

11/13/40

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1940

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

NEWSBOY: 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." YES FOLKS, AND TONIGHT WE  
HAVE SOME EXTRA SPECIAL NEWS ABOUT CAMELS. YOU'LL HEAR  
ALL ABOUT IT IN JUST A FEW MINUTES.

MUSIC: (THEME . . . FADE)

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GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS IN THEIR HOME ON SHADY LANE AVENUE. IT'S SATURDAY MORNING, AND DAGWOOD AND BABY DUMPLING ARE IN THE BATHROOM...

BABY: DADDY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, WHAT IS IT, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: ARE YOU GOING TO FAKE A SHAVE WITH TALCUM POWDER THIS MORNING?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT'S SATURDAY, SO I THINK I WILL.

BABY: YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, AREN'T YOU, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: SURE -- BUT DON'T TELL BLONDIE I SAID SO.

~~BABY: WHEN YOU GET THROUGH WITH THE TALCUM POWDER, CAN I HAVE IT?~~

~~DAGWOOD: WHAT FOR?~~

~~BABY: I THINK I'LL FAKE A WASH BEHIND MY EARS.~~

~~DAGWOOD: NO, YOU'D BETTER REALLY WASH THEM, BABY. I WANT YOU TO GET SOME GOOD HABITS.~~

~~BABY: WELL, OKAY, DADDY.~~

~~DAGWOOD: THAT'S BETTER.~~

~~BABY: BUT WHY MUST I HAVE ALL THE GOOD HABITS AROUND HERE?~~

~~DAGWOOD: ER -- WELL, YOU SEE -- WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ALL THE GOOD HABITS? IF YOU HAD ALL THE GOOD HABITS, THAT PUNISHMENT CHAIR WOULDN'T BE NECESSARY.~~

~~BABY: I DON'T THINK WE REALLY NEED IT NOW.~~

~~DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT'S FOR YOUR MOTHER AND ME TO DECIDE.~~

BABY: DADDY, WHY HAVEN'T YOU GOT A MOUSTACHE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T KNOW...

BABY: MR. FUDDLE HAS ONE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I KNOW HE HAS.

BABY: CAN'T YOU GROW ONE?

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY I CAN GROW A MOUSTACHE!! I'VE GOT PLENTY OF BRISTLES ON MY UPPER LIP.

BABY: I HEARD MOMMY TALKING ABOUT YOUR BRISTLES ONCE.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DID SHE SAY?

BABY: OH, NOTHING...DADDY, WHAT'S A PORCUPINE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, A PORCUPINE IS -- TOOOOH! DID BLONDIE SAY I WAS LIKE ONE?

BABY: YES, DADDY, BUT DON'T QUOTE ME.

DAGWOOD: HMMMM...ANYWAY A PORCUPINE IS AN ANIMAL WITH SHARP QUILLS ALL OVER HIM.

BABY: WHAT ARE QUILLS?

DAGWOOD: WELL, THEY ARE SORT OF LIKE FEATHERS -- ONLY THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANY FEATHERS. YOU KNOW -- THE LITTLE FEATHERS THAT ARE ON FEATHERS -- AND -- UH --

BABY: GO ON, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

BABY: NO.

DAGWOOD: WELL, QUILLS ARE JUST THE HARD PART OF THE FEATHER.

BABY: YOU MEAN FEATHERS IN THEIR BIRTHDAY CLOTHES?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- THAT'S IT.

BABY: YOU CERTAINLY TAKE A LONG TIME EXPLAINING THINGS, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW, A MOUSTACHE WOULD LOOK PRETTY GOOD ON ME. I THINK I'LL TALK TO BLONDIE ABOUT IT.

BABY: CAN I WATCH?

DAGWOOD: HUNH? OH, SURE, BABY. LET'S GO IN AND SEE HER NOW.

(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: MOMMY HASN'T GOT UP YET.

DAGWOOD: I WONDER WHY. SHE USUALLY GETS UP EARLY ON SATURDAY MORNING. (CALLS) OH, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: (OFF) I'M IN THE BEDROOM, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh~~...SAY, HONEY -- I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: *I was wondering. Would you mind very much if I raised*  
~~WELL, COULD I RAISE~~ A MOUSTACHE?

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- MUST WE GO THROUGH THIS EVERY YEAR?

DAGWOOD: JUST A LITTLE ONE.

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR, YOU CAN'T.

DAGWOOD: *Oh!*  
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU WON'T LET ME. OTHER WIVES LET THEIR  
HUSBANDS HAVE THEM.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD -- I'LL LET YOU RAISE A MOUSTACHE IF  
YOU'LL LET ME DYE MY HAIR RED!

DAGWOOD: DOGGONE IT! ALWAYS ONE JUMP AHEAD OF ME!...HOW COME  
YOU'RE STILL IN BED, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WELL, DEAR -- I'M ~~NOT FEELING VERY WELL~~ *just a little tired* THIS MORNING.

DAGWOOD: GEE, BLONDIE -- ARE YOU SICK?

BABY: I'LL GET A DOCTOR.

BLONDIE: NC, NO -- NOW DON'T DO THAT. ~~I WAS JUST A LITTLE TIRED~~  
~~THIS MORNING SO I THOUGHT I'D STAY IN BED FOR A WHILE~~  
~~AND REST.~~ I'LL GET UP AND GET YOUR BREAKFAST *right now.*  
~~IN A FEW~~  
~~MINUTES.~~

DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BLONDIE. IF YOU'RE ~~NOT FEELING WELL~~ *tired*,  
*Why Dagwood, how thoughtful!* YOU JUST STAY IN BED AND TAKE IT EASY. BABY DUMPLING AND

*Blondie:* I WILL <sup>get</sup> GET BREAKFAST -- WON'T WE, BABY?

BABY: SURE. HOW DO YOU WANT YOUR EGGS, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: HOW ABOUT POACHED EGGS?

~~BABY: SURE.~~  
*Dagwood: Okay. Two poached eggs coming up.*

BLONDIE: NO -- ON SECOND THOUGHT, YOU'D BETTER FRY THEM. I'M  
AFRAID TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU TWO TRIED TO  
POACH AN EGG.

DAGWOOD: LEAVE IT TO US, BLONDIE. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING TODAY. YOU JUST STAY IN BED AND REST.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD -- THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU.

DAGWOOD: WE'LL BE GLAD TO DO IT. <sup>sure!</sup> BESIDES, I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU  
*Baby:* WENT ABOUT ~~THE~~ HOUSEWORK IN THE HARD WAY.

BLONDIE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DAGWOOD: OH, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I'VE GOT SOME IDEAS ABOUT SAVING TIME DOING THE HOUSEWORK. THE WAY YOU DO IT ISN'T VERY SCIENTIFIC.

BLONDIE: OH, I SEE -- I'M NOT SCIENTIFIC. AND YOU THINK YOU CAN DO A BETTER JOB.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- YES.

BLONDIE: THAT'S FINE, DAGWOOD -- YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL FIND IT AS EASY AS YOU THINK IT'LL BE.

DAGWOOD: YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: OH, I WILL, DAGWOOD, I WILL.

BABY: MOMMY -- CAN I RAISE A MOUSTACHE?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR -- YOU MAY.

BABY: THANK YOU, MOMMY.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- HOW IS IT HE'S ALLOWED TO RAISE ONE AND I'M NOT? IT'S NOT FAIR TO DISCRIMINATE AGAINST ME LIKE THAT! ~~THIS~~  
~~AN INJUSTICE!~~ THERE OUGHT TO BE A ~~UNION!~~ *law!*

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES IN THE BUMSTEAD FAMILY, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA TODAY WILL BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT WITH DAGWOOD AND BABY DUMPLING TRYING TO RUN THE HOUSE...

(COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: IN THE MEANTIME, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A SMOKE? THEN HAVE A CAMEL...IT'S SLOW...SLOW...BURNING. YOU LIGHT IT ...YOU PUFF IT...YOU SMOKE IT...AND IN THAT SLOW...SLOW ...SMOKE, YOU GET EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND...LESS NICOTINE!

VOICE: YES...INDEPENDENT SCIENTISTS TESTED THE SMOKE ITSELF OF FIVE OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTES. THESE TESTS SHOW THAT THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS TWENTY-EIGHT PER CENT LESS NICOTINE THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE OTHER BRANDS ANALYZED...LESS NICOTINE THAN ANY OF THEM.

GOODWIN: AND LISTEN -- WHEN YOU LIGHT UP A CAMEL -- OR ANY CIGARETTE -- YOU LIGHT IT UP...TO HAVE A SMOKE. THE SMOKE'S THE THING! A CIGARETTE IS ONLY AS MILD AS ITS SMOKE...ONLY AS COOL AS ITS SMOKE...ONLY AS FLAVORFUL AS ITS SMOKE. SO TURN TO CAMEL, THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURES AND LESS NICOTINE IN THE S-M-O-K-E. THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: WELL, ~~IT'S ABOUT AN HOUR LATER, AND~~ AFTER A HECTIC INTERLUDE IN THE KITCHEN, DAGWOOD AND BABY DUMPLING HAVE JUST BROUGHT BREAKFAST UP TO BLONDIE WHO IS STILL IN BED...

(COME UP ON RATTLE OF DISHES)

DAGWOOD: NOW JUST HOLD STILL, BLONDIE, AND I'LL PUT THIS TRAY ON YOUR LAP.

BABY: DADDY AND I FIXED BREAKFAST ALL BY OURSELVES.

BLONDIE: OH, THIS IS WONDERFUL. I HAVEN'T HAD BREAKFAST IN BED FOR A LONG, LONG TIME...I'VE GOT IT, DAGWOOD. OH -- WHAT'S THIS?

BABY: THAT'S THE TOAST.

*Blondie:*  
DAGWOOD: ER -- IT'S A LITTLE BURNED, BUT WE SCRAPED <sup>most of</sup> IT OFF.

BLONDIE: THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: I HEARD SOMEONE SAY THAT ~~THE~~ CARBON <sup>is</sup> ~~WAS~~ GOOD FOR YOU ANYWAY.

BABY: THAT'S THE BACON THERE, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: OH, YES. IT'S CRISP, ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: UM -- JUST A LITTLE, BLONDIE. THE BACON GOT DONE VERY FAST.

BABY: IT CAUGHT ON FIRE, BUT WE <sup>threw some water on it and</sup> PUT IT OUT JUST LIKE THE TOAST.

DAGWOOD: WE'LL GET BETTER WHEN WE FIX LUNCH FOR YOU.

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING, DAGWOOD, I KNOW YOU'LL DO EVERYTHING VERY SCIENTIFICALLY.

DAGWOOD: ER -- YEAH...TRY THE EGGS.

(FORK ON PLATE)

BLONDIE: THERE SEEM TO BE A FEW PIECES OF SHELL IN THEM.  
DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU KNOW, BLONDIE...  
BABY: DADDY WAS TRYING TO SHOW ME HOW TO BREAK AN EGG WITH ONE  
HAND.  
DAGWOOD: IT SAVES TIME THAT WAY.

(TELEPHONE RINGS OFF)

BABY: THERE'S THE TELEPHONE, DADDY.  
DAGWOOD: I'LL GET IT, BABY.  
BABY: (FADING A BIT) IF IT'S FOR ME, I'M NOT AT HOME.  
(SOUND OF DAGWOOD GOING DOWN STAIRS FAST)

BLONDIE: (CALLING FROM OFF) ON YOUR WAY BACK, DAGWOOD, BRING THE  
SALT AND PEPPER WITH YOU.  
DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) ALL RIGHT, I WILL...GEE, THERE'S NEVER ANY  
PEACE AROUND THIS HOUSE.

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: HELLO?  
GROCER: (FILTER) GOOD MORNING, MRS. BUMSTEAD. ARE YOU CATCHING  
*Dagwood:* A COLD, *Mrs. Bumstead?*

*Good morning, Hank?*

DAGWOOD: NO, THIS IS MR. BUMSTEAD...WHO'S THIS?  
GROCER: THIS IS ~~HAROLD~~ *Carl* AT THE GROCERY STORE, MR. BUMSTEAD. I  
WANTED TO EXPLAIN TO MRS. BUMSTEAD ABOUT THE BILL.  
DAGWOOD: JUST EXPLAIN IT TO ME. I UNDERSTAND THESE FINANCIAL  
THINGS.  
GROCER: WELL, IT WAS FOR SIX DOLLARS AND THIRTY-EIGHT CENTS.  
DAGWOOD: IT WAS. WHAT IS IT NOW?

GROCER: WELL, I FORGOT TO TAKE OFF THE DEPOSIT ON ONE GINGER ALE BOTTLE, ONE CREAM BOTTLE AND THREE MILK BOTTLES THAT MRS. BUMSTEAD RETURNED. THAT'S A NICKEL FOR THE GINGER ALE, A PENNY FOR THE CREAM AND SIX CENTS FOR THE MILK BOTTLES. THAT MAKES THE BILL SIX DOLLARS AND TWENTY-SIX CENTS, INSTEAD OF SIX DOLLARS AND THIRTY-EIGHT CENTS.

DAGWOOD: ER -- HOW WAS ALL THAT AGAIN?

GROCER: WELL, I DON'T LIKE TO REPEAT THIS UNLESS YOU'RE REALLY INTERESTED, MR. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT -- I'LL REMEMBER THAT -- THE BILL'S SIX DOLLARS AND TWENTY-SIX CENTS.

GROCER: AH -- AH, MR. BUMSTEAD -- THERE'S MORE. YOU SEE, MRS. BUMSTEAD OWED ME TWENTY-THREE CENTS FROM TWO DAYS AGO -- SHE HAD A ONE DOLLAR BILL AND I WAS SHORT OF CHANGE -- SO ADDING THAT MAKES SIX DOLLARS AND FORTY-NINE CENTS. BUT I FORGOT TO TAKE OFF FOR OVERCHARGING MRS. BUMSTEAD YESTERDAY ON THE BANANAS. I THOUGHT THEY WERE SIX CENTS A POUND INSTEAD OF FIVE. THAT'S FOUR CENTS OFF WHICH BRINGS US TO SIX DOLLARS AND FORTY-FIVE CENTS. BUT ONE OF THE MILK BOTTLES MRS. BUMSTEAD RETURNED ISN'T FROM OUR STORE AND WE CAN'T ACCEPT IT, SO THAT'S TWO CENTS MORE, MAKING IT SIX DOLLARS AND FORTY-SEVEN CENTS... *so you see...*

*Dagwood.*

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WAIT -- *I beg your pardon.* DOES THIS HAPPEN EVERY WEEK?

GROCER: OH, NO, MR. BUMSTEAD. SOMETIMES IT'S COMPLICATED... NOW I FIND I MADE A MISTAKE OF NINE CENTS IN ADDITION HERE AND TAKING THAT OFF BRINGS US BACK TO SIX DOLLARS AND THIRTY-EIGHT CENTS AGAIN. *now -- so taking off -- (ad lib off)*

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN. GOODBYE!

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM WAY OFF) DAGWOOD -- WHO WAS THAT ON THE PHONE?

DAGWOOD: HMMM...(CALLS BACK) ER -- WRONG NUMBER, BLONDIE.

(KNOCKING AT DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) I'LL BE UP IN A MINUTE, BLONDIE -- THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: GOOD MORNING.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- WHAT IS IT?

MAN: I'M FROM THE ~~AGENCY~~ <sup>Grabb</sup> COLLECTION AGENCY. OUR MOTTO IS: "WE NEVER SLEEP, AND NEITHER WILL YOU -- IF YOU DON'T PAY YOUR BILLS ~~TO US~~ WHEN THEY ARE DUE." - *That's one of mine.*

~~DAGWOOD: ARE YOU FROM THE GROCERY STORE?~~

~~MAN: AHA! SO YOU OWE THE GROCERY STORE, TOO, EH? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT.~~

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MAN: THERE'S THE LITTLE MATTER OF ~~THE~~ <sup>three</sup> INSTALLMENTS ON YOUR VACUUM SWEEPER. WHY DON'T YOU BE DECENT ABOUT IT AND PAY THEM. YOU'RE THREE WEEKS BEHIND NOW.

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT MY WIFE PAID FOR THAT VACUUM SWEEPER A MONTH AGO.

MAN: (LAUGHS) THESE WOMEN -- HOW THEY FOOL US!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE DOESN'T FOOL ME. IF SHE TAKES MONEY FOR A VACUUM SWEEPER, THAT'S WHAT SHE USES IT FOR.

MAN: YES, YES -- THEY ALL SAY THAT -- BROTHER, HAS YOUR WIFE

*Dagwood:* BOUGHT A NEW HAT LATELY? *Yeah - how did you know?*

*Man:* YEAH, AND YOU SHOULD SEE IT! IT'S MADE OF SOME KIND OF FUR AND HAS GREEN EYES AND SITS ON HER HEAD LIKE ~~AN ANTIKID~~ <sup>a mountain lion</sup> CROUCHED TO SPRING! *I can sympathize with you.* I DON'T KNOW WHO SOLD IT TO HER BUT

*Man:* I'D LIKE TO FIND THAT SALESGIRL AND --

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MAN: JUST ONE MOMENT, BROTHER -- CALM DOWN...THAT'S WHERE THE THREE INSTALLMENTS ON THE SWENPER WENT...BUT I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO MENTION IT TO HER.

DAGWOOD: HOLY SMOKE!

MAN: NOW YOU OWE US TWELVE DOLLARS. A TEN AND TWO ONES WILL BE SATISFACTORY.

~~DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T GOT THAT MUCH WITH ME.~~

~~MAN: JUST A MINUTE, HERE. TAKE THIS HAMMER. I'LL WAIT HERE WHILE YOU BREAK OPEN YOUR PIG BANK.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~NOTHING DOING!~~ IF I OWE YOU ANY MONEY I'LL SEND YOU A CHECK THE FIRST OF THE MONTH.

MAN: HMMM...COULD YOU GIVE ME A ROUGH IDEA OF WHAT MONTH?

DAGWOOD: NO! GOODBYE!

MAN: WAIT A MINUTE! YOU OWE THIS MONEY AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY IT!

DAGWOOD: NOT TODAY, I'M NOT!

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: GEE, I THOUGHT WE OWNED THAT VACUUM SWEEPER.

BLONDIE: (OFF) WHO WAS THAT, DEAR?

(DAGWOOD IS GOING UPSTAIRS NOW...)

DAGWOOD: JUST A MAN AT THE DOOR, HONEY.

BLONDIE: (STILL OFF A BIT) DID YOU BUY ANYTHING?

DAGWOOD: NO, BLONDIE. NOT A THING.

*Blondie: That's right dear.*

BABY: GOOD FOR YOU, DADDY.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) DID YOU BRING THE SALT AND PEPPER, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH -- I FORGOT IT.

BABY: ~~OKAY, MOMMY~~ -- I WON <sup>the bet, mommy</sup> YOU OWE ME A PENNY.

*Dagwood: Huh?*

BLONDIE: DADDY WILL GIVE IT TO YOU, DEAR... I'VE EATEN THE EGGS ANYWAY.

*Baby: Do you feel all right, mommy?*

~~BABY: ARE WE GOING TO WASH THE DISHES NOW, DADDY?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~YEP -- RIGHT AWAY.~~ <sup>Come on baby,</sup> I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU THE FASTEST WAY TO <sup>wash dishes,</sup> DO THEM, TOO.

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T BREAK THEM, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY, BLONDIE -- THIS IS GOING TO BE STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON RATTLE OF DISHES...)

DAGWOOD: WELL, BABY DUMPLING -- I GUESS <sup>the dishes are</sup> ~~THEY'RE~~ ALL READY TO BE DRIED.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: LET'S SEE -- WHAT'S THE TEMPERATURE IN THE OVEN NOW?

BABY: IT SAYS FIVE HUNDRED DEGREES.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS THAT'S HOT ENOUGH. I'LL OPEN THE OVEN AND WE'LL JUST PILE THE WET DISHES IN.

BABY: AND WHEN THEY COME OUT THEY'LL BE DRY?

DAGWOOD: SURE.

(OVEN DOOR OPENS)

BABY: GOSH -- THAT'S HOT.

DAGWOOD: HAND ME THE DISHES NOW, BABY.

BABY: HERE, DADDY.

(RATTLE OF PLATES...DAGWOOD STACKS THEM ON  
WIRE GRILL OF OVEN...)

DAGWOOD: BABY, YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT TO REMEMBER THAT THERE'S AN EASY WAY  
AND A HARD WAY OF DOING THINGS.

BABY: WHICH WAY IS THIS?

DAGWOOD: IT'S THE EASY WAY.

BABY: DOES IT WORK JUST AS WELL?

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY! YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE -- WHEN WE TAKE THESE  
DISHED OUT WE WON'T HAVE TO DRY THEM.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY -- I'LL WAIT.

(KNOCKING AT DOOR...)

BABY: THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE BACK DOOR, DADDY. SHALL I TELL HIM  
WE DON'T WANT ANY?

DAGWOOD: NO, I'LL TALK TO HIM. *I better close the oven door, first.*

(CLOSE OVEN DOOR)

DAGWOOD: THERE.

BABY: DON'T BUY ANYTHING, DADDY.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN.

MAN: WELL, BROTHER -- WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PAY ME FOR THOSE THREE  
OVERDUE INSTALLMENTS -- NOW, OR IN COURT?

BABY: DADDY -- DON'T FORGET YOU OWE ME A PENNY.

DAGWOOD: I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU LATER, BABY DUMPLING.

MAN: JUST A MOMENT, YOUNG MAN.

*Baby: Who, me?*  
(RATTLE OF CHANGE)

MAN: HERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU. *Thank you.* I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST AND  
I DON'T WANT YOU TO LOSE YOUR FAITH IN MANKIND.

BABY: ~~THANK YOU.~~

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING, GIVE THAT PENNY BACK TO HIM.

BABY: WHY, DADDY? IT'S A REAL PENNY.

DAGWOOD: ~~BECAUSE~~ IT'S NOT YOURS.

MAN: OH, YES IT IS. I GAVE IT TO YOU.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU! GIVE ME THAT PENNY, BABY.

BABY: AW, GEE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: GIVE ME THE PENNY.

BABY: ALL RIGHT!

MAN: THE IDEA! STOOPING TO TAKING PENNIES FROM LITTLE CHILDREN!

DAGWOOD: HERE! TAKE THIS PENNY BACK, AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY  
MORE FROM YOU.

MAN: I WON'T TAKE IT BACK UNLESS YOU GIVE ME TWELVE DOLLARS WITH  
IT.

DAGWOOD: I TOLD YOU I'D SEND YOU A CHECK.

MAN: AND WHAT SHOULD I DO -- MAKE RUBBER BANDS OUT OF IT? YOU OWE  
MONEY FOR THAT SWEEPER AND UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO TAKE IT  
AWAY FROM YOU, YOU'D BETTER PAY IT!

DAGWOOD: I'LL PAY IT IF I OWE IT! HERE'S THE PENNY, AND GOODBYE!

(DOOR SLAMS)

BABY: BEFORE YOU FORGET IT, DADDY -- CAN I HAVE THE PENNY MOMMY  
SAID YOU'D GIVE ME.

DAGWOOD: YES -- HERE IT IS.

BABY: AND A PENNY FOR THE ONE YOU MADE ME GIVE BACK TO THE MAN AT  
THE DOOR.

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT...WHERE DID YOU LEARN THIS TRICK?

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BABY: OH, I'VE SEEN MOMMY DO THE SAME THING WITH DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, LET'S SEE HOW THE DISHES ARE.

BABY: YOU SAID WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DRY THEM, DIDN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T THINK WE WILL, EITHER...NOW STAND BACK WHILE I OPEN  
THE OVEN DOOR.

BABY: ALL RIGHT, DADDY.

(OVEN DOOR OPENS...DISHES CLATTER TO THE FLOOR...)

DAGWOOD: OH, MY GOSH! THEY WERE ALL BROKEN IN THE STOVE BEFORE THEY  
FELL OUT, TOO!

BABY: YOU WERE RIGHT, DADDY -- WE WON'T HAVE TO DRY THEM.

DAGWOOD: THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE STOVE.

~~BABY: DADDY, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE EASY WAY TO DO THE DISHES?~~

~~DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT -- GO AHEAD -- MAKE FUN OF ME! THEY MADE FUN OF  
ELI WHITNEY, AND EDISON, AND TULTON, TOO, BUT WHO HAD THE  
LAST LAUGH?~~

~~BABY: I HAVEN'T STUDIED THAT IN SCHOOL YET, DADDY.~~

BLONDIE: (OFF) DAGWOOOOOOOOD!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) I'LL BE RIGHT UP, BLONDIE. (ON) BABY, YOU SWEEP UP THESE DISHES, BUT DON'T TOUCH THEM WITH YOUR HANDS -- THEY'RE PROBABLY HOT.

(GOING UPSTAIRS)

BLONDIE: (STILL OFF) WHAT HAPPENED IN THE KITCHEN, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT.

BLONDIE: DOING THE DISHES SCIENTIFICALLY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- YES.

~~BLONDIE: (COMING UP) I GUESS I'D BETTER GET UP, DAGWOOD.~~

~~DAGWOOD: NO, BLONDIE, YOU STAY RIGHT IN BED. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.~~

~~BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF, DEAR.~~

~~DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY. I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT STARTED YET.~~

BLONDIE: HOW MANY DISHES DID YOU BREAK?

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL~~, JUST THE BREAKFAST DISHES.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, ~~YOU'VE GOT MORE THAN A START.~~ I'M GOING TO GET UP.

~~DAGWOOD: NO YOU'RE NOT.~~

~~BLONDIE: YOU CAN'T DO EVERYTHING BY YOURSELVES. I'LL HELP YOU.~~

DAGWOOD: NO SIR. ~~YOU'RE NOT FEELING WELL~~, AND YOU'VE GOT TO STAY IN BED AND REST! BLONDIE, I COMMAND YOU TO STAY IN BED!

BLONDIE: YOU WHAT?

DAGWOOD: I COMMAND YOU -- PLEASE.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR, BUT PLEASE DON'T USE QUITE SO MUCH SCIENCE THE NEXT TIME. WE CAN'T AFFORD IT.

BABY: (YELLS FROM OFF) DADDDYYYYY-Y-Y! DADDY-Y-Y-Y-Y!

DAGWOOD: OH, MY GOSH -- BABY DUMPLING! I'LL GO SEE WHAT IT IS!

BLONDIE: BE CAREFUL NOW, DAGWOOD... (FADING)

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'LL -- HEY!

(HE TRIPS AND FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: OUCH! HEY-Y-Y-Y! (GROANS)

BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM OFF) IS HE ALL RIGHT, BABY?

BABY: YES, HE'S ALL RIGHT, MOMMY. I JUST SAW HIS LITTLE FINGER MOVE.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) OH-H-H. IS THAT YOU, BABY?

BABY: YES -- IS THAT YOU, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: I CAME HURRYING DOWN THE STAIRS SO FAST I TRIPPED AND FELL. WHAT DID YOU WANT WHEN YOU CALLED ME?

BABY: WHAT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: I SAID WHAT DID YOU WANT WHEN YOU CALLED ME. YOU YELLED LIKE SOMETHING AWFUL HAPPENED. WHAT WAS IT?

BABY: DID I YELL?

DAGWOOD: YOU CERTAINLY DID.

BABY: I GUESS I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.

DAGWOOD: DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I ALMOST BROKE MY NECK FOR NOTHING?

BABY: OH, I KNOW. I BURNED MYSELF ON THOSE PLATES. THEY WERE HOT.

DAGWOOD: BABY, I TOLD YOU THEY WERE.

BABY: YOU SAID PROBABLY, AND I WANTED TO MAKE SURE.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!

BABY: WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW, DADDY? *I'll give you a hand.*

DAGWOOD: WE'VE GOT TO --- OOOOOOOH! -- DO SOMETHING TO IMPRESS YOUR MOTHER. SHE DOESN'T THINK WE CAN DO A GOOD JOB WITHOUT HER.

BABY: WE'LL SHOW HER -- WON'T WE?

DAGWOOD: YES, BABY DUMPLING, WE -- OOOOH -- WE WILL. WE'RE GOING TO BAKE A CAKE!

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: NOW LET'S SEE -- WHAT DOES THE RECIPE SAY?

BABY: *Morning milk*  
A HALF CUP OF BUTTER, DADDY.

(RATTLE OF CUP)

DAGWOOD: THAT'S EASY...AND ONE AND A HALF CUPS OF SUGAR...HMMMMM -- IT DOESN'T SAY WHAT YOU DO WITH THE SUGAR.

BABY: READ DOWN AT THE BOTTOM -- AFTER THE NUMBERS.

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH -- CREAM BUTTER AND ADD SUGAR GRADUALLY. I GUESS "CREAM BUTTER" MEANS TO HEAT IT. PUT THIS OVER THE FIRE, BABY.

BABY: ALL RIGHT, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE. IT SAYS ADD SUGAR SO LET'S JUST PUT THIS IN NOW AND SAVE TIME.

BABY: ARE WE FOLLOWING THE RECIPE, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: SURE. THAT'S THE WAY TO DO THINGS -- FOLLOW RECIPES AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG. THERE'S NOTHING TO BAKING A CAKE, REALLY.

BABY: THAT'S GOOD...PUT THIS RIGHT ON THE FIRE, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...NOW THERE'S SOMETHING HERE ABOUT BEATING TWO EGG YOLKS.

BABY: JUST THE YOLKS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- THAT'S FUNNY, ISN'T IT?...AHA -- I THOUGHT SO!

BABY: WHAT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: FURTHER ON HERE IT MENTIONS THE EGG WHITES. ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A WOMAN -- ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT. WE'LL BEAT THE YOLKS AND THE WHITES TOGETHER AND SAVE TIME.

BABY: IT CERTAINLY IS EASY, ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: NOTHING TO IT. *now I'll just break the eggs.*

(BREAKING EGGS)

DAGWOOD: DO YOU WANT TO BEAT THE EGGS, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: SURE, DADDY -- I'D LIKE TO. DOES ANYTHING ELSE GO IN WITH THE EGGS?

DAGWOOD: LET ME SEE...WELL, ALL THE STUFF GOES TOGETHER EVENTUALLY SO WE MIGHT AS WELL PUT IT IN NOW...SHAKE SOME SALT IN WITH THE EGGS.

BABY: OKAY. GEE, THIS IS FUN.

DAGWOOD: YEP -- THERE'S NOTHING COMPLICATED ABOUT BAKING A CAKE. ALL YOU DO IS FOLLOW THE RECIPE AND YOU CAN'T MISS.  
(LAUGHS) IT'S THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (COME UP) AND CLEAN UP THE KITCHEN, DUST THE FURNITURE, CLEAN THE SILVER, STRAIGHTEN UP THE LIVING ROOM AND GO OVER THE RUG WITH THE VACUUM SWEEPER...I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT EVERYTHING.

DAGWOOD: I HOPE SO.

BABY: WE'VE DONE A LOT ALREADY.

BLONDIE: ARE YOU GETTING TIRED?

DAGWOOD: ER -- NO, NOT MUCH, BLONDIE. YOU JUST STAY RIGHT IN BED AND REST AND WE'LL DO IT ALL...BY THE WAY -- THAT'S OUR NEW VACUUM SWEEPER YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

BLONDIE: WELL, WE'VE HAD IT SEVERAL MONTHS, BUT IT'S PRETTY NEW. WHY?

DAGWOOD: OH, I JUST WONDERED...SAY, BLONDIE -- HAVE YOU BOUGHT ANY NEW HATS LATELY?

BLONDIE: DON'T YOU REMEMBER -- I BOUGHT TWO HATS AND A NEW DRESS LAST WEEK.

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH...HOW MUCH DID THEY COST?

BLONDIE: I THINK IT ALL CAME TO TWELVE DOLLARS.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOOOH! THEN WE DO OWE THAT MONEY.

BLONDIE: WHAT DID YOU SAY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, NOTHING, BLONDIE -- NOTHING.

BABY: MOMMY -- WE'RE BAKING A CAKE.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT IT?

BLONDIE: ARE YOU REALLY BAKING A CAKE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY -- AND YOU DON'T NEED TO SMILE IN THAT SUPERIOR WAY -- EITHER. IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

BABY: YES, SIR, MOMMY. THE LAST TIME I PEEKED IN THE OVEN IT LOOKED SWELL.

BLONDIE: IT DID?

BABY: YEP. IT WAS BOILING.

BLONDIE: IF YOU KEEP LOOKING IN THE OVEN ALL THE TIME IT WON'T RISE.

DAGWOOD: IT'LL RISE ALL RIGHT. WE MADE SURE OF THAT.

BABY: SURE. WE PUT IN A LOT OF YEAST.

DAGWOOD: WE WEREN'T GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: I GUESS WE'RE NOT APPRECIATED, BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: WE'VE BEEN WORKING HARD, TOO.

BLONDIE: (STILL LAUGHING A LITTLE) WELL, I THINK I'D BETTER GET UP. HEAVENS KNOWS WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE KITCHEN.

DAGWOOD: OH NO YOU DON'T. WE STARTED THIS AND WE'RE GOING THROUGH WITH IT. WE WANT ALL THE CREDIT.

BLONDIE: WELL, IT HAS BEEN LOVELY JUST LYING UP HERE READING AND LISTENING TO THE RADIO.

DAGWOOD: SAY, BLONDIE, ABOUT THAT MOUSTACHE...

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD --

DAGWOOD: JUST A VERY SMALL ONE.

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: ERROL FLYNN WEARS A MOUSTACHE.

BLONDIE: YES, AND SO DOES JERRY COLONNA...

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

BABY: THERE'S THE TELEPHONE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, I'LL GET IT...A FINE THING -- THE PHONE RINGS JUST WHEN I WANTED TO TALK ABOUT RAISING A MOUSTACHE.

BABY: YOU WERE LOSING ANYWAY, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: ISN'T THERE EVER A MOMENT IN THIS HOUSE WHEN THERE'S NOTHING ON THE STOVE, NO ONE RINGING THE PHONE, OR THE FRONT DOORBELL, OR HAMMERING AT THE BACK DOOR? I'VE BEEN RUNNING UP AND DOWN STAIRS ALL DAY!

BLONDIE: THE PHONE'S STILL RINGING, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) OH, STOP RINGING AND SHUT UP!!

(THE PHONE STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF A RING...)

DAGWOOD: (AFTER A PAUSE) WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? IT STOPPED.

BABY: GEE, DADDY -- THAT'S MAGIC!

DAGWOOD: I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT THE NEXT TIME THE PHONE RINGS. WELL, COME ON, BABY -- WE'VE STILL GOT THINGS TO DO!

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: (SIGH OF EXHAUSTION) WELL, NOW THE KITCHEN'S CLEAN, BABY. SHALL WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE CAKE?

BABY: YEAH. LET'S HAVE SOME, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OKAY -- I'LL OPEN THE OVEN.

(OVEN DOOR OPENS)

BABY: PHEW!

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) I'VE NEVER SEEN A CAKE SMOKE LIKE THIS ONE.

BABY: TAKE IT OUT, DADDY...HERE'S A TOWEL.

DAGWOOD: THANKS...GEE -- I HAVE A FEELING THIS WASN'T A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

(RATTLE OF PAN ON OVEN GRILL WIRES)

(CLOSE OVEN DOOR)

BABY: BE CAREFUL OF IT, DADDY -- IT MIGHT EXPLODE.

DAGWOOD: I'LL PUT IT ON THE TABLE AND WE CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT IT.

(PAN ON TABLE)

BABY: GEE, DADDY -- DID WE MAKE THAT?

DAGWOOD: *I'm afraid so.*  
~~I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT WHILE WE WERE UPSTAIRS SOMEONE  
SNEAKED INTO THE KITCHEN AND STOLE OUR CAKE AND PUT THIS  
IN ITS PLACE, BUT I GUESS WE MADE IT ALL RIGHT.~~

BABY: ~~IT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD WAFFLE.~~

DAGWOOD: I WONDER IF THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT RECIPE.

BABY: WE DID JUST WHAT IT SAID, DIDN'T WE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THAT COOK BOOK OUGHT TO BE BURNED! IT MADE US GO  
TO A LOT OF WORK FOR NOTHING!

BABY: AND I'M TIRED.

DAGWOOD: SO AM I...DO YOU SUPPOSE WE SHOULD TAKE A LITTLE BITE OF  
THE CAKE?

BABY: NOT ME, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: I'M NOT HUNGRY, EITHER...WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?

BABY: LET'S BURY IT.

DAGWOOD: *I'll put it in the garbage can.*  
~~WELL, I'LL GET RID OF IT.~~

(RATTLE OF COVER OF GARBAGE CAN)

DAGWOOD: NEVER AGAIN!- I FEEL LIKE WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED BY THAT  
COOK BOOK.

(BANGING CAKE PAN ON GARBAGE CAN)

BABY: IF THE CAKE WON'T COME OUT OF THE PAN, DADDY, YOU'D  
BETTER THROW THE WHOLE THING AWAY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I THINK I WILL.

(COVER ON GARBAGE CAN)

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THAT...LET'S GO INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

BABY: WE'VE GOT THAT TO CLEAN YET, HAVEN'T WE?  
DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT DEPENDS, BABY DUMPLING.  
(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)  
BABY: MOMMY DOES IT EVERY SATURDAY.  
DAGWOOD: WELL, LET'S SIT DOWN AND THINK IT OVER. (SIGHS) I'D  
CERTAINLY LIKE TO TAKE A NAP ON MY DAVENPORT.  
BABY: ME, TOO.  
DAGWOOD: BABY, DO YOU THINK THE LIVING ROOM LOOKS DIRTY?  
BABY: NO, DADDY.  
DAGWOOD: I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD DO IT JUST THE SAME, THOUGH.  
BABY: I SUPPOSE SO.  
DAGWOOD: BUT IT SEEMS LIKE AN AWFUL WASTE OF TIME -- PARTICULARLY  
WHEN IT LOOKS CLEAN. I DON'T THINK WE NEED TO CLEAN IT  
AT ALL.  
BABY: THAT'S GOOD.  
BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM OFF) OH, DAGWOOD...  
DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) WHAT IS IT, HONEY?  
BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM OFF) DON'T FORGET TO CLEAN THE LIVING ROOM.  
DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOCH! (CALLS BACK) OKAY, BLONDIE.  
BABY: I GUESS IT WAS DIRTIER THAN WE THOUGHT IT WAS.

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: *In just a minute we'll return to the Bumsteeds.*  
~~WELL, DAGWOOD'S TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET. I HAVE AN IDEA  
THAT BILL COLLECTOR IS RIGHT OUTSIDE HIS DOOR. WE'LL  
RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS IN JUST A MINUTE.~~

(COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: Right now...THE SMOKE'S THE THING! YOU KNOW YOURSELF...  
IF YOU LIKE TO SMOKE, IT'S THE SMOKE YOU LIKE. FOR YOU  
DON'T GET ANY SMOKING PLEASURE OUT OF ANY CIGARETTE --  
TILL YOU LIGHT IT...PUFF IT...SMOKE IT. SO THE NEXT  
TIME YOU SAY TO YOURSELF, "UMM...I COULD ENJOY A SMOKE  
RIGHT NOW"...WELL, JUST LIGHT UP A CAMEL AND ENJOY YOUR  
SMOKING MORE. FOR CAMEL IS THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE  
-- CAMEL IS THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS" --  
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR. AND CAMEL  
IS THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU LESS NICOTINE IN THE  
SMOKE. INDEPENDENT SCIENTIFIC TESTS SHOW THAT THE  
SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS TWENTY-EIGHT  
PER CENT LESS NICOTINE THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FOUR  
OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- LESS  
NICOTINE THAN ANY OF THEM. AND CAMELS ALSO GIVE YOU  
ECONOMY. LISTEN!

VOICE: BY BURNING TWENTY FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE  
OF THE FOUR OTHER OF THE LARGEST SELLING BRANDS TESTED...  
SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM...CAMELS GIVE YOU A SMOKING PLUS  
EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

GOODWIN: SO LIGHT UP A CAMEL...A SLOWER BURNING CAMEL...AND SMOKE  
OUT THE FACTS FOR YOURSELF. THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: IT'S JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER AND DAGWOOD AND BABY DUMPLING HAVE JUST GIVEN THE LIVING ROOM A LICK AND A PROMISE WHEN THE DOOR BELL RINGS...

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BABY: DOOR BELL, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) DO YOU WANT TO ANSWER IT, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: NO.

DAGWOOD: NEITHER DO I. (CALLS) COME IN.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MAN: IT'S ME AGAIN, BROTHER -- AND YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A DESPERATE MAN. YOU'VE GOT TO PAY THOSE THREE INSTALLMENTS ON THAT VACUUM SWEEPER.

DAGWOOD: I'LL SEND YOU A CHECK.

~~MAN: LOOK -- DID YOU FIND OUT YOUR WIFE HAD A NEW HAT?~~

~~DAGWOOD: YEAH.~~

~~BABY: TWO HATS.~~

MAN: <sup>Look</sup> ~~WIFE~~, BROTHER, <sup>my wife's</sup> ~~I'VE GOT A WIFE, TOO, AND SHE~~ BOUGHT A HAT AND SHE'S BEHIND IN HER PAYMENTS ON A WASHING MACHINE.

DAGWOOD: YOU'VE GOT MY SYMPATHY.

MAN: A BILL COLLECTOR HAS BEEN FOLLOWING ME AROUND, TOO -- I'D LIKE TO WRING HIS NECK! ...IMAGINE -- I'M BEING HECKLED BY A MEMBER OF MY OWN PROFESSION. IT'S UNETHICAL!

DAGWOOD: IT SOUNDS LIKE A VICIOUS CIRCLE.

~~MAN: YEAH, AND I HOPE HIS WIFE BUYS SOMETHING AND THEY LET ME COLLECT FOR IT, ...YOU SEE, BROTHER, HE'S BEEN TRYING TO TAKE THAT WASHING MACHINE AWAY FROM US AND THIS MORNING I HAD TO CHAIN IT TO THE WATERPIPE, BUT IF I DON'T PAY HIM HE'S COMING AROUND THIS AFTERNOON WITH AN ACETYLENE TORCH AND~~  
*Man:* ~~OUT IT LOOSE~~. YOU'VE GOT TO PAY ME YOUR INSTALLMENTS SO I CAN PAY HIM MY INSTALLMENTS.

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.~~

MAN: ~~BROTHER, I'M BEING NICE ABOUT IT. I USUALLY PREFER TO  
SLUG IT OUT WITH THE PEOPLE I COLLECT FROM, BUT THIS  
WORRY HAS MADE A SHATTERED HULK OF ME. BE SMART AND TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF MY WEAKENED CONDITION.~~

DAGWOOD: WELL, ~~ALL RIGHT~~... I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF THE CHRISTMAS FUND.  
(FADING)

BABY: ~~MAKE HIM GIVE ME THAT PENNY BACK FIRST, DADDY.~~

MAN: ~~HERE YOU ARE, YOUNG MAN. HERE'S THE PENNY.~~

BABY: ~~COULD YOU THROW IT TO ME. I'M VERY TIRED TODAY.~~

MAN: ~~ALL RIGHT. CATCH.~~

BABY: *Mister*  
THANK YOU... WHAT KIND OF A HAT DID YOUR WIFE BUY?

MAN: IT'S SO AWFUL I COULDN'T DESCRIBE IT TO YOU.

BABY: I GUESS THAT'S THE ONLY KIND OF HATS THEY SELL.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) I CERTAINLY HATE TO TAKE MONEY OUT OF OUR  
CHRISTMAS FUND. WE'VE BEEN SAVING IT FOR A LONG TIME IN  
THIS TEAPOT.

(RATTLE OF MONEY IN TEAPOT)

BABY: DON'T GET YOUR HAND CAUGHT IN IT AGAIN, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: *Never mind.*  
~~OHAY~~... LET'S SEE -- FIVE, TEN... ELEVEN... TWELVE DOLLARS.

MAN: THANK YOU, BROTHER... THANK YOU. I'LL TEAR OFF THE RECEIPT  
FOR THE THREE PAYMENTS.

(RIPPING OF PERFORATED PAPER)

MAN: THERE YOU ARE.

DAGWOOD: THANKS.

MAN: GOODBYE. I HOPE I'LL BE IN BETTER CONDITION THE NEXT TIME  
THAT WE MEET.

(DOOR OPENS... AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (OFF) OH, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK WEAKLY) WHAT IS IT, HONEY?  
BLONDIE: (CLOSER) I'M UP AND DRESSED AND I FEEL FINE NOW.  
DAGWOOD: THAT'S GOOD.  
BABY: HELLO, MOMMY.  
BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU BOTH LOOK EXHAUSTED.  
BABY: WE ARE. WE DID EVERYTHING THE SCIEN -- THE SCIENTIFIC  
WAY  
BLONDIE: *Oh, I see* (SMILES) WHERE'S THE CAKE YOU BAKED? I'D LIKE TO SEE IT.  
DAGWOOD: THE CAKE? OH -- THE CAKE. *he didn't want to take it, but*  
BABY: A HUNGRY LITTLE BOY STOPPED AT THE DOOR ~~AND~~ WE GAVE IT  
TO HIM.  
DAGWOOD: YES, THAT'S RIGHT, BLONDIE.  
BLONDIE: HMMMMM -- WELL, WE WON'T SAY ANYTHING MORE ABOUT IT THEN.  
DAGWOOD: THANK YOU, DEAR.  
BLONDIE: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FIX YOU SOMETHING NICE TO EAT.  
DAGWOOD: THAT WOULD BE FINE. I DON'T THINK I CAN MOVE. I'M  
PARALYZED.  
BABY: I'M WHAT DADDY SAID, TOO.  
BLONDIE: WELL, ALL RIGHT, AND -- (STOPS) WHAT'S THE TEAPOT WITH  
OUR CHRISTMAS FUND DOING OUT HERE.  
DAGWOOD: I HAD TO PAY THE INSTALLMENT MAN THREE PAYMENTS ON OUR  
SWEEPER, BLONDIE. I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT.  
BLONDIE: WHY WE DON'T OWE ANYTHING.

"BLONDIE"  
12/2/40

-28-

DAGWOOD: HERE'S THE RECEIPT AND YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...THE MAN MUST HAVE GOTTEN THE WRONG HOUSE.

DAGWOOD: HUNH?

BLONDIE: YES. THIS SAYS, "RECEIVED FROM FARQUAR FUDDLE... *Twelve dollars.*

DAGWOOD: T00000000000000H!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: WELL I GUESS THAT'S THE LAST TIME BLONDIE'LL LET DAGWOOD TRY TO RUN  
THE HOUSE.

IN A MOMENT, WE'LL GIVE YOU A SYNOPSIS OF 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: DO YOU HAVE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WORRIES? WELL IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE  
TROUBLES, TUNE IN ON DAGWOOD AND BLONDIE AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT WEEK  
WHEN BLONDIE DOES HER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY AND FIND OUT WHAT  
REAL WORRIES ARE.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND  
DAGWOOD IS ARTHUR LAKE.  
THE "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA WAS DIRECTED BY BILL ARTZT WHO  
ALSO CREATED THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.  
THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOODNIGHT FOR THE MAKERS  
OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.  
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.