

Master

1/21/41

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1941

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

ANNOUNCER: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Here's "Blondie"...presented by Camel -- the slower-burning cigarette that gives you more flavor, more mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke -- Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other ~~of~~ ~~the~~ largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. They're gathered around the breakfast table this particular morning, discussing a telegram that Blondie received last night. It seems Blondie's little nephew is coming to stay with them a few days, and Dagwood isn't too happy about the idea...

(SOUND: COME UP ON BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, you mean we have to have that little gangster living with us for the next two days?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you shouldn't talk that way about Tommy.

DAGWOOD: It's the truth -- that's what he is! That kid is Public Enemy Number One-half!

BLONDIE: Well, he's only going to be here until Allen and Boots get back from their trip. They couldn't take him with them.

DAGWOOD: You'd think they'd let him stay with someone in their own town.

BLONDIE: Well, yes, but --

DAGWOOD: On second thought, they probably couldn't get anyone who knew him to take him in.

BABY: When is Tommy coming, Daddy?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, but it'll be too soon for me.

BLONDIE: Dagwood!...He'll be here this morning, Baby Dumpling. The telegram said he'd come right to the house.

BABY: Oh.

BLONDIE: You remember Cousin Tommy from the last time he was here, don't you, dear?

BABY: Sure, Mommy -- he still owes me a dime.

DAGWOOD: You see what I mean, Blondie? ~~We always come out on the short end when that kid's around. He owes Baby Dumpling a dime, and I owe him a good paddling.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, he's my nephew, and all that happened over a year ago.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Just the same, I don't like it.~~

~~BLONDIE: I'm sure this year he wouldn't dare try to sell your suits to the old clothes man.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll bet he hasn't changed a bit.~~

~~BABY: Me, too.~~

~~BLONDIE: You're both being unreasonable. Pass me the sugar, dear.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Here you are, honey.~~

BLONDIE: Baby ^{you} got along all right with Tommy, didn't you?

~~BABY: Oh, sure, but he's still got my dime.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, I'll give you a dime to make up for it.~~

~~BABY: Thank you, Mommy.~~

~~BLONDIE: Green, please, Dagwood?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie... I think Tommy's a bad influence on Baby.~~

~~BABY: He taught me a lot of tricks.~~

~~DAGWOOD: They weren't very nice tricks.~~

BABY: ^{Oh sure} He always kept telling me I ought to get wise to myself.

DAGWOOD: ^{He did, huh?} Well, I've got to get going or I'll never catch the bus.

BABY: ^{Pass the ketchup.} Tommy told me that being a kid was a swell racket.

BLONDIE: Goodness! Well, don't you pay any attention to anything he says.

BABY: ~~All right, Mommy.~~ I didn't anyway. I've never tripped Daddy when he runs out of the house, ^{like} ~~and~~ ^{said to,} Tommy ~~said it~~ would be very funny.

DAGWOOD: You mean he told you you ought to trip me when I'm in a rush?

BABY: Yes, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! That kid's a menace!

(SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS)

BABY: I'll see who it is, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: All right, Baby. If it's Cousin Tommy, be careful...

(FADING)

(SOUND: AFTER A PAUSE, THE DOOR OPENS)

TOMMY: Hello, Baby Dumpling.

BABY : Hello, Tommy.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

TOMMY: Shake hands.

BABY: Okay.

(SOUND: ONE OF THOSE TRICK HANDSHAKE BUZZERS)

BABY: Ouch! Hey!

TOMMY: (LAUGHS) See -- it's just a trick. When you shake hands with someone this buzzer scares the daylights out of him...I'll wind it up again.

(SOUND: WINDING IT UP AS...)

BABY: Daddy and Mommy are just finishing breakfast.

TOMMY: Your father hasn't left yet, eh? Well, I'll just leave my suitcase right here by the door and we'll see what happens.

BABY: Daddy might stumble over it.

TOMMY: I wouldn't be surprised...Come on.

BABY: Well, I don't know, Tommy.

TOMMY: Aw, come on -- leave it there.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Is that you, Tommy?

TOMMY: Why, hello, Aunt Blondie -- I'm very glad to see you.

~~BABY BLONDIE~~: Hello, Tommy.

TOMMY: Hello, Uncle Dagwood. You're looking well.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Tommy.

TOMMY: Shake hands.

DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh, sure --

(SOUND: BUZZER)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Help! Ouch! Hey -- what's the big idea?

TOMMY: Why it's just a harmless trick, Uncle Dagwood.

BLONDIE: Of course it is, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Well, anyway I -- (STOPS) Holy smoke -- look at the time. I've got to dash! Goodbye, Blondie. (KISS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Baby.

BABY: Goodbye, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: I've gotta hurry now...So long!

(SOUND: DASHES AWAY...THEN CRASH AS HE STUMBLES OVER
THE SUITCASE AND FALLS)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! What happened?

TOMMY: I can't imagine, Aunt Blondie.

BABY: I know.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS FROM OFF) I know who put that suitcase there! I'm just glad I'm going to be at the office all day...Goodbye!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Well...!

TOMMY: Now, Aunt Blondie -- how about some breakfast!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though the Bumsteads are heading for trouble with Cousin Tommy around. In just a minute, we'll see what he's up to.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE"
1/6/41

5-A

GOODWIN: Right now, the smokes the thing...and the cigarette is Camel
-- Slow...slow...slow...burning. That's Camel for you!
Slower burning for more mildness...slower burning for more
coolness...more flavor. And now science confirms another
advantage of slower-burning Camels -- less nicotine in the
smoke. That's right -- actually twenty-eight per cent less
nicotine in your smoke -- when you smoke Camel Cigarettes...
twenty-eight per cent less 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. If you feel like having a smoke right now...
light up a Camel...puff on it...and don't you feel pleased
as punch as that full rich flavor of Camel meets your taste?
There's a cigarette for you, all right...the slower-burning
cigarette that gives you more fun in your smoking...and less
nicotine in the smoke. The smoke's the thing -- and the
cigarette is CAMEL!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's a little after lunch. Upstairs in the Bumstead home, Cousin Tommy is hammering on a tin box while Baby Dumpling watches. It looks like it's Baby Dumpling's bank...Yes, that's what it is...

(SOUND: COME UP ON LIGHT HAMMERING...IT STOPS)

TOMMY: Hmmm -- this is a tough bank to open.

BABY: But I told you I didn't want you to open it, Tommy.

TOMMY: Yeah, sure -- but how are we going to get a couple of ice cream sodas if we don't open your bank?

BABY: I don't know.

TOMMY: As soon as I open this, I'll treat you to a ^{delicious chocolate} soda.

~~BABY: I don't want a soda.~~

~~TOMMY: Hmmm...Just think, Baby Dumpling -- a tall glass full of rich smooth chocolate -- boy, oh boy!~~

~~BABY: Hmmm.~~

~~TOMMY: Then a big dipper of swell vanilla ice cream in that -- can't you just taste it?~~

~~BABY: Yeah -- yum-yum.~~

~~TOMMY: And finally a few squirts of soda water to mix that chocolate and ice cream up a little. Boy, there's nothing like a chocolate soda.~~

BABY: I guess we'd better open the bank.

TOMMY: Sure. I knew you'd see it my way:

(SOUND: MORE HAMMERING)

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: What's going on in here?

BABY: Hello, Mommy.

TOMMY: Oh, we're not doing anything, Aunt Blondie. Just fooling around that's all.

BLONDIE: What were you hammering on? *Who, me?* Why, Baby Dumpling -- that's *Tommy's* your toy bank.

BABY: I haven't touched it, Mommy.

BLONDIE: Tommy -- the idea! Breaking into Baby Dumpling's bank. You ought to be ashamed.

TOMMY: Aw, we just wanted to hammer a couple of chocolate sodas out of it.

~~BLONDIE: That money is in that bank to be saved, and both of you know it. It shouldn't be taken out for sodas.~~

~~TOMMY: Will you give us money for sodas, then?~~

~~BLONDIE: Not now -- perhaps I will this evening. We all may go to a movie.~~

~~BABY: I wanted one now.~~

~~TOMMY: Sure he did, Aunt Blondie.~~

BLONDIE: Well, that money in the bank has to stay there where it is. Baby Dumpling, you can use it to buy something next summer

BABY: All right, Mommy -- I guess I can wait.

TOMMY: Next summer? Gee, Aunt Blondie -- he wants that soda now. Baby Dumpling's only going to be young once!

BLONDIE: Now no more of that, please, Tommy...You'd better let me have the bank.

(SOUND: SLIGHT RATTLE...)

BLONDIE: Thank you...Now then -- put all these toys and things away. And go outside and play.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)

BABY: Well, I guess we won't have any sodas.

TOMMY: Oh, yes we wil. I'll show you how to get those chocolate sodas. You just follow me, Baby Dumpling!

MUSIC...

(SOUND: COME UP ON SOUND OF COASTER WAGON ROLLING
ON SIDEWALK -- MAYBE A SQUEAKY WHEEL...)

TOMMY: Now that we've got this coaster wagon, we'll sell rides to other kids for a penny.

BABY: I don't think you should have taken it away from Jimmy Brown. You made him cry.

TOMMY: Aw, he'll get over it, and we'll bring his old wagon back.

BABY: But it was his Christmas present.

TOMMY: You want a soda, don't you?

BABY: Sure, Tommy, but --

TOMMY: Okay, then. All you have to do is pull the wagon.

BROWN: (OFF) Hey, there! Just a second, you kids!

TOMMY: Who's that?

BABY: Gosh -- that's Jimmy's Dad. That's Mr. Brown. Let's go!

TOMMY: Naw -- what for? If we run he'll chase us, and if we stay here he won't dare touch us...Just watch.

BROWN: (COMING UP) Say -- what's the big idea, stealing my son's wagon?

BABY: ~~We didn't steal it.~~

TOMMY: ~~Naw -- we just borrowed it. We told him we'd bring it back.~~

BROWN: ~~Is that so?~~ I've got a good notion to put you kids over my knee and give you a good spanking.

TOMMY: You just try it! ^(What?) ~~Mr. Bumstead~~ will drag you out of your

~~Brown:~~ ^{Tommy:} house and beat you up: ~~let you do~~

BROWN: Who's going to do what to me?

TOMMY: You heard me! Mr. Bumstead! He'll knock your ears down so low you won't be able to hear anything but footsteps.

BROWN: Well, well, well! ^{Footsteps} ~~He will~~, eh? ^{You said it.} This is very interesting.

^{Tommy:} BABY: Come on, Tommy -- let's go.

TOMMY: Not yet, Baby Dumpling...I heard Mr. Bumstead talking about you last night, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: Oh, you did?

TOMMY: Yeah, he called you "Baldy."

BROWN: "Baldy?" Why, that low-down, good for nothing -- I'll take him and --

BABY: Let's go, Tommy.

TOMMY: He said he thought you had a ping-pong ball for a brain -- he could hear it rattling around.

BROWN: Well, well! Mr. Bumstead and I will have to have a little talk! Yes, indeed! And we will have one tonight!

TOMMY: Anytime you want to make something of it, just come around.

BROWN: We'll see about that!

TOMMY: Mr. Bumstead'll beat you to a pulp...Come on Baby Dumpling,
Let's go. I'll show you how to get those sodas.

MUSIC:

(SOUND: COME UP ON KNOCKING AT DOOR...)

BABY: What are you going to say to Mrs. Whittaker when she answers
the door?

TOMMY: You just leave that to me. We'll get a quarter from her.
This salesman stuff is ^{ducksoup} ~~easy~~ for me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

WOMAN: Well, hello there, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: Hello, Mrs. Whittaker. This is my cousin Tommy -- he's
staying at our house.

TOMMY: How do you do, Mrs. Whittaker.

WOMAN: How do you do.

TOMMY: Mrs. Whittaker, ~~I've got a business proposition for you
and I know you'll be interested in it.~~

~~WOMAN: Well, perhaps -- what is it?~~

TOMMY: I'll bet that lots of times when it snows, you've wished
someone would come along and clean your sidewalks off,
haven't you?

WOMAN: Well, yes.

TOMMY: And without having to be told, too. Then you wouldn't
have to go out in the cold and freeze your fingers and get
your ears nipped shoveling off the snow yourself. You
might catch pneumonia doing that -- and you know what that
means!

WOMAN: Well, are you and Baby Dumpling going to start a
snow-shoveling business.

BABY: I'm not sure, Mrs. Whittaker.

TOMMY: Not exactly... You see, Mrs. Whittaker, Mr. Bumstead decided he could get some good exercise and pick up a little money at the same time by shoveling snow off the sidewalks. *He's a little hard up, you know*

BABY: Say, Tommy -- are you sure -- ?

TOMMY: Let me handle this, Baby Dumpling... So Baby Dumpling and I are collecting a quarter from people who want the snow shoveled off their sidewalks by Mr. Bumstead, and as soon as it snows, your sidewalks will be cleaned.

WOMAN: You collect in advance?

TOMMY: Oh, yes -- then you won't have to bother about a thing. As soon as it snows, Mr. Bumstead ~~will~~^{go} go to work... *practically automatic.*

BABY: Tommy, don't you think you ought to ask Daddy --

TOMMY: I've talked the whole thing over with him, Baby Dumpling. *isn't it!*
Now, Mrs. Whittaker -- what do you say? Just turn everything over to Mr. Bumstead and let him freeze his fingers and catch pneumonia instead of you.

WOMAN: Well, I guess that's fair enough for a quarter. If it snows tonight, Mr. Bumstead will clean my walks then?

TOMMY: You can count on him, Mrs. Whittaker.

WOMAN: Well, here's a quarter.

TOMMY: Thank you very much. Goodbye.

WOMAN: Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)

BABY: Gee, Tommy -- what's Daddy going to say when he finds out what you've done? He'll be mad!

TOMMY: Oh, well -- we've got our soda's, haven't we?

BABY: But you told a lot of lies.

TOMMY: I don't think it's going to snow anyway. It didn't say so in the paper.

~~BABY: Suppose the paper's lying, too?~~

~~TOMMY: Well, a little exercise won't hurt your father any. He looks like he's getting out of condition.~~

~~BABY: Gosh -- what's going to happen to me?~~

~~TOMMY: Don't worry about that now...Hmmm -- you know, I could use two sodas. Let's try someone else.~~

this is interesting

MUSIC...

(SOUND: COME UP ON DOOR OPENING...)

MAN: Well, a couple of young salesmen, I'll bet.

TOMMY: That's right, sir.

BABY: Yes, sir -- he does all the talking, and I just watch.

MAN: Hmmm -- working your way through kindergarten, no doubt.

TOMMY: No, sir. We have a business proposition to make to you. I'll bet lots of times when it snows you've wished someone would come along and clean your sidewalk off, haven't you?

MAN: Oh, no -- not me.

TOMMY: You haven't?

MAN: Nope. As soon as it snows, I get out the old snowshovel and start scooping away. It's the greatest exercise in the world.

BABY: I guess we'd better go, Tommy. I just wanted one soda, anyway.

TOMMY: Just a second...But isn't there anything around the house that you don't do? Do you carry out your own ashes?

BABY: ~~Be careful, Tommy.~~ Daddy won't like it.

MAN: Oh, yes -- I do all my own work here. I live alone and like it.

TOMMY: How about wood for your fireplace? ^{Work?} I know a man who'd
Man: be glad to chop it up for you -- and very reasonably, too.

MAN: No, thanks. I do that myself. ^{Oh,} The only thing I don't do
Tommy: is darn my own socks. I'm not very handy with a needle.

TOMMY: You don't darn your own socks?

BABY: Come on, Tommy -- neither does Daddy.

TOMMY: Just a minute, Baby Dumpling...I'm glad you brought ^{socks} ~~that~~
up, sir. I know just the person who'll darn your socks
for you. She does wonderful work, and doesn't charge much,
either.

MAN: Well, now you've got me interested. Who is it?

TOMMY: Mrs. Bumstead.

BABY: Oh, gosh, Tommy.

TOMMY: She loves to darn socks. Why when she gets through you can
hardly tell where the hole was.

MAN: Just a minute -- I think I've got some socks around now.
I'll go get them.

TOMMY: We'll wait right here.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)

BABY: Gee, Tommy -- you're going to get me into an awful lot of
trouble. Mommy's going to be mad, too.

TOMMY: Oh, that's all right. I'll take all the blame -- if I
happen to be still here.

BABY: Daddy'll paddle you. And you know where!

TOMMY: Oh, no he won't. I'm a guest at your house, and he can't
paddle a guest. It's not polite.

BABY: Daddy's not always polite, either.

~~TOMMY: Look -- you've got to get wise to yourself, Baby Dumpling
--- we've got enough money for two sodas apiece so far
Think about the sodas.~~

~~BABY: It's awful hard to.~~

~~TOMMY: Well, concentrate.~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

MAN: All right, boys -- here are five socks, all of them with holes in the toes.

TOMMY: Hmm -- that'll be twenty-five cents, in advance.

MAN: Well, that's reasonable enough...here's the quarter. Now -- when'll these be done?

TOMMY: Oh, it doesn't take Mrs. Bumstead long -- she's a ^{whiz} ~~very~~ ~~fast-worker~~ *with the needle.*

MAN: By the way -- where does she live?

TOMMY: On -- um --

BABY: Shady Lane Avenue -- the house with the green shutters.

MAN: Okay...get these back in an hour or so, will you? I'll have to run around in my carpet slippers until you do.

TOMMY: Yes, sir.

TOMMY: Thank you sir, -- and goodbye.

MAN: Don't forget -- bring 'em back in an hour. I need them.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

BABY: Now what do we do, Cousin Tommy?

TOMMY: Now, Cousin Baby Dumpling -- we tear into ~~a couple of~~ ^{four} chocolate ice cream sodas! *Whoopie!*

MUSIC:

(SOUND: COME UP ON SOUND OF SUCKING THROUGH
STRAW THE LAST FEW DROPS FROM SODA)

TOMMY: Boy, that was good...Are you finished with yours, too.

BABY: No -- there's just a little more.

(SOUND: SUCKING THROUGH STRAW...ETC.)

TOMMY: It was good, wasn't it?

BABY: Yeah, it was good all right, but I'm worried about Daddy.
And what about those socks?

TOMMY: Forget it...Say -- ~~here~~ comes Aunt Blondie.

BABY: Gosh -- now it's going to happen.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, where did you get the money for the sodas?

TOMMY: Oh, hello, Aunt Blondie...My mother and father gave me some money when I left. Wouldn't you like a soda, too?

BLONDIE: *On me of course.*
Well -- well, I guess I would.

TOMMY: (CALLS) Hey, mister -- a chocolate soda for Mrs. Bumstead, please.

BABY: Well, Mommy, we went up to see Mrs. Whittaker and Tommy --

TOMMY: (CUTS IN) We've just been saying hello to people -- you know, -- just visiting around.

BLONDIE: Well, I hope you've had a good time...Did you meet any other boys?

BABY: We saw Jimmy Brown. He had his new coaster wagon and --

TOMMY: And we played with him for a while. We've had a very nice afternoon.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF SODA GLASS ON COUNTER)

BLONDIE: Well, here's my soda, and it certainly looks good.

TOMMY: Oh, say, Aunt Blondie -- would you do me a favor?

BLONDIE: Why of course -- if you're not just bribing me with this soda.

TOMMY: Oh, of course not!...Do you suppose you could darn these socks for me?

BLONDIE: Socks? Oh, for heaven's sake -- were you carrying those in your coat pocket?

TOMMY: Yeah -- I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd fix them, Aunt Blondie.

BLONDIE: Aren't these pretty large, Tommy?

TOMMY: I have big feet.

Blondie: Oh, --
BABY: Can you do them in an hour, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Five socks in an hour? I don't know -- why?

TOMMY: Oh, we were just wondering how fast you were at darning, that's all.

BLONDIE: Well, I'll get after them as soon as I get home...These certainly are big socks -- and big holes, too.

TOMMY: Yeah...Say, Baby Dumpling, we'd better be running along.

BLONDIE: Just a minute. I have an idea that there's something wrong here. Baby, you look guilty to me.

BABY: Well, Mommy, I haven't really done anything.

TOMMY: Why of course not, Aunt Blondie. He's been with me all day!

BLONDIE: Somehow that isn't very reassuring, Tommy...Oh, my --
Tommy look outside! It's snowing! *isn't it?*

BABY: I knew it would snow! I told you so, Tommy.

TOMMY: Well, we'd better go. Come on, Baby Dumpling. So long, Aunt Blondie -- we'll be home for dinner.

BABY: Goodbye, Mommy.

BLONDIE: (CALLS AFTER THEM) Now don't get into any trouble.

BABY: We won't get into any more, Mommy.

(SOUND: STORE DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

TOMMY: Wow! Look, at that snow come down!

BABY: I told you the weather man might be wrong.

TOMMY: Gee -- I'll bet if I were a little older I could sue somebody for this.

BABY: Mommy's going to be mad about the socks.

TOMMY: Oh no she's not. Everything's working out all right, and besides she had a soda that we paid for from the money for the socks. It's all perfectly fair.

BABY: It sounds fair, doesn't it?

TOMMY: Of course.

~~BABY: Just the same, I'll bet it isn't.~~

~~TOMMY: Well, we'd better fool around somewhere until she gets those socks done. Then we'll take them back to that~~
~~man.~~

BABY: I have a feeling something awful is going to happen.

TOMMY: You're just imagining things, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: You wait and see!

MUSIC:

(SOUND: COME UP ON DOORBELL)

BLONDIE: Yes! Just a minute!...I wonder who in the world that is.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Good evening.

BLONDIE: Oh -- good evening.

MAN: Are they done yet?

BLONDIE: I beg your pardon?

MAN: Are you Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Why, yes, I am. What was it you wanted?

MAN: Um -- ah -- I just wondered if you'd finished with the socks yet.

BLONDIE: Why -- why how did you know I was darning socks?

MAN: Well, they're my socks.

BLONDIE: Yes I know they are but -- they're what?

MAN: Yeah -- you know -- they belong to me.

BLONDIE: Oh, you must be mistaken. The socks I'm darning belong to my little nephew.

MAN: Oh, no. ^{Oh no.} This is the white house with green shutters on Shady Lane Avenue, and you're Mrs. Bumstead ^{or} and those ^{must be} ~~are~~ my socks.

BLONDIE: Now please -- I don't know you, and I'm quite sure I'm not darning your socks.

MAN: Pardon my immodesty, Ma'am, but look -- the one's I've got on don't match. Now you've got five socks of mine -- two black ones, a green one, a blue one and --
(APOLOGETIC LAUGH) -- a red one.

BLONDIE: Why -- why that's right.

MAN: They've all got holes in the toes and I paid a quarter to have you mend them.

BLONDIE: You paid a quarter to -- oh, I think I see what happened.

MAN: Two kids took the money. One was small and the other was medium size with a fast line of chatter. Are the socks done?

BLONDIE: Yes, they're done.

MAN: He said you were a very fast worker, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: It seems that my nephew is an even faster worker...I have the socks right here in my work bag. Just a moment.

MAN: This is a nice place. Your husband must make quite a lot of money for a handy-man.

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) A handy-man?

MAN: Sure -- this kid said Mr. Bumstead would be glad to take out my ashes, chop wood or just about anything else there was to do. ^{Oh,} I figured you were pretty hard up for money.

BLONDIE: Just wait until I got my hands on that youngster...Here are your socks...all mended.

MAN: Well -- say, this is a swell job.

BLONDIE: Thank you.

MAN: I'd like to have you do this every week or so for me.

Blondie
Man I have an awful time with my socks. You see *my big toe*.

BLONDIE: No, thank you.

MAN: But the youngster said that you loved to darn.

BLONDIE: I don't care what he said...Now goodbye.

MAN: Well -- er -- goodbye. If you change your mind, let me know. I'm even willing to pay a little more.

BLONDIE: No thank you!

MAN: Well -- er -- goodbye. It certainly is snowing out, isn't it?

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Oh! I could choke that boy! Getting me to darn other people's socks for them -- and collecting the money for it! Oh!

BABY: (OFF) Oh, Mommy -- we're home.

TOMMY: (OFF) We're home, Aunt Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, just in time...(CALLS) I'm coming right out, children. Don't go away.

BABY: (COMING UP) The grocery boy just left, Mommy. There's a whole box full of stuff here.

BLONDIE: That's good...Well, children, I guess you've both had quite an afternoon, haven't you? Quite an afternoon.

TOMMY: Yeah -- that's right, Aunt Blondie.

BLONDIE: And I treated you to those ice cream sodas -- don't forget that.

BABY: ~~Go~~ -- something's happening.

TOMMY: But Aunt Blondie -- we treated you to the sodas.

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- I'm the one who darned those socks for that man.

TOMMY: Oh -- those socks.

BLONDIE: Yes, those socks -- five of them! But of course I don't mind darning socks. I love to darn socks.

TOMMY: I knew you wouldn't mind, Aunt Blondie.

BLONDIE: I'm sure you did...And I knew you wouldn't mind scrubbing the kitchen floor when you got back, either.

TOMMY: Well, now, just a minute -- *and wash behind my ears,*

BABY: I think I'll go upstairs ~~for a little while,~~ Mommy.

BLONDIE: You stay right here, dear. You were along with Tommy when this all happened.

BABY: Tommy said he'd take all the blame...~~Go ahead, Tommy.~~

TOMMY: Well, that was just a figure of speech.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm going to get the scrub brushes and the pail out and you can both go to work.

TOMMY: I'm not sure I ought to. I'm not ^{in good} very healthy, Aunt Blondie. And you wouldn't want anything to happen to me while I was visiting you, would you?

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BLONDIE: No, I wouldn't, Tommy. And you don't look very healthy.

TOMMY: I don't feel very good, either.

BLONDIE: Well, there's nothing like some good hard work to
fix that up. You'll be healthy as soon as I get
finished with you.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAIL)

TOMMY: But Aunt Blondie!...!

BABY: Come on, Tommy, ~~there's no use arguing~~. When Mommy's
like this, you haven't got a chance.

BLONDIE: You certainly haven't!

(SOUND: WATER RUNNING IN PAIL)

TOMMY: This is no way to treat a guest!
BLONDIE: Young man, right at this moment, you're not a guest.
You're a relative!
TOMMY: Yes, Ma'am.
BLONDIE: You'd better do a good job, too!
BABY: We will, Mommy -- we'll do a very good job.

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS OFF)

BLONDIE: That sounds like Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blooooooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooooooondie!
BLONDIE: (CALLS BACK) In the kitchen, dear!
DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Blondie -- I've been chased! A man
chased me all the way home!....Hello, Baby.
BLONDIE: Goodness!
BABY: Hello, Daddy -- I've been a bad boy. So has Tommy.
TOMMY: Hello, Uncle Dagwood. Shake hands.
DAGWOOD: Hello, Tommy -- how've you --

(SOUND: THE BUZZER HANDSHAKER GOES OFF...)

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Hey -- give me that buzzer right now. I don't want
any more of that foolishness!
BLONDIE: You heard what Uncle Dagwood said! Give it to him.
TOMMY: Okay...It goes in your hand like this. Then when you
shake hands with someone. --
BLONDIE: Never mind that, Tommy -- you get to work...Now who was
this man who was chasing you?
DAGWOOD: I don't know for sure -- but he ^{*Dagwood*} ~~was looking for a fight.~~
acted like a madman
He looked a little like
~~I think it was~~ Harry Brown.
BABY: Oh -- oh -- that's Jimmy Brown's father.

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DAGWOOD: Yeah. He was yelling that he was going to ~~beat me up.~~ *take me apart.*

(SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: There's someone at the door now.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooooh!

MUSIC.....

GOODWIN: Well, well -- it looks like more trouble for you, Dagwood,
when you answer the door! We'll see in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC.....

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GOODWIN: Right now in cigarettes...the smoke's the thing! And the smoke of Camels starts right in the tobaccos...Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Light a Camel...puff a Camel...smoke a Camel...and you get smoke that's milder... smoke that's cooler, more flavorful. And with Camels, you also get smoke that contains less nicotine --

VOICE: Independent scientific tests of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested -- less than any of them.

GOODWIN: Yes -- less nicotine in the smoke...and four big extras in the smoking. Extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, extra smoking -- all for you in slower-burning Camels!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's just a few seconds later when Dagwood opens the door and says...

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Er -- hello.

BROWN: Well, Bumstead, you seemed to be in quite a hurry to get home from the station.

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah. I like to keep in good shape. You know -- exercise.

BROWN: Yes, I know. I thought I might supply you with a little exercise myself, personally.

DAGWOOD: "You thought you might -- " I don't get it, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: You will -- you will.

DAGWOOD: Er -- would you like to step inside a minute?

BROWN: No, thank you. *Get you would you?* Suppose you step outside for a fraction of a second.

DAGWOOD: What for?

BROWN: (YELLS) You know what for! You're the one who said he was going to beat me to a pulp!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BROWN: You're the one who referred to me as "Baldy." You're the one who said you'd pull my ears down so low I'd only be able to hear footsteps! *Did I say that?* Come on, Bumstead -- put 'em up! Let's see you do it!

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Mr. Brown. I never said anything like that at all.

BROWN: You didn't, eh?

DAGWOOD: I never said anything like that about anyone who

outweighed me.

Brown: just because I'm bigger than you - - -
BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Goodness -- stop shouting! What's the trouble?

BROWN: Pardon me, Mrs. Bumstead, but your husband has been referring to me in very uncomplimentary terms.

DAGWOOD: I haven't said a thing about him, Blondie.

BROWN: That's not the way I heard it from that kid who was with

Dagwood: your son, why that little...

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, so that's it!~~ Mr. Brown, my nephew is visiting us, and he seems to be a problem child.

DAGWOOD: So Tommy said those things, eh? Well, he's one problem child who's going to be solved with a good paddling!

BLONDIE: I'm sure Dagwood never said anything at all about you, Mr. Brown. Why your little Jimmy and Baby Dumpling get along very nicely.

BROWN: I guess I got a little excited, Bumstead. I'm sorry.

DAGWOOD: That's all right -- but wait'll I get my hands on that kid.

BROWN: Well, I want to take back everything I said. Let's shake hands on it.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Brown. *Put 'er there.*

(SOUND: SOUND OF BUZZER)

BROWN: Ouch! Hey! What's the idea, Bumstead?

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: Oh my gosh! I'll never be able to explain that to him!

BLONDIE: You still had Tommy's buzzer in your hand.

DAGWOOD: Yes. Well, I've had enough of this already.

BLONDIE: So have I. I just looked in the box from the grocery store and found a chicken, a small ham, and some frozen strawberries. Tommy ordered them for me. He said he knew I'd want to fix him a real dinner.

DAGWOOD: Well, there's just one solution to this, and I'm going to take care of it right away!

MUSIC: (MARCHING TO KITCHEN...DOWN FOR:)

TOMMY: (YELLS) Ouch! Don't! Ooooooooh! Uncle Dagwood! Please! I won't do it again! Ooooooooh! Don't! I won't do it again! Ouch! Help! Help!

(SOUND: THERE CAN BE SPANKING SOUNDS WITH THIS...)

MUSIC: (INTO SWEETNESS AND LIGHT THEME)

DAGWOOD: Well, did you enjoy your dinner, Tommy?

TOMMY: Yes, Uncle Dagwood.

BABY: It was very good, Mommy.

BLONDIE: Thank you...You both did a very good job on the kitchen floor and now you can sit down and rest.

TOMMY: Boy, I'm tired. I'm going to sit down in this chair and stay there ---- Ooooooooh!

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Tommy?

TOMMY: Er -- uh -- nothing, Aunt Blondie, but may I have a pillow to put on the chair. It's a little -- er --

BLONDIE: Why, of course, Tommy -- take two if you need them.

DAGWOOD: My, isn't everything nice and peaceful.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: I take that back.

BLONDIE: Stay where you are, dear -- I'll answer the phone.

DAGWOOD: Okay, dear....Well, Baby -- I guess the way it's snowing, you'll be able to go coasting tomorrow.

BABY: I hope so.

(SOUND: PICK UP RECEIVER...OFF)

BLONDIE: Hello?...Yes, this is Mrs. Bumstead...Who?...Oh, hello, Mrs. Whittaker --

BABY: Oh -- oh -- here comes the bad news again.

TOMMY: Come on, Baby. We might just as well start getting our coats on now.

BLONDIE: (ON PHONE) Is that what they told you?...Well, I'm sure your sidewalks will be cleaned off right away...Yes, Mrs. Whittaker...Yes...Goodbye.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: What was it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- it seems that Tommy and Baby Dumpling were over at Mrs. Whittaker's today, and they collected a quarter from her. They promised that as soon as any snow fell, you'd shovel it off her sidewalks.

DAGWOOD: Well, that shows a good business-like spirit and I -- who'd ^{shovel} ~~clear~~ the snow off?

BLONDIE: They said that you'd do it -- that you wanted to get some exercise and pick up a little money at the same time.

DAGWOOD: So -- you've been pulling stunts like that, eh?

TOMMY: Now wait a minute, Uncle Dagwood. Baby Dumpling and I are going right over there to shovel her sidewalks.

BABY: That's right, Daddy -- we're on our way.

TOMMY: We wouldn't think of having you do it.

DAGWOOD: That's better.

TOMMY: Besides, I'm a little tired of sitting, anyway.

BLONDIE: Well, run along.
(THEY AD LIB GOODBYES)

DAGWOOD: Well, honey -- I guess Tommy isn't going to be so much trouble after all. Of course, there's always tomorrow.

BLONDIE: Well, dear -- I can almost guarantee you that Tommy will be perfectly behaved tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: What makes you think so?

BLONDIE: After he comes back from shoveling off Mrs. Whittaker's sidewalk, he's going to go right to sleep, and I think he'll be too tired tomorrow to try any more of his tricks.

DAGWOOD: That's good...I think I'll take a little nap.

BLONDIE: All right, dear -- I'll wake you up when the children get back.

DAGWOOD: What for?

BLONDIE: Don't forget our sidewalks. As soon as they get back with the shovel, you'll have to clean them off.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh!

MUSIC: