

Master 5/8/41
New York.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Since the arrival of the new baby in the Bumstead family, Dagwood and Baby Dumpling have been living alone in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue -- living alone and not liking it. Without Blondie, things have been rather hectic. At the moment Dagwood's talking to Blondie on the phone...

DAGWOOD: When're you coming home, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (FILTER) ~~Some time this afternoon, I guess, dear...~~ How's everything been going?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS.) Oh, fine. We haven't had any trouble at all.

BLONDIE: That doesn't sound normal.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Have you been eating the right kind of food?

DAGWOOD: Well, Baby Dumpling and I have been going out to restaurants.

BLONDIE: That's good. Haven't you cooked any meals at home?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. We've cooked them, but we haven't eaten them... Everything's been all right, though.

(CRASH OF DISHES FROM OFF)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

BLONDIE: What was that noise, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, nothing, dear. Nothing at all.

BLONDIE: What's Baby Dumpling doing out in the kitchen?

DAGWOOD: Well, he's trying to dry the dishes, but -- hey, how did you know he was out in the kitchen?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I can tell. How many dishes have you broken while I've been away?

DAGWOOD: Let me see now...one, two, three -- then five the other night -- and two this morning -- and the one that Daisy knocked off the table.

BLONDIE: ~~What~~ HOW MANY dear?

DAGWOOD: Oh, just ^{ONE OR TWO} a few, Blondie.

BABY: (OFF) Daddy! Daddy! ~~Come quick!~~

DAGWOOD: YES... B-

BLONDIE: Dagwood, was that Baby Dumpling calling?

BABY: COME QUICK, DADDY

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- hold the phone...

(PHONE DOWN...FOOTSTEPS)

DAGWOOD: What is it, Baby?

BABY: (COMING UP) The coffee pot is foaming! Hurry up!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

(~~RUNNING~~ FOOTSTEPS...COME UP ON SIZZLING AND BUBBLING)

BABY: I'm afraid to turn the gas off.

DAGWOOD: I'll show you how to do it...Now you just -- Yeow! I burned myself.

BABY: Look out, Daddy, it's hot.

DAGWOOD: ^{I KNOW THAT NOW} Thanks, Baby. Hand me that broom. I'll push the coffee pot off the fire!

BABY: Here you are, Daddy!

DAGWOOD: Okay...If I just give it a little poke it'll -- look out!

(CRASH OF COFFEE POT TO FLOOR...SPLASH)

BABY: Ouch! Some of it splashed on me!

DAGWOOD: I'm scalded!

BABY: Now the fire's out, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, the gas is escaping!

BABY: Turn it off quick, or something awful will happen.

DAGWOOD: I've got it! There!

(POUNDING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- now someone's at the back door.

~~BABY: I'll open the door.~~

~~DAGWOOD: No, I better.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BABY: ~~It's~~ a salesman, Daddy!

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: Boy -- I just got the door closed ^{IN TIME.} ~~a second before he got~~
~~his foot inside.~~

(POUNING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Go away! We don't want anything!

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

DAGWOOD: That'll keep him out... Now I wonder if Blondie's still on
the phone.

BABY: ~~What's he been telling her, Daddy?~~ WHY'D YOU TELL HER THINGS WERE GOING SO NICE
DADDY

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, just honestly we've been getting along.~~

BABY: ~~Oh-oh.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, if I told her how awful things really were without
her, she'd worry.

BABY: I see.

DAGWOOD: But I can't stand it any longer. We've got to tell her
the truth.

BABY: That's it, Daddy. We're having a terrible time.

(PICK UP PHONE FROM TABLE)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Yes, Dagwood. What was all the excitement?

DAGWOOD: Oh, a few things were happening... Blondie, we're having an
awful time! Please hurry home from the hospital dear.
We miss you.

BABY: ~~That's right, Daddy!~~

BLONDIE: All right, dear. Just clean things up a little, and I'll be home early in the afternoon.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's wonderful, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, goodbye, dear. Be careful now.

DAGWOOD: I will -- Hey, Blondie!

BLONDIE: What is it, dear? What's happened?

DAGWOOD: Another thing, Blondie...I'm scared. I just heard something...something terrific. G-g-gosh!

BLONDIE: Oh, my...now what's happened?

DAGWOOD: D-do you know that there are millions and millions of people listening to us right now?

BLONDIE: Millions and millions of people...goodness gracious!

DAGWOOD: W-what shall we say? What are we going to do?

BLONDIE: Now, dear, I wouldn't get so excited. I'm sure all our listeners just want us to go on being ourselves.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm, yeah...guess maybe you're right, Blondie. Gee... I wonder if all those folks smoke Camel Cigarettes?

BLONDIE: I'm sure a good many of them smoke Camels, Dagwood... ~~off~~ of our real good friends, anyway.

GOODWIN: Right, Blondie. And as for you listeners who are still getting acquainted with Blondie and Dagwood...here's a suggestion. Light up a cool, flavorful Camel right now. See for yourself what it means to smoke the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Enjoy Camel's extra mildness...enjoy Camels with the assurance of modern science that you're getting 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,

(CONTINUED)

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GOODWIN: according to independent scientific tests of the smoke
(Cont'd) itself. And remember? In a cigarette, the smoke's the
thing! So get in on Camel's pleasure extras. Get behind
a slow...slow-burning Camel now.

MUSIC

GOODWIN: Now back to Blondie and Dagwood. Blondie is still
talking to Dagwood over the telephone from the hospital.

BLONDIE: All right, dear...I'll be home in just a few hours.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hey, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- what is it?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Don't forget to bring the baby.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I won't, Dagwood...Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BABY: Gee, Daddy -- we'll have to do a lot of work to get the
house looking nice.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right. It's got to be perfectly clean for
the new baby. SAY I GOT AN IDEA

BABY: ~~Geeh.~~ WHAT DADDY?

DAGWOOD: I know what -- I'll get a nurse to help Blondie with the
baby, ^{SURE!} She'll need one. Sure -- that's what I'll do.

BABY

And maybe she can help us around the house, too.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's an hour or so later at the Bumstead home when the door bell rings...

(BELL RINGS)

Dagwood answers the door, wearing one of Blondie's cutest aprons.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD:

OH - HELLO
(LARGE AND FORCEFUL) Good afternoon, Madam.

MARIE:

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh -- (LAUGHS) -- I guess this apron fooled you. I'm not my wife. NO KIDDING It's kind of frilly --

MARIE: ~~Yeah~~---

DAGWOOD: But this is the only apron that isn't dirty.

MARIE: I suppose you're Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: That's right.

MARIE: I'm going to be your new maid and nurse. The employment office sent me over. My name's Marie.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Come right in.

MARIE: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: I don't know if you'll do for this job. You see, what we want is --

MARIE: Just a moment. I'll have to look this place over and see if I like it here, first.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

MARIE: How long has your wife been away?

DAGWOOD: About two weeks...How did you know she'd been away?

MARIE: This step-ladder in the middle of the living-room floor.

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, one of the bulbs in the chandelier went out day before yesterday, and after I fixed it, I forgot about taking the step-ladder back.

THANKS
IM NOT
BUT

MARIE: Hm. Well, this looks like a fairly comfortable house.
DAGWOOD: ~~sure~~ like the way the furniture is arranged, though.

DAGWOOD: We like it this way.

MARIE: ~~OH WELL IT CAN BE CHANGED~~
Now -- here's what I'll expect.

DAGWOOD: But wait a minute -- ~~I thought I was hiring you.~~

MARIE: First, I want a room of my own.

DAGWOOD: Well, we're pretty cramped for room, and I thought you could sleep in the room with the baby, and --

MARIE: Don't interrupt, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sorry.

MARIE: Now -- about my nights off. Suppose we say Thursday, Friday and Saturday?

DAGWOOD: That seems like a lot of nights off to me, but --

MARIE: Then that's settled. ~~On Friday nights my boy friend comes to see me so I'll have the use of the living room.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~We usually just sit around home on Friday nights. I don't see how --~~

MARIE: ~~Now about taking care of the house. I don't mind helping with the dishes every now and then.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~That's nice.~~

MARIE: ~~But I'm rather clumsy -- so that's up to you~~ Now here are the meals I'll cook for you. Monday, pork chops, Tuesday, veal cutlets, Wednesday, ham, Thursday, roast beef, Friday, fish, and Sunday, chicken.

DAGWOOD: But what about lamb chops?

MARIE: I don't like lamb chops... Now then, about references.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes. You have some with you?

MARIE: Oh, not me. You, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: But I'm hiring you!

MARIE: Thank you, Mr. Bumstead -- I'm sure we'll get along very nicely. When are you expecting Mrs. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: This afternoon, but wait a minute -- I haven't hired you yet.

MARIE: You just said so, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I did?

MARIE: Yes. If you want to fire me, I'll take two weeks pay and leave.

DAGWOOD: Tooqoooh! I wonder what Blondie will say!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Come right in, Miss Regan.

REGAN: Thank you, Mrs. Bumstead.

(DOOR CLOSES)

REGAN: Well, you're almost ready to go home, now, aren't you?

BLONDIE: Yes -- I'm going in about a half an hour. ^{MISS REGAN} I wonder if ^{I'VE BEEN} ^{THINKING} you'd like to come with me and help take care of the baby for two or three weeks?

REGAN: I certainly would, Mrs. Bumstead. I'd be glad to help you around the house, too.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's fine. I'll feel much better knowing that I've got a real nurse around in case anything should happen.

REGAN: I don't think your little girl will worry you much, Mrs. Bumstead. She has a beautiful disposition.

BLONDIE: You won't mind sleeping in the same room with the baby?

REGAN: Oh, not at all. I'm used to it.

BLONDIE: You know, there are so many ^{NEW} little things that I don't know about ~~new~~ babies.

REGAN: Well, I'll take care of all that, Mrs. Bumstead. You just leave everything to me.

BLONDIE: That's quite a load off my mind...My, I'll bet Dagwood will be surprised.

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF DISHES)

DAGWOOD: Here's your coffee, Marie.

MARIE: Thank you.

BABY: And here's the sugar.

MARIE: Thank you...Well, well -- we've got quite a lot of work done around here, haven't we?

BABY: We have, but you haven't done anything.

~~MARIE: Now was that a nice thing to say, Baby Dumpling?~~

~~BABY: You can call me Mr. Bumstead.~~

~~DAGWOOD: You haven't done very much, Marie.~~

MARIE: My work will start when Mrs. Bumstead arrives with the baby. I'm resting up for that.

DAGWOOD: You certainly are.

~~MARIE: Mrs. Bumstead, I don't like your attitude.~~

~~DAGWOOD: But you've made us do all the work.~~

BABY: Daddy, I don't like her. She's a sourpuss.

MARIE: What was that?! Why -- the nerve! How dare you!...
Mr. Bumstead, aren't you going to say something to your child about that?

DAGWOOD: Baby Dumpling, who gave you the idea Marie was a sourpuss?

BABY: You did, remember?

MARIE: Mr. Bumstead, I demand an explanation.

DAGWOOD: I guess I must have been sort of talking to myself.

MARIE: Hmmm! You know what they say about people who talk to themselves. They say they're batty.

DAGWOOD: Is that right?

~~BABY: Let's go into the other room, Daddy.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Okay.~~

~~MARIE: Just a moment there. You may go into the living-room and sit down for five minutes.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Thank you, Marie.~~

~~MARIE: After that, you'll have to help me with the dishes.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Poooooooh!~~

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BABY: Oh, boy, Daddy -- there's the doorbell! Maybe it's Mommy!

DAGWOOD: Come on, let's see!

(WHIZZ...DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Oh, Dagwood!

BABY: Hello, Mommy! Gee, I certainly am glad you're back.

BLONDIE: My goodness, Dagwood! You're squeezing the breath out of me! (LAUGHS) Oh, don't hold me so tight, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, this is great! Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: My how I've missed you both!

(DOOR CLOSES)

BABY: Gee, we've missed you, Mommy.

SISTER: (CRIES)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Where's the baby? Where is she?

BLONDIE: Oh, Miss Regan brought her.

DAGWOOD: (IN ONE BREATH) Oh, hello, Miss Regan I didn't see you, let me hold the baby.

REGAN: Here you are, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, isn't this wonderful.

SISTER: (GURGLES)

BABY: Gee -- she's real, isn't she?

DAGWOOD: I'll say she is...Itsy-witxy-booky-boo! (LAUGHS)
Wipsy-dipsy.

BABY: Can she understand all that stuff you're saying to her, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: Who cares? Boy -- this is certainly swell!

BLONDIE: She's the most wonderful baby in the world, Dagwood. She hardly cries at all.

REGAN: That's right, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Well, why shouldn't she be wonderful? She's a Bumstead!
Yes, sir!

BLONDIE: Look at those blue eyes, Dagwood. They're just like stars!

DAGWOOD: Gee, they are, aren't they?

BABY: Let me see those stars.

DAGWOOD: Look! See?

BABY: I don't see any stars.

SISTER: (GURGLES AND CROWS)

BABY: But they're very nice eyes, all right...Gee, she's looking right at me.

BLONDIE: Oh, she likes you, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: Gosh, I think she does...Hey, I'm your big brother.
That's who I am.

SISTER: (NOISES)

BABY: What's she mean?

DAGWOOD: Gosh...now we've got a boy and a girl.

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood. That's what we've always wanted.

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh. (LAUGHS) Isn't this great!

BLONDIE: By the way, dear -- I have a surprise for you.
Miss Regan's going to stay with us for two or three weeks
and help me take care of the baby.

DAGWOOD: That's nice, Blondie. I was just saying the other day...

BABY: Daddy...

DAGWOOD: What, Baby Dumpling?

BABY: You better tell Mommy about the sourpuss!

DAGWOOD: Sourpuss? Holy smoke -- I forgot all about her!

BLONDIE: What's this, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, I thought you'd want someone to help you
with the baby when you brought her home.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- and that's why I got Miss Regan to come
with me.

~~REGAN: You see, Mr. Dumstead? It's all been taken care of.~~

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah, but I got someone too!

BLONDIE: You did? But where is she now?

DAGWOOD: She's out in the kitchen -- sulking.

BLONDIE: Sulking? What for?

DAGWOOD: She didn't like the breakfast I cooked for her. I
burned the toast.

BABY: I'll tell her to come on in and say hello.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- do that, Baby Dumpling.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, is she a nurse?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, that's the impression she gave me. She said she could take care of all kinds of babies, and I wouldn't be surprised if that included everything up to elephant babies.

BABY: Here she is, ~~Mummy~~. DADDY

DAGWOOD: Oh, er -- Marie, this is Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: How do you do, Marie!

MARIE: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: And this is Miss Regan, Marie. She's a trained nurse.

REGAN: How do you do?

MARIE: ~~Hummmmm~~. WELL....

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE)

MARIE: Let me have the baby, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- I'll just hold her myself, Marie.

MARIE: You don't know how to hold a baby.

REGAN: I think Mr. Bumstead is holding the baby perfectly all right.

DAGWOOD: See?

MARIE: Since when should a man drape a baby over his arm like ~~an~~ ^a ~~old~~ raincoat?

DAGWOOD: I'm not holding her that way!

MARIE: Give me ~~the~~ ^{THAT} baby, Mr. Bumstead.

BABY: Don't you do it, Daddy.

MARIE: GIVE ME THAT BABY.

BLONDIE: Now just a minute, Marie. After all, it's our baby.

MARIE: But I'm the one who's going to take care of her.

REGAN: Isn't that what you engaged me for, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Yes, it is.

MARIE: Mr. Bumstead engaged me to take care of the baby, didn't you, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, I thought maybe you could help a little --

MARIE: Didn't you, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I suppose so, but you tricked me into it.

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: Now look what you've done -- she's crying.
MARIE: Well I CAN'T HELP IT - YOU TOLD ME
REGAN: You'd better give her to me, Mr. Bumstead. It's time for her to go to bed and take a nap.

BLONDIE: Yes, that's right.

MARIE: What -- take a nap???

REGAN: Certainly.

MARIE: That baby's perfectly healthy. The afternoon's just beginning and there's no need for her to take a nap until nine o'clock tonight.

REGAN: Goodness! You can't be serious.

MARIE: Apparently you don't know much about babies, Regan.

REGAN: Don't you call me Regan!

MARIE: You want to make something out of it?

BLONDIE: Now just a minute -- just a minute!

MARIE: These young nurses! What do they know about babies?

REGAN: Plenty!

BLONDIE: Miss Regan, will you take the baby upstairs, please?

MARIE: Hmnnnnnn -- favoritism, eh?

REGAN: Thank you, Mrs. Bumstead.

MARIE: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, if you want to spoil the child...
BLONDIE: We'll straighten this all out later, Marie. Dagwood,
do you want to come upstairs with us?
DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. Are you going to give the baby a bath?
REGAN: Oh, no, Mr. Bumstead -- just at ten in the morning.
MARIE: Only one bath a day?
REGAN: Yes -- just one bath a day.
MARIE: Oh, that poor, poor baby.
BLONDIE: Come on, Miss Regan, ^{DAGWOOD! NOW MARIE} Upstairs, Dagwood.

(GOING UPSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- we had an awful time here without you.
Life got very monotonous and full of dirty dishes.
BABY: We broke a lot of dishes, but we only used the cheap
ones -- on purpose.
REGAN: Which room is going to be the baby's, Mrs. Bumstead?
BLONDIE: Right on your left.
SISTER: (CLUCKS AND GURGLES)
DAGWOOD: Everything's there, so you can take her right in.
REGAN: All right, Mr. Bumstead.
BABY: I'll go in with her and watch.
BLONDIE: All right, Baby Dumpling...Dagwood, come into our room
and tell me about this Marie.
DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- she's awful. (DOOR CLOSING)
BLONDIE: She seems to have gotten the house nice and clean.
DAGWOOD: Oh, no! She made us do that.

(DOOR CLOSING)

BLONDIE: Goodness!...Well, Dagwood -- I don't see how we can
possibly afford both of them.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I. They didn't exactly seem to get along too well together, either.

BLONDIE: I should say not. And if we're going to have anyone at all around the house to help us, I want to be able to relax and enjoy it. I don't feel up to refereeing squabbles.

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess Miss Regan's really pretty good.

BLONDIE: I'm sure she is, dear...Now then, the thing for you to do is go down and tell Marie that we won't want her.

DAGWOOD: Well -- um -- er -- Blondie, ^{WHAT IS IT DEAR} don't you think you could
BLONDIE do it better than I could?

BLONDIE: No, dear.

DAGWOOD: You don't, huh?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood. ^{OH..} You go right down now and tell her.

DAGWOOD: Well -- I'll try, Blondie -- I'll try.

MUSIC: (SUGGESTIVE OF GOING DOWN STAIRS...)

(COME UP ON POTS AND PANS)

DAGWOOD: Oh -- er -- Marie.

(STOP POTS AND PANS)

MARIE: Well?

DAGWOOD: Could I talk to you for a moment?

MARIE: Mrs. Bumstead sent you down here to fire me, didn't she?

DAGWOOD: Huh?

MARIE: What are you, Mr. Bumstead -- a man or a mouse?

DAGWOOD: I'd rather not answer that.

MARIE: You're the head of this house, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, that's what Blondie tells me,
MARIE: Then why don't you get up a little gumption and run things around here? You're too easy going -- you don't stick up for your rights -- you don't lay down the law the way you should. Believe me, if I was the man of the house, I'd have people hopping when I spoke up;

~~Yes, sir!~~

DAGWOOD: ^{I'LL BET}
~~I'm sure you would anyway,~~ but what I wanted to explain was that Miss Regan --

MARIE: Miss Regan. Does she look strong enough to take care of a new baby?

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know, but --

MARIE: You see, you haven't any confidence in her -- and you're certainly not going to trust that infant to someone you have no confidence in, are you?

DAGWOOD: No, but just the same I think that --

MARIE: . Of course you're not! Now go upstairs this very minute and fire that spindly-legged scrawny little nurse that

DAGWOOD: Mrs. Bumstead brought home with her! ^{NOW GO ON - ALL RIGHT THEN I'LL TRY - HEY WAIT A MINUTE}
~~But Marie~~ -- I can't do that!

MARIE: You can if you're a real man! Now go on up and do what I told you to! Go on!

MUSIC...

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QUICK BEFORE DADDY COMES UPSTAIRS

BLONDIE: ~~Now~~ what else did Marie say, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: She said she thought Daddy was crazy.

BLONDIE: She did, eh?

BABY: Yep.

BLONDIE: Well, what made her say that, dear?

BABY: She said he talked to himself too much.

BLONDIE: Oh?

BABY: And once Daddy made a face at her when she was looking the other way but she turned around and caught him. Daddy looked very peculiar.

BLONDIE: I've seen him make those faces. He used to make you laugh with them when you were a little baby.

BABY: (LAUGHS) They were very funny, but she thought he was crazy. It scared her.

BLONDIE: Well, well -- that's interesting...Baby Dumpling how do you like your little sister?

BABY: Oh, she's swell.

BLONDIE: I'm sure she likes you.

BABY: ~~THERE'S ONE THING THOUGH~~ She doesn't seem to say anything very clearly, Mommy.

She just makes noises.

BLONDIE: I guess she's doing a lot of thinking.

BABY: ~~I guess so.~~ ~~PROBABLY GOT A LOT ON HER MIND~~ ~~YES, I'M SURE~~ ~~OF IT~~ What's her name going to be, Mommy?

BLONDIE: We haven't decided on one yet. We'll probably get plenty of suggestions from all our friends and maybe we'll pick out one that we like.

BABY: I was thinking, Mommy...

BLONDIE: Yes?

BABY: Well, I'm getting a lot older, you know. Now I'm a brother.

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.

BABY: I'm getting old enough pretty nearly to call you Mom.

BLONDIE: I suppose so, dear, but you don't want to rush things. You wait for your long pants first.

BABY: Okay. MOM — MY —
(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Did you tell her, Dagwood?
(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, I started to, but I didn't get very far.

BLONDIE: Why not?

DAGWOOD: She told me to come up and fire Miss Regan.

BLONDIE: My goodness, Dagwood -- you didn't do that, did you?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie, but I went in and talked to Miss Regan before I came in here. She said I ought to fire Marie. I wish people around here would agree.

BLONDIE: Now calm down, Dagwood. I think Miss Regan's right. You go right downstairs again and fire Marie.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie -- I just thought of something else. We can't afford to fire Marie.

BLONDIE: Can't afford to? Why not?

DAGWOOD: Because if we fire her we'll have to pay her two weeks salary.

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-h! That's awful, Dagwood...We'll have to make her leave by herself some way.

DAGWOOD: She's a pretty tough character. I don't think we could make her uncomfortable enough so she'd go by herself.

BLONDIE: But we will have to do something so she'll quit.

DAGWOOD: We can't afford to fire her and we don't want her around. Blondie -- what are we going to do?

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood, I don't know what you're going to do. It looks to me as though you're both in a jam. But maybe Blondie can think of some way out of this...We'll see in a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"
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- 20-A -

GOODWIN: Right now, let's turn to the fourth green on a certain well-known golf course in Texas. A sleepy, slow-moving fellow in overalls is starting to roll the green. But -- uh, oh -- here comes the Scottish green-keeper... And is he mad! Listen!

FIRST MAN: (SCOTCH ... COMING IN) Joseph, what in the devil's gotten into ye! Didna I tell ye to roll this 'ere green 'way back this mornin'?

SECOND MAN: (SLEEPY, DRAWL) You sure did, Mr. MacPherson.

FIRST MAN: An what was a-stoppin' ye?

SECOND MAN: You can't roll a green with thirty-five or forty balls on it, can you?

FIRST MAN: Forty golf balls!

SECOND MAN: Yep...a little guy, name of Ben Hogan, has been practicing here since seven-thirty this morning.

FIRST MAN: Git away with ye, Joseph. No mon alive ud putt a golf ball for a full day. No mon has the patience.

SECOND MAN: Say...this guy Hogan didn't even stop sinking putts long enough to eat lunch. He never stopped for anything...except to light a cigarette now and then.

GOODWIN: Day after day, month after month, Ben Hogan practiced his putts, his drives, his approach shots...reaching, always reaching for the perfection of a champion. And that long, nerve-wracking ordeal of practice brought results. It finally brought Hogan the title of most outstanding golfer of nineteen forty. Yes, and it's Camels that have brought champion golfer Ben-Hogan many a minute of smoking pleasure. He says:

THIRD MAN: You bet I smoke Camels. They burn slower and smoke extra mild.

GOODWIN: That's right, Ben Hogan! Cool, flavorful Camels give you more mildness...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. But that's not all, friends! Camel's slow...slow way of burning brings you still another big advantage -- 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 slower-burning Camels. Smoke out the facts for yourself! The smoke's the thing.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a little bit later, and Blondie is going into the kitchen to talk to Marie. And from the expression on her face, I'd say she had some kind of trick up her sleeve... Listen...

BLONDIE: Oh, Marie.

MARIE: Hmmm -- did you come down here to fire me, too?

BLONDIE: Oh, no, Marie -- not at all. There was just something I wanted to tell you.

MARIE: I'm listening.

BLONDIE: You're going to be around the house for a few weeks, I imagine, and I thought you ought to know about Mr. Bumstead.

MARIE: What about him?

BLONDIE: Well, maybe I shouldn't tell you,

MARIE: What is ~~it~~ THE MATTER WITH HIM?

BLONDIE: I -- I don't really like to talk about his -- well, his affliction.

MARIE: Affliction, eh?

BLONDIE: Yes...Have you ever noticed anything peculiar about him?

MARIE: ~~What's peculiar?~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes -- unusual.~~

MARIE: Of course there's the way his hair sticks out at the sides like a dog's whiskers.

BLONDIE: That isn't what I mean.

MARIE: ^{WAIT A MINUTE} Oh A- I think I know what you mean. He seems to talk to himself a lot.

BLONDIE: Yes -- quite a bit.

MARIE: Yes -- this afternoon while ^{HE} was cleaning up the house he was making some pretty strange faces. I didn't think much of it at the time, but they looked peculiar to me. A grown man, making faces like that.

BLONDIE: Then you've guessed about Mr. Bumstead's affliction?

MARIE: You mean he's crazy?

BLONDIE: Well, not ^{VERY} really. He just has little spells every now and then.

MARIE: Oh...oh, I see. Does he get dangerous?

BLONDIE: Not usually.

MARIE: Well, ^{I CAN HANDLE HIM} I guess it's nothing for me to worry about then.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid it is, Marie. That's what I came to tell you.

MARIE: What? ~~that, Mr. Bumstead?~~

BLONDIE: Well--- do you know who Mr. Bumstead thinks you are?

MARIE: He knows who I am. ^{HE HIRED ME} ~~Marie the maid and nurse he hired.~~

BLONDIE: That's not what I mean. Do you know who he thinks you are when he -- well, when he's a little -- a little bit --

MARIE: When he's cracked?

BLONDIE: Yes.

MARIE: I don't suppose he thinks I'm Hedy Lamarr.

BLONDIE: Oh, no...He thinks you're Marie Antoinette.

MARIE: Hmmm -- Marie Antoinette. I saw the movie. She was that French queen, ^{NAMED NORMA SHEARER} wasn't she?

BLONDIE: Yes, that's who he thinks you are.

MARIE: There's nothing dangerous about that, is there?

BLONDIE: Well, you know what happened to Marie Antoinette, don't you?

MARIE: Oh, sure -- they cut off her head.

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BLONDIE: That's right -- well, Marie, don't say I didn't warn you.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- will you do something for me?

DAGWOOD: Sure, honey -- what is it?

BLONDIE: You have an axe somewhere down in the cellar, haven't you? A big one?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- the one we take when we go camping.

BLONDIE: That's it. Would you mind going down and getting that axe and taking it to Marie in the kitchen?

DAGWOOD: No -- not at all. I'll get it right now.

BLONDIE: That's good, dear...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: (HUMS TO HIMSELF)

(KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Marie.

MARIE: Hmm -- so I'm Marie Antoinette, eh?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

MARIE: I could have guessed it about you. Where are you going now?

DAGWOOD: To get something for you from the cellar.

MARIE: Okay, Napoleon.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh...Well, I'll bring it right up,

MARIE: Mercy bookoo, and ooo-la-la.

DAGWOOD: I don't get it.

(GOING DOWN CELLAR STEPS)

DAGWOOD: Now let me see -- where did I leave that axe...I guess it's over in the corner around here somewhere with the shovel and the rake.

(RATTLE OF TOOLS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- here it is. I'll take it right up to her.

(GOING BACK UP THE CELLAR STEPS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Marie.

MARIE: (COMING UP) Well, what is it now?

DAGWOOD: Look -- here's the axe.

MARIE: (SCREAMS LONG AND LOUD) Help...Help!...Police! He's going crazy! ~~Help~~...(FADING)

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS OFF)

DAGWOOD: What in the world is the matter with her? (CALLS)

Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, dear -- I guess Marie left, didn't she?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I started to walk toward her with the axe, and she screamed and screamed.

BLONDIE: Well, she's gone, and that's that.

DAGWOOD: But what was wrong with her?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she thought you were going to chop her head off.

DAGWOOD: She must be crazy!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, that's possible, dear.

SISTER: (CRIES FROM OFF)

DAGWOOD: Oh -- oh -- there's the baby crying.

BLONDIE: Come on, dear -- it sounds like there's something that needs our attention right away.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey -- I've got a safety pin.

GOODWIN: WELL, FOLKS, BLONDIE CERTAINLY FIXED THINGS UP FOR DAGWOOD IN A HURRY THIS TIME. BUT THERE ARE MORE COMPLICATIONS IN STORE FOR THE BUMSTREADS NOW THAT BLONDIE AND THE BABY ARE HOME. SO BE SURE TO BE LISTENING NEXT WEEK WHILE BLONDIE LOOKS AFTER THE BABY. AND DON'T FORGET, FOLKS -- IF YOU DON'T CHANGE TO DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME IN YOUR COMMUNITY WE'LL BE SEEING YOU ONE HOUR EARLIER. IF YOUR COMMUNITY DOES CHANGE TO DAYLIGHT SAVING - WE'LL BE WITH YOU AT THE USUAL TIME.

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} ~~saying good night~~ for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

~~This is the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.~~

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(RING OF TELEPHONE)

ANNCR: (FILTER) Hello, pipe-smokers! Are you there? Well, try George Washington Smoking Tobacco...the better tobacco for your money. You can buy it in the big blue ten-cent package containing two and one quarter ounces. Yet you get a rich, mellow fragrance...a mild tobacco-y taste he-men go for. What's more, George Washington comes cellophane-wrapped for your protection. Get grand, economical George Washington now.

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