

9/24/40

MASTER

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1940

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

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:)

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GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS.
DAGWOOD HAS JUST RETURNED FROM HIS FIRST BUSINESS TRIP
WHICH HE TOOK WITH BLONDIE AND JUST NOW HE'S IN
MR. DITHERS' OFFICE PRESENTING HIS EXPENSE ACCOUNT...

DAGWOOD: HERE IT IS, MR. DITHERS -- I'VE GOT EVERYTHING ON IT.

DITHERS: I DON'T DOUBT IT.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

DITHERS: HMMM...DID YOU PAD THIS EXPENSE ACCOUNT, ~~DAGWOOD?~~ **BUMSTEAD?**

DAGWOOD: NOT ME, MR. DITHERS. I DIDN'T INCLUDE AN EXTRA NICKEL.

DITHERS: OH, FIDDLE-DIDDLE...NOW LET ME CHECK OVER THESE ITEMS.

GAS AND OIL -- \$5.83. HOTEL -- \$8.00. (MUMBLES
THROUGH A FEW MORE ITEMS) ~~TALAAAAH!~~ **BUMSTEAD!**

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD -- WHAT KIND OF A TRIP DID YOU TAKE?

DAGWOOD: JUST AN ORDINARY BUSINESS TRIP.

DITHERS: IS THAT SO! THEN WHAT IS THIS ITEM DOING HERE? \$3.19
FOR ONE PAIR OF SLIGHTLY USED HANDCUFFS!!

DAGWOOD: OH, THE HANDCUFFS.

DITHERS: YES, THE HANDCUFFS! IS THAT AN ITEM THAT BELONGS ON
THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT OF AN ORDINARY BUSINESS TRIP?

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DAGWOOD: WELL, I CAN EXPLAIN THAT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: BELIEVE ME, BUMSTEAD, YOU'LL HAVE TO! AND WHAT'S MORE
-- FOR THE LOVE OF PETE! WHAT'S THIS HERE? "TEN
DOLLARS FOR THE USE OF ONE PNEUMATIC HAMMER AND MAN
TO WORK IT!"

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF YOU'LL JUST BE PATIENT AND --

DITHERS: I AM BEING PATIENT, BUMSTEAD. I'M A REASONABLE,
WELL-TEMPERED MAN AND I TRY TO GIVE MY EMPLOYEES THE
BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT IN ALL CASES. ~~AND (LETTING GO) BUT~~
~~HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ANY SANE MAN TO BELIEVE YOU NEEDED~~
~~A PNEUMATIC HAMMER TO GET THAT CONTRACT SIGNED BY~~
~~HORACE CONWAY? IT'S RIDICULOUS! IT'S AN INSULT TO MY~~
~~INTELLIGENCE AND --~~

DAGWOOD: WELL YOU SEE, MR. DITHERS --

DITHERS: (OH, NO -- DON'T TELL ME THERE ARE MORE OF THESE ITEMS.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THAT, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: **RIGHT HERE!**
FIVE DOLLARS AND NINETY-EIGHT CENTS FOR MISTLETOE!

WHAT DID YOU NEED MISTLETOE FOR?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T REMEMBER RIGHT NOW, BUT IF IT SAYS
MISTLETOE THERE, THEN I NEEDED MISTLETOE TO GET
MR. CONWAY TO SIGN THE CONTRACT.

DITHERS: I'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR YOUR EXPLANATION OF THAT...AND IF
I'M NOT TOO INQUISITIVE, HOW ABOUT THIS --- TWENTY DOLLARS
FOR ONE FUNERAL WREATH. WHO WAS THAT FOR?

DAGWOOD: OH, THE FUNERAL WREATH. THAT WAS FOR MR. CONWAY.

DITHERS: CONWAY? DID HE DIE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, NO, HE ~~DIDN'T~~ → NOT EXACTLY.

DITHERS: THEN WHY DID YOU GET IT FOR HIM? BUMSTEAD, I THINK YOU'RE DELIBERATELY TRYING TO INFURIATE ME. ~~THIS IS THE MOST INANE EXPENSE ACCOUNT I'VE EVER HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO LOOK AT. WHY IT'S A FARCE! I'M WILLING TO STRETCH MY IMAGINATION TO THE BREAKING POINT AND BELIEVE THERE WAS SOME REASON WHY YOU NEEDED A PAIR OF HANDGUFFS AND A PNEUMATIC HAMMER AND A FUNERAL WREATH, BUT I'M POSITIVELY INCAPABLE OF COMPREHENDING WHY YOU NEEDED ALMOST SIX DOLLARS WORTH OF MISTLETOE!~~

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME EXPLAIN, MR. DITHERS, YOU'LL SEE WHY I NEEDED EVERYTHING. I HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH HARRY SHARP, THE SALESMAN FOR THE GOLIATH PINWHISTLE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. YOU TOLD ME I'D HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR HIM.

DITHERS: HARRY SHARP WOULD CHEAT HIS OWN MOTHER...HMMMM -- COME TO THINK OF IT, I BELIEVE HE DID ONCE. ALL RIGHT, GO ON!

DAGWOOD: WELL, ANYWAY, WE DROVE TO LAURELTOWN -- BLONDIE AND YOUR STAR SALESMAN, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD --

DITHERS: OH, STOP PATTING YOURSELF ON THE BACK AND GO AHEAD WITH THE STORY! AND REMEMBER -- DON'T FORGET ABOUT THIS MISTLETOE!

DAGWOOD: WELL, AFTER DINNER, A MAN CAME UP TO US IN THE LOBBY...

(FADING)

(QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE)

SHARP: (A SLICKER) ^{I BEG YOUR PARDON -- AREN'T} PARDON ME -- ~~AND~~ YOU DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, OF
THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY?

DAGWOOD: ER -- YES -- ~~THE SAME.~~

SHARP: ^{WHAT A COINCIDENCE} ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF -- I'M HARRY SHARP OF THE
^{PINWHISTLE} GOLIATH CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

DAGWOOD: OH, YES -- I'VE BEEN WARNED ABOUT YOU ^{DAGWOOD}. THIS IS
BLONDIE: MRS. BUMSTEAD.

(THEY AD LIB "HOW DO YOU DO'S")

SHARP: I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD THE BAD NEWS ABOUT MR. CONWAY.

DAGWOOD: HUNH?

SHARP: IT'S A SHAME, TOO -- HE LOOKED SO WELL.

BLONDIE: ^{MR. CONWAY?} WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

SHARP: HE PASSED AWAY LAST NIGHT. NO ONE EXPECTED IT AT ALL.
HE SEEMED TO BE IN PERFECT HEALTH, AND THEN...

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN MR. CONWAY DIED?

SHARP: YES
BLONDIE: WHAT DID HE DIE OF, MR. SHARP?

SHARP: WHAT? ^{YES} OH -- ER -- SOMETHING HE ATE, I GUESS. PTOMAINIE
BLONDIE: POISONING.

BLONDIE: OH, THAT'S TOO BAD... DAGWOOD, WILL YOU EXCUSE ME A
MINUTE.

DAGWOOD: OH SURE, HONEY.

BLONDIE: (FADING) I'LL BE RIGHT BACK

SHARP: IT WAS A SHAME -- AND IN THE PRIME OF HIS LIFE, ~~TOO.~~
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO SEND SOME FLOWERS, TOO.

DAGWOOD: FLOWERS? OH, YEAH, I GUESS SO.

SHARP: I SENT A WREATH FROM THE ^{PINWHISTLE} ~~GOLIATH~~ CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
EXPRESSING OUR DEEPEST SORROW AT MR. CONWAY'S UNTIMELY
END,
DEATH.

DAGWOOD: THEN I'LL SEND ONE FROM THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY
SHARP: OF COURSE..THERE'S A FLORIST'S SHOP RIGHT AROUND THE
CORNER.
DAGWOOD: I BETTER WAIT HERE FOR BLONDIE TO COME BACK.
BOTH: (AD LIB INTO MUSIC)

(QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE)

SHARP: NOW, THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, DID IT?
DAGWOOD: NO, BUT TWENTY BUCKS -- THAT SEEMED LIKE QUITE A BIT
FOR A WREATH.
SHARP: WELL, YOU WANT TO KEEP ~~UP~~ THE PRESTIGE OF THE DITHERS
COMPANY ^{UP} DON'T YOU?
DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT I HADN'T PLANNED ON KEEPING IT UP SO HIGH.
SHARP: I SUPPOSE YOU'LL ~~BE~~ LEAVING TOMORROW MORNING, OR WILL
YOU GO TO THE FUNERAL?
DAGWOOD: WELL, I THINK I'LL PROBABLY ---
BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM OFF) OH, DAGWOOD!
DAGWOOD: YEAH, HONEY.
BLONDIE: I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU -- WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
DAGWOOD: MR. SHARP AND I WENT OUT TO THE FLORIST SHOP AND I HAD
'EM SEND A WREATH TO MR. CONWAY. FROM THE DITHERS
COMPANY. WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
BLONDIE: (SOTTO) WELL, DAGWOOD, I DIDN'T TRUST MR. SHARP SO I
JUST CALLED UP MR. CONWAY'S HOUSE AND HE'S PERFECTLY
WELL.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR HE'S BETTER. I -- HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU MEAN HE'S ALIVE?

BLONDIE: HE CERTAINLY IS, DAGWOOD...WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THAT, MR. SHARP?

SHARP: OH, JUST A LITTLE PRACTICAL JOKE, MRS. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: OH, I SEE WHAT THE TRICK WAS...OKAY, SHARP, WE'RE GOING TO SETTLE THIS RIGHT HERE!

SHARP: THAT SUITS ME, BUMSTEAD. ^{TAKE OFF YOUR GLASSES} GO AHEAD -- I DARE YOU TO

DAGWOOD: TOUCH ME!

DAGWOOD: TOUCH YOU? I'M GOING TO HANG ONE RIGHT ON YOUR --

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! DON'T!

DAGWOOD: LET GO OF ME, BLONDIE -- HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, IF YOU TOUCH HIM HE'LL HAVE YOU THROWN INTO JAIL FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY!

DAGWOOD: ^{OH I GET IT!} ANOTHER TRICK, EH? OKAY, SHARP -- TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!

SHARP: (LAUGHS) WE'LL SEE WHO GETS TO MR. CONWAY'S OFFICE FIRST IN THE MORNING...SO LONG, BUMSTEAD...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? WHY THAT DIRTY CROOK!

BLONDIE: I JUST HOPE HE HASN'T RUINED EVERYTHING, DAGWOOD. WHEN MR. CONWAY GETS THAT FUNERAL WREATH --

DAGWOOD: OH, BLONDIE! WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO???

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: ~~WELL, DAGWOOD, IF LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN A JAM, BUT DON'T
COLLAPSE -- JUST RELAX....~~

→ WELL, IT'S THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER "BLONDIE AND 'DAGWOOD" SESSION
...AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...THE BEGINNING OF A
LOT OF FUN! RIGHT NOW...IF YOU LIKE TO SMOKE...LIGHT
UP A SLOW-BURNING CAMEL...AND YOUR SMOKING FUN BEGINS.
FOR...FROM THE FIRST PUFF THROUGH THE LAST PUFF...
CAMELS MEET YOUR TASTE WITH EXTRA PLEASURES THAT NO
OTHER CIGARETTE CAN GIVE...EXTRA MILDNESS...EXTRA
COOLNESS...EXTRA FLAVOR! HOMER BERRY...A FAMOUS TEST
PILOT WHO HAS BEEN FLYING SINCE 1913 SHOWS THAT HE
APPRECIATES THE CAMEL "EXTRAS" WHEN HE SAYS:

MAN: I STARTED SMOKING CAMELS THE SAME YEAR I STARTED
FLYING. AND I KNOW THIS...CAMELS SMOKE Milder AND
COOLER...AND AS FOR FLAVOR...WELL, SAY...I NEVER
GET TIRED OF THE FULL, RICH FLAVOR OF CAMELS!

GOODWIN: SO THERE YOU ARE. THERE'S EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA
COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR...WAITING FOR YOU IN EVERY
PUFF OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. CAMELS TASTE LIKE
THE CIGARETTE THEY ARE...THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER
TOBACCOS!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: → AND NOW BACK TO DITHERS AND DAGWOOD
IT LOOKS LIKE MR. DITHERS IS A LITTLE UPSET ABOUT THE
WREATH DAGWOOD SENT TO MR. CONWAY...

DITHERS: DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU SENT THAT FUNERAL WREATH TO
MR. CONWAY WITH THE NAME OF THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY
ON IT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YEAH, MR. DITHERS --

DITHERS: TAAAAH! WHY DIDN'T YOU CANCEL IT?

DAGWOOD: I TRIED, BUT IT HAD ALREADY GONE OUT. THEY WERE THE
FASTEST FLORISTS I EVER SAW.

DITHERS: GREAT ^{GUNS!} ~~SCOTT!~~ I SHOULD HAVE SENT BLONDIE TO CLOSE THAT
DEAL!

DAGWOOD: WELL, BLONDIE COMES IN LATER, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: GO ON, GO ON -- WHAT HAPPENED? AND DON'T FORGET THE
MISTLETOE!

DAGWOOD: WELL, THE NEXT MORNING, BLONDIE AND I GOT OUTSIDE THE
HOTEL AND...

MUSIC: (COME UP ON LIGHT TRAFFIC)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU'D BETTER HURRY TO MR. CONWAY'S OFFICE OF
YOU'LL BE LATE.

DAGWOOD: OKAY...BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

BLONDIE: I'LL PROBABLY DO A LITTLE SHOPPING.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, BLONDIE -- DON'T BUY ANY HATS.

BLONDIE: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT'S DANGEROUS ENOUGH FOR YOU TO BUY A HAT AT HOME.
I'M AFRAID OF WHAT YOU'D GET IN A STRANGE TOWN.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD --

MAN: (COMING UP) MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: YES?

MAN: I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU, SIR. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! LET GO OF MY ARM.

MAN: SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS IS THE CAR MR. CONWAY SAID YOU'D BE
INTERESTED IN.

DAGWOOD: MR. CONWAY? WELL, I ---

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW, BLONDIE. IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT MR. CONWAY.

MAN: ~~RIGHT IN HERE,~~ ^{JUST GET IN THE CAR,} PLEASE -- AND SEE HOW NICE AND COMFORTABLE

DAGWOOD: THAT FRONT SEAT IS,
OH THANK YOU.
SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? IN THAT CAR?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS TO MR. CONWAY'S OFFICE. THIS MAN WAS PROBABLY
SENT OVER TO GET ME.

BLONDIE: HE DOESN'T ACT THAT WAY TO ME. DAGWOOD, DO YOU SUPPOSE
THIS IS ANOTHER OF MR. SHARP'S TRICKS?

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

MAN: ALL RIGHT, MR. BUMSTEAD, WE'RE ALL READY!

SOUND: CAR STARTS UP WITH A ROAR

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE ARE WE GOING?

MAN: JUST LEAVE THAT TO ME, MR. BUMSTEAD. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT
THIS CAR WILL REALLY DO. IT'S ONE OF THE NEW 1941 MODELS
AND IT HASN'T GOT ANYTHING.

DAGWOOD: HUNH?

MAN: YOU HEARD ME CORRECTLY, MR. BUMSTEAD. WE'RE NOT ADDING NEW FEATURES ON CARS ANY MORE -- WE'RE TAKING THEM OFF. NOW THIS CAR HAS NO DOOR HANDLES, NO RUNNING BOARD, NO CLUTCH, NO GEAR SHIFT, AND NO DRAFT VENTILATION.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- ~~BUT LOOK, I'VE GOT A CAR. I DON'T WANT A NEW ONE~~

MAN: ~~(CHUCKLES) OF COURSE YOU'RE ONLY JOKING... NOW HOW'S THIS FRONT SEAT --- WONDERFULLY COMFORTABLE, ISN'T IT?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~WAIT A SECOND --- WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?~~

MAN: ~~FOR A RIDE.~~

DAGWOOD: BUT I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT.

MAN: YES, I KNOW -- WITH ME. NOW NOTE THE RESERVE POWER ~~THAT'S WAITING FOR YOU TO UNLEASH IT BY A SLIGHT PRESSURE OF THE FOOT ON THE ACCELERATOR.~~

SOUND: CAR PICKS UP

MAN: ~~THIS IS BETTER THAN FLYING AND ALMOST AS FAST.~~ I WANT YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON THIS SPEEDOMETER, TOO. WHEN YOU DRIVE AROUND THIRTY-FIVE THERE'S A GREEN LIGHT, WHEN YOU GET TO FIFTY THERE'S AN AMBER LIGHT, AND AT SEVENTY THERE'S A RED LIGHT. IF YOU GO BEYOND SEVENTY YOUR HORN PLAYS "I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN." THEY THINK OF EVERYTHING THESE DAYS.

DAGWOOD: BUT LISTEN -- I DON'T WANT TO BUY A CAR -- NOT EVEN ONE WITH A TRICK HORN. I'VE GOT TO GET TO MR. CONWAY'S OFFICE.

MAN: NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, MR. BUMSTEAD. YOUR FRIEND TOLD ME YOU WERE IN THE MARKET FOR A NEW 1941 CAR.

DAGWOOD: WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

MAN: A FRIEND OF YOURS -- A MR. SHARP.

DAGWOOD: MR. SHARP, EH? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! HE'S NO FRIEND OF MINE, AND I'M NOT IN THE MARKET FOR A CAR.

MAN: YOU'RE NOT?

DAGWOOD: NO.

MAN: DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT I GOT UP THIS MORNING TO TAKE YOU FOR A DEMONSTRATION RIDE IN A CAR YOU WEREN'T EVEN INTERESTED IN?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT.

MAN: THEN YOU'RE GETTING OUT RIGHT HERE.

SOUND: CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP

MAN: BY THE WAY, DID YOU NOTICE THAT QUICK STOP -- HYDRAULIC BRAKES. NOW GET OUT!

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I AM. I'VE GOT TO GET TO AN APPOINTMENT, AND IT'S ABOUT TWO MILES BACK.

MAN: I'M SORRY, BUT IF YOUR FRIENDS CONSIDER THIS A GOOD JOKE, YOU CAN BLAME THEM...

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

MAN: (CALLS) NOTICE THE FAST PICKUP!

SOUND: CAR ROARS AWAY

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) BLOOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SHARP: (COME UP) NOW, MR. CONWAY, I DON'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE DITHERS COMPANY, BUT -- WELL, TAKE TODAY AS AN EXAMPLE. WHERE IS THEIR SALESMAN? HE'S NOT HERE. YOU WANT A COMPANY THAT'S ON THE SPOT LIKE THE ~~COLEMAN~~ PINWHISTLE COMPANY, DON'T YOU?

CONWAY: NOW, DON'T RUSH ME, MR. SHARP -- I WANT TO BE FAIR ABOUT THIS.

SHARP: I WOULDN'T THINK OF RUSHING YOU, MR. CONWAY, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE A BUSY MAN AND DON'T LIKE TO WASTE TIME WAITING FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE LATE TO THEIR APPOINTMENTS. REMEMBER THAT FAMOUS OLD MOTTO -- "DO IT NOW!"

CONWAY: WELL, PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT.

SHARP: THAT'S IT, MR. CONWAY. HERE'S THE CONTRACT --

~~SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER~~

SHARP: -- AND HERE'S A PEN. NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN HERE...

CONWAY: I DON'T KNOW. I WAS VERY MUCH TOUCHED BY SOMETHING THE DITHERS COMPANY DID LAST NIGHT.

SHARP: WHAT WAS THAT?

CONWAY: WELL, MY PET COLLIE DIED -- I'D HAD HIM FOR TWELVE YEARS --
AND THE DITHERS COMPANY SENT A BEAUTIFUL WREATH OF FLOWERS
OUT TO THE HOUSE.

SHARP: FLOWERS? ~~OH, MY GOSH, MR. CONWAY, IF I HAD KNOWN --~~
OH WELL, IF YOU CARE FOR THAT SORT OF THING,

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE

CONWAY: YES?...OH, YES -- I WAS EXPECTING SOMEONE. (TO SHARP)
WELL, THE DITHERS COMPANY MAN IS HERE NOW.

SHARP: HAVE HIM WAIT UNTIL YOU SIGN THIS, MR. CONWAY.

CONWAY: I WOULD IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE FLOWERS FOR POOR SKIPPER.
(INTO PHONE) SEND HIM IN, MISS ROGERS.

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE

CONWAY: LET'S BE FAIR ABOUT THIS, MR. SHARP.

SHARP: LET'S NOT.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CONWAY: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: MR. CONWAY?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

CONWAY: WHY -- WHY YES.

BLONDIE: I'M MRS. BUMSTEAD, MR. CONWAY. I WANTED TO EXPLAIN WHY
MR. BUMSTEAD ISN'T HERE THIS MORNING.

CONWAY: WELL, FIRST LET ME THANK YOU FOR THOSE FLOWERS YOU SENT.
HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT MY PET DOG HAD DIED?

BLONDIE: WELL, ^{OH THE DOG?} WELL, THE DITHERS COMPANY IS ALWAYS INTERESTED IN
ITS CUSTOMERS, MR. CONWAY. IT WAS JUST AN EXPRESSION OF

CONWAY: OUR SYMPATHY.
VERY NICE.

SHARP: WELL ANYONE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT!

CONWAY: WELL, I CERTAINLY APPRECIATED IT...WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MR. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: MR. SHARP COULD PROBABLY TELL YOU BETTER THAN I COULD, MR. CONWAY. I THINK HE ARRANGED TO HAVE AN AUTOMOBILE SALESMAN PRACTICALLY KIDNAP MR. BUMSTEAD.

SHARP: WELL, IT WAS JUST A LITTLE JOKE.

BLONDIE: YOU WANTED HIM TO MISS HIS APPOINTMENT HERE, HOPING THAT YOU COULD HIGH PRESSURE MR. CONWAY INTO SIGNING WITH THE ^{PINWHISKEY}~~GOLIAH~~ CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

~~CONWAY: WELL, YOU CAN REST ASSURED, MRS. BUMSTEAD... I HAVEN'T SIGNED.~~

~~BLONDIE: THAT'S FINE. OF COURSE, THE GOLIATH CONSTRUCTION COMPANY IS A GOOD COMPANY. THERE'S NO ONE BUILDS CHEAP HOUSES AS WELL AS THEY DO.~~

~~SHARP: CHEAP HOUSES? HEY, JUST A MINUTE.~~

~~BLONDIE: AND YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM FOR PICKING CHEAP SALESMAN TO MATCH THEIR PRODUCTS.~~

~~SHARP: I RESENT THAT!~~

CONWAY: ONE MOMENT, PLEASE...NOW, I WANT TO BE PERFECTLY FAIR ABOUT THIS CONTRACT. AS YOU BOTH PROBABLY KNOW, THE BIDS OF THE TWO COMPANIES WERE VERY CLOSE. THE ONLY THING I HAVE TO JUDGE BY IS THE REPRESENTATIVES OF EACH COMPANY.

SHARP: BUMSTEAD STILL ISN'T HERE.

CONWAY: NO, BUT THEN YOU ENGINEERED THAT, MR. SHARP.

SHARP: DOESN'T THAT SHOW I'M RESOURCEFUL?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE, IF THAT'S THE KIND OF RESOURCEFULNESS YOU WANT BUILT INTO THESE HOUSES, MR. CONWAY, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SIGN WITH GOLIATH. THEY SEEM TO HAVE PLENTY OF TRICKS UP THEIR SLEEVES.

SHARP: I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE WAY
CONWAY: WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL GIVE A LITTLE TEST, MR. SHARP, YOU AND MR. BUMSTEAD WILL COME INTO MY OFFICE AT ONE THIRTY THIS AFTERNOON PREPARED TO GIVE A SHORT TALK ON -- ON -- LET ME SEE -- I'LL MAKE IT ON STAMP COLLECTING.

SHARP: STAMP COLLECTING? YES, SIR -- YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, MR. CONWAY!

BLONDIE: YOU CAN COUNT ON MR. BUMSTEAD, TOO!

SHARP: WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MRS. BUMSTEAD! WE'LL SEE!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (COME UP)...AND SO THAT'S WHY THE FUNERAL WREATH IS ON THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT, MR. DITHERS. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT, MR. CONWAY MIGHT HAVE SIGNED WITH THE ~~GOLIATH~~ PINWHISTLE COMPANY BEFORE BLONDIE GOT TO HIS OFFICE.

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, BUMSTEAD! BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED ABOUT THE MISTLETOE! ~~I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT! THIS WHOLE EXPENSE ACCOUNT IS THE MOST FANCIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN! FUNERAL WREATHS, PNEUMATIC HAMMERS, HANDGUERS! HOW ABOUT THEM?~~

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M GETTING TO THAT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: GET TO IT A LITTLE FASTER -- I'M LOSING MY PATIENCE.
WHAT ABOUT THE TALK ON STAMP COLLECTING? DO YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT STAMPS?

DAGWOOD: NO, FRANKLY.

DITHERS: TAAAAH! WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN IT WAS TIME TO GIVE
THE TALK? PLEAD INSANITY?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT, MR. DITHERS, BUT WE DECIDED
IT WOULDN'T BE CONVINCING.

DITHERS: YOU SHOULDN'T MAKE SNAP JUDGMENTS.

DAGWOOD: NO, I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BUT -- HUH?

DITHERS: NEVER MIND, BUMSTEAD -- GET ON WITH THE STORY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, BLONDIE AND I TALKED IT OVER IN THE HOTEL ROOM...

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT STAMP COLLECTING,
DON'T YOU?

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DAGWOOD: WELL, NOT VERY MUCH, BLONDIE. I COULD STALL ALONG ABOUT A FEW THINGS, BUT I CAN'T GIVE A GOOD TALK. I'M NOT MUCH OF A PUBLIC SPEAKER ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD KEEP MR. CONWAY FROM HEARING ALL OF YOUR SPEECH. DAGWOOD, YOU DON'T KNOW ANY DOUBLE-TALK, DO YOU?

DAGWOOD: NOT ENOUGH, ANYWAY, BLONDIE. ALL I COULD SAY WAS, "THIS FRANDASTAMP HAS A BRILLIG CROVENY AND IS COMPLETELY GORICLE."

BLONDIE: WHAT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I SAID, "THIS FRANDASTAMP HAS A BRILLIG CROVENY AND IS COMPLETELY GORICLE."

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK PLAINER THAN THAT IF --- OH, THAT'S THE DOUBLE-TALK.

DAGWOOD: BUT IT'S ALL I KNOW. I DON'T SUPPOSE WE COULD BLOW UP THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET FROM MR. CONWAY'S OFFICE, ...OR TEAR UP THE STREET OR SOMETHING. BLONDIE, I'M LICKED!

BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE, DAGWOOD --- MAYBE I'VE GOT AN IDEA. MAYBE WE COULD TEAR UP THE STREET.

DAGWOOD: NOW, BLONDIE, THAT'S THE SILLIEST --

BLONDIE: LISTEN TO ME, DAGWOOD. A PERSON STANDING IN MR. CONWAY'S OFFICE BY THE WINDOW COULD BE SEEN FROM THE STREET. NOW WHEN YOU GIVE YOUR SPEECH, YOU STAND BY THAT WINDOW ~~AND I'LL BE DOWN IN THE STREET~~, AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE YOU'RE GETTING STUCK, YOU RAISE YOUR HAND AS A SIGNAL.

DAGWOOD: AND WHAT'LL HAPPEN?

BLONDIE: I'LL SEE IT, AND EVERYTHING YOU SAY FOR THE NEXT TEN OR FIFTEEN SECONDS WILL BE DROWNED OUT IN THE NOISE.

DAGWOOD: WHAT NOISE?

~~BLONDIE: WELL, IT'S GOING TO SOUND AS IF SOMEONE WAS TEARING UP THE STREET OUTSIDE THAT OFFICE,~~

~~DAGWOOD: ANY TIME I GET STUCK, I JUST PUT UP MY HAND BY THE WINDOW~~

BLONDIE: ~~THAT'S RIGHT, DAGWOOD.~~ NOW YOU THINK OF AS MANY THINGS TO SAY AS YOU CAN WHILE I GO OUT AND GET SOMEONE TO WORK ONE OF THOSE THINGS THEY USE TO DIG UP THE STREET.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BLONDIE: WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE A POGO STICK ONLY IT JUMPS BY ITSELF.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS IT'S A PNEUMATIC HAMMER.

BLONDIE: START THINKING, DAGWOOD, AND DON'T FORGET ABOUT HOLDING YOUR HAND UP TO SIGNAL ME WHEN YOU GET STUCK.

MUSIC:

SHARP: (COME UP)...WHO COLLECT ALL KINDS OF STAMPS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD...THAT'S THE END, MR. CONWAY.

CONWAY: THAT'S VERY WELL DONE, MR. SHARP...DIDN'T YOU THINK SO, MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: ER -- WELL -- YES, I THOUGHT IT WAS ADEQUATE.

SHARP: WHAT DO YOU MEAN "ADEQUATE" -- IT WAS BETTER THAN THAT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- IT WAS FAIR.

CONWAY: I THINK MR. SHARP WILL BE HARD TO BEAT.

SHARP: YOU BET I WILL.

CONWAY: WELL, MR. BUMSTEAD -- GO RIGHT AHEAD.

DAGWOOD: ER -- OKAY, MR. CONWAY...WELL, STAMP COLLECTING IS THE HOBBY OF A GREAT MANY PEOPLE IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE. ~~PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS A STAMP COLLECTOR, AND SO WAS KING GEORGE THE FIFTH.~~ MOST COLLECTORS SPECIALIZE IN PARTICULAR COUNTRIES -- AND -- WELL, MOST OF THEM SPECIALIZE. THEN -- ER -- AH --

SOUND: SOUND OF PNEUMATIC HAMMER FROM OFF WHICH DROWNS HIM OUT

DAGWOOD: (MUMBLING UNDER THE HAMMER) NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THEIR STAMP COLLECTION. THE QUICK BROWN AIR MAIL STAMP JUMPS OVER THE LAZY SPECIAL DELIVERY. WHY DO THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPEN TO ME? I WONDER HOW BLONDIE GOT THAT MAN TO MAKE ALL THIS NOISE --

SOUND: THE HAMMER STOPS

DAGWOOD: AND ER -- THE FRANDASTAMP HAS A BRILLIG CROVENY AND IS COMPLETELY GORICLE AS FAR AS THE PERFORATION GOES.

SHARP: WAIT A MINUTE -- I DIDN'T HEAR A WORD HE SAID, MR. CONWAY. THAT PNEUMATIC HAMMER WAS MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE.

~~CONWAY: NEITHER DID I, BUT GO ON, MR. BUMSTEAD -- GO ON.~~

~~DAGWOOD: OKAY, MR. CONWAY...NOW ABOUT PERFORATIONS AND WATERMARKS.~~

~~SHARP: YEAH -- WHAT ABOUT THEM?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL, MOST PERFORATIONS ARE MEASURED BY COUNTING THE~~
~~NUMBER OF PERFORATIONS TO THE INCH AND --~~

~~SOUND: SOUND OF HAMMER AGAIN... HOLD FOR A WHILE...~~

DAGWOOD: (MUMBLES THROUGH THIS, TOO)

~~SOUND: THE HAMMER STOPS~~

DAGWOOD: (CONFIDENTLY) ~~AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THE PERFORATIONS~~
~~AND WATERMARKS.~~

CONWAY: I'M SORRY I COULDN'T HEAR VERY MUCH OF THAT. *EITHER.*

DAGWOOD: WELL, I COVERED THE SAME GROUND MR. SHARP DID, BUT I
ADDED A FEW EXTRA POINTS HE NEGLECTED TO MENTION.

SHARP: OH, IS THAT SO?

CONWAY: LET'S NOT INTERRUPT, MR. SHARP. WHAT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO
CATCH SOUNDED VERY INTERESTING... GO ON, MR. BUMSTEAD,
YOU'RE DOING FINE.

DAGWOOD: THANKS, MR. CONWAY... WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT VERY
FEW PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT STAMPS. IN 1879 THE GOVERNMENT
ISSUED A SPECIAL STAMP THAT...

~~SOUND: SOUND OF PNEUMATIC HAMMER...~~

~~MUSIC:~~

DITHERS: WELL, BUMSTEAD -- DID CONWAY ACCEPT THAT PHONEY SPEECH
YOU MADE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, HE THOUGHT IT WAS SWELL, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: DID HE SIGN THE CONTRACT?

DAGWOOD: NO, NOT YET.

DITHERS: OH. WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET TO THE HANDCUFFS AND THE
MISTLETOE?

"BLONDIE"
11/11/40

-22-

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU. MR. CONWAY SAID HE'D INVITE US TO DINNER -- BLONDIE AND ME, AND MR. SHARP FROM THE ^{PINW #15716} ~~GOLLEATH~~ CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. HE WANTED US TO MEET HIS LITTLE NEPHEW.

DITHERS: LITTLE NEPHEW, EH?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...WELL, MR. DITHERS, BY THIS TIME BLONDIE AND I WERE JUST ABOUT OUT OF MONEY. WHEN WE LEFT THE OFFICE, MR. SHARP WAS TELLING MR. CONWAY THAT HE'D LIKE TO BUY AN ELECTRIC TRAIN AS A PRESENT FOR THE LITTLE BOY. WELL, WE KNEW WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY ANYTHING LIKE THAT, SO WE FINALLY REMEMBERED HOW ALL KIDS LIKE TO PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS..

DITHERS: YES, YES -- GO ON.

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE WENT INTO A PAWN SHOP AND BOUGHT A PAIR OF SECOND HAND HANDCUFFS. ^{OH WE COULDN'T AFFORD NEW ONES} THEN WE WENT OUT TO MR. CONWAY'S. WHEN WE GOT THERE, MR. SHARP AND THE LITTLE BOY WERE PLAYING WITH THE TRAIN...

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON PLAYING WITH THE TRAIN OFF...

BOBBY: (OFF...SCREAMS WITH DELIGHT...HE'S ABOUT EIGHT)

BLONDIE: WELL, MR. CONWAY, ~~THEY~~ MR. SHARP AND YOUR NEPHEW SEEM TO BE HAVING QUITE A TIME. PLAYING WITH THAT TRAIN.

DAGWOOD: I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

CONWAY: THEY'VE BEEN AT IT FOR AN HOUR ALREADY. HARRY ARRIVED EARLY SO HE COULD SET UP THE TRACK FOR BOBBY. IT CERTAINLY WAS THOUGHTFUL OF HIM, WASN'T IT?

BLONDIE: YES, IT WAS -- very.

CONWAY: OH, BOBBY...

BOBBY: WHAT IS IT, UNCLE HORACE?

CONWAY: I WANT YOU TO MEET THESE GUESTS OF OURS.

BOBBY: AW THE HECK WITH THEM -- I'M HAVING TOO MUCH FUN.

SHARP: OH, HELLO, BUMSTEAD. TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T HERE EARLIER.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING AND THE SAME TO YOU!

CONWAY: NOW, BOBBY, I WANT YOU TO BE NICE TO OUR GUESTS.

BOBBY: AW THEY DIDN'T BRING ME THE TRAIN -- UNCLE HARRY DID.

BLONDIE: UNCLE HARRY?

CONWAY: (CHUCKLES) YES, BOBBY CALLS MR. SHARP UNCLE HARRY. } SWEET CHILD
SHARP: } IT'S
AMAZING HOW THOSE TWO HAVE TAKEN A LIKING TO EACH OTHER.

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU KNOW HOW KIDS LIKE TO PLAY WITH SNAKES.

CONWAY: I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU...BOBBY! I WANT YOU TO SAY HELLO
TO MR. AND MRS. BUMSTEAD.

BOBBY: OKAY, IF I HAVE TO...HELLO. NOW DON'T BOTHER ME...COME
ON, UNCLE HARRY, LET'S RUN THE TRAIN THROUGH THE TUNNEL!

SHARP: (CHUCKLES) WILL YOU EXCUSE US?

CONWAY: I'M AFRAID BOBBY'S NOT VERY POLITE THIS EVENING, BUT
HE'S HAVING SUCH A GRAND TIME WITH THAT TRAIN, AND YOU
KNOW HOW CHILDREN ARE.

BLONDIE: YES, WE KNOW HOW CHILDREN ARE ALL RIGHT.

CONWAY: WELL, I'LL RUN ALONG AND SEE HOW SOON DINNER'LL BE READY.
JUST ENJOY YOURSELF, AND AFTER DINNER AT EXACTLY NINE
O'CLOCK I'LL SIGN ONE OF THE TWO CONTRACTS...(FADING)

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, THIS IS AWFUL.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- WE CERTAINLY CAN'T GIVE THAT KID THESE HANDCUFFS.
THEY'LL LOOK PRETTY CHEESY BESIDE THAT ELECTRIC TRAIN.

BLONDIE: WHAT'LL MR. DITHERS SAY IF YOU COME BACK WITHOUT THE
CONTRACT?

DAGWOOD: HE'LL PROBABLY BEGIN WITH "TAAAAAH!" AND END UP WITH
"BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE FIRED!"

BLONDIE: DID YOU NOTICE HOW MR. CONWAY CALLED MR. SHARP "HARRY"?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- THEY'RE GETTING PRETTY CHUMMY, AND IT DOESN'T
LOOK SO GOOD FOR US. BLONDIE, WE'VE JUST GOT TO THINK
OF SOMETHING. RIGHT NOW I DON'T HAVE THE CHANCE OF A
SNOWBALL IN -- AW, I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

DAGWOOD: YOU HAVE? WHAT IS IT, QUICK!

BLONDIE: WELL, IF IT WORKS IT'LL TEACH MR. SHARP A LESSON. I
THINK I KNOW HOW YOU CAN GET RID OF HIM.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN:

~~DON'T GIVE UP, DAGWOOD. BLONDIE'S GOT AN IDEA, AND YOU~~
~~AND IN A MOMENT WE'LL FIND OUT. RIGHT NOW I'M~~
~~CAN COUNT ON IT TO BE SOMETHING EXTRA-SPECIAL.~~

WONDERFUL

~~I WONDER~~ HOW MANY OF YOU CAN NAME THE "EXTRAS" YOU GET FROM CAMEL CIGARETTES. FIRST OFF...YOU MIGHT SAY THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS CAN BE CALLED AN EXTRA...AND YOU'D BE RIGHT. THEN YOU MIGHT CALL CAMEL'S SLOW...SLOW BURNING AN EXTRA...AND YOU'D BE RIGHT AGAIN. FOR SLOW BURNING MEANS FREEDOM FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF EXCESS HEAT...FREEDOM FROM THE HARSHNESS OF TOO-FAST BURNING. LIGHT UP A CAMEL...AND AS THAT FULL, RICH FLAVOR OF THE SMOKE MEETS YOUR TASTE...THREE MORE "EXTRAS" ARE YOURS TO ENJOY...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS... EXTRA FLAVOR. ADDED TO ALL THESE ADVANTAGES...YOU GET EXTRA SMOKING...WHEN YOU SMOKE CAMELS. LISTEN!

MAN:

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:

AND THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. GO AHEAD...HELP YOURSELF TO THE SMOKING "EXTRAS" WITH CAMELS -- THE SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: *→ AND NOW BACK TO THE BUMSTEADS*
IT'S AFTER DINNER AND WHILE MR. CONWAY AND HARRY SHARP
ARE TALKING, BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD HAVE GONE INTO THE
LIVING ROOM WHERE BOBBY IS. DAGWOOD HAS THE HANDCUFFS OUT
AND IS RATTLING THEM AROUND TO ATTRACT BOBBY'S ATTENTION...

~~SOUND: COME UP ON RATTLING OF HANDCUFFS.~~

BLONDIE: HE'S LOOKING OVER THIS WAY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: GOOD! HE'LL BE OVER HERE IN A MINUTE.

BLONDIE: NOW BE CAREFUL HOW YOU TELL HIM ABOUT THESE HANDCUFFS.

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY -- I LEARNED ABOUT CHILD PSYCHOLOGY FROM
ONE OF THE SMARTEST TEACHERS IN THE BUSINESS.

BLONDIE: WHO WAS THAT?

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING.

BOBBY: (OFF A BIT) HEY -- WHAT YOU GOT THERE?

DAGWOOD: OH, NOTHING.

BOBBY: YOU HAVE TOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL, NOTHING YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN... JUST A PAIR OF
HANDCUFFS.

BOBBY: HANDCUFFS? (COMING UP) LET'S SEE 'EM.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, I DON'T THINK BOBBY'S OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW ABOUT
HANDCUFFS.

BOBBY: OH YES I AM! LET'S SEE 'EM.

DAGWOOD: OKAY -- YOU CAN TAKE A LOOK AT THEM, THEN.

BOBBY: (AWED) GEE, THESE CERTAINLY ARE SWELL, AREN'T THEY?
THEY'RE REAL ONES, TOO!

BLONDIE: WE WERE GOING TO GIVE THEM TO YOU.

BOBBY: AREN'T YOU ANYMORE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE MIGHT, BOBBY -- WE MIGHT.

BLONDIE: I GUESS IT WOULDN'T HURT, DAGWOOD. HE MIGHT HAVE A LOT
OF FUN WITH THEM.

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT, BOBBY -- THESE ARE FOR YOU. BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK THEM?

BOBBY: OH, SURE! YOU JUST PUT ONE WRIST IN HERE AND SNAP THIS SHUT, AND THEN PUT THE OTHER WRIST IN THIS ONE AND SNAP IT SHUT.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE IDEA. (THEN HE LAUGHS)

BOBBY: WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: OH, I WAS JUST THINKING HOW FUNNY MR. SHARP WOULD LOOK IF YOU HANDCUFFED HIM TO SOMETHING OUT IN THE YARD, A LONG WAY FROM THE HOUSE.

BOBBY: (LAUGHS) HE WOULD LOOK FUNNY, WOULDN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...^{HE'D LOOK WONDERFUL} YOU COULD GET HIM TO PUT HIS HANDS THROUGH THE BARS OF THAT BIG IRON GATE, AND THEN YOU COULD GET ON THE OTHER SIDE AND PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON HIM...BUT OF COURSE, YOU COULDN'T DO THAT.

BOBBY: I BET I COULD.

DAGWOOD: I BET YOU COULDN'T.

BOBBY: I BET I COULD.

DAGWOOD: I BET A QUARTER YOU COULDN'T...ER -- HERE'S THE QUARTER. I'LL PAY YOU IN ADVANCE.

BOBBY: GEE! (CALLS) OH, MR. SHARP! OH, UNCLE HARRY -- COME ^{YES, BOBBY, DEAR?}

SHARP: HERE A MINUTE!

DAGWOOD: BOBBY, YOU'D BETTER HIDE THOSE HANDCUFFS UNTIL YOU GET OUTSIDE. YOU WANT TO SURPRISE MR. SHARP.

BOBBY: I'LL PUT 'EM IN ^{TAKE MY SHIRT} MY POCKET...GEE, THIS IS GOING TO BE JUST LIKE COPS AND ROBBERS.

SOUND: RATTLE OF HANDCUFFS...

BLONDIE: HERE COMES MR. SHARP.

SHARP: (COMING UP) WELL, HELLO, BOBBY. DID YOU GET TIRED OF TALKING TO THESE PEOPLE. I IMAGINE.

BOBBY: YEAH, UNCLE HARRY -- I WANTED TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOU.

SHARP: WELL, FINE, BOBBY -- ~~RIGHT HARRY?~~

BOBBY: ^{LET'S} ~~NO~~ -- ~~WELL~~. GO OUTSIDE...HAVE YOU GOT A HANDKERCHIEF?

SHARP: OF COURSE. WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?

BOBBY: TO BLINDFOLD YOU WHEN WE GET OUTSIDE...WE'RE GOING TO PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE ROBBER.

DAGWOOD: I THINK HE'LL BE VERY GOOD FOR THE PART.

BOBBY: COME ON, UNCLE HARRY.

SHARP: ALL RIGHT, BOBBY. (TO DAGWOOD) WELL, WISE-GUY, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHO'S GOING TO GET THAT SIGNATURE ON THE DOTTED LINE NOW. ^{NO, WHO?} IT'S NONE OTHER THAN HARRY SHARP IN PERSON. SO LONG...(FADING)

BLONDIE: I HOPE YOU'VE STILL GOT THE KEY TO THE HANDCUFFS, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT I MAY LOSE IT ANY MINUTE...DO YOU THINK BOBBY'LL DO A GOOD JOB?

BLONDIE: WELL, FROM THE LOOK IN HIS EYES WHEN YOU GAVE HIM THAT QUARTER, WE'LL NEVER SEE MR. SHARP AGAIN.

MUSIC:

CONWAY: (IRRITABLY) WHAT IN THE WORLD IS KEEPING SHARP? I TOLD ALL OF YOU THAT I'D GIVE YOU MY DECISION AT NINE O'CLOCK ON THE DOT. I GO TO BED AT NINE THIRTY.

BLONDIE: WELL, MR. SHARP WENT OUTSIDE WITH BOBBY A LITTLE WHILE AGO.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE CONTRACT BEING IN THE BAG FOR HIM.

CONWAY: WELL, HE'S TAKING A LOT FOR GRANTED.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS OFF.....

CONWAY: AH -- MAYBE THAT'S HE NOW.

BOBBY: (OFF) UNCLE HORACE! OH, UNCLE HORACE!

BLONDIE: IT'S BOBBY.

CONWAY: ~~BOBBY~~, BOBBY...WHERE'S MR. SHARP?

BOBBY: (COMING UP) HE'S OUTSIDE, UNCLE HORACE -- WAY OUT BY THE BIG IRON GATES. HE DOESN'T LIKE ME ANYMORE.

CONWAY: HE DOESN'T?

BOBBY: NO...DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE CALLED ME, UNCLE HORACE?

CONWAY: WHAT?

BOBBY: I'LL WHISPER IT TO YOU. (HE WHISPERS)

CONWAY: DID HE CALL YOU THAT?!

BOBBY: YEAH...WHAT DOES IT MEAN, UNCLE?

CONWAY: ER -- WELL -- I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE OLDER.

BOBBY: AND THAT'S NOT ALL. HE CALLED ME A... (WHISPERS).

CONWAY: WHAT?! WHY THAT MAN OUGHT TO BE HORSEWHIPPED!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A VERY GOOD IDEA, MR. CONWAY.

CONWAY: WELL, I'LL DEAL WITH HIM IN JUST A MINUTE, BOBBY... MR. BUMSTEAD, HAVE YOU GOT YOUR CONTRACT READY?

DAGWOOD: IT'S RIGHT HERE, MR. CONWAY...NOW IF I CAN FIND MY PEN...

BLONDIE: HERE'S A PEN...I BROUGHT AN EXTRA ONE ALONG.

DAGWOOD: THANKS, BLONDIE -- HERE, MR. CONWAY.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER...

CONWAY: MR. BUMSTEAD --AND MRS. BUMSTEAD -- IT'S A REAL PLEASURE FOR ME TO SIGN THIS CONTRACT WITH THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY.

MUSIC: _____

DITHERS: ~~DAGWOOD~~ ^{BUMSTEAD}, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON DOING A FINE JOB UNDER UNUSUALLY DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES. THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY IS PROUD OF YOU! LET ME SHAKE YOUR HAND.

DAGWOOD: THANKS, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS ITEM IN YOUR EXPENSE ACCOUNT OF FIVE DOLLARS AND NINETY-EIGHT CENTS FOR MISTLETOE! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT?

DAGWOOD: MISTLETOE? WELL, YOU SEE I NEEDED THE MISTLETOE FOR -- COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT MISTLETOE AT ALL.

DITHERS: AHA!

DAGWOOD: LET ME SEE WHERE I WROTE IT DOWN, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: RIGHT HERE! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: OH! THAT'S NOT MISTLETOE, MR. DITHERS -- THAT'S MISCELLANEOUS!

DITHERS: TAAAAA!

DAGWOOD: YOU SEE, IT WAS JUST LIKE I SAID, MR. DITHERS -- IT WAS JUST AN ORDINARY BUSINESS TRIP.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: WELL FOLKS, THANKS TO BLONDIE'S ENGENUITY, DAGWOOD GOT HIMSELF OUT OF THAT JAM. BUT DON'T WORRY, HE'LL BE BACK IN HOT WATER AGAIN. IN A MOMENT WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE, 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: (CHUCKLING) RIGHT NOW, DAGWOOD AND BLONDIE ARE A HAPPY LITTLE COUPLE. BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HEADACHES ARE IN STORE FOR THEM NEXT WEEK WHEN, MUCH TO THEIR SURPRISE, "BLONDIE ENTERTAINS A HOUSEGUEST."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

THE "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA WAS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZ WHO ALSO CREATED THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.

THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.