (BOTH GEARS OUT)
PHEW! TAKE THAT KNIFE I WAS USING FOR A SCREWDRIVER...
AND CUT ME LOOSE! CAREFUL NOW! CUT THE NECKTIE NOT
MY THROAT! (GRUNTS)

BABY: YOU'RE LOOSE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: THANKS. BOY, LOOKIT HOW THAT WRINGER WRANG -- ER --
WRUNG! PRESSED MY NECTIE JUST LIKE NEW! IT'S WONDERFUL!

BABY: WHAT WILL IT DO BESIDES EAT NECKTIES, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WHY, EVERYTHING, BABY DUMPLING! IT WASHES ALL THE
CLOTHES AND WRINGS 'EM OUT AND IRONS 'EM AND FOLDS 'EM
UP! ONCE YOU START IT WORKING YOU CAN GO AWAY AND READ
A BOOK AND WHEN YOU COME BACK THE LAUNDRY IS ALL DONE!

BABY: LET'S DO SOME WASHING IN IT, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OKAY...LOOK IN THE CLOTHES BASKET AND GET OUT SOME
DIRTY CLOTHES.

BABY: OKAY. (SOUND OF LID) HEY! THE BASKET IS EMPTY.

DAGWOOD: OH GOLLY. NOTHING TO WASH?

BABY: COULD WE WASH DAISY?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK A DOG WOULD LIKE IT IN A WASHING MACHINE.

BABY: WE COULD DIRTY UP SOMETHING.

DAGWOOD: NO...HAVEN'T YOU GOT A HANDKERCHIEF OR SOMETHING THAT
IS DIRTY?

BABY: I'VE GOT THIS HANKY -- BUT IT'S CLEAN -- EXCEPT FOR THAT
LITTLE BIT OF A SPOT.

DAGWOOD: HEY, HOW DID YOU GET A GREEN SPOT ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF?

BABY: I THINK IT'S PAINT.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW IT'S PAINT. HOW DID IT GET ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF?

BABY: WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, DADDY. IT'S KIND OF DAISY'S FAULT.
SEE, DAISY WAS LOOKING CROSS-EYED.

DAGWOOD: CROSS-EYED -- WHAT FOR?

BABY: WELL -- I THINK SHE WAS TRYING TO SEE WHAT WAS ON THE
END OF HER NOSE. SO I WIPED IT OFF.

DAGWOOD: WIPED WHAT OFF?

BABY: THE GREEN PAINT ON DAISY'S NOSE. . . THAT
SHE WAS LOOKING CROSS-EYED AT.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. AND HOW DID DAISY GET PAINT ON HER NOSE?

BABY: I GUESS SHE MUST HAVE GOT HER NOSE UP AGAINST HER TAIL.

DAGWOOD: OH -- WAS THERE GREEN PAINT ON HER TAIL, TOO?

BABY: OH SURE, DADDY...AFTER SHE WAGGED IT UP AGAINST HER
DOGHOUSE.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN -- HAVE YOU PAINTED DAISY'S DOG HOUSE GREEN?
WHERE DID YOU GET THE GREEN PAINT?

BABY: WHY, IT'S RUNNING OUT OF THAT BIG CAN IN THE GARAGE,
DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BABY: SURE -- THROUGH THE HOLE YOU KNOCKED IN IT WHEN YOU
WERE TAKING THE WASHER OUT OF ITS BOX!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH.

BABY: ALL I USED FOR THE DOG HOUSE -- WAS WHAT I COULD SCRAPE
OFF THE TOP OF YOUR CAR!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH. COME ON, BABY...
(BRIEF MUSIC INTERLUDE)

BABY: WELL -- WE GOT THAT PAINT CLEANED UP PRETTY GOOD, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT WE GOT OUR CLOTHES PRETTY PAINTY DOING IT.
GIMME THAT OTHER STOCKING OF YOURS.

BABY: HERE, DADDY! ANYWAY -- WE'VE GOT LOTS OF STUFF TO
WASH IN THE WASHER NOW.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. NOW SEE -- I PUT IT IN WITH THE OTHER STUFF AND
CLOSE THE DOOR -- (A CLICK) NOW WE JUST TURN ON THE
WATER AND FILL HER UP. (SOUND OF WATER RUSHING INTO
MACHINE)

BABY: I HOPE IT GETS MY CLOTHES CLEAN BEFORE MOMMIE GETS
HOME.

DAGWOOD: OH SURE -- IT WILL! THE GENIE WASHER CAN DO ANYTHING.
THE MAN WHO SOLD IT TO ME SAYS IT PAYS FOR ITSELF IN
NO TIME.

BABY: I'M GLAD IT PAYS FOR ITSELF! MOMMIE WANTED ONE A
LONG TIME -- BUT SHE SAID WE COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

DAGWOOD: WE'LL FIND A WAY TO PAY FOR IT. (LAUGHS) MAYBE I'LL TAKE
IN WASHING AND PAY FOR IT THAT WAY.

BABY: THAT WOULD BE FUN, DADDY. COULD I GO AROUND AND GET
THE CLOTHES FROM PEOPLE LIKE LITTLE MICKEY RIORDAN
DOES FOR HIS MOMMIE?

DAGWOOD: SURE YOU COULD. YOU COULD BRING 'EM HOME IN YOUR RED
WAGON, SEE? AND I'D RUN THE WASHING MACHINE AND
BLONDIE COULD JUST KEEP BOOKS. WHY, WE'D GET THE
MACHINE PAID FOR AND MAKE A LOT OF MONEY, I BET.

BABY: (LAUGHS) WHO WOULD GIVE US THEIR WASHING TO DO,
DADDY?

DAGWOOD: (KIDDING) WELL -- MRS. UPHAM WILL HAVE A LOT OF STUFF TO WASH AFTER THAT LUNCHEON. WE COULD TACKLE HER.
(LAUGHS) (SOUND OF WATER OUT) HEY, LOOK -- THE WATER SHUTS ITSELF OFF WHEN THE GIMMICK IS FULL. EVERYTHING AUTOMATIC, . . .

BABY: LOOK, DADDY, I DIDN'T GET MY HANKY IN.

DAGWOOD: TOO LATE -- YOU CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR WHEN THE THING IS FULL OR IT WILL THROW WATER ALL OVER. WATCH NOW, BABY.. I'M GOING TO START IT.

BABY: NOT THE RED KNOB, DADDY... THAT OPENS THE DOOR YOU SAID.

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH! LET'S SEE... THE YELLOW KNOB STARTS THE MACHINERY. (CLICK) (WHIRRYING OF GEARS AND SLOSH OF WATER)
HEY LOOK!

BABY: WHEREEE.

DAGWOOD: NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS TO SIT AROUND UNTIL THE GENIE GETS THROUGH WASHING AND IRONING THE CLOTHES.

BABY: LET'S GO FIND DAISY AND GIVE HER A BATH, TOO.

DAGWOOD: WE'D BETTER LET SOME OF THE GREEN PAINT WEAR OFF DAISY FIRST. ANYWAY, SHE'S ALWAYS HARD TO FIND WHEN SHE NEEDS A BATH AND I'M PRETTY TIRED.

BABY: WHAT TIRED YOU, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- GOLLY, BABY DUMPLING -- I GOT THE WASHER OUT OF ITS BOX IN THE GARAGE AND SET IT UP IN HERE -- AND THEN WE CLEANED UP THE PAINT AND ALL. BOY IT FEELS GOOD TO SIT DOWN. (YAWNS)

BABY: TELL ME A STORY WHILE YOU'RE RESTING, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- A SHORT ONE. WHAT KIND OF A STORY, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: TELL ABOUT ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP AND THE GENIE.

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH. WELL, THE GENIE IN THAT STORY DID ALL THE WORK. JUST LIKE OUR NEW WASHER. THAT'S HOW THEY CAME TO NAME IT GENIE, I GUESS. (YAWNS)

BABY: UHUH. WHAT DID THE GENIE DO IN THE STORY?

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) HMMMM? OH, HE SHOWED UP EVERYTIME ALADDIN TURNED A RED KNOB...NO NO...I MEAN WHEN ALADDIN RUBBED HIS LAMP...

BABY: WHAT DID THE GENIE LOOK LIKE?

DAGWOOD: HMMMM? OH...(VERY SLEEPY) HE WAS COVERED WITH GREEN PAINT...

BABY: (FADING) DADDY -- YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP!
(MUSIC IN TO BLEND WITH SOUND)

DAGWOOD: (DROWSIER THAN EVER) NO NO...BUT THE SOUND OF THE WATER IN THAT MACHINE REMINDS ME OF ALADDIN...FLYING THROUGH THE AIR ON THE GENIE'S BACK...
(MUSIC UP BLENDING WITH SOUND OF WATER IN WASHER THEN COVERING IT FOR BRIEF OVERTURE TO DREAM... SOUND...WHIRRING MOTOR)

DAGWOOD: BOY! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO FLY LIKE THIS...
(SOUND OF WIRELESS)

VOICE: (FILTER) CALLING THE GENIE...FLIGHT FIVE...CALLING FLIGHT FIVE...THE GENIE!

DAGWOOD: HEY, WHAT'S THAT? (SOUND OF WIRELESS AGAIN)
OH -- A RADIO TOO? ER -- HELLO? HELLO -- THIS IS THE GENIE -- DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD SPEAKING.

VOICE: (FILTER) REPORT YOUR POSITION.

DAGWOOD: ALTITUDE FIFTY THOUSAND FEET. GROUND SPEED FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES PER HOUR. HAVING FINE TIME...WISH YOU WERE HERE.

VOICE: YOU'D BETTER BRING THAT FLYING WASHTUB HOME, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: AW...I'VE ONLY BEEN AROUND THE WORLD THREE TIMES. SO FAR -- AND --

VOICE: WELL, YOU'D BETTER COME HOME NOW -- YOUR WIFE WANTS YOU.

DAGWOOD: TELL HER I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STEER THIS GENIE YET.

VOICE: JUST TELL THE GENIE WHERE YOU WANT TO GO AND IT WILL DO YOUR BIDDING.

DAGWOOD: I'LL DO MY OWN BIDDING! I BID TWO NO TRUMPS. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (ON FILTER) DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...CAN YOU HEAR ME?

DAGWOOD: TOOCH. SURE, HONEY, I'M COMING RIGHT NOW. G'BYE.

(HANGS UP) LET'S SEE. THE YELLOW KNOB TOOK ME UP IN THE AIR. I GUESS THE GREEN ONE TAKES ME DOWN. I'LL TRY IT. (CLICK) (WHISTLE DESCENDING) TOOOOCH...

(TERRIFIC ARPEGGIO DOWNWARD)

(A SPLASH...RUSHING WATER)

DAGWOOD: HEY! NOW I'M UNDER WATER...THIS THING IS A SUBMARINE, TOO...GOLLY, LOOK AT ALL THE FISH FOLLOWING ME! THERE'S A BIG ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE DAISY! (FAINT BARKING HEARD) UHUH. A DOGFISH! (WIRELESS HEARD) THERE'S THE WIRELESS AGAIN. (PHONE UP) HELLO. GENIE WASHING MACHINE...I MEAN SUBMARINE -- BUMSTEAD SPEAKING.

VOICE: (ON FILTER) REPORT POSITION.

DAGWOOD: TWENTY THOUSAND FEET BELOW SEA LEVEL. HAVING TERRIBLE TIME...WISH I WAS HOME!

BLONDIE: (ON FILTER) DAGWOOD. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DUNKING YOURSELF IN THE OCEAN?

DAGWOOD: I COULDN'T HELP IT, HONEY...I JUST TURNED THE GREEN
BUTTON...

BLONDIE: WELL, TURN SOME MORE BUTTONS AND COME ASHORE.

DAGWOOD: THERE'S ONLY THE RED BUTTON LEFT...

VOICE: TURN THE RED BUTTON!

DAGWOOD: THE RED BUTTON? OKAY! (CLICK) TOOOOH! THAT OPENED
THE DOOR...THE WATER'S COMING IN! HEY, IT'S UP TO
MY ANKLES!

BLONDIE: I TOLD YOU TO TAKE YOUR RUBBERS!

DAGWOOD: IT'S UP TO MY KNEES!

VOICE: WHAT YOU NEED IS RUBBER BOOTS. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER. THE WATER'S RISING...IT'S
UP TO MY CHEST!

BLONDIE: (OFF FILTER...BUT AWAY) DAGWOOOOOD!

DAGWOOD: BLOOOOOOONDIE...HELP!

BLONDIE: (NEARER) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: IT'S UP TO MY CHIN! IT'S UP TO MY --- GLUB --- GLUB ---
GLUB! (BUBBLES)
(MUSIC RISES FAST AND VERY BRIEF...OUT SHARP)

BLONDIE: (IN) DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

DAGWOOD: (SPLUTTERING) S-S-SWIMMING!

BLONDIE: WHAT'S ALL THIS WATER ON THE FLOOR...

DAGWOOD: LOOK OUT, HONEY...YOU'LL BE DROWNED!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! ARE YOU ASLEEP IN ALL THAT WATER?

DAGWOOD: EH...NO NO...I...I'M...HEY...WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING AGAIN...AND YOU'VE FLOODED THE
PLACE WITH WATER FROM THAT...THAT WASHING MACHINE!
DAGWOOD, WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?

DAGWOOD: TOOHH. LISTEN, HONEY, I CAN EXPLAIN.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND THE EXPLANATIONS. GET A MOP!

MUSIC: (IN BRIEFLY THEN SEGUE TO THEME)

(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 18-A
6/3/40

WALLINGTON: WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEDS IN A MOMENT, BUT FIRST A NOTE OF INTEREST. BETWEEN NOW AND JUNE TWENTY-SECOND WE WILL BE ENJOYING THE LONGEST DAYS OF THE YEAR. THESE EXTRA HOURS AND MINUTES OF DAYLIGHT MEAN ADDED EXTRA PLEASURE FOR MEN AND WOMEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. UNFORTUNATELY THIS EXTRA PLEASURE LASTS ONLY SO LONG. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CIGARETTES, MILLIONS OF SMOKERS GET EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURE WITH CAMELS THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVEDAYS OUT OF THE YEAR, THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY SIX DAYS THIS YEAR. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM COSTLIER TOBACCOS. CAMELS ARE SLOWER BURNING. AND THIS SLOWER WAY OF BURNING IN CAMEL CIGARETTES GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLVAOR, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK.

MAN'S VOICE: 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.

WALLINGTON: THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SO KEEP YOUR SMOKING ON THE SLOW BURNING SIDE. GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEAD'S SERVICE PORCH -- WHERE BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE MOPPING UP THE RECENT CONTENTS OF THE WASHING MACHINE FROM THE FLOOR. (SLOSHING OF MOP)

DAGWOOD: IT'S ABOUT ALL MOPPED NOW, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET THAT HIGH WATER MARK OFF THE WALL.

DAGWOOD: THAT'LL GO AWAY WHEN IT'S DRY -- I THINK. ANYWAY -- WE NEVER WOULD HAVE FOUND THAT BOWL OF DAISY'S WE THOUGHT WAS LOST -- IF IT HADN'T FLOATED OUT FROM UNDER THE CUPBOARD...SO...

BLONDIE: SO I SUPPOSE THAT MAKES IT ALL RIGHT TO BUY AN EXPENSIVE WASHING MACHINE AND FLOOD THE HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: WELL --- THE MACHINE WILL PAY FOR ITSELF -- YOU'LL SEE.

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE HOW -- UNLESS IT PRINTS MONEY ON THE SIDE.

DAGWOOD: ER -- NOT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT...

BLONDIE: I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT. SOME WOMEN CAN GO OUT FOR A LITTLE LUNCHEON AND TRUST THEIR HUSBANDS NOT TO BUY THINGS THEY CAN'T AFFORD...

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I KNOW...ER...HOW WAS THE LUNCH, HONEY?

BLONDIE: IT WAS ALL RIGHT AT FIRST.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NICE...(TAKE)...ER -- AT FIRST?

BLONDIE: YES...HERE STAND THIS MOP OUT IN THE SUN. (DOOR OPENS)
THE OTHER WAY UP!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- SURE, HONEY. LISTEN, I -- I'M SORRY THIS HAPPENED -- I -- I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE FOR YOU TO HAVE THE WASHER AND SAVE WORK AND ALL.

BLONDIE: I KNOW, DAGWOOD. I'M SORRY I WAS CROSS. YOU WERE THINKING OF ME AND I BET A LOT OF THOSE RICH WOMEN AT THE LUNCHEON TODAY, DON'T HAVE HALF AS NICE HUSBANDS AS I HAVE -- FOR ALL THEIR MONEY...

DAGWOOD: THANKS, HONEY. HEY -- WHAT DID YOU MEAN THE LUNCH WAS ALL RIGHT AT FIRST?

BLONDIE: OH, IT WAS LOVELY. THE TABLE WAS LIKE A PICTURE IN A SWANKY MAGAZINE...AND THE FLOWERS AND THE SILVER AND THE DRESSES...

DAGWOOD: I BET YOU WERE THE PRETTIEST.

BLONDIE: I WAS HAVING A MARVELOUS TIME...UNTIL THE BUTLER CALLED MRS. UPHAM AWAY FROM THE TABLE. HE SAID THERE WAS A "YOUNG PERSON" AT THE BACK DOOR WHO INSISTED ON SEEING HER. HE LOOKED AT ME WHEN HE SAID IT.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T GET THAT.

BLONDIE: NEITHER DO I...BUT THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED. SOMEHOW I THOUGHT OF BABY DUMPLING RIGHT AWAY...BUT OF COURSE HE WAS HOME WITH YOU. ER -- WASN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: OH, GOLLY -- I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT, HONEY. HE MUST HAVE GONE LOOKING FOR DAISY ^{AFTER} AFTER I FELL ASLEEP.

BLONDIE: LOOKING FOR DAISY? IS DAISY LOST?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...I DON'T THINK SO...JUST HIDING.

BLONDIE: HIDING? WHY DAISY ONLY HIDES WHEN SHE THINKS YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE HER A BATH. AND SHE HAD A BATH THE OTHER DAY...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...ER...NEVER MIND ABOUT DAISY. IS THAT ALL THAT HAPPENED AT THE LUNCH?

BLONDIE: LUNCHEON IS CORRECT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH -- EXCUSE ME.

BLONDIE: SO LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED...

DAGWOOD: PRAY DO. (SOCIETY MANNER)

BLONDIE: WHAT? OH! WELL, WHEN MRS. UPHAM CAME BACK TO THE TABLE, SHE KEPT GIVING ME THE FUNNIEST LOOKS.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN SHE GAVE YOU A NASTY EYE, RIGHT AT HER OWN TABLE?

BLONDIE: OH, NO. SHE LOOKED KIND OF -- WELL -- PUZZLED -- AND AWFULLY SYMPATHETIC.

DAGWOOD: SHE DID, HUH? WELL, WE DON'T NEED HER SYMPATHY.

BLONDIE: THAT'S JUST WHAT PUZZLED ME -- THAT AND WHAT SHE SAID AT THE DOOR WHEN I LEFT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DID SHE SAY?

BLONDIE: SHE PRESSED MY HAND AND SAID, "I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR -- ER -- REVERSES, MRS. BUMSTEAD!"

DAGWOOD: THAT SOUNDS AS IF WE'D LOST ALL OUR MONEY.

BLONDIE: ALL WHAT MONEY?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU KNOW -- AS IF WE WERE BROKE. HEY! DO YOU THINK SHE'D HEARD THAT I BOUGHT THE WASHING MACHINE?

BLONDIE: NOW WHO WOULD TELL HER THAT? NO. BUT THAT ISN'T ALL SHE SAID.

DAGWOOD: NO?

BLONDIE: NO...SHE SAID, "BUT YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED ON HAVING SUCH A BRAVE AND ENTERPRISING LITTLE BOY."

DAGWOOD: ER -- "ENTERPRISING?"

BLONDIE: AND "BRAVE."

DAGWOOD: I THINK THAT BABY DUMPLING IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS SOMEHOW.

BLONDIE: I WISH I COULD ASK HIM. SOMEHOW I GOT THE IDEA THAT MRS. UPHAM WAS SAYING "GOODBYE FOREVER" AT THE DOOR. NOT THAT I CARE SO MUCH FOR SOCIETY DOINGS -- BUT IT'S AWFULLY GOOD FOR YOUR BUSINESS, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT ABOUT THE WASHER, TOO. I MEAN...HOW WOULD IT LOOK IF YOU WERE OUT WITH THOSE SOCIAL DAMES AND THEY GOT TALKING ABOUT THEIR WASHING MACHINES...

BLONDIE: IT'S A NICE THOUGHT FOR ME, DAGWOOD...BUT WE SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD IT. ANYWAY, NOBODY MENTIONED WASHERS TODAY...JUST THE SERVANT PROBLEM AND HOW HER MAID PROBABLY TOOK HER BRACELET.

DAGWOOD: HUH? WHOSE BRACELET?...

BLONDIE: OH, MRS. UPHAM LOST AN EMERALD BRACELET...SHE WAS ALL UPSSET ABOUT THAT, BECAUSE OF SENTIMENTAL VALUE SHE SAID...THE COST DIDN'T MATTER.

DAGWOOD: OH -- IT DIDN'T!

BLONDIE: OH, NO! WHAT'S A SMALL FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR BRACELET TO HER?

DAGWOOD: POOH. JUST A FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR JOB, EH? I SUPPOSE SHE RAISED THE MAIDS WAGES FOR TAKING IT.

BLONDIE: SHE ISN'T SURE SHE TOOK IT...IT'S THE UNCERTAINTY THAT BOTHERS HER. SHE CAN'T FIRE THE MAID WITHOUT PROOF, BECAUSE SHE'S HAD HER YEARS AND NO ONE CAN DO HER HAIR RIGHT EXCEPT THIS GIRL...

DAGWOOD: HEY! YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

BLONDIE: NO...WHAT?

DAGWOOD: I -- I THINK I HEAR BABY DUMPLING COMING...LISTEN...
(RUMBLE OF THE LITTLE RED WAGON) YEAH...LOOKIT...HE'S
PULLIN HIS LITTLE WAGON...

BLONDIE: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, WHAT'S HE GOT ON THE WAGON...

DAGWOOD: A BIG BUNDLE OF...SOMETHING DONE UP IN A SHEET!
(DOOR OPENS) HI ^BABY DUMPLING! WHAT GOES?

BABY: (COMING IN) HI DADDY. HI MOMMIE. IT'S OKAY. NOW
WE CAN KEEP THE NEW WASHER!

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING BUMSTEAD...WHAT IS THAT ON YOUR WAGON?

BABY: WHY, I'VE BEEN OUT ON MY LAUNDRY ROUTE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: LAUNDRY ROUTE?

BABY: UHUH. DADDY SAID WE COULD TAKE IN WASHING TO PAY FOR
THE GENIE...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

BABY: SO I WENT TO ALL THE NEIGHBORS AND TOLD 'EM WE WERE
TAKING IN WASHING NOW...

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH.

BABY: MRS. UPHAM'S GOING TO LET US DO ALL HER WASHING. THIS
IS JUST THE FIRST BATCH!

DAGWOOD: MRS. UPHAM! HEY! MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE GAVE YOU A
FUNNY LOOK, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: YOU -- YOU TOLD MRS. UPHAM WE WERE TAKING IN WASHING?
THERE GOES MY SOCIAL CAREER!

BABY: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MOMMIE, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: DON'T BOTHER MOMMIE NOW, BABY. SHE -- SHE'S HAD A
SHOCK! HERE LET ME TAKE THAT WAGON. I -- I'LL TAKE THE
STUFF BACK, BLONDIE. I'LL EXPLAIN...

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD. IT -- IT'S TOO LATE.

BABY: I -- I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP BUY THE WASHER, MOMMIE.
BLONDIE: OF COURSE YOU WERE, DEAR. MOMMIE UNDERSTANDS. WELL --
SINCE YOU GOT THE WORK...WE'LL DO IT.
DAGWOOD: EH?
BLONDIE: MRS. UPHAM CALLED BABY DUMPLING A BRAVE LITTLE BOY...AND
HE IS.
DAGWOOD: SURE HE IS...IT TAKES GUMPTION TO GO OUT AND GET ORDERS
LIKE THAT.
BLONDIE: SO WHAT DO WE CARE WHAT PEOPLE THINK. WE WON'T LET
BABY DOWN.
BABY: ARE WE GOING TO DO THE WASHING?
BLONDIE: YES DEAR...UNDO THE BUNDLE...
DAGWOOD: BOY, MRS. UPHAM MUST BE RICH...ALL THIS STUFF IN
ONE WASH. LOOKIT.
BABY: THE BUTLER SAID BE CAREFUL WITH THAT LACE TABLECLOTH.
BLONDIE: ISN'T IT LOVELY, DAGWOOD.
DAGWOOD: UHUH? WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE THINGS?
BLONDIE: SERVIETTES.
DAGWOOD: HUH?
BLONDIE: NAPKINS TO YOU DEAR...
BABY: OOOH LOOKIT, MOMMIE...LOOKIT THE PRETTY GREEN GLASS.
DAGWOOD: HEY...LOOK BLONDIE!
BLONDIE: MRS. UPHAM'S BRACELET! ...IN WITH HER PILLOW CASE...
DAGWOOD: GOSH...LET ME HAVE THAT, BABY! IT COST FOUR THOUSAND
BUCKS!
BLONDIE: OH, SHE WILL BE SO GLAD WE FOUND IT...AND THAT POOR MAID!
DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- IT'S A GOOD THING SHE DIDN'T FIRE THAT MAID...
BLONDIE: I'LL TAKE THIS BACK TO HER RIGHT NOW...

BABY: TELL HER THE WASH WILL BE ALONG SOON.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...TELL HER THE BUMSTEADS WON'T CHARGE HER A CENT EITHER.

BLONDIE: DON'T START THAT WORK BEFORE I GET BACK...I WANT TO SEE THAT WASHER WORK -- JUST ONCE -- BEFORE WE HAVE TO SEND IT BACK TO THE STORE...

MUSIC: (BRITFLY)

BABY: IT'S ALL LOADED, DADDY. COULDN'T WE WASH A LITTLE WITH IT NOW?

DAGWOOD: NO -- YOUR MOTHER WANTS TO SEE IT WORK. WE MUSTN'T BE SELFISH, BABY.

BABY: I'M SORRY WE HAVE TO SEND THE MACHINE BACK, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) (SIGHS) YEAH. BUT LIKE I EXPLAINED, BABY... WE CAN'T TAKE IN WASHING ALL THE TIME.. IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO CUT IN ON MRS. RIORDAN'S TRADE.

BABY: I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DADDY. (FRONT DOOR OPENS AWAY)
HERE'S MOMMIE BACK! NOW WE CAN START...

DAGWOOD: WAIT...I WANT HER TO SEE ME THROW THE SWITCH...

BLONDIE: (RUSHING IN) DAGWOOD! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BABY: WHAT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: MRS. UPHAM CRIED WHEN I GAVE HER THE BRACELET. IT'S REALLY SENTIMENT WITH HER ABOUT THE BRACELET. SHE HAS SOME THAT ARE WORTH A LOT MORE -- BUT THIS WAS A GIFT FROM HER HUSBAND WHEN HE MADE HIS FIRST BIG MONEY... AND SHE THINKS MORE OF IT THAN ANYTHING.

DAGWOOD: HOW ABOUT THE MAID?

BLONDIE: THAT WAS ANOTHER THING...SHE LOVES THAT MAID...AND SHE DIDN'T WANT TO THINK SHE TOOK IT...HER FRIENDS KEPT AT HER, THOUGH...

DAGWOOD: ANYWAY, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW?

BLONDIE: YES -- EXCEPT -- OH DAGWOOD, I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND...

DAGWOOD: MIND WHAT? (DAISY BARKS OUTSIDE) HEY BABY, THERE'S DAISY -- GO CATCH HER QUICK!

BABY: OKAY, DADDY. (DOOR OPENS) HERE, DAISY, HERE DAISY...

DAGWOOD: MIND WHAT, HONEY?

BLONDIE: WELL -- IT SEEMS THAT MRS. UPHAM HAD OFFERED A BIG REWARD FOR THAT BRACILET.

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN...WE DON'T TAKE REWARDS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. I TOLD HER THAT...AND I STRAIGHTENED OUT ABOUT TAKING IN-WASHING! BUT SHE WAS GOING TO BE HURT IF I DON'T LET HER DO SOMETHING TO SHOW HER GRATITUDE...
SO...

DAGWOOD: SO?

BLONDIE: SO SHE'S -- GIVING US THE WASHING MACHINE.

DAGWOOD: NOW I -- I DON'T THINK WE CAN ACCEPT IT.

BLONDIE: WAIT, DAGWOOD. SHE TOLD ME A SECRET...THAT MADE UP MY MIND.

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

BLONDIE: YES...LISTEN...BEFORE MR. UPHAM MADE ALL HIS MONEY -- THEY WERE VERY POOR. MUCH POORER THAN WE ARE! DON'T BREATHE IT TO A SOUL BUT...MRS. UPHAM TOOK IN WASHING HERSELF ONCE.

DAGWOOD: MRS. UPHAM? BENDING OVER A WASHBOARD?

BLONDIE: YES...AND EVER SINCE SHE'S WANTED A NICE MODERN WASHER TO RUN HERSELF.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SHE CAN AFFORD ONE, CAN'T SHE?

BLONDIE: THE SERVANTS WON'T LET HER. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, DAGWOOD, TO HAVE TO KEEP A SOCIAL POSITION.

DAGWOOD: (BIG HEARTED) HEY -- I TELL YOU. SHE CAN COME OVER AND WATCH OURS RUN!

BLONDIE: THAT'S JUST WHAT I INVITED HER TO DO!

DAGWOOD: SWELL! WE'LL GIVE A LUNCHEON, TOO! A WASHDAY LUNCH.

BLONDIE: FEATURING THE FAMOUS BUMSTEAD SANDWICHES.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT FIRST WE'RE HAVING A PREVIEW OF THIS WASHER RIGHT NOW...

BLONDIE: THEN WE CAN KEEP IT?

DAGWOOD: SURE...TO PLEASE MRS. UPHAM. WATCH NOW...I JUST TURN THIS SWITCH...(CLICK...WASHER STARTS TO HUM AND CHURN WATER) (SIGHS HAPPILY) ISN'T THAT A PRETTY SIGHT?

BLONDIE: IT -- IT'S SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL, DAGWOOD...(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: HEY -- DAISY GOT AWAY AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND...COME WATCH THE WASHER WASH!

BABY: OH BOY...(STARTS TO SING) "THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES..."

BLONDIE: (JOINS) "WASH OUR CLOTHES...WASH OUR CLOTHES."

DAGWOOD: (JOINS) (ALL THREE SING) "THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES...SO EARLY IN THE EVENING!"

MUSIC: (COMES IN OVER LAST WORDS...RISES...SEGUES TO THEME FOR CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -28-
6/3/40 (REVISED)

WALLINGTON: IN JUST A MOMENT, WE WILL TRY AND GIVE YOU A BRIEF
SYNOPSIS OF NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE, BUT FIRST --

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

WALLINGTON: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS --
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS. CAMELS BRING
YOU THREE OTHER GREAT SHOWS EACH WEEK. ON FRIDAY NIGHT
CAMELS BRING YOU THE AL PEARCE PROGRAM. AND ON
SATURDAY, MEET NEW YORK'S COSMOPOLITAN SET WITH
ILKA CHASE AT "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" ~~WITH~~ DAYTIME
ENTERTAINMENT -- (SOMETHING NEW AND UNUSUAL) -- ON
SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR BOB CROSBY AND
MILDRED BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A "HEARTBEAT."
NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AGAIN YOU'LL HEAR "BLONDIE" ~~AND...~~

*...which will be announced by
"Blondie" Mother Day Celebration*

THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO ENJOYMENT. AND FOR YOUR
SMOKING ENJOYMENT -- TRY CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES
YOU THE EXTRAS!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

"BLONDIE" -29-
6/3/40 (REVISED)

WALLINGTON: BLONDIE IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD,
BY ARTHUR LAKE...BLONDIE IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY
ASMEAD SCOTT...

RIGHT NOW THE AMERICAN RED CROSS ASKS EVERY AMERICAN
MAN AND WOMAN FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WAR RELIEF
FUND TO AID THE SUFFERINGS OF THOUSANDS OF CIVILIANS OF
THE THREE NEUTRAL COUNTRIES WHICH HAVE BEEN DEVASTATED
BY WAR.

THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION, AND THE IMMEDIATE
NEED FOR RELIEF CANNOT BE OVER-EMPHASIZED. YOUR
SYMPATHY CAN BEST BE SHOWN THROUGH YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS
TO YOUR LOCAL RED CROSS CHAPTER.

THIS IS JIMMY WALLINGTON SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE
MAKERS OF CAMELS CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.