

Master 7.15/4
71. g.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 5, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue -- those proud possessors of a new and wonderful baby girl. Dagwood and his next door neighbor, Mr. Fuddle, are out in the back yard, talking. It seems that a newspaper is holding a beautiful baby contest, and...

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir, Fuddle -- here's the picture I took of the baby that's going to win first prize.

FUDDLE: Your daughter, I suppose?

DAGWOOD: That's right -- my daughter.

FUDDLE: Hmmmmmmmm...

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, Hmmmmmmmm?

FUDDLE: Well, Dag, old boy, I'll admit that you've got a swell baby girl --

DAGWOOD: I should think so.

FUDDLE: -- But the fact is, I've got a picture of the first prize winner right in my pocket... ~~that's the picture~~ -- here it is. Skim your eyes over this.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmmmmmmmmmm.

FUDDLE: What do you mean, Hmmmmmmmmmm?

DAGWOOD: Oh, nothing -- nothing. Who is it?

FUDDLE: That's a picture of Alvin at the age of four months. Ah -- there's a beautiful baby picture for you.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but Alvin isn't a baby. You can't enter his picture in the contest.

FUDDLE: Why ~~can't~~ *can't* a?

DAGWOOD: Because it says right here that it's a beautiful baby, picture contest.

FUDDLE: Dag, old boy, you're reading that wrong.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

FUDDLE: You should read it -- beautiful baby-picture contest. The newspaper is giving that first prize of twenty-five bucks to the best picture.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm...Beautiful baby...picture contest. Beautiful ~~picture contest.~~

FUDDLE: Anyway you pronounce it, I'm going to win with this picture of Alvin as a baby.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- look at the rest of these pictures of our new baby. Here. Isn't this one a honey?

FUDDLE: Well, well -- very nice. Yes, this picture is a cinch for honorable mention.

DAGWOOD: That'll win the first prize!

FUDDLE: No, Dag -- you're just letting your enthusiasm run away with you, *perfectly natural*.

DAGWOOD: Enthusiasm nothing! This is a lovely baby! I dare you to say it isn't! I dare you!

Fuddle! *It's alright for a baby.*

FUDDLE: Now, Dagwood -- put that rock down, and show me the rest of your pictures..

DAGWOOD: Well...okay.. Now here's another wonderful one.. (LAUGHS) Look at that expression on her face!

FUDDLE: Say --

DAGWOOD: And here's another -- don't get them mixed up with yours now..

FUDDLE: Hey -- these are all right...But I still think my picture will win..

~~XXXXXXXXXX: [REDACTED]~~
~~XXXXXXXXXX: [REDACTED]~~

~~FUDDLE:~~ I want some of that prize money. Look... twenty-five dollars first prize, fifteen for second, and ten for third... in case of two duplicate prizes will be awarded, et cetera... that big money is for me!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ We'll see --

BLONDIE: (OFF...CALLS) Dagwood! Dagwoooooood!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- I'll be right in... Better let me have those pictures, Fuddle -- I've got to get them right in the mail.

FUDDLE: Yeah... I've got to mail mine to the contest too. Here you are --

DAGWOOD: Thanks... Well -- (LAUGHS) -- good luck, Fuddle.

FUDDLE: *me too,*
~~Thank you,~~ Dag.

DAGWOOD: You'll need it. (TO HIMSELF) Gee, that Fuddle's getting to be a pest. Always talking about how smart Alvin was as a boy. You'd think he didn't even realize that my daughter was a future Miss America.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

~~BLONDIE:~~ Dagwood... what do you want?

~~DAGWOOD:~~ What?

~~BLONDIE:~~ Do you want to see some pictures I took of the baby?

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Pictures? When did you take them?

~~BLONDIE:~~ Oh, these are four days ago, when you were...
~~and your wife...~~

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ...
~~don't know who any of the girls...~~

~~BLONDIE:~~ ...
~~you followed the instructions book...~~

~~DAGWOOD:~~ (GROANS) ...

~~BLONDIE:~~ ...

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BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Gee...Blondie...what have I done now?

BLONDIE: Do you know what today is?

DAGWOOD: Today...well-1-1...I guess it's Monday, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Of course, it's Monday. It's May fifth, too. Now doesn't that mean anything special to you?

DAGWOOD: Mmmmmmm...let's see. Gosh, Blondie...I don't know. Is it somebody's birthday or something?

BLONDIE: No, it isn't.

DAGWOOD: Oh...I know. Ha-ha...it's our wedding anniversary. See...I did remember after all.

BLONDIE: (COLD) No...it is not our wedding anniversary.

DAGWOOD: No? Well...er...er...

BLONDIE: Dagwood...your Uncle Harry's son, Donald, leaves for Army Camp today.

DAGWOOD: Huh...oh, my gosh, yes! And we were going to give him some sort of a going away present, too.

BLONDIE: That's right. But it's far too late to do that, now. We'll have to send him something.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy...I know! Let's send him a carton of Camels.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood...that's a wonderful idea. I understand Army men prefer Camels, too.

GOODWIN: They certainly do, Blondie! Records show that in Army Post Exchanges Camels are the favorite...and in Navy Canteens, too. Friends, let me tell you why. You see, Camel is the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos. When you get behind a Camel you're in line for a cooler smoke...a more flavorful smoke. Yes, and even more important, you're set to get more mildness...less nicotine in the smoke.

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MAN:

Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN:

That's right! More mildness...less nicotine in the smoke. And the smoke's the thing! So next time, friends, try Camels. And here's a tip! For economy...and convenience, too...get your Camels by the carton.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN:

And now back to Dagwood and Blondie and that baby picture contest.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what do you think?
DAGWOOD: What?
BLONDIE: Do you want to see some pictures I took of the baby?
DAGWOOD: Pictures? When did you take them?
BLONDIE: Oh, three or four days ago, when you were at work. *I just got the prints fresh the drug store* I used your new camera.
DAGWOOD: Hey -- my camera's too complicated for you, Blondie. You don't know what any of the gadgets on it are for.
BLONDIE: Well, I just followed the instruction book --
DAGWOOD: (GROANS) *instruction book* Did you use photoflood bulbs?
BLONDIE: No, Just ordinary lamps.
DAGWOOD: Oh-oh...Did you have the lens wide open to f. 3.5?
BLONDIE: I don't think so.
DAGWOOD: Hm -- did you take the pictures at a fast shutter speed?
BLONDIE: I don't know -- I just took them, that's all.
DAGWOOD: Gosh, they must be terrible! You didn't do anything right!
BLONDIE: Well, just look at them, dear. They're all perfect!
DAGWOOD: So they are...there must be something wrong with the camera!
BLONDIE: I don't think so, dear. Next time why don't you try following the instructions.
DAGWOOD: Well -- maybe *I will* ~~they're~~ -- they're wonderful pictures
SISTER; (GURGLING AND COOS)
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, listen to her.
BLONDIE: *Uh-huh!* I showed her the pictures, and I'm sure she likes them. She's been laughing and smiling ever since. *you know what,* I think I'll send my pictures in to the contest with yours.
DAGWOOD: Okay -- then we'll be sure to win!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's six days later -- the day the name and picture of the prize winning baby will be published. Blondie and Dagwood have gone out shopping for a baby carriage for their little daughter, and are just entering the baby department of a large store. A clerk comes up to them...

CLERK: Ah -- welcome to Ormandy's Itsy-Bitsy Baby Shoppe.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

BLONDIE: We're looking for a baby carriage.

CLERK: We have a large assortment...right this way.

DAGWOOD: We had a carriage for our first baby, but he grew up and turned it into a scooter.

CLERK: I see you brought your new baby along to try out our buggies. He's certainly cute.

SISTER: (COOS)

BLONDIE: He's a she.

CLERK: Well, well -- I'll take that into consideration when I recommend a color scheme for the upholstery...did you have anything in particular in mind?

DAGWOOD: No -- we just want a carriage.

~~CLERK: [REDACTED]~~
~~[REDACTED]~~
~~[REDACTED]~~
~~[REDACTED]~~

CLERK: ~~[REDACTED]~~...Now, here's something very nice. It's a collapsible model.

BLONDIE: Collapsible?

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CLERK: Oh, yes...You unhook this lever, twist this handle, press the button, and --

(CLICK AND RATTLE AS BUGGY COLLAPSES)

CLERK: Presto! It folds up ~~into a neat little case with wheels~~ *and what do you think we have here?*

DAGWOOD: Say, that's pretty good.

BLONDIE: I'd be afraid it might collapse with the baby in it.

CLERK: Oh, no -- we've got a sign on the outside -- right here, see? It says, "Don't touch this button."

BLONDIE: No, thank you -- that's too much of a temptation.

CLERK: Well, then, how about this carriage? It's one of our deluxe models. It has a solid, crash-proof construction.
~~XX~~

CLERK: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ This model is built like a tank. Look -- it even has a horn.

(AUTO HORN)

SISTER: (CRIES)

BLONDIE: There, there, precious -- it's all right. Don't cry now.

DAGWOOD: I'm afraid that horn's not practical.

CLERK: Wait a minute. The manufacturers have anticipated you. There's a music box on the dash -- to quiet the baby.

(MUSIC BOX)

SISTER: (STOPS CRYING)

CLERK: See how beautifully it works? Now there are a number of other features. There's a foot brake here that's
~~XX~~
~~XX~~

BLONDIE: Oh. I don't suppose you have just an ordinary, every-day baby buggy, do you?

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CLERK: Hmmm -- yes, I think there is one around...Yes -- right over here.

DAGWOOD: That looks more like it.

CLERK: Shall we slip the baby into it for size?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- let's do that.

BLONDIE: All right...There you are, precious.

SISTER: (GURGLES HAPPILY)

BLONDIE: My, she seems to like it.

CLERK: I must say, it's very becoming on her...~~She's a beauty~~

~~She's a beauty~~. (RAISES HIS VOICE) Just one moment, Madam, and I'll wait on you. *Do you want this model here?*

BLONDIE: Oh, there's a lovely carriage over there. Let's look at that before we decide.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's a honey. That's just what I had in mind.

CLERK: You'll notice that ~~it's~~ ^{this one} streamlined. ~~I~~ I understand it

Dagwood: Streamlined - what for? makes quite a difference ~~at~~ ^{at} a speed of about forty or fifty miles an hour. *- Silly isn't it?*

DAGWOOD: ~~Streamlined~~, eh?

~~CLERK: Streamlined, eh?~~

BLONDIE: I should say so. But it is nice looking, just the same. ^{Has} ~~It's~~ good springs, too. ~~It's~~

DAGWOOD: I like this, Blondie.

BLONDIE: So do I. And it's got a zipper pocket on the front to keep the baby's things in.

DAGWOOD: Of course it hasn't a music box.

BLONDIE: Oh, well -- we can take along the portable radio. That's better.

CLERK: Well -- let's try the baby in it.

BLONDIE: Yes -- put her in, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I haven't got the baby, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness.

DAGWOOD: We must have left her in the blue carriage -- hey!
Blondie! Where is that blue carriage???

BLONDIE: Good heavens! It's gone!

CLERK: That woman must have taken ~~the~~ *that carriage by mistake.*

DAGWOOD: I see her! There she goes! I'll stop her!

BLONDIE: Hurry, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: I'll be right back!

(WHIZZ!)

CLERK: Good heavens! Look at that man go! That's the nearest
thing to flying I've ever seen!

BLONDIE: He's caught her! He's *got the baby.*
~~the baby~~
-- thank goodness!

~~_____~~
~~_____~~

CLERK: I've never seen such speed in all my life! Amazing --

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Well, here she is, Blondie.

SISTER: (GURGLES AND COOS)

BLONDIE: Oh, you little precious. Your mother almost had heart
failure for a moment!

DAGWOOD: I was scared silly!.. Let's *buy* ~~the~~ that other carriage and
get out of here. This store isn't safe for babies!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON OCCASIONAL TRAFFIC SOUNDS OFF)

BLONDIE: This certainly is a wonderful carriage, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: I'll say, Blondie...Don't you think we ought to put the hood down a little more?

BLONDIE: Why, dear?

DAGWOOD: Oh, you know -- so people who pass by can get a better look at our new daughter.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- I'll fix it a little better.

DAGWOOD: That's it.

BLONDIE: Here comes a lady.

DAGWOOD: See if she looks at the baby.

SISTER: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

DAGWOOD: (AFTER PAUSE...LAUGHS) Did you see the way she smiled when she saw our little girl?

BLONDIE: I certainly did...I guess we must have the most wonderful baby in town. Everyone's looking at her and smiling.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Don't stick your chest out so far. You'll snap the buttons on your shirt and it takes time to sew them back on again.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- here comes a man,

BLONDIE: I see him.

DAGWOOD: See if he notices her.

(FOOTSTEPS MAY COME UP)

BLONDIE: I wouldn't be a bit surprised...

DAGWOOD: Gee -- he's really staring. That's not polite.

BLONDIE: I think it's polite for people to stare -- as long as it's at our baby.

DAGWOOD: Say -- I think he's going to speak to us.

MAN: (COMING UP) Er -- I beg your pardon.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, that's all right. We don't mind.

BLONDIE: I should say not.

MAN: Say, that's a dandy.

DAGWOOD: Ha-ha. We like her.

MAN: Never seen one like it before.

BLONDIE: Well, we think she's pretty unusual, too, but it's nice of you to say it.

MAN: Cute, too.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well...

MAN: Brand new?

BLONDIE: No -- a month old today.

MAN: Is that right? And not a scratch, either.

Dagwood: Oh - its nothing

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

MAN: You know, I'd like one just like it myself.

BLONDIE: You're very kind to compliment us like this.

MAN: Tell me, does it have good springs?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, she has the best of everyth...hey -- what're you talking about?

MAN: ~~It's a carriage!~~ *I'm talking about the carriage.*

DAGWOOD: You mean you weren't saying all those nice things about our baby?

MAN: ~~Say~~ -- I've got a baby of my own at home that could give your baby cards and spades! But where'd you get that carriage.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) *Take off your glasses!* ~~the idea!~~ Who does he think his baby is, anyway?

BLONDIE: Not even noticing our baby!

DAGWOOD: Yeah!...Does she have good springs! He'll find out this afternoon when the paper comes out with the winner of the first prize in that baby contest!

SISTER: (MAKES LITTLE NOISES)

BLONDIE: Don't you worry, darling! That man was just jealous -- that's all.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- don't worry, precious...Say, here comes Fuddle.

FUDDLE: (OFF...FOOTSTEPS) ~~Hi, Dag.~~...Hello, Blondie... *Hi, Dag.*

DAGWOOD: Hi, Fuddle.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Fuddle.

FUDDLE: Well, today's the day, you know!

DAGWOOD: We were just talking about that. Too bad, Fuddle. (LAUGHS)

FUDDLE: You have my sympathy, Dag.

DAGWOOD: Fuddle, you haven't got a chance! Our baby's going to win the first prize, isn't that right, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, I guess I'm prejudiced, but I think she will.

FUDDLE: Okay. But after the paper comes out you Bumsteads can come over to my house and congratulate me. So long!

DAGWOOD: So long! Imagine anyone else thinking his son or daughter would have a chance! Fuddle must be out of his mind!

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY)

BLONDIE: Be careful taking the carriage in the door, Dagwood. She's sound asleep.

DAGWOOD: Okay...There we are.

(DOOR CLOSSES SOFTLY)

BLONDIE: She'll be all right -- just leave her there.

DAGWOOD: Let's sit down -- I'm tired.

BLONDIE: I guess we did have quite a little walk.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) Ah -- what a wonderful feeling...Say, Blondie -- what do you suppose she'll be when she grows up?

BLONDIE: I've thought about that lots of times, Dagwood. Nowadays, girls get into all sorts of businesses.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's what I've been thinking about. It's quite possible that she might become president of a steel company.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) It's also quite possible that she might become football coach at Harvard.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...

BLONDIE: She could be a musician... ~~maybe a pianist.~~

DAGWOOD: That would be nice. And she might -- say, were you kidding about being a football coach?

BLONDIE: Why yes, Dagwood -- of course.

DAGWOOD: You were, hunh? (LAUGHS) On second thought it is sort of silly.

~~BLONDIE: How do you like that?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Now, what's she doing? I mean, football? What's she doing? What's she doing? What's she doing? What's she doing? What's she doing?~~

~~BLONDIE: What?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, one of the things that I don't like is a girl being a football coach. It's just not a girl's thing.~~

~~BLONDIE: I don't see why not. I mean, she's a girl. She's got to do something. She's got to do something. She's got to do something. She's got to do something.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, she's got to do something. She's got to do something. She's got to do something. She's got to do something. She's got to do something.~~

~~BLONDIE: All right, dear. What's that, then?~~

DAGWOOD: What else have we got?

BLONDIE: Well, let me see...

DAGWOOD: Just a second -- I'll be right back.

BLONDIE: Where're you going, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Just to look outside a moment.

(DOOR OPENS...PAUSE...THEN CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: I thought maybe the boy had brought the paper. I wanted to see about the contest...

BLONDIE: It's still a little early for him.

DAGWOOD: He's probably loafing along the way. He ought to know everyone wants to find out who won.

BLONDIE: (DREAMILY) Maybe she'll be a poetess.

DAGWOOD: Ummmm -- let me see. No, I don't like that, either. She'd either write stuff that the people who knew about poetry wouldn't like or good stuff that we wouldn't understand..

BLONDIE: Well, then...

DAGWOOD: Of course, she could be a debutante.

BLONDIE: That's not a business, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, practically --

SISTER: (CRIES. A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: Well, she doesn't want to be a debutante --

BLONDIE: I guess she's not used to the new carriage. I'd better put her in her bassinet.

DAGWOOD: Do you want me to help you?

BLONDIE: No, I don't think so, Dagwood. I can do it by -- well, I guess you can help at that. You get one of those nice, fresh --

DAGWOOD: There are some right over here.

BLONDIE: I'll take this one off.

DAGWOOD: Do you need a fresh safety pin?

BLONDIE: No, this one will do nicely...There you are, precious.

DAGWOOD: Here you are, Blondie...Let's see -- I'll hold one corner here, and one here, and one -- hey, I need three hands to do this.

BLONDIE: I've got it.

DAGWOOD: Don't stick that safety pin into me...Gee, she certainly looks cute.

BLONDIE: There she is! All done now.

DAGWOOD: I'll put her in the bassinet...Come on, Baby.

SISTER: (IS STILL CRYING MORE OR LESS QUIETLY)

DAGWOOD: I'll give her something to keep her quiet, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

DAGWOOD: There you are, precious...and now let me see -- oh, yes -- here, take this. See how pretty it is?

SISTER: (QUIETS DOWN AND GURGLES A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: That's a good girl...She's okay now, honey.

BLONDIE: That's fine...Dagwood, do you think she should go to a girl's school or a co-educational school?

DAGWOOD: What do you think?

BLONDIE: I can't make up my mind --

DAGWOOD: I wonder what's keeping that paper boy.. I'll take another look.

BLONDIE: If you keep looking for him, he'll never come.

DAGWOOD: I could ride around his route faster on a turtle.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- there he is!

BLONDIE: Where?

DAGWOOD: Over across the street, talking to Mr. Hoot.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- he always stops there. Mr. Hoot has a new magic trick to show him every day.

DAGWOOD: That boy will never get anywhere in life, if he's going to loaf along like that. He should be delivering his papers.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- come here and sit down. The paper will be here in a minute --

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (COMING ON) Fine thing -- the boy might at least have thrown the paper up on the porch before he went to the Hoots --

SISTER: (CRIES A LITTLE)

BLONDIE: Oh dear -- now what do you suppose is the matter with her. Now, now, precious -- go to sleep --

SISTER: (QUIETS DOWN A LITTLE...STILL CRYING)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie -- we mustn't worry so much about her. She's perfectly all right.

BLONDIE: I suppose so. By the way -- what did you give her a moment ago to quiet her?

DAGWOOD: Just one of Baby Dumpling's marbles. I suppose I should say, "one of Alexander's marbles."

BLONDIE: Yes, you ~~should~~ ^{Should}. (SUDDEN TAKE) Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: You gave her a marble?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- a big blue one. Isn't it there?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! You don't suppose she swallowed it?

BLONDIE: My goodness!

SISTER: (CRIES, FADING IN LOUDER)

DAGWOOD: She couldn't have swallowed it. It was too big!

BLONDIE: Where did you put it?

DAGWOOD: I just handed it to her. It ought to be right here somewhere in her bassinet.

BLONDIE: I don't see it! Oh, Dagwood..!

DAGWOOD: Did you swallow the marble, precious? Quick! Tell me!... Oh, that's right -- she can't talk yet.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- it doesn't seem to be here anywhere!

DAGWOOD: I should have known better!

BLONDIE: I'll call the doctor right away.

DAGWOOD: Oh, why didn't I think -- why didn't I think!!! Hurry up -- call the doctor, and I'll keep looking in her bassinet!

SISTER: (STOPS CRYING)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

BLONDIE: Operator -- give me Elm 303 right away, please...

Thank you...Dagwood, have you found it yet?

DAGWOOD: It's not here, Blondie! I went through all her bed clothes, and it's not here! She must have swallowed it!

BLONDIE: Oh, what'll happen to her?...Hello, Doctor Lewis?...
Oh, Doctor, this is Mrs. Bumstead! Our baby girl has just swallowed a marble!..What? Oh, yes -- we're positive! Come over right away -- as fast as you can!...
What? Look where?

DAGWOOD: What did he say?

BLONDIE: Just a moment, Doctor...Dagwood, he said to look under the bassinet.

DAGWOOD: All right, but it can't be under there. It couldn't possibly get -- hey, Blondie! Here it is! I've got it!

BLONDIE: He's got it, Doctor. It was under the bassinet!..
Yes -- thank you. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Now how did he know that?

BLONDIE: He said that's where he finds most of the things babies are supposed to have swallowed.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh.....

BLONDIE: My -- that was a scare.

DAGWOOD: You said it. Boy what a relief!

BLONDIE: And Dagwood Bumstead, don't you ever give that baby anything like that to play with again!

"BLONDIE" 18-A
5/5/41 (REVISED)

DAGWOOD: Don't worry, honey, I won't. But I still say she
couldn't have swallowed a marble as big as this one.

BLONDIE: Babies can swallow anything.

DAGWOOD: Don't be silly. Nobody could swallow a marble the size
of this. Look, I'll show you. (WITH MARBLE IN HIS
MOUTH) See? (GULPS) Holy smoke!!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what's the matter?

DAGWOOD: I swallowed it.

BLONDIE: You didn't!!

DAGWOOD: Yes, I did. Gee I feel funny.

BLONDIE: Oh good heavens. I've got to get you to the doctor.
Come on....

DAGWOOD: But I --

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh, hurry, Dagwood -- please --

DAGWOOD: Hey -- there's the paper boy.

BLONDIE: Never mind the paper boy. Come on --

BOY: (OFF) Paper!!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I want to see -- WMP!! (SOCK. AS PAPER
HITS DAGWOOD, WHO CHOKES AND SPLUTTERS)

BLONDIE: (CALLING TO BOY) Why can't you be more careful, boy!!
You hit Mr. Bumstead. Dagwood, are you hurt?

DAGWOOD: (GASPING) Wind -- knocked -- out -- be -- all -- right --
(HE COUGHS AND THE MARBLE DROPS TO THE FLOOR) Holy
smoke!!

"BLONDIE" 18-B
5/5/41 (REVISED)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what is it! What's that?

DAGWOOD: The marble. I guess I coughed it up again. (LAUGHS)
Well what do you know?

BLONDIE: (WEAKLY) Oh, dear -- I think I'd better sit down.

DAGWOOD: Say -- what hit me then, anyway?

BLONDIE: The paper. The boy had it rolled up and threw it just
as you came out the door.

DAGWOOD: He must have a throwing arm like Bobby Feller.
I wonder if -- (SUDDEN REALIZATION) The paper!
Good gosh -- the contest. Where's the paper --

BLONDIE: Here --

(UNFOLDING PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Gee -- I'm nervous. My thumbs are all fingers.

BLONDIE: Look Dagwood -- LOOK!!

DAGWOOD: A picture of our baby girl! That's the one I took!
We won -- we won! Yippee!

BLONDIE: Hurray!

(THROWING THE PAPER UP INTO THE AIR)

DAGWOOD: Wa-hooooooooo!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- isn't it wonderful! Our baby won the
prize! Wheeeeeeee!

DAGWOOD: I told you she would win! I knew it all the time!

~~Now she is the most beautiful baby in town as well as
honorary mayor, police and fire chief, city clerk,~~

~~BLONDIE (TRUCKS) Oh, Dagwood, there were some more buttons off
your shirt, dear!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Who cares?~~ -- let's see what it says --

Where's the front page?

BLONDIE: Well, the paper's scattered all over now, but -- yes --
here it is.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Let me see...Yes, sir -- that's our baby! And she's the
most -- wha-what-what's this! Bloooooondie! Look at this!

BLONDIE: What is it?

DAGWOOD: Look at what is ways under the picture of our baby!

BLONDIE: "A First Prize Winner -- Alvin Fuddle, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Farquar Fuddle of Shady Lane Avenue!"

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Hey, what's this? It looks as though Mr. Fuddle submitted
one of Dagwood's pictures of the new Bumstead baby, and
won the first prize with it! We'll see what happens
in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: But first, here's a little fish story for you. It seems that there were two fish in a cove and one of them said to the other -- (FADE)

FIRST FISH: (SOFT RIPPLE OF WATER IN BACKGROUND) (FISH VOICES IN ECHO CHAMBER) Say, Mack -- it's kinda nice swimming around here -- everything's so quiet and all.

SECOND FISH: Yep, Pikey -- it sure is. And boy, am I glad to get out of that school.

SOUND: BIG RIPPLE IN WATER TO DENOTE FAST SWIMMER

FIRST FISH: Say, what was that?

SOUND: BIGGER RIPPLE IN WATER

SECOND FISH: Get out of the way -- they're swimmers!

SOUND: MORE RIPPLES IN WATER AND FINALLY A SOUND COMPARABLE TO A SLIDE WHISTLE IN WATER

FIRST FISH: Did you see that guy go?

SECOND FISH: Why, he's just about the fastest thing in water I've ever seen!

GOODWIN: Mr. Fish -- that swimmer is fast. He's -- Ralph Flanagan -- the man who swam the world's fastest mile. Yes, and Ralph Flanagan will also walk that same distance for a slower-burning Camel. Flanagan says:

MAN: Naturally, mildness is important to me. So I smoke Camels -- and they sure are mild.

"BLONDIE"
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19-B

GOODWIN:

I'll say they are! Camels are extra mild -- with less nicotine in the smoke. You see, independent scientific tests of five of the largest-selling cigarettes showed that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other brands tested -- less than any of them. So, remember cooler, more flavorful Camels when you buy. Remember, you get more mildness -- less nicotine in the smoke. And, in addition, don't forget that Camel's slow...slow way of burning means smoking economy...extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Get Camels and smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about two seconds later -- the time required for Blondie and Dagwood to dash next door to the Fuddle's house. That's where they are now, pounding on the door...

(POUNING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Fuddle! Fuddle! Open the door!

(MORE POUNDING...DOOR OPENS...DAGWOOD FALLS ON HIS FACE)

DAGWOOD: Ooooooops!

BLONDIE: Here, Dagwood -- I'll help you up.

FUDDLE: Oh, sorry, Dag, old boy -- when you're waiting for a door to open, you shouldn't lean on it. Hello, Blondie. Come on in.

DAGWOOD: Well, Fuddle -- I suppose you know why we're here.

(DOOR CLOSES)

FUDDLE: Yeah, and it certainly is swell of you to come over and congratulate me.

DAGWOOD: Now don't try to throw me off the track, Fuddle! That was a picture of our baby that won, and not Alvin!

BLONDIE: It certainly is, Mr. Fuddle. You can't deny it, either. That's my daughter in our bassinet!

DAGWOOD: Our daughter --

FUDDLE: Why, Blondie, are you sure?

BLONDIE: I should say I am!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- what's the meaning of this, Fuddle? I know that's our baby! I'll take this to the courts -- we've been robbed!

FUDDLE: Now, Dag -- please. Believe me, I submitted that picture of your baby by mistake. It must have gotten mixed up with mine when we were looking at them together. *The joke's on me.*

DAGWOOD: Well -- you've got to straighten things out.

FUDDLE: Dag, old boy, what can I do -- the contest's over.

BLONDIE: As far as I can see, there's only one thing to do.
Mr. Fuddle -- you know that we really should have won
the first prize with that picture. That twenty-five
dollars belongs to us. It's only fair.

FUDDLE: But wait a minute, Blondie. Look at it my way.

DAGWOOD: Don't you do it, Blondie -- he'll trap you.

FUDDLE: I submitted the picture -- and whoever submits the
picture wins. Isn't that right?

BLONDIE: Maybe so -- but just the same --

FUDDLE: Why, if I had a cute picture of one of the Roosevelt
babies, there'd be no reason why I couldn't submit it,
would there?

BLONDIE: There would be if you called it Alvin Fuddle.

DAGWOOD: That's telling him, Blondie!

FUDDLE: Hmmm -- I left myself wide open there.

DAGWOOD: Where's that twenty-five bucks, Fuddle?

FUDDLE: It hasn't come yet...Dagwood -- Blondie, you musn't
crucify me like this. Just a second -- I want to put
a record on the phonograph.

BLONDIE: What's that for?

FUDDLE: It'll help me tell you how I feel about this.

MUSIC: (COMES UP...SOMETHING COMPARABLE TO "HEARTS AND FLOWERS")

FUDDLE: (SOFTLY AND DRAMATICALLY...PRACTICALLY POETICALLY)
Degwood...Blondie...We've been friends for years,
living next door to each other in this peaceful little
community. And now, through an innocent mistake, storm
clouds have gathered over our paradise. Our beautiful
friendship is threatened, and my heart aches at the
thought of it. But I know deep within me, that you'll
be willing to forgive and forget, and let me keep the
prize money -- the twenty-five bucks that I --

DAGWOOD: (SHOUTS) Turn that record off! Turn it off, Fuddle!
I'm on to your tricks!

FUDDLE: Aw, Degwood...

(CUT MUSIC)

FUDDLE: Okay -- you've got me, I've lost the argument --

DAGWOOD: Yes, and don't expect that twenty-five dollars for a
consolation prize.

FUDDLE: I was just going to suggest that --

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: This is our baby -- we won first prize -- now I demand
that --

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Look what it says in the paper?

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Look here. We were so excited I didn't see this!
There were two first prize winners.

FUDDLE: What? No kidding?

DAGWOOD: Hey-hey-hey...look, Blondie! It says the judges couldn't decide between two pictures, and that the other winner is -- oh, no. I don't believe it.

BLONDIE: The other winner is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead, also of Shady Lane Avenue!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- isn't that marvelous!

BLONDIE: And because of the tie, duplicate prizes are to be awarded!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke --

BLONDIE: Picture on page five...where's page five?

(TURNING PAGES FAST)

DAGWOOD: Here it is! There she is! Yippppppooooee!

BLONDIE: Why, that's one of the pictures I took!

FUDDLE: This is an outrage! I'll fight this all the way up to the Supreme Court!

Quieter, Fuddle.
DAGWOOD: Gee, isn't she a wonderful baby?

BLONDIE: She certainly is.

FUDDLE: Oh, stop fawning over those pictures.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, the most amazing things happen to us.

Dagwood!
BLONDIE: Dagwood -- just think. *what?* Our little daughter is the two most beautiful babies in town!

~~BLONDIE: ...~~

MUSIC:

WELL FOLKS, EVERYTHING FINALLY TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT FOR THE BUMSTEADS AND THE NEW BABY. BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF TROUBLES AHEAD. SO BE SURE TO BE LISTENING NEXT WEEK AT THIS SAME TIME WHEN DAGWOOD UNDERTAKES TO RUN THE HOUSEHOLD WHILE "BLONDIE CELEBRATES MOTHER'S DAY".

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.

SOUND: BANG OF GAVEL AFTER THREE FOLLOWING WORDS

ANNOUNCER: Going! (SOUND) Going! (SOUND) Gone! (SOUND)

George Washington Smoking Tobacco sold to millions of pipe-smokers...smokers who want better smoking with economy. Yes, men, buy George Washington in the big ten cent package. George Washington is full of mild, mellow taste...rich, tempting aroma. And for factory freshness, George Washington comes cellophane-wrapped. Be smart! Be thrifty! Get George Washington tonight! This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!