

v/20/4v

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT
7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0730

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, it's a bright, snowy Saturday afternoon, and everyone seems to be busy in the Bumstead home. Blondie is in the kitchen, backing a cake, and there's a lot of hammering and banging coming from the cellar. Let's go down there with Alexander and see what Dagwood's doing...

(COME UP ON HAMMERING)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop...Hey, Pop!

DAGWOOD: I can't hear you, Alexander. There's too much noise and -- oh, I'm making the noise.

(HAMMERING STOPS)

ALEXANDER: What are you making, Pop -- besides noise?

DAGWOOD: Well, Cookie's getting so she can crawl around a little bit, so I thought I'd make a play pen for her.

ALEXANDER: It's sort of like a fence, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, Alexander.

~~ALEXANDER: Are you going to put a top on it?~~

~~DAGWOOD: No, I don't think that'll be necessary.~~

~~ALEXANDER: She'll climb right over it if you don't. You know how girls are, Pop -- they don't like to stay in one place very long.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll think it over.~~

ALEXANDER: I just came down to get my sled. I think I'll go out and coast on the street a little.

DAGWOOD: Be careful of the cars.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop.

(SOUND OF DRAGGING THE SLED UPSTAIRS...THEN
THE HAMMERING STARTS AGAIN...DOOR OPENS...AND
CLOSES...CUTTING DOWN THE HAMMERING)

ALEXANDER: Have you got to the frosting, yet, Mom?

BLONDIE: It'll be ready in a few minutes, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: You can't really tell about cake frosting unless you taste it.

BLONDIE: Well, I'll taste it then.

ALEXANDER: Do you think you can tell all by yourself, Mom?

BLONDIE: Oh, I think so... ~~Mmm it seems pretty good to me.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Don't you want another opinion? You know what you always say - two heads are better than one.~~

(KNOCK ON BACK DOOR)

BLONDIE: See who that is, will you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Okay.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALVIN: Hello, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Come on in, Alvin.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALVIN: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead ^{Blondie: Hello, Alvin} do I smell cake frosting?

BLONDIE: Why, yes, you do, Alvin.

ALVIN: How does it taste, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I don't know.

ALVIN: My mother wouldn't think of putting frosting on a cake without letting me taste it first.

BLONDIE: Now I'm going to let both of you taste the frosting, but just don't rush me.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom. What do you want, Alvin?

ALVIN: Alexander, I came over to invite you to go coasting with me on your sled.

BLONDIE: Where's your sled, Alvin?

ALVIN: My father's coasting on it.

BLONDIE: Alexander, if you're going out with your sled, why don't you take Cookie along with you for a little ride?

ALVIN: Gee, Mrs. Bumstead -- this was going to be a stag party.

Blondie:
ALEXANDER: ^{Not any more,} Cookie doesn't know much about coasting yet, Mom. She wouldn't be able to hang on.

BLONDIE: I didn't mean that. She ought to be out for a little airing. I could put her in her bassinet and wrap her up nice and warm and you could pull her around the block on your sled. Carefully.

ALVIN: It doesn't sound very exciting to me.

ALEXANDER: If we did that, Mom, what would our chances be of getting a lot of frosting?

BLONDIE: Your chances would be very good. I'll let you clean up this pot I'm making it in.

ALVIN: The spoon, too, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Yes...Now is that fair?

ALEXANDER: It's fair enough with me, Mom.

ALVIN: Alexander, don't you think we ought to have a down payment first?

ALEXANDER: Sure -- just a small down payment, Mom.

BLONDIE: Well, all right, but you've got to take Cookie for a nice long ride on your sled. I'll fix her up in the basket, but I want you to be very careful with her.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom -- we will be.

MUSIC:

COOKIE: (IS CRYING A LITTLE BIT)

ALVIN: Gee, listen to that, Alexander. We're taking her out for a ride on the sled, and all she does is take it easy back there and complain...Now come on, Cookie -- don't make so much noise.

COOKIE: (STOPS)

ALEXANDER: Well, she's stopped again.

ALVIN: Yeah -- just like a woman.

ALEXANDER: Women are very unpredictable. ^{Alvin: You said it.} I wonder if she'd like to have us take her for a ride down the hill here? It's packed nice and hard on the street.

ALVIN: ~~She might like it if we went along, too...~~ Maybe we ought to take a ride down first and see how it is.

ALEXANDER: That's what I was thinking. It might be too bumpy for her.

~~ALVIN: Yeah. I'd like to coast down anyway.~~

^{Alvin}
~~ALEXANDER:~~ But what'll we do with Cookie?

~~ALVIN: Oh, yeah. We'll have to think this over.~~

ALEXANDER: Of course, we could take her off the sled and leave her ^{on} ~~by~~ the sidewalk, but someone might come along on a bike and bump into her.

ALVIN: I guess it wouldn't be very safe. I know what we can do!

ALEXANDER: What?

ALVIN: We can just pick Cookie up in her basket and carry her over and leave her on the front porch of this house.

ALEXANDER: Sure! She'll be safe there.

ALVIN: Come on -- you grab hold of your end of the basket and I'll grab hold of mine.

ALEXANDER: Okay...I'm glad we thought of this. ^{ALVIN: I thought of it.} If we hadn't we
wouldn't be able to take a coast down the hill.

ALVIN: Don't make any noise going up the porch steps. We
don't want to get into an argument with anyone.

(GOING UP THE STEPS SOFTLY)

ALEXANDER: Just put her down here, hunh?

ALVIN: Sure.

(PUTTING BASKET DOWN ON PORCH)

COOKIE: (A FEW SOUNDS)

ALVIN: There you are, Cookie. Now just stay there and make
yourself comfortable.

ALEXANDER: We'll be back in just a little bit. We're just going
to coast down the hill.

ALVIN: Come on, Alexander -- let's get going.

ALEXANDER: Okay!

(PAUSE)

COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY A LITTLE)

MUSIC:

(FOOTSTEPS WALKING AROUND IN AN EMPTY HOUSE...

ECHO)

GEORGE: Well, what do you think of this house ^{Grace} shall we rent
it?

GRACE: I sort of like it. We've looked at a lot of houses
today, and this is about the best so far.

GEORGE: That's what I think. It's on top of the hill and
everything.

GRACE: George.

GEORGE: Yeah?

GRACE: Do you hear something?

GEORGE: There's a leaky faucet in the kitchen.

GRACE: No -- this sounded like a cat meowing outside.

GEORGE: Maybe it is a cat.

GRACE: Listen.

COOKIE: (OUTSIDE AND OFF...SHE'S CRYING)

GEORGE: That sounds like a baby crying.

GRACE: Yes -- you'd think it was right outside the front door.

GEORGE: Well, let's take a look, Grace.

GRACE: Of course, we know there isn't really a baby out there.
That's silly.

(FOOTSTEPS OVER TO THE DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

COOKIE: (CRYING)

GRACE: George! It is a baby!

GEORGE: Well, I'll be darned! Someone's left a baby on the
doorstep in a basket!

GRACE: A baby girl!

GEORGE: How do you know?

GRACE: Pink blankets...My, isn't she cute!

COOKIE: (GURGLES AND TRIES A FEW WORDS)

GEORGE: I can't understand a thing she says...Grace -- what
are we going to do about her?

GRACE: Why, we'll keep her, of course. She's a wonderful
baby!..You'll have to get some food and bottles and
things for her.

COOKIE: (CRIES A LITTLE)

GRACE: Now don't cry, dear. It's all right, even if your own parents don't want you. You've just got some new ones -- so don't worry!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Say, what's this? Whether the Bumsteads know it or not, they're about to lose the newest addition to their family. It sounds like these people are going to adopt Cookie as their own daughter. If possession is nine points of the law, it looks as though the Bumstead family has been reduced to Blondie, Dagwood, Alexander, and one-tenth of Cookie. We'll see what happens in just a moment -- Well, it's just ten minutes later and Dagwood has just stopped hammering on that play pen for Cookie. Here he is, ~~just~~ coming up the cellar stairs --

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you finished with the cake ici -- Blondie!
(NO ANSWER...THIS TIME HE'S FRIGHTENED) Blondie!
Speak to me, Blondie!

BLONDIE: (TRANCELIKE) Take -- this -- brooch -- Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Huh? You mean this little old silver pin? But
Blondie --

BLONDIE: Hold it -- in front -- of me. Don't move!

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll hold it -- (TAKE) Blondie, are you going
wacky?

BLONDIE: (NATURALLY) Now you spoiled everything. I thought I'd
be able to get an inspiration for a dress design while
the icing was cooling but I may never be able to
now.

DAGWOOD: Oh, the dress -- Blondie, how can you design a dress by
sitting in a chair looking at a little old stick-pin?

BLONDIE: I was just using Leslie Morris' method. She's one of America's most famous designers -- and she gets inspirations for her gowns from all sorts of things like stick-pins and clips.

DAGWOOD: Maybe we ought to just sit down quietly and have a Camel, Blondie. You'll feel better.

GOODWIN: No kidding, Dagwood, Blondie's right about Leslie Morris, distinguished designer for Bergdorf Goodman's. She gets her ideas -- and good ones they are, too -- from the doggonedest things. And like other ranking designers, Lilly Dache and Clare Potter, Leslie Morris enjoys taking time off for a Camel. She says --

MORRIS VOICE: I enjoy Camels thoroughly! They're so much milder, and full of marvelous flavor!

GOODWIN: Yes, and Camels are economical, too! Slower-burning gives you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking! That's because Camels are blended expertly from costlier tobaccos. Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

ECHO: 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: Do as so many of America's most discriminating women do -- buy Camels by the carton to serve to your guests. They'll agree with you that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: And now back to Blondie and Dagwood again. Dagwood is still in the kitchen, ~~having a hard time not noticing the aroma of fresh cake.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, honey -- I just thought I'd stop up here -- uh -- to see if you were all right.~~

BLONDIE: ^{Dagwood} How are you coming along with Dookie's play pen?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Aren't you making a play pen for Cookie down in the cellar?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I forgot for a moment. You see, I started out to make a play pen, then I thought maybe it would be a better clothes-horse to put the wash on when it's rainy outside, but now it's a play pen again. I'm almost finished.

BLONDIE: That's good.

DAGWOOD: Er -- what about that cake? Smells good. Where is it?

BLONDIE: That's a secret. I've hidden it.

DAGWOOD: You've hidden the cake? You'd think you didn't trust me.

BLONDIE: You would, wouldn't you?

DAGWOOD: I see what you mean.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mom! Oh, Pop! Gee, whiz! Come quick!

BLONDIE: Now, Alexander, what have I told you about coming into the house with dirty feet and tracking up my clean kitchen floor. You've got snow all over your shoes... So have you, Alvin!

ALVIN: But Mrs. Bumstead -- !

DAGWOOD: No excuses now, boys. Go on outside and clean your feet off before you come in.

ALEXANDER: (YELLS) But Pop -- !

BLONDIE: None of that, now. It only takes a minute.

ALVIN: Come on, Alexander -- you can't win.

ALEXANDER: But Mom -- !

BLONDIE: Not another word until you sweep the snow off your shoes.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: You have to teach them sometime.

DAGWOOD: I wonder what they were so excited about.

BLONDIE: We'll see.

DAGWOOD: It's probably nothing important.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom, and Pop -- something awful has happened!

DAGWOOD: Now just calm down and tell us about it quietly, Alexander. There's no reason to get excited.

ALVIN: Go ahead, Alexander -- tell them.

ALEXANDER: We've lost Cookie.

BLONDIE: What?

ALEXANDER: We left her in the basket on the front porch of a house while we coasted down the hill, and when we came back, she was gone.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! ^{Blondie:} Where did it happen! ^{Dagwood: Why didn't you tell us?} ~~Who took her?~~
^{Blondie: It's your fault, Dagwood. You and that cake!}
Where's the house! We've got to get over there right away! Let's go!

ALVIN: ~~Mr. Bumstead, I thought you said there was no reason~~
~~to get excited.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Hahh?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Come on, Alexander -- take us over there right away!~~

MUSIC: _____

(RUNNING UP ON THE FRONT STEPS)

BLONDIE: Are you sure this is the house, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'm sure it is, Mom.

ALVIN: This is it, all right.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's a good thing we didn't waste any time. The
people have probably just taken her inside.

ALVIN: You never can tell, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Alvin, do you have to be such a pessimist?

(KNOCKS ON DOOR)

ALEXANDER: I'll ring the doorbell, too.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- I should never let Cookie out of my sight.
~~Particularly~~ now when she's able to crawl around the
way she does. I just hope she's all right.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Is anybody home? Helloooooo!....Gee, Blondie,
they don't answer.

BLONDIE: ~~Well, at least we know they live here, anyway.~~ Maybe
they took Cookie to a hospital, or the police station.
or somewhere. When they come back we can find out.

ALVIN: Oh, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: What is it, Alvin?

ALVIN: Nobody lives here, Mrs. Bumstead.

ALVIN: ~~Nobody lives here, Mrs. Bumstead.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- the rooms are all empty. And there's a "For Rent" sign. Oh, Dagwood -- how are we going to find Cookie now? She's gone! ~~Whoever got her has gone,~~
~~toot~~

DAGWOOD: We'll have to start asking questions everywhere. Call the police. Telephone the hospitals. Gee, Blondie -- we've just got to find her!

MUSIC:

(CASH REGISTER)

SWABBER: Thank you, sir -- sure there isn't anything else?

GEORGE: Well, I don't know -- I guess I've got everything. Bottles, nipples, talcum powder, baby oil, boric acid, oleum percomorphum. ~~A bottle of se -~~

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hey, Mr. Swabber?

SWABBER: Hello, Mr. Bumstead -- what can I do for you?

DAGWOOD: Has anyone been in here buying baby stuff?

SWABBER: Why, this gentleman right here has.

GEORGE: I'm sort of a new father, ~~and~~ we haven't got anything for the baby. I've just been buying out the store. ↘

DAGWOOD: Oh -- well, congratulations.

GEORGE: We're afraid the new little girl might get a cold. She's been sort of exposed. What do you recommend?

DAGWOOD: We used something -- let me see -- I think it was neo-syneph-something-or-other.

SWABBER: Neo-synephtrin.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's it. I've got a little girl, too --
somewhere.

SWABBER: When did your baby arrive, sir?

GEORGE: Oh, just about an hour ago.

DAGWOOD: Is that right? How much does she weigh?

GEORGE: I think she weighs about seventeen or eighteen pounds.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's a nice weight for a -- how much?

GEORGE: Well, maybe it's more.

SWABBER: Seventeen or eighteen pounds! Are you sure? Is that
what the doctor said?

GEORGE: Oh, we haven't seen a doctor yet.

DAGWOOD: Er -- your wife doesn't happen to be an Indian, does
she?

GEORGE: Why, no.

SWABBER: It's amazing. And I thought modern mothers were going
soft.

GEORGE: Well, I guess I'd better be going along. ~~I wonder if~~
~~I need anything more for Cup cake.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Cup cake? Is that her name?~~

~~GEORGE: That's what we're calling her.~~

~~DAGWOOD: What a coincidence. My daughter's name is Cookie.~~

GEORGE: ~~Imagine that~~..Let's see now -- yes, I guess I've got
everything. This is going to be a pretty big day for
me.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, the day your baby's born is always a big day.

(DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Oh, our baby wasn't born today. We just found her
today -- in a basket on the front step of a house we
were looking at. Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, no wonder she weighed seventeen or eighteen pounds. I thought he was talking about a new born baby.
SWABBER: So did I, but I guess he found her on a doorstep --
DAGWOOD: Yeah, it sounded -- hey! He's the guy who found Cookie! He was talking about her! Holy smoke!

(DOOR OPENS FAST...WHIZZ)

~~DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Hey-y-y-y-y!~~

(CAR DRIVING AWAY)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Hey! Come back! You've got my baby!
Hey-y-y-y-y!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Blooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie!
BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood -- did you find her?
DAGWOOD: I almost did, Blondie. The man was in Swabber's Drug Store buying stuff for her -- you know, bottles, dextra-maltose, and all sorts of baby equipment. But he got away before I realized he had Cookie.
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...
DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know...
ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop and Mom -- it's all my fault.
ALVIN: It's my fault, too, Mr. Bumstead.
ALEXANDER: Would you like us to stand in the corner or something, Mom?
BLONDIE: Oh, no, Alexander.
ALEXANDER: Would you like to paddle me, Pop?
DAGWOOD: No, Alexander, I don't feel up to it.

~~ALVIN~~
~~ALEXANDER~~
DAGWOOD:
BLONDIE:

I'll remind you later, MR. BUMSTEAD.
THANKS, ALVIN,
Dagwood, I called all the hospitals, the police
department, and the fire department.

DAGWOOD: The fire department?

BLONDIE: Well, it seemed like a good idea. Anyway, none of them
had any news of a baby being found anywhere. They
hadn't heard a thing!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- I don't know where to look for Cookie.
The people who found her might be from out of town.
They might live in Alaska, or Guatemala, or Tasmania.

BLONDIE: Yes, and if we don't find her pretty soon, Dagwood,
we may never see Cookie again!

DAGWOOD: Let's try the police department again.

BLONDIE: Well, I left our name and everything with the man at
the desk. I think we just ought to go out in the car
and look all over. Look everywhere. Ask questions of
all the people we see.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. It wouldn't hurt to stop at the police station.

BLONDIE: I suppose not, Dagwood. Let's get started anyway!
I'm getting desperate...(FADING) I'll put my coat on.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey.

ALEXANDER: Come on, Alvin -- we better start looking, too. It's
our fault.

ALVIN: Gee, it's too bad a thing like this had to happen.

~~DAGWOOD~~
~~ALEXANDER~~ Gosh, I'll say, ALVIN.

ALVIN: Particularly on such a swell day for coasting.

ALEXANDER: We're going out to look, too, Pop.

DAGWOOD: All right, Alexander, but for Pete's sake, don't you get lost too!

MUSIC: _____

COOKIE: (A FEW GURGLES AND ATTEMPTS AT SPEECH)

SERGEANT: You say you found this baby in a basket on the step of a house you and your husband were looking at, eh?

GRACE: That's right, Officer.

SERGEANT: Just call me Sergeant.

GRACE: Now I want to know if my husband and I can keep the baby. After all, she's a foundling -- her parents apparently couldn't give her a good home, and we can.

SERGEANT: Well, lady, I don't know why you can't keep her. She's cute, isn't she?

GRACE: She certainly is, Sergeant.

COOKIE: (LAUGHS AND COOS)

SERGEANT: You made quite a find, lady.

GRACE: That's what I think. I just wanted to make sure that the parents hadn't changed their minds and tried to get her back.

SERGEANT: Nope.

GRACE: Well, thank you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: That's all right.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Sergeant, I'm Mrs. Bumstead, and I ---- Cookie!
Dagwood! Here's Cookie!

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- we found her!

GRACE: Look out! Get away from my baby! She's mine!

BLONDIE: That's our baby! Oh, thank goodness we've found you,
Cookie.

GRACE: Now wait a minute! How do I know this is your baby!
I found her!

BLONDIE: Yes, but she's ours!

GRACE: You left the poor child on a door step! ^{Sergeant: Yes, it's awful.} And in weather
like this, too! I don't think you should be allowed
to have the baby!

DAGWOOD: You can't get away with this! This is our daughter,
and we want her!

ALL (GENERAL ARGUMENT)

SERGEANT: Now just one minute, everybody! Just one minute!
Please! Quiet down!

(SILENCE)

COOKIE: (CRIES A LITTLE)

SERGEANT: That means you, too!..Oh, excuse me.

BLONDIE: Sergeant, I called up a little while ago and told you
we had lost our baby. I gave you a complete description
of her.

SERGEANT: You didn't give me any description of any baby.
I didn't hear a thing about it.

BLONDIE: Well, I talked to someone here.

SERGEANT: Well, I just came on duty. Maybe you talked to
McGarrity.

BLONDIE: Didn't he tell you about our losing the baby!

SERGEANT: No -- he's mad at me. We're not speaking.

DAGWOOD: That's a fine thing! That's fine cooperation in the
police department! If we hadn't come in when we did,
this lady would probably have walked off with our
daughter!

SERGEANT: It wouldn't have been my fault -- you could blame it on McGarrity.

BLONDIE: We don't want to blame anything on anyone -- we just want our little girl.

SERGEANT: Now just a minute. Hand the baby over to me. We'll decide this matter quietly...Hand her over to me, please.

GRACE: Well, all right.

BLONDIE: Now be careful, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: I know how to handle babies.

BLONDIE: Well, you're reaching for her like you were going to make an arrest.

SERGEANT: Come on, sweetheart...That's a good girl. Now I'll put you down here on my desk for a moment.

COOKIE: (GURGLING AND COOING AND ENJOYING IT ALL)

DAGWOOD: Now can we have her?

SERGEANT: Not yet. I'm going to get at the facts in this case, and then I'll give you a decision...Suppose we all step into this next room for a little round-table discussion.

(DOOR OPENS)

SERGEANT: Come on now -- all of you. *I don't want the baby to hear this.*

GRACE: Remember, you told me I could have that little baby girl.

BLONDIE: But she's my daughter!

DAGWOOD: Mine, too! Let's have a vote on this, hunh?

SERGEANT: Just step right inside, please.

(FOOTSTEPS)

DAGWOOD: Okay, but wouldn't it be easier just to give us our baby and let us go home?

~~BLONDIE: She's probably very hungry now.~~

(DOOR CLOSES)

~~GRACE: She didn't seem hungry to me.~~

BLONDIE: Sergeant, she's our baby. Why must we go through all this routine to get her back again?

SERGEANT: I don't know that she's your baby.

BLONDIE: Well, you can call up that other officer I talked to. That Sergeant McGarrity.

SERGEANT: I told you we ~~are not~~ speaking.

DAGWOOD: Then what are you going to do?

GRACE: I'd like to know, too.

SERGEANT: I don't claim to be any King Solomon, but I think I can solve this very easily. I'll get the baby and put her in the middle of this table. One of you ladies will be at one end, and one at the other end. Whoever she crawls over to is the one who ought to have her... We do the same stunt when there's an argument over a lost dog.

DAGWOOD: Lost dog? Are you trying to start a little trouble around here?

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- please!

DAGWOOD: We've been insulted!

SERGEANT: Now just be patient...I'll get the baby and bring her in here.

(DOOR OPENS)

SERGEANT: This will all be over as soon as we -- hey!

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

SERGEANT: The baby's gone! She's not there!

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens!

DAGWOOD: She can't have crawled very far.

GRACE: But Sergeant, she was on top of that desk. She must have fallen off.

SERGEANT: If she fell off the desk, we would have heard a thump.

DAGWOOD: Don't talk that way!

BLONDIE: She must be around here, but I don't see her anywhere!
Cookie...Oh, Cookie!

DAGWOOD: Coooooooookie!

SERGEANT: ^{coooooo-kie! there's no answer.}
We've had some complains about a pickpocket operating around town, but I don't think he'd pick up a baby. It wouldn't be professional.

BLONDIE: Well, let's look outside, quick! She might have crawled out somehow.

SERGEANT: Wait a minute! Nobody's leaving here until I get to the bottom of this.

BLONDIE: In that case, we'll be here forever!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Poor Dagwood and Blondie. Do you suppose they'll ever get this baby mix-up straightened out? And what can have happened to Cookie? Well -- we'll find out in a moment, but first how would you like to hear some raw material for airplanes, rolling up on a beach --

(WAVES)

GOODWIN: Yes, we're making planes out of seawater these days. Magnesium, the metal that's even lighter than aluminum is being used in increasing quantities in aircraft manufacturing -- and new American plants are now extracting millions of pounds a year -- from ordinary seawater. Yes, the men behind the army are thinking up new ones every day -- but the men up front have some ideas that go 'way back to Nineteen Seventeen. For instance --

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please!

GOODWIN: Yes, actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Why's that?

VOICE: I've tried 'em all, Mister, and take it from me, that Camel flavor and mildness wins out every time!

GOODWIN: Yes, extra flavor and extra mildness! And don't forget that easy-on-the-budget slow burning, either! Means extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking, too! You can't help having a better cigarette, when you take costlier tobaccos, and blend them as only Camel knows how to blend. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO: 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! That fellow in camp wants Camels. Send him a carton. Your dealer will tend to the wrapping and mailing. Get Camels yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Now it's a few seconds later. Alvin and Alexander, still pulling the sled, are approaching the police station.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I wonder if Mom and Pop have had any luck.

ALVIN: I don't know. It's an awful big town to lose a little girl in.

ALEXANDER: Gee, it is, isn't it?

~~ALVIN: Do you want me to pull the sled for a while?~~

~~ALEXANDER: No, thanks, Alvin. We're almost to the top of the hill. I thought we ought to ask at the police station. Mom and Pop might be too busy looking other places for Cookie.~~

ALVIN: Women certainly cause a lot of trouble -- the small ones, the grown-up ones, and the in-between ones.

ALEXANDER: My gosh, Alvin -- look.

ALVIN: Where?

ALEXANDER: Right ahead of us. That man standing by the car in front of the police station. He's got a baby with him.

ALVIN: The baby's in a pink blanket, too. (SINGS) It could be Cookie!

ALEXANDER: He's trying to get something out of his pocket and hold the baby at the same time. I've seen Pop try that.

ALVIN: How do you do it?

ALEXANDER: I don't know. Pop always hollers for Mom...Let's walk up and see if it's Cookie.

ALVIN: Be subtle about it.

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure...You take the sled in case we have to make a getaway.

ALVIN: Okay.

ALEXANDER: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Hello, Mister.

GEORGE: Oh, hello, boys.

ALVIN: Got a baby there, hunh?

COOKIE: (CRIES A LITTLE...NOT LOUD)

GEORGE: Yeah.

ALVIN: You don't seem to know how to handle it very well.

GEORGE: No, I'm sort of new at it. I can't hold her and get my car keys out at the same time.

ALEXANDER: We'll be glad to hold Cook -- uh -- we'll be glad to hold her for you.

GEORGE: Well, thanks. Are you sure you know how to hold her?

ALEXANDER: I ought to by now...

GEORGE: Okay, sonny -- hold tight, don't drop her.

ALVIN: Alexander, why don't you sort of sit down on the sled while you're holding her.

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah...I think I will.

ALVIN: I'll point the sled back down the hill.

GEORGE: Now let's see -- which pocket did I put my car keys in?

ALVIN: Are you holding her good and tight, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Yep -- let's go!

ALVIN: (GRUNTS) Okay!

(SLED RUNNERS)

ALEXANDER: (FADING) Hop on, Alvin!

ALVIN: (FADING) I'm on!

(WHIZZ)

BOTH: (FADING) Yippppppppppeeeeeee!

GEORGE: Hey! Hey, you crazy kids! Come back here! Come back here with that baby! Hey!...Holy smoke -- they stole that kid deliberately. I'll get the police on their trail right now!

(A LITTLE RUNNING...THEN DOOR OPENS)

GEORGE: Sergeant! Sergeant!

GRACE: George!

SERGEANT: Hey, who're you?

GEORGE: Quick! They've just stolen the baby!

BLONDIE: What baby? Our baby?

GEORGE: No -- our baby.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

GEORGE: She was sitting right on this desk when I walked in a couple of minutes ago, and --

SERGEANT: Hey -- did you take that little girl that was here?

GEORGE: Yes, but she was our baby, and no one was around.

DAGWOOD: That's our baby! She was put on a doorstep by mistake. That's where you found her, isn't it?

GEORGE: Wait a minute! I took her outside to the car, and then they came up and offered to hold her while I got my car keys out. While I wasn't looking, they jumped on a sled and went coasting down the hill.

SERGEANT: Now you wait a minute! Who took her!?

GEORGE: She was kidnapped by a couple of kids. They called each other Alvin and Alexander.

BLONDIE: (STARTS TO LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's pretty good.

SERGEANT: What's so funny about it?

GEORGE: Now, wait a minute, that's our baby.

GRACE: ~~Yes, it is our baby.~~
Don't get excited, George. I guess it is their baby.

BLONDIE: Oh, so you finally admit it.

GRACE: Yes...It's their baby, George. It was a mistake, I guess. (SIGHS) She was awfully cute.

GEORGE: Grace -- look -- let's adopt a baby, but let's get one that so many things don't happen to. Let's get a smaller one.

GRACE: All right, George -- I guess that would be better.

GEORGE: Come on -- before something else happens.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Dagwood!
SERGEANT: Well, it looks like everything's O.K. now. Hey -- that baby's still kidnapped, isn't she?

BLONDIE: (SMILING) Well, it sounded like it, anyway.

SERGEANT: Are you sure you two are the mother and father? You're taking this very calmly.

DAGWOOD: Well, we didn't know where our baby was before. Now we know she's kidnapped -- in a way.

BLONDIE: It was the suspense of not knowing what had happened to her that was worrying us...Do you understand?

SERGEANT: Sure, I understand...NO, I don't.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we'll be running along now, Dagwood, I want to be sure Cookie is all right.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, let you know if we get any ransom notes. O.K. let's go. Goodbye.

SERGEANT: I don't get this at all.

SERGEANT: Well, Sergeant, I guess you'll just have to think of it as one of the great unsolved mysteries of ~~my~~ ^{my} career...

~~Come on, Dagwood. Let's get home before anything else happens.~~

MUSIC:

GOODWIN:

Well, next week, Blondie suddenly realizes that Dagwood never entertains any of his friends in their home and so she suggests that Dagwood have a party any time he wants to. Well, you know Dagwood. He manages to pick just the wrong evening and you can imagine how Blondie feels when she comes home with -- well, wait a minute -- I'm getting ahead of myself. You'll have to listen in next week and see what happens in the Bumstead home when "Blondie entertains at home."

Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Our Blondie orchestra is directed by William Artzt, who also creates the special musical effects.

And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie", Tuesday night it's "Xavier Cugat", Thursday night it's the "Al Pearce Show" and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra.

Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and stations.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

"BLONDIE"
2/16/42

29-A

GOODWIN:

The Camels are coming -- it's the two Camel Caravans, rolling around from one Army camp to another, giving free shows for the men. Tonight and tomorrow night the East Coast unit will be at Pine Camp, New York, Wednesday at Plattsburg, New York, Thursday at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, and Friday and Saturday at Fort Devans, Massachusetts. Tonight the Mid-West unit will be at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, tomorrow at ^{the} Great Lakes Naval Training Station, ~~Illinois~~, Wednesday and Thursday at Camp Grant, ~~Illinois~~, Friday at Savannah Ordnance Depot, ^{All in} Illinois, and Saturday ^{they move on to} Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan, may your audiences have a grand time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA:

(MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

51454 0759

ANNCR:

Say, pipe-smokers, we don't expect you to get George Washington Smoking Tobacco just because it saves you money! Of course you will save when you can get a big blue two and a quarter ounce package for just a dime. But the main thing is that George Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Try it yourself! You'll agree George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!