

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1941

3:30 - 4:00 P.M., PST.
6:30 - 7:00 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)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. It's two in the morning in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue and all but one member of the Bumstead family are asleep. In the nursery, the new baby girl is opening her eyes... and now her mouth... ~~and now...~~

SISTER: (CRIES...THEN FADING TO OFF BUT CONTINUING)

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Do you hear what I hear?

DAGWOOD: I was hoping it was just my imagination.

BLONDIE: No, it's your daughter.

DAGWOOD: Why is she my daughter when she cries, and your daughter when she's asleep?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I guess that's just one of those things. Let's get up and see what the trouble is.

DAGWOOD: We know what the trouble is, but we'll have to get up just the same.

BLONDIE: I guess she's hungry, all right...I'll turn the light on.

(CLICK)

DAGWOOD: Yep, that's it, Blondie. Two o'clock in the morning -- right on the dot. She never misses.

BLONDIE: Isn't that wonderful?

DAGWOOD: I wish we could set her for a more sensible hour.

BLONDIE: Well, after we feed her, she won't cry again until six.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh.

BLONDIE: Get your slippers on.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- someone knocked on our bedroom door.

BLONDIE: For heaven's sake.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose that could be the baby complaining about the service.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

~~DAGWOOD: I didn't think so.~~ Who is it?

(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: It's me, ~~Daddy~~. MOMMY

BLONDIE: Well, Baby -- what are you doing up at this hour?

BABY: I heard my sister hollering. She's making an awful noise about something.

BLONDIE: She's just hungry, dear.

BABY: Does she always get hungry in the middle of the night?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.

BABY: ~~I guess~~ She's a real Bumstead, all right.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, she certainly is a -- hunh?

~~BABY: I'll go downstairs and fix her a sandwich.~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, no you don't, young man. Not a sandwich for a baby.~~

~~BABY: She wouldn't like one?~~

~~BLONDIE: No, dear, babies usually only have milk.~~

~~DAGWOOD: It sounds monotonous, doesn't it, Baby Dumping?~~

BABY: ~~That's right, Pop!~~
I SAID SHE'S A REAL BUMSTEAD

DAGWOOD: But you see -- what did you call me?

~~BLONDIE: Pop.~~ ~~I'm getting older, Daddy, so I thought I'd call you~~
DAGWOOD: POP? OH DEAR

BLONDIE: Pop.

DAGWOOD: Now you listen to me young man --

BLONDIE: Come on -- let's all go in and see how the baby is.

SISTER: (CRIES, FADING IN)

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I've got the light, Blondie.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

BLONDIE: Oh, the poor darling -- just look at her.

BABY: Gosh, what an awful face she's making...Hey, sister!

SISTER: (GURGLES A LITTLE)

BABY: Gee, she recognizes me.

BLONDIE: Uh-huh...Well, let's take her downstairs and get her bottle ready.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie...I'll carry her.

BLONDIE: No, I'll do it, dear...Come on, darling -- we're going to get you something nice. There we go.

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE)

BLONDIE: My, my!

(GOING DOWN STAIRS)

BABY: Will my sister be waking up at this time all the rest of her life?

BLONDIE: I hope not, Baby Dumpling. ~~Right now she's a regular night owl.~~
RIGHT NOW SHE'S JUST HUNGRY

~~DAGWOOD: What are we going to name her, Blondie?~~

~~BLONDIE: I haven't been able to think of a good name, Dagwood.~~

~~SISTER: (CRIES)~~

~~BABY: She seems to be very unhappy about not having a name.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~No, she's just hungry. Right now that's more important to her.~~...Come to think of it, I'm hungry too.

BABY: So am I, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? ^{WHO? YOU} Oh, yeah. I'm not used to your calling me Pop.

BABY: Shall I call you Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No -- there's enough confusion around here now.

SISTER: (CRIES)

BLONDIE: Well, it ~~looks like~~ the start of another day. Light the stove, Dagwood, and we'll get the bottle warm for the baby.

MUSIC:...

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GOODWIN: ^{AND NOW} ~~Well,~~ it's around seven in the morning now. The baby was fed again at six, and now the Bumsteads are gathered around the breakfast table.

(SOUND OF DISHES, ET CETERA)

BLONDIE: More toast, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: Thank you, Mommy -- I mean, Mom.

BLONDIE: Here you are, dear.

DAGWOOD: (FAINT SNORE)

BABY: (LAUGHS) Look at Daddy -- he's asleep at the table.

DAGWOOD: (ANOTHER FAINT SNORE)

BLONDIE: More toast, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (STILL ASLEEP) Thanks, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (WAKING UP) Hunh?...Oh, -- good morning, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Dagwood, you fell asleep.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I was just resting my eyes. I was trying to think of an invention. An automatic baby feeder. I guess I dozed off in the middle of my third failure.

BABY: I've been thinking about something. TOO

BLONDIE: What is it, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: Well, it's about my name. ^{YOUR NAME?} I'm grown up now. I wish you wouldn't call me Baby Dumpling any more.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) My, my...Yes, I guess you are older.

DAGWOOD: This had to happen sooner or later...Okay, Alexander. ^{HAND ME}

BABY: ^{OKAY POP} ~~That's better~~...Alexander, oh boy! ^{THE PAPER}

BLONDIE: I sort of liked Baby Dumpling, dear.

DAGWOOD: Boy, oh boy!..just imagine!

BLONDIE: Imagine what, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Six hundred and twenty miles an hour. Go 'way,.. 'way up... then..!

BLONDIE: Dagwood...what on earth are you talking about?

DAGWOOD: ...then straight down thousands of feet...g -- gosh...

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead! Will you please stop raving long enough to tell me what this is all about?

DAGWOOD: Huh...oh...I was just reading something, Blondie. It's all about the pilot who tested that new interceptor plane.

BLONDIE: What's his name, dear?

DAGWOOD: The "human bullet"...I mean Andy McDonough. It says here he made the (READING) fastest flight ever clocked...six hundred and twenty miles an hour.

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious...Andy McDonough must be a very good flyer.

DAGWOOD: He knows his stuff, all right. He sure knows a good cigarette when he smokes one, too. He smokes Camels. Just listen to what he says about them. (READING)
"Camel's my brand every time. I like my smoking mild -- and Camels are extra mild."

GOODWIN: Extra mild is right! Camels...with their matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, and their slower way of burning... give you less nicotine in the smoke. 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. And you know, friends, in a cigarette, the
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GOODWIN:
(Cont'd) smoke's the thing. You'll like the cool, flavorful
taste of Camels. You'll like Camel's extra mildness...
and you have the assurance of modern science that you're
getting less nicotine in the smoke.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: And now back to the ^{BREAKFAST TABLE WITH THE} Bumsteads and their very grown-up
son, Baby Dumpling. I MEAN ALEXANDER BUMSTEAD

BABY: I'm going out in the back yard and see what Daisy's
doing.

BLONDIE: Don't slam the door when you go out, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: (OFF A BIT) Baby Dumpling? Oh, gee, now I have to go through all that again.

DAGWOOD: All right then -- don't slam the door, Alexander.

BABY: That's more like it, Pop...Goodbye.

(PAUSE...DOOR SLAMS OFF...)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- he is growing up, isn't he?

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh.

BLONDIE: Terribly fast.

DAGWOOD: I suppose we really should call him by his real name.

BLONDIE: Yes, but it makes me feel -- oh, I don't know. He just isn't a baby anymore. Oh, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Now, honey -- don't feel bad about it.

BLONDIE: It seemed so nice to call him Baby Dumpling.

DAGWOOD: I know, dear -- but he's a growing boy now. You really

didn't want him to be Baby Dumpling all his life, did you?

BLONDIE: WELL DAGWOOD: THINK HOW SILLY IT WOULD
BLONDIE: ~~No, dear. I suppose not.~~ SOUND - "BABY DUMPLING
OH I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT) FOR PRESIDENT"

DAGWOOD: And we've got another baby now.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- and she is wonderful, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I should say so...But what are we going to call her?

BLONDIE: I don't know -- I just can't think of a name I like.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose we'd want to call her Hedy?

BLONDIE: ~~HEDY, NO~~
I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so...Well, I guess we'll think of something nice -- if we get a little help from our friends.

BLONDIE: I hope so...Goodness -- Alexander. Well...(SIGHS) I SUPPOSE ITS TIME

DAGWOOD: (Hey -- I wonder what time it is? I better be going!

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- I'll get the door open for you..

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll finish my coffee...Gee, it's hot!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Hurry up, dear! I've got the door open!

DAGWOOD: I'm coming, Blondie!...Just a second...Okay!

(DAGWOOD COMING UP FAST...)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Blondie -- take good care of the baby while I'm gone.

BLONDIE: I will.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHZZZZZ...)

BLONDIE: ^{THERE HE GOES} Goodness -- he's coming back...what's the matter, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) I just thought of something. It's still very early. I've got lots of time.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's right -- you have. ~~I'd forgotten all about it.~~

DAGWOOD: Just once I'd like to walk out of this house slowly...
Goodbye Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dear.

DAGWOOD: Ah-h-h, this is a big improvement...I'll try to get back a little early.

BLONDIE: That'll be wonderful, Dagwood...Goodbye.

(WALKS SLOWLY OUT THE DOOR...)

(DOOR CLOSSES SLOWLY)

BLONDIE: My, how things have changed around here!

MUSIC:...

DITHERS: (YELLS) Bumstead! Bumstead! Where are you!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J.C. It's a lovely (YAWN) day, isn't it?

DITHERS: I hate to impose on you, but would it be too much if I asked you to open both eyes while you're talking to me?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh, sorry, J.C. ~~BUT YOU SEE - THE BABY -~~

DITHERS: Bumstead, you're a bottle-neck!

DAGWOOD: Now look, Mr. Dithers -- there's no need to get personal.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! What I want to know is, why did you ~~let~~ ^{HAVE} ~~to~~ ^{TO HAVE A BABY} ~~all this happen~~ just when we got a big government order? ~~THE TROUBLE WITH YOU BUMSTEAD IS YOU DON'T THINK~~ You're going around this office like a sleep-walker!

Open that other eye again!!!

DAGWOOD: ~~I was up last night with the~~ ^{YOU KNOW A} new baby. She cries a lot now, but she's wonderful. We wouldn't change her for the world.

DITHERS: Maybe if you'd change her she wouldn't cry so much.

DAGWOOD: But we don't want to change her. We like her -- oh, I see what you mean. ~~THAT'S~~ ^{GOOD}

DITHERS: Now ~~when~~ ^{WHAT TIME} are you going to get those blue prints done today?

DAGWOOD: You mean the special ones we talked about yesterday?

DITHERS: Certainly they're the ones I mean!

DAGWOOD: They're all done.

DITHERS: Oh, no they're not!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes they are.

DITHERS: Oh, no they're not!

DAGWOOD: Okay, then -- they're not done.

DITHERS: See -- I told you so!

DAGWOOD: All right, but in that case, what are these?

(RATTLE OF STIFF PAPER..)

DITHERS: Great Scott! ~~They're done!~~ ^{YOU DID DO THEM.}

DAGWOOD: ~~See~~ ^{I DID YEAH I DID} -- I told you so!

DITHERS: But it's only a few minutes after nine!

DAGWOOD: ^{WELL J.C.} I've been in the office since quarter after eight.

DITHERS: ^{A QUARTER AFTER ER--} Dagwood -- let me shake your hand! I'm proud to have you working for the J.C. Dithers Company!

DAGWOOD: Thank ~~you~~, J.C.

DITHERS: To think that you got up early just so you could come down here and get in some extra work for me! Why, that's marvelous, that's wonderful, that's -- come to think about it, it's ridiculous. I don't get it.

DAGWOOD: I'm getting up early these days.

DITHERS: Oh, I see -- the six o'clock bottle, eh?

DAGWOOD: That's right, J.C. I get up at two o'clock, too.

DITHERS: Hmm -- well, I suppose it would be unfair of me to ask you to come to work after ~~you feed the baby at two.~~ ^{THE TWO O'CLOCK BOTTLE} Yes -- never mind that.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Oh -- uh -- would you like to see some pictures of the baby?

DITHERS: Er -- why, sure, ^{BUMSTEAD} ~~Dagwood~~.

DAGWOOD: Take a look at this one...This is a honey!

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Say, this is wonderful! What're you going to call the little rascal?

DAGWOOD: We haven't decided yet.

DITHERS: That's an outrage! That poor child, lying in her bassinet, without a name!

DAGWOOD: But we can't think of anything that seems just right.

DITHERS: You don't expect me to be godfather to a child that hasn't a name, do you?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, but --

DITHERS: Well, then do something about it! There are lots of names -- Laura, Lucille, Helen, Roberta, Naomi, Janet, Margaret, Amy, Cora, Hedy --

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DAGWOOD: I've already thought of Hedy.

DITHERS: So have I -- lots of times. Anyway, see that you get a name for that new daughter.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. I'll give it my best thinking.

DITHERS: ~~WELL WE'RE AHEAD ON THIS GOVERNMENT~~
~~you can go home a little early today if you want to. You~~
~~ORDER SO YOU CAN GO HOME A LITTLE EARLY~~
~~got this blueprint done ahead of time, and we're going~~
~~TODAY IF YOU WANT TO~~
~~along beautifully on this government order.~~

DAGWOOD: Thanks, J.C.

DITHERS: That's quite all right, Dagwood -- and I take back what I said about your being a bottleneck. Knudsen will be proud of you!

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J.C. -- Thank you!

DITHERS: Don't thank me -- thank the baby for getting you up early ~~this morning.~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SPLASHING OF WATER)

SISTER: (COOING AND GURLING)

BLONDIE: THAT'S MOMMY'S LITTLE MERMAID.

BABY: Gee, she likes having a bath, doesn't she?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE DEAR

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, yes~~ -- she knows that it's good for her to be nice and clean.

BABY: Shall I put some of this soap in the water?

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness no! That's laundry soap.

BABY: It gets clothes nice and clean, doesn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, but a new baby is a lot more delicate than one of your father's shirts.

BABY: I guess this brush would be too stiff for her, then?

BLONDIE: Baby Dumpling, you know that brush is for scrubbing the floor.

BABY: Were you talking to me, Mom?

BLONDIE: I certainly was.

BABY: *I THOUGHT WE AGREED TO*
~~You really should~~ call me Alexander.

~~BLONDIE: All right, I'll try to remember, Baby Dumpling.~~

~~BABY: Aw, gee, Mommy!~~

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm sorry -- Alexander.

BABY: THANKS YOU
SISTER: (GURGLING AND COOING)

BABY: How long will it be before she gets interested in playing with boats in the tub?

BLONDIE: Goodness only knows, dear. Babies take a while to grow up, you know. First they -- hold still, darling -- that's a good girl -- first they just watch things happening around them.

SPLASH

BABY: Like she's doing now, hunh?

BLONDIE: Yes. It's such a big world for her, and she wants to look around and get an idea what it's like. Then she gets interested in her feet and toes. She can't figure out what they're for.

BABY: I'll explain that to her, Mom.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) All right -- you do that...Well, after a while she'll start playing with rattles, and breaking things, and saying Da-da and Ma-ma, and having a wonderful time in her crib. Oh, she'll be lots of fun, dear. ~~You're~~
~~going to like her.~~

~~BABY: I like her now.~~

BLONDIE: ~~HAND ME THE TOWEL DEAR~~
Well, a little baby is the most fascinating thing in the whole world.

SISTER: (CROWS AND COOS)

BABY: ~~Sh-h-h-h!~~

BLONDIE: ~~What is it?~~

BABY: ~~MOMMY~~
I think she knows we're talking about her.

BLONDIE: Well, that's possible. She's a very smart baby, and now she's a very clean baby, too.

BABY: What happens next?

BLONDIE: Well, we take her out of the tub --

(WATER DRIPPING)

BLONDIE: And get her nice and dry -- like this.

BABY: ~~Gee, she's all pink.~~

BLONDIE: ~~She certainly is.~~

BABY: ~~If she were a boy, would she be all blue?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, no -- that's just the color of the little clothes babies wear.~~

BABY: Mommy -- if you dropped ^{HER} the baby, would she bounce?

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious -- what made you ask that?

BABY: Mr. Fuddle said he heard we had a bouncing baby girl.

BLONDIE: That's just an expression, Alexander -- and I'm glad you asked me about it, instead of trying to find out for yourself...HAND ME THE TALCUM POWDER

BABY: Well, ~~there we are~~ -- she's all dry now. Let's see how much she weighs.

(RATTLE OF SCALES)

BABY: Gee, you wash the baby, and weigh her, and feed her an awful lot, don't you?

BLONDIE: ~~I guess so.~~ THAT'S RIGHT DEAR

BABY: We're certainly getting a lot of wear out of her,
aren't we?

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Yes, indeed...Oh, my goodness! Imagine that!
I'll have to call Doctor Lewis right away...~~Come on,~~
baby.

~~BABY: You mean, Alexander?~~

~~BLONDIE: No, I'm talking to the new baby.~~ Goodness -- wait 'till
the doctor hears about this!

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Elm 303, please.

BABY: What's wrong, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Oh, nothing's wrong at all.

BABY: But what are you all excited about?

BLONDIE: About the baby. You see, she -- Oh, hello?
Doctor Lewis?...This is Mrs. Bumstead -- what do you
think has happened to the baby?!...Oh, no, that's not it
at all. Just think -- she's gained a whole ounce today!
Yes, isn't that wonderful?...Oh...Oh, I see. It's
perfectly normal...It isn't even a little bit
extra-ordinary? Oh...Well, thank you, Doctor...Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear --

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

BLONDIE: That's all right, dear. No matter what anyone else
thinks, your father and mother and big brother all think
you're a very unusual baby!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Blooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie!
BLONDIE: (CALLS BACK) Right in here, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: I'm home early, honey.
BLONDIE: Oh, fine, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Where's the baby?
BLONDIE: Oh, she's in the backyard in her bassinet, getting a little sun. ~~Baby Dumpling~~ I mean, Alexander -- is watching her.
DAGWOOD: Alexander, eh? (LAUGHS) Say, Blondie -- what are we going to call the baby, ~~anyway?~~
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I just can't think of a name.
DAGWOOD: I've got a list here.

(SOUND OF RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Listen. Abigail, Adeline, Adelaide, Agnes, Aileen, Alethea, Alice, Alma, Almiere, Alvina, Amanda, Amelia, Amy, Anastasia, Angela, Angelica, ~~Anita, Anne, Annabel, Annette, Antoinette, Antonia, Archelle, Arline, Athens, Augusta~~ --
BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sake, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: That's just the A's. This list goes on and on to Zoe. Shall I start on the B's?
BLONDIE: Not right now. I'll look them over later.
~~DAGWOOD: I've got another list, too. This just shows names like the movie stars have. You know, Sandra, Neddy, Bess, and Tululah, Simone, Deanna, and -- well, there are an awful lot more.~~

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~~BLONDIE: It's quite a problem, isn't it?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I should say so.~~ We can't very well name her after me, can we?

BLONDIE: You mean, give her a name like Dagwoodette?

DAGWOOD: Er -- um -- let's ~~just forget about that...~~^{SKIP IT} I wonder if anyone else in the world ever had any trouble naming a daughter?

~~BLONDIE: Oh, we'll think of a name, dear. Don't worry.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Okay...Let's go out and see her now, shall we, huh?~~

~~BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- come on.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I hope Baby Dump -- er, Alexander -- is taking good care of her.~~

~~BLONDIE: Of course he is. He thinks she's wonderful. He's very proud of her.~~

~~DAGWOOD: He should be!~~

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- look out the window!

DAGWOOD: What's going on out there! What are all those children doing clustered around the baby's bassinet?

BLONDIE: Oh! Maybe something terrible has happened to her!

DAGWOOD: Come on!

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Hey! What's going on there?

BLONDIE: They're all running away!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! It must be something awful...Baby Dumpling! -- what's the matter? Quick!

BABY: HELLO POP!
SISTER: (GURGLING AND COOING)

BLONDIE: The baby seems to be all right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- what a relief...What was happening here, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: Alexander. PLEASE

DAGWOOD: Never mind the formalities now -- what was all this?

BABY: Oh, I was letting all the other kids in the neighborhood see ~~what~~ my baby sister ~~looked~~ like.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's what it was.

BABY: I charged them a penny apiece.

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know about that! ^{I WONDER IF WE COULD-}
^{OH NO WE COULDN'T DO}

BABY: I made eleven cents. I was going to buy some candy and ^{THAT} divide it up with the baby.

BLONDIE: Now see here, young man -- you just let ^{MOMMY} me attend to feeding the baby.

BABY: Yes, Mommy -- but is it all right if I sell tickets to the baby for tomorrow afternoon?

BLONDIE OH DEAR!

MUSIC:

(DOOR BELL)

DAGWOOD: I'll see who it is, Blondie. (HUMS TO HIMSELF)

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Good afternoon, sir. I REPRESENT THE...

DAGWOOD: Oh, a salesman, eh? Well, we don't want --

MAN: I understand you have a very remarkable baby girl. Is that right?

DAGWOOD: We certainly have! Come right in.

MAN: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I don't think we really want to buy anything today.

MAN: Are you Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Why, yes -- but before you go any further. --

MAN: Let me congratulate you, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you. NOW I'M VERY SORRY BUT

MAN: Everyone I've talked to today -- selling this marvelous line of pots and pans -- has been raving about your new baby.

BLONDIE: Oh, really? ^{ABSOLUTELY} What did they say?

MAN: (LAUGHS) Well, Ma'am, just as I was showing Mrs. McButter our special pressure cooker -- this week only at three forty-seven, and it's a steal at that price -- she said, "You must see the Bumstead baby. It's a really beautiful girl."

BLONDIE: Well, how nice of her!

MAN: ~~—~~ ^{WASN'T IT!} Before I show you our triple-handy cooker with three separate compartments for three different vegetables, may I have just a little look at the new baby?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. We're always glad to let people see our new daughter.

BLONDIE: Don't make any noise -- she's sleeping now. ^{DOOR} There she is.

MAN: Say-y-y-y!

BLONDIE: Isn't she cute?

MAN: ~~I should say so!~~ ^{WELL SHE CERTAINLY IS A BABY ISN'T SHE.} I'll bet she's going to grow up to be just as lovely as her mother -- if I may say so.

BLONDIE: Well, thank you.

DAGWOOD: We're pretty proud of her.

MAN: You must be as proud of her as I am of these smooth, shining pots and pans of mine...which reminds me, let me show you a double boiler -- very quietly of course. ^{THERE.}

(SLIGHT RATTLE OF METAL POT)

BLONDIE: ~~—~~ ^{WE'D BETTER LEAVE HER NOW (DOOR)} Well, that is nice. MAN: NOW MRS. BUMSTEAD WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE DOUBLE-BOILER?

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~~MAN: Nothing is too nice for your child, Mrs. Bumstead, but this double boiler assures you that you're using absolutely the finest money can buy in preparing her formula and bottle. I imagine you do want the best for her, don't you?~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, yes, indeed.~~

~~DAGWOOD: We certainly do.~~

MAN: That's fine. ^{THERE'S NOTHING TOO NICE FOR YOUR} Now then, Mr. Bumstead -- I know you want to ^{CHILD} save the mother of that wonderful child as much work in the kitchen as possible.

DAGWOOD: That's right.

MAN: Then get her this triple-handy vegetable cooker -- it saves time, trouble, and space on your stove.

BLONDIE: Well.

MAN: You shouldn't economize on a thing like this, Mrs. Bumstead. You'll save time that I know you'd rather spend with your new daughter.

BLONDIE: Well.

MAN: Thank you, Mrs. Bumstead...These two items come to six dollars even. Would you like to pay for it now?

DAGWOOD: I guess we might as well.

MAN: You're certainly giving your daughter a ^{FINE} good start in life. A fine father and mother, and the best of everything!

DAGWOOD: Nothing's too good for our new baby...Here's the money.

MAN: Thank you...Well, good day to you, and thank you again for the privilege of seeing that cute baby.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, and thank you for coming.

MAN: Not at all -- it was a real pleasure.

DAGWOOD: JUST DROP IN ANY TIME YOU'RE AROUND THIS
(DOOR CLOSING) NEIGHBORHOOD -
GOODBYE -

DAGWOOD: HE'S A NICE FELLOW

BLONDIE: ~~You know we really don't need these things we bought,~~
~~but wasn't he the nicest salesman?~~ YES)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie. All salesmen should be like him. He's a
good judge of babies, too.

BLONDIE: It was nice of him to stop in and see the baby.

DAGWOOD: Well, after all he heard about her, he probably couldn't
resist... Say -- who's getting out of ^{THAT} the car? IN FRONT OF
THE HOUSE?

BLONDIE: It looks like Mr. Dithers. And that's Mayor Snipe with him,
too.

DAGWOOD: I wonder what he wants?

BLONDIE: Well, we'll find out in a minute.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Yes, Blondie -- we'll know in a moment what Mr. Dithers
and Mayor Snipe are visiting the Bumsteads for. My guess
is that it has something to do with the baby. BUT RIGHT
(COMMERCIAL) NOW LETS TURN TO THE ARMY

FIRST MAN: (CURT, MILITARY) ~~Bulletin~~ ^{ATTENTION!}...Quartermaster Corps!...
United States Army! Effective July first, all men will
be issued three pairs of shoes instead of two.

GOODWIN: America's modern Army may travel on wheels and wings,
But, now, as in nineteen seventeen, the average Army
man does plenty of walking. Yes, and today, as for more
than twenty years, the average Army man is still willing
to walk a mile for a Camel. Records show that in Army
Post Exchanges, Camels are the favorite...and in Navy
Canteens, too. Camels, you see, bring you a matchless
blend of costlier tobaccos...a slower way of burning.
In every cool, flavorful puff of a Camel you get more
mildness...less nicotine in the smoke.

SECOND 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: In addition, Camel's slower way of burning brings you
more smoking...extra smoking...per cigarette per pack.
And there's even more economy in Camels by the carton...
greater convenience, too. So get a carton of Camels.
Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a moment later, and Mr. Dithers and Mayor Snipe have just stepped into the Bumstead living room.

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C....Hello, Mayor Snipe.

BLONDIE: I'll bet you came to see the baby, didn't you?

DITHERS: Oh, sure -- but that's not all. Mayor Snipe says he has some sort of news for you.

SNIPE: Ah, yes, indeed...But first, where is this new arrival to our fair city?

BLONDIE: Well, she's sleeping, but you can take just a little peek.

SNIPE: Thank you -- thank you. It's an honor, I assure you.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: There she is -- ^{HOOTCHI-LOOTCHI} (~~LATCHES~~)

SNIPE: My, my, my -- what a wonderful baby.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Mayor Snipe -- er -- you don't have to kiss her.

~~SNIPE: What's that?~~

BLONDIE: ^{Yes} Well -- we always vote for you anyway.

SNIPE: Oh, in that case...

BLONDIE: Well, I'm afraid that's all now. She's got to get her rest.

DITHERS: Thanks, ^{FOR LETTING US SEE HER-} Blondie.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: ^{DO YOU THINK SHE LOOKS LIKE DAGWOOD?}
SNIPE: Now then -- the matter I came to see you about. As mayor

of this fair city, it is my honor to congratulate you upon this happy occasion on being the father and mother of the ten thousandth child --

BLONDIE: What's that?

DAGWOOD: There must be some mistake. This is only our second.

SNIPE: Ah -- ah -- one moment!...The ten thousandth child born in our little community.

DAGWOOD: That's different.

BLONDIE: Do you mean that our daughter is the ten thousandth child born in this town?

SNIPE: So I have been informed, Mrs. Bumstead. ¹WELL DAGWOOD
BLONDIE And now it is with
great pleasure that I tell you that -- in honor of the
occasion -- your daughter has been made honorary fire-chief³,
honorary police-chief², and honorary mayor¹!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: My goodness!

DAGWOOD: Imagine that! I knew she was an unusual baby the moment I first saw her!

BLONDIE: Police-chief², fire-chief³, and mayor¹!

DAGWOOD: Gee Blondie -- it looks like we've got a politician in the family!

DITHERS: Let me congratulate you ^{BOTH} ~~and Dagwood again~~. Of course, I could have told you that any daughter of any employee of the J.C. Dithers Company would be something special.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J.C.

DITHERS: Not at all. Any time I get a ticket for parking, I'll turn it over to the baby.

BLONDIE: Well, this is a surprise, Mayor Snipe. Thank you.

SNIPE: Now then -- what's the ~~name of the~~ baby? **NAME**

BLONDIE: Oh, my!

DAGWOOD: Gosh, this would happen to us.

DITHERS: Haven't you decided on a name yet?

BLONDIE: No -- we just can't seem to find one we like.

SNIPE: Hmmm -- this is very unusual. We can't have an honorary public servant who doesn't have a name.

DITHERS: Of course my first name is Julius -- Julius Caesar Dithers -- You could call her Julia, if you liked it.

BLONDIE: Yes, we could...

DAGWOOD: But I don't think we will.

DITHERS: Hmmm -- well, it was just a suggestion.

~~SNIPE: One of my names is Charles, and it might be appropriate if you named the baby Charlotte.~~

~~DAGWOOD: It might be appropriate.~~

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, but I think we'll have to pick a name out ourselves.

DAGWOOD: But in the meantime, just hold those honorary things open. We'll let you know what we decide.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- just think! The ten thousandth little child born in this town. Oh, she's a wonderful baby, all right.

MUSIC:

SISTER: (CRIES...THEN FADE AS IN OPENING OF SCRIPT)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...Are you awake?

DAGWOOD: Huh?...Oh, yeah, Blondie.

BLONDIE: It must be two o'clock in the morning.

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh...

(CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH)

DAGWOOD: Yep -- right on the dot.

BLONDIE: I guess we're wanted in the other room again.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Well, I'll get my bathrobe and slippers on.

BLONDIE: I'll slip into my robe too.

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE OFF)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, did you ever stop to think -- we may not be awfully important people, we're just sort of average like most everyone else -- but to our baby, we're the most important people in the whole world.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, honey -- it's nice, isn't it? Having someone who counts on us to help her get started in the world, and grow up and everything.

BLONDIE: It certainly is.

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE LOUDER)

BLONDIE: All right, precious -- your father and mother are coming right in.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, folks, it seems as though the new baby has added plenty of complications to the lives of the Bumsteads. But as Blondie and Dagwood say, "It's a very unusual baby" so be sure to be listening next week when, "Blondie Enters a Contest."

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 speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

"BLONDIE"
4/28/41

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ANNCR: It's surprising!

(DOWN SCALE ON CHIMES)

ANNCR: But it's true!

(UP SCALE ON CHIMES)

ANNCR: A two and one-quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco actually costs only ten cents. That's right! You pay only ten cents for George Washington's rich, full taste and grand mildness. George Washington is factory-fresh, too...comes cellophane-wrapped! Cash in on George Washington now.
This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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