

Bill
Master Goodwin
"BLONDIE"

2/11/41

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 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)

2/3/41

GOODWIN: ~~████~~ first let's turn to an army camp just a few miles away from ^{the Bumstead} ~~their~~ house.

(BUGLE CALL ASSEMBLY OR INSPECTION (check for proper call)

SOUNDS OF RUNNING FEET -- GABBLE OF VOICES. CONTINUE FAR
IN BACKGROUND)

CAPTAIN: Just a minute, soldier.

SOLDIER: Who? Me?

CAPTAIN: Yes. You. And say "sir."

SOLDIER: (GULPS) Gosh -- the skipper. Gee, yes, sir, captain.

CAPTAIN: How do you suppose you'll pass inspection looking like that?

SOLDIER: Why, gee, skipper -- I mean, sir -- ain't I regulation?

CAPTAIN: We'll overlook the fact you didn't salute for a moment. Take a look at your cap. Worn wrong. Your tie isn't tucked in. Your shoes aren't shined. There's a button missing on your blouse. And let me take a look at that rifle. (SOUNDS OF BOLT BEING THROWN) Hmmm. Just as I thought. Looks like you've been digging with it.

SOLDIER: (ALMOST IN TEARS) Golly, skipper -- I'm kinda new around here -- gee.

CAPTAIN: (STERNLY) And what's that bulge in your breast pocket?

SOLDIER: Why just a pack of -- uh -- C-camels, sir.

CAPTAIN: (CHUCKLES) Well, soldier, there's some hope for you yet -- at least you're savvy to an army man's way of smoking.

"BLONDIE"
2/3/41

1-B-

ANNOUNCER: Records show that in army post exchanges and navy canteens, Camels outsell every other brand of cigarettes. And if you're a Camel smoker you'll know why. Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor. Yes, and less nicotine in the smoke.

SECOND ANNOUNCER: The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains (DEEP VOICE) 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.

ANNOUNCER: So light up a Camel -- now. Smoke it. Compare it thoughtfully for all those things you want most in your cigarette -- for mildness -- for coolness -- for flavor -- and you'll find that slower-burning Camels give you those three important qualities in extra measure. Yes, slower burning is mighty important in giving you extra smoking pleasure as well as extra smoking per pack. So smoke Camels for extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor -- yes -- and less nicotine in the smoke. The smoke's the thing. So try Camels. Your dealers everywhere feature Camels by the carton. For convenience as well as economy get your Camels by the carton.

GOODWIN:

And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. It's Saturday morning and ordinarily Baby Dumpling would be outside playing with Alvin Fuddle. But not today. He started the morning out wrong by cutting a big slice from the cake Blondie baked yesterday. He not only didn't ask first, but he cut the slice around the outside of the cake, /so he's been sent upstairs as punishment. Blondie and Dagwood are out in the kitchen now, talking...

BLONDIE: Baby certainly cut quite a slice off the cake, didn't he?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he sure did. That's the first time I've ever seen anyone cut a ^{SLICE} ~~cake~~ around the outside. Why more than half the frosting is gone!

BLONDIE: It doesn't look at all like the beautiful cake I took out of the oven yesterday.

DAGWOOD: Of course I think it was right for Baby Dumpling to be punished for what he did, but I've got to admire that slice he cut off. It shows he's thinking for himself.

BLONDIE: Yes, it does, but if we let him get away with it, Dagwood, the next time he'd cut the inside out of the cake and take all the frosting. This just had to be stopped.

DAGWOOD: That's right. I don't know where he gets all those ideas. He's a regular kitchen bandit.

BLONDIE: Of course, dear -- he might just possibly have gotten a few ideas from watching you.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: You're a pretty smooth operator yourself when I've just made a new cake.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I can't help it if you're such a good cook.
That's not my fault. Anyone would be tempted.

BLONDIE: That's very sweet of you to say so, dear.

DAGWOOD: It's only the truth. You're the best cook in the world.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Er -- could I have ^{a piece of} ~~some~~ cake now?

BLONDIE: ^{Blondie} Dagwood, you just had breakfast an hour or so ago.

DAGWOOD: I know, but I just want to check up on this new cake and see if you're still holding your own.

BLONDIE: All right, dear...Do you think we ought to give Baby Dumpling a piece too?

DAGWOOD: I don't know -- is it good psychology?

BLONDIE: Well, if he found we had been eating the cake and ... hadn't even offered him any he might be hurt.

DAGWOOD: According to the psychologists, that's bad. ^{you see} ~~Why~~, not having that little piece of cake might give him an inhibition.

BLONDIE: What's that?

DAGWOOD: I'm not really sure, but I think an inhibition is sort of a dent in a person's character. If you're rich you get a psychiatrist to iron the dent out ^{like} ~~like fixing a fender~~ -- and if you aren't, you just forget about it and it goes away.

BLONDIE: It sounds very complicated. ^{you said it!} I think we'd better give Baby a piece of cake ^{and forget that... what you said} After all, he's been punished.

DAGWOOD: Well, he's still being punished.

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- I think he's playing outside, isn't he?

DAGWOOD: He shouldn't be. I sent him upstairs to stay in his room until I called him.

BLONDIE: But I made him sit in his punishment chair for almost an hour. I thought he went outside to play after that.

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh -- it looks as though Baby Dumpling got punished twice for the same thing.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, he must feel awful about it...call him right now.

DAGWOOD: Okay...(CALLS) Baby Dumplinnnnnnng! Come on down now! Baby Dumpling!!

BLONDIE: Maybe he's got his door closed and can't hear you.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Oh, Baby Dumpling!!

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Baby Dumplinnnnnnng! Oh, Baby! Yooo-hoooooo! Baby Dumpling!!

DAGWOOD: Maybe he's feeling so bad he doesn't want to come down.

BLONDIE: The poor dear. I really don't blame him. This is the first time anything like this has happened. Let's go up and see how he is.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: It's such a nice day out, too. It seems awful that a boy as full of energy as Baby Dumpling should be kept inside -- no matter what he's done.

DAGWOOD: Well, we have to be firm, honey. We don't want him to be one of those problem children that it takes four college professors to solve.

BLONDIE: Here's his door. Shall I knock first?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I guess so.

(LIGHT TAPPING ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Baby Dumpling -- we've got some cake for you now.

DAGWOOD: I didn't mean to send you up here, Baby -- I didn't know you'd been punished already.

BLONDIE: He doesn't answer, Dagwood...Let's open the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: *Now listen to baby Dumpling.*
Hey -- he's not in here, honey.

BLONDIE: Why that's strange. He doesn't usually play too far from home.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- look!!

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: It's a note on his bed! Holy smoke!

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Let me see it, Dagwood...Oh, my -- listen to this. (READS)

"Dear Mommy and Daddy: I am running away. I will come back when I have lots of money. Then I guess you won't punish me. Goodbye. Signed, Baby Dumpling Bumstead."

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! He's gone!

BLONDIE: Oh, I was afraid this would happen sometime, and now it has. Baby Dumpling's run away from home!

MUSIC:

~~GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Baby Dumpling has gone out into the world to make his fortune, and the Bumsteads have a runaway son.~~

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

~~GOODBYE:~~ About a half a minute later, Blondie is calling the Chief
~~of Police on the phone...~~

BLONDIE: (ON PHONE) Yes, that's right -- this is Mrs. Dagwood
Bumstead. ~~You remember I was Mayor for a day last week...~~
Yes. ~~What~~, ^{Chief} Our little son has just run away from home,
~~and~~ would you send out some sort of an alarm or something
for him...Yes -- we'd certainly appreciate it if you would.

DAGWOOD: Tell him what Baby Dumpling looks like, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Do you know what he looks like, Chief?...Yes, that's right
-- and he was wearing a brown snow-suit and one of those
caps that have flaps that go down over the ears...Please
do everything you can to find him. We're going to be out
looking ourselves, of course...Yes, thank you very much...
Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: What's he going to do, honey?

BLONDIE: He's going to send out an alarm of some sort and ~~figures~~
the police will be on the look-out ~~for him~~ all around here.

DAGWOOD: He can't have gone very far, Blondie. Let's get in the
car right now and see what we can do.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- if we ~~didn't~~ ^{don't} find him -- !!

DAGWOOD: Now don't think about that now, Blondie. It'll be
all right -- we'll find him somewhere.

BLONDIE: Oh, I wish I could be sure of that.

DAGWOOD: Sure. You know the old saying, "It's a small world."

BLONDIE: "World?!!" Oh, Dagwoooooood!

DAGWOOD: Well, that's what they say.

BLONDIE: But it's such a big world and such a little boy!

DAGWOOD: ~~Come on -- we'd better get started right now. He's probably somewhere out on the state road right now.~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR OPENING...AND CLOSING)

MAN: Well, hello there, sonny.

BABY: Hello. Do you sell hamburgers here?

MAN: (LAUGHS) Do I sell hamburgers? I specialize in them.

BABY: I'll have a hamburger.

MAN: Well, Shorty, there's a little matter of money.. Can you scrape up a dime?

BABY: Oh, sure. From now on I'm paying for everything I eat myself.

MAN: Hmmm -- the younger generation is certainly getting self-reliant.

BABY: I've got the money right here in my bank.

(RATTLE OF BANK)

MAN: Well! How do you get the money out?

BABY: Just shake it...watch.

(RATTLE OF MONEY IN THE BANK...COIN DROPS)

MAN: Well, there's a nickel. That's the down payment. I'll put the hamburger on the fire and you keep shaking.

BABY: Okay.

(MORE RATTLING THROUGH THIS...FIVE PENNIES FALL,
ONE AT A TIME)

MAN: Aren't you pretty young to be out on the state road?

BABY: Oh, no -- I'm a bum.

MAN: Well, well -- is that right?

BABY: Yep. I'm going to the city to make my fortune.

MAN: You don't say!...What're you going to be in the city?

BABY: I'm going to be a millionaire.

MAN: That's nice work if you can get it.

~~BABY: Here's five pennies.~~

~~MAN: Thanks...I've got your hamburger on the fire. It'll
be done in a couple of minutes.~~

~~BABY: That's good.~~

MAN: Do your folks know where you're going?

BABY: I guess they don't care any more.

MAN: Gee, that's a shame, Shorty. I suppose they put you
through some pretty tough punishment, didn't they?

BABY: Well, they punished me twice for doing one wrong thing.

MAN: How do you like that! I don't see how they'd have
the heart to whip a little kid like you. ~~You're
probably all black and blue, aren't you?~~

~~BABY: I don't think so, but I felt awful.~~

MAN: ~~You must have a tough constitution. I guess you get
used to taking lickings...~~What'd you do that was
wrong?

BABY: I took a slice of cake without asking.

MAN: A little thing like that and they beat you up for it!

~~I'd just like to meet your father and mother face to face. I'd tell them a few things they'd never forget! I'd give your father a personal going over!~~

~~BABY: of course it was pretty good cake, but I didn't expect to be punished twice.~~

MAN: Gee, Shorty, I don't blame you for running away!
I guess I had a nice quiet home life, myself, personally.
My old man never raised a hand to any of us kids --
except in self-defense.

BABY: Well, they've been very nice to me mostly, and I forgive them! They'll be sorry they punished me twice when I come back home a millionaire.

MAN: You bet they will. *But Shorty seems to be getting along very fast.*
Baby: Say, I'll tell you how you can get a ride to the next town. That man outside putting water in his radiator will give you a lift.

BABY: Gee, that would be swell!

MAN: And if your folks come looking for you -- don't worry,
I won't give you away.

BABY: Gee, thanks.

MAN: Here's your hamburger, Shorty. I made it extra big for
you. I threw in a couple of extra of them vitamins.

BABY: I think I'll take it along with me.

MAN: Okay, Shorty. Good luck to you...By the way -- what's
your name?

BABY: I guess from now on you can call me Mr. Bumstead.

MAN: Okay, Mr. Bumstead. When you come back from the city,
stop in and tell me how you made out.

BABY: All right, I will.

(DOOR OPENS AND...CLOSES)

MAN: Imagine people kicking a nice little kid like that
around! Why it's criminal!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR COMING TO A STOP)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND...CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Is this the roadside diner the man was talking about,
do you suppose?

DAGWOOD: It must be, Blondie. It's the last one on the edge of
town. Come on -- we'll go in and see if Baby Dumpling
has been here.

~~BLONDIE: I hope someone has seen him. Once he gets outside of
town, Dagwood -- well, I'm afraid to think what might
happen to him.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll get the door, honey.~~

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

MAN: Hello, folks -- what'll you have? A couple of hamburgers and coffee?

BLONDIE: Well, we didn't come in for anything to eat. You see we're looking for a little boy.

DAGWOOD: About this high. We're his parents. Have you seen him?

MAN: No, I haven't seen any little boy.

BLONDIE: A man up the road said he thought he saw our son walking this way, and we thought he might have come in here for a bite to eat.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. You see, he like hamburgers.

~~MAN: If any little boy went by here I didn't see him. I'm a busy man. I don't watch everyone who goes by on the road outside. That would be worse than watching a ping-pong game.~~

~~BLONDIE: You're quite sure you didn't see him.~~

~~MAN: I already told you I didn't see him.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I guess we'll have to look someplace else then. I'm afraid we'll never find him.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it begins to look that way. Come on -- we might just as well get going.~~

BLONDIE: Wait a minute, Dagwood. Here's a button on the floor. And it looks like the one that was a little loose on Baby Dumpling's snow suit.

DAGWOOD: Say -- that does.

BLONDIE: I don't think this man is telling us the truth. (TO MAN) This button came off my little boy's suit, and I know he's been here!

MAN: Okay, so he has been in here!

DAGWOOD: Why didn't you tell us in the first place? Were you going to let us walk out of here without telling us you'd seen him?

MAN: Certainly! He told me about the way you punished him!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- he has been here! Thank goodness, we're on the right track now.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- it looks as though I drove my own son out of our house!

MAN: I should say you did! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Punishing him twice for just taking a piece of cake! Beating him up the way you did, too!

DAGWOOD: I didn't beat him up! And besides ^{his slice was practical by the} ~~he cut his piece~~ ^{whole outside of the cake} ~~around the cake~~ --- he cut off practically all the frosting!

MAN: Hey -- I thought he was a smart kid). ^{You did?} But that doesn't explain why you whipped him until he was black and blue.

Dagwood:

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- he didn't say that, did he?

MAN: No, but he didn't deny it!

BLONDIE: Well, never mind -- tell us quickly -- which way did he go? When was he here? And was he alone or with another boy?

MAN: He was alone, and he was here about ten minutes ago, and I'm not going to tell you which way he went.

BLONDIE: But he's our son!

MAN: I don't like the way you've been treating him. I don't think you're fit parents for him.

BLONDIE: We most certainly are! My husband has a very good job at the J. C. Dithers Construction Company.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right! And besides, that, my wife was Mayor for a Day last week. That ought to mean something!

MAN: I don't know!

DAGWOOD: Now look here! If you don't tell us which way he went I'll take this sugar-shaker and sweeten you up for life! That boy is our son and I won't stand for any foolishness about where he is!

MAN: Hey -- wait a minute! Take it easy, brother!

BLONDIE: And what's more we'll have the chief of police down here if you don't tell us which way he went. We've always treated our son very well.

DAGWOOD: The only punishment he got today was sitting in the corner for an hour and having to go upstairs and stay ^{man} ~~in his~~ room.

^{Dagwood!} MAN: Holy smoke -- you've been treating him like a sissy!

DAGWOOD: Which way did he go?

MAN: He went up the road that way -- in a car. A man gave him a lift.

BLONDIE: Was he driving very fast?

MAN: Oh, no -- I guess you'll be able to catch up.

DAGWOOD: What kind of a car was it?

MAN: A blue sedan...you'll have to hurry though.

BLONDIE: Don't worry -- we will...Hold the door open, Dagwood.

~~DAGWOOD: Okay Blondie!~~

(WHIZZ...BLONDIE GOES OUT THE DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...DAGWOOD GOES OUT THE DOOR)

(AND THE DOOR SLAMS)

MAN:

fills
Gee, I guess ~~they~~ ^{you} really treat the kid pretty decent
~~after all. Well, I suppose it takes all kinds of people~~
~~to make a world.~~ *Hey! They're gone.*

~~(CAR STARTS UP OUTSIDE AND ROABS AWAY)~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: Well, we haven't seen any cars that were blue sedans yet.

DAGWOOD: There's a car ahead of us that looks blue.

~~BLONDIE: I don't see it, Dagwood.~~

~~DAGWOOD: It's around a couple of turns, but I caught a glimpse
of it a second ago.~~

~~BLONDIE: Is it going very fast?~~

~~DAGWOOD: No, we'll catch up in a minute or so... Gee, Blondie...
we did it, you know.~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, but it wasn't anything very serious... He shouldn't
have run away just because we punished him twice... But
I'll be awfully glad to see Baby Dumpling again.~~

~~DAGWOOD: So'll I... Look up ahead of us, honey! There's the car.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, Dagwood -- and it's a blue sedan, too... Can't
we go just a little faster, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think so, Blondie. But we'll catch them very
easily. Right by the ^{up there} railroad crossing, I bet.

BLONDIE: I think I see Baby Dumpling in the car.

DAGWOOD: Well, there's a little bump that might be his head right
beside the driver.

BLONDIE: Oh, it's Baby Dumpling all right! (SIGHS) Isn't it a
relief?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I was a lot more worried than I wanted to tell you. I didn't see how we'd ever find him. Sometimes kids get away and get lost and -- well, we don't have to think about that anymore.

BLONDIE: Honk the horn. Maybe the driver will stop.

DAGWOOD: Okay...(PAUSE) What do you know about that? There's something wrong with the horn. It won't work.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose he could hear it anyway with the windows up in his car.

DAGWOOD: No. It'll just take us a little longer, that's all.

(SOUND OF TRAIN WHISTLE OFF)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- ~~that wasn't the horn, was it?~~ *What was that?*

~~DAGWOOD: huh? I didn't blow the horn. It still won't work.~~

~~BLONDIE: I heard something.~~

(TRAIN WHISTLE)

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's just a train whistle.

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Do you suppose the train is on the track up there ahead of us?

DAGWOOD: Well, it's the only railroad crossing around here. It has to be.

BLONDIE: That blue sedan is heading right for the crossing.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: And there's the train -- over there. It's a freight train -- just coming around the bend.

DAGWOOD: There's plenty of time -- they'll make it across all right. *I can't look! They made it!*

Day:
BLONDIE: ~~I guess they will.~~ *Thanks goodness.* Oh, Dagwood -- it sent terrible chills through me for a moment.

DAGWOOD: Me, too...Well, they got across all right. They had plenty of -- ~~hey, Blondie! We'll have to stop the car and they'll get away from us! We can't beat the train to the crossing!~~

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! STOP THE CAR. YOU'LL RUN INTO THE SIDE OF THAT TRAIN!
(CAR SLOWING UP)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwoooooood! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- what're we going to do now.

BLONDIE: It looks like we'll just have to sit and wait until the FREIGHT train goes by -- ~~but it's such a long freight, and such a slow one.~~

(TRAIN SOUND (FREIGHT) UP...TRAIN GOING BY SLOWLY,
CAR AFTER CAR...AUTO HAS STOPPED)

DAGWOOD: **THIS TRAIN GOES ON FOREVER.**
Someone in that railroad company must have a grudge against us! There's no excuse for this! It's unfair! It's an injustice!

BLONDIE: (ABOUT TO BREAK) Oh, Dagwood -- I feel terrible. Every minute we wait here Baby Dumpling is getting further and further away from us. (SOBS) Oh, Dagwoooooood...

DAGWOOD: Now honey -- don't cry. We'll find him somehow. There -- there -- just take it easy, baby. You just leave every --

(HORN STARTS BLOWING STEADILY...SHORT CIRCUIT...
BLOWS THROUGH THIS...)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- what's that now?

DAGWOOD: How do you like that! Now the horn's blowing and it won't stop!

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, that noise!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~It's a short circuit! When we need the horn it won't work and when we don't want it at all it blows and won't stop! I'd like to tear this car into scrap iron!~~

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, please don't get angry. I feel bad enough as
it is. I'm all upset.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll get out and shut it off under the hood.. All I
want to know is -- why does everything have to happen
to us all at once!!!!~~

MUSIC:

~~KNOCK
(COME UP ON DOORBELL RINGING)~~

BABY: Gee, it's cold out. Brrrrr!

(DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: Hello, there.

BABY: Could I come in for a minute, please?

WOMAN: Why yes, I suppose you can.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BABY: Thank you.

WOMAN: Now that you're in, what do you want me to do -- buy
some magazines to help you through kindergarten?

BABY: No, I just wondered if you'd be interested in adopting
a little boy.

WOMAN: Did you say adopting a little boy?

BABY: Yes.

WOMAN: That's what I thought. No, I wouldn't.

BABY: He's really very nice. He only has one weakness -- he's
^{like}
~~fond of~~ cake.

WOMAN: Who is this you're trying to dispose of -- a little
brother of yours?

BABY: No, I'm the little boy.

WOMAN: Well, I really am not interested in adopting any children.

BABY: I'd be very good --

WOMAN: I'm sure of it, but I have ten boys of my own, now.

~~Furthermore they all play musical instruments.~~

~~BABY: Gee, that's a lot.~~

~~WOMAN: Yes. A lot of children and a lot of noise. It's~~

enough for two basket ball teams. Or a baseball team with an extra pitcher.

BABY: Aren't any of them home now?

WOMAN: No, they're at the movies. There's a special price on Saturday, and it only costs me two dollars and a half wholesale.

BABY: I suppose if you've got ten now you wouldn't be interested in me.

WOMAN: I'm afraid not.

BABY: (SELLING THE IDEA) It would give you enough for a football team.

WOMAN: I don't want a football team.

BABY: Gee, I thought someone would want to adopt me.

WOMAN: Are you running away from home?

BABY: Yes. I've decided to be a millionaire, too.

WOMAN: That's a nice occupation...Why don't you sit down here a moment. I'd like to make a phone call...(FADING)

BABY: Thank you. It's very cold out.

(PICK UP PHONE OFF)

WOMAN: (OFF) Operator...May I have the police department, please?

BABY: Oh-oh. I guess I'd better go. (CALLS) Goodbye, lady.

WOMAN: (OFF) Wait a minute -- don't go away. Stay here just a little while longer.

BABY: I better be going...Goodbye!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Dagwood! Dagwood!

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- what is it, Blondie? What did you find out in the police station?

BLONDIE: Someone's seen Baby Dumpling.

DAGWOOD: Here -- in this town?

BLONDIE: Yes -- he stoppped in at a woman's house and she called the police, but he left while she was phoning.

DAGWOOD: Did you get the address?

BLONDIE: Yes -- right here.

DAGWOOD: Come on -- get in the car. We'll go over there right away.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what do you think Baby Dumpling was trying to do?

(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: I don't know...what?

BLONDIE: He was trying to get this woman to adopt him!

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh -- let's go before someone takes him up on it!

(CAR STARTS UP)

MUSIC:

HAMILTON: (COME UP) So you'd like to have me adopt you, eh?

BABY: Yes, sir.

HAMILTON: Hmmmm. Well, it might not be a bad idea.

BABY: Of course, my Mommy and Daddy might want me back sometime. I'm not real sure, but they might.

HAMILTON: Where do they live?

BABY: Oh, a long way from here.

HAMILTON: I see...Well, I've never had any children or grandchildren and we might get along pretty well together.

BABY: Sure. Maybe you could teach me how to become a millionaire.

HAMILTON: (LAUGHS) So that's what you want to be.

BABY: It sounds good to me.

~~HAMILTON: Well, I'm one and I wouldn't advise becoming one.~~

~~BABY: You're a millionaire?~~

~~HAMILTON: Yes.~~

~~BABY: Could I feel your arm? I always heard that millionaires were made of gold.~~

HAMILTON: ~~Well, that's not quite true.~~ *All you will you* But you don't want to be a millionaire, young man. It means working very hard. So hard you don't have time to make any friends or do any of the things you've always wanted to do. It's very hard to make that much money, and very, very much harder to keep it.

BABY: It doesn't sound like much fun.)

~~HAMILTON: No -- and it isn't, not really.~~

BABY: (I guess I won't be a millionaire.

~~HAMILTON: That's good.~~

~~BABY: I wonder if it's hard to become an installment collector?~~

~~HAMILTON: It might be a little easier, but maybe you'd make more
friends being a millionaire.~~

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

HAMILTON: Well, that sounds like someone's at the door.

BABY: You stay there -- I'll answer it.

HAMILTON: All right, young man.

BABY: Shall I tell them you don't want any?

HAMILTON: Yes, that might be a good idea.

BABY: Okay -- I'll be right back...(FADING TO OFF)

HAMILTON: (TO HIMSELF) That certainly is a nice youngster. Got the
stuff it takes, too.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

DAGWOOD: *J* Hey! Baby Dumpling!

BLONDIE: *2* Oh, Baby!

(DOOR CLOSES)

HAMILTON: Hmm! What was that! (CALLS) Young man! Oh, young
man? (ON) What in the name of thunder happened then?
Did someone grab him right off my doorstep?

(RUNNING ACROSS FLOOR)

HAMILTON: Oh -- there they are! A man and a woman, eh? Well,
they won't get very far!

(RUNNING ACROSS FLOOR)

(PICK UP PHONE...RATTLE HOOK)

HAMILTON: Hello!...Hello!...Give me the police department! A man and a woman have just kidnapped a little boy from right off my doorstep!!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: (Well, it never rains but it pours in the Bumstead family, and even though Blondie and Dagwood have found Baby Dumpling, I'm afraid their troubles aren't over yet. We'll see in a moment, but

(COMMERCIAL)

while they're starting home with Baby Dumpling, we like to mention a young man by the name of Sammyie Brown.

ANNOUNCER:

Maybe you never heard of Ruzzie Green, but you know what he does, for you've seen photographs he's made in practically every smart magazine in this country. He's the glamour boy of photography. Models, actresses, society women, all want to be glamourized by this young man with a camera.

FIRST WOMAN: (MONTAGE, INCREASING TEMPO) Mr. Green -- will he take my picture by in Vogue?

SECOND WOMAN: Ruzzie -- be sure this photograph hits Harper's Bazaar.

FIRST WOMAN: I want mine in The New Yorker!

SECOND WOMAN: Mine in Glamour!

FIRST WOMAN: Life!

SECOND WOMAN: Mademoiselle! (AND FADE)

ANNOUNCER:

And how does all this affect Ruzzie Green? Well -- Ruzzie says:

GREEN:

When I was a kid -- woman's place was in the home. Today it's on the front page of a fashion magazine or in the Sunday rotogravure section! But I like photographing women. It's interesting! It's like being treated to a beauty parade every day. But the women I photograph are not only beautiful -- they're intelligent -- real -- sincere people. I suppose you might call them the cream of American women. They've got excellent taste in clothes -- in make-up -- in -- well, when you come right down to it -- their taste in cigarettes is pretty much all right, too. Camel is their favorite and for that matter, mine, too. I guess it's because Camel has everything a discriminating smoker wants!

"BLONDIE"
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22-B

ANNOUNCER: You're right, Ruzzie, for slower-burning Camel is America's favorite cigarette. Slower burning is the secret -- those costlier tobaccos with a matchless blend in Camels are slower-burning. Slower burning for extra flavor...extra coolness...extra mildness. And just recently science confirmed another advantage of slower burning -- less nicotine in the smoke.

VOICE: Independent scientific tests of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested -- less than any of them.

ANNOUNCER: Next time -- get the extra pleasure of the slower-burning Camel. Extra flavor, extra mildness, extra coolness -- and extra freedom from nicotine!

MUSIC:

(GOODWIN: Blondie, Dagwood, and Baby Dumpling are driving back toward home on the state road now...

(COME UP ON CAR...FADE TO BACKGROUND)

BABY:

I guess I've been a bad boy... *Young man, that's an understatement if you don't believe me.*

Dagwood:

BLONDIE:

Well, Baby -- it was as much our fault as yours, I'm sure. We didn't mean to punish you twice.

Work Agreement
BABY:

~~I felt bad about that. I didn't think you liked having me around anymore.~~

DAGWOOD:

~~Baby, that's an awful thing to say. You know we love you, and try to make you as happy as we can.~~

BLONDIE:

~~You mustn't ever run away again, Baby. Mother was just worried sick.~~

BABY:

~~I'm sorry, Mommy.~~

BLONDIE:

~~Daddy and I were afraid we'd never find you.~~

BABY:

~~But I was going to come back. I wasn't going to stay away very long. Just until I made a million dollars.~~

DAGWOOD:

~~If you'd stayed away until you made ten dollars it still would have been too long.~~

BLONDIE:

~~Baby Dumpling, I'd like to give you some sort of an idea of how much a million dollars is. If you get a penny for every time the clock on the mantel ticked since Daddy has been born, you still wouldn't have a million dollars.~~

BABY:

~~Geeee-e-e-e!~~

BLONDIE:

~~Now do you see how much it is?~~

BABY:

~~Yes, Mommy. It's an awful lot.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- that makes me seem pretty old, doesn't it?~~

(SIREN OFF)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- ~~what's that? It sounds like a siren.~~ *There's a police car behind us.*

BABY: Gee -- maybe the police are going somewhere.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- Blondie -- ~~it's just a police car behind us.~~
Don't worry, we aren't going over the speed limit.

(SIREN IS COMING UP)

BABY: Gee, Daddy -- I'd like to be riding with them. I'll bet it's fun!

BLONDIE: It wouldn't be for me...Dagwood, I think they're ~~trying~~ *after us*
~~to stop us.~~ *Stop the car.*

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie! I wonder what's wrong.

(CAR SLOWING DOWN)

~~BABY: It's been a long time since we've talked to a policeman, hasn't it, Daddy?~~

~~DAGWOOD: It hasn't been long enough for me.~~

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

BLONDIE: Well, here come the police -- right along side of us. They've got their guns out, too.

(POLICE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP...DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

COP: (COMING UP) All right -- don't try any tricks! The boys in the car have you covered!

BLONDIE: Officer -- what's the matter?

COP: Never mind -- you know what's wrong, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Hey -- Officer -- tell us what this is all about? We're law-abiding citizens! We haven't done anything.

COP: Okay, okay -- you can write a book about it in Alcatraz.

DAGWOOD: Well, all right, if you say -- Alcatraz?!

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

COP: Okay then -- San Quentin!...All right, Sonny -- you're safe now! Come on with us!

BABY: I'd like to ride in your car but I think I'll stay here.

BLONDIE: Just a minute! You can't take our son away from us!

COP: All right, sonny -- out you come! (GRUNTS) That's it!

BLONDIE: Come back here!

BABY: Mommy! Mommy!

COP: (FADING A LITTLE) We'll get you to your Mommy right away! (OFF A BIT) Okay, Pete -- here's the Bumstead boy. Take him back to the station and I'll keep an eye on these kidnappers until you get back!

DAGWOOD: Hey! We're his parents! We're not kidnappers! You can't do this! We had a hard enough time finding him!

COP: (COMING UP) Just save that line of chatter until latter, buddy.

(POLICE CAR DRIVES AWAY)

BLONDIE: Oh why, oh why, oh why must this happen to us!

COP: Now just take it easy, sister. You'll learn that crime doesn't pay.

BLONDIE: We're that child's parents and we've got things to prove it! A car license, letters, and engraved wedding ring, and grocery and butcher bills! Here -- take a look in my purse!

COP: Holy smoke -- I wonder if we've made a mistake? Drive me back to the police headquarters, and we'll find out!

MUSIC:

~~(COME UP ON CAR IDLING)~~

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- here comes the officer out of the police station.

DAGWOOD: I guess Baby Dumpling's inside. He isn't lost anyway.

BLONDIE: There's one consolation. If we had been kidnappers, the police would have gotten Baby Dumpling back.

~~(CAR DOOR OPENS)~~

COP: Say, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead -- I'm awfully sorry about this.

BLONDIE: Is he inside? *Yuck?*

COP: Well, no, *Dagwood!* It seems that the police from your town were over here, and they picked him up and took him back. We must have passed them on the way.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

~~COP: I'm sorry.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, I guess we'll have to go back again.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Ouch!~~

~~BLONDIE: What's the matter, dear?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I just pinched myself to see if I wasn't dreaming. I didn't see how all this could possibly be happening.~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR OPENING...IT CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, at last -- we're all home again.

DAGWOOD: I can hardly believe it.

BABY: It's been very exciting, hasn't it, Mommy?

BLONDIE: I don't see how I went through it.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I. What I need now is about a quart of aspirin tablets.

BABY: Gee, it certainly is good to be home.

BLONDIE: Baby, you've got to promise you'll never run away again.

BABY: I won't, Mommy. I'll never do it again.

DAGWOOD: We want you to like it here, Baby. If you have any complaints in the future, just bring them to us first.

BLONDIE: Yes, that's right, Baby.

DAGWOOD: Now -- is there anything you want?

BABY: Well, you know you punished me twice for eating that piece of cake.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- *we've explained that to you several times* ~~and we're sorry.~~

BABY: Well, then can I have a piece of cake now, 'cause I feel you owe it to me.

BLONDIE: Of course you can, Baby.

DAGWOOD: Can Baby cut the cake, himself, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Why of course he ca -- Why, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I'd just like to see how he can make one slice have so much icing on it.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: WELL, BLONDIE, DAGWOOD AND BABY DUMPLING ARE ALL BACK TOGETHER AND EVERYTHING'S SERENE AGAIN ON SHADY LANE AVENUE. BUT JUST WAIT UNTIL THIS SAME TIME NEXT MONDAY NIGHT, THEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THE BUMSTEAD HOUSEHOLD WHEN, BLONDIE MEETS AN OLD BOY-FRIEND."

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.