

4/14/41

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to
"Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

51455 7895

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, something pretty exciting has happened to our friends, Blondie, Dagwood, and Baby Dumpling. Right now Dagwood is on the phone, talking to the city editor of the newspaper...

DAGWOOD: Hello, hello! Is this the city editor?

CITY: Yeah.

DAGWOOD: I want to talk to your reporter who covers big events -- like fires, earthquakes, and visits from Mrs. Roosevelt.

CITY: He's not in now.

DAGWOOD: When he gets in, have him call ~~me~~ *me - good-bye!*
Hey - wait a minute - who are you?
That? Oh - Dagwood Bumstead of Shady Lane
CITY: Yeah? What's all the excitement? *avenue*

DAGWOOD: I'll explain it to him when he calls.

CITY: ~~What's the matter?~~ -- Are you going to start an earthquake, touch a match to your house, or shoot your landlord?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, this is nothing trivial like that. It's really important. When the reporter gets in, have him call me, will you?

CITY: Not until I find out what this is all about.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's sort of a scoop. You may not want to put an extra for it, but it's a big story all right.

CITY: Yes, yes, yes -- but what is it.

DAGWOOD: Well -- ~~what's the matter?~~ *I wonder if I should* tell you?

CITY: *oh,* Please do.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, we've got a new baby.

City: Are you kidding?
Dagwood: No, I'm not kidding.

CITY: (CHOKES) A new baby! Is that all?
DAGWOOD: What do you mean, is that all? This is a very unusual baby! It's a girl.
CITY: Mr. Bumstead -- what's unusual about ~~it~~ *a girl?*
DAGWOOD: It's our first! Isn't that wonderful? And she's very intelligent, too.
CITY: I suppose she's already on the Quiz Kids.
DAGWOOD: Not yet -- she's only a few days old. But have that reporter call and I'll give him all the details. If I'm not in he can talk to Baby.
CITY: All right, ~~Mr. Bumstead~~, if you're not in he can talk to the baby. ~~What was that you said?~~ -- what was that you said? Talk to the baby!?
DAGWOOD: That's right. Goodbye.
City: *Hey, wait - Come here.*
(HANGS UP)

MUSIC...

(PHONE RINGS... COUPLE OF TIMES)

(PICK UP PHONE)

How do you do?

BABY: Hello.
CITY: (FILTER) Hello. This is the editor of the News. / Who's *Baby!* this speaking?
BABY: Baby Dumpling Bumstead.
CITY: What? You're the baby?
BABY: Yep.
CITY: Great Scott!... You can't be!

BABY: Oh, yes, I am.

CITY: You're not old enough to talk.

BABY: I'm very smart.

CITY: Holy Pete. ~~When your father told me I wouldn't believe it.~~

BABY: What did you want?

CITY: I'd like to know how it is you can talk at your age, are strong enough to pick up the phone, and who taught you.

BABY: Of course, my Daddy's pretty smart, *too!*

CITY: He must be.

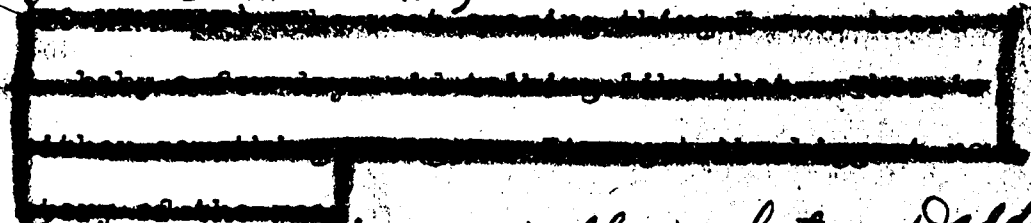
BABY: He's enchanted

CITY: I believe you. I wouldn't be surprised if he was the Wizard of Oz. *you wouldn't!* ..Could I talk to him for a moment?

Baby:

BABY: Sure.. Hold the phone, please...(CALLS) Daddy, a man wants to talk to you on the phone.

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Okay, Baby Dumpling -- I'll be right ~~down.~~ *down.*
SOUND: (FALLS DOWN STAIRS)



Baby:
DAGWOOD:

Be careful of my roller skates, Daddy. It's a fine time to tell me. Give me that phone.

~~OFF:~~

DAGWOOD: Hello?

CITY: This is the city editor of the News again. Who was that I was just talking to?

DAGWOOD: ~~That's all right.~~ *you must mean, Baby.*

CITY: Good Heavens!

51455 7898

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

CITY: Mr. Bumstead, I apologize to you, ^{okay.} If that's the baby, ~~Dagwood;~~ you were right about having a terrific news story.

DAGWOOD: Well, that was Baby all right, but you see that's --'

CITY: Why, this is sensational! It's unbelievable. It's tremendous!

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, it is, but I'm afraid maybe you've got things a little bit mixed --

CITY: There may have been five of them in Canada, but could they answer the phone when they were only a few days old? No! Mr. Bumstead -- your new baby is going to make this town famous! ^{Do you really think so?} You said it was your first, ~~Dagwood;~~ didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but I --

CITY: I'll ~~probably~~ be over to see you later. Goodbye!

(HANGS UP AT OTHER END)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- wait a minute! It's our first baby girl -- not our first baby! Hey!... Gee, he hung up.

(HANGS UP)

BABY: What's the matter, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, everyone seems to be excited about our new baby. Isn't it wonderful?

.....

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(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PICK UP)

DAGWOOD: Hello, this is Dagwood Bumstead speaking, and I've just become the father of a new baby girl.

MAN: Ah -- so that makes you a big shot, huh?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm right up in there with the big shots, anyway....

MAN: (LAUGHS) Oh, yeah...the way you talk, you'd think you were a celebrity or something.

DAGWOOD: Well, at least I'm sort of in the same boat with a lot of famous people.

MAN: Sez you!

DAGWOOD: Well...here I am with the phone in one hand, and a Camel in the other. And just think of all the well-known folks who smoke Camels, too...people like Bucky Walters, the star pitcher of the Cincinnati Reds.

MAN: Hmm...yes, lots of famous folks do smoke Camels. There's Bob Fausel, for example...that Curtiss test pilot.

GOODWIN: Right...and there's champion golfer Ben Hogan. He's another big-wig who goes for Camels. In fact, folks in the spotlight everywhere...smoke Camels. But, friends, you don't have to pitch like Bucky Walters or fly like Bob Fausel to enjoy Camel's pleasure extras. Camel, with its matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, and its slower way of burning can also bring you a cooler, more flavorful smoke. Yes...and even more important, Camels give you more mildness...less nicotine in the smoke.

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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: And remember, friends! The smoke's the thing! Next time, ask for Camels.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood and Baby Dumpling are about ready to prepare the Bumstead house for the arrival of the new baby. But listen --

DAGWOOD: Well, Baby Dumpling -- which would you rather have -- a little brother or a little sister --

BABY: Hmmm -- what else is there?

DAGWOOD: Oh now --

(PHONE RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Dagwood Bumstead speaking, and I've just become the father of a new baby girl.

BLONDIE: I know that, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's you, Blondie! How do you feel?

BLONDIE: I'm fine, dear. How's everything going at the house?

DAGWOOD: Oh, swell!... (LAUGHS) How's the Baby?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...she's wonderful?

DAGWOOD: Gee...she really is, huhh? Of course, any baby of ours would just have to be wonderful.

BLONDIE: She doesn't cry much, either dear. She has the best disposition of any baby I ever saw.

DAGWOOD: Think of that. *I thought she looked pretty good when I saw her yesterday, but I was so excited I could not be sure.*

BLONDIE: You think you're going to like having a little daughter around the house?

DAGWOOD: ~~Like it?~~ *Like it? Oh Boy!* (LAUGHS) I can't wait until she's old enough to help you with the dishes.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Is Baby Dumpling there?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. I'll let you talk to him...Okay, Baby Dumpling.

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BABY: Thanks, Daddy...Hello, Mommy -- we miss you.

BLONDIE: Well, I miss you, too, dear...Are you taking good care of Daddy?

BABY: Yes, Mommy.

BLONDIE: And have you been getting plenty to eat?

BABY: Daddy's fixed some sandwiches. I'm full.

BLONDIE: My goodness.

BABY: How are you, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm fine, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: But when are you coming home?

BLONDIE: Next week sometime, dear.

BABY: When can I come down and see you and my little sister, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Later on today, dear. *That's what I called up about.*

BABY: That's swell. I'll bet she'll be surprised to see me, won't she?

BLONDIE: I should say so, Baby. She'll be very glad that she's got a big brother to protect her.

BABY: (LAUGHS) Gee, that's right -- I'm a brother now.

BLONDIE: That's right, dear.

BABY: Gosh, I feel a lot older.

BLONDIE: Let me talk to Daddy again, will you, Baby?

BABY: Oh, sure...Here you are, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Here I am again, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, darling -- don't forget to get all those things for the baby I told you about.

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DAGWOOD: I won't. I've got the list.

BLONDIE: I'll find out from the nurse when you can see your ^{new} daughter again.
Dagwood: It's a fine thing --- I have to ask someone to see my own flesh and blood.

Blondie: now Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: ~~That's wonderful, Blondie.~~ You'll call us back later?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear. *Oh, Dagwood, I'm* ~~tickled pink,~~ ~~tickled pink,~~ She's the most precious thing I've seen. *Oh, here comes the nurse, I'll have to say good-bye.*

~~BLONDIE: She'll have to be a sister to Bumstead, honey.~~

~~BLONDIE: That's right, Dagwood, see you, now.~~

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Blondie -- I'm very proud of you.

BLONDIE: I'm proud of you, too.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BABY: Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: Why is Mommy in the hospital?

DAGWOOD: Well, Baby Dumpling, Mommy is sort of resting there and getting strong so she'll ~~be able to take care of you~~ ~~new baby sister.~~ *Baby: eyes Daddy.*

BABY: The baby's there, too, ~~isn't she?~~ *huh?*

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure.

BABY: That's a coincidence, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) *Daddy.* Well, come on -- we've got to find a lot of your old baby things in the attic and get them down for the new baby.

MUSIC...

BABY: Daddy -- look at this funny chair over here. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: That's your high chair. You used to sit in that.

BABY: (LAUGHS) You're just kidding, aren't you, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: No, I'm not.

BABY: Gee, I've certainly grown a lot.

DAGWOOD: You're going to grow a lot more... (LAUGHS) Hey, Baby -- look what's in here?

(TEARING PAPER)

BABY: What're those?

DAGWOOD: They're a pair of knitted pants you used to wear.

BABY: Aw, I did not!!

DAGWOOD: Yes, you did... And here's the little jacket that went with them. And -- holy smoke!

BABY: Is something wrong, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: I should say so! All these things of yours are blue, and our new baby is a girl.

BABY: Don't girls like blue?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, ~~Baby~~, but girl babies are supposed to wear pink. ^{I think} Gosh, this is a terrible situation.

(DOOR BELL RINGS WAY OFF)

BABY: ~~That's the doorbell.~~ That's the doorbell.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- you're right. Let's go down and see who it is.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE DESCENDING SCALE)

(COME UP ON DOOR OPENING)

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Mrs. Babble.

BABBLE: Helloooo, Mr. Bumstead. Well, well -- so it's a baby girl, isn't it? My how proud you must be! Well, I've brought over a lot of things for the baby. The girls at the club collected them for Blondie.

DAGWOOD: Everybody's so nice.

BABY: Come on in, Mrs. Babble.

BABBLE: Thank you, Baby Dumpling. Help me with these things, will you please?

BABY: Sure.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- you've got quite a lot of stuff here. What's it all for?

BABBLE: All for the new baby. Mrs. Skinner gets the things next. Oh, isn't it wonderful?

DAGWOOD: I should say so.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BABBLE: Now let me see...You don't have a bassinet, do you?

DAGWOOD: *2'm not very musical. Musical?*
No, ~~no, I don't have one.~~ *musical?* Oh, I know what you mean -- this basket affair.

BABBLE: Yes, isn't it just too sweet? It's from Mrs. Widgen -- remember that so when you're through with it she'll get it back. And these scales are from Mrs. Joyce -- she used them to weigh her little Joan. Now let me see -- what's this?

DAGWOOD: *You* don't suppose it could be a folding beach chair?

BABBLE: No, I don't.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

BABBLE: *Oh I know!*
~~no, I don't have one.~~ I think it's a folding bath for the baby. *That's it - It's a folding bath.* From Mrs. Robbins.

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BABY: Gee, that's swell. ~~How I'll be glad to be~~ sail my boats *in it*.

DAGWOOD: Baby Dumpling, this is especially for the baby. You can hold your yacht races in the big tub upstairs.

BABY: Okay.

BABBLE: And here are some little blankets -- aren't they sweet? -- and oh, just gobs and gobs of other things.. Oh, I almost forgot -- old Mrs. Raymond heard you had a little girl, so she sent these.

DAGWOOD: My gosh -- they're books.

BABBLE: Yes:-- a copy of "Little Women," and "What Every Young Girl Should Know,"

Let's all -

DAGWOOD:

I've always wanted to read that.
~~What do you think about that?~~

BABBLE:

Dear Old Mrs. Raymond said to be sure to have your daughter return them when she's through.

DAGWOOD:

Oh, sure -- just as long as Mrs. Raymond doesn't mind waiting for ten or twelve years.

BABBLE:

Well, goodbye, Mr. Bumstead. Just tell Blondie to call on me if she needs anyone to help her with anything.

DAGWOOD:

Thanks very much, Mrs. Babble, but I'm pretty clever with a safety pin myself.

BABBLE:

Oh, you husbands! (LAUGHS) Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD:

Gee, look at all this stuff. ~~I guess~~ *you know* babies use more mechanized equipment today than the army.

BABY:

How long does it take the baby to learn how to use everything?

DAGWOOD:

That depends on the baby.

BABY:

Daddy...

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh.

BABY: You won't forget about me when the new baby comes home, will you?

DAGWOOD: Baby Dumpling -- what makes you ^{say a thing like} ~~that~~ that?

BABY: Oh, you and Mommy have been talking so much about the new baby, I thought maybe you decided you didn't like having a ^{little} boy around.

DAGWOOD: Why that's an awful thing to say, Baby Dumpling. We thought it would be nice to have a little girl because -- well -- because she'd have a big brother around to watch over her and see that nothing happened to her.

BABY: Gosh, is that right?

DAGWOOD: Certainly. You're going to be even more important around here now. You'll have a lot to do, helping your mother take care of that new baby. ^{you're getting to be a man now, Baby Dumpling.}

BABY: ^{I am?} ~~That's good. I must be a man now, aren't I?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~What?~~ ^{yes.}

BABY: ~~When can I start shaving?~~ ^{when can I} start shaving?

DAGWOOD: Why -- er -- never mind about that, I --

(DOOR BELL)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, there's the doorbell again. I wonder if we're getting more ^{gadgets} ~~things~~ for the baby?

BABY: There won't be any room for the baby if we are, Daddy.

(DOOR OPENS)

CITY: Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Yes, that's right.

CITY: I'll come right in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

*yes, we met
on the phone*

CITY: *Dagwood:* I'm the city editor of the News, Mr. Bumstead. Remember -- you were telling me about your new baby. The one that answered the phone and talked to me.

DAGWOOD: ~~My new baby girl talked to you?~~

~~Yes, isn't it amazing?~~

DAGWOOD: *are you sure you haven't --*
~~I think you've made some kind of mistake, Mr. Bumstead.~~

CITY: Don't interrupt me, Mr. Bumstead. This is ~~the most~~ sensational ~~thing that has ever happened~~. I've made arrangements to represent your baby for newspapers, radio, television, motion pictures, and vaudeville -- if it ever comes back.

DAGWOOD: But, look -- you see we called --

CITY: I want your life story, Mr. Bumstead and I'm arranging for syndication of a column ^{to be written under your name and} called Advice to Fathers. *I've always thought a column like that would*
Dagwood: *City:* There's a fortune waiting for you, Mr. Bumstead. You and your first born.

DAGWOOD: This is my first born right here.

BABY: Hello.

CITY: How do you do?...Now as I was saying, I...who did you say this was?

DAGWOOD: This is Baby Dumpling Bumstead. He's our first, but the new baby is our first girl.

CITY: Dooooooh! I should have known better...Where's the telephone? Quick!

BABY: Right over there.

CITY: Thanks!....Holy smoke! This is terrible..(FADING TO OFF

(RECEIVER UP)

CITY: Give me Main 1111.

BABY: What's he excited about, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: About our new baby, I guess. He was sort of mixed up about it at first. He thought your new sister was sort of a baby genius.

BABY: Isn't she?

DAGWOOD: Well, of course she's a Bumstead...

CITY: Hello, hello -- this is Homer! Jerk out that big .. headline about the Bumstead baby!....Yeah, the one that says, "BUMSTEAD BABY BORN BRILLIANT!" The whole thing's a fake.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- you can't say that about my daughter.

CITY: No, no, Joe -- it's just an ~~average~~ ^{normal} baby, *maybe a little*

Dagwood: I resent that.
BABY: Say, he's talking about my sister!

DAGWOOD: Come on, Baby Dumpling -- we'll fix him. No one can

talk about a Bumstead that way and get away with it!....

City: All right, Joe will be back in the office in a few minutes.
Dagwood: -- All right, you -- get out of here!

CITY: Let go of me! ...Hold the phone a second, Joe!...Now look here, Mr. Bumstead --

DAGWOOD: ~~Get out of here, and make it snappy!~~ Get out of here, and make it snappy!

CITY: Get your hands off me!

(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: The door's open, Daddy!

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, my daughter, she's a baby genius!~~

CITY: Let go of me! You can't throw me out like this!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no? Well, here you go!

CITY: Help! Help!

(WHIZZ...OPTIONAL)

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: What a nerve he had -- saying ~~that his daughter was a fake.~~
~~opened her mouth and said~~ *my daughter was a fake.*

BABY: And my sister.

DAGWOOD: That's the way we Bumsteads have to work together, Baby
Dumpling. All for one, and one for all.

BABY: You bet, Daddy!..Oh, look -- the phone's still off the
hook.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah ---so it is...That's fine.

BABY: What're you going to tell the man at the other end?

DAGWOOD: You'll hear...

(PICK UP PHONE FROM TABLE)

DAGWOOD: Hello! Listen you -- The Bumstead baby is the most
wonderful baby in the whole world! *I say so!* ~~Booby!~~

(HANGS UP)

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON SOUND OF FAUCET BEING TURNED OFF...)

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

DAGWOOD: Gee, we certainly have quite a stack of dishes,
haven't we, Baby?

BABY: I'll say. All these -- and it only took us three days
to get them piled up like this.

DAGWOOD: I should have bought paper plates. It would have been
so simple.

BABY: Then we could burn up the dishes when we were through.

(CRASH OF DISH TO FLOOR)

DAGWOOD: Oh -- oh -- it got away from me!

ABY: Gee, that's three dishes you've broken, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: I'm nervous! I want to see Blondie and the baby.

BABY: Mommy told me before she left that I should tell you to be patient.

DAGWOOD: I am being patient. It's just that -- look out!

(ANOTHER DISH FALLS)

DAGWOOD: That ~~settles it!~~ ^{did it!} I can't possibly do the dishes the way I'm feeling. I'm getting jittery. ^{just a bundle of nerves.}

BABY: ~~See~~ ^{See}, Daddy. I'm not nervous.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but you haven't become a father recently.

BABY: I've become a big brother.

DAGWOOD: It's not the same thing at all!

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh there goes the phone again. Maybe it's Blondie!~~

Baby! ^{Maybe it's mommy.}

Dagwood: Look out, Baby!

(WHIZZ)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello? Blondie?

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Yes, Dagwood -- ~~hello?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh fine, how are you? I bring~~ When can Baby Dumpling and I come down to the hospital ~~and see you and the baby?~~

BLONDIE: In about an hour (the nurse said).

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DAGWOOD: — *Oh, that nurse again!*
~~Gosh, that nurse again!~~ ... We'll be right down.

BLONDIE: In an hour, Dagwood. There's no hurry -- we'll be right here waiting for you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy!! *Did you hear that, Baby Dumpling?*

BLONDIE: Now don't get excited dear.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I want to get excited! It's fun to have a new baby. I feel like a millionaire!

BLONDIE: So do I, Dagwood... Well, we'll be seeing you, dear.
Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, honey!

(HANGS UP)

BABY: Can we go now, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Sure... We can start toward the hospital and walk very slowly. And in an hour from now, we'll see Blondie!

MUSIC...

NURSE: You can go in now, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Thanks.

NURSE: This door right here --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: (INSIDE) Come in.

BABY: That's Mommy, all right.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Hello, Dagwood... Hello, Baby Dumpling.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- you look wonderful.

BABY: We've missed you, Mommy.

Baby Dumpling

BLONDIE: My it's good to see you. Have you got a kiss for me?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) ~~What about me?~~ *How about me?* (KISS) Gee, just think --
got a new member of the family now.

BLONDIE: I'm so happy, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: So am I.

BLONDIE: You're sure you didn't want another boy?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- I wanted a girl.

BLONDIE: That's good.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet she'll be just as lovely and everything as you
are, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh now, Dagwood -- that wouldn't be much.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes it would. Gee -- it's so wonderful.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) How's everything at home?

DAGWOOD: Fine.

BABY: I've been taking care of everything. Mommy. *oh fine.*

BLONDIE: That's ^a ^{boy} good, ^{How's Daisy?} Baby Dumpling. When are you two going to
Dagwood's get those dishes washed?

DAGWOOD: What dishes?

BLONDIE: The ones that are stacked in the kitchen sink.

DAGWOOD: Well, we thought we'd do them today, but I was so nervous
that -- hey, how did you know about those dishes?

BLONDIE: Oh, I just knew, that's all.

BABY: Mommy has good eyes. She can see around corners and
through walls easy as everything.

DAGWOOD: I've never been able to understand it. Oh Blondie --
I wanted to tell you -- all our baby things are blue.
You know -- blue for a boy. ~~What about the new baby?~~

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't think it'll hurt anything, Dagwood. I've always liked blue anyway.

DAGWOOD: It's all right, hunh?

BABY: When are we going to see my sister?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie -- when are they going to bring her in?

BLONDIE: Oh, they couldn't do that, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: No, indeed. They're very particular about new babies here, and you'll have to see her through the window of the nursery.

DAGWOOD: That's not fair.

BABY: I want to talk to her. I just wanted to tell her that I'm her big brother.

BLONDIE: But she can't talk yet, Baby.

BABY: Oh, she'd understand me, Mommy.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid they won't let you get that close to her, dear. You don't want her to catch any germs, do you?

BABY: Oh, no.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie -- we're clean. Baby Dumpling and I both washed our hands first.

BLONDIE: Oh, she'll be home pretty soon, and you can help me give her baths.

BABY: She can have my submarine to play with.

BLONDIE: That's very sweet of you, Baby.

BABY: Oh, that's all right, Mommy...I'll be a big help to you. Daddy's been showing me how to fold those three-cornered pants.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie -- he's very good at it, too...You know, *Blondie* we had an awful time getting in here to see you. *Did you?* We had to talk to everyone in the hospital almost. Then we had to wait.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's too bad.

DAGWOOD: They ~~were~~ ^{are} very casual about everything. The way they talked you'd think babies happened every day around here!

(DOOR OPENS)

NURSE: Time's up, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? -

NURSE: You'll have to go now. Mrs. Bumstead needs plenty of rest.

DAGWOOD: But I just got here. I've hardly had time to say anything to her yet.

BABY: We just came in.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. You must have the wrong room. Goodbye.

NURSE: I'm sorry, Mr. Bumstead, but we have to be strict about this.

BLONDIE: I guess you'd better go, Dagwood. We'll all be together again soon, and you and Baby Dumpling can come and visit me again tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey... ~~But when are we going to see the baby?~~

BABY: ~~That's what I say.~~ I want to see my little sister.

DAGWOOD: ~~I want to see my daughter!~~

Blondie: Nurse, couldn't they? *Just through the window?*
NURSE: I'll take you there right away.

DAGWOOD: That's more like it...Well, goodbye, Blondie. We'll see you tomorrow.

Blondie: Goodbye Dagwood, goodbye Baby.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.
~~Baby!~~ Now -- where's my ~~daughter~~ ^{sister}??

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Will Dagwood finally see his new daughter? Well, I think he will, all right. We'll go with him and Baby Dumpling to the nursery in just a moment. But right now, let's brush up on a bit of Army lore...

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, there they are -- Dagwood and Baby Dumpling -- with their noses pressed to the glass of the nursery window, staring at all the babies. Finally the nurse inside points to one particular baby...

DAGWOOD: Look -- look -- look. She's pointing to our new baby!

BABY: Gee!

DAGWOOD: Yep! That's her! Yippeeee!

BABY: Gee...

DAGWOOD: Well, Baby Dumpling, what do you think of your little sister now?

BABY: Gosh, she's awful little.

DAGWOOD: What did you expect -- a debutante?

BABY: I don't know. She isn't even wearing skirts.

DAGWOOD: Certainly not. She's just a couple of days old.

BABY: Gosh.

GOODWIN: You know...passwords or countersigns get a big workout in our Army. After retreat, they're used to identify people who have permission to pass sentries at important guard posts. The countersign is usually the name of a famous battle or a well-known general. Listen! Here's the Army's regulation way of using a countersign.

MAN: (CURT, MILITARY) Halt...who's there?

SECOND MAN: (OFF MIKE) A friend with the countersign.

FIRST MAN: Advance, friend, with the countersign!

SECOND MAN: (ON MIKE) Bunker Hill!

FIRST MAN: Pass friend.

GOODWIN: Now, the countersign changes every day. But there's one sign on every counter that spells real smoking pleasure all the time. It's (SPELL) C-A-M-E-L...Camel! And Army men certainly know it! In Army Post Exchanges, Camels are the favorite...and in Navy canteens, too. Camel, you see, is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. And -- it is slower-burning. When you light up a Camel, you get extra flavor, extra coolness and more mildness...less nicotine in the smoke.

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.

"BLONDIE" 22-B
4/14/41

GOODWIN: And...friends...besides these important smoking advantages, Camels, with their slower way of burning...bring you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. But there's even more economy in Camels by the carton...greater convenience, too. So get your Camels by the carton. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

"BLONDIE" 22-C
4/14/41

GOODWIN: Well, there they are -- Dagwood and Baby Dumpling -- with their noses pressed to the glass of the nursery window, staring at all the babies. Finally the nurse inside points to one particular baby....

DAGWOOD: Look -- look -- look! She's pointing to our new baby!

BABY: Gee!

DAGWOOD: Yep! That's her! ~~Yippeeee!~~ Yoo hoo!

BABY: Gee....

DAGWOOD: Well, Baby Dumpling, what do you think of your little sister now?

BABY: Gosh, she's awful little.

DAGWOOD: What did you expect -- a debutante?

BABY: I don't know. She isn't even wearing skirts.

DAGWOOD: Certainly not. She's just a couple of days old.

BABY: Gosh.

DAGWOOD: Don't you like the way she looks?

BABY: Oh, sure, but she makes me feel like an old man.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, she's the best looking baby in the bunch.

BABY: Look Daddy!

DAGWOOD: Hunh? I don't see anything. What?

BABY: She just waved to me.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...Hello, baby. Hello. I'm your Daddy.

BABY: I'm your big brother.

DAGWOOD: I guess she can't hear us through all this glass. Gee --
I ~~wanted~~ ^{wish I could} to hear her make a little noise at least.

BABY: Me, too...Hey look, Daddy. Now she's blowing bubbles!

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know about that? She is, isn't she?

BABY: Are you going to make a little punishment chair for her to sit in if she's a bad girl?

DAGWOOD: Not until she's older. Gosh, she certainly is a swell baby. She's one of the nicest babies I've ever seen.

BABY: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Babies are funny, aren't they?

BABY: I'll say. I wonder if they think we look funny?

DAGWOOD: They probably don't give it a thought. They just lie around and make noises and wave their hands and wiggle their fingers a little and that's all. Well, I guess that's that.

BABY: Are we going home now, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm a little disappointed. I expected to hold the baby a little, but I suppose the people here know best!

BABY: Do we go out this door?

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh...Baby Dumpling -- you go out and wait for me.
~~I want to see Blondie about something~~
that nurse isn't looking

BABY: Okay.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON PHONE RINGING)

DAGWOOD: I'll get it, Baby.

BABY: It's probably Mommy, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Yep. She said she'd call us about now.

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello? Is that you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.

DAGWOOD: What did they say in the hospital? Is it okay?

BLONDIE: It certainly is. And they think you're a very fine husband, too.

DAGWOOD: Is that right?

BLONDIE: The nurse in the room the babies are all in said she thought you had a funny nose, but that was probably because it was flattened out against the glass while you were looking.

DAGWOOD: When are they bringing the baby in?

BLONDIE: Well, it'll be in here in -- oh, Dagwood -- here she comes now!

DAGWOOD: Okay!...Baby Dumpling -- come here and put your ear close to the receiver with me.

BABY: *That's the mouthpiece.*
DAGWOOD: *Oh I dropped it - put the receiver close to your ear*
BABY: *Oh*
What's happening, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: You'll hear. *can you hear me*

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- here's the baby now...Here's your father, darling. *Well, speak to her Dagwood*

51455 7922

DAGWOOD: Hello, dear.

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: Gosh... *Do you hear that Baby Dumping?*

BABY: Gee, is that my sister, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- sh-h-h-h!

SISTER: (CRIES SOME MORE)

~~BABY: Oh, boy!~~

DAGWOOD: That's what I missed! That's what I wanted to hear.
It's music to my ears.

~~BLONDIE: Can you hear her all right, Dagwood?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, Blondie.~~

SISTER: (CRIES)

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- aren't babies wonderful?

MUSIC...

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.

GOODWIN: Well, folks, in spite of all the difficulties, Dagwood finally heard the new baby's voice. But there are further complications in store for Blondie Dagwood, and all the Bumsteads.

So be sure to tune in next week at this same time when, "Blondie Brings the Baby Home."

"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 speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC:- (UP AND OUT)

ANNCR: Pipe-smokers! Do your pocketbook a favor! Get more smoking pleasure to boot. Just ten cents buys you a big blue two and one-quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. And what a grand pipe tobacco George Washington is! It's mild...it's rich...it's mellow. And it's cellophane -- wrapped for lasting freshness. Yes, George Washington's a real buy. Get some tonight!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.