

4/7/41

~~1/10/41~~

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Here's
"Blondie"...presented by Camel -- the slower-burning
cigarette that gives you more flavor, more mildness,
more coolness and less nicotine in the smoke --
twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average
of the four other largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Blondie and Dagwood are only human, so, considering the time of the year, it's no surprise that when Dagwood comes down for breakfast this morning, he says...

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: Goodness, Dagwood -- are you getting a cold?

DAGWOOD: Who, me? No, I don't think so, honey.

BABY: It sounds like a cold, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you don't want to believe everything you hear, Baby. I'm strong enough to throw off any cold that comes my way. I probably won't sneeze again for -- (STARTS TO SNEEZE)
Ah-a -- ah -- a-a-a- --

BABY: Be careful, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: (RECOVERING) A -- a -- ah -- I guess it's just a false alarm. I'm not going to sneeze after all.

BLONDIE: Well, that's good, dear.

DAGWOOD: (SNEEZES)

BLONDIE: My!

BABY: Daddy, if that doesn't sound like you're getting a cold, what does it sound like?

DAGWOOD: Like a man sneezing, that's all. (SNEEZES AGAIN) Gee, maybe I am getting a cold.

BLONDIE: You'd better not go to work this morning then. You stay right home here and get rid of it.

DAGWOOD: No, this isn't very bad, honey. It'll go away.

BABY: That's what you said when I had a cold, Daddy. You made me stay in bed. It was awful!

DAGWOOD: You got out of going to school, didn't you?

BABY: That's right.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're not going to work with a cold. It'll only get worse, and then you'll be sick for a week.

DAGWOOD: I'm really okay, Blondie. (SNEEZES) I mean, I don't think I've got much of a cold. (SNEEZES AGAIN) ~~It isn't as bad as it sounds.~~ (SNEEZES TWICE) Holy smoke -- I'm sick!

BABY: You'd better go right to bed, Daddy.

BLONDIE: Baby Dumpling's right.

BABY: Thank you, Mommy.

BLONDIE: And I'll call up Mr. Dithers and tell him you're not feeling well today.

DAGWOOD: Well -- all right. I'll just lie around on the couch and take it easy. ~~My cold will probably disappear then.~~

BLONDIE: You'll go right up to bed, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: The way you talk, I'm practically an invalid.

BLONDIE: Baby, you can go up and run a hot bath for Daddy.

BABY: Real hot?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear. Very hot.

BABY: Okay, Mommy. I'll do it right now...(FADING)

BLONDIE: That's it, Baby Dumpling...Now, Dagwood, you're going upstairs, take a good hot bath, get into bed and get lots of rest. One way or another, Baby Dumpling and I are going to cure your cold.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON WATER RUNNING...AND THEN TURNED OFF)

(THEN DOOR OPENS)

BABY: Okay, Daddy -- come on in the bathroom. The water's in the tub now.

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) All right, Baby Dumpling -- hold the door open. I don't want to catch ^{any} cold ~~on the way in.~~ *There's an awful draft in the hallway.*

BABY: The door's open, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Here I come -- get ready to slam the door. (WHISTLE) Okay -- quick!

(DOOR SLAM)

BABY: You certainly get places in a hurry, don't you, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: I don't waste much time...Is the tub all ready?

BABY: Yep. Jump right in.

DAGWOOD: Ah-h-h! I've been looking forward to this.

(SPLASH OF FOOT IN WATER)

DAGWOOD: You know, there's nothing like a good hot bath to ----
(YELLS) Hel-l-lp! My foot's scalded! That water's practically boiling!

BABY: Mommy said it should be very hot so I didn't turn on any cold water.

DAGWOOD: That's almost criminal! Why that's the next thing to an attempt on my life!

BABY: I'm sorry, Daddy. *I'll turn it off for you.*

(TURN ON WATER)

DAGWOOD: ~~After this,~~ ^{By the way, can you turn it off?} I'll fix the temperature myself. Gee, do you want me to turn red like a lobster?

BABY: Gosh, that'd be funny, wouldn't it?

DAGWOOD: All I ask is a little cooperation.

BABY: I'll cooperate.

DAGWOOD: That's good.

BABY: What's cooperate mean?

DAGWOOD: That means work together.

BABY: Like you and Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: No, I don't want that kind of cooperation...I guess the tub is okay now.

(TURNS WATER OFF)

(SPLASHING A LITTLE AS HE PUTS A FOOT IN)

BABY: Is it all right, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: I think so...Yeah...Ah, this is just what I need -- a little rest and relaxation. I'll just sit down here and -- (YELLS) Whoooo! Something bit me! I'm being attacked!

BABY: What's the matter, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: There's something in the tub! It snapped at me!

(SPLASHING)

DAGWOOD: I got it!..Baby Dumpling! How many times have I told you not to leave your submarine in the tub!!!

MUSIC:

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 5-A
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SOUND: FEW BARS OF "WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE"...FADE OUT:

GOODWIN: Say, let's join the Navy for a moment and see how it works.
On board a Navy ship you'll hear a signal like this --

SOUND: FOUR STROKES ON SHIP'S BELL

GOODWIN: The ship's clock is striking. In this case, it's four bells, but that doesn't mean four o'clock -- it's two o'clock. Now, when you hear this --

SOUND: FEW BLASTS ON BOS'N'S PIPE...RECORD

GOODWIN: The bos'n is piping an officer aboard -- or, in shore lingo, just letting you know a big-wig is arriving. But here's the sound you'll welcome most.

SOUND: FILTER...FEW BARS OF MESS CALL ON BUGLE...FADE OUT:

GOODWIN: That's the Navy's way of saying: "Time to eat!" Yes, and here's the Navy man's way of asking for cigarettes:

MAN: Package of Camels, please!

GOODWIN: That signal brings a gob the Navy man's most popular smoke. Yes, records show that in Navy canteens -- and in Army Post Exchanges, as well -- Camels outsell every other brand of cigarette. And it's easy to see why. Just light up a Camel -- the slower-burning cigarette -- and get that extra flavor, extra mildness, extra coolness, and less nicotine in the smoke.

MAN: (FILTER) Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

"BLONDIE" 5-B
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GOODWIN: In addition, slow -- slow-burning Camels give you extra smoking. And there's even more economy in Camels by the carton...greater convenience, too. So get a carton of slower-burning Camels. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

MUSIC: (UP)

GOODWIN: And now back to Dagwood Bumstead, who has finally got to bed.

(PHONE RINGING, OFF)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Blooooooondie! The phone's ringing! Oh, Bloooondie! (ON) I wonder where she is. (CALLS) Baby Dumpling -- answer the phone! (ON) Gee, everyone's gone and left me alone here. That's a fine thing. I'll have to get up and go downstairs and answer the phone, myself. Toooooh!

(GOING DOWNSTAIRS...THE PHONE IS STILL RINGING)

DAGWOOD: A lot of rest I'm getting. I have to hop around like a bell-boy in a busy hotel. (SNEEZES) It's an outrage! I wonder who's calling up, anyway? I'll find out.

(PHONE STOPS QUICKLY)

DAGWOOD: How do you like that?! Now it's stopped...I might as well go back upstairs. This whole thing was for nothing! That's the way it always is.

(GOING BACK UPSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: You'd think someone would stay around just in case something happened to me.

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! There it goes again!

(GOING DOWNSTAIRS AGAIN)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello?

VOICE: Hello.

DAGWOOD: (AFTER A PAUSE) Well, you called me. Say something.

VOICE: I'm trying to remember what I had to say. ⁽¹⁵⁰⁰⁰⁾ ~~It's just~~ slipped my mind.

DAGWOOD: You know, that happens to me every ~~time~~ *time*

VOICE: Do you mind starting all over again? Maybe it'll help me
to ~~remember~~.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

VOICE: Go ahead.

DAGWOOD: Hello?

VOICE: Hello. (PAUSE) I'm stuck again.

DAGWOOD: Look, I'm standing here at the phone in my pajamas --
I wish you'd remember what you've got to say.

VOICE: Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?

DAGWOOD: I've got a cold now.

VOICE: You certainly won't get rid of it standing at the phone
in your pajamas. That's **just** stupid.

DAGWOOD: Look -- please -- try to remember what you called for.

~~VOICE: Wait a minute... You've got a cold?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yes --~~

VOICE: ^{Say} I'll tell you how to get rid of that cold ~~in no time~~.

DAGWOOD: How?

VOICE: You take three aspirin tablets in a glass of hot water and
add the juice of two limes and one tangerine. Mix this up
and add a dash of bitters.

DAGWOOD: Then what do I do with it?

VOICE: Drink it.

DAGWOOD: Oh. ~~Will that cure my cold?~~

~~VOICE: It won't hurt to try, will it?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I guess not.~~

VOICE: Now let's try just once more and see if I can remember
what I called about. Say hello again.

DAGWOOD: Hello?

VOICE: Hello. (PAUSE...THEN CHEERFULLY) Well, goodbye!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Well, I hope that's that...Let's see -- three aspirins in a glass of hot water, the juice of --

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what are you doing up? And in your pajamas, too.

DAGWOOD: The phone rang and I had to answer it. I was all alone here.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, dear -- I went out to get something for your cold. Who called?

DAGWOOD: I don't know -- he forgot what it was he wanted. Maybe it was a man with amnesia. Or a college professor.

BLONDIE: And you came all the way downstairs for something silly like that?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but how did I know it was something silly? It might have been important.

BLONDIE: Well, you've got to think of your health, Dagwood. Now, I brought a surprise back for you.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You did? A surprise?

BLONDIE: Yes. Shut your eyes and open your mouth.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey.

BLONDIE: Now close it and swallow.

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) Poooo!..What was that? (It tasted awful. (COUGHS))
Ooooooh!

BLONDIE: Those were cold pills, dear. They're very good for you.

DAGWOOD: That's not fair. I thought you said you had a surprise for me, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Weren't you surprised?

DAGWOOD: Yes, ~~but I didn't like it.~~ Where'd you get those pills?

BLONDIE: Mrs. Fuddle gave them to me. She says they always work for Mr. Fuddle's colds.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I feel like a guinea pig.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- the main thing for you to do is to get plenty of rest. Just stay upstairs in bed.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you know I like to take it easy. I'm better at resting than anyone I know -- but I've been interrupted.

BLONDIE: Well, don't worry about that, any more. And the doctor's coming over to see you, too. Dr. ^{Wassie} Brown.

DAGWOOD: Doctor ^{Wassie} Brown? Who's he?

BLONDIE: He's taking over Doctor Pelton's practice while Doctor Pelton is on his vacation. He's very good at treating colds. ^{Wassie}

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey -- but I don't really need a doctor.

BLONDIE: It never hurts to be sure about things...Now you go right upstairs.

DAGWOOD: But where are you going to be?

BLONDIE: I have the marketing to do, but Baby Dumpling's playing outside and I told him to watch the front door for you.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie. I guess everything will be all right.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...

GOING UP PORCH STEPS)

BABY: (CALLS FROM OFF A BIT) Oh, Mister...

MAN: Yes, little boy?

BABY: (COMING UP) Are you going to see my Daddy?

MAN: Possibly -- possibly. Who is your Daddy?

BABY: Mr. Bumstead. I'm Baby Dumpling Bumstead.

MAN: It's a pleasure to meet you... Is your father home?

BABY: Yes -- are you the doctor?

MAN: Er -- Isn't your father well?

BABY: Daddy's got a cold.

MAN: Hmmm -- well, that's fine. Perhaps his sales-resistance will be low. I'll go right in and see him.

BABY: Okay...He's upstairs in the bedroom,

MAN: Thank you.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

MAN: (CALLS) Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I'm right upstairs here. Come on up.

MAN: Thank you.

(GOING UP THE STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I didn't expect you to come around so soon.

MAN: I didn't either.

DAGWOOD: I don't get it...I'm right in here.

MAN: Ah, yes,

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) I'm really not very sick. It's just a small cold.

MAN: Well, you'll be on your feet in no time, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: That's good. Do you want to see my tongue?

MAN: Not particularly.

DAGWOOD: Doctor Pelton usually takes a look at it ^{He does} -- Hey -- what
^{man} are you doing?

MAN: Measuring your neck.

DAGWOOD: Is that necessary?

MAN: Naturally -- if you want a good fit.

DAGWOOD: You mean, if I want to feel fit.

MAN: No -- I said, if you want a good fit.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm -- how long have you been in this country?

MAN: Ha-ha -- very funny. ^{back again} Just slip your neck inside this
^{man} tape-measure.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- but I don't think there's any swelling. (COUGHS)
Hey -- not so tight.

MAN: Well -- size fifteen.

DAGWOOD: Is this something new -- measuring my neck like this?

MAN: Not exactly. I think it's been the usual thing since the
toga went out of style.

DAGWOOD: I don't get this at all. Maybe I'm just dumb.

MAN: Hm -- That's possible. Now for the chest measurement,
please. Sit up.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- that's ^{where} where my cough is. It's not much of a
cough, but --

MAN: Never mind your cough...Let me see -- well, well! Have
you really got a forty-four chest?

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh -- I guess you were counting in the handkerchiefs
in my pajama pockets. ^{the handkerchiefs}

MAN: Just take them out, please...Thank you. Well, that makes
it a perfect thirty-six.

DAGWOOD: Gee, you'd think you were measuring me for a shirt.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Yes, that's right.

DAGWOOD: What are you doing?

MAN: Measuring you for a shirt.

DAGWOOD: Oh, for a while I was sure you were measuring me for a shir ----- hunh?

MAN: I suppose you take a thirty-four sleeve length?

DAGWOOD: Yes, that's right -- Hey, wait a minute. I don't want to buy a shirt. You sneaked in here under false pretenses!

MAN: Yes. Now let's get down to the business of patterns. How about this ^{red} ~~blue~~ and white stripe? ^{It goes with that} ~~Very becoming,~~ ^{green look of yours.} ~~don't you think?~~

DAGWOOD: No! I'm going to have to ask you to leave. I don't want to buy a shirt and I've got a cold ~~that I've got to get rid of.~~

MAN: ^{what is it?} A cold? It's a lucky thing I came along -- I can help you. Now -- close your eyes and open your mouth.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- all right.

MAN: My, what a large mouth...Well, one -- two -- three. Now swallow.

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) Whooooof? ^{now that's a good feeling} What was that?

MAN: Three pills for your cold. I always carry some with me -- and I haven't had a cold in four years.

DAGWOOD: They taste awful.

MAN: Now let's get back to the shirts.

DAGWOOD: ~~Let's not...Would you please mind leaving and coming back to talk to me some other day?~~

~~MAN: I'd mind very much... Now here's a nice checked material
that --~~

~~DAGWOOD: Nothing doing! Come on -- scream!~~

~~MAN: No, sir -- I'm going to stay right here and sell you a
half a dozen shirts.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Is that so?~~ We'll see about that!

MAN: Here -- wait a minute! Don't get out of bed! It won't
help your cold any.

DAGWOOD: I don't care.

MAN: Don't be hasty now. A friend of mine had the same thing
you have and he got up out of bed.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- what happened?

MAN: I was honorary pall-bearer at his funeral.

DAGWOOD: You're leaving, just the same. Come on now -- beat it.
Downstairs!

(GOING DOWNSTAIRS)

MAN: But you haven't given me a chance to show you what I have.

DAGWOOD: I'm not going to, either. Keep moving!

MAN: I don't think you're really sick at all. You're pretty
active for a sick man.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: At least you ought to buy one white shirt, ^{why?} in case you don't
Dagwood! get over that cold.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: (OUT OF BREATH) It isn't right, the things that happen to me! *(Well, it isn't right, the things that happen to me!)*

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

DAGWOOD: Is that you, Blondie?

BABY: (OFF A BIT) Daddy!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BABY: Come here quick, Daddy! I'm out in the kitchen!

~~DAGWOOD: Okay!...Holy smoke -- I wonder what's wrong now...~~

~~BABY: (CLOSER) Hurry, Daddy --~~

DAGWOOD: What is it, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: Eddie just chased me home. He said he was going to beat me up. *(Eddie)*

(Baby)
DAGWOOD: Oh, he did, did he? Well, no one can say that to you and get away with it. I'll show him a thing or two. Where is this boy?

BABY: He's standing right on the back doorstep now, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: That's just fine! I'll give him a piece of my mind.

(DOOR OPENS)

~~BABY: That's Eddie!~~

DAGWOOD: Now look here, little boy, if you think you can --
Holy smoke!

(DOOR SLAMS...KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

BABY: What's the matter, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: That's the biggest little boy I've ever seen! Why he's over six feet tall!

BABY: He's very tough, too...Are you going to paddle him, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Er -- I don't think so, Baby.

BABY: Because of your cold, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's right. Besides, your Daddy doesn't hit little boys -- particularly such big little boys.

BABY: I guess I shouldn't have hit him with a rock.

DAGWOOD: Well, probably it wasn't very polite, but -- you hit him with what?

BABY: A rock. But he started it. He said you were a floop.

DAGWOOD: A what?

BABY: A floop. F-L-O-O-P.

DAGWOOD: What's a floop?

BABY: I don't know, Daddy, but I didn't like the sound of it, so I threw a rock at him.

DAGWOOD: Well, Baby Dumpling, I've told you you should never throw rocks at anyone --

~~BABY: I know.~~

~~DAGWOOD: But I'm very proud of you for sticking up for your Daddy the way you did.~~

~~BABY: Thank you, Daddy.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Was it a nice big rock?~~

~~BABY: Yep, Daddy --~~

~~DAGWOOD: What, Baby?~~

~~BABY: Do you suppose Eddie is still there? Maybe I could throw some water on him from upstairs.~~

~~DAGWOOD: No -- we'll just forget about that.~~

(RATTLE OF DOOR KNOB)

BABY: Gee -- he's rattling the door knob! Listen.

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- he's still waiting outside.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BABY: I'll open the door and you sock him, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: I don't know...Of course, he did call me a floop, didn't he?

BLONDIE: (OUTSIDE) Open the door, please! Baby Dumpling -- are you in there?

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- it's Blondie! You let her in -- I'm going right upstairs and get back into bed!

BABY: Hurry up, Daddy!

DAGWOOD: I'm practically in bed right now!

(WHIZZ!...THERE HE GOES AGAIN)

BABY: Gee, I'll bet Daddy's the fastest man in the world when he's in a hurry.

(UNLOCK DOOR...OPEN DOOR)

BABY: Hello, Mommy.

(CLOSE DOOR)

BLONDIE: I thought I heard your father's voice down here.

BABY: Daddy just whizzed upstairs.

BLONDIE: I thought so. Well, from now on he's going to stay in bed. You go upstairs and lock his door from the outside.

BABY: We'll play a joke on him, won't we?

BLONDIE: We certainly will.

BABY: And can I play fireman after that?

BLONDIE: I suppose you can play fireman if you want to. But the first thing is to lock Daddy's door. Then he'll stay in bed and get over that cold.

MUSIC:

BABY: (COME UP...SHOUTING) Fire! Fire! (MAKES SOUND LIKE
FIRE ENGINE) FIRE! FIRE! HELP! FIRE!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Baby, not so loud.

BABY: Fire! Fire!...Okay, Mommy. (WHISPERS) Fire! Fire!

BLONDIE: Your father might be sleeping by now and we don't want
to wake him up, do we?

BABY: Oh, no, Mommy.

(POUNING ON FLOOR FROM UPSTAIRS)

BLONDIE: Did you hear that? He's pounding on the floor. I guess
you woke him up.

BABY: I'm sorry, Mommy.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) It's all right, Dagwood. Baby Dumpling was just
playing fireman.

(FRANTIC POUNDING ON FLOOR FROM UPSTAIRS)

BLONDIE: Did you lock the door to his bedroom, dear?

BABY: Yep.

BLONDIE: I guess he'll realize it's all right and go back to sleep.
Your father is a very unusual man, Baby Dumpling -- but
when it comes to taking care of his health, he's no
different from any one else. He hates to sleep when he
should be getting rest, and he loves to sleep when he
should be working.

BABY: Will I be like Daddy when I grow up?

BLONDIE: I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BABY: There's someone at the back door, Mommy.

BLONDIE: I'll see who it is.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

(DOOR SLAMS)

BABY: Gee, Mommy -- what's the matter?

BLONDIE: There's a man standing outside in his pajamas who looks just like your father!

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (OUTSIDE) Blondie! Let me in! Oh, Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: Goodness, there's no one else who calls that way. It must be Dagwood.

(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: It's Daddy, all right.

DAGWOOD: (SHIVERING) Hello, Blondie -- it's me -- where's the fire?

BLONDIE: Get in here, quick. It's cold outside...What fire?

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: *Blondie!* Somebody was hollering something about fire. *What fire?* My door was locked so I crawled out on the roof and slid down the drainpipe.

BLONDIE: Just look at you!

DAGWOOD: I guess you'll never be able to mend the top of these pajamas now.

BLONDIE: *Blondie!* I'm afraid not. *What fire?* Baby Dumpling was just playing fireman.

BABY: Sure -- it was only me.

DAGWOOD: Toooh. Gee, a lot of rest I'm getting.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll see who it is, dear. You stay right out here...You'd better have some of that coffee I just heated up. It's on the back of the stove.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BABY: I'll go with you, Mommy.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

DAGWOOD: (FADING) Don't bring anyone into the kitchen. Remember I'm not well-dressed from the waist up.

BABY: Mommy, do you suppose we could get Daddy upstairs again and I could yell fire? I want to see how he climbed down the drainpipe.

BLONDIE: No, dear -- once was enough.

BABY: I'll bet it was very funny.

BLONDIE: I guess this is the doctor.

(DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR: How do you do -- I'm Doctor ~~Brown~~.

BLONDIE: Come right in.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwood -- the doctor's here.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay, honey.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid Mr. Bumstead is catching a cold, Doctor, and I wish you could stop it before it gets started.

DOCTOR: Well, we'll see...

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, doctor -- I guess I look a little shabby.

DOCTOR: What have you been doing -- breaking in a couple of tigers for Ringling Brothers?

DAGWOOD: Well, not exactly. You see --

DOCTOR: Here -- stick this thermometer in your mouth.

DAGWOOD: Well -- (GULPS) -- gbrump -- eggie -- (TRIES TO TALK BUT CAN'T)

DOCTOR: Don't talk, please -- just keep it there...Now suppose we take your blood pressure. I'll just wrap this around your arm and we'll see how you are.

BABY: Gee, what's he doing to Daddy?

BLONDIE: Just finding out how healthy he is, Baby.

(SOUND OF PUMPING UP BLOOD PRESSURE MACHINE)

BABY: Gosh, he's pumping Daddy up.

DAGWOOD: (TRYING TO SAY) It's all right, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: Do you suppose Daddy will have a blow-out?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, I don't think so, Baby.

BABY: Not even a slow leak?

DOCTOR: Good heavens! Look at that blood pressure!

BLONDIE: What's wrong, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Has he been doing anything strenuous?

BLONDIE: Well, he's been trying to rest.

DOCTOR: Trying to rest, eh? That's probably been too strenuous for him.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid so -- he just got through sliding down the drainpipe.

DOCTOR: Oh. Well, that would account for it. What's he got -- a Tarzan complex?

DAGWOOD: Why I never --

DOCTOR: Now let me see that thermometer.

DAGWOOD: I don't think it's anything serious, Doctor. I just sneezed a few times this morning and ---

DOCTOR: Great Scott! Can this be right? One hundred and ten degrees!

DAGWOOD: Is that bad?

BLONDIE: Oh, Doctor -- You mean --

DOCTOR: Mrs. Bumstead, could I see you alone for a moment?

DAGWOOD: Oh!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, will you go out in the kitchen for a moment?

DAGWOOD: (FADING) Well, all right, but don't forget me.

 (DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Now, Doctor, is my husband really very sick?

DOCTOR: Mrs. Bumstead -- according to the best precepts of medical knowledge you should be collecting insurance on Mr. Bumstead right now.

BLONDIE: Toooooooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood hasn't had much of a chance to battle his cold, but it did seem as though he was gaining on it. While Blondie confers with the Doctor -- let's join Dagwood in the kitchen.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

~~BLONDIE: (OFF MIKE...CALLING OUT) Dagwood! See who's at the back door.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (CALLING OUT) Yes, dear. (HUMS TO HIMSELF)~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

DAGWOOD: Oh...hello, Fuddle.

FUDDLE: Dagwood, old pal, you'd do me a big favor, wouldn't you?

DAGWOOD: Humph...sounds to me like you want to borrow something.
And the answer is NO!

FUDDLE: Come now, Dag, my boy.

DAGWOOD: Why, Fuddle, you never return anything. Yesterday I said hello to you on the street, and you wouldn't even return the greeting.

FUDDLE: (GETTING ANGRY) You're the biggest tightwad I ever saw! You're so tight, every time you take a nickel out of your pocket, the buffalo blinks in the light.

DAGWOOD: (ANGRY) Well, where's that snow-shovel you borrowed last month? For that matter, where's our lawn-mower you borrowed last summer? Now I suppose you want to borrow the kitchen stove or something.

FUDDLE: (ANGRY) All I came over to ask you for was one Camel cigarette.

DAGWOOD: Well, you can't have it! (DOUBLE TAKE) Huh...did you say just one Camel?

FUDDLE: That's right.

DAGWOOD: (RELIEVED) Gee, Fuddle...why didn't you say so before? If it's just a Camel you want...here, have one. Have two.

FUDDLE: Thanks, Dag, old boy.

SOUND: SCRATCHING OF MATCH

"BLONDIE" 21-B
3/3/41

FUDDLE: By golly, there's nothing like a Camel. Just like I've always said, Camels have the edge in flavor and mildness.

GOODWIN: Right you are, Mr. Fuddle! Slow...slow-burning Camels certainly do have extra flavor, and extra mildness... extra coolness, too. The smoke of slower-burning Camels also brings you less nicotine.

MAN: Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less than any of them...according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And remember! The smoke's the thing! Friends, try Camels, too. Enjoy the smoking extras in Camels...the slower-burning cigarette.

GOODWIN: A few seconds have passed and Blondie, Baby Dumpling, and the doctor are staring at Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Hey! What're you looking at me like that for? Am I supposed to topple over any minute now?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, you're very sick.

BABY: He doesn't look very sick, Mommy.

DAGWOOD: I feel fine.

DOCTOR: You'd better lie down on that davenport immediately.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I'm for that. That's my favorite couch.

DOCTOR: Don't laugh about this, Mr. Bumstead. With your temperature smoke ought to be coming out of your ears.

DAGWOOD: (SICK LAUGH) Gee, that would be quite a trick.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you don't have to be brave about this. We didn't know how sick you really were.

DAGWOOD: I'm not sick.

DOCTOR: He's delirious!

BLONDIE: Oh, Doctor -- Should we take him to a hospital?

DOCTOR: We don't dare move him now.

BLONDIE: Oh, I feel awful -- I feel weak.

DAGWOOD: Now see what you've done? She was perfectly all right until you came along.

DOCTOR: Just a minute, Mr. Bumstead. Did you have anything hot to drink before you came out here?

DAGWOOD: Only some hot coffee.

DOCTOR: Aha-h-h-h! How hot?

DAGWOOD: Not quite boiling. It burnt my tongue and the roof of my mouth a little.

DOCTOR: I should have known about that. It was the heat from the coffee that boosted your temperature up.

BABY: Is Daddy all right now?/

BLONDIE: Yes, Doctor -- is he?

DOCTOR: He is if there's a logical explanation of why he likes to slide down drainpipes. He doesn't climb back up, does he?

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- in this case, he thought the house was on fire.

DOCTOR: Is that right? Maybe he'd better come to the hospital with me -- just in case.

DAGWOOD: What would you do if you were locked in your room and your little son ran through the house shouting fire?

DOCTOR: I'd go out the window and down the drainpipe...I guess you're all right, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Thanks -- I was beginning to be a little worried myself.

BLONDIE: What about his cold, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Well, as far as I can see, he hasn't got one yet...You've been getting quite a bit of exercise so far today, haven't you, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Up and down the stairs, fighting with salesmen, and down the drainpipe -- yeah, a certain amount.

DOCTOR: I don't think it's done you a bit of harm. Now you may not have a cold, but let's not take any chances...Open your mouth and close your eyes.

BLONDIE: Go ahead, Dagwood. The doctor knows best.

DAGWOOD: Toooh! Well, okay.

DOCTOR: There we are -- now swallow.

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) Gee, this is terrible. Everybody's been giving me pills today -- I'm practically a walking medicine cabinet! A man isn't safe in his own home!!

BLONDIE: Now calm down, dear.

DOCTOR: Now, Mr. Bumstead -- all you need is a little rest.

DAGWOOD: Rest!!? Here?

BLONDIE: Dagwood. I think the best place for you is at the office. Really I do.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you're right.

DOCTOR: I guess he's all right...~~Goodbye.~~

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'll leave these pills here, just in case, goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, CLOSE

BLONDIE: Now run upstairs and dress, dear --

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- there's something I want to ask you.

Blondie -- what do you do when a big kid chases Baby Dumpling home and stands on our back door step?

BLONDIE: I take a broom and shoo him away.

DAGWOOD: Is that right?

BLONDIE: It's very easy when you know how.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, sometimes I think I don't appreciate you enough. This place is like a mad-house when you're not around.

BLONDIE: I guess it didn't hurt you any to be here, dear -- and there's one thing we did do -- somehow or other -- we cured your cold!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- that's right -- we did! (SNEEZES) Holy smoke -- it's starting all over again!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: IT'S A GOOD THING DAGWOOD'S COLD MISN'T TOO SERIOUS
BECAUSE HE REALLY HAS TROUBLES IN STORE FOR HIM NEXT
WEEK WHEN, "BLONDIE DOES THE INCOME TAX."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is
is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who
also creates the special musical effects. This is
Bill Goodwin saying good night for the makers of Camel
Cigarettes.

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.