

*Master*

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads, where a family conference's in session. *at the breakfast table.* A letter has arrived from Uncle Harry Bumstead, and Blondie has just broken the news that they are to have a visitor.

BABY: When is Uncle Harry coming to see us, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Today, Baby Dumpling...He says here -- (READS) "Dear Blondie, Dagwood, and you, too, Baby Dumpling:"....

BABY: Gee, I'm in it too.

BLONDIE: Yes, "Heigh-ho, and greetings --"

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's Uncle Harry, all right.

BLONDIE: (READS) "I have just been visiting with Allen and Boots, and their little son Tommy who as you probably know is a sort of Jack the Ripper Junior. *Yeah, he certainly is.* Life here has been rather dangerous, so I'm checking out before the dear little monster strangles me in my sleep. You'll be seeing me the day after tomorrow."

DAGWOOD: Hm -- that's today, ~~all right~~.

BLONDIE: "Hoping you're all well and wealthy, *Heh? ah, healthy.* I remain, that old

*Dagwood:* sponger, Uncle Harry Bumstead." *Well, he's frank about it anyway.*

~~BABY: That's a very funny letter.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, Blondie, it's been a long time since we've seen Uncle Harry.~~

~~BLONDIE: I can't seem to remember him~~ Dagwood, is he one of your problem relatives?

DAGWOOD: In a way. He's sort of the gray sheep of the Bumstead family.

BLONDIE: GRAY sheep?

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DAGWOOD: Well, he's not exactly a black sheep, but he's not exactly a white sheep, either. I guess he hasn't much money and he's been living with different relatives from time to time during the last five years.

~~BLONDIE: What does he do -- hang around among his nephews and nieces?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie, that's it. It's funny he never got to us before.~~

BABY: Will he tell me a lot of stories like my other uncles?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, Baby Dumpling.

BLONDIE: If he's a Bumstead, he'll tell you stories' -- *Baby.* you can count on that.

DAGWOOD: *Yeah, huh?* Now, Blondie -- you have uncles, too. Shall we talk about *your uncles now, Blondie?* them?

BLONDIE: Er -- well, maybe we'd better not...But I <sup>do</sup>wish Uncle Harry had picked another time to come. I'm in charge of that lecturer who's coming to the Women's Club today. *and I have so much on my mind.*

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and Baby Dumpling's been unhappy lately, too. Gee, this is an awful time for Uncle Harry to come.~~

~~BABY: I'm not really unhappy, Daddy. But you and Mommy don't think I'm very grown-up.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, Baby, after all --~~

*Blondie: What dear?*

BABY: I want a pair of long pants.

*I have tickets & refreshments...*

BLONDIE: Long pants!!! *Oh dear -- my baby --*

*Baby: Long pants!*

DAGWOOD: Tooooh! I suppose next you'll be wanting a tuxedo.

BABY: Not until next year. And I wish you'd stop calling me Baby Dumpling.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you do!!

BABY: It isn't dignified.

DAGWOOD: Now listen to me, young man -- I --

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- look at the time!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Get the door open for me.

BLONDIE: All right, dear...(SIGHS) I'd like to have an electric eye put on that door, so it would open itself when you got near it.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Electric eye?</sup> Say, that would be quite an idea! It might cut a few seconds off my time. I wonder if I could fix one up -- I could probably buy a second-hand electric eye for --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't stop to think about that now!

DAGWOOD: (BACK INTO STRIDE) Oh, that's right! Goodbye, Baby Dumpling!

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) The door's open, Dagwood. Hurry!

DAGWOOD: Hey, hey...wait a minute. Where are my Camels?

BLONDIE: (OFF MIKE) There was a package of Camels on the little end table.

DAGWOOD: I can't go without my good old Camels. Besides, Mr. Dithers would be sore if he couldn't borrow any from me. (TO HIMSELF) Where in the dickens?....

BLONDIE: (OFF MIKE) Dagwood...you're so forgetful. Your Camels are right out here in your coat pocket.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy, that's swell, honey.

GOODWIN: (CHUCKLES) I'll say it is, Dagwood. For during the hustle and bustle of work...particularly on busy days when you're smoking more...it's nice to know that cool, flavorful Camels give you extra mildness -- less nicotine in the smoke.

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

GOODWIN: Yes, science has traced Camel's advantage of less nicotine right down to the very smoke itself...right down to you. For in a cigarette it's the smoke you smoke. Smoke out the facts for yourself with a slow... slow-burning Camel. Try Camels now!

MUSIC: (CUE ONE)

GOODWIN: And now back to Dagwood, who's poised again for his daily dash to work.

"BLONDIE" 5-B  
3/24/41

DAGWOOD: ONE MORE BITE OF TOAST.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE IF YOU DON'T HURRY.

DAGWOOD: Okay, say hello to Uncle Harry when he gets here.

BLONDIE: I will...Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Blondie!

(WHIZZZ....OUT THE DOOR)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- look out!

(DAGWOOD BUMPS INTO SOMEONE)

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens!!

BABY: What happened, Mommy!

BLONDIE: I'm not quite sure, but I think your Daddy and  
Uncle Harry just met in mid-air!

GOODWIN: It's a minute later, and Dagwood and Uncle Harry have come into the house...

UNCLE: Well, well, well -- hello, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Hello, Uncle Harry. We haven't seen you for a long time.

UNCLE: That's right...and this must be Baby Dumpling.

BABY: HIYAH.

~~UNCLE: Well, well -- I've never met you, but I've seen your baby pictures. Yes, sir!~~

~~BABY: I've grown a lot since then.~~

~~UNCLE: My how you've gro -- er, yes, you certainly have.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, Uncle Harry -- I've got to dash off to the office.

UNCLE: But Dagwood, I just got here -- You can't run away like this

DAGWOOD: I'm afraid I'll have to, Uncle Harry.

UNCLE: Oh, nonsense. ~~Will fix it up.~~ What's the name of your employer?

DAGWOOD: Well, it's Mr. J. C. Dithers, but I don't think it'll do any good if you --

UNCLE: Never mind -- What's the number of your office?

BLONDIE: Uncle Harry -- I don't know whether you'd better do this.

BABY: It's North 1122.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BABY: North 1122 please...I'm getting Mr. Dithers for you, Uncle Harry.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

UNCLE: That's fine.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Uncle Harry -- we have enough things to worry about now.

UNCLE: It's all in the way it's done, Dagwood.

BABY: Mr. Dithers, please. Mr. Bumstead calling...Here you are, Uncle Harry.

UNCLE: Thank you, Baby Dumpling...You're certainly quite a grown-up aren't you?

BABY: That's what I keep telling Mommy and Daddy.

UNCLE: Hello?...Is this Mr. J. C. Dithers?...Mr. Dithers, this is Harry G. Bumstead speaking -- Dagwood's uncle. I've heard so many wonderful things about you, I asked Dagwood if it would be all right for me to call you up and ask you to give him the day off. You see Dagwood's always talking about what a privilege it is to work for a man like you -- a man who -- IN THE EYES OF THE COMMUNITY IS A LEADING CITIZEN.

DAGWOOD: / DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE SPREADING IT ON A LITTLE THICK?  
Gee, I wish I'd inherited Uncle Harry's gift of gab.

UNCLE: Yes, Mr. Dithers -- that's right. He certainly has a high regard for your ability and judgment, and I certainly hope that while I'm in town I'll have an opportunity to meet you personally...Yes...Thank you very much, Mr. Dithers.  
Goodbye.

(HANGS UP) BOY! IS THAT MAN A WINDBAG?

BLONDIE: My goodness -- what did Mr. Dithers say?

UNCLE: He thanked me for calling him, and said it would be perfectly all right for Dagwood to stay home...While I'm here I'll tell you how to get a raise out of him.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's wonderful, Uncle Harry. You must be a genius.

UNCLE: Yes, in some ways I am...(LAUGHS) Might as well be frank about it, I guess.

BLONDIE: Well, Uncle Harry -- sit down and tell us what you've been doing.



UNCLE: Oh -- not much of anything, Blondie. I just go whichever way the wind blows, see the sights, and hope that someday people will say, "Uncle Harry certainly takes life easy, but he's a nice old guy to have around." Then I'll consider myself a success.

DAGWOOD: With your ability to talk, I'd say you're a success now.

UNCLE: (LAUGHS) Oh no, Dagwood -- I'm just a cross-country loafer.

BABY: (OFF) Daddy -- Mr. Fuddle's out in the backyard again -- looking at our little apple tree.

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh! I'll have to go out and see what he's doing. That chiseler!

UNCLE: What's wrong?

BLONDIE: Well, every year Dagwood and Mr. Fuddle who lives next door have an argument about where the line is between our property and theirs.

DAGWOOD: He's trying to claim that a tree I planted last year is on his property. Each year he moves over a couple more inches. In five more years he'll be claiming our kitchen...I've got to go out and protect our rights.

BLONDIE: Now don't get into an argument with him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I can't promise anything, Blondie...I'll be back in a little bit...(FADING)

BLONDIE: Oh dear -- I wish they'd get that thing settled. It's been going on for goodness knows how long.

UNCLE: Now. Don't worry, Blondie. Perhaps I can straighten the whole business out.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) You don't know what you're taking on, Uncle Harry. Now don't you want to unpack?

UNCLE: All right, Blondie.

BABY: I'll show you where your room is, Uncle Harry. Besides, I've got something to talk to you about.

UNCLE: Fine, Baby Dumpling. Now Blondie -- you go ahead with whatever you have to do -- don't mind me --

BLONDIE: I'm afraid I won't be able to be around much today, Uncle Harry. I'm in charge of the travel lecture at the Woman's Club today. I'll have to be there this afternoon.

UNCLE: Travel lecture, eh? One of those daring adventurers who talk about "Down the Danube in a Birchbark Canoe," or "Up Mount Everest with a Goat for a Guide?" *Mr. Archer looks at my picture in his picture. Yes, I don't doubt it.*

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Yes, that's the general idea. *If you want to, you*  
*Uncle:* can come to the lecture.

UNCLE: Fine *fine, maybe* -- I'll do that.

BABY: Come on, Uncle Harry.

UNCLE: All right, Baby Dumpling...Blondie, I have a feeling this is going to be a very enjoyable visit.

MUSIC: (2)

UNCLE: Well -- there we are. Everything's out of my bags and hung up.

BABY: Now can I talk to you, Uncle Harry?

UNCLE: Why certainly...What seems to be the trouble?

BABY: Well...Mommy and Daddy think I'm very young.

UNCLE: Is that right!

BABY: But I'm very grown-up for my age. You think so, don't you, Uncle Harry?

UNCLE: I certainly do...How old are you?

BABY: Not quite twenty-one.

UNCLE: I can see that.

BABY: But I'm old enough, to wear long pants.

UNCLE: Er -- well, possibly -- possibly.

BABY: Do you suppose you could fix it for me to get some long pants?

UNCLE: I'm not so sure, Baby Dumpling.

BABY: You said you were a genius.

UNCLE: That's right -- I did, didn't I?

BABY: Sure...We'll have to work together. You see, it's very hard to explain things to Daddy and Mommy sometimes.

UNCLE: Well, I'll see what can be done, Baby Dumpling.

~~way -- do any of your friends have long pants?~~

~~BABY: Yes.~~

~~UNCLE: Hmmmmmm~~

~~BABY: That's why I want a pair. If I had some long pants I could be a big shot.~~

~~UNCLE: Well, see, Baby Dumpling.~~

BABY: Okay, Uncle Harry. Thanks a lot..

UNCLE: Now remember -- I'm not promising anything yet. Well, let's go downstairs and see what's going on.

BABY: Okay. I've got a lot of confidence in you, Uncle Harry.

(GOING DOWNSTAIRS)

UNCLE: I'll promise you one thing -- I'll make sure that you get something that'll make you important among your friends.

BABY: Gee. Then I'll be a big shot..

UNCLE: Yes -- I wouldn't be surprised.

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Oh, Uncle Harry?

UNCLE: Yes, Blondie..

BLONDIE: Can you come out here in the kitchen a minute?

UNCLE: Of course...(TO BABY DUMPLING) I'll see what I can do for you, Baby Dumpling. .. *yes, Blondie.*

BABY: Okay.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) I'm a little worried -- look what's happening out in the back yard.

UNCLE: Say -- looks like Dagwood and that fat man are just about ready to take each other apart -- ~~this begins to look serious.~~

BLONDIE: That's Mr. Fuddle. Do you suppose we ought to go out and stop them before anything happens?

UNCLE: I don't know...let's open the back door and see if we can hear what they're saying.

BLONDIE: That's a good idea. Sometimes I think they're fighting and it turns out to be just politics -- and with both of them on the same side, too.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I'll take this to the Supreme Court, Fuddle!

FUDDLE: (OFF) Okay -- you take it to the Supreme Court and I'll take it direct to the President.

DAGWOOD: The Supreme Court's higher than the President!

FUDDLE: Oh yeah? Who picks the Supreme Court?

DAGWOOD: Well, I know my rights. This little tree is on my property. I planted it there.

FUDDLE: Dag, I've told you a million times that you made a mistake -- the line runs on your side of it. Whether or not you planted that tree, it belongs to me.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- then you can have the part that's in the ground, and I'll cut off the rest of it.

FUDDLE: Oh, no you don't! I own all that tree...besides, I've got your axe. You loaned it to me last summer.

DAGWOOD: That's a fine thing! I have to borrow back my own axe to cut down my own tree! Well, you can't get away with this, Fuddle! There must be something about this in the Bill of Rights. Why, I tell you --

(DOOR CLOSSES)

UNCLE: They're in the arguing stage -- I don't think there's going to be any violent action, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I guess not, but this dispute will go on and on for months -- maybe years -- ~~unless something's done to settle it.~~

~~UNCLE: Just leave the date alone.~~

~~BLONDIE: Do you suppose you could do something about it?~~

UNCLE: ~~Well, I'll have to give it a little thought...~~By the way, Baby Dumpling has been telling me that you're not treating him like the fully matured man that he is.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Did he tell you about the long pants he wants?

UNCLE: Well, yes, he did.

BLONDIE: Hmmm -- you didn't promise him a pair, did you?

**UNCLE:** Oh, no -- no, I never like to promise anything to a child that I can't make good on.

~~BLONDIE: That's one of our rules, too.~~

UNCLE: I did say that I'd get him something that would impress his young friends.

BLONDIE: What's that going to be?

UNCLE: Heaven only knows -- I don't...But I thought that if you were going shopping this afternoon before the lecture, Baby Dumpling could come along.

BLONDIE: Of course he could...~~Oh, I think Dagwood's coming in now.~~

~~UNCLE: I wonder how he made out.~~

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) It's an outrage! That guy Fuddle burns me up sometimes! ~~He still insists that the tree I planted is on~~

~~his property! He's a chiseler!~~  
*Dagwood, we have company.*

BLONDIE: ~~Please,~~ Dagwood -- don't get upset now.

DAGWOOD: I can't help it! I've got a few rights left!

UNCLE: Now, Dagwood, you just leave everything to me. I'll take care of ~~it~~ *the whole thing.*

DAGWOOD: What can you do about this, Uncle Harry? This will probably require an eleven man ~~arbitration~~ *mediation* board before it's settled.

UNCLE: All right -- but don't worry about it. I'll see to it that this Mr. Fuddle doesn't ~~encroach~~ *take over* your tree.

DAGWOOD: You'll have to be a genius to do it...Say -- that's right -- you said you were a genius, didn't you?

UNCLE: Dagwood, I am.

DAGWOOD: That's very comforting.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we're all going shopping this morning. Uncle Harry has promised Baby Dumpling a substitute for a pair of long pants.

DAGWOOD: You have?

UNCLE: Yes. Perhaps I was a little rash, but I may be able to think of something just as good.

DAGWOOD: To a boy Baby Dumpling's age, there's nothing just as good. (LAUGHS) This is going to be pretty funny. Uncle Harry, you've got yourself in a spot!

MUSIC:

*Mr. W:*

*Mr. Perrywinkle - sign please!*

(COME UP ON DEPARTMENT STORE NOISES)

BABY: Gee, Daddy -- look! Long pants! ~~lots~~ *hundreds* of them!

DAGWOOD: Huhh? Oh, yeah -- yeah -- I see.

BLONDIE: I'll tell the salesman we just want to look around for a while first.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey...Baby, are you sure you want long pants?

BABY: Yep...Where's Uncle Harry gone?

DAGWOOD: I wish I knew. He was supposed to stay here with us.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Baby, I'm sure you really don't want any long pants. None of your friends have them. Alvin hasn't.

BABY: That's why I want some.

BLONDIE: But dear, Alvin hasn't a tall silk hat and a cane, either. Does that mean you want a silk hat and a cane?

BABY: Yes, Mommy.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear --

DAGWOOD: What did you have to bring that up for?

BABY: And some spats, too.

DAGWOOD: (TO BLONDIE) We'd better get him out of here before he sees that monogrammed smoking-jacket.

BABY: Daddy -- can I have a smoking jacket?

BLONDIE: Now who's talking too much? I wonder what's happened to Uncle Harry? Just when we need him, he's slipped away.

DAGWOOD: That's a fine thing -- passing the buck to us...Say, Baby -- here's some dandy looking knickers. Boy, these are swell! ...Aren't they?

BABY: No.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm...

BLONDIE: I guess that's that -- Oh, here comes Uncle Harry.

BABY: He'll stick up for me...

UNCLE: (COMING UP) Hello, Baby Dumpling. I hope you haven't got any long pants yet.

BABY: No -- I've been waiting for you.

UNCLE: Well, I'll tell you -- I've been thinking it over. I ~~guess~~ <sup>I'm afraid</sup>  
it wouldn't be so good for you ~~to have them~~ <sup>after all.</sup>

BABY: Aw, gee, Uncle Harry. I didn't think you'd let me down.

UNCLE: Well, here's what I'm afraid of. Look at my long pants.  
They look all right, don't they?

BABY: They're not pressed.

*Blondie: Baby Dumplings.*  
UNCLE: That isn't what I mean. Now look what happens when I pull  
them up. See?

BABY: (LAUGHS) That looks funny.

*Dagwood: See - winter clothes.*  
UNCLE: Of course it does. And you know, Baby Dumpling, you're  
growing so fast you wouldn't have long pants a month before  
they'd be short pants, and look just like this.

BABY: Hm -- sounds logical --

UNCLE: Now, why don't you wait until you're growing slower. Then  
you can get long pants.

BABY: (SIGHS) I guess that's right.

*Blondie: where did he get that word?*  
DAGWOOD: Why sure, Baby Dumpling. Uncle Harry knows what he's  
talking about.

BABY: Gosh, I did want a pair of long pants.

BLONDIE: Don't be too disappointed, Baby. Daddy will get you a soda  
later this afternoon.



BABY: I'd rather have --

UNCLE: *Wait a moment, Baby Dumpling, you did?*  
I did get something for you; ~~Baby Dumpling!~~ And it's  
*Baby!* something that your friends haven't got yet.

BABY: ~~You did?~~ *Oh, it is?*

UNCLE: Yes, and I had the man put your initials on it, too.

BABY: Gee -- what is it, Uncle Harry?

UNCLE: Look!

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- it's a safety-razor!

BABY: Oh, boy -- gee whiz -- gosh, this is wonderful, Uncle Harry!

UNCLE: Well, I thought you might like it. And when you get a little older, I'll buy you some blades for it. But you've got your own razor now.

BABY: (LAUGHS) Gee -- I'm grown up! Wait till I show this to Alvin! Boy!

BLONDIE: Uncle Harry -- you're amazing!

UNCLE: Yes, sometimes I amaze myself...Now then, Dagwood -- I think Blondie and I are going to a lecture this afternoon, but you're going home, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Why yes, I guess so

UNCLE: Good. If you'll stop at the Dithers Company and borrow some surveying instruments, I'll see what I can do about that property line.

DAGWOOD: Gee -- Can you do surveying?

UNCLE: I don't know, Dagwood -- I never tried. Come on, Blondie.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON STIR OF PEOPLE...MURMURING OF PEOPLE OFF)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP FAST) Oh, Uncle Harry -- the most awful thing has happened.

UNCLE: Well, that covers all sorts of calamities. What's this -- and by the way, when is the lecture going to start?

BLONDIE: That's just it -- I'm afraid there isn't going to be any lecture. Mr. Archer, our explorer, isn't here.

UNCLE: Where is he?

BLONDIE: He's not even in this state. He just sent a telegram here from the next state -- he went to a city there that has the same name as our town.

UNCLE: I suppose ~~without his guides~~ without his guides  
and gunbearers. *He gets lost very easily.*

BLONDIE: I'm just going to have to explain to all the club members  
what happened. ~~It's really pretty embarrassing. I'm~~  
~~chairman of the committee that arranged for him to~~  
~~come here.~~ Oh dear -- I hate to admit he isn't here. *And all*

*classroom will have to go on without hearing any*  
UNCLE: Well, I guess this calls for a little ad libbing. You *lecture.*  
just go up there and introduce me.

BLONDIE: Oh, Uncle Harry! Introduce you?

UNCLE: I'll deliver just as good a lecture as this Mr. Archer --  
and twice as exciting. Come on Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't know, Uncle Harry. After all --

UNCLE: Stop holding back, Blondie. We're going up on that  
platform. And all you have to do is just introduce me.  
I'll go on from there.

BLONDIE: Well, all right, Uncle Harry...Here we go. (ALOUDE)  
Madame Chairman, and Ladies of the Women's Club.

(MURMURING STOPS)

BLONDIE: We have just received a telegram from Mr. Archer who will  
be unable to be here. In his place, I'd like to introduce  
Mr. Harry G. Bumstead.

(POLITE APPLAUSE)

UNCLE: (PAUSE) Madame Chairman, Ladies...I had hoped to meet  
Mr. Archer this afternoon -- I rather imagine we have  
mutual friends in the dark, mysterious, and exotic  
continent of -- Africa. But perhaps I can in a small  
way fill in for him. Perhaps I can tell you of the  
witch-doctor of Kraljoolna, of the singing apes whose  
(CONTINUED)

UNCLE:  
(Cont'd)

weird harmony makes the night terrifying in the fever-ridden tributaries of the upper Congo, ~~and the~~ savage rites of the Ngongo pygmies who are responsible for the tiny scar on my cheek and a few of the white hairs in my head... We set out for the interior from the coastal town of Rikdik and started on our search for...

MUSIC:

UNCLE:

(FADE IN).. There, shining in the blazing sun like a lost city, was the mysterious Karmajaro Escarpment -- the plateau of the ancient gods. ~~Our native porters had left us, for they knew that to look upon that plateau was to lose their souls.~~ As I stood there I heard the first slow beat of the jungle drums. "Go back!" they warned me. "Go back, or go to your death!" But I went on... on...hacking my way through the snake-infested underbrush.

MUSIC:

UNCLE:

(COME UP -- DRAMATICALLY) And yet that restless urge is still in my heart, and, in the words of the ~~unknown~~ <sup>native poet,</sup> ~~tribera tribera, tribera tribera~~ <sup>tribera tribera, tribera tribera</sup> Kipling, I say, "Ship me somewhere east of Suez, ~~where the best is like the worst, where there aren't no Ten Commandments, And a man can raise a thirst!~~" <sup>taboo truckle - I thank you!</sup>

(TERRIFIC APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE:

Uncle Harry -- you were wonderful! I didn't know you had travelled so much.

UNCLE:

It was pretty exciting, wasn't it?

"BLONDIE"  
3/24/41

-20-

BLONDIE: How in the world did you get out of that scrape with  
the head-hunters?

UNCLE: How do I know, Blondie -- I wasn't even there!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Uncle Harry seems to be quite a person. Perhaps  
he will be able to help Dagwood settle his dispute with  
Fuddle...We'll know in a moment. *Just listen*

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE" 20-A  
3/24/41

(FEW BARS OF REVEILLE...FADE OUT)

FIRST MAN: (CURT, MILITARY) Company, attention! The average American soldier, Nineteen Forty-one Edition...two paces forward...march! Answer these questions:  
First, how old are you?

SECOND MAN: (YOUNGER...STIFF) Twenty-one, sir.

FIRST MAN: Your weight?

SECOND MAN: One hundred forty-five pounds, sir.

FIRST MAN: Your height?

SECOND MAN: Five feet, eight inches, sir.

FIRST MAN: What's the color of your hair, Mr. Average American Soldier?

SECOND MAN: Light brown, sir.

FIRST MAN: Color of eyes?

SECOND MAN: Blue, sir.

FIRST MAN: What brand of cigarettes do you smoke?

SECOND MAN: Camels, sir. (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Camels sure hit the spot!

GOODWIN: Right you are, Mr. Typical American soldier! You certainly know what's good. Records show that in Army Post Exchanges, Camels are the favorite, and in Navy canteens, too. You see, friends, Camels...with their matchless blend of costlier tobaccos...with their slower way of burning...bring you more smoking pleasure in every puff. Yes, in the smoke of slow...slow-burning Camels, you get extra flavor and extra coolness. There's extra mildness, too...less nicotine in the smoke.

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: And in a cigarette, the smoke's the thing! So next time, ask for Camels...the slower-burning cigarettes. And for convenience and economy get your Camels by the carton.

MUSIC:...

GOODWIN: Yes, sir -- there's Uncle Harry out in the Bumstead's back yard, peering through the surveyor's transit Dagwood borrowed from the Dithers Company. And -- say -- wait a minute!

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

I thought so. Here comes Fuddle over to see what Uncle Harry's doing...

FUDDLE: (COMING UP) Say...

UNCLE: Just a minute, son, just a minute -- I'm busy.

FUDDLE: Okay...Are you checking up on the property line here?

UNCLE: No -- I'm looking for Halley's comet.

FUDDLE: Is there a reward for it? (LAUGHS)

UNCLE: Is your name Bumstead?

FUDDLE: No -- my name's Farquar Fuddle. I guess Bumstead must have called the surveyor's office and asked you to check the property line here.

UNCLE: Mmmmmmmmm.

FUDDLE: The argument's about whether that little tree is on my property or on his.

UNCLE: Yes, I know...Now let me see...Ummmm...Well, this line seems to be all wrong.

FUDDLE: Aha! I thought so!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Hey -- what's going on out here?

UNCLE: I'm surveying this line between the property of Farouar Fuddle and Dagwood Bumstead. Are you Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah -- that's right.

FUDDLE: Hey -- what's that piece of paper you've got?



DAGWOOD: Oh, this is just an agreement between us, Fuddle. When you sign it, it'll settle where the property line is, once and for all.

FUDDLE: I'm not signing anything... *new look here, Fuddle.* ~~say, say, say,~~ *And another thing,* what was the big idea of giving Baby Dumpling his own safety razor. Now Alvin insists I have to get one for him.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was just a present.

FUDDLE: A fine thing. Everything was going along nicely with our sons but you had to raise the standard of living! Pretty soon all the kids in the neighborhood will want razors. Who knows where it will end?! You're meddling with economics.

UNCLE: Say, about this property line.

FUDDLE: Oh, yeah ~~is that~~ *That* little tree *is* on my property? *isn't it?*

UNCLE: That's right, Mr. Fuddle. It certainly is.

DAGWOOD: See, Fuddle -- that's what I've been telling you ~~all~~ ~~the time but you've been saying~~ -- wh-wha--what?

FUDDLE: *Woah, woah, George* I knew it was my tree! (LAUGHS) How do you like that, Mister Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Something's wrong here!

UNCLE: Just one moment!...The line runs slantwise along here. That tree is on your property, Mr, Fuddle, but five feet and three inches of your garage are encroaching on Mr. Bumstead's property.

FUDDLE: What's that?

UNCLE: That's right. Five feet and three inches of your garage is built on Mr. Bumstead's land.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's good. You can have the tree, Fuddle, but I think I'll get a saw and cut off one end of your garage.

FUDDLE: Dooooooh!

DAGWOOD: As a matter of fact, I think I'll start right away.

*Fuddle:* *Let's look this over, Dag.*  
Your garage is going to look pretty funny with one end sawed off.

FUDDLE: Dag, old boy -- don't be hasty!

DAGWOOD: This is going to be fun!

FUDDLE: Dagwood! Wait! Let's arbitrate!

DAGWOOD: No, thanks.

FUDDLE: Let's settle it peacefully then. Come on now, Dag, old boy -- we're neighbors -- we're friends.

UNCLE: Just a minute -- let me see that paper.

DAGWOOD: Here you are. I've got a pen, too.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

UNCLE: Hmmm -- this looks like a pretty fair settlement. Mr. Bumstead gets his tree, and Mr. Fuddle gets the end of his garage.

FUDDLE: I'll sign it...Here -- give me that pen.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but it would have been lots of fun to saw your garage in two.

FUDDLE: Here you are, Dag...Holy smoke -- that was a surprise to me!

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Fuddle. I've got another surprise for you. I want you to meet my uncle Harry G. Bumstead.

FUDDLE: I'm very glad to know -- hey, what is this! I've been framed!

*Dag:* *you look very good in it.*  
UNCLE: That's right, Mr. Fuddle. I'll send you a bill on the first of the month.

FUDDLE: I should have suspected that something like this was cooking! *Was too glib!*

UNCLE: Now wait a minute, Mr. Fuddle. The only thing you've lost is a tree that didn't belong to you, and the fun of squabbling over it. And who knows -- maybe if this line really was surveyed, you'd find your whole garage belonged to Dagwood.

FUDDLE: Hey, that's right! Maybe I got off easy.

(BELL RINGS FOR FUDDLE)

FUDDLE: That's Hazel. (CALLS) Comming, dear!

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwoooooood! Uncle Harry! Dinner's ready!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) We're coming, Blondie...Come on Uncle Harry!

(WHIZZZZZZ...)

UNCLE: I'm right behind you!

(WHIZZZZZZ!...)

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

BLONDIE: Look, Uncle Harry -- Baby Dumpling's got his new razor right by his plate.

BABY: Gee, this is swell, Uncle Harry. It's better than having long pants.

UNCLE: (CHUCKLES) That's good, Baby Dumpling.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you should have seen the way Uncle Harry handled Fuddle. It was wonderful.

BLONDIE: You should have heard him telling his African experiences at the Women's Club. Dagwood -- Uncle Harry was a sensation!

UNCLE: Well, I will admit that in a small way I wowed them.

BLONDIE: You know, Uncle Harry -- you've straightened just about everything out for us. I don't know what we would have done without you.

UNCLE: Blondie, that's very nice to hear. I'm glad I was able to help.

BLONDIE: I think you're probably one of the most welcome guests we've ever had.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Uncle Harry.

BABY: It certainly is, Uncle Harry.

BLONDIE: And after dinner, maybe you'll tell us some more of your African experiences.

UNCLE: Oh, Blondie -- I told you I just made those up as I went along.

BLONDIE: I know -- but I still want to know how you escaped from those head-hunters.

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well Folks, Uncle Harry certainly solved a lot of problems for Blondie and Dagwood. But there are more troubles instore for the Bumsteads, and Blondie herself saves the day. So be sure to be with us next week at this same time to see how, "Blondie Controls a Corporation."

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 saying good night for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.