

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. It's Saturday evening <sup>IN FACT LAST SATURDAY EVENING</sup> in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue, and Dagwood and Baby Dumpling-- or, I should say, Alexander -- are talking in the living room...

DAGWOOD: Do you think it's a good idea, , Baby Du -- er, Alexander?

BABY: You bet, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll call your mother and we'll tell her about it. I think she'll like it.

BABY: Oh, sure she will.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Bloooooooondie!..Oh, Bloooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) ~~WHAT'S BROKEN NOW DEAR?~~  
~~What's wrong, dear, and what's the matter?~~

DAGWOOD: <sup>NOTHING</sup> We've got a surprise for you! <sup>I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN</sup> I wonder why we didn't

~~BLONDIE~~ think of this before?

BABY: I guess with my new sister around we've been sort of neglecting Mommy.

DAGWOOD: That must be it. Well, we'll make it all up to her tomorrow, won't we?

BABY: We certainly will.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What's the surprise you two have for me?

DAGWOOD: You tell her, Alexander.

BABY: No, you tell her.

BLONDIE: Well, somebody tell me.

DAGWOOD: Well, do you know what day tomorrow is?

BLONDIE: It's Sunday.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) See -- she doesn't even know what day tomorrow is.

BABY: That's funny.

BLONDIE: But it is Sunday!

DAGWOOD: Sure, but it's also Mother's Day!

BLONDIE: My goodness -- I guess it is Mother's Day, isn't it?

BABY: Sure.

DAGWOOD: And we thought we'd make Mother's Day a real celebration for you Blondie. We're going to do all the work tomorrow -- all you have to do is just relax and sit around and watch us. How's that sound?

BLONDIE: Oh, wonderful! It certainly is very thoughtful of you to think of it.

DAGWOOD OH IT WAS NOTHING Who did think of it, anyway?

BABY: I did.

DAGWOOD: But I knew about it, too, Blondie. I hadn't forgotten. I should say not!

BLONDIE: Well, I'm really going to enjoy this. A day's rest will do me a lot of good.

BABY: We're going to take care of everything, Mom.

BLONDIE: Do you suppose you can?

DAGWOOD: Of course we can!

BLONDIE: You're sure it won't be the way it was when I was in the hospital? I mean broken dishes, and cobwebs in the corners, and parts of sandwiches all over the kitchen?

DAGWOOD: This is just for one day, honey.

BABY: When you were in the hospital we were nervous.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BABY: That made a big difference.

DAGWOOD: Sure. Besides, you can supervise a little.

BLONDIE: Well, all right -- that'll be fine.

BABY: We're going to make up a list of things we have to do and then do them.

BLONDIE: ~~That's good.~~ <sup>HOW THOUGHTFUL</sup> I was just afraid that it might be too much of a strain on my energy to take a day off.

DAGWOOD: That's exactly what we thought when we -- why, Blondie -- what a thing to say!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I was just joking, dear.. I think the whole thing is very sweet and considerate of both of you.

MUSIC.....

SISTER: (CRIES FROM OFF)

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPILY) <sup>NOW WHAT COULD THAT BE? - OH I REMEMBER</sup> Blondie...Oh, Blondie....

BLONDIE: (SLEEPILY) What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: It's two o'clock in the morning. Time for the baby's bottle.

BLONDIE: Yes -- you'd better get up, dear.

DAGWOOD: Er -- Blondie, I guess you've forgotten, but it's your turn tonight. <sup>WELL GOODNIGHT!</sup> -

BLONDIE: ~~What~~, Dagwood, I guess you've forgotten, but today is Mother's Day.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Don't you remember? You and Baby Dumpling were going to do everything.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes...I don't suppose it would be fair to wait until the sun comes up before we start Mother's Day officially.

BLONDIE: NO I don't ~~suppose so.~~ WELL. GOOD NIGHT-

DAGWOOD: ~~I didn't think so.~~ ..Well, okay. WHERE'S MY OTHER  
HOUSE SLIPPER? WELL, ONE'S ENOUGH.  
(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: Hey, Pop.

DAGWOOD: What're you doing up, Alexander?

BABY: We've got to take care of the baby, Pop.

DAGWOOD: I know.

BLONDIE: You see, Dagwood -- you ought to follow the example your  
son is setting for you.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

BLONDIE: You know, I think you're both going to make wonderful  
mothers today. .

BABY: Gee, I never expected to be a mother.

DAGWOOD: I didn't expect to be one so early in the morning. Boy  
-- it looks like it's going to be a long, long, day.

MUSIC....

~~GOODWIN: Yes, sir, -- Dagwood and Baby Dumping have a lot of  
work out out for them. Do you suppose they'll be able  
to bathe and change the baby by themselves. How will  
they last through the day, doing Blondie's work? well,  
well. Good out in a moment..~~  
(COMMERCIAL)

NIGHT...

GOODWIN: Well, it's breakfast time -- a little later than usual this morning -- and the Bumsteads have just come down stairs and gone out into the kitchen...

BLONDIE: Well -- what would you like me to fix for breakfast?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie, -- we're going to fix breakfast this morning.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's right. My this is going to be wonderful -- being waited on by two big men.

BABY: Gee, it certainly is swell to be a man and a mother, too.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You sit right down, Blondie. We'll do everything.

BLONDIE: Well, let me set the table, anyway.

BABY: No -- I'll do that.

(DRAWER OPENS...RATTLE OF SILVER...SETS THE TABLE THROUGH THIS...)

BLONDIE: Oh, by the way, Dagwood,..Mr. Dithers told me something very nice about you.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie...what was it?

BLONDIE: He said you'd made such a grand impression on Mr. Stevens, that important new customer. I'm so proud of you, dear.

DAGWOOD: Ha-ha...yep, I guess I'm sitting pretty with Mr. Stevens, all right.

BLONDIE: How on earth did you do it?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see...I just burst right into his office... pounded his desk a couple of times and...

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Are you sure you just didn't happen to strike Mr. Stevens in a good mood or something?

"BLONDIE"  
5/12/41

6-A

DAGWOOD: Good mood! Ha-ha...when I walked into his office he was ready to chop somebody's head off. He'd run out of Camels and he didn't have time to get any more.

BLONDIE: Ah...I begin to see, now.

DAGWOOD: Huh? I just offered him one of my Camels and then I went into my super-special number eight "x" sales story. We got real friendly, right off.

GOODWIN: Of course you did, Dagwood! Camel...the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos...has helped start many a friendship. You see, folks, when you offer someone a Camel, you're giving him more smoking pleasure...a cooler smoke...a more flavorful smoke. Camels also bring you more mildness...less nicotine in the smoke...

MAN: (ECHO CHAMBER) 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 slow...slow way of burning means more smoking...extra smoking per cigarette per pack. So, friends, next time, get Camels! And if economy and convenience rate with you, get your Camels by the carton!

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE"  
5/12/41

6-B

GOODWIN: Now back to the Bumsteads and breakfast.

(SETTING TABLE)

BLONDIE: <sup>DAGWOOD</sup> What are you going to fix for breakfast?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I don't know. We haven't decided yet. Oh here's a cookbook -- Say!

BLONDIE: Well, how about some nice breakfast food with sliced bananas and cream?

DAGWOOD: No -- that's not special enough. We're going to fix something different. Let's see, Cheese Souffle, Pate

BLONDIE: ~~de fois gras, -- et cetera.~~ NOT FOR BREAKFAST DEAR

BABY: How about waffles, Daddy? <sup>DAGWOOD!</sup> ESCARGOT OF B --  
BLONDIE! OH NO THAT'S SNAILS

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's a good idea! We'll have waffles! ~~IF WE CAN FIND A NICE FANCY WAY TO MAKE THEM~~

BABY: Oh boy! Waffles!

BLONDIE: Now just a minute!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

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BLONDIE: I'd really rather not have waffles for breakfast.

DAGWOOD: <sup>WHY NOT?</sup>  ~~Besides,~~ I hate to think of waffle batter all over

DAGWOOD ~~the walls, and ceiling, and the stove.~~ <sup>PLACE DAB</sup> It would take <sup>BLONDIE DON'T BE A</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>DEFEATIST</sup>

you all day to clean up the kitchen.

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, what do we have for breakfast then?~~ <sup>WE'LL FIND SOMETHING IN THE COOK BOOK</sup>

BLONDIE: Well, I like a breakfast food with bananas and cream.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- how about bacon and eggs?

BABY: I don't feel like eggs and bacon this morning.

DAGWOOD: Come to think of it, neither do I... Say, here's a recipe for French toast.

BABY: That's swell.

BLONDIE: French toast? Oh, my goodness --

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie -- it isn't really very hard. Let me see. <sup>WHAT IT SAYS</sup>  
You just beat up some eggs, add a certain amount of salt and a certain amount of sugar, and a certain amount of milk, then you strain the whole thing into a shallow dish and soak some stale bread in the mixture until soft. HMMMMM... have we any stale bread?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood, we haven't and without stale bread I'm afraid ~~we~~ <sup>WE</sup> CAN'T HAVE FRENCH TOAST.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose we could sit around and wait for the bread we have to get stale, could we?

BLONDIE: No, I don't.

BABY: Daddy -- I'm getting hungry.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh, yeah -- I'm hungry, too.

BLONDIE: So am I.



DAGWOOD: Well, let's sit down and give this problem about five minutes real concentration.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- Why don't you let me fix breakfast?

DAGWOOD: We couldn't let you do it.

BLONDIE: Oh dear --

SISTER: (CRIES JUST A LITTLE OFF -- THEN STOPS)

BLONDIE: In just a little while, our daughter is going to be hungry, too.

DAGWOOD: ~~Excuse me!~~ <sup>HEY!</sup> I got it!

BLONDIE: Good! What is it?

DAGWOOD: I knew I'd think of something if I concentrated. Blondie, how would you like some sort of breakfast food with sliced bananas and a lot of cream?

BLONDIE: That would be wonderful!

BABY: Gee -- I'll say!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, how in the world did you ever think of it?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it just came to me. (LAUGHS) Well, our Mother's Day breakfast will be served in just a few moments!

MUSIC...

SISTER: (GURGLING AND COOING)

DAGWOOD: Now, then, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: Alexander, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- Alexander. Well, Alexander -- the easiest thing in the world is giving a baby a bath.

BABY: It is, hunh?

DAGWOOD: There's nothing to it. You just dunk the baby, and then wash her.

BABY: It certainly sounds easy.

DAGWOOD: Sure...Now let's get this collapsible bathtub affair fixed. Let's see, now.

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Don't put the water in the baby's bath until you unfold it.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey...that's a fine thing -- don't put the water in the baby's bath until you unfold it. Hey! wait a minute. How do you unfold it? Well, I guess you just put your foot on this leg and pull it out here.

(RATTLE AND SNAP AS IT UNFOLDS)

BABY: Look out!

(DAGWOOD FALLS)

BABY: Gosh, Pop -- did you hurt yourself?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, everything has gone black!

BABY: You've got the bathtub over your head daddy!

DAGWOOD: There must be an easier way of doing it than this! I wonder if Blondie has to go through this every time she washes the baby.

BABY: Nope. She never has any trouble.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm -- is the water all ready?

BABY: It's in the big kettle.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(RATTLE OF KETTLE AS HE PICKS IT UP)

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW LITTLE NOISES)

DAGWOOD: That's all right, precious -- Daddy didn't get hurt. We'll come to you in a moment.

(POURING WATER IN BATH)

BABY: DADDY You better not put your foot against the leg of the  
baby's bath, ~~Daddy~~ LIKE THAT

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's just to steady it.

BABY: You better not.

DAGWOOD: Who knows the most about washing a baby -- you or ME?

BABY: I do.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BABY: It's tipping, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: What makes you think that you -- hunh? Hey -- look out!  
(CRASH AND SPLASH...)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

BABY: I told you so. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- I'm all wet!...Stop laughing at me!

BABY: (STOPS LAUGHING) Okay, Pop.

DAGWOOD: That's better. I don't want to have any more trouble

SISTER: (CHORTLES)

DAGWOOD: You stop laughing, too!

SISTER: (STOPS)

DAGWOOD: A lot of cooperation I get around here.  
(RATTLE AS HE SETS THE THING UP AGAIN...)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What in the world happened in here?

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie -- you go back and read the paper. We'll  
take care of this.

BLONDIE: Goodness -- water all over everything.

BABY: I'll get the mop.

BLONDIE: I think maybe it would be ~~better~~ BETTER if I just sat out here  
and sort of watched things.

DAGWOOD: Now that isn't necessary, Blondie. You're supposed to relax.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear, and I appreciate it, but I still think I'll sit out here and watch.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but it's all so simple.

BLONDIE: Yes, I know...There's a little water under that chair, Alexander.

BABY: I'll get it with the mop.

BLONDIE: That's good...Now pour the water into the bath, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Let me do this by myself, Blondie...Pour the water in.

(POURING OF WATER...)

BLONDIE: Not too much, now.

DAGWOOD: PLEASE BLONDIE  
I guess this is about right...Where's the soap now?

BLONDIE: Well, it ought to be right -- oh, I guess it fell on the floor a moment ago. There it is.

DAGWOOD: I'll get it...I take the soap and --

(VERY SHORT SLIDE WHISTLE EFFECT AS SOAP JUMPS OUT OF HIS HAND)

(SLIGHT SOUND OF SOAP HITTING FLOOR)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- the soap jumped right out of my hand onto the floor again.

BABY: I'll get it, Pop.

(SAME EFFECT AS ABOVE)

BABY: Gee, that soap is enchanted! It got away from me.

DAGWOOD: I'll sneak up on it...There! I got it!

(SAME EFFECT...)

DAGWOOD: Doggone it! There it goes again!

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Dagwood...Here -- here's the soap.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! How did you get it?

BLONDIE: I just picked it up, that's all.

DAGWOOD: Well, I still don't understand it, but I guess we're all ready for the baby now.

SISTER: (GURGLES A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: COME ON BABY

BABY: She knows she's going to get a bath.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I guess she does.

BABY: How long will it be before she learns not to like baths?

BLONDIE: Well, dear, I hope she'll always like them.

BABY: I thought she'd run and hide like Daisy does when we try to give her a bath.

BLONDIE: Oh no -- not your little sister...

DAGWOOD: Come on, precious...Up you come and into the tub.

SISTER: (MAKES NOISES)

BLONDIE: Be careful now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Now don't you worry she's my daughter, too.

(SPLASHING SOUNDS...)

SISTER: (IS HAVING WONDERFUL TIME)

DAGWOOD: LOOK AT HER - ISN'T SHE HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME?  
BLONDIE: Keep your hand under her head, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, she's awfully slippery. <sup>OH MY GOODNESS</sup> Whooooo! Be careful,  
BLONDIE: precious! I GOT HER

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness -- let me do it, dear.

DAGWOOD: No, I'm coming along fine.

BLONDIE: I know but you're giving me a nervous breakdown.

DAGWOOD: Gee, you'd think I didn't know anything about babies.

BLONDIE: ~~You certainly would!~~....Dagwood, keep your eye on the baby, even when you're talking to me.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- oh, yeah. I'll watch that.

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BLONDIE: She'll learn to swim under water when she's a little older.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh...Gee, this is making me nervous. She's as slippery as this soap. I'll put a little more on her now.

~~BABY: Is it she, is it now?~~

~~DAGWOOD: You're making me nervous.~~

BLONDIE: <sup>THAT'S ENOUGH DAGWOOD</sup>  
~~LET'S~~ Take her out and put her on the scales... (SPLASH)

(RATTLE OF SCALES)

DAGWOOD: I'll dry her a little first...Get her back nice and dry. There. Now turn around, precious...Oh, she can't understand me yet.

BLONDIE: Please be careful, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I am. Well, I guess that finishes us with the baby for a while. Now we can sit down and --

BLONDIE: Now let me have her. It's just about time for her to have her bottle. Up we go.

DAGWOOD: Oh...I THINK I'LL GO OUT ON THE COUCH AND CATCH A LITTLE NAP

BLONDIE: ~~and Dagwood says,~~ it wouldn't hurt to sterilize the <sup>BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR NAP</sup> other bottles, and change her bed linen, and -- oh, yes -- strain about a teaspoon of orange juice for her -- you can give her that after her bottle, And then you may have to bubble her.

DAGWOOD: Is that all?

BLONDIE: No, there are other things, but I'll tell you later. I don't want to discourage you so soon.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooh!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON TURNING WATER OFF...)

DAGWOOD: Whew! Well, I guess ~~we're done now~~. <sup>THAT'S THE LAST OF THE</sup> LUNCH <sup>DISHES - ON</sup>  
BABY: <sup>WELL ITS THE LAST OF THAT ONE ANYWAY -</sup> Gosh, I'm sort of tired.

DAGWOOD: So am I...Let's go outside and see what you mother is doing. Maybe we can get that little tree planted, too.

BABY: Okay, I think Mommy's out in the garden watching the baby take her sun bath.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute. If we go out there she might think of something else for us to do.

BABY: <sup>WELL</sup> ~~Come on, Pop~~ -- we might as well face it like men.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh, yeah -- okay.

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

BABY: Gee, there's Mr. Fuddle out there with her.

DAGWOOD: I hope he hasn't borrowed all our garden tools away from her.

BABY: He can't fool Mommy as easily as he can fool you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop picking on me. I'M TIRED

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) All though, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie -- we came out here <sup>(DOWN STEPS - GRAVEL)</sup> to get a little rest and to plant that tree for the baby...Hi, Fuddle.

FUDDLE: Hello, Dag, old boy. Happy Mother's Day.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS, THEN KILLS IT) Yeah. Say, Blondie, how did you get all our tools back from Fuddle? <sup>ARE THESE OUR TOOLS?</sup> <sup>I RESENT THAT!</sup> There are lots of things

FUDDLE: here that I haven't seen since last year.

FUDDLE: Now, Dag -- you're being unfair to me. Blondie just happened to catch me in a generous moment, so I returned everything.

DAGWOOD: I see.

BLONDIE: Our garden's coming along nicely, isn't it?

FUDDLE: Yeah, it looks wonderful. Beans, radishes, onions, peas -- it all looks pretty good.

BABY: How's your garden coming along, Mr. Fuddle?

FUDDLE: Well, my cutworms and caterpillars were never better, but for some reason my potato bugs look undernourished.

BLONDIE: Oh -- I guess you're having trouble.

FUDDLE: In a few words, Blondie, I have ants in my plants. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: IT ISN'T THAT GOOD, FUDDLE!  
BLONDIE: Didn't your tulip bulbs come up this spring?

FUDDLE: Yes, but only with the assistance of your pooch. ~~But that's~~

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?  
~~what I suspected.~~ If I plant the bulbs too deep, they won't come up. If I don't plant them deep enough, ~~your dog~~ <sup>THAT GRUESOME</sup> digs <sup>DOG OF</sup> them up. I can't win. <sup>YOURS</sup>

DAGWOOD: I know just how you feel. ~~It's the same way with weeds.~~ <sup>ONLY IN OUR GARDEN ITS WEEDS</sup>

FUDDLE: OH YES WEEDS.

DAGWOOD: Some year I'm going to plant weeds and see if vegetables won't come up. - SAY I WONDER IF THAT WOULD WORK

FUDDLE: IT WON'T - I TRIED

BLONDIE: Oh don't be silly, Dagwood.

FUDDLE: By the way Dag, you've got Woodley's hedge-trimmers, haven't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think I have.

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FUDDLE: Good. If you'll lend them to me for a week or so, I'll let you borrow his cultivator.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Fuddle -- it's a deal.

(BELL OFF TO SIGNAL FUDDLE)

FUDDLE: (CALLS) Coming, ~~dear~~ <sup>HAZEL</sup> -- I'll be right in. Well, I'll be <sup>I GOTTA RUN - I GOTTA HUMOR HER - YOU KNOW MOTHERS DAY</sup>

seeing you. So long.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Fuddle.

DAGWOOD: So long, Farquar.

BABY: When are we going to plant the tree, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: I guess we can do it right now...Gee, just think -- when you were a little baby the same size as your sister, we planted that little apple tree over there for you. It's just as old as you are.

BABY: Gosh, it's taller than I am, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. But that's because it spends all its time growing.

SISTER: (COOS A LITTLE)

BLONDIE: My goodness -- she woke up just in time to see us plant her tree.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir...Well, I'll begin to dig the hole right here, and we'll let big brother get the little tree and a bucket of water.

BABY: Okay, Daddy. I'll be right back.

BLONDIE: Here's the spade, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, honey.

(HE STARTS TO DIG)

BLONDIE: You know, I think this is sort of a nice thing, planting a tree for each of our children.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: We can watch the trees and the children grow up together -- straight, and healthy, with their feet on the ground and looking up to the sky. It sounds sentimental, but it's pretty nice.

DAGWOOD: They're pretty nice children, too.

BLONDIE: They certainly are, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But of course, they had to be -- with such a wonderful mother.

BLONDIE: Oh, now Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Well, it's the truth, honey.

BLONDIE: Dig the hole deep, dear. We want the new tree to be just as strong as the one we planted for Baby Dumpling.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Gee, did you ever think how fortunate we are -- a boy and a girl.. Gosh, we have almost everything we could ask for.

BABY: <sup>DADDY</sup> (COMING UP) Here's the bucket of water, ~~Billy~~.

DAGWOOD: Thanks.

BABY: And here's the little tree. I was very careful of it.

BLONDIE: ~~Thank you~~ OH THANK YOU DEAR

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- I guess we're ready.

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW COOING SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: I guess Sister's ready, too.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- pour the water <sup>ON THE GROUND</sup> ~~in the hole~~, Alexander.

BABY: Okay, Pop.

(SPLASHING OF WATER...)

BLONDIE: I'll put the tree in.

DAGWOOD: And I'll put the dirt around it...Yes, sir -- another Bumstead, and another tree to celebrate it in our back yard.

(PATTING DIRT DOWN WITH SPADE)

BABY: Gee, this is swell.

BLONDIE: Yes, it is wonderful. I feel so good.

DAGWOOD: ~~Why, Blondie, your eyes are all wet.~~

~~BABY: What's wrong, Mommy?~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, nothing. It's just that it's Mother's Day and I'm so  
happy to be with all of you, that's all.~~

SISTER: (CRIES)

BLONDIE: Oh-oh...I know what that cry means.

DAGWOOD: So do I.

BLONDIE: INTO THE HOUSE YOU GO DARLING

~~BABY: So do I...I'll get another pair of those three-cornered~~

DAGWOOD: ALEXANDER AND I WILL  
pants and ~~will~~ fix her right up.

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, since Father and big brother are doing all the work, work on Mother's Day, it looks as though they'll have to take care of this particular little crisis. We'll see how handy they are with that triangle of cloth and a safety pin in just a moment...But right now, a word to you baseball fans. Would you like to get the inside pointers on pitching from "Bucky" Walters, himself?

FIRST MAN: Would you like to have Cincinnati's ace hurler show you how to burn 'em across the plate?...

GOODWIN: How to stand in the pitcher's box to strike 'em out... one, two, three?

FIRST MAN: How to outguess the batter inning after inning?

GOODWIN: Well, listen, men. Now appearing in newspaper comic sections is a big full-color picture story on pitching by "Bucky" Walters. "Bucky" gives you swell tips on championship pitching with diagrams and action pictures. So remember! Look for this grand "Bucky" Walters picture story in the Sunday newspaper comic section. Get "Bucky's" inside slant on pitching. Yes, and get "Bucky's" inside slant on smoking, too. Read for yourself what Cincinnati's star pitcher says about Camels. It goes like this...

FIRST MAN: Smoking like I do, I stick to Camels. They're extra mild.

GOODWIN: Extra mild is right! You see, friends, Camel...the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos...the cool, flavorful cigarette of extra pleasure...gives you more mildness...less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST 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 the smoke's the thing! So, go ahead...try Camels now!

MUSIC!

BLONDIE: Oh-oh...I know what that particular cry means.

DAGWOOD: So do I.

BABY: So do I...I'll get another pair of those three-cornered pants and we'll fix her right up.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, since Father and big brother are doing all the work on Mother's Day, it looks as though they'll have to take care of this particular little crisis. We'll see how handy they are with that triangle of cloth and a safety pin in just a moment...

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, here they are -- Baby Dumpling has the safety pin  
Dagwood has that baffling piece of cloth in his hand, and  
Blondie's looking on...

BABY: I'm all ready with the safety pin, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I see you are, but let's not rush this. Maybe there's  
a scientific way of doing it.

BLONDIE: As far as I know, it's been done absolutely the same way  
for the last ten or twelve hundred years.

BABY: Why don't we pin it up first, and then just ~~slip it on the~~ <sup>SLIDE THE BABY</sup>  
~~baby?~~ INTO IT?

DAGWOOD: Hey! That's all right! That's fine.

BABY: Thanks, Daddy. I thought of it all by myself.

DAGWOOD: See, Blondie -- I told you there must be an easier way of  
doing it.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.'

DAGWOOD: And you practically said it couldn't be done any differently,  
I guess you'll take that back now.

BLONDIE: I'll wait a moment, first.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- we'll show you. Gee, it's so simple. Just fold  
these ends over, and --

BABY: Here's the pin, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Thanks...I wonder if we can get a patent for this system.  
No, on second thought, we ought to contribute it to the  
fathers of America -- of the whole world for that matter.

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

BABY: All ready, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Sure...All right, precious -- we'll just slip your feet  
through the holes here, and pull it up like this and --

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Gee, it won't go up any higher.

BABY: Is it stuck, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I can't seem to get it over her little -- well, it just won't go up, that's all.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid the fathers of America would refuse your contribution.

DAGWOOD: Okay, okay -- they laughed at Edison... Say -- I wonder if I could hold these triangular pants up on her with a pair of my garters.

BABY: I'll get them right away.

BLONDIE: Just a moment now. My daughter is not going to wear a pair of garters around her little tummy. We might just as well fit her out with suspenders.

DAGWOOD: Say, that's an idea, too.

BLONDIE: No it isn't, Dagwood. <sup>ISN'T IT?</sup> Now just go right ahead.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but it just seems to me there hasn't been very much original thought on the subject of quick changes for babies.

BLONDIE: Shall I do it for you?

DAGWOOD: No -- no, we'll do it -- and very neatly, too.

BABY: I guess maybe we'd better do it the way Mommy does.

DAGWOOD: Well, all right. **NOW DON'T YOU WORRY.**

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE)

BABY: Don't worry, sister -- we'll get some clothes on you.

DAGWOOD: Right away, too... Now we just slip this under her like this -- and then this comes over on this side -- no, that's not right.

BABY: Doesn't the other end come around here?

DAGWOOD: Yes, I think it does -- no, wait a minute. Here's how we do it.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) This is very interesting.

DAGWOOD: Well, we've got the problem licked now. Hand me that safety pin and I'll pin all three ends together.

BABY: Here it is.

DAGWOOD: Why there's really nothing to this. All you do is -- whoops -- it got away from me.

BABY: Shall I put my thumb on one of the ends? ..Here you are.

DAGWOOD: Now I just jab the pin through all three ends.

BABY: OW YOU STUCK ME!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- let me do that. I'm getting nervous watching you trying to spear things with that pin. Here -- I'll do it...  
There you are.

DAGWOOD: That's just what I was going to do.

SISTER: (MAKES AN UNINTELLIGIBLE SOUND)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie! Did you hear that!

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: She said "Da-da!" She was talking to me.

BABY: It didn't sound like it to me.

SISTER: (AGAIN)

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious. That time she said "Ma-ma!"

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I heard it, too! Isn't that wonderful! She's talking already!

SISTER: (MORE INTELLIGIBLE STUFF)

DAGWOOD: She said Daddy and Mama -- just as plain as everything.

Oh, boy -- she's going to be the smartest girl in the world!

BLONDIE: Maybe she'll be our first woman president!

BABY: Gee, it's funny -- I can't understand anything she says at all.

YEAH - YOU BETTER



"BLONDIE"  
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DAGWOOD: That's because you're not listening carefully.

SISTER: (MORE)

BLONDIE: Why that was a whole sentence. I didn't quite get it all, but it was something, all right.

DAGWOOD: Gosh! At last our little girl is starting to talk!

BLONDIE: And she spoke to me too. Oh, Dagwood -- this is the most wonderful Mother's Day I've ever had!

DAGWOOD OH CH HAND ME ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE  
MUSIC: THINGS - I GUESS A FATHER'S WORK  
IS NEVER DONE -

"BLONDIE"  
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GOODWIN: WELL FOLKS, BLONDIE FINALLY SURVIVED THE  
ORDEAL OF LETTING DAGWOOD AND ALEXANDER DO  
ALL THE HOUSEWORK FOR THE DAY. BUT MORE  
COMPLICATIONS ARE DEVELOPING FOR THE  
BUMSTEAD FAMILY SO BE SURE TO BE LISTENING  
NEXT WEEK AT THIS SAME TIME WHEN  
"BLONDIE QUARANTINES DAGWOOD".

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"  
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(SEVERAL SHORT BLASTS ON POLICE WHISTLE)

ANNOUNCER: Just moment, pipe-smokers! Do you know that you can get a big blue two and one-quarter ounce package of really grand tobacco for only ten cents? It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco...mild and tasty from start to finish. Try George Washington tonight. See for yourself that George Washington gives you more good tobacco for a dime. This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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