

1/3/41

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 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: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

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

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

ANNOUNCER: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS." AND NOW THERE'S ANOTHER
CAMEL ADVANTAGE THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT. IN A FEW
MINUTES YOU'LL HEAR ALL ABOUT IT!

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GOODWIN: NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. CHRISTMAS IS GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER AND THE BUMSTEADS HAVE DECIDED TO SHOP EARLY TO AVOID THE RUSH OF PEOPLE WHO SHOP LATE TO AVOID THE RUSH OF PEOPLE WHO SHOP EARLY. BLONDIE AND BABY DUMPLING ARE GETTING READY TO LEAVE AS SOON AS DAGWOOD COMES DOWNSTAIRS...

BABY: MOMMY.

BLONDIE: YES, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GET FOR DADDY?

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M NOT SURE YET. BUT IF YOU'RE WITH ME WHEN I DO GET SOMETHING FOR HIM, YOU'RE NOT TO TELL HIM WHAT IT IS.

BABY: LAST CHRISTMAS DADDY GAVE ME A NICKEL FOR GIVING HIM A COUPLE OF HINTS.

BLONDIE: NONE OF THAT THIS CHRISTMAS.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMY...WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT DADDY'S THINKING ABOUT GETTING YOU?

BLONDIE: YES -- WHAT IS IT?

BABY: WELL, MOMMY, IT'S --

BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE...NO, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW. YOU JUST KEEP IT A SECRET.

~~BABY: IT'S MORE FUN IF SOMEONE ELSE KNOWS.~~

~~BLONDIE: WELL, NEVER MIND --~~ I'M SURE IT'S SOMETHING VERY NICE.

BABY: OH, YES, MOMMY. DADDY SAID IT WOULD MAKE YOU SMELL WONDERFUL.

BLONDIE: I SEE.

BABY: BUT I WON'T SAY ANYTHING IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

Oh no Baby... by the way

BLONDIE: ~~NOW, BABY~~ -- PLEASE DON'T TELL DADDY I'M GOING TO BUY SOMETHING FOR HIM TODAY.

BABY: ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SAY?

BLONDIE: I'M GOING TO SAY I'M GETTING A PRESENT FOR UNCLE GEORGE.

BABY: THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY TRUTHFUL TO ME!

BLONDIE: I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING DAGWOOD. (CALLS) DAGWOOOOD!
HURRY UP!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) I'M COMING, HONEY! I'M COMING RIGHT DOWN!

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR -- WE'RE WAITING AT THE DOOR.
(DAGWOOD COMING DOWN STAIRS FAST)

BABY: ~~HERE COMES DADDY!~~

BLONDIE: ~~WELL, AT LAST.~~ IT'LL TAKE US AT LEAST A HALF AN HOUR TO GET DOWN TO TRIMBLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) GOODBYE, BLONDIE! (KISS) GOODBYE, BABY!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- WAIT!

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T -- I'M LATE! (WHISTLE)

(DOOR SLAMS AS DAGWOOD WHIPS OUT THE DOOR)

BLONDIE: OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) DAGWOOOOOOD! TODAY IS SATURDAY! *Remember?* ~~WE'RE ALL~~
Were going shopping
~~GOING DOWNTOWN SHOPPING TOGETHER!~~ DAGWOOOOD!...OH!

BABY: DID YOU STOP HIM, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR, BUT THE MAILMAN DID. THEY'RE *spread all over* ~~BOTH LYING IN~~
THE FUDDLE'S FRONT YARD.

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE"
12/9/40

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GOODWIN:

WELL, THE BUMSTEADS ARE OFF ON ANOTHER ADVENTURE, AND
IN A MINUTE WE'LL SEE WHAT'S IN STORE FOR THEM WHEN
THEY DO THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING... *Right now*

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"
12/9/40

4-A

FIRST VOICE: LET'S STOP FOR A MOMENT...AND HAVE A CAMEL.
(MALE)

SECOND VOICE: OKAY...HERE'S A LIGHT...
(MALE)

FIRST VOICE: UMM...SAY...THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

GOODWIN: YES...YOU DON'T GET ANY SMOKING PLEASURE OUT OF ANY
CIGARETTE...UNTIL YOU LIGHT IT...PUFF IT...SMOKE IT.
AND IN THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS...YOU GET
EXTRA PLEASURE...EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS,
EXTRA FLAVOR...AND AN EXTRA MARGIN OF FREEDOM FROM
NICOTINE. LISTEN!...LISTEN CAREFULLY...

VOICE OF SCIENCE: 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 TESTED...LESS NICOTINE THAN ANY
OF THEM.

GOODWIN: IF YOU LIKE TO SMOKE...LIGHT UP A CAMEL NOW...FOR MORE
FUN IN YOUR SMOKING...AND LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE.
THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SOUND OF DEPARTMENT STORE RECORD)

GOODWIN: IN TRIMBLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE A SMALL, FURTIVE-LOOKING MAN SNEAKS OVER TO THE TOY COUNTER AND PICKS UP A TOY BANK...

(RATTLE OF TOY)

GOODWIN: HE PRIES OPEN THE BOTTOM OF IT AND STEALTHILY DROPS IN THE DIAMOND WATCH HE STOLE A FEW MINUTES BEFORE.

(DROPPING WATCH IN TOY BANK)

GOODWIN: HE REPLACES THE BOTTOM OF THE TOY BANK AND STEPS BACK AS THE BUMSTEADS WALK UP TO THE COUNTER...

BABY: DADDY, -- LOOK!

DAGWOOD: WHAT, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: THESE HORNS, DADDY.

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK YOU WANT ONE OF THOSE, BABY.

DAGWOOD: LET'S NOT BE HASTY, BLONDIE. *Oh dear,* LET ME SEE HOW IT WORKS --
Blondie:

(PICKING UP TIN FLUTE)

DAGWOOD: HMMMM -- YOU PUT YOUR FINGERS OVER THESE HOLES AND BLOW.

(PLAYS A FEW BARS OF "HOME SWEET HOME")

BABY: THAT'S SWELL, DADDY!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- DID YOU RECOGNIZE THAT, BLONDIE? *Well I...* "HOME SWEET HOME!"

Blondie:
BLONDIE: *Oh Home Sweet Home... I'm afraid* IT WOULD NEVER BE HOME SWEET HOME AGAIN IF YOU BOUGHT ONE OF THOSE.

~~DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT I'D GET TWO -- ONE FOR ME AND ONE FOR BABY DUMPLING.~~

BABY: WE'LL START AN ORCHESTRA, DADDY.

BLONDIE: I'M SORRY TO WRECK YOUR MUSICAL CAREERS BEFORE YOU START, BUT THERE WILL BE NO TIN FLUTES IN THE BUMSTEAD HOME.

BABY: AW, MOMMY -- I WANT ONE.

DAGWOOD: SO DO I.

BLONDIE: NO, SIR...NOW HERE'S SOMETHING REALLY NICE. THIS TOY BANK. IT'LL TEACH YOU TO SAVE YOUR MONEY, BABY. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE IT?

BABY: I'D RATHER HAVE SOMETHING THAT MAKES A NOISE THAN SOMETHING THAT SAVES MONEY.

Blondie:
DAGWOOD: *You're getting just like your father, Baby.*
WELL, THIS IS A PRETTY GOOD-LOOKING BANK, BABY. SEE?
→ Hey wait a minute... I'd like that bank myself.
(PICKS UP TOY)

BLONDIE: AND WHEN YOU DO SOMETHING ESPECIALLY NICE FOR ME, I'LL

Dagwood: GIVE YOU A NICKEL TO PUT IN IT.
(Blondie: Thanks Blondie, Dumpling!)
(RATTLE OF WATCH IN BANK)

BABY: LISTEN, MOMMY -- IT RATTLES.

BLONDIE: SO IT DOES, ~~DOESN'T IT?~~

MAN: (THE SHOPLIFTER) ER -- PARDON THE INTRUSION, FRIENDS..

DAGWOOD: HUNH?

MAN: JUST WANT TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE TIP -- DON'T BUY THAT PARTICULAR TOY BANK.

BLONDIE: WHY NOT?

MAN: I WAS LOOKING AT IT A MINUTE AGO ~~IN-PERSON~~. IT'S VERY INFERIOR MERCHANDISE. IT RATTLES.

BABY: THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT...LISTEN.

(RATTLE OF WATCH IN BANK)

MAN: HEY -- DON'T DO THAT! STOP IT! DON'T!

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY TO MY SON!

MAN: I'M SORRY, FRIEND -- I'M SORRY. IT'S MY NERVES. ^{oh} YOU

Dagwood: SEE -- MY -- UH -- MY WIFE DIED OF A RATTLESNAKE BITE AND THAT SOUND REMINDED ME OF HER UNTIMELY ~~DEATH~~ ^{end.}

DAGWOOD: OH...WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER BANK, BABY?

MAN: SURE YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU?

BABY: NOPE -- I LIKE THIS ONE. IT SOUNDS LIKE A RATTLESNAKE.

MAN: ^(RATTLE) WELL, DAGWOOD, I'LL PAY THE SALESGIRL FOR IT, THEN.

BLONDIE: I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

MAN: LOOK, FRIEND -- MAN TO MAN -- DON'T BUY THAT BANK.
HERE --

(RATTLE OF TOYS IN PILE)

MAN: HERE -- TAKE THIS ONE. THAT ONE YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO SPEND A LOT OF TIME FIXING.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT -- I LIKE TO FIX THINGS.

BABY: DADDY, WHY IS THIS MAN TRYING TO GET MY BANK AWAY FROM ME?

DAGWOOD: HE'S NOT.

Man: ^{Man:} OH YES HE IS. I DON'T LIKE HIM. ^(But I like kids - certainly cookey coo.)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD -- TAKE THE BANK WITH YOU AND LET'S GO.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BLONDIE...BUT I THINK I'LL JUST SORT OF -- WELL, YOU KNOW -- LOOK AROUND BY MYSELF FOR AWHILE. I -- UH -- WANT TO GET SOMETHING FOR COUSIN LUCY.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD, I WANT TO GET SOMETHING FOR UNCLE GEORGE. I'LL MEET YOU IN THE MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Man: Well I'll be seeing you.

Dagwood: Good bye!

MAN: ~~(TO HIMSELF --- AFTER A PAUSE) HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!
OF ALL THOSE TOY BANKS, THEY WOULD HAVE TO BUY THE ONE
I HID THAT DIAMOND WATCH IN. I'VE GOT TO GET IT AWAY
FROM THEM SOMEHOW.~~

MUSIC:

GIRL: YES, SIR -- MAY I BE OF SERVICE TO YOU?

DAGWOOD: ER -- YEAH. I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME PERFUMES!

GIRL: YES, SIR. DO YOU WISH TO ALSO SNIFF SOME OF THEM?

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH~~ *If you think I'd better.* I'M NOT SURE JUST WHAT I WANT.

GIRL: WELL, SIR, WE HAVE JUST OODLES OF PERFUMES.

(BOTTLE ON GLASS SHOWCASE)

GIRL: HERE'S ONE CALLED NAUGHTY AND THIS IS INVITATION TO
ROMANCE AND THIS HAS GOT A FRENCH NAME I CAN'T
PRONOUNCE SO THE HECK WITH IT, AND THIS HERE'S A
PERFUME WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO SELL FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.
IT'S CALLED "OH YOU KID!" ABOUT ONCE A YEAR AN OLD
DAME WEARING BANGS COMES IN AND BUYS A PINT OF IT.

DAGWOOD: ~~WHAT'S IT SMELL LIKE?~~

GIRL: ~~I WOULDNT RECOMMEND IT, SIR. I TRIED SOME ONCE AND MY
BOY FRIEND WOULDNT SPEAK TO ME FOR TWO WEEKS.~~

DAGWOOD: *girl!* WELL, I'M NOT SURE EXACTLY WHAT I WANT, *Yes sir?* SOMETHING
THAT HAS SORT OF A -- WELL, KIND OF LIKE -- I MEAN --
UH -- WELL, I'M NOT SURE EXACTLY WHAT I WANT.

GIRL: MAY I INQUIRE FOR WHOM YOU ARE BUYING IT FOR?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, IT'S FOR MY WIFE..

GIRL: HOW MUCH DOES SHE WEIGH?

DAGWOOD: ^{Weight?}
~~HUNH?~~...OH, ABOUT A HUNDRED AND EIGHT..

GIRL: HMMM...HERE'S SOMETHING CALLED WOODSY--TWEEDSY.. MAY I
SPRAY A LITTLE WOODSY-TWEEDSY ON YOU, SIR?

DAGWOOD: JUST A LITTLE BIT.

(SOUND OF ATOMIZER)

GIRL: GET A LOAD OF THAT AROMA, SIR..

DAGWOOD: YEAH, IT'S KIND OF NICE, BUT I DON'T THINK I'D LIKE IT
FOR BLONDIE.

~~GIRL: I'M SORRY, SIR, I DIDN'T KNOW YOUR WIFE WAS A BLONDE.
WOODSY-TWEEDSY IS SOLD ONLY TO BRUNETTES.~~

~~DAGWOOD: NO WONDER I DIDN'T LIKE IT.~~

~~GIRL: IF YOU WILL PARDON MY INQUIRING, HOW LONG HAS YOUR WIFE
BEEN A BLONDE?~~

~~DAGWOOD: SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN A BLONDE!~~

GIRL: ^{Well just as you say}
~~VERY WELL,~~ SIR...NOW HERE IS SOMETHING CALLED "BREATH OF
THE TROPICS."

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S IT LIKE?

GIRL: IT SAYS HERE ON THE BOX THAT IT'S SUBTLE, INSIDIOUS, AND
STRICTLY PRIMITIVE.

DAGWOOD: THAT SOUNDS LIKE WHAT I WANT... ^{Doesn't it?}

GIRL: ALL RIGHT, SIR -- I -- (STOPS) DON'T LOOK NOW, SIR, BUT
THERE'S A MAN BEHIND YOU TRYING TO PUT THE SNATCH ON THAT
PACKAGE OF YOURS..

DAGWOOD: HUNH?...HEY -- GIMME THAT!

MAN: NOW DON'T BE ALARMED, FRIEND. TAKE IT EASY.

DAGWOOD: I SAW YOU! YOU WERE TRYING TO STEAL THIS TOY BANK..

MAN: ONE MOMENT, FRIEND, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.. I'LL TELL YOU THE REASON WHY I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BUY THIS BANK.. I BOUGHT ONE FOR MY LITTLE BOY LAST YEAR.. HE CUT HIS

Dagwood:

FINGER ON A SHARP EDGE AND COMPLICATIONS SET IN. *(You don't have much luck with your family.)* THEN

Dagwood:

THEN -- OH, I CAN'T GO ON, FRIEND, *oh!* BUT I DIDN'T WANT THE SAME THING TO HAPPEN TO YOUR LITTLE BOY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL WATCH HIM VERY CAREFULLY, SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

MAN: HAVEN'T YOU ANY THOUGHT FOR YOUR SON'S SAFETY, FRIEND? I'M JUST TRYING TO KEEP TRAGEDY FROM YOUR DOOR AND YOU GIVE ME THE BRUSH-OFF. PLEASE LET ME RETURN THIS FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: STOP BOTHERING ME, WILL YOU?

MAN: (FADING) ALL RIGHT, FRIEND, BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY...

GIRL: NOW THEN, SIR, *What were we in Ok yeah.* MAY I SPRAY SOME BREATH OF THE TROPICS ON YOU?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- *Maybe I'd better* ~~ADD HERE TO~~ SMELL IT.

GIRL: OKAY, SIR -- GET A LOAD OF THIS.

(SOUND OF ATOMIZER)

DAGWOOD: (OVERCOME) WHOOOOOO!

GIRL: IF YOU FEEL DIZZY, JUST LEAN ON THE COUNTER.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WONDERFUL.

GIRL: YEAH -- IT'S GOT THAT DESERT ISLAND TANG TO IT. IT ALWAYS REMINDS ME OF *those paintings* ~~THE CARICONS~~ IN (ESQUIRE... SHALL I GIVE YOU A COUPLE OF MORE SQUIRTS?

DAGWOOD: NO -- I'LL TAKE A BOTTLE OF ~~IT~~ *Breath of the Tropics!*

MUSIC...

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BLONDIE: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ^{laughing} SMOKING JACKET, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: ~~I DON'T SEE ANY SMOKE.~~
What's it for, Mommy?

BLONDIE: (SMILES) NO, IT'S JUST FOR DADDY TO WEAR WHEN HE COMES HOME FROM WORK. DON'T YOU THINK HE'LL LOOK NICE IN IT?

~~BABY: YES, MOMMY -- DADDY'LL LOOK CUTE.~~

BLONDIE: WELL, I THINK IT'LL BE VERY GOOD LOOKING ON HIM.

BABY: WHAT'S THAT SHINY STUFF ON THE FRONT OF IT,

BLONDIE: THAT'S SATIN -- ON THE LAPELS.

BABY: JUST LIKE ON YOUR BEST NIGHTY, ISN'T IT?

BLONDIE: WELL, YES.

BABY: AND IT'S GOT A BELT ON IT WITH TASSELS JUST LIKE YOUR NIGHTY, TOO.

BLONDIE: YES, BABY.

BABY: ~~IT'S SORT OF A NIGHTY FOR SLEEPING ON THE DAVENPORT, ISN'T IT?~~
I THINK IT'S TOO PRETTY FOR DADDY.

BLONDIE: OH, I THINK HE'LL LIKE IT A LOT. I'VE WANTED HIM TO HAVE ONE FOR A LONG TIME.

BABY: HERE COMES DADDY NOW, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: OH, GOODNESS -- BUT HE HASN'T SEEN US YET. YOU WAIT HERE FOR HIM AND I'LL HAVE THIS WRAPPED UP. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK..
(FADING)

BABY: OKAY, MOMMY. (AFTER A PAUSE) OVER HERE, DADDY!

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) HELLO, BABY DUMPLING -- I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU. (COMING UP) WHERE'S ^{Mommy?} ~~BLONDIE?~~

BABY: OH, SHE WENT TO GET SOMETHING WRAPPED.

DAGWOOD: WHAT WAS IT?

BABY: JUST A SOMETHING.

DAGWOOD: AHA -- SO YOU WON'T TALK, EH?

BABY: NOPE...DADDY, HAVE YOU BEEN TALKING TO A LADY?

DAGWOOD: WHY?

BABY: YOU SMELL ~~LOVELY~~ *Beautiful!*

DAGWOOD: I DO? I WONDER HOW THAT HAPPENED.

BABY: MOMMY WILL WONDER, TOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS GOING TO GET FOR HER, BUT DON'T GIVE HER ANY HINTS.

BABY: DON'T YOU THINK SHE'LL CATCH ON FROM THE SMELL?

DAGWOOD: I'M GOING TO TELL HER THE PERFUME IS FOR COUSIN LUCY.

BABY: THAT'S FIBBING, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT NOW.)

~~BABY: I GUESS EVERYONE FIBS AROUND CHRISTMAS TIME.~~

DAGWOOD: (AT LEAST I'VE GOT A PRESENT FOR BLONDIE THAT SHE'LL LIKE.
THAT'S SOMETHING.

BABY: AND I'VE GOT A BANK THAT RATTLES..?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- DO YOU WANT TO CARRY IT *yourself?*

BABY: OKAY, DADDY...HERE'S MOMMY NOW.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) WELL, DAGWOOD, ARE YOU ALREADY FOR LUNCH?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- WHERE'RE WE GOING TO? ~~oo~~

BLONDIE: I KNOW A LITTLE RESTAURANT...I USUALLY GO THERE WHEN I'M SHOPPING.

BABY: THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: DID YOU GET SOMETHING FOR COUSIN LUCY, DAGWOOD?
DAGWOOD: YEAH, BLONDIE...DID YOU GET SOMETHING FOR UNCLE GEORGE?
BLONDIE: YES -- I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE TO DO MUCH MORE SHOPPING"
TODAY...LOOK OUT, ^{where you going, Dagwood!} ~~DAGWOOD -- YOU'LL BUMP INTO THAT MAN!~~
DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) OOOOOOF!...HEY!

(FALLS DOWN)

MAN: OH! SORRY, FRIEND -- SORRY! MY MISTAKE -- LET ME HELP YOU UP!

BABY: THAT'S THE MAN WHO WANTED MY BANK, MOMMY.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

MAN: SORRY -- I WASN'T LOOKING WHERE I WAS GOING, DIDN'T YOU DROP YOUR PACKAGE?

DAGWOOD: I WASN'T CARRYING IT.

MAN: I'M SORRIER THAN EVER THEN...GOODBYE...(FADING)

BLONDIE: LET ME BRUSH YOU OFF, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: THAT MAN'S ALREADY DONE IT. IT FELT LIKE HE WENT THROUGH ALL MY POCKETS, BUT MY WALLET'S STILL HERE.

BABY: DADDY -- THAT MAN WANTS MY BANK.

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW, I THINK BABY'S RIGHT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: SO DO I. ^{But I want my} ~~BUT LET'S GO TO~~ LUNCH.

MUSIC...

Dagwood: I didn't think much of that sandwich. I could have built a better one.
BLONDIE: ~~BUT~~ ^{Next} DAGWOOD ^{tell me} WHICH PERFUME DID YOU GET FOR COUSIN LUCY?
DAGWOOD: THE ONE ON MY RIGHT SHOULDER. IT'S WONDERFUL STUFF.
BABY: IT MAKES DADDY SMELL LIKE A FLOWER SHOP.
BLONDIE: (SNIFFS) OH, DAGWOOD -- DID YOU GET THIS PERFUME?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IT'S CALLED BREATH OF THE TROPICS.

BLONDIE: I'M NOT SURPRISED.

DAGWOOD: I'D LIKE YOUR OPINION ON IT, BLONDIE, BECAUSE COUSIN LUCY LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE YOU.

BLONDIE: OH, DO YOU THINK SO?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IN A WAY -- THAT'S ALL...WHAT ABOUT THIS PERFUME?

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST THE KIND A MAN BUYS FOR A WOMAN. LUCY CAN'T WEAR THAT --

DAGWOOD: SHE CAN'T?

BLONDIE: WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK ABOUT HER?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW -- WHAT WOULD THEY THINK?

BLONDIE: I HATE TO EVEN GUESS.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, ~~WOULDN'T YOU -- ER --~~ WOULDN'T YOU LIKE A PERFUME LIKE THAT?

BLONDIE: OH, NO, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH YOU WOULDN'T, HUH?

BABY: I'D LIKE TO HAVE SOME OF THAT ON ME THE NEXT TIME I GET A HAIRCUT.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT BAD?

BLONDIE: IT'S NOT GOOD.

DAGWOOD: YOU DON'T THINK YOU'D LIKE IT FOR COUSIN LUCY?

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HMMM...HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A PERFUME CALLED "OH YOU KID"?

BLONDIE: NO, AND I DON'T WANT TO. ^{you loosing, daddy} DAGWOOD, I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE ^{Baby's} PRESENT I GOT FOR UNCLE GEORGE. IT'S A LOUNGING JACKET.

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH.

BABY: IT'S MADE OUT OF ^{shiny} ~~THE SAME~~ ^{like} STUFF AS MOMMY'S NIGHTY.

DAGWOOD: OH MY GOSH!

BLONDIE: HE'S JUST THINKING ABOUT THE SATIN LAPELS...DO YOU SUPPOSE
UNCLE GEORGE WOULD LIKE ONE?

DAGWOOD: HE PROBABLY WOULD, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: THAT'S GOOD.

DAGWOOD: BUT UNCLE GEORGE WILL WEAR ANYTHING.

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE -- WHAT?

DAGWOOD: PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD IN A ~~SMOKING~~ ^{lounging} JACKET.
I'D FEEL SILLY IN ONE AND I'D PROBABLY LOOK THE SAME WAY...
BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR UNCLE GEORGE.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, YOU'RE JUST JOKING.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO I'M NOT...BABY DUMPLING, WHAT ARE YOU DOING -- TYING
YOUR SHOE? ~~UNDER THE TABLE~~ ^{under the table}

BABY: NO, DADDY -- I'M JUST LOOKING AT MY BANK.

DAGWOOD: WELL, NOT AT THE TABLE. PUT THAT BOX UP HERE.

BABY: ALL RIGHT, DADDY.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU'D LOOK VERY DISTINGUISHED IN A ~~SMOKING~~ ^{lounging} JACKET.

DAGWOOD: YES, I DON'T WANT TO LOOK DISTINGUISHED -- I ONLY WANT TO
LOOK LIKE DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

BABY: THAT'S THE WAY YOU LOOK NOW, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO SHOULD WEAR ~~SMOKING~~ ^{lounging} JACKETS ARE OLD
FUDDIE-DUDDIES AND RETIRED LION HUNTERS.

BLONDIE: MR. FUDDLE WEARS ONE AND HE'S NO LION HUNTER.

DAGWOOD: NO, BUT HE'S WILLING TO CLAIM HE IS. ~~UNCLE GEORGE TELLS
SOME AWFUL LIES ABOUT DEEP SEA FISHING SO HE'LL PROBABLY
LIKE THE SMOKING JACKET.~~

BLONDIE: WELL, ANYWAY...I JUST WONDERED WHAT YOU THOUGHT.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE STORE AGAIN.

BLONDIE: SO WILL I.

BABY: LOOK, DADDY, THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: WHERE?

BABY: RIGHT OVER ACROSS THE ROOM --- LOOKING AT US.

BLONDIE: WHY, IT'S THE MAN WHO TOLD US NOT TO GET THAT BANK. AND
HERE HE COMES, TOO.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS HE SEES THE BOX BABY DUMPLING'S BANK IS IN ON THE
TABLE.

BABY: I DON'T LIKE HIM. HE LOOKS LIKE A WEASEL.

BLONDIE: BABY, YOU SHOULDN'T SAY THAT. YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A WEASEL.

BABY: I'VE SEEN PICTURES AND I DON'T LIKE THEM.

MAN: (COMING UP) PARDON ME FOR INTRUDING, FRIENDS, BUT I'D LIKE
TO BUY THAT TOY BANK.

DAGWOOD: WE DON'T WANT TO SELL IT, AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY YOU KEEP
CHASING AFTER US.

MAN: NEVER MIND THAT NOW, FRIEND. I'VE DECIDED TO GET A BANK FOR
MY LITTLE NEPHEW AND I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO THE STORE,
SO I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS FOR THIS ONE. *That's a good deal, ain't it?*

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT YOU SAID THESE BANKS WERE DANGEROUS FOR KIDS
BECAUSE OF THE SHARP EDGES.

MAN: WELL, I DID.

DAGWOOD: THEN WHY DO YOU WANT TO GIVE ONE TO YOUR NEPHEW?

MAN: BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE HIM...I HAVIN'T TIME TO ARGUE, FRIEND.
HERE'S FIVE BUCKS AND I'LL JUST TAKE THIS BOX.

DAGWOOD: HEY!

MAN: MUCH OBLIGED, AND SO LONG...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: HEY -- YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

BLONDIE: YOU'LL NEVER CATCH HIM, DAGWOOD, AND BESIDES HE GAVE US FIVE DOLLARS FOR IT.

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT GUY, BUT I'M GLAD THE BANK IS GONE. EVERYPLACE I WENT IN THE STORE HE FOLLOWED ME, AND I WAS GETTING TIRED OF IT.

(SOUND OF RATTLE OF WATCH IN BANK...)

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

BABY: (LAUGHS) I'VE GOT THE BANK, MOMMY, AND IT STILL RATTLES.

DAGWOOD: HUNH?...WELL, WHAT WAS IN THAT BOX ~~THAT~~ *the fellow grabbed?*

BABY: I WAS JUST FOOLING AROUND UNDER THE TABLE AND I PUT THE ASHTRAY IN, JUST TO SEE IF IT WOULD FIT. THEN YOU MADE ME PUT IT BACK ON TOP OF THE TABLE, AND THE MAN TOOK IT.

BLONDIE: WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SALES.

BABY: IT'S A GOOD JOKE ON THE MAN, ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, AND IT'S A GOOD JOKE ON THE RESTAURANT, TOO. THEY LOST AN ASHTRAY.

BLONDIE: WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE STORE PRETTY SOON. IF WE DON'T WE'LL NEVER GET ANY OF OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DONE.

Dagwood: I wonder if I should split that five bucks with the restaurant!

MUSIC:

BABY: WHY DO WE HAVE TO STAND IN THIS LINE SO LONG, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: *Sh. Baby Dumpling*
~~WELL~~, ALL THESE PEOPLE ~~ARE~~ WAITING TO TAKE THINGS BACK THAT THEY'VE BOUGHT.

BABY: WHY DON'T THEY BUY THINGS THEY WANT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

DAGWOOD: NO ONE'S EVER ANSWERED THAT QUESTION.

BLONDIE: WE'LL BE THROUGH IN A MINUTE, BABY. DADDY'S ALMOST AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE NOW.

BABY: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S SO FUNNY, BABY?

BABY: YOU KNOW THAT MAN WHO WANTED MY BANK?

DAGWOOD: IS HE AROUND HERE?

BABY: NOT ANY MORE HE ISN'T. HE WAS WATCHING US BUT A MAN IN A DERBY HAT GRABBED HIM BY THE SHOULDER AND TOOK HIM AWAY.

DAGWOOD: ~~GOOD. WAS THE MAN WEARING THE DERBY HAT WEARING A WHITE COAT, TOO?~~

BABY: ~~NO, BUT HE HAD BIG FEET.~~

BLONDIE: THAT SOUNDS LIKE A DETECTIVE, DAGWOOD.

Voice: next please
DAGWOOD: YEAH, IT DOES.

BLONDIE: THE MAN AT THE ADJUSTMENT COUNTER IS WAITING FOR YOU,
DAGWOOD.

VOICE: COME, COME, COME SIR. DO YOU WISH TO RETURN SOMETHING? *I'm afraid.*

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH -- IT'S A BOTTLE OF PERFUME. HERE IT IS.

VOICE: HAVE YOU USED ANY OF IT?

DAGWOOD: OF COURSE NOT.

VOICE: (SNIFFS) I SMELL PERFUME ON YOU, SIR. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE JUST NATURALLY FRAGRANT?

DAGWOOD: THE SALESGIRL SPRAYED SOME ON ME WHEN I BOUGHT THE STUFF.

VOICE: IT'S WRONG FOR YOU, ANYWAY.

DAGWOOD: THIS WAS FOR MY WIFE!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, WERE YOU BUYING THAT FOR ME?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, HONEY, BUT WHEN YOU DIDN'T LIKE IT I COULDN'T VERY WELL GIVE IT TO YOU FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, COULD I?

BLONDIE: I GUESS NOT, BUT I'M SORRY I SAID THOSE THINGS ABOUT IT.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

VOICE: COME, COME, SIR -- THAT CAN WAIT FOR LATER. YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE LINE. ~~YOU CAN EXPLAIN TO YOUR WIFE ABOUT YOUR UNFORTUNATE TASTE IN PERFUMES LATER... WHERE'S YOUR SALES-SLIP FOR THIS?~~

DAGWOOD: SALES-SLIP...I MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WITH IT.

VOICE: ~~I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED. I'LL ALSO WANT YOUR NAME, AGE,
DATE OF BIRTH AND A FEW OTHER ITEMS.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~DOESN'T THAT COMPLICATE THINGS ALOT?~~

VOICE: ^{You'll have to have it.}
YES, SIR. WE ARE WILLING TO EXCHANGE PURCHASES, BUT WE TRY

DAGWOOD: ^{Oh I see}
~~TO DISCOURAGE THE PRACTICE.~~ THE SALES-SLIP, PLEASE.

DAGWOOD: I'M LOOKING FOR IT...LET'S SEE -- HERE'S A TICKET FOR A PLUM

VOICE: ^{Turkey} ~~PUBBLING~~ ^{ED} ~~THEY'RE~~ ~~RAFFLING~~ ~~OFF~~ AT THE OFFICE, AND A BUS ^{I didn't win it} ^{I'm not surprised}
TRANSFER, AND A LETTER I FORGOT TO MAIL...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, DIDN'T YOU MAIL THAT LETTER?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE, HONEY, I FORGOT TO --

VOICE: THE SALES-SLIP, IF YOU PLEASE!

DAGWOOD: OH, YES...HERE'S OLD STUBS OF MOVIE TICKETS AND A CHEWING
GUM WRAPPER.

VOICE: I'M JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO FIND A CHECK FOR A SHORT BEER.
...BY THE WAY, THERE'S NO WRAPPER ON THAT TOY BANK. ^{you've got there} I HOPE
YOU PAID FOR IT.

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY I DID!

VOICE: THIS IS A VERY BUSY SEASON FOR SHOPLIFTERS. WE LOST A
DIAMOND WATCH THIS MORNING.

DAGWOOD: YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO CARELESS...I GUESS I CAN'T FIND THE
SALES-SLIP, BUT I BOUGHT THIS JUST THE SAME.

VOICE: YOU'LL HAVE TO STEP OUT OF LINE UNTIL YOU FIND IT, SIR. AND
I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY I'M SORRY, BUT I'M NOT...NEXT. ^{Och! - How}

BLONDIE: I WANT TO RETURN THIS ~~POUNCE~~ ^{do you do madam?} JACKET.

VOICE: ^{suppose}
I PRESUME YOUR HUSBAND DIDN'T LIKE IT.

BLONDIE: NO, HE DIDN'T...

DAGWOOD: WAS THAT FOR ME, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD -- I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT.

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT I SAID.

VOICE: WE'RE ALL SORRY, SIR ...THE SALES-SLIP, MADAM?

BLONDIE: RIGHT HERE.

VOICE: ~~WELL, WELL,~~ ^{Do my eyes deceive me?} A SALES-SLIP -- THIS IS A SURPRISE!

DAGWOOD: HEY -- I FOUND IT! HERE'S THE SALES-SLIP FOR THE PERFUME.

VOICE: SORRY, SIR -- YOU LOST YOUR TURN ~~IN LINE~~, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE END. ^{of the line.}

DAGWOOD: IS THAT SO...HERE -- BLONDIE -- YOU RETURN THIS FOR ME.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD.

^{Dagwood, take the money and take it to yourself.}
DAGWOOD: I THINK I'LL TAKE THIS BANK BACK TO THE TOY DEPARTMENT AND GET ANOTHER WITH A BOX. I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO THINK I'VE STOLEN IT.

VOICE: COME, COME, COME -- LET'S NOT WASTE MY TIME.

DAGWOOD: JUST A MINUTE -- I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION. DO YOU WEAR A ^{laundry} SMOKING JACKET?

VOICE: WHY, YES -- I HAVE A VERY NICE ONE.

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT SO -- ~~WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL~~

~~VOICE: OH...MADAM, I RESPECT YOUR HUSBAND.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE BIT, BLONDIE.~~

~~BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR.~~

~~DAGWOOD: YOU SEE WHAT I MEANT ABOUT THE SMOKING JACKET?~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT TOOK A LONG TIME, BABY, BUT WE GOT OUR MONEY BACK.

BABY: THAT'S GOOD, MOMMY...I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T REALLY WANT DADDY TO HAVE A ^{laundry} SMOKING JACKET ANYWAY.

BLONDIE: NO, I GUESS NOT, DEAR.

BABY: YOU WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO LOOK LIKE THAT FUNNY MAN YOU GAVE THE THINGS BACK TO, WOULD YOU?

BLONDIE: NO -- I GUESS DADDY'S ALL RIGHT THE WAY HE IS.

BABY: DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'D LOOK ^{any}BETTER WITH A MOUSTACHE?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW, BABY, BUT I'M AFRAID IF I LET HIM HAVE A MOUSTACHE HE'LL WANT A BEARD.

DETECRIVE: PARDON ME, MADAM...

BLONDIE: YES?

DETECTIVE: I'M ONE OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE DETECTIVES.

BABY: DADDY'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: BABY DUMPLING -- SH-H-HI...WHAT IS IT?

DETECTIVE: WE HAD A DIAMOND WRIST WATCH STOLEN THIS MORNING BY A SHOP-LIFTER. WE'VE BEEN TAKING MOVIES OF OUR JEWELRY DEPARTMENT JUST AS A PRECAUTION AND SPOTTED THIS GUY GLOMMING THE WATCH. I PICKED HIM UP A FEW MINUTES AGO AND HE TOLD ME HE PUT THE WATCH IN A TOY BANK AND THAT A MAN AND A LADY WITH A KID BOUGHT THE BANK.

BLONDIE: WHY WE BOUGHT A TOY BANK FOR BABY DUMPLING, AND THERE'S BEEN A MAN FOLLOWING US ALL DAY.

BABY: DID THE MAN LOOK LIKE A WEASEL?

DETECTIVE: YEP -- THAT'S THE MAN. DID YOU FIND THE WATCH?

BLONDIE: NO, BUT THE BANK RATTLED. MAYBE THAT'S WHAT IT WAS.

DETECTIVE: I HOPE YOU DIDN'T RATTLE THE BANK TOO HARD. THAT WATCH WAS WORTH FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BLONDIE: OH, GOODNESS. AND WE'VE BEEN CARRYING IT AROUND WITH US ALL DAY?

"BLONDIE"
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DETECTIVE: WHERE IS IT NOW?

BLONDIE: WHY IT'S -- OH!

DETECTIVE: DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT?

BLONDIE: MY HUSBAND JUST TOOK IT UP TO THE TOY DEPARTMENT, HE
WAS GOING TO PUT IT BACK WITH THE OTHER BANKS AND TAKE
ONE WITH A BOX.

DETECTIVE: YOU MEAN HE'S GOING TO PUT IT BACK WHERE SOMEONE ELSE
MIGHT COME ALONG AND BUY IT?

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID SO.

DETECTIVE: DOOOOOOOOH! WE'D BETTER GET UP THERE RIGHT AWAY AND
FIND HIM OR THAT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR WATCH WILL BE GONE!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: WELL, I IMAGINE FINDING DAGWOOD IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT
WILL BE QUITE A PROBLEM. IN A MOMENT WE'LL RETURN TO THE
BUMSTEADS, ~~BUMSTEAD~~...

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"
12/9/40

22-A

GOODWIN: RIGHT NOW THE SMOKE'S THE THING YOU KNOW PEOPLE SAY THEY SMOKE CAMELS FOR DIFFERENT REASONS. ONE PERSON SAYS..."I LIKE THE FLAVOR OF CAMELS." ANOTHER SAYS..."WELL...CAMELS ARE Milder AND COOLER." YES... BUT IN A WAY, ALL CAMEL SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS FOR THE SAME REASON. THEY -- LIKE -- THE -- SMOKE. FOR IN A CIGARETTE...THE SMOKE'S THE THING. AND NOTE THIS -- THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS IS Milder, COOLER MORE FLAVORFUL. AND IT CONTAINS TWENTY-EIGHT PER CENT LESS NICOTINE THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FOUR OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS...ACCORDING TO INDEPENDENT SCIENTIFIC TESTS OF THE SMOKE ITSELF. CAMELS ALSO BRING YOU EXTRA VALUE. HERE'S HOW --

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 COUNT ON CAMELS...FOR THE EXTRAS OF SLOWER BURNING.. AND LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE. THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

MUSIC.....

GOODWIN: IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT, BLONDIE, BABY DUMPLING AND THE STORE DETECTIVE HAVE BEEN ASKING ALL THE CLERKS IF THEY'VE SEEN A MAN ANSWERING DAGWOOD'S DESCRIPTION... BLONDIE AND THE DETECTIVE ARE TALKING, AND BABY DUMPLING HASN'T REPORTED BACK YET...

DETECTIVE: WELL, HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, MRS. BUMSTEAD. A GUY WHO SOUNDS LIKE YOUR HUSBAND WAS OVER AT THE SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT TRYING OUT A BOW AND ARROW.

BLONDIE: HE WAS LOOKING AT THE MAGIC SETS, TOO. THE MAN AT THE COUNTER THERE SAID HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE SOMETHING DISAPPEAR.

DETECTIVE: IT LOOKS LIKE THE TRICK BACKFIRED AND HE DISAPPEARED. I GUESS WE'D BETTER START LOOKING THROUGH THESE OTHER TOY BANKS. MAYBE HE'S PUT IT BACK HERE ALREADY.

(RATTLE OF BANKS...THROUGH THIS)

BLONDIE: THERE SEEMS TO BE AN AWFUL LOT OF THEM.

DETECTIVE: THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN A HUNDRED.

BLONDIE: NONE OF THEM RATTLE SO FAR.

BABY: (OFF) MOMMY!

BLONDIE: I WONDER IF BABY DUMPLING HAS FOUND HIM.

BABY: MOMMY -- I TALKED TO A MAN WHO SAW DADDY.

DETECTIVE: YOU DID? ~~WHICH WAY DID HE GO?~~

BABY: THE MAN SAID ^{Daddy} ~~HE WENT THAT WAY,~~ AND HE WAS BEING CHASED BY A LADY WITH AN ARROW IN HER.

DETECTIVE: HMMMMMM -- YOUR HUSBAND SEEMS TO LIVE A STRENUOUS LIFE, MRS. BUMSTEAD.

Blondie: He does doesn't he?

BABY: THE LADY'LL NEVER CATCH DADDY. HE'S LIKE LIGHTNING.
~~YOU OUGHT TO SEE HIM CATCH A BUS.~~

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH USE TRYING TO FIND HIM NOW.

DETECTIVE: I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT KEEP ON LOOKING
THROUGH THESE BANKS.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!

BABY: THERE'S DADDY, MOMMY!

DAGWOOD: (CLOSER) OH, BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!

DETECTIVE: THAT WOMAN'S RIGHT ON HIS HEELS. I'LL HEAD HER OFF.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) BLONDIE, I'M BEING CHASED BY AN AMAZON.
A WOMAN WITH AN UMBRELLA.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- NEVER MIND THAT -- THE DETECTIVE WILL TAKE
CARE OF HER.

DAGWOOD: DETECTIVE? OH, MY GOSH!

BLONDIE: WHERE'S THAT BANK, DEAR. THERE'S A DIAMOND WATCH INSIDE
IT.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S FINE -- HUNH?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR -- AND IT'S WORTH FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BABY: THAT MAN WHO FOLLOWED US TODAY STOLE IT AND PUT IT IN
THERE, DADDY. THAT'S WHAT MADE IT RATTLE.

BLONDIE: WHERE IS THE BANK, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW...HAS THAT WOMAN GONE?

BLONDIE: YES, SHE'S GONE NOW...WHERE DID YOU LOSE IT?

DAGWOOD: IT JUST DISAPPEARED.

DETECTIVE: (COMING UP) WELL, MR. BUMSTEAD, I GOT RID OF THE WOMAN.
ONE OF MY TEETH IS A LITTLE LOOSE, BUT IT'LL BE ALL
RIGHT. NOW -- WHERE IS THE TOY BANK WITH THE WATCH
INSIDE IT?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW...I WAS STANDING RIGHT OVER THERE BY THE
MAGIC COUNTER' -- YOU KNOW -- TRICKS AND THINGS -- AND
I PUT THE BANK ON THE TABLE, PUT A HANDKERCHIEF OVER IT
AND IT DISAPPEARED. ONLY I COULDN'T MAKE IT REAPPEAR.

BABY: DADDY'S ENCHANTED, AREN'T YOU, DADDY?

Blondie!
DAGWOOD: SOMETIMES I WONDER, BABY.

DETECTIVE: LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT TABLE. COME ON.

DAGWOOD: THE CLERK SAID YOU PUT ANYTHING ON THE TABLE, SAY,
"HOKUS-POKUS, SOLOMO-GOKUS," AND IT DISAPPEARS. THEN
HE WENT TO WAIT ON SOMEONE AND I PICKED UP A BOW AND
ARROW. *and then it happened*

BLONDIE: *My* IS THIS THE TABLE HERE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THIS IS IT, BLONDIE.

DETECTIVE: HMMMMMMMMM....

BABY: DID YOU PUT A HANDKERCHIEF ON IT LIKE THIS, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- THAT'S RIGHT.

BABY: HOKUS-POKUS, SOLOMO-GOKUS!

(SOUND OF A CLICK)

DAGWOOD: HEY! THERE'S THE BANK AGAIN! THAT'S IT. HOW DID
YOU DO IT, BABY?

BABY: I WON'T TELL. I WAS IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT THIS MORNING
AND I KNOW HOW IT WORKS.

DETECTIVE: WE'LL SEE IF THE WATCH IS IN IT.

(PRYING OPEN BOTTOM OF BANK)

DETECTIVE: YEP!. HERE IT IS -- AT LAST!

DAGWOOD: WHEW -- LOOK AT THAT!

BLONDIE: OH, THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL WATCH.

DETECTIVE: IT CERTAINLY IS.

BABY: IT MADE A SWELL RATTLE INSIDE THE BANK.

DETECTIVE: WELL, YOUNG MAN -- YOU CAN HAVE THE BANK TO KEEP, AND
HERE'S A TEN DOLLAR BILL.

BABY: THANK YOU.

DETECTIVE: YOU HAVE THAT CHANGED INTO DIMES, PUT 'EM IN THE BANK,
AND YOU CAN MAKE A TERRIFIC RATTLE WITH THEM.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU VERY MUCH. ~~THIS WILL MAKE A NICE CHRISTMAS
FUND FOR HIM. WE HAVE ONE OF OUR OWN WE'VE BEEN SAVING.~~

~~DETECTIVE: THAT'S FINE!~~

~~BLONDIE: (COME ON, DAGWOOD -- WE'VE GOT MORE SHOPPING TO DO.~~

DETECTIVE: I'M SORRY, MRS. BUMSTEAD, BUT NOT ANY MORE TODAY. IT'S
CLOSING TIME.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: WELL, HOME AGAIN, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WE HAD QUITE A TIME, DIDN'T WE.

BABY: IT WAS FUN, MOMMY.

DAGWOOD: I'M GLAD WE DID OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY. I HATE
TO GET IN THOSE AWFUL CROWDS.

"BLONDIE"
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BLONDIE: I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT, DAGWOOD. WE WENT SHOPPING
ALL DAY, BUT WE DIDN'T GET A THING.

DAGWOOD: HUNH? HEY--- THAT'S RIGHT. WE TOOK EVERYTHING BACK.

BLONDIE: SO I'M AFRAID -- WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT -- WE'LL
HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE WHOLE THING AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: T0000000000000000H!

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

GOODWIN: WELL IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE HUMSTEADS HAVE TO START THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING ALL OVER AGAIN.

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: WELL FOLKS, CHRISTMAS USUALLY BRINGS SURPRISES TO ALL OF US AND BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE NO EXCEPTION. TUNE IN AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT WEEK AND SEE WHAT STARTLING THINGS HAPPEN TO THE HUMSTEADS WHEN, "BLONDIE WRAPS A SURPRISE PACKAGE."

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 GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.