

"BLONDIE"
PROGRAM NUMBER FIVE

MASTER

MONDAY, JULY 31, 1939

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

Smart: Yes, this the program. Relax. Listen to Blondie!
DAF: (CALLS) ~~Blondie... Blondie!~~ Blondie!

BLONDIE: Yoo -- hoooo.

VOICES: (WHISPERING) ~~It's Blondie... Blondie... Blondie... etc.~~

ORCHESTRA: (IN FULL WITH THEME...FOUR BARS THEN UNDER:)

GOODWIN: In a moment we're going to pay our weekly call on Blondie -- Dagwood -- and Baby Dumpling. But first:

Here are two important scientific facts about Camel Cigarettes. Fact one: ~~Recent~~ ^{Recent} impartial laboratory tests ^{show} Camels ~~were found to~~ contain more tobacco by weight than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested. Fact two: Camels burned slower than any other brand tested -- twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands. Slower-burning means extra smoking. In fact, Camel's twenty-five per cent slower burning -- compared to the average of the fifteen other brands tested -- means that Camels give a smoking plus equal to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Yes, Camels last longer...smoke cooler, milder, naturally. And it's mighty nice to get that extra smoking when you get with it the superb aroma and delicate taste that only Camel's matchless blend of long-burning, costlier tobaccos can

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN: give to a smoker. Yes, Camels are a luxury smoke -- but
(Cont'd) only in the supreme pleasure they give -- not in cost.
Penny for penny, Camels are your shrewdest cigarette buy.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS UP FOR "CURTAIN")

SOUND: CLOCK TICKING

GOODWIN: The clock on the wall of the Bumstead kitchen says -- er
-- seven twenty-nine in the morning. We find Dagwood
standing with knitted brows before that new refrigerator
they've just bought. The floor around him is dotted with
pans -- and every pan is full of melting ice cubes.
Baby Dumpling enters...

BABY: Daddy!

DAG: (MUTTERING) Sixty an hour, eh?

BABY: Daddy -- what are you up so early for?

DAG: What? Oh -- hello, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: Good morning, Daddy. What are you doing?

DAG: I'm testing the new refrigerator. See -- the people that
sold it to us said it would make sixty ice cubes an hour --
and I'm finding out if it's true.

BABY: Did you make all this ice that's on the floor, Daddy?

DAG: Uh-uh. I started my first batch about three thirty this
morning. Want an ice cube, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: Not before breakfast.

DAG: Oh...yeah...say, it's about time for breakfast, isn't it?

BABY: Not yet, Daddy.

DAG: Oh, yes, it is, Baby. See? Seven thirty!

BABY: It isn't seven thirty, Daddy.

DAG: Oh, yes -- look at the clock. Oh, I forgot! You can't tell time yet.

BABY: No. But it isn't seven thirty.

DAG: Yes, Baby -- see -- I'll show you how to tell what the clock says -- a boy your age ought to know how to tell time.

BABY: Why, Daddy?

DAG: Oh, because -- Well -- where would you be if you grew up without knowing what time it was? Why you'd be late for the movies -- and for meals! Why you might be late for EVERYTHING.

BABY: Like YOU are, Daddy?

DAG: Sure just like I -- (TAKE) What? Er -- never mind! Now listen, Baby Dumpling, look at the clock! See those things that move? Those are called the hands.

BABY: Why, Daddy?

DAG: Why because -- because...well, that's the name of them! The short hand is the hour hand -- and the long hand is the minute hand -- so whatever they point to is an hour or a minute according to which it is...See?

BABY: No, Daddy.

DAG: Well -- look. The hour hand points at an hour and the other one goes around pointing out minutes so if it's coming down from twelve to six while the other hand's at seven why it's past the hour but on the other hand if it's going up it's TO.

BABY: Two o'clock?

DAG: No, no, Baby. To whatever the other one SAYS it's to! Now look -- I'll make it very simple. Say for instance both hands are together and not going up OR coming down why that's always twelve o'clock...except when it's half past six -- see?

BABY: No, Daddy.

DAG: Well -- Look let's take an easy example. Now right this minute the minute hand's at six but the hour hand's at seven -- so now what time is it?

BABY: Six minutes past seven.

DAG: No, Baby! NO! It's seven thirty.

BABY: No, it isn't, Daddy.

DAG: It IS! Why say it ISN'T seven thirty when the clock says it IS?

BABY: Because Mama fixed that clock last night!

DAG: That doesn't make any...er WHAT? You mean she set it wrong?

BABY: She wanted to get you up earlier -- so she made the clock look LATER;

DAG: Oh, no, that was the other day she did that. She set it fifteen minutes FAST that time. But --

BABY: She did it again last night.

DAG: Oh, she DID? Well, I'll show you what to do when a clock's fast. See -- just take the hands and set them BACK fifteen minutes. See -- from HERE to HERE. Get it?

BABY: Okay, Daddy.

DAG: Don't tell Mama I fixed it -- we'll fool her. (KNOCK ON SCREEN DOOR) Now who's that knocking?...Oh, it's Mr. Fuddle...

BABY: Tell him to scram.

DAG: Sssh, Baby -- we must be polite to him now.

BABY: Do I have to laugh at his jokes, too?

DAG: No -- he'll take care of that himself. (KNOCK LOUDER) I'm coming -- I'm coming. (DOOR OPENS AWAY) Well, good morning -- how are you, Fuddle?

MRS. FUDDLE: (AWAY) Hungry. Mrs. Fuddle is away -- and I tell YOU I'm the kind of man who misses his missus. (LAUGHS) Get it, play on words...misses...

DAG: Yeah -- yeah, I get it...Come in.

FUDDLE: So I wakes up this 'bright A.M. and find the cupboard is bare -- and I'm hungry as a bear and I can't BEAR it -- (LAUGHS) See? I'm...

DAG: Yeah -- sure, Well...

FUDDLE: So I says to myself -- now if I had some ham I could have ham and eggs if I had some eggs -- (ROARS WITH LAUGHTER) Er...I wonder if I could borrow a little of this-a and that-a?

DAG: You mean you really want to borrow some HAM?

FUDDLE: AND eggs.

DAG: Oh...well, I'll look in the refrigerator for some ham... er...notice our new refrigerator, Fuddle?

FUDDLE: Yes, yes, I see. Nice little thing, I suppose -- but it leaves me COLD. (LAUGHS)

DAG: This is the largest size. Lookit the inside!

FUDDLE: Ah, good morning, Baby Dumpling!

BABY: Hello. Say, can you tell time?

FUDDLE: Oh, yes. Yes -- fluently. (LAUGHS)

DAG: Now -- look at the space in this refrigerator.

BABY: What time is it then?

FUDDLE: Why seven thirty-five..er -- say that clock's fast.

DAG: No -- I set it right just now.

FUDDLE: It's still a few minutes fast...

BABY: I'll fix it...I know what to do...

DAG: Quiet, Baby...look, Fuddle...see this ice cube business here...

BABY: (GOING) When it's fast you set it back -- I'll do it.

DAG: (NOT HEARING BABY) This thing makes sixty cubes an hour..

FUDDLE: Hmmm. I see you have plenty of ham there! AND an extra quart of milk. That'll be handy.

DAG: Sure. Er -- help yourself.

FUDDLE: Let's see, ham...milk...oh, yes. The eggs! Er -- I don't see the eggs.

BABY: I fixed the clock, Daddy.

DAG: (NOT GETTING IT) Listen, Baby -- run up and ask Mama where she keeps the eggs.

BABY: Okay, Daddy. (GOING) Don't show HIM where the corn flakes are.

FUDDLE: (LAUGHS) Bright little tike. Er -- what's that light burning in the refrigerator for -- a LIGHT LUNCH?
(LAUGHS)

DAG: That's a special feature. See -- when the door's open you can SEE to find what you want.

FUDDLE: Must be expensive, though...burning a light all the time.
DAG: Oh, it goes off when the door shuts...I THINK.
FUDDLE: Why do you think so?
DAG: Well -- it stands to reason...
FUDDLE: Is it ALWAYS on when the door is open?
DAG: Why sure...that's the IDEA.
FUDDLE: Then how can you tell if it ever goes OFF?
DAG: Well -- I'll look right now. See -- I'll close it now but I'll keep looking...(CLICK) Nope I can't see. My nose gets in the way at the last minute.
FUDDLE: Well, I tell you. You get your eye close to the crack, see? Then I'll close the door! Real fast. Maybe that way you can see.
DAG: Yeh, sure that's a good idea. Er -- be careful now. Okay -- go ahead. (DOOR SLAMS) Gosh!
FUDDLE: Did you catch it going out?
DAG: No. The breeze from the door kind of blew my eyes shut.
FUDDLE: Well, I'll try closing it slowly this time. Get your eye down there again.
DAG: Go ahead...Take it easy now...whoa...slower...I think I'm going to get it this time...I...WAIT! WAIT, my NOSE is in there again! Phew! Now...go ahead! (A CLICK)
DOGGONE IT! I missed it again!
FUDDLE: I've got it, Bumstead. We'll OPEN the door real slow! Then we can tell if the light is burning when we OPEN the door.
DAG: Why sure!

FUDDLE: (VOICE TENSE) Now I tell you. You put one eye right against that crack there and I'll just ease -- the latch open and then give it a quick jerk.

DAG: Wait now. I don't think this calls for a jerk. The technique for this is more the CREEP.

FUDDLE: Well, all right, we'll try it. Now ready -- get set...

DAG: Now don't get rattled, Fuddle. Just kind of OOZE it open...

FUDDLE: (PRACTICALLY WHISPERING) I -- I'm lifting the handle now...It's almost unlatched. Don't WINK now...it's going to open...

DAG: (TENSE WHISPER) Easy -- easy...

BABY: (CLOSE AND LOUD) DADDY! (A CRACK IS HEARD)

DAG: Oooh. My eye! Baby Dumpling! What's the idea of sneaking in and shouting like that?

BABY: Well, Mama said to ask you what you wanted eggs for?

DAG: Eggs...Eggs! I DON'T want eggs!

FUDDLE: Oh, yes, Bumstead! She means MY eggs...er, the ones you are loaning me.

DAG: Oh! Well, then -- tell Mama that...

BABY: She'll be down in a minute, Daddy.

FUDDLE: Oh, she will? Well? Er -- I -- think I'll just run along. (GOING) Er -- when you find the eggs send them over...

BLONDIE: (FAR OFF) Dagwood. Daaagwood?

DAG: Gosh, here she comes! I'd better clean up this floor where the ice melted.

BABY: This 'frigerator door is still open, Daddy.

DAG: Close it!...Ooh...(GOING) If I can get this pan to the sink.

BABY: It's like a cave in this 'frigerator, Daddy.

DAG: Quiet...or I'll spill this ice water.

BABY: (VOICE INSIDE REFRIGERATOR) Look, Daddy...look where I am.

BLONDIE: (ENTERING) Dagwood Bumstead!...What in the world are you doing?

DAG: Well, I, er...you see...

BLONDIE: And leaving the refrigerator door open like that -- (DOOR SLAMS) NOW what have you been up to? OOOH. Look at this floor...all wet and -- what are all the pans of water for?

DAG: I made a lot of ice -- and of course I took it out fast as I made it.

BLONDIE: Took it OUT -- why?

DAG: Why -- you have to! How can it make sixty cubes an hour if you don't make ROOM for them?

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. Can't we STOP it making that many? We'll never use them.

DAG: Well, it's slowing down now...the last batch took an hour and a half.

BLONDIE: No wonder if you left the door open like it was when I came in. Er -- where's Baby Dumpling, Dagwood?

DAG: Why -- I don't know. He was here after Mr. Fuddle left.

BLONDIE: Fuddle? Was he over here? What for?

DAG: Oh, his wife's away and he wanted to borrow some ham and eggs -- and milk for breakfast...that's all...

BLONDIE: Oh, he did? Maybe he'd like me to run him up some hot biscuits, too.

DAG: He didn't say. I think just buttered toast would be all right.

BLONDIE: He could send the dishes back for us to wash, too. Now WHERE did Baby Dumpling go? Why he hasn't even had his breakfast.

DAG: Neither have I -- and I've got a big conference on today with Mr. Dithers! I can't be late today.

BLONDIE: You won't be! It's only seven thirty.

DAG: Oh, well, that's all right then, I...(TAKE) HEY! Seven thirty! Why it was seven thirty a long while ago.

BLONDIE: Well, that's what the clock says -- and it's right because I set it last night.

DAG: Yeah -- you set it fast...but I found out and set it RIGHT this morning.

BLONDIE: Oh, no, Dagwood. I did set it fast but then I decided not to leave it that way...so I set it back again.

DAG: YOU set it back, TOO? Why then it's...wait a minute --

BLONDIE: Fifteen minutes slow...(KNOCKING IN REFRIGERATOR)

DAG: Wait. If we both set it back fifteen minutes each...
(KNOCKING AGAIN)...and it was fast to start with...I...
SAY where's that noise coming from?

BLONDIE: I don't know, dear -- but I'd better hurry with your
breakfast if you have a big conference today.

DAG: (KNOCKING) Say that noise is in the refrigerator!
Something's wrong with the works!

BLONDIE: Now don't start tinkering, Dagwood. (KNOCKING AGAIN)

DAG: I've got to see what that is. I'll just peek inside
and -- (CLICK) BABY!

BABY: (IN BOX) Mama!

BLONDIE: Baby Dumpling! What on earth...

BABY: Mama -- I'm cold!...

DAG: How did you get in that refrigerator? Here...I'll get
you out!..

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead! Our Baby might have frozen in there...

DAG: I didn't put him in there!

BABY: (OUT NOW) You left the door open...

BLONDIE: You SEE?

BABY: And then Mama came and shut it...

DAG: See? It was YOU, Blondie...

BLONDIE: But you should have seen him GETTING IN, Dagwood. WHY
did you go in there, Baby?

BABY: Daddy wanted to know if the light burned all the time.
I went in to see.

DAG: (PROUDLY) That boy will be an EXPLORER some day. SAY --
DOES the light burn with the door shut, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: I -- I forget. I was so scared.

DAG: Oh, gosh! You should have noticed that, Baby...Now THINK,

BLONDIE: My goodness...our own child. As cold as a side of beef
and you expect him to keep a DIARY or something in there.
(BABY TALK) Mama's own baby. Mama will get you warm,
dear...

DAG: Well -- I can't help wondering about that light.

BLONDIE: No telling how LONG he's been in that cold. WHEN did
you get in, Baby?

BABY: Right after I put the clock back.

DAG: Well, lesse that would have been...(TAKE) WHAT? Why
YOU didn't put back the clock, Baby! I did.

BABY: Mr. Fuddle said it was still fast...so I ~~did like you~~
showed me...

DAG: What?

BLONDIE: What do you mean, Baby?

BABY: Daddy said when a clock was fast you put it back from
there to there. So I did Just like he did!

DAG: Good grief...that's another fifteen minutes! I'm half
an hour late! (POSTMAN'S WHISTLE DISTANT) Hey, what's
that?

BLONDIE: The mailman! Why Mr. Crum must be late, too.

DAG: Yeah, but he hasn't got a big conference this morning.
Hey, where's my hat?

BLONDIE: I'll get the new car out, Dagwood. I'll drive you to the bus!

DAG: My hat. My hat...where is it? (POSTMAN'S WHISTLE SLIGHTLY NEARER)

BLONDIE: (GOING) You'll have to look for it, dear...(SCREEN DOOR SLAMS)

DAG: Have YOU seen my hat, Baby?

BABY: Daisy took it.

DAG: Daisy? Well, where IS Daisy?

BABY: In here, Daddy...

DAG: The closet? Well -- (OPENS DOOR) (DAISY BARKS)
Hey, Daisy! TAKE OFF MY HAT! Who tied this on you?
(DAISY WHINES) Baby Dumpling, this is your work!
Now you go sit in your chair in the corner till Mama comes back...(AUTO HORN)

BLONDIE: (FROM WAY OFF) Here's the car, Dagwood -- back of the house.

DAG: I'm coming! I'm coming! (DAISY BARKS) Look OUT, Daisy
...(RUNNING FEET...SCREEN DOOR OPENS...SLAMS...POSTMAN'S WHISTLE STARTS TO BLOW...STOPS SHARP AND AT THE SAME TIME WE HEAR THE THUD)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! (COMING IN) Oh, dear, you've done it again.
You've knocked the postman out! Oh, poor Mr. Crum!

DAG: Well -- I -- gosh!

BLONDIE: Open your eyes, Mr. Crum. Are you all right?

CRUM: (FAINTLY) I -- I guess so. I'm getting hardened to this.

BLONDIE: It just seems like fate.

DAG: Yeah -- I'm sorry but...what made you so late today, Mr. Crum?

CRUM: I decided to come down the street from the OTHER END. I thought it would take longer -- and I'd miss you. It didn't work.

BLONDIE: No -- Dagwood was late, too.

CRUM: I shouldn't have come in the back way, either.

BLONDIE: Not THIS morning! Why did you?

CRUM: Because he's always gone out the FRONT.

DAG: Today I'm going in the new car. Say I'm sorry but I'm awful late and...Oh, wait -- I've got to go back in the house!

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Why?

DAG: Baby Dumpling -- I -- I punished him -- and -- I couldn't work today if I left him when I was cross. (GOING)
I'll go back and kiss him goodbye!

CRUM: Go ahead...I'll pick up the mail. (GROANS)
Oh, I think I'll give up this job.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Crum -- give up mail carrying?

CRUM: There's no future in it anyway! I could never own a postoffice!

(MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

(DOWN UNDER CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" -15-
7./31/39 (REVISED)

ANNOUNCER: Recent impartial laboratory tests show that by burning twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested -- slower than any of them -- Camels give a smoking plus equal to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

Next time you buy cigarettes, consider what that extra smoking can mean in the day-by-day cost of your smoking (or the amount of smoking you get for your money).

Smokers who live in communities where certain state cigarette taxes are in effect can save the cost of the tax -- and in some instances, more -- through smoking Camels. If you live in a community where there are no added taxes on cigarettes, the savings are all yours. Not to mention the extra pleasure you'll get in Camels... the cooler, milder smoking and the unequalled fragrance and delicate taste of Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos. Camels are the quality cigarette every smoker can afford. Penny for penny Camels are your best cigarette buy!

GOODWIN: And now let's see what became of Blondie and Dagwood --
~~after~~ we left them just as they were setting out in
their new car to drive to the bus line....(TRAFFIC
SOUNDS IN FAINT...ENGINE RUNNING) (MUSIC IN FAINT
UNDER) Here comes the car now...with Dagwood at the
wheel...(MUSIC FADES OUT) (ENGINE NOISE CONTINUES
UNDER)

DAG: A fine thing....I was late enough when we started out,
but that cop held us up another fifteen minutes, I bet...
What does that ticket say?

BLONDIE: That you have to be in traffic court at two o'clock.
For violation of statute -- something or other -- I
can't read that part.

DAG: All I did was to blow my horn.

BLONDIE: But it was in a quiet zone, the policeman said.

DAG: I heard him! He said that over and over. A fine thing.
I come over on this street to get away from cops and
that guy is over here. Say, you know what I should
have said to him.

BLONDIE: You did exactly right, dear -- you didn't say ANYTHING.

DAG: Well -- it's a fine thing I must say...late to the
office when I've got that big conference on with
Dithers and THIS has to happen...I don't know what
Dithers will think when I tell him I have to leave again
to be in court at two o'clock!

BLONDIE: Now you mustn't worry about it, Dagwood. I guess about everybody gets a ticket sometimes.

DAG: Bus drivers don't get tickets. They take up the whole street and I never see THEM getting a ticket. SAY we should have caught up with a bus by this time. I can't see it ahead, though....

BLONDIE: Careful, Dagwood. You just missed an open ditch. There was a big sign, too, that said "MEN WORKING."

DAG: That's just propaganda.

BLONDIE: Look, there's the bus ahead. Just leaving that corner way down there.

DAG: Where? Where? (HORN) (MOTOR SPEEDS UP) Now, aw, what's the matter with these people in front...they're holding me up...

BLONDIE: We're going plenty fast enough, Dagwood.

DAG: Say! See that man on the sidewalk. Gus Pepper. Say, he's in good at City Hall, and...(CALLS) HI, GUS. Gus! Yoo-hoo GUUUUS! (SCREECH OF TIRES) Aw, he didn't see me.

BLONDIE: I don't think you ought to wave to people like that, Dagwood, when you're going so fast. The car...

DAG: I just thought he might fix that ticket for me...

BLONDIE: Please don't worry so about the ticket, Dagwood. Just drive the car.

DAG: Well -- I don't know. I read in the paper that one man was fined twenty-five dollars the other day. I wonder if MY name will be in the paper. Gosh, I couldn't afford that.

BLONDIE: Oh, I bet the judge will see that you're all right and let you off,

DAG: I wish I'd worn my best suit. Let ~~me~~ ^{that judge} know I WAS somebody.

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Please don't straighten your tie in the rear-view mirror. My goodness, the car went wobbling around then....

DAG: Now don't be a back seat driver, Blondie. I'm entitled to half the street.

BLONDIE: Well, I wish you'd make up your mind WHICH half you're going to use.

DAG: Hey! There's the bus ahead. I'll catch it this time, I bet...

BLONDIE: Look, the bus is stopping on the far side of that street.

DAG: Now, I'll get it...(SOUND OF POLICE WHISTLE)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood he SAW you. (SOUND OF BRAKES AND CAR STALLS)

DAG: Now look, I've stalled the car right in the middle of this intersection!

COP: (AWAY) Hey you -- pull over there! Over to the curb.

DAG: Oh gosh! (STARTER SOUNDS) Say, this thing won't start.
(AUTO HORN BEGINS) Who do they think they're tooting at!
I'm TRYING to start it! (STARTER AGAIN)

BLONDIE: Now keep cool, dear. (STARTER WHIRS AGAIN)

DAG: It just won't start.

COP: (COMING IN) Hey, what's the idea of holding up
traffic here? I said, pull over.

DAG: (WHIRS STARTER) It won't start... (SUDDENLY THE ENGINE
CATCHES AND RUNS) Oh!

COP: It's started now. Pull over.

DAG: Well I...Oh...all right... (ENGINE RACES)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, he's awful mad.

DAG: So am I!

BLONDIE: Now hold your temper, dear. Don't say anything you'll
regret.

DAG: Well I... (BRAKES ON ENGINE OUT) I...I guess the best
thing is to be dignified. I'll miss that bus sure now.

BLONDIE: It's still there.

COP: (COMING IN AGAIN) Well, Bud, what's the hurry?

BLONDIE: I'm GLAD you asked that, Officer. You see my husband...
IS in an awful hurry. He has a big business meeting at
his office. He's just got to catch that bus. So I'm
sure you'll understand...

COP: What's the matter? Can't HE talk?

DAG: I would have said the same thing.

COP: Got to catch a bus, eh? Well that bus waits at this
corner ten minutes.

DAG: Oh.

BLONDIE: Oh.

COP: So we'll have time for quite a chat. Got a driver's license?

DAG: Certainly. Of course...I have it right...er...it was in my...er...oh, GOSH.

COP: No license?

DAG: Well -- er -- it's at home -- honest!

COP: At home, eh? What's your name?

DAG: Dagwood Bumstead.

COP: Now listen. Don't try to JOKE your way out of this.

BLONDIE: That IS his name.

COP: Okay. Now, I don't suppose you happened to notice them lights up there, did you? See -- one is red and one is green...see them?

DAG: I -- yes -- sure.

COP: Well, them ain't Christmas decorations, Buddy. That red one means STOP. And it NEVER gets no redder than it was when you went by it.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, that's CUTE.

DAG: Sssh. Blondie! Quiet!

BLONDIE: What's YOUR name, Officer?

COP: It'll be at the bottom of this ticket!

BLONDIE: Another ticket? Oh, thanks a lot, but we've GOT one.

COP: Oh, you have.

DAG: Yeah. Yeah -- but it wasn't for anything much.

COP: Too bad to go over to court for nothing. THIS one will make it worthwhile.

DAG: Say -- make it for two o'clock if you can. I've got to be there at two, anyway. (SOUND OF BUS ENGINE AWAY)
Oooh. Look -- the bus is going to start! Say, I've GOT to catch that.

COP: Go ahead. Only just don't diappoint Judge Axelbeam at two o'clock or it will be too bad.

DAG: Oh, I'll be back for that.

COP: Yeah, I would. The Judge is sensitive that way. You'll like him, though. He's got a wonderful personality.

BLONDIE: I'll take the ticket, Officer. Run for the bus, Dagwood..

DAG: Yeah, I better. Well, er, goodbye...I'm pleased to meet you...or...well...

BLONDIE: Hurry, Dagwood...(BUS ENGINE RACES)

DAG: (AWAY) Hey...BUS! Er -- wait...Hey...Hey...hey, there...
(MUSIC IN..UP FOR INTERLUDE) (TRAFFIC SOUNDS LIGHT BACKGROUND...THEN SOUND OF STARTER AND HORNS)

BLONDIE: Officer! Mr. O'Brien. Yoo-Hoo! (SOUND OF COP'S WHISTLE)

COP: (COMING IN) NOW WHAT'S the idea of blocking traffic...Oh, it's you again.

BLONDIE: Oh, my. I'm SO sorry. The engine won't start again.

COP: Say, lady, when I left you at the curb you was headed the other way. How did you get back here? (HORN)
Okay. Okay. Can't you drive around us?

BLONDIE: Oh, I just went down there and turned around.

COP: In the middle of the block? That's another violation!

BLONDIE: Oh my. I'm sorry.

COP: So am I. Where's that ticket I gave you?

BLONDIE: It's here in my bag, somewhere. Are you going to take it back? Thanks. That's SWEET of you.

COP: I'm going to write on it some more. (WHISTLE) Hey, you pull over there.

BLONDIE: I don't blame you a bit!

COP: WHAT?

BLONDIE: Why no, You have your duty to do, Officer -- and if people WILL break the law, what can they expect?

COP: Well -- that's the first kind word I've had since I pinned on a badge. I'm real sorry to have to add to this ticket.

BLONDIE: Don't worry a bit about that. I was very stupid to do what I did.

COP: Oh, no, you ain't stupid, lady. Say, you ought to see some of the dumb things I'VE seen happen.

BLONDIE: Oh, I DON'T know how you stand it all day long.

COP: Well now I tell you it's no bed of roses, that it ain't.

BLONDIE: I wish you could tell me about it. (SERIES OF HORNS BLAST FROM MANY CARS) But the other drivers are getting restless, I'm afraid.

COP: Oh, they ARE. Well, I'M handling this. (COP'S WHISTLE) (YELLS) PIPE DOWN, now -- the lot of you.

BLONDIE: MY! They certainly have to mind YOU, don't they?

COP: Well -- a course they gotta respect my authority.

BLONDIE: Oh, I guess you would always be the one to give orders even if you WEREN'T a policeman.

COP: Well -- it's just a knack.

BLONDIE: I knew you were the executive type the minute I saw you. Oh, HERE'S that ticket you asked for. The one you gave us. Oh, no -- wait, that's a snapshot of my Baby Dumpling. It's just the same size -- and my bag's so full -- and I'm so nervous.

COP: Now, lady, don't be nervous.

BLONDIE: But all those people waiting to get by.

COP: Let 'em wait. Let's see that snapshot of your kid.

BLONDIE: Here it is. Oh, and here's the ticket.

COP: Hmm. Mighty cute little feller you got.

BLONDIE: He wants to be a policeman when he grows up.

COP: He does, eh? Don't let him. It's a tough life. Look at me now...I ought to put another violation on this ticket -- and I hate to do that...

BLONDIE: Now don't feel that way. I DID turn around in the middle of the block you know.

COP: Well -- I didn't SEE you do it, did I? No...so I ain't gonna say nothin' about it.

BLONDIE: But....

COP: No -- I won't argue at all.

BLONDIE: Why...you're tearing up the whole ticket.

COP: It's in me way...now how old is this little feller of yours in this pitcher?

BLONDIE: Five years -- three months -- and two days. The sun's in his eyes in that picture.

COP: You don't say? My little boy is five years -- two months and THREE days -- and he's bigger than yours!

BLONDIE: He IS?

COP: He is that. Strong as a bull he is, too.

BLONDIE: And, of course, HE'll be a policeman, too?

COP: He will not. I'm makin' a JUDGE outa him. (SIGHS HAPPILY) JUDGE O'BRIEN. That sounds good, don't it?

BLONDIE: It's wonderful. Oh, my -- maybe my Baby Dumpling will arrest them and your little -- er -- what's his name?

COP: *Pat. (Crying) Baby Dumpling*

BLONDIE: Your little ~~Pat~~ will try the cases.

COP: Take it from me -- make your boy a judge, too. It's soft.

BLONDIE: I just know they'd be great friends, anyway.

COP: I bet they would, at that. Ah, there's nothin' like good friends (HORNS) (LOUDLY) HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, JACK? You in a hurry to go...? Okay. Pull over to the curb if you wanta go somewheres. (SOFTER) What was you sayin', Mrs...er...?

BLONDIE: Bumstead...

COP: Pleased ter meet yer. Was that yer husband with yer when we first met?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes. Poor Dagwood...he was in such a hurry...you see with Baby Dumpling growing up, he's very ambitious to make good at the office.

COP: Don't I know. Nothin' like a wife and kiddies to make a guy hustle.

BLONDIE: So that's why he WAS hustling this morning. He has SUCH a big deal on. And he was late...

COP: Well now -- he should have started earlier...maybe.

BLONDIE: Oh he DID. But you see -- he forgot to kiss Baby Dumpling goodbye...

COP: Did he now...oh, my little ^{Allyson} ~~Pat~~, would break his heart if I forgot him even the onst....

BLONDIE: So my husband just went back and told Baby goodbye and that's why he was late.

COP: Well -- bye gones is bye gones. I tore up the ticket.

BLONDIE: I know...and thanks...but this OTHER ticket.

COP: Oh, you had another -- yeah. Let's see it.

BLONDIE: Right here. It's just for blowing his horn.

COP: I'm surprised at officer Casey for makin' this out. Blowin' his horn, eh? Why, what's a little horn tootin' after all...

BLONDIE: I don't know WHAT Baby Dumpling will say when he hears his Daddy had to go to court.

COP: Who said he was goin' ter court?

BLONDIE: Why -- you're tearing THAT ticket up, too.

COP: So I did. Well -- I'll fix it with Casey! He's got a kid of his own, too...though not the size of my Pat -- nor with the good looks of your little Dumpling.

BLONDIE: Well! I just don't know HOW to thank you. (STARTER)
I wish this thing would start.

COP: I'll have a look under the hood. (STARTER) (ENGINE ROARS)

BLONDIE: Why, look! It DID start! And all I did was to TURN THIS LITTLE KEY!

COP: Hmm. So it did. Well -- now you're okay. Wait -- I'll make a path for you..

BLONDIE: Oh, thanks --

COP: I tell you -- go over through the bus-stop there.

BLONDIE: But the bus is coming now...the one my husband took. It's coming back.

COP: It'll have to wait till I let you through...

BLONDIE: My, I feel important...(ENGINE RACES)

COP: Gangway now...get back there...(FADING)

DAG: (AWAY) Blondie...Bloondie...(ENGINE OUT)

BLONDIE: Oh, look, Mr. O'Brien!...There's my husband -- just got off the bus. Oh my -- he was in such a hurry to get to the office and now....DAGWOOD. Dagwood! Yoo -- hoo.

DAG: (COMING IN) Blondie, are you in trouble AGAIN...or STILL?

BLONDIE: Oh, no, I'M all right. That nice policeman fixed everything.

DAG: Oh, is that so! Well, I'll just tell him where...(TAKE) WHAT! He fixed everything?

BLONDIE: Uhuh. He tore up the tickets -- both of them and...

DAG: What? Is he CRAZY?

BLONDIE: Yes, darling. Crazy about kids...just like we are...I showed him a picture of Baby Dumpling and....

DAG: Oh!...Well, no wonder! I guess when he saw Baby Dumpling he knew WE were all right.

BLONDIE: And I told him WHY you had to get to the office quick...
Oh, Dagwood. I forgot. Why did you come BACK? Were you too late for that conference?

DAG: Well, I...er...no. I -- just had the wrong day, that's all. Dithers went FISHING today.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- after all our rush. Well...(STARTER)
we might as well go home ..(ENGINE STARTS)

DAG: Yeah. But be careful now, Blondie. LOOKIT. That cop has traffic stopped both ways. Like they do for an ambulance or the fire wagons. Say, there must be a fire. Do -- do YOU hear any sirens?

BLONDIE: No.

DAG: That's good! -- I thought maybe I was getting deaf.

BLONDIE: Look -- he's waving at US.

DAG: Waving? Er -- shall I wave back?

BLONDIE: No. I mean he's waving for US to come on! Why, I think it's for US he's cleared the traffic!

DAG: Gosh!...Lookit everyone STARE at us. I -- I feel like the mayor or somebody.

BLONDIE: Well -- we ARE somebody...we're Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead...and the parents of Baby Dumpling. Bow to the officer when we go by, Dagwood.

DAG: (CALLS) Er...thank you! Thank you, Officer!

COP: (AWAY) Give me best to the little feller.

"BLONDIE"
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DAG: (CALLS) I will -- g'bye. (NORMAL) Gosh I feel good.
I feel so good I could even laugh at one of Fuddle's
jokes. (TAKE) Oh, gee whiz! Blondie! Drive like
everything! Step on the gas!

BLONDIE: What? Why?

DAG: We've got to get home quick!

BLONDIE: Dagwood! What's the matter?

DAG: Why, poor Fuddle's starving back there! We forgot to
loan him those EGGS.

(MUSIC IN AND UP...THEN UNDER CLOSING)

(CLOSING)

(CREDITS)

"BLONDIE" --80--
7/31/39 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: And so we leave Blondie and Dagwood until next Monday when we invite you to listen again to new adventures of this family made famous by Chic Young's popular comic strip. Blondie and Dagwood are played by Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake -- stars of the new Columbia Picture "Blondie Takes A Vacation." Watch for it at your local theatre. The makers of Camel Cigarette who bring you "Blondie" over the air each Monday at this time have two other radio treats on the air this summer. Tomorrow night over these same stations -- Bob Crosby and his sensational Dixieland Band with song writer, Johnny Mercer, and songstress, Helen Ward. On Saturdays -- over another network -- Benny Goodman and the world's greatest collection of master swing musicians brings you tops in swing. That's for your radio pleasure -- and for smoking pleasure at its best try Camels -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Penny for penny Camels are your best cigarette buy.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FULL WITH THEME)

(CREDITS)

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