

9/16/40

Master

"BLONDIE"

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

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1940

GOODWIN: 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!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS."

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

BABY: MOMMIE. MOMMIE HAVE YOU GOT A QUICK DOLLAR?

BLONDIE: A QUICK DOLLAR! BABY -- WHERE DO YOU PICK UP SUCH SLANG?

BABY: WELL THAT'S WHAT DADDY SAID -- "GO ASK MOMMIE FOR A QUICK DOLLAR" HE SAID...

BLONDIE: OH HE DID!

BABY: UHUH. AND THEN HE SAID -- "IF YOU CAN'T GET A QUICK DOLLAR -- GET A FAST FIFTY CENTS"...

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU GO ASK DADDY WHAT THE BIG HURRY IS. JUST WHAT
DOES DADDY WANT WITH THIS MONEY BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: HE NEEDS SOME MORE STUFF TO PUT INTO MIXING THE BUMSTEAD BLEACHER.

BLONDIE: OH...IS HE INVENTING SOMETHING AGAIN?

BABY: SURE MOMMIE -- IT'S GOING TO BE SWELL. IF IT WORKS...

BLONDIE: WHAT WILL IT DO? IF IT WORKS?

BABY: WHY IT'S FOR WASHING CLOTHES. IT'S TO TAKE OUT ALL THE SPOTS AND STUFF.

BLONDIE: OH! WHY -- THAT SOUNDS PRETTY SENSIBLE! HOW DID DADDY COME TO THINK OF INVENTING THAT?

BABY: WELL -- IT WAS ON ACCOUNT OF THAT TIME HE MADE BELIEVE HE HAD THE TASMANIAN BLIGHT. REMEMBER?

BLONDIE: I'LL NEVER FORGET! YOUR FATHER CERTAINLY DID US ALL PROUD THAT DAY! COVERING HIMSELF WITH IODINE SPOTS. GETTING US ALL QUARANTINED!

BABY: IT WASN'T ONLY IODINE MOMMIE... THOSE IODINE SPOTS (CUT SECOND SHOW)

BLONDIE: WELL -- ANYWAY -- THE SPOTS (WOULDN'T COME OFF UNTIL YOU MIXED UP ANOTHER MIXTURE BY ACCIDENT THAT WOULD TAKE THEM OFF.

BABY: UHUH. WELL THAT'S WHAT DADDY'S TRYING TO INVENT NOW. HE'S TRYING TO MIX UP THE SAME STUFF TO TAKE SPOTS OUT. ONLY I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I PUT INTO IT!

GOODWIN: WELL, WHILE BABY DUMPLING IS TRYING TO REMEMBER... (PAUSE...
SURPRISED)...SAY WHO LET YOU IN?

WOMAN: I'M ONE OF THE BUMSTEAD'S NEIGHBORS. AND I'VE GOT A
(Age 35,
Gabby) COMPLAINT TO MAKE, MR GOODWIN.

GOODWIN: ABOUT OUR PROGRAM?

WOMAN: YES! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS VISIT THE BUMSTEADS? WHY DON'T YOU
COME AND SEE US SOME TIME? (PROUDLY) WE'RE A CAMEL FAMILY,
TOO, YOU KNOW.

GOODWIN: (LAUGHING) THAT'S NO ARGUMENT! MILLIONS OF PEOPLE SMOKE
CAMELS.

WOMAN: WELL, I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT ALL RIGHT. CAMELS ARE SO EXTRA
MILD AND COOL, I'M ALWAYS READY FOR ANOTHER -- CAMELS ALWAYS
TASTE GOOD. AND MY HUSBAND GOES FOR CAMELS, TOO. HE
ESPECIALLY ENJOYS THEIR RICH, FULL FLAVOR.

GOODWIN: THAT'S RIGHT! THERE ARE EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURES WRAPPED UP
IN EVERY CAMEL, THESE "EXTRAS" ARE YOURS, THANKS TO THE
COSTLIER, SLOWER-BURNING TOBACCOS IN CAMELS. SO FRIENDS,
FOR EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR, JUST
SAY: "A PACKAGE OF CAMELS, PLEASE." AND YOU'LL SOON
DISCOVER THERE'S EXTRA VALUE -- EXTRA SMOKING PER

ORCHESTRA: CURTAIN CIGARETTE PER PACK -- IN SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. ↑ NOW, FOR
OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS,
BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD. BABY DUMPLING, IT SEEMS, HAS
A VERY COMPLEX ~~MEDICAL~~ ^{CHEMICAL} PROBLEM ON HIS MIND.

BLONDIE: I DON'T WONDER YOU CAN'T REMEMBER. WHY YOU TOOK THINGS FROM ALL THE OLD MEDICINE BOTTLES OUT OF THE BATHROOM CABINET FOR THAT MIXTURE!

BABY: UHUH. I WAS PLAYING DRUGSTORE. BUT WHAT I MIXED UP DID TAKE OFF SPOTS MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY DID. IT WOULD MAKE A GOOD BLEACH ALL RIGHT...

BABY: WELL SO...DADDY IS MIXING UP DIFFERENT BATCHES OF ALL THE STUFF I HAD IN MY DRUGSTORE -- BUT HE'S OUT OF HAIR OIL AND HE WANTS TO BUY SOME.

BLONDIE: HAIR OIL! I NEVER HEARD OF THAT GOING INTO A BLEACHING MIXTURE!

BABY: WELL DADDY SAYS HE'S GOT TO TRY EVERYTHING! HE'S UP TO FORMULA EIGHTY-EIGHT NOW...AND HE SAYS THIS IS NO TIME TO GIVE UP!

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE NOT! WELL, HERE'S A QUARTER -- GET SOME HAIR OIL WITH THAT. NOT THAT I THINK IT WILL WORK...

BABY: (GOING) WELL IF IT DOES WORK...WE'LL ALL BE RICH! DADDY SAYS SO...

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT IF HE DOESN'T GET IT TO WORK PRETTY SOON -- WE'LL BE A LOT POORER BEFORE WE'RE ANY RICHER...

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLOOOOONDIE!

BABY: (OFF) TELL HIM I'LL BE RIGHT BACK MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT DEAR, (CALLS) DON'T TELL THE DRUGGIST WHAT YOU WANT THE HAIR OIL FOR, HE'LL THINK WE'RE ALL CRAZY....

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HI BLONDIE...KNOW WHAT I'M UP TO? OUT IN THE GARAGE?

BLONDIE: I HEAR YOU'RE UP TO FORMULA EIGHTY-EIGHT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I ALWAYS DID LIKE CHEMISTRY! LISTEN...THIS BUMSTEAD BLEACHER'S GOING TO TAKE ALL THE WORK OUT OF WASHDAY!

BLONDIE: IT'S GOING TO TAKE ALL THE CHANGE OUT OF MY PURSE TOO IF WE DON'T LOOK OUT! LISTEN, DAGWOOD! DIDN'T YOU SEE FARQUHAR FUDDLE LAST NIGHT?

DAGWOOD: OH SURE. I SAW HIM.

BLONDIE: DIDN'T YOU GO OVER TO COLLECT THAT FIVE DOLLARS HE OWED YOU?

DAGWOOD: YES -- SURE HONEY! THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY...

BLONDIE: ONLY YOU DIDN'T GET IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- NO! I DIDN'T EXACTLY GET THE CASH -- BECAUSE FUDDLE DIDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY CASH ON HIM. IN FACT HE HAPPENED TO NEED SOME MORE...

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! YOU DIDN'T LEND HIM ANY MORE?

DAGWOOD: WELL LOOK HONEY...

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH?

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH MORE DID HE GET THIS TIME?

DAGWOOD: ONLY TWO DOLLARS HONEY.

BLONDIE: ^{OH DAGWOOD} YOU GO OVER TO COLLECT A DEBT THAT HE'S OWED FOR YEARS AND END BY LENDING HIM MORE MONEY!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT THIS TIME I GOT SOME SECURITY! LOOK! SEE THIS?

BLONDIE: WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

DAGWOOD: IT'S A VALUABLE TICKET. SEE WHAT IT SAYS? "THE FRUITDALE COUNTY FAIR SWEEPSTAKES".

BLONDIE: I NEVER HEARD OF FRUITDALE...

DAGWOOD: WELL IT'S KIND OF OUT IN CALIFORNIA...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! WHAT KIND OF SECURITY FOR SEVEN DOLLARS IS THAT? A TICKET TO A COUNTY FAIR -- SOMEWHERE OUT IN CALIFORNIA!

DAGWOOD: OH THIS ISN'T A TICKET TO GET IN! THIS TICKET MAY BE WORTH A HUNDRED DOLLARS -- AFTER THE RACE!

BLONDIE: AFTER WHAT RACE?

DAGWOOD: WELL LISTEN...I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU. SEE -- THIS IS JUST LIKE THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKES -- EXCEPT OF COURSE THE PRIZES AREN'T SO BIG AND IT'S A SULKY RACE.

BLONDIE: A WHAT?

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW -- TROTTING HORSES. ^{TCH-TCH-GIDDY UP... GALLUMP GALLUMP} AND IF YOUR TICKET DRAWS THE RIGHT HORSE -- WHY -- YOU WIN!

BLONDIE: OH YOU MEAN IT'S A RAFFLE! WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A RACE HORSE EVEN IF YOU DID WIN IT?

DAGWOOD: YOU DON'T WIN THE HORSE HONEY! YOU WIN A HUNDRED DOLLARS -- IF YOUR HORSE WINS THE RACE -- IF YOU HAVE A HORSE. SEE?

BLONDIE: NO.

DAGWOOD: WELL IT'S LIKE THIS. FIRST -- FUDDLE BUYS THE TICKET FOR A DOLLAR...

BLONDIE: AND SELLS IT TO YOU FOR SEVEN DOLLARS. SO FAR YOU'RE OUT SIX DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I DIDN'T EXACTLY BUY IT! HE GAVE IT TO ME AS INTEREST ON MY MONEY.

BLONDIE: THEN THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT.

DAGWOOD: WHY MUST THERE? LISTEN...SEE THIS NUMBER ON HERE?

BLONDIE: YES...

DAGWOOD: WELL THEY KEEP A STUB WITH THE SAME NUMBER...AND A LOT OF OTHER STUBS AND THEY MIX 'EM ALL UP...AND DRAW THEM OUT OF A HAT OR SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: I SAID IT WAS A RAFFLE!

DAGWOOD: WELL KIND OF -- ONLY INSTEAD OF GETTING A SET OF DOILLIES OR AN ASHTRAY YOU GET THE NAME OF A HORSE.

BLONDIE: WHAT GOOD DOES HAVING THE NAME OF A HORSE DO YOU?

DAGWOOD: I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, BLONDIE. SEE -- THERE ARE SIX HORSES IN THIS RACE -- SO THEY DRAW SIX TIMES TIL SIX PEOPLE HAVE SIX HORSES...NO...I MEAN ONE HORSE -- A PIECE.

BLONDIE: UHUH. THEN WHAT?

DAGWOOD: THEN THEY GO AHEAD AND HAVE THE RACE.

BLONDIE: I SHOULD THINK IT WAS ABOUT TIME.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- BUT THAT ISN'T THE POINT HONEY! WHEN THEY HAVE THE RACE -- NATURALLY ONE HORSE WINS IT! AND THEN THE ONE WHO DREW THE WINNING HORSE'S NAME -- WINS A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT THE WRONG PEOPLE ALWAYS WIN THOSE THINGS, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO! FUDDLE SAYS I'VE GOT AS MUCH CHANCE AS ANYONE ELSE TO WIN. ANYWAY THE TICKET DIDN'T COST ME ANYTHING.

BLONDIE: WHAT ABOUT THAT SEVEN DOLLARS?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- MAYBE I WOULDN'T GET THAT BACK ANYHOW.

BLONDIE: AND ANOTHER THING -- I'LL BET THERE'S A CATCH TO THIS RAFFLE SOMEWHERE!

DAGWOOD: I DON'T SEE WHERE THERE CAN BE ANY CATCH TO THE SWEEPSTAKES! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO WIN IT!

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT LISTEN! IN THE FIRST PLACE -- IF THE PRIZE IS A HUNDRED DOLLARS THE PEOPLE WHO SELL THE TICKETS AT A DOLLAR A PIECE MUST SELL A LOT MORE THAN A HUNDRED TICKETS OR THEY WOULDN'T BE IN BUSINESS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SURE...BUT...

BLONDIE: AND IN THE SECOND PLACE -- OUT OF HUNDREDS OF TICKETS YOU HAVE A MIGHTY SMALL CHANCE TO DRAW THE NAME OF ONE OF THOSE SIX HORSES...

DAGWOOD: WELL...BUT...

BLONDIE: AND IN THE THIRD PLACE 'EVEN IF YOU GET A HORSE'S NAME... HE HAS ONLY ONE CHANCE IN SIX OF WINNING...

DAGWOOD: NO -- THEY CAN'T ALL WIN...BUT...

BLONDIE: AND IN THE FOURTH PLACE I DON'T APPROVE OF GAMBLING IN THE FIRST PLACE!

DAGWOOD: WELL GOLLY -- EVEN AT CHURCH SOCIALS THEY HAVE DRAWINGS FOR PRIZES...AND ANYWAY -- I BET IF I WON A HUNDRED DOLLARS...

BLONDIE: OH, YES...THAT'S ANOTHER THING. IF MR. FUDDLE THOUGHT THERE WAS THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF WINNING -- HE WOULDN'T GIVE UP THIS TICKET SO EASILY! I BET HE KNOWS IT'S NO GOOD!

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, BLONDIE...THAT'S NOT A NICE THING TO SAY ABOUT MR. FUDDLE! ANYWAY -- HOW COULD HE KNOW THIS TICKET WASN'T GOING TO WIN?

BLONDIE: MAYBE THE RACE IS OVER!

DAGWOOD: OH, NO! IT SAYS RIGHT ON THE TICKET...THE RACE IS TOMORROW.

BLONDIE: TOMORROW? WELL, THEN, WHEN IS THE DRAWING...THEY MUST HAVE THAT FIRST! LET'S SEE...DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: OOOOH. WHAT?

BLONDIE: I KNEW IT. THE DRAWING WAS TWO DAYS AGO! LOOK AT THE DATE ON THE TICKET! FARQUHAR FUDDLE KNEW WHEN HE GAVE YOU THIS THAT THEY'D HAD THE DRAWING -- AND THIS TICKET HADN'T DRAWN ANY HORSE'S NAME.

DAGWOOD: OOOH. GIVE ME THAT TICKET! YEAH! A FINE THING! I'LL GO OVER TO FUDDLE'S RIGHT NOW AND...

BLONDIE: NO YOU WON'T, DAGWOOD! EVERY TIME YOU GO OVER THERE HE BORROWS MORE MONEY! I'LL GO OVER THERE MYSELF.

DAGWOOD: WELL, ER...DON'T BE TOO HARSH ON FARQUHAR ~~NOW~~, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO TALK TO HIM! I'M GOING TO TELL HAZEL ON HIM!

MUSIC: (BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: HMM. NOW -- LET'S SEE...MAYBE A LITTLE MORE OF THIS TOOTHPOWDER WITH THE PINK STUFF...

FUDDLE: (AWAY) BUMSTEAD? WHERE ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: OUT IN THE GARAGE! BUT I'M BUSY!

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) WHY, DAG, MY BOY! IS THAT THE WAY TO WELCOME YOUR OLD FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR? (SNIFFS) WHAT'S THAT I SMELL?

DAGWOOD: IT'S FORMULA EIGHTY-NINE!

FUDDLE: UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, EH? THE GREAT INVENTOR. AT WORK! WHAT'S THIS INGREDIENT? FACE CREAM?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: IT TAKES ME BACK! YES SIR! I NEVER SEE A JAR OF FACE CREAM WITHOUT REMEMBERING POOR OLD JABE JONES. HE WAS AN INVENTOR, TOO.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DID HE INVENT?

FUDDLE: A MARVELOUS PREPARATION...BUT IT DID HIM NO GOOD.

DAGWOOD: NO?

FUDDLE: NO. YOU SEE HE TRIED IT ON HIMSELF FIRST! SMEARED IT ON HIS HANDS AND FACE...AND FELT YEARS YOUNGER! SO HE SMEARED IT ALL OVER HIMSELF...AND WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: WHAT? YOU MEAN AFTER HE PUT THIS STUFF ON...HE...HE...
VANISHED?

FUDDLE: THAT'S RIGHT. SEE -- IT WAS VANISHING CREAM! (ROARS WITH LAUGHTER)

DAGWOOD: UHUH. GOODBYE, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: WHY, DAGWOOD, MY BOY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS YOU KNOW ALL RIGHT. THAT SWEEPSTAKE TICKET...

FUDDLE: OH, YES...YOU GOT THAT SAFE, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: I'VE GOT IT ALL RIGHT! RIGHT IN THE POCKET OF THIS SHIRT. BUT THE TICKET'S NO GOOD! THAT DRAWING WAS TWO DAYS AGO... AND IF THIS TICKET HAD DRAWN A HORSE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN IT TO ME.

FUDDLE: YOU WOUND ME, BUMSTEAD! I GIVE YOU MY WORD I DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT THE DRAWING UNTIL...ER...JUST A SHORT WHILE AGO. NOW I TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO -- I'LL TAKE THAT TICKET BACK! AND -- ER -- STILL OWE YOU THE MONEY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'D RATHER HAVE YOU OWE IT TO ME THAN CHEAT ME OUT OF IT.

FUDDLE: LET'S NOT BANDY WORDS, BUMSTEAD. HAND OVER THE TICKET AND WE'LL LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

DAGWOOD: NO...I...THINK I'LL HANG ON TO THE TICKET...JUST TO REMINDE
ME!

FUDDLE: WELL...TELL YOU WHAT, MY BOY! I'VE GOT THE SAME IDEA ABOUT
THAT TICKET. I'D LIKE TO HAVE IT MYSELF.

DAGWOOD: WHAT FOR? IT'S NO GOOD.

FUDDLE: HMMM. NO. NO...BUT IT WOULD REMIND ME OF THE EVILS OF
GAMBLING.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS I'LL KEEP IT...

FUDDLE: YOU THINK I'M CRAZY, BUMSTEAD! I GUESS I AM! A FOOL AND
HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED...BUT...ER...I'LL PAY YOU FACE
VALUE FOR THAT TICKET. HERE'S THE DOLLAR!

DAGWOOD: THIS TICKET COST ME SEVEN DOLLARS. THAT'S WHAT YOU OWE ME.

FUDDLE: WELL...WE WON'T QUIBBLE...I...I'LL GIVE YOU THE SEVEN
DOLLARS! SPOT CASH!

DAGWOOD: WHERE DID YOU GET SEVEN DOLLARS? LAST NIGHT YOU SAID YOU
WERE BROKE.

FUDDLE: I KNOW...BUT THAT WAS LAST NIGHT. THE POINT IS THAT I'M
WILLING TO TAKE THAT TICKET OFF YOUR HANDS FOR SEVEN
DOLLARS. IS IT A DEAL?

DAGWOOD: WELL...I...

BABY: (OFF) DADDY!

DAGWOOD: HERE COMES BABY DUMPLING. LISTEN -- DON'T MENTION THE
TICKET IN FRONT OF HIM.

FUDDLE: WHY NOT? LET'S GET THIS THING SETTLED.

DAGWOOD: NO...I'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT ALL TO HIM...AND...

BABY: (COMING IN) HI DADDY! SAY MOMMIE IS LOOKING FOR YOU...

DAGWOOD: YEAH?

BABY: HELLO, MR. FUDDLE. MRS. FUDDLE IS LOOKING FOR YOU TOO!

FUDDLE: HMMM. PERHAPS I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HAZEL WANTS. (GOING)
THINK MY PROPOSITION OVER, BUMSTEAD. (DINNER BELL HEARD
RINGING VIOLENTLY AWAY) YES, MY LOVE...COMING...COMING
AT ONCE!

BABY: HERE'S THE HAIR OIL, DADDY!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...PUT IT DOWN WITH THE REST OF THE INGREDIENTS,
BABY.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOOOOD!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) YEAH -- I'M OUT HERE IN THE GARAGE, HONEY!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD!...I'VE JUST BEEN OVER TO FUDDLE'S!

DAGWOOD: FARQUHAR WAS OVER HERE TOO...AND YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT
HE WANTED...

BLONDIE: HE WANTED THAT TICKET BACK!

DAGWOOD: NO SIR! HE WANTED THAT TICKET...(TAKE) HEY! HOW DID
YOU KNOW?

BLONDIE: I'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE! HOW MUCH DID HE OFFER YOU FOR IT?

DAGWOOD: WHY HE SAID HE'D GIVE ME MY SEVEN DOLLARS BACK.

BLONDIE: OH HE DID! YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT DID YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL...NO! SEE -- JUST THEN BABY CAME IN...AND SAID HAZEL WANTED FARQUHAR TO COME HOME...AND HE WENT...

BLONDIE: GOOD FOR YOU BABY DUMPLING!

BABY: THANK YOU MOMMIE...WHAT DID I DO?

BLONDIE: YOU SAVED YOUR DADDY FROM MAKING A VERY BAD BARGAIN.

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: OH DON'T YOU SEE DAGWOOD? WHEN MR. FUDDLE LET YOU HAVE THAT TICKET LAST NIGHT HE THOUGHT IT WAS NO GOOD...BUT WHEN HE CAME OVER TO GET IT TODAY HE KNEW BETTER! HE'D HEARD THE NEWS.

DAGWOOD: OH -- ER -- WHAT NEWS?

BLONDIE: THE NEWS FROM OUT WEST...THAT TICKET WAS ONE OF THE SIX LUCKY ONES! IT DREW A HORSE IN THE SWEEPSTAKES!

DAGWOOD: HEY! IT DID?

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY DID.

DAGWOOD: OH BOY! (LAUGHS) (SUDDENLY SOBERS) HEY! WAIT!

BABY: WHAT'S THE MATTER DADDY?

DAGWOOD: THAT FUDDLE! HE TRIED TO GET THIS TICKET AWAY FROM ME -- WHEN HE KNEW IT HAD DRAWN A HORSE...AND MIGHT WIN THE PRIZE! WELL...THAT SETTLES IT! I'M ^{FINISHED} ~~THROUGH~~ WITH FUDDLE!

BLONDIE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE DAGWOOD. HE'S BEEN OUR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR FOR YEARS...

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU GOING TO STAND UP FOR HIM?

BLONDIE: NO...NOT EXACTLY. BUT...BUT I WISH HE DID HAVE THAT TICKET AND THAT YOU'D NEVER SEEN IT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT? WHY LISTEN...I MAY WIN A HUNDRED DOLLARS...

BLONDIE: I DON'T CARE! I MAY BE OLD-FASHIONED BUT WHEN IT COMES TO WINNING MONEY BY GAMBLING --

DAGWOOD: SSSSH! ^{LITTLE JUGS} ~~LITTLE PITCHERS...LITTLE PITCHERS...~~
BABY! LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. YOU DON'T WANT BABY DUMPLING TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. WELL -- WHY NOT? IF YOU'RE ASHAMED TO HAVE HIM KNOW -- YOU SHOULDN'T BE DOING IT!

BABY: WHAT'S DADDY DOING WRONG MOMMIE?

DAGWOOD: NOTHING! ANYWAY -- NOTHING MUCH.

BLONDIE: DADDY DOESN'T MEAN TO DO ANYTHING WRONG BABY...BUT SINCE YOU'VE HEARD THIS MUCH -- YOU MIGHT AS WELL HEAR THE REST.
^{NOW DAGWOOD}
I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE PLAY BRIDGE FOR MONEY...AND LOTS MORE BET ON HORSE RACES...AND SO LONG AS THEY CAN AFFORD WHAT THEY LOSE....AND DON'T GET TOO EXCITED OVER WHAT THEY WIN...SO LONG AS THEY DON'T STOP WORKING FOR HONEST MONEY INSTEAD OF TRYING TO BEAT SOME GAMBLING GAME FOR A LIVING...I DON'T SET MYSELF UP TO BE THEIR JUDGE...

DAGWOOD: WELL...GOLLY...I'M NOT SO EXCITED...

BLONDIE: YOU'RE NOT? YOU WERE ALL READY TO TURN ON YOUR OLD FRIEND FARQUHAR FUDDLE OVER IT. AND MR. FUDDLE! HE'S AS HONEST AS MOST MEN...USUALLY! BUT HE TRIED TO CHEAT YOU TWICE... OVER THAT TICKET WITH ITS CHANCE OF MAKING EASY MONEY!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. A FINE THING!

BLONDIE: NOW IF THAT HORSE LOSES -- YOU'LL REGRET THE SEVEN DOLLARS THE TICKET COST YOU...AND HOLD IT AGAINST MR. FUDDLE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH -- BUT IF THE HORSE WINS...I'LL FORGIVE HIM!

"BLONDIE"
9/16/40

-15-

BLONDIE: YES...AND THEN HE'LL BE MAD AT YOU!

DAGWOOD: WELL GOLLY...YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GIVE HIM BACK THIS
TICKET DO YOU?

BLONDIE: NO...I THINK WE OUGHT TO KEEP HIM ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT
AWHILE. JUST TO TEACH HIM A LESSON. BUT I DO THINK THAT
YOU OUGHT TO LET HIM HAVE HALF.

DAGWOOD: FOR NOTHING?

BLONDIE: NO...FOR THE SEVEN DOLLARS HE OWES YOU ANYWAY.

DAGWOOD: WHAT?. LISTEN...THAT'S CRAZY.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT DAGWOOD. YOU NEEDN'T SHOUT AT ME! BUT YOU
MARK MY WORDS! THAT TICKET MAY LOOK LIKE GOOD LUCK NOW...
BUT IT ISN'T. IT'S GOING TO MAKE US ALL VERY UNHAPPY...
UNLESS YOU'RE TERRIBLY CAREFUL!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH!

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

GOODWIN: (CHUCKLE) WELL, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE DAGWOOD IS UP TO HIS NECK IN TROUBLE AGAIN! BUT FOR JUST A MOMENT, I WANT TO SPEAK ABOUT THOSE MILLIONS OF SMOKERS WHO SAY --

MAN: (FAST) PACKAGE OF CAMELS, PLEASE!

GOODWIN: ...WHEN THEY BUY CIGARETTES. THESE MEN AND WOMEN SPECIFY CAMELS BECAUSE THEY'VE DISCOVERED IT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO GET THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE. YOU SEE, WHEN A CIGARETTE BURNS TOO FAST, PRICELESS SMOKING PLEASURE IS LOST, IT TAKES SLOWER-BURNING TO GIVE YOU CAMEL'S EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR. AND LISTEN TO THIS --

MAN: (FILTER) 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.

GOODWIN: THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SO FRIENDS, FOR THE SMOKING "EXTRAS," GET SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS!

~~ORCHESTRA!~~ ^{CURTAIN}
AND NOW WE REJOIN THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S THE FOLLOWING DAY... AND BLONDIE FINDS BABY...OUT IN THE GARAGE...WORKING BUSILY OVER A LARGE PAN...HE SEEMS TO BE STIRRING SOMETHING WITH A STICK...

BLONDIE: BABY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DEAR?

BABY: LOOK MOMMIE...I'M TRYING OUT THE BUMSTEAD BLEACHER ON
DADDY'S OLD SHIRT.

BLONDIE: OLD SHIRT? LET'S SEE? WHY THAT'S HIS GOOD BLUE SHIRT
THAT HE HAD ON YESTERDAY!

BABY: WELL HE GOT SPOTS ALL OVER IT...AND I THINK THE BLEACHER'S
TAKING THEM OUT MOMMIE. LOOKIT!

BLONDIE: I DECLARE. IT IS! WHY THE SHIRT'S ~~BLEACHED WHITE!~~ ^{AS WHITE AS SNOW!}

BABY: UHUH. THIS IS FORMULA A HUNDRED AND TEN I'M USING...I
GUESS IT'S THE RIGHT ONE TOO!

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU HAD SOMETHING THERE BABY.
WELL...LET'S HANG THE SHIRT UP TO DRY...AND SEE HOW IT
LOOKS THEN...COME ON!

(BRIEF MUSIC...RUN)

BLONDIE: THERE -- NOW THE BREEZE WILL DRY THAT AND THEN...WE'LL SEE.

BABY: LOOK MOMMIE...THERE'S MR. FUDDLE...WAVING OVER THE BACK
FENCE!

FUDDLE: (OFF) HELLO BLONDIE! LISTEN...CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE...WHY NOT? YOU GO IN AND WASH YOUR HANDS GOOD
BABY DUMPLING...

BABY: (GOING) OKAY MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: (TURNS) WELL MR. FUDDLE...THIS IS A NICE DAY FOR THE RACE
ISN'T IT?

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) YEAH...WHERE'S DAG, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) OH I EXPECT HE'S DOWN AT THE DRUGSTORE TELLING
THE BOYS ALL OVER AGAIN ABOUT THAT SWEEPSTAKE TICKET! WHY?

FUDDLE: (IN) HE WON'T TALK TO ME ANYMORE! IT'S NOT FAIR. I GAVE
HIM THAT TICKET IN THE FIRST PLACE.

"BLONDIE"
9/16/40

-18-

BLONDIE: (IN) YOU DIDN'T EXACTLY GIVE IT TO HIM MR. FUDDLE...AND HE WASN'T VERY HAPPY ABOUT THE WAY YOU TRIED TO GET IT BACK...

FUDDLE: HE OUGHT TO SELL ME A HALF INTEREST IN IT!

BLONDIE: WELL...I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.

FUDDLE: AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY...ER...YOU DO?

BLONDIE: YES, I DO. BUT I ALSO THINK YOU OUGHT TO PAY HIM THAT SEVEN DOLLARS YOU OWE HIM. IN CASH!

FUDDLE: WHY I'D BE GLAD TO. LET HIM SELL ME HALF THAT TICKET... AND I'LL PAY HIM BACK OUT OF MY WINNINGS.

BLONDIE: NO MR. FUDDLE. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO. YOU PAY THE DEBT -- AND I'LL GIVE YOU HALF THE TICKET...AND THEN WE'LL ALL BE SQUAKE AND FRIENDLY AGAIN.

FUDDLE: WHY THAT...THAT'S MIGHTY NICE BLONDIE. I...BY GOLLY... I MISS SEEING DAG!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLOOOONDIE.

BLONDIE: THERE HE IS NOW. HE'S COME HOME! I'LL GO IN AND TELL HIM.

FUDDLE: LISTEN...I'LL GET THAT MONEY RIGHT AWAY...BUT...YOU'RE SURE IT IS A DEAL?

BLONDIE: WE'LL SHAKE HANDS ON IT...AND THAT'S AS GOOD AS A CONTRACT WITH ME.

FUDDLE: SHAKE!
SCOUND!
FUDDLE: ^{BELL} YES MY DEAR...COMING!
(MUSIC VERY BRIEFLY...SHE RUNS IN HOUSE)

"BLONDIE"
9/16/40

-19-

DAGWOOD: BLOOOONDIE.

BLONDIE: HERE I AM DEAR...(GASPS) DAGWOOD! WHAT ON EARTH HAVE
YOU GOT ON?

DAGWOOD: THIS? IT'S A -- A SPORT COAT! WAIT...I'LL MOVE MORE INTO
THE LIGHT...

BLONDIE: NO DON'T! IT'S BRIGHT ENOUGH TO LIGHT UP THE ROOM NOW!
IT LOOKS LIKE IT HAD BEEN CUT OUT OF A HORSE BLANKET...

DAGWOOD: TOOOH. I TOLD 'EM IT WAS KIND OF GAY...BUT...

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH DID IT COST?

DAGWOOD: FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS...

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR A SPORT
COAT -- WITH WINTER COMING ON AND --

DAGWOOD: WELL LOOK, HONEY...EVERYBODY IN TOWN KNOWS I'VE GOT THAT SWEEPSTAKE TICKET AND...

BLONDIE: I KNEW IT...YOU'RE TRYING TO LIVE UP TO EASY MONEY...EVEN BEFORE YOU WIN IT...

DAGWOOD: WELL GOLLY...I HAVEN'T BOUGHT HALF THE THINGS PEOPLE TRY TO SELL ME...

BLONDIE: ISN'T THAT A NEW NECKTIE, TOO?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH. ^{THIS IS} ~~IT'S~~ KIND OF A LUXURY I GUESS! IT'S THE FIRST FIVE DOLLAR TIE I EVER HAD...

BLONDIE: FIVE DOLLARS! AND WHAT'S IN THIS BOX? A NEW HAT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT THAT'S FOR YOU!

BLONDIE: HOW MUCH?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- TWENTY DOLLARS...BUT LIKE THE SALESGIRL SAID... THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD...WAIT'LL I SHOW YOU THE HAT...

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD! I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT.

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: OH, I'M GLAD YOU THOUGHT OF ME, DEAR...BUT...I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT.

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. WHY NOT?

BLONDIE: I MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO KEEP IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I WANT YOU TO KEEP IT....

BLONDIE: NO...IT'S DEAD WRONG DAGWOOD, TO SPEND MONEY LIKE THAT. IT'S MONEY WE HAVEN'T GOT TO SPEND...DON'T YOU SEE?

DAGWOOD: WE'RE GOING TO HAVE IT! LISTEN...YOU DON'T KNOW THE LATEST!

BLONDIE: HAVE THEY RUN OFF THE RACE YET?

DAGWOOD: NO...BUT THIS MORNING THE FAVORITE HORSE WAS SCRATCHED!

BLONDIE: WHAT SCRATCHED HIM?

DAGWOOD: NOTHING SCRATCHED HIM...I MEAN HIS OWNER TOOK HIM OUT OF THE RACE...AND LISTEN! MY HORSE IS PRACTICALLY SURE TO WIN NOW! HE WAS THE NEXT BEST...THEY TELL ME!

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT...LET'S SAY YOU DO WIN! YOU'VE ALREADY SPENT FORTY...SIXTY...^{SEVENTY}~~SIXTY-THREE~~ DOLLARS...AND ALL YOU CAN WIN IS FIFTY.

DAGWOOD: NO...A HUNDRED, HONEY.

BLONDIE: NOT ON A HALF A TICKET...I SOLD THE OTHER HALF TO MR. FUDDLE -- JUST NOW...FOR THE SEVEN DOLLARS HE OWES YOU!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH!

(BRIEF MUSIC INTERLUDE)

BABY: IS DADDY'S SHIRT DRY YET, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: JUST ABOUT! I'LL ROLL IT UP IN A BUNDLE AND IRON IT AFTER SUPPER. THEN WE'LL SHOW DADDY HOW WHITE THE BUMSTEAD BLEACHER MADE IT.

BABY: WHY DOES DADDY KEEP CARRYING ALL THOSE BUNDLES BACK AND FORTH FROM THE STORE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU SEE DEAR...DADDY BOUGHT SOME THINGS WE REALLY COULDN'T AFFORD AND THEN HE THOUGHT BETTER OF IT AND TOOK THEM ALL BACK.

BABY: THEN WHY DIDN'T HE LEAVE THEM AT THE STORE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WHY HE WILL LEAVE THEM.

BABY: NO, MOMMIE...BECAUSE I CAN SEE HIM COMING...THROUGH THE WINDOW...AND HE'S STILL GOT ALL THE BUNDLES...

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR...I ONLY HOPE THEY HAVEN'T SOLD HIM SOMETHING MORE...

BABY: (OPENS DOOR) COME ON IN, DADDY...(GOING) GOODBYE, DADDY!

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HELLO! G'BYE -- EH? LISTEN -- THEY WOULDN'T TAKE THESE THINGS BACK, BLONDIE! -- THEY SAID THE COAT AND TIE HAD BEEN WORN...

BLONDIE: WHY YOU HARDLY HAD THEM ON...AND WHAT ABOUT THE HAT YOU BOUGHT ME? I NEVER EVEN SAW THAT...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I TOLD THEM AND THEY SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS PRETTY FUNNY THAT A WOMAN WOULD SEND BACK A NEW HAT WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING AT IT. THEY SAID YOU COULD CHANGE IT FOR ANOTHER...BUT NO MONEY BACK!

BLONDIE: WELL...I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO...WHEN I GET TIME...

DAGWOOD: GOLLY...I GET INTO THE DARNDDEST THINGS! EVEN IF THAT HORSE WINS I ~~AM OUT OF POCKET~~ ^{LOSE}...AND IF HE DOESN'T...

BLONDIE: WHEN WILL YOU KNOW?

DAGWOOD: ANY MINUTE NOW...SOMEBODY IS GOING TO PHONE FARQUHAR AND...

FUDDLE: (OFF) BUMSTEAD!! OH, DAG!

BLONDIE: HERE HE IS NOW!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! (OPENS DOOR FAST) HEY...WHAT HAPPENED?

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) GREAT NEWS, BUMSTEAD! WE WIN! OUR HORSE CAME IN!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) SWELL! ER...WHEN DO WE GET THE MONEY?

FUDDLE: AS SOON AS I SEND THE TICKET IN. WHERE IS THE TICKET?

DAGWOOD: WHY...RIGHT HERE! HMMMM...NO!! NOW WHERE...

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD! YOU HAVEN'T LOST THAT TICKET? WE CAN'T CLAIM THE MONEY WITHOUT IT!

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...I...IT MUST BE IN MY OTHER SUIT!...WAIT!...(GOES)
I'LL GET IT IN A MINUTE...(HEET RUN UPSTAIRS)

BLONDIE: NOW BEFORE YOU GET THE TICKET MR. FUDDLE...YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT YOU OWE US SEVEN DOLLARS HAVE YOU?

FUDDLE: ME? I SHOULD SAY NO! HERE YOU ARE! SPOT CASH!

BLONDIE: THANK YOU.

FUDDLE: WHAT'S KEEPING DAGWOOD...

BLONDIE: HERE HE COMES. (DAG'S FEET HEARD...COMING DOWN STAIRS... SLIPS ON THE LAST FEW) FIND IT, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: NO...I REMEMBER NOW...I HAD IT IN THE POCKET OF THAT BLUE SHIRT I HAD ON YESTERDAY! WHERE'S THAT SHIRT?

BLONDIE: THE BLUE SHIRT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! IT'S NOT IN THE LAUNDRY BAG.

BLONDIE: HERE IT IS! I WAS GOING TO IRON IT! BUT ---

DAGWOOD: NO...NO! THIS IS A WHITE SHIRT...THE ONE I MEAN IS BLUE.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T BLUE ANY LONGER, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

FUDDLE: BLUE --- WHITE...WHO CARES! LOOK FOR THAT TICKET!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...YEAH! HA! I CAN FEEL IT IN THE POCKET HERE! IT'S ALL RIGHT!

BLONDIE: I HOPE SO BUT...

DAGWOOD: HERE IT IS! NO IT ISN'T..THIS IS A PLAIN PIECE OF CARDBOARD...

FUDDLE: IT'S THE SHAPE OF THE TICKET!

BLONDIE: IT IS THE TICKET!

DAGWOOD: NO! THIS HASN'T GOT A WORD OF PRINTING ON IT!

BLONDIE: I KNOW...AND I'M AFRAID I KNOW WHY! YOU SEE BABY WASHED THE SHIRT AND THE TICKET WITH IT...IN THAT NEW BUMSTEAD BLEACHER...AND THE BLEACHER...ER...BLEACHED THE TICKET AS WHITE AS IT DID THE SHIRT!

DAGWOOD: TOO H!

FUDDLE: TAAAH! RUINED!

~~DAGWOOD: TOO H!~~

(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: A FINE THING! I DISCOVER A BLEACHER THAT WILL EVEN TAKE OUT PRINTER'S INK...AND THE FIRST TIME IT'S USED IT COSTS ME MONEY!

BABY: I'M SORRY, DADDY! I GUESS IT WAS MY FAULT FOR BLEACHING THE SHIRT.

DAGWOOD: WELL...YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE TICKET WAS IN THERE.

BABY: JUST THE SAME I'M GOING TO SAVE UP A LOT OF PENNIES AND PAY YOU BACK.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE A GOOD BOY BABY DUMPLING...BUT IT WOULD TAKE AN AWFUL LOT OF PENNIES! LET'S SEE...I LOST FIFTY DOLLARS ON THE TICKET...AND I SPENT ^{SEVENTY} ~~SIXTY-TWO~~ DOLLARS ON ALL THAT STUFF I BOUGHT...

BABY: MOMMIE'S OUT NOW TRYING TO MAKE THE STORE TAKE THAT STUFF BACK,

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SHE OUGHT TO BE HOME SOON NOW. LOOK OUT THE WINDOW AND SEE IF YOU SEE HER --

BABY: I DON'T SEE HER. BUT HERE'S MR. FUDDLE COMING! HE LOOKS AWFUL SAD...

DAGWOOD: I KNOW...EVER SINCE IT HAPPENED HE'S BEEN GIVING ME SAD LOOKS. GOLLY -- I'M JUST AS SORRY AS HE IS! (DOOR OPENS) HELLO, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: (SEMPULCHRAL) HELLO, BUMSTEAD. (SIGHS HUGEY)

BABY: EXCUSE ME, DADDY. I'M GOING OUT AND WATCH FOR MOMMIE.

FUDDLE: YOU MIGHT GO OVER AND SAY A KIND WORD TO MY POOR BOY --
ALVIN:

BABY: OKAY! (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALVIN? HE SICK?

FUDDLE: SICK AT HEART, BUMSTEAD! SO IS HAZEL. MY WHOLE LITTLE BROOD SHARES THE SORROW OF THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T WONDER YOU GET THEM DOWN! LISTEN, FUDDLE... BLONDIE WAS RIGHT. INSTEAD OF GETTING ALL EXCITED OVER HORSE RACE MONEY...WE BOTH OUGHT TO GET BUSY AND MAKE MONEY...

FUDDLE: WHAT'S THE USE? FATE IS AGAINST US, BUMSTEAD! LOOK AT YOU...THE INVENTOR OF A CHEMICAL MIRACLE...THE BUMSTEAD BLEACHER...AND YET --

DAGWOOD: I KNOW! LET'S NOT GO INTO THAT, FUDDLE! THAT'S ALL I HEAR ALL OVER TOWN. PEOPLE KID ME ABOUT IT.

FUDDLE: YEAH...BAD NEWS SPREADS FAST...ER...THE EVENT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE AFFECTED BLONDIE! SHE'S BEEN OUT SHOPPING, I SEE.

DAGWOOD: EH? IS SHE COMING HOME?

FUDDLE: (GLOOMY) COMING UP THE PATH WITH HER ARMS FULL OF BUNDLES... AS THOUGH YOU'D WON MONEY INSTEAD OF LOSING IT!

DAGWOOD: TOOHO! I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T TAKE THE STUFF BACK FOR HER EITHER! (DOOR OPENS) HEY, BLONDIE...WOULDN'T THEY TAKE 'EM BACK?

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) HELLO, DEAR! HELLO, MR. FUDDLE! WHEW! LET ME SIT DOWN! SHOPPING IS SO TIRING...

DAGWOOD: GOLLY...IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'D BOUGHT MORE STUFF!

BLONDIE: OH YES...I PICKED UP A FEW REAL BARGAINS.

FUDDLE: (BITTERLY) IT MUST BE NICE TO HAVE MONEY! NOW MY POOR HAZEL...

BLONDIE: OH HAZEL DID ALL RIGHT TODAY, TOO.

FUDDLE: HAZEL? WENT SHOPPING?

BLONDIE: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, MR. FUDDLE...DON'T ACT AS THOUGH YOU HADN'T A CENT IN THE WORLD! THAT HORSE RACE DIDN'T RUIN YOU! AS A MATTER OF FACT...I'LL PAY YOU BACK EVERY CENT YOU ACTUALLY LOST!

DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: DON'T WORRY DEAR...WE CAN AFFORD IT! HERE, MR. FUDDLE... HERE'S A DOLLAR.

FUDDLE: EH? WHAT'S THIS FOR?

BLONDIE: IT'S THE DOLLAR YOU PAID FOR THAT TICKET...AND IT'S ALL YOU'RE ACTUALLY OUT OF POCKET...

DAGWOOD: BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WINNINGS?

BLONDIE: THERE WEREN'T ANY. THAT SWEEPSTAKES WASN'T LEGAL...AND THE PROMOTERS GOT INTO TROUBLE...AND CLOSED IT UP! SO NOBODY GOT PAID...TICKET OR NO" TICKET...WINNING HORSE OR NOT,

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!

BLONDIE: WANT THE DOLLAR, MR. FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: NO...THE...ER...THE TICKET IS ON ME!

BLONDIE: OH. WELL THANKS VERY MUCH.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...ER...THANKS. IT LOOKS AS IF ALL THIS SHOPPING WAS ON ME.

FUDDLE: I'D BETTER GET OVER TO MY HOUSE AND SEE HOW MUCH HAZEL SPENT TODAY...(GOING) NOT THAT I BLAME HER! I GUESS WE CAN AFFORD IT IF YOU CAN! (DOOR OPENS) Y'KNOW...NEXT TIME SHE GOES SHOPPING I'LL GO WITH HER! SHE LIKES TO BARGAIN... SO WE'LL GO TOBOGGANING TOGETHER. (ROARS WITH LAUGHTER AS HE EXITS) (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! IT'S GOOD TO HEAR ONE OF HIS BAD JOKES AGAIN!

BLONDIE: ARE YOU GOING TO SCOLD ME FOR SPENDING ALL THIS MONEY?

DAGWOOD: NO HONEY! I'D HAVE A NERVE AFTER WHAT I DID! -- TO SCOLD
YOU!

BLONDIE: YOU'RE A VERY NICE HUSBAND, DAGWOOD. LIKE MY NEW HAT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! SAY ISN'T THAT THE ONE I GOT YOU?

BLONDIE: UHUH! I LIKED IT WHEN I SAW IT. SO I KEPT IT...YOU HAVE
GOOD TASTE, DEAR!

DAGWOOD: THANKS.

BLONDIE: AND I WASN'T SO VERY EXTRAVAGANT ANYWAY...BECAUSE I DID
MAKE THEM TAKE BACK THAT LOUD SPORT COAT...AND GOT YOU
SOMETHING AWFULLY NICE INSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: YEAH? LET'S OPEN THE BUNDLES.

BLONDIE: SURE YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT WHERE THE MONEY CAME FROM!

DAGWOOD: NO, NO! IF THE FUDDLES CAN AFFORD IT, WE CAN!

BLONDIE: BUT I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT WHERE I GOT THE MONEY I SPENT!
IT'S A SURPRISE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH? WELL WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY?

BLONDIE: FROM THE BUMSTEAD BLEACHER THAT YOU INVENTED!

DAGWOOD: WHAT!

BLONDIE: UHUH! I WENT DOWN TO THE EPIC LAUNDRY AND SAW
MR. RINSEWATER. HE'D HEARD ABOUT THE BLEACH THAT COULD
TAKE OUT EVEN PRINTER'S INK...AND HE BOUGHT IT LIKE A
FLASH.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! HOW MANY BOTTLES?

BLONDIE: ALL OF IT! I MEAN HE PAID ME A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS
DOWN FOR THE FORMULA...AND HE'LL PAY A ROYALTY OF FIVE
CENTS ON EVERY GALLON HE USES OR SELLS.

"BLONDIE"
9/16/40

-28-

DAGWOOD: OH BOY! GIMME A PENCIL AND PAPER! LET'S SEE. IF HE USED --
SAY A BARREL A WEEK...THAT'S...ER ABOUT FIFTY GALLONS...

BLONDIE: HE THINKS HE CAN GET RID OF A BARREL A DAY...

DAGWOOD: EH? FIFTY GALLONS A DAY?

BLONDIE: THAT'S JUST TO START OFF WITH...BECAUSE HE'S GOING TO
SELL TO OTHER LAUNDRIES, TOO!

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! A BARREL A DAY! TIMES ~~SIX~~ -- TEN LAUNDRIES!
~~AT FIFTY~~! THAT'S...HMMM, THAT'S FIVE HUNDRED GALLONS A
DAY...AT FIVE CENTS A GALLON NET TO US...THAT'S...THAT'S...

BLONDIE: THAT'S BETTER THAN PLAYING THE HORSES, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH! YOU BET...(LAUGHS) HEY! LET'S OPEN THESE BUNDLES...

BLONDIE: JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT I GOT YOU, ETC. (AD LIB)

(MUSIC IN TO COVER AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR CLOSING)

"BLONDIE"
9/16/40

-29-

GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT WE WILL TRY AND TELL YOU SOMETHING
ABOUT NEXT WEEK'S SHOW, BUT FIRST.....

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

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS --
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: TURN ON THE LAUGHS AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT WEEK WHEN
"BLONDIE TURNS DETECTIVE."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD IS
ARTHUR LAKE.

"BLONDIE" IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ASHMEAD SCOTT;
THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF
CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.