

3/31/41 ✓

Master

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1941

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"...presented by Camel...the slower-burning
cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. It's after dinner, and Blondie and Baby Dumpling are just finishing up the dishes...

(RATTLE OF DISHES...)

BLONDIE: Here you are, Baby Dumpling. This is the last dish to be dried.

BABY: Okay, Mommy.

BLONDIE: Don't forget to dry both sides now.

(~~POURING WATER INTO SINK...~~)

BABY: What's Daddy doing in the living room, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Oh, just a little work.

BABY: He has lots of numbers written all over pieces of paper. Did Mr. Dithers give him an arithmetic problem to do?

BLONDIE: No, dear -- but the government did.

BABY: You mean Uncle Sam?

BLONDIE: Yes, that's right, dear. Your father is working on his income tax.

BABY: Ohhhhh...I was looking at the papers he was working on and it looked very hard to me. There were an awful lot of numbers and dollar signs.

BLONDIE: Yes. I suppose it's pretty complicated, dear. Daddy usually loses about five pounds every year at this time.

BABY: He gets pretty mad, too, doesn't he?

BLONDIE: Well -- sometimes.

BABY: Here's the ^{LAST} dish, Mommy.

BLONDIE: Thank you, dear.

(PUT DISH AWAY)

BABY: Let's peek into the living room and see what Daddy's doing.

BLONDIE: All right, Baby. We'll have to be very quiet, though.

BABY: I'll push the door open just a little bit.

(DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN)

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Nine and eight are seventeen and four is twenty-one, and two is twenty-three, and nine is -- lemme see, twenty-three and nine are thirty -- um -- thirty-two, and -- Holy Smoke! I've lost my place! Now I've got to start all over again! Why doesn't the government just send me a bill like any other business? *Every year.*

(DOOR SQUEAKS SHUT)

BABY: Gee, Daddy's angry!

BLONDIE: He seems to be having a little trouble with his figures right now, all right.

BABY: Maybe we could help him.

BLONDIE: I'm sure we could.

BABY: Let's go in and see if we can help.

BLONDIE: All right.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (COME UP...A BIT OFF) And nine is thirty-two and four is thirty-six...

BABY: ~~Hello, Daddy~~ -- we're ~~all~~ through with the dishes.

DAGWOOD: That's good and eight is forty-four, and seve --

BLONDIE: Can we help you, dear?

DAGWOOD: No, is fifty-one.

BABY: If you work too hard, Daddy, you'll get sick.

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DAGWOOD: And six is fifty-seven...Hey, -- there isn't any six here!

Who said six?

BABY: I said you'd get sick, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Oh...And -- oh, now I've lost my place again! Gee, what did you have to come in just then for? This is very important to all of us. You've got to let me figure this out in peace and quiet.

BLONDIE: Come on, Baby -- back into the kitchen.

BABY: Okay, Mommy.

DAGWOOD: I'll give you a flash on our income tax in just a minute.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BABY: Will Daddy have to pay very much money to the government?

BLONDIE: Not really very much.

BABY: Would you explain it to me, Mommy. I don't understand.

BLONDIE: We'll explain it to you a little later. It's sort of complicated, but we'll do our best.

BABY: It sounds very important. Maybe I'd better do my income tax.

BLONDIE: You won't have to worry about ^{that} ~~it~~ for a while, dear, and I'm quite sure you couldn't figure it out yet.

BABY: I looked at what Daddy was doing before dinner -- when he wasn't around.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS FROM OUTSIDE DOOR) Blooooooondie! Oh,
Blooooooondie!

~~BABY: Gee, I guess Daddy's all through.~~

~~BLONDIE: It doesn't sound as though he's very happy.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Bllooooooooooondie!~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Are you finished, dear?

DAGWOOD: I'm not only finished -- I'm ruined!

BLONDIE: Why, what's the matter, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- I just discovered a terrible thing. We're in the upper bracket!!

BLONDIE: We're what?

DAGWOOD: Oh, this is awful! It's not fair! They can't expect me to support the whole government single-handed. I can't balance the budget by myself!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- What's wrong? What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) Oh, Blondie -- According to my figures we've got to pay the government three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents!!

BLONDIE: Doooooooooh!

MUSIC:

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GOODWIN: Well, the Bumsteads are off again...and this time it's that income tax. It may be giving Dagwood some trouble. But as we'll see in a moment, he's not licked yet. No sir, and sometimes Dagwood can be mighty smart. Take the day he managed to outwit Mrs. Babble. Dagwood was racing down the street when...

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

WOMAN: (SACCHARINE...GABBY) Why, hello, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (IN TERRIFIC HURRY) Oh...hello, Mrs. Babble. I'm in an awful hurry. Goodbye!

WOMAN: Oh, now don't rush off, Mr. Bumstead. I know you're just shy. Tell me, how's your darling wife...and that precious little boy of yours?

DAGWOOD: B...but...

WOMAN: Just the other day my husband was saying what a simply wonderful little family you have. Wasn't that too cute. But my husband does say the cleverest things. His words are always so sharp and to the point.

DAGWOOD: Humph...I'll bet he has to make them sharp and pointed to get them in. Now I've got t...

WOMAN: Mr. Bumstead...I almost forgot. I must tell you. I just heard the most terrible thing. You can't imagine. It's about Mrs. Bilge over on the next block. When I heard it, I was just left speechless and...

DAGWOOD: (ANGRY) Well, why didn't you stay that way? (SUDDEN
Woman THOUGHT...GOES SWEET) Oh...er...ah, Mrs. Babble, would you like a Camel?

WOMAN: Why, Mr. Bumstead, I'd love a Camel. They're so mild...and, yes, they have such a grand flavor, too. You know I...

DAGWOOD: They certainly have. (SCRATCHING OF MATCH) (ANXIOUSLY) Now here's a light. (PAUSE) Eh...goodbye, Mrs. Babble. (TO HIMSELF) (LAUGHS) I knew a Camel would do the trick. Even Mrs. Babble would stop talking long enough to puff a Camel.

GOODWIN: (CHUCKLES) Yes, folks just seem to go for Camels...the slower-burning cigarette. And it's hardly surprising. For the smoke of slow-slow-burning Camels gives you extra flavor...extra mildness...extra coolness...and less nicotine.

MAN: Twenty-eight per cent 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.

GOODWIN: That's right!...less nicotine plus the pleasure extras in the smoke of Camels. So next time, ask for Camels...the slower-burning cigarette. Remember! The smoke's the thing! And Camel's the smoke!

GOODWIN: A few seconds have passed since Dagwood stunned Blondie by telling her that they'd have to pay the government over three thousand dollars...

BLONDIE: But, Dagwood, there must be some mistake! I don't think you even made that much last year.

~~BABY: That's a lot of money.~~

DAGWOOD: I've been very careful in my addition and subtraction and I'm sure I haven't made any mistakes. The figures are right here.

BLONDIE: Oh, but Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: The government's just drafted me, financially. It looks as though they want me, personally, to pay for my Congressman! I never hear from him except around election time. He's a perfect stranger to me. He hasn't even kissed Baby Dumpling! It's an outrage!

BLONDIE: Now, please, dear -- calm down for just a moment.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's -- it's very unfair.

BLONDIE: Have you taken off all the deductions?

DAGWOOD: Well, I haven't given it the final squeeze yet, but just the same I can't think up three thousand dollars worth of deductions. My imagination goes only so far -- if it went any further our living room would be full of federal men ~~next year~~.

BLONDIE: Well, you just sit down and relax for a moment, dear. You've worked and worried too hard on this.

DAGWOOD: I can't understand it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: No, of course not, dear.

BABY: That's good...If they were, Daddy, you wouldn't sell her, would you?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) ^{I should say not!} ~~Of course not!~~ Not for all the money in the world!

BABY: That's a lot of money.

DAGWOOD: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah, that's right -- it is.

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: (HASTILY) But I wouldn't sell, anyway...Now, Baby Dumpling -- I get four hundred dollars for you.

BABY: Gee, I'm pretty valuable.

DAGWOOD: We really ought to get a lot more for you, too...Gosh, I ought ^{to} think of ~~a lot~~ more things than those. Now let's see -- It says here --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, could I just look over the figures for a moment. Maybe I could find something wrong.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, this isn't like a grocery bill. This is complicated. Schedule A, Section B, Article C -- it's full of things like that. There's no reason for both of us to go mad.

BLONDIE: But you know what they say -- "Two heads are better than one."

DAGWOOD: Yeah, ~~but you know what~~ ^{and} they also say -- "Too many cooks spoil the ~~broth~~" ^{the thing}

BLONDIE: But Dagwood -- that figure you have --

DAGWOOD: Three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents.

BLONDIE: Yes -- that can't be right!

DAGWOOD: I know it -- but it is, just the same. First I took all the totals out of our books, and I checked them over twice before I put them down. I've been working with these totals, and we seem to be stuck!

BLONDIE: If you'd just let me look over the figures...

DAGWOOD: It wouldn't do any good, ^{like I} no matter how hard you looked at them.

BABY: Could I look them over, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Yes.

BLONDIE: Why are you letting Baby Dumpling look them over and not me?

DAGWOOD: Because you told him once that he could raise a moustache and you wouldn't let me raise one.

BLONDIE: Nonsense. Let me see those figures.

DAGWOOD: Oh all right, but this is a man's job -- You'll just get lost in this piece of paper.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: ^{at a moment's notice} I'll give you a rough idea of what you run into. ~~This is~~

~~about gains and losses from sales or exchanges of capital~~

~~assets and other property. You report details first in Schedules F. and G.~~

BABY: What's Daddy talking about?

BLONDIE: Daddy will explain it later.

DAGWOOD: I'm not promising anything.

BLONDIE: Go ahead, dear.

DAGWOOD: ~~Here's what~~ it says. ^{Just} "In determining gain in case of property acquired before March first, 1913, ^{use the cost} of the fair market value as of March first, 1913, adjusted as provided in section one hundred and thirteen B, as amended by sections ^{continued on page 101 - what is} two hundred and fifteen and two hundred and twenty-three of the Revenue Act of 1939, whichever is greater, but in determining loss use cost so adjusted. ^{That}

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

DAGWOOD: See what I mean? It's a man's job.

BLONDIE: Well ~~in that case~~ ^{if it's a man's job} I wish you'd explain it to me.

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~it just means that~~ ^{in other words, it means} in determining the gain in case of property acquired before March ^{first} ~~thirteen~~, 1913, you use the --

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- you're just reading it all over again.

BABY: Maybe I can help, Daddy. I can add little numbers and write big numbers.

DAGWOOD: That won't help much, Baby, but thanks just the same.

BABY: You're welcome, Daddy. ~~I know it's pretty hard because I saw all the numbers you had on the papers.~~

DAGWOOD: I think I'll talk to Fuddle about this. Maybe he can straighten me out.

BLONDIE: Hm -- the blind leading the blind.

DAGWOOD: Well, he usually has lots of ideas -- I think I'll give him a ring and ask him to come over here---

(PICK UP PHONE)

^{Evergreen 3477} DAGWOOD: Evergreen ~~3477~~, please. ^{Evergreen 3161} Fuddle probably knows a few tricks to do with the income tax.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- but is that the right thing to do? I think maybe you'd better get an accountant to fix the whole thing up.

FUDDLE: (FILTER) You're in a huddle, with Farquar Fuddle!

DAGWOOD: Hello, Fuddle -- say -- What do you know about income tax?

FUDDLE: Well, Dag, I'm only something of a national authority on it. I only know everything there is to know about the income tax, that's all.

DAGWOOD: Say, that's swell. (OFF) He says...

BLONDIE: He's an authority on it.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. How did you know?

BLONDIE: Do you really believe him, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, but he might know a little something, and I'm desperate. Hello Fuddle -- Fuddle -- Oh, why doesn't he answer me?

BLONDIE: ~~Maybe it's because~~ you've still got your hand over the mouthpiece.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- Fuddle, why don't you come over and show me something about my tax. I need a lot of good deductions.

FUDDLE: There's nothing to it, Dag. I can dream up ^{things that} ~~deductions~~ for you that it'll take the government a year to catch onto.

DAGWOOD: ~~What happens after that?~~

FUDDLE: I can dream up a good explanation. After a while they'll get tired and leave you alone.

DAGWOOD: That sounds okay...Come on over, will you? I think I owe the government three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents!

FUDDLE: Holy smoke! I'll be right over! Don't do a thing till I get there.

(HANGS UP PHONE)
DAGWOOD: Well, Fuddle says, don't do a thing till he gets here, Blondie. Maybe we'll get out of this after all.

BLONDIE: I'd still like to see those figures. When Mr. Fuddle gets through we'll probably owe the government five thousand!!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Look Fuddle, I'm confused. Every year before when I did my income tax I just looked at the big print and now I'm reading all the small type and wondering what do do about it all. I'm up to my ears in this income tax.

FUDDLE: Dag, you're ahead of me. I'm only up to my wife and kids.

DAGWOOD: Tell me something -- is your tax going to be more than your total income?

FUDDLE: I'm not sure yet.

DAGWOOD: Well, the way I've got things figured out now I'm willing to give my income to the government and keep the tax. *Fuddle: Sure, but the government will take it.*
It's awful, Fuddle, and I've been very careful.

FUDDLE: You added all the figures a couple of times?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

FUDDLE: Did you take the lowest of the totals you got?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

FUDDLE: Well, then, all we need is some deductions.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- we'll need a flock of them.

FUDDLE: ⁷ ~~How about~~ bad debts? Have you got any?

DAGWOOD: Well, there's you, for instance...

FUDDLE: Who?

DAGWOOD: You...last Saturday you borrowed a dollar from me. About a month ago I loaned you five bucks, and --

FUDDLE: Hm -- let's forget bad debts.

DAGWOOD: -- and in January -- that night we went to the lodge meeting -- you borrowed another five dollars -- Fuddle, you owe me a lot of money!

~~FUDDLE: We'd better not get off the subject of income tax, or we'll never get anywhere.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Why you owe me at least eleven dollars, and I didn't have to think very hard to get that much.~~

FUDDLE: Dag, old boy -- we digress.

DAGWOOD: How about paying me some of that money back now? How about it, Fuddle?

FUDDLE: Let's take up item sixteen. Have you lost any property arising from fire, storm, shipwreck or theft?

DAGWOOD: When you borrow money from me it's ^{Urr...} practically the same thing as theft. You almost never pay me back, Fuddle.

FUDDLE: (PAUSE) How about shipwreck?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

FUDDLE: I guess you haven't been in any shipwrecks lately, have you?

DAGWOOD: No...now listen, Fuddle, I was just saying -- hey, what was I saying? I've forgotten. You threw me off the track.

FUDDLE: It probably wasn't anything important...Now I've got a great idea. Why don't we incorporate your car and run it at a loss -- then take the loss off your income tax.

DAGWOOD: ~~Is that honest?~~

FUDDLE: ~~Some of the best people in the country have done the same thing, only with yachts.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~How did it work?~~

FUDDLE: ~~Wonderful. You know, you just can't run a yacht without taking a terrific beating.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~But how did you hear about it?~~

FUDDLE: ~~Oh, I read about it in the paper. The government was slapping the people who did it in jail. It's a great stunt.~~

DAGWOOD: Look, Fuddle -- I don't want to evade the tax, I just want to avoid it.

FUDDLE: Dag, old boy, remember -- you can't avoid death or taxes And there's only one difference -- death doesn't make you mad after it's all over. (LAUGHS) Pretty good, huh?

DAGWOOD: Say!

FUDDLE: What?

DAGWOOD: You don't suppose there's any way I could put Mr. Dither down as a dependent, do you?

FUDDLE: Well, that's worth thinking about -- but it would be sort of hard to explain to the tax inspector, if he comes around.

DAGWOOD: I guess it would be even harder to explain to Mr. Dithers. *Yeah, better dig the whole thing.* I wonder what Blondie is doing now?

FUDDLE: I don't know. Let's go back to some deductions.

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

(COME UP ON RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: I still say this isn't much different than adding up a grocery bill.

BABY: Gee, Mommy, Daddy would be awful peeved if he knew you were working on his income tax.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear, but I'm sure he's made a ~~little~~ mistake somewhere.

BABY: Just a little ^{mistake} ~~one~~, huh?

BLONDIE: ^{surely} ~~Yes, just~~ a few thousand dollars... Now let me see -- these don't look much like Dagwood's figures, but I guess he was just in a hurry. Eight and four are twelve and nine is twenty-one and five is twenty-six -- (ADDING HALF ALOUD FOR A SECOND OR SO)... Well, that's right, ~~too~~ ^{too}.

BABY: ^{Mommy} Can I help?

BLONDIE: ^{Yes} ~~Well~~, you can bring Daddy's books over to me. The books with all the figures in them.

BABY: Okay, Mommy... What're you going to do?

BLONDIE: Well, I want to look them over and see if there's ~~anything~~ anything wrong. Then I'm going to make out sort of an income tax myself and see how much I figure we owe the government.

BABY: Are these the books, Mommy?

(BOOKS ON THE TABLE)

BLONDIE: Yes, that's right. These are Daddy's account books.

BABY: Does Daddy get all upset every year with the income tax?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes ^{like a hawk!} -- nearly everyone does.

BABY: But it's worth it, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, Baby -- it certainly is. A lot of people complain at the time, but when they stop to think what a bargain they're getting for their money -- that they're living in a country where they can laugh and joke and talk and think and go where they please whenever they want to -- well, then they're very happy about it.

~~BABY: I guess it's not so nice in other countries, is it?~~

~~BLONDIE: No, dear, I'm afraid it isn't. I hope someday it'll all get straightened out...HMMMMM -- I thought so...~~

BABY: What, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Well, you won't say a word about this to your Daddy, will you?

BABY: I won't say anything. Is it a secret?

BLONDIE: In a way it is...The income tax doesn't look like it's as hard as all the men say it is. As a matter of fact, I think I can do it myself.

BABY: Gosh, that's pretty good.

BLONDIE: We'll see how it turns out. Now the first thing is the gross income...

MUSIC:

FUDDLE: (COME UP) Well, let's see if we can work it this way...
Now suppose you give me fifty cents.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- here's half a dollar. *big one for?*
(RATTLE OF FIFTY CENT PIECE ON TABLE)

FUDDLE: If this works out with small change, maybe we can do it
with dollars on the income tax...Now I've got your fifty
cents, but I only give you back a dime. Here.

(RATTLE OF DIME)

DAGWOOD: All right. Now what?

FUDDLE: Well, let's see -- is that a bad debt or is it what
they call losses in transactions between certain persons

DAGWOOD: I don't know -- what would you say?

FUDDLE: Gee, Dag, I don't know, either...Let's try something
else. You get a deduction for money given to charity.

DAGWOOD: Well, I gave something to the Community Chest when they
had their drive, but I've already taken that off.

Fuddle
FUDDLE: Well, let's suppose I'm a bum.

DAGWOOD: Sure -- why not.

FUDDLE: You don't have to smile like that, Dag -- I know what
you're thinking.

DAGWOOD: Go ahead, Fuddle.

FUDDLE: All right, -- I ask you for a dime for a cup of coffee.
...Now give me the dime.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- here's the dime.

(RATTLE OF COIN)

FUDDLE: Thanks, Buddy -- you're a real pal...Now, that's
charity, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- but it doesn't come under any of the contributions listed here... You're not the United States Government, a domestic corporation, an American Legion Post, or an organization for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals.

FUDDLE: Dagwood, I'm about ready to give this up. I can't think of any more ways to get deductions.

~~DAGWOOD: Even if you did think up a way, I don't think it would be very fair to the government.~~

~~FUDDLE: Well, that's that. I'm sorry I couldn't help you.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, thanks just the same.

FUDDLE: I guess I'd better be going back home now. I've got my own income tax to worry about.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Hey -- wait a minute! What about that fifty cents?

FUDDLE: What fifty cents?

DAGWOOD: The forty cents I gave you when we were trying out deductions for bad debts, and the dime I gave you for a cup of coffee.

FUDDLE: Oh, that fifty cents.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and don't forget the rest of the money you owe me from last week and last month.

FUDDLE: Dag, old boy, you called me over here because you were in distress, didn't you? You asked me to help you -- right?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but how about the --

FUDDLE: Did I hesitate one moment? Didn't I drop everything and come running over to your rescue? Wasn't I willing to do everything in my power to be of assistance?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, Fuddle, but what about the money?

FUDDLE: What's money, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: That seems like a silly question.

FUDDLE: No -- what's money compared to a friend who's ready to come to your assistance? Nothing? Is money better than a warm hand-clasp? No!

DAGWOOD: But just the same it pays the rent and buys food and --

FUDDLE: We're friends, Dagwood. You and I have been through a lot of good times together, and we shouldn't let a sordid thing like a few ~~dollars~~ ^{dollars} spoil our friendship, should we? (PAUSE) Should we? (PAUSE) Well, should we?

DAGWOOD: I'm thinking it over. I'm going to need all the money I can get to pay this income tax. It's awful. And you haven't helped me at all.

FUDDLE: I did my best.

~~DAGWOOD: But now I'm confused. Every year before when I did my income tax I just looked at the big print, and now I'm reading all the small type and wondering what to do about it all.~~

FUDDLE: Dag, my advice to you is to start out all over again on this...Well, let me know how you come out. Good night.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Good night, Fuddle.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents! How can that much money have anything to do with Dagwood Bumstead? I'm not that important... or am I?

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood -- has Mr. Fuddle left?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he's left, Blondie, and I'm still holding the bag.

BLONDIE: He didn't find any deductions at all?

DAGWOOD: Not even a little one. I don't know why he even came over -- he must have just been lonely. Oh, Blondie -- what are we going to do?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, please let me try to work out the income tax, won't you?

DAGWOOD: It won't do any good.

BLONDIE: I could take your figures and see what I get. You're just tired and worried.

DAGWOOD: Aren't you worried?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear, of course. But let me try.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- go ahead. And if you get any kind of a tax less than (TAKES BREATH) three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents, stop right there! ~~I don't know how this could happen to us!~~

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood, ~~frankly I don't know either, but~~ maybe Blondie will find a way out. In just a moment we'll know. First, let's shift the scene to another home on Shady Lane Avenue. A mother is writing her son. Listen!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about a half-hour later. Dagwood is lying on the couch in the living room, exhausted from his battle with the income tax blank. Blondie and Baby Dumpling are in the kitchen where Blondie has Dagwood's figures spread out on the table as she looks them over...

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Well, for heaven's sake -- that doesn't seem right.

BABY: What's the matter, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Oh, these figures just seem to be muddled up pretty badly.

BABY: ~~Where?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, right here... See?~~

BABY: (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: That's a very good-looking number four there, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes. Come to think about it, it doesn't look much like the fours your Daddy makes.

BABY: No, it doesn't.

BLONDIE: Hmmmm. Baby, ~~did you say you'd been looking at Daddy's work on these papers before dinner.~~

BABY: ~~Yes, Mommy.~~

BLONDIE: ~~And it seems to me that~~ you said you could write very good big numbers, didn't you?

BABY: ~~I can, Mommy. Do you want me to show you?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Maybe...~~ Did you happen to have a pencil in your hand while you were looking over Daddy's figures?

BABY: I think so. I just sort of picked one up.

BLONDIE: ~~Here. Take this pencil and make a four for me -- right on this paper.~~

BABY: ~~Gee, I'll bet I'm getting into trouble.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Make a four right here now.~~

BABY: ~~Okay... There.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Aha!~~ So you're the one who wrote all these nice numbers on Daddy's figures.

BABY: I just made a few numbers, Mommy, and I only put them at the front of the other numbers.

BLONDIE: Well, there's quite a difference between three hundred and twenty-five dollars and four thousand three hundred and twenty-five dollars.

BABY: I guess I'll go and sit in my punishment chair.

BLONDIE: No, you'd better go right upstairs to bed. It's bedtime now...And I've got a lot of work to do here. Good night, dear.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR OPENING...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Hunh?

BLONDIE: I want to ask you a few questions.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) I thought you'd be in sooner or later. That income tax is pretty tough to understand.

BLONDIE: Some of these figures you had down there are harder to understand than that. ~~How much do you think you made last year?~~

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute. ~~Before I answer any questions~~ did you ^{Make} figure out what my tax should be from those figures I gave you?

BLONDIE: Yes, I did, dear. You made a few mistakes in it.

DAGWOOD: That's good. I hoped maybe I had. How much did you figure out the tax was?

BLONDIE: Well, according to the figures you worked from, we owe the government ten thousand, seven hundred and --

DAGWOOD: Blondie! Don't say anymore! Don't!

BLONDIE: What is it?

DAGWOOD: (WHISPER) Sh-h-h-h! Someone might hear you. My goodness -- ten thousand seven hundred -- oh my gosh!

BLONDIE: But the figures you worked on were all wrong.

DAGWOOD: They were?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear...Since when have you been making more than twenty-five thousand a year?

DAGWOOD: Well, I ~~know that seems like a lot but when you divide it up into weeks it doesn't seem like~~ -- how much a year?

BLONDIE: Look right here, Dagwood -- that's the figure you've been working from.

DAGWOOD: But I don't make a half that much -- I don't make a quarter that much -- I don't make -- holy smoke, how did that get there?

BLONDIE: Now we've got two shares of stock in the J. C. Dithers Company this year at twenty-five dollars a share. But look at this: it says one thousand two hundred and thirty-two shares.

DAGWOOD: I've been sabotaged! No wonder everything was wrong! How did this happen? Who did this?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- (LAUGHS) -- I'm afraid Baby Dumpling tried to help you out a little bit.

DAGWOOD: Baby Dumpling!!

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h! He's gone to sleep now...He was just trying to help you and I guess he added a few numbers right where they'd do the most damage.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! What a relief!...Gee, I'm shaking all over. Whoooo!...How much do we really owe the government?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Look -- just a little over forty dollars.

DAGWOOD: Forty dollars? ~~Gee, that's quite a bit, isn't it?~~

BLONDIE: *How is your bill? That's an outrage. I won't pay it.*
Dagwood, it's nothing like three thousand, four hundred
and thirty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents, is it?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but -- I guess you're right, honey. It's practically
nothing! Why it'll be a real pleasure to pay that tax,
this year.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: WELL, DAGWOOD, MAKING OUT YOUR INCOME TAX WASN'T SO PAINFUL
M AFTER ALL...WITH BLONDIES HELP...AND FOLKS, YOU'LL GET A
CHUCKLE OUT OF DAGWOOD'S BUSINESS DIFFICULTIES NEXT WEEK
AT THIS SAME TIME WHEN, "BLONDIE APPLYS PSYCHOLOGY."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

SOUND: (SCRATCHING OF PEN IN TIME WITH "WRITING")

WOMAN: (READ SLOWLY AND QUIETLY...USE FILTER IF IT INCREASES EFFECT)
March tenth, nineteen hundred and forty-one. My darling son,
just a little note to let you know how much I miss you. It's
so quiet around the house these days with you away in the
Army. I don't see so much of your dad now, either. He's
working extra hours on the plant's big defense order. The
papers say that you've been having a lot of cold weather at
camp. Be sure you dress warmly. And if you need an extra
sweater, don't hesitate to ask your General for one. ..
Aunt Sarah is as spry as ever and sends you her love. Write
soon. Your loving mother. (PAUSE) P.S. I am sending you
another carton of Camels. I hope that they will help to
brighten your spare moments.

GOODWIN: They certainly will, mother. For Army men from coast to
coast prefer Camels. Records show that in Army Post
Exchanges Camels are the favorite...and in Navy Canteens,
too. Camel is the leader. And it's easy to see why. For
Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, and Camel's
slower way of burning give you the smoking extras. The smoke
of slower-burning Camels gives you extra flavor, extra
mildness, extra coolness, and less nicotine in the smoke.

"BLONDIE"
3/10/41

-22-A-

MAN: (AUTHORITATIVE) Twenty-eight per cent 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 the smoke's the thing! So, friends, give Camels a try. You'll enjoy Camel's pleasure extras. And you'll find that slow...slow-burning Camels also give you extra smoking. Yes, and there's even more economy in Camels by the carton... greater convenience, too. So get your Camels by the carton.