

6/10/41

Master  
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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 26, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

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GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. It's about an hour after lunch, and Blondie and Baby Dumpling -- er, I should say, Alexander -- are going shopping this afternoon. It looks as though Dagwood is going to stay home, because he's standing by the door holding his new daughter in his arms...

SISTER: (COOING A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: That's a good girl -- don't you worry. Your father will take very good care of you while Mother's away.

BLONDIE: Of course he will, darling.

BABY: Sure, sister... I got something for you, Pop!

DAGWOOD: Hunh? What is it?

BABY: Some extra safety pins.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks, Alexander.

BLONDIE: Now let me see, Dagwood -- I wonder if I've forgotten to tell you anything. You've got to feed the baby -- then bubble her -- and exercise her a little -- don't play too roughly with her now -- and then the cod liver oil.

DAGWOOD: A half a tablespoon, hunh?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood -- a half a teaspoon. Then you can take her out for a sunbath and a little ride in her carriage, and there are plenty of fresh dummies in the linen closet.

DAGWOOD: In the linen closet.

BABY: Oh, Pop --

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BABY: If any kids come around to see my little sister, don't let them look at her unless they have tickets.

DAGWOOD: Tickets? What kind of tickets?

BABY: Oh, they're just pieces of paper with A. B. written on them. That stands for Alexander Bumstead.

BLONDIE: My goodness -- are you still selling tickets to see our new baby?

BABY: Oh, sure, Mom. They're a penny apiece!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) What're you going to do with all your money?

BABY: I'm going to buy government saving stamps!

BLONDIE: Savings stamps? Well, I'm very proud of you, Alexander!

DAGWOOD: So am I.

BABY: So am I.

BLONDIE: Well, we'd better be going now!

DAGWOOD: YOU'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON DAISY TOO-  
(DOOR OPENS...) SHE ISN'T FEELING SO GOOD TODAY

BABY: So long, Pop. We'll see you later!

DAGWOOD: Okay... Goodbye, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear... Take good care of the baby!

DAGWOOD: I will.

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) She says goodbye, too!

BLONDIE: She's also saying don't forget my cod liver oil!

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know about that? All right, precious,

I won't forget... Have a nice time shopping!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood!

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye -- oh... Now let me see -- what's the first thing I've got to do.

SISTER: (CRIES)

DAGWOOD: Gee -- I didn't think I'd have to do that so soon... Oh, I see what the trouble is -- this pin is sort of poking you... There, is that better?

SISTER: (STOPS)

DAGWOOD: I guess so. For a while I was afraid I'd have to --

(PHONE RINGS...)

DAGWOOD: Pardon me, precious.

(PHONE OFF HOOK...)

DAGWOOD: Hello?

DITHERS: (FILTER) Bumstead -- thank goodness you're home!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, that's where I am. <sup>NOW LISTEN BUMSTEAD</sup> I'm standing right in front  
DITHERS: of the telephone in the living room.

DITHERS: Never mind giving me your latitude and longitude. Get down to the office as fast as you can.

DAGWOOD: But J. C. -- you told me that I could have today off because I'd have to work overtime on Saturday.

DITHERS: That was because I was expecting W. C. Morton on Saturday, but he's coming here today instead.

DAGWOOD: Well, he's got a nice day for it.

DITHERS: Yes, isn't it? The sun's shining and it's nice and warm,  
DITHERS: and -- oh, fiddle-diddle! Get right down here, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: But, Mr. Dithers -- I can't!

DITHERS: Bumstead -- the J. C. Dithers Company does not recognize the word "can't." ~~Nothing is impossible!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~You can't say!~~... But Mr. Dithers, why don't you see Mr. Morton yourself?

DITHERS: I can't!

DAGWOOD: Huh?... I thought you didn't recognize the word "can't."

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!... Bumstead, get right down to the office as fast as you can! I'll explain everything when you get here.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers -- !

DITHERS: Don't waste time! Hurry up! Goodbye!

(HANGS UP AT OTHER END...)

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers!...Toooh! He hung up on me.

(HANGS UP...)

DAGWOOD: Well, I suppose there's nothing to do but go down there right away...(CALLS) Oh, Blooooooondie! Bloooooon -- oh, that's right -- she's gone.

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

DAGWOOD: Don't you worry, precious. Daddy just has to -- holy smoke! I'll have to take you along with me!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Yes, Dagwood -- I'm afraid you can't leave the youngest member of the Bumstead family at home alone -- you'll have to take her to the office with you. I wonder how Mr. Dithers is going to like that? Well, we'll see in a moment...

(SOUND EFFECT)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: But right now, let's turn back the clock about an hour or so. Dagwood and Blondie are chatting together over lunch when Dagwood says:

SOUND: DISHES, ETC.

DAGWOOD: Gee...you know, Blondie, I saw the most beautiful girl.

BLONDIE: (COLD) Oh, really.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...she was a blonde. Boy! But I still like your blonde hair better, honey.

BLONDIE: Well, dear, nice of you to say so. Did...ah...did this young lady smile at you?

DAGWOOD: You bet she did!

BLONDIE: I suppose she's quite intelligent, too.

DAGWOOD: Well...she was showing mighty good judgment when I saw her.

~~BLONDIE: Hmm...I don't imagine you talked to her, though...did you?~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie...ha -- ha...you see, she's the girl who's smoking a Camel on that new billboard -- and say, is she enjoying it!

GOODWIN: Yes, Dagwood...just like millions of other folks who enjoy Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Try cool, mild, extra mild, slower-burning flavorful Camels with 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: And remember! In a cigarette, the smoke's the thing! So, friends, try Camels right now. And for convenience...and economy, too...get your Camels by the carton.

GOODWIN: It's a little later, Dagwood, carrying his baby girl in his arms, has just stepped into Mr. Dithers' private office. Mr. Dithers is busy signing letters, and ~~hasn't~~ <sup>DOESN'T</sup> looked up from his desk ~~yet...~~

DAGWOOD: I'm here, Mr. Dithers. ...

DITHERS: Just a moment, Dagwood. (TO HIMSELF) Let me see -- yes, I'd better sign this and get it right off...

(SIGNING LETTER...)

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

DITHERS: Stop that wailing, Bumstead! You sound like a baby!

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, J. O. --

DITHERS: Don't disturb me -- I'll be with you in a minute.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, sorry.~~

DITHERS: (TO HIMSELF) Hmmm -- this letter ought to bring results. Uh-huh.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

SISTER: (A FEW MORE NOISES)

DITHERS: Bumstead -- stop that pathetic whining!

DAGWOOD: I didn't make any noises, Mr. Dithers. That was the baby.

DITHERS: Oh, ~~well, you didn't even say a word in my office.~~ I thought you were -- what?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Say hello to Mr. Dithers, precious.

DITHERS: Holy suffering cats! It is a baby!

DAGWOOD: Sure -- you've seen her before, Mr. Dithers. But I guess she just sort of takes your breath away.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- what did you bring that child here for?

DAGWOOD: <sup>BLONDIE'S GONE SHOPPING</sup> I couldn't leave her all alone in the house, could I?

DITHERS: Couldn't you leave her with someone else? What's the matter with the Fuddles?

DAGWOOD: Just about everything.

SISTER: (WAILS)

DAGWOOD: Quiet, precious.

DITHERS: Well, take her out of here. One of the secretaries will look after her.

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing!

DITHERS: Why not?

DAGWOOD: I know what those girls are like out there. In five minutes they'd have my baby riding back and forth on the carriage of their typewriters.

DITHERS: Well, how do you think it's going to look when Mr. Morton comes in here and sees you, a supposedly sane and rational employee of the J. C. Dithers Company, with a blue print in one hand and a baby in the other? Do you want to give W. C. Morton the impression that we're all screwballs here? NO I'D LET HIM FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF

DAGWOOD: BUMSTEAD!

DITHERS: Mr. Dithers, I can't leave my daughter with anyone else for longer than a couple of minutes. It isn't safe...that's final!

DITHERS: (PATHOS) Bumstead -- you complicate my life. <sup>OH I DO?</sup> Everything goes along beautifully for a while, and then -- whom! -- it blows up in my face like an exploding cigar. It's too much!!

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, Mr. Dithers.



DITHERS: Well, I've got to see the Harkness people at their offices in fifteen minutes. When W. C. Morton gets here, I want you to show him these blueprints we've drawn up for his factory, baby or no baby.

(RATTLE OF BLUEPRINTS...)

DAGWOOD: Okay, J. C.

DITHERS: If he wants to go out and see the site again, go along with him, but don't let him talk to anyone from the Goliath Company. They're after him, too. ~~Just keep him in a pleasant mood -- give him the impression that things are progressing nicely, and that the J. C. Dithers Company is more capable of handling any situation which might arise.~~

DAGWOOD: Just leave everything to me.

DITHERS: Unfortunately, I have no other alternative. But if he's ready to sign a contract with us today, I'll give you a little bonus -- one of those twenty-five dollar defense savings bonds.

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: On second thought, I'll give it to the baby here.

SISTER: (ACKNOWLEDGES THIS)

DITHERS: Hm...And don't let your father talk you out of it, either. All right, Dagwood -- Morton will be here very shortly. Go to it, and please try to concentrate on him, and not the baby.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HANGING UP PHONE... NICKEL RETURNED)

BLONDIE : OH DEAR!

BABY: Isn't Pop home?

BLONDIE: He doesn't seem to be, Alexander. The phone doesn't answer.

BABY: Maybe he's taken my sister out for a ride in her baby buggy.

BLONDIE: Maybe so... Still, I shouldn't think he'd go out so soon with her. It's still early ~~now~~.

BABY: Well, you know how Pop likes to show her off.

BLONDIE: Yes. Goodness -- the way his chest sticks out!... But just the same, I wish I knew where he was.

BABY: Gee, you're not worried, are you?

BLONDIE: Well, just a little bit. I hope nothing has happened, that's all.

BABY: ~~Oh, what would happen?~~

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know... I don't really suppose any <sup>THING COULD</sup> ~~one would~~ <sub>HAPPEN TO</sub> ~~happen~~ our little baby girl. But just the same, I can't help wondering where they are.

MUSIC:

SISTER: (COME UP COOING AND GURGLING)

DAGWOOD: There you are, precious. You're all fixed up with a nice fresh one now. After a little while I'll give you your bottle. It's not time yet.

(KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DAGWOOD: Er -- come in.

(DOOR OPENS...)

MORTON: Good afternoon.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello. COME ON IN

MORTON: Thank you...The name is W. C. Morton.

DAGWOOD: No, it's Dagwood Bumstead.

MORTON: You don't understand. I'm Mr. Morton.

DAGWOOD: Oh, is that right? How do you do, Mr. Morton. I'm Dagwood Bumstead -- oh, I guess I just said that.

MORTON: Yes, you did.

DAGWOOD: I thought so...Well, let me shake your hand and welcome you to the J. C. Dithers Company.

MORTON: I am shaking someone's hand.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh, I guess that's the baby's foot.

MORTON: Oh.

SISTER: (CRIES)

MORTON: ~~What's~~ What's a baby doing in a business office?

DAGWOOD: She's just visiting. My wife's out shopping and I'm taking care of her...There -- there, dear -- don't worry.

SISTER: (QUIETS DOWN)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) She's sort of helping me run the office.

MORTON: <sup>SEE</sup> Well, let's get right down to business, Mr. Bumstead. I understand you have some blueprints to show me.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir...They're right here...I'll see if I can get them with my free hand...

(RATTLE OF BLUEPRINTS...)

DAGWOOD: Hummmn -- would you mind holding the baby a moment while I open these up?

MORTON: Well, I'd rather not if you don't mind. You see, I --

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's okay, Mr. Morton. Here -- take her.

MORTON: But I don't know how to hold a baby.

DAGWOOD: Just hold your hands as though you were going to catch a football...

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

MORTON: Now please, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, she won't hurt you...there you are. Now I'll get these blueprints unrolled.

MORTON: I wish you would...She doesn't weigh much, does she?

DAGWOOD: What do you mean! She's gaining weight better than any ordinary baby! She's very unusual. Why just the other day when we weighed her she looked at the scales and I very distinctly heard her say, "Goo."

MORTON: ~~VERY INTERESTING~~ Now about those blueprints...

DAGWOOD: What she was trying to say was "good," but of course she doesn't talk very clearly now. It takes very sharp ears to catch every word, and even then --

MORTON: Mr. Bumstead -- the blueprints...

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes -- the blueprints.

(UNROLLING BLUEPRINTS)

DAGWOOD: Now here's the front elevation of your factory, Mr. Morton. The office is right here, and -- don't hold her head so low, Mr. Morton --

MORTON: Mr. Bumstead, I can't hold a baby and look at the blueprints too.

DAGWOOD: I'll take her back in a moment, but first I want to show you how we've arranged to speed up your deliveries by constructing a series of ramps over here -- ~~right next to the spur line of the railroad.~~

MORTON: Oh, yes -- that seems to be a very ingenious suggestion.

DAGWOOD: We think it'll cut the time required ~~to get your finished product onto freight cars in half~~...Be careful, Mr. Morton -- you almost dropped her.

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MORTON: Here -- you take her.

DAGWOOD: Okay, <sup>HELLO PRECIOUS</sup> Now you'll want to glance over the third blueprint.  
BABY: <sup>HUH?</sup>  
DAGWOOD: <sup>NOT YOU BABY - MR. MORTON</sup> It shows how we've planned to reinforce the construction of the floor where your heavy machinery will be.

SISTER: (CAN BE SPRINKLED LIGHTLY THROUGH THIS)

MORTON: Oh, yes -- the Goliath Company told me they had a plan for that same problem.

DAGWOOD: The Goliath Company?

MORTON: Yes. They have a very nice salesman over there. Harry Sharp. I expect to see him this afternoon.)

~~DAGWOOD: You mean you're going to go over to see a Goliath Company salesman after you leave here?~~

MORTON: ~~Yes, that's what I told him.~~ (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) He's very very friendly. As a matter of fact, he told me I was a genius.

DAGWOOD: That's Harry Sharp, all right.

MORTON: Why yes, how did you know?

DAGWOOD: He tells all his customers they're geniuses.

MORTON: Oh, is that right?

DAGWOOD: Sure. He mistook me for a customer once and told me I was a genius.

MORTON: Well, that's a mistake anyone might make.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess it.-- huhh?...But you aren't serious about seeing the Goliath people, are you?

MORTON: Well, they have a reputation, and after I heard about the trouble you've been having lately, I was inclined to --

DAGWOOD: What trouble?

MORTON: Well, Mr. Sharp told me about the house you built that collapsed when the owner slammed the front door.

DAGWOOD: That's a lie!

MORTON: And as I remember, Mr. Sharp referred to all Dithers Company jobs as termite bait.

DAGWOOD: That's unethical!

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: That's the telephone!... Oh, will you hold the baby again just for a second?

MORTON: Well, couldn't you answer it just as well if --

DAGWOOD: Here you are. Be careful now.

MORTON: But Mr. Bumstead --!

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello?

DITHERS: (FILTER) Dagwood? BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, J.C.

DITHERS: Is Morton there?

DAGWOOD: Yes, he's here.

DITHERS: What's he doing now?

DAGWOOD: Er -- holding the baby.

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

SISTER: (A FEW NOISES)

DAGWOOD: Can you hear her, Mr. Dithers? Do you want me to have  
DITHERS: Mr. Morton hold her a little closer to the phone?

DITHERS: No!

DAGWOOD: Gee, it's like music to my ears.

DITHERS: Bumstead, stop mooning about that baby during business hours...Now listen -- I want you to get those confidential reports we made for the Harkness Company and bring them over here right away.

DAGWOOD: But J. C., I'm busy now.

DITHERS: You're the only one I can trust. Besides, you're the fastest man in our office.

DAGWOOD: I guess it wouldn't take me long.

DITHERS: Of course not. Do you think you can <sup>GET</sup> give Morton <sup>TO STAY</sup> ~~something~~ ~~to keep him~~ there while you're bringing those reports to me?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess so, J. C.

DITHERS: Be sure you do. The Goliath crowd is working on him, too. They're slick operators.

DAGWOOD: I'll take care of that, Mr. Dithers...Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

MORTON: Mr. Dithers, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I have to take a report over to him, but I won't be gone long.

MORTON: Well, perhaps I'll be able to drop in for a moment at the Goliath Company's offices while you're away.

DAGWOOD: But don't you want to look over these blueprints?

MORTON: Yes, and I wanted to check them with the factory site, too -- but --

DAGWOOD: We'll go out there as soon as I come back,

MORTON: But I promised Mr. Sharp at the Goliath Company...Oh -- here...take your baby.

SISTER: (COOS A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: Oh, you just keep her with you, Mr. Morton.

MORTON: Now wait a minute, Mr. Bumstead --

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW OF ANYONE I'D RATHER TRUST

~~DAGWOOD: You know, Mr. Morton, and I wouldn't trust her  
with anyone else.~~

MORTON: I'M NOT MUCH OF A FAMILY MAN.  
~~But how long will you be gone?~~

DAGWOOD: It'll only be for a few minutes, and I'll be right back.  
Now here's her bottle -- it's covered up -- and I'll put  
it right in your pocket. If she starts to cry you can  
give her that.

MORTON: Yes, but what if she <sup>WHAT IF SHE WHAT?</sup> well, what if she -- ?

DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...I'll put an extra one in your other pocket. You  
can use the same safety pin.

MORTON: Now Mr. Bumstead -- !

~~DAGWOOD: Goodbye -- and be sure you take good care of her!~~

MORTON: (WAILS) Mr. Bumstead! You can't do this to me! Please!  
Wait, Mr. Bumstead!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Here are the reports, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Thanks, Bumstead. The Harkness people are waiting to see  
them in their conference room right now...By the way, did  
you give Morton something to keep him occupied?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure.

DITHERS: What?

DAGWOOD: The baby.

DITHERS: Taaa! You mean you dumped that baby in our prospective  
client's lap?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's all right, Mr. Dithers. Nothing will happen.



~~DITHERS: I'm not so sure.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~But~~ I gave him plenty of extra equipment -- just in case.

DITHERS: Oh, no!

DAGWOOD: <sup>OH YES GOING</sup> Anyway, I'll ~~be~~ right back ~~there~~, <sup>TO THE OFFICE,</sup>

DITHERS: Yes, but ~~he~~ <sup>MR. MORTON'S</sup> left ~~our~~ <sup>THE</sup> office.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, in that case I'll -- he's what?

DITHERS: He just had one of our secretaries call up a few minutes ago to leave word ~~that~~ he was going out to ~~look over~~ the factory site. ~~I supposed you'd planned to meet him there.~~

DAGWOOD: No!...Holy smoke! What's happened to my baby?

DITHERS: <sup>HOW SHOULD I</sup> ~~I don't~~ know? Maybe he took her along with him.

DAGWOOD: Toooh! ~~So long, Mr. Dithers!~~

(WHIZZ...)

~~DITHERS: Great scott! Look at that man go!~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON LIGHT TRAFFIC OFF...)

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander -- I guess we've finished with our shopping for ~~the day~~ <sup>TODAY</sup>.

BABY: Oh, look, Mom -- we're right in front of the Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: Uh-huh...And if Daddy were working today...we could go in <sup>BABY!</sup> and say hello to him for a moment. <sup>OH BOY</sup> I certainly <sup>WOULD LIKE TO</sup> ~~wish I knew~~ <sup>KNOW</sup> where <sup>DADDY</sup> ~~he~~ and the baby <sup>ARE</sup> ~~were~~ now. I'm just a little worried.

~~BABY: Hey, Mom!~~

~~BLONDIE: Alexander, how many times have I told you not to say that to Mom?~~

MOMMY

BABY: ~~Well, look -- there's a man getting into a car just ahead~~  
~~of my sister's~~ carrying a baby that looks just like my  
little sister.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, I see him. My, she certainly is cute, isn't she?

~~BABY: (LAUGHS) I'll say. But she's not as good looking as my~~  
~~sister, is she?~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, no -- but just about. I'd say she was almost the~~  
~~same age, too.~~

SISTER: (CRIES OFF)

BABY: Gee, the blanket she's wrapped in looks just like our  
baby's, doesn't it?

BLONDIE: Why yes -- it does.

BABY: It's got my old initials on it, too. ~~Isn't that funny?~~  
B. D. B -- Baby Dumpling Bumstead.

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, and we're using that blanket for your little sister~~  
~~now.~~ Why -- oh, goodness! Baby Dumpling! That's our  
baby!

BABY: Gee! <sup>HE'S GETTING INTO THAT CAR!</sup> Maybe she's being kidnapped!

BLONDIE: Oh, Mister! Stop! Mister! Please!

(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

BABY: Gee, he's going to drive away! Police!

BLONDIE: Stop! Stop! Help! Police! Help! Help!

(CAR STARTS UP...AND FADES...)

BABY: Gee, he took my little sister away!

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens! I know that's our baby now! Where's a  
policeman! Where's a telephone! Police! Police!

MUSIC:

VOICE: (FILTER) Calling all cars...calling all cars...B on the lookout ~~for a blue 1940 sedan, license number X-343-J-4, driven by a middle-aged man wearing a brown hat, green tie, and grey moustache. The man is thought to have kidnapped the new Bumstead baby, and has the baby with him now...That is all. P.S. Don't forget, fellas, that Bumstead baby is the honorary chief of police, so step on it!...That is definitely all.~~ ~~be on the lookout~~ for a blue 1940 sedan, license number X-343-J-4, driven by a middle-aged man wearing a brown hat, green tie, and grey moustache. The man is thought to have kidnapped the new Bumstead baby, and has the baby with him now...That is all. P.S. Don't forget, fellas, that Bumstead baby is the honorary chief of police, so step on it!...That is definitely all.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR COMING TO A STOP...CAR DOORS OPEN)

SALESMAN: (CALLS) Oh, Mr. Morton.

MORTON: (OFF A BIT) Yes?

SALESMAN: I think you remember me -- Harry Sharp of the Goliath Construction Company.

MORTON: Oh, yes. How do you do, Sharp.

SALESMAN: I had expected to see you at our offices today, but when you didn't show up, I figured you might have come out here to the factory site.

MORTON: Yes, I expected to drop in and look at your company's ideas on my new factory, but I was detained.

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

MORTON: Detained by this.

SALESMAN: Well, well, well -- a baby.

MORTON: Yes -- a little girl.

SALESMAN: I love babies. And that's the cutest little rascal I've seen in a long time...I suppose it's your own!

MORTON: Oh, no. She belongs to Mr. Bumstead of the J. C. Dithers Company.

SALESMAN: Bumstead, eh? Hummm -- she's not a very good looking baby is she?

MORTON: Well, I don't know...!

SALESMAN: A little undernourished. But of course, you know how Mr. Dithers treats his employees -- that man is a Twentieth Century Scrooge.

MORTON: I'd never heard that before.

SALESMAN: On the other hand, the Goliath Company is fair and generous, almost to a fault -- not quite -- you understand, but almost. Look at me -- the picture of health, then look at the baby. She's probably hungry.

SISTER: (FEW SOUNDS)

MORTON: <sup>OH REALLY</sup> Maybe I should feed her. I've got her bottle right here.

SALESMAN: What you really ought to do, Mr. Morton, is come with me right now to our offices. We've worked out a system of construction for your new factory that's almost a miracle of ingenuity. Why fool around with the Dithers Company?

MORTON: Well, I would like to see the plans, but Mr. Bumstead will be here soon, and I ~~can't~~ <sup>CAN'T</sup> leave until I gave the baby back to him.

SALESMAN: Oh, of course you ~~can't~~ <sup>CAN</sup>, Bumstead will wait here for a few hours. The fresh air will do him good.

MORTON: Oh, I don't think I could do that. That wouldn't be fair.

SALESMAN: That's a very fine thing to say, Mr. Morton. <sup>THANK YOU</sup> But by

MORTON: ~~MORTON:~~ staying here, you're not being fair to yourself -- or the Goliath Company -- or me.

MORTON: Well, I'm afraid I'll have to anyway.

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SALESMAN: Now, Mr. Morton -- after all! You're letting this baby influence a very important decision -- and it's not much of a baby, at that.

(SIREN OFF...)

MORTON: Now see here, Mr. Sharp, I happen to like this baby. She hasn't caused me any trouble, and for a baby this young, that's amazing. Don't talk disparagingly about this child or you'll have W. C. Morton to deal with!

~~SALESMAN: (LAUGHS) I was just joking, Mr. Morton,~~

~~MORTON: Very funny.~~

SALESMAN: Don't get me wrong, Mr. Morton. As I said, I love babies --

(CAR AND SIREN COMING UP FAST... CAR STOPS WITH A SCREECH OF BRAKES...)

SALESMAN: Hey, what's this?

MORTON: It looks like the police. They've got guns!

COP: (OFF) Okay, you! Put .up your hands! You're under arrest for kidnapping that baby!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Oh-oh! Just when it looked as though things were going Dagwood's way, the police arrive on the scene. I wonder how Mr. Morton is going to feel about the Dithers Company now. Well, we'll know in a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE" 20-A  
5/26/41

GOODWIN: Meanwhile, would you like to hear how a certain young army pilot feels at the moment? Listen...

MUSIC: (BRIEF BURST...HIGH, TRIUMPHANT, AND WITH A STRONG TRUMPET OVERTONE...FADE:)

MAN'S VOICE: (TENSE, YOUNG, EAGER) I made it! I made it...I'm a pilot now..."The United States Army of America to all who shall see this presents greetings"...so and so...et cetera... second lieutenant...but there was a moment...yes, there was a moment when I thought I'd washed out...the test every flying cadet dreads, the "washing machine" flight they call it in airfield lingo...I...

SOUND: RISING AND FALLING SNARL OF AIRPLANE MOTOR

VOICE: (STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) I'm next...I'm next...

All right, mister, the instructor said, you've had your sixty hours training...now let's see what you can do. I climbed into the rear cockpit, he sat in front of me. We started...

VOICE: (STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) Ohhhh what a take-off, terrible, worst I ever made...I'm climbing, climbing, too steep, nearly stalled, this'll wash me out sure.

SOUND: MOTOR UP...AND DOWN...INTO WHISTLING OF WIND

VOICE: (STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) Stick forward, stick forward... dive now...dive...this couldn't be worse...

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT QUICK

VOICE:

(STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) Well, we landed.. Here it comes, I figured.. I'm washed out. All right, so I'm washed out. You know how it is...you try to say "so what" to yourself, try to laugh it off. But the laugh gets stuck in your throat, and the "so what" is as hollow as an empty gas tank.. The instructor looked at me.. Here it comes, I said to myself. "I guess I'm finished here, Skipper" i said to him.. "Right" he said. "Finished here. You're moving up to Randolph Field for final training. Have a Camel." Those three little words "Have a Camel" I'll always remember as a reminder of one of the big moments of my life...

GOODWIN:

And so Uncle Sam gets a new flying nephew...and how appropriate those words, "Have a Camel." Because for more than twenty years, reports from Army Post Exchanges show that Camels are the favorite cigarette.. And in Navy Canteens, too, Camels are preferred.. Just seems that 'most everybody likes that full, rich Camel flavor -- with Camel's mildness. And science says that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 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. The smoke's the thing.. For real thrift, buy your Camels by the carton..

GOODWIN: It's a moment later. A policeman with a drawn gun, walks up to where Mr. Morton and Mr. Sharp are standing.

COP: Come on, you -- put your hands up.

MORTON: I can't -- if I do, I'll drop the baby.

SISTER: (COOS A LITTLE)

COP: You heard what I -- oh, that's right.

MORTON: What's the meaning of this, officer? I haven't kidnapped this baby.

COP: Oh, no?

MORTON: I'm just taking care of her for Mr. Bumstead.

COP: You don't say!

MORTON: Certainly.

COP: My, you're a cute nurse.

MORTON: Now see here -- !

COP: Don't try any funny stuff!

SALESMAN: Officer, I can vouch for Mr. Morton. He was planning to meet Mr. Bumstead here.

COP: And who are you?

SALESMAN: I'm Harry Sharp of the Goliath Construction Company, and

MORTON: ~~Mr. Morton is going to be one of our new clients, aren't you, Mr. Morton?...Aren't you, Mr. Morton?~~ *THAT'S RIGHT*

COP: Never mind that now.

(SIREN OFF...COMING UP...)

COP: Aah! We've got reinforcements!

MORTON: ~~Look here, officer -- please put that gun away. I can't watch it and the baby.~~

BLONDIE: (OFF) Oh, my baby! You've got him!

BABY:(OFF) There he is, Mommy!

COP: We've got her, Mrs. Bumstead.



BLONDIE: Oh, thank goodness! Let me have my baby!

MORTON: I'll be glad to give her to you, Mrs. Bumstead. I've been waiting here for your husband.

BABY: Is my sister okay, Mom?

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander -- she's all right...You were waiting for Mr. Bumstead?

MORTON: Yes. I'm W. C. Morton.

BLONDIE: Oh, I've heard of you. I'm sorry about all this.

MORTON: Well, I guess --

SALESMAN: You see, Mr. Morton -- I told you the kind of trouble you'd get into by dealing with the Dithers Company. Trouble is practically the company policy. You've got to admit Bumstead and this infant of his have caused you a good deal of embarrassment. A fine baby!

BLONDIE: Why how dare you say a thing like that! ~~Oh Officer~~ --  
~~Oh Officer!~~

COP: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Can he talk that way about our baby? After all, she's the honorary chief of police, isn't she?

COP: That's right!...Okay, you -- you're under arrest.

BABY: Put him in jail!

SALESMAN: What for?

COP: You're charged with making cracks about the honorary chief of police. That's the temporary charge. I'll think of something better when we get to the station!...Now get going!

SALESMAN: Just a moment, officer, I demand my rights.

COP: Come on -- ~~over to the patrol car!~~

SALESMAN: Ouch! I'll go.

(AD LIBS...FADING...CAR STARTS UP, RECEDES, SIREN)

SISTER: (COOS A LITTLE)

BLONDIE: There, there, precious -- it's all over now...Mr. Morton, let me apologize for all the trouble I've caused you.

MORTON: Oh, not at all, Mrs. Bumstead. As a matter of fact, the baby and I got along very well. It's sort of fun to hold a little baby in your arms.

BABY: That's a specially special baby, too.

MORTON: Yes, I gathered that. Honorary police chief, eh?

BLONDIE: And honorary mayor and fire chief, too...And the prize winner of a beautiful baby contest...Yes, we think she's nice.

BABY: We certainly do. She's terrific!

BLONDIE: And I hope I didn't disturb your talk with that Mr. Sharp from the Goliath Company too much.

MORTON: I gave him a few things to think about. As a matter of fact, I'm going to give the contract for my factory to the Dithers Company! I liked the plans Mr. Bumstead showed me this afternoon.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful.

SISTER: (COOS AND GURGLING)

BABY: She thinks it's wonderful, too.

(CAR COMING UP OFF...)

MORTON: Who's this coming now?

BABY: It looks like Pop.

(CAR STOPS OFF WITH A SCREECH OF BRAKES...CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS...)

BLONDIE: Yes, it is...~~And here he comes!~~

MR. MORTON -

DAGWOOD: (OFF) ~~Blondie! Oh, Blondie!~~ (COMING UP

PANTING) Have you got the baby? Is she all right?  
BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: What are you two doing here? ~~Hotkey, Mr. Morton...~~ Gosh,

I'm out of breath.

BLONDIE: Everything's all right, Dagwood.

MORTON: Yes, indeed.

DAGWOOD: That's good...Gee, you know, I just passed two  
police cars coming out here. There must have been a  
lot of excitement going on somewhere. It's too bad we  
missed it.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN:

WELL FOLKS, EVERYTHING FINALLY CAME OUT ALL RIGHT FOR BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD - AND THE BABY IS NONE THE WORSE FOR HER TRIP TO THE OFFICE. BUT THERE ARE MORE TROUBLES IN STORE FOR THE BUMSTEAD FAMILY, SO BE SURE TO BE LISTENING NEXT WEEK AT THE SAME TIME WHEN "BLONDIE RESUES DAISY".

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" -26-  
5/26/41

SOUND: CLANG OF TRAIN BELL AND START OF TRAIN...FADE OUT THROUGH  
FIRST TWO SENTENCES

ANNOUNCER: Get aboard, pipe-smokers! Hop on the economy special!  
Load up and light up with George Washington Smoking  
Tobacco. You get a big blue cellophane wrapped two and  
one-quarter ounce package for only one dime. And  
George Washington is grand smoking tobacco...rich, mellow  
mild, So remember! Ask for George Washington...the  
better tobacco at a thrifty price.