

107

As Broader

"BLONDIE"

PRESENTED BY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

MONDAY, JULY 14, 1941

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

SCENES

- 1. IN THE BUMSTEAD YARD
- 2. THE BUMSTEAD HOME
- 3. COMMERCIAL
- 4. THE YARD AGAIN
- 5. THE BACK PROCH
- 6. DAGWOOD'S ROOM
- 7. THE KITCHEN
- 8. THE BACK YARD AND THE HOUSE
- 9. COMMERCIAL
- 10, 11. AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK
- 12. AT THE BUMSTEAD HOME

CAST

- BLONDIE -- PENNY SINGLETON
- DAGWOOD -- ARTHUR LAKE
- ALEXANDER -- LEONE LE DOUX
- ALVIN -- TOMMY COOK
- ANNOUNCER: BILL GOODWIN

COMMERCIAL CAST

- SALESMAN -- MEL BLANK
- MAN -- FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

- 1. BABY RATTLE
- 2. DOOR BELL
- 3. DOOR (FRONT AND SCREEN)
- 4. BOTTLES
- 5. DISHPAN OF WATER
- 6. WHIZZ -- WHISTLE
- 7. HAMMERING
- 8. PLATE ON TABLE
- 9. TIN CUP
- 10. AIRPLANE (IDLING, DIVING, FLYING)
- 11. HISS OF AIR JET
- 12. FUN HOUSE SOUNDS (RIVETING MACHINE; THUNDER, HORN, RATCHET, ET CETERA)
- 13. SLIDE WHISTEE
- 14. TEMPLE BLOCK
- 15. BELL
- 16. EFFECT OF BALL HITTING MILK BOTTLES

51455 8285

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 14, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

7/12/41

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue--with Blondie, Dagwood, Alexander, and the new baby girl, Cookie. Blondie and Dagwood have been lavishing a lot of attention on their new daughter, and though it's probably been fine for her, it's been a little tough on Alexander. Right now he's telling his friend, Alvin Fuddle all about it. They're both outside in the back yard...

ALEXANDER: Gosh, this is awful.

ALVIN: What's the matter, ~~Alexander? You look like you're~~

ALEXANDER: ~~You'd say so.~~ It's my baby sister.

ALVIN: Yeah. Girls always cause a lot of trouble.

ALEXANDER: They sure do.

ALVIN: Personally, I'm off girls for life. I asked Gladys to go to Tommy Brigg's ~~z-z-z-z~~ (HE HAS TROUBLE WITH POSSESSIVES) party, but she went with Tommy instead.

ALEXANDER: That was because she knew she'd get more ice cream.

ALVIN: That's why I'm off girls for life.

~~ALEXANDER: I don't see how anybody could find the house--not in~~
~~nobody.~~

~~ALVIN: They don't appreciate you, huh?~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Not my fault.~~ Gee, it must be fun to be a baby. Everybody loves you.

ALVIN: Yeah. My Dad tells me I was a baby once.

ALEXANDER: That's what they told me.

ALVIN: I don't believe it. I don't remember anything about it at all.

ALEXANDER: Neither do I...gee whiz.

ALVIN: It's really pretty bad, huh?

ALEXANDER: I'll say. When Pop comes home from the office, he always brings something for the baby.

ALVIN: You don't get anything, huh?

ALEXANDER: Nope... Mom doesn't make cookies for me anymore, either. ~~She's too busy washing the baby, or feeding the baby, or weighing the baby, or powdering the baby, or changing, you'd never guess how much attention my sister gets.~~

ALVIN: You ought to do something, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: ~~Yes.~~ I OUGHT?

ALVIN: Go in and demand your rights!

ALEXANDER: Sure. My Pop is always demanding his rights.

ALVIN: Does he get them?

ALEXANDER: No, ~~not very often. But he says he feels a lot better~~

ALVIN: well, ^{TRY IT AND} if it doesn't work, come on outside again and we'll think of something else.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Alvin. I'm going in now and demand my rights.

MUSIC....

COOKIE: (THE BABY SISTER--COME UP MAKING ENCHANTING SOUNDS)

~~BLONDIE: Hey, Birt, you're the most wonderful person in the world.~~

~~DAGWOOD: You certainly are, Cookie.~~

~~COOKIE: (SEEMS TO BIKE THIS)~~

~~BLONDIE: Did you hear what she said?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, not word for word, but I got the idea. I think she's pretty well pleased with us for parents.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, she should be. After all, we're nice people.~~

51455 8288

sketch

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah, I suppose it's all right. It's certainly no good.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Why don't you give her that new rattle now, Dagwood?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay, Blondie. Here you are, Cookie. Just take it
in your little hands and shake the daylights out of
it.~~

COOKIE: ~~(PRETTY WELL PLEASED)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~She likes it!~~

~~(RATTLE, RATTLE, RATTLE...)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~She likes it a lot!~~

~~(RATTLING SHE RATTLE...)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~She's nuts about it!~~

BLONDIE: My goodness, Cookie, what a wonderful girl you're
growing up to be.

DAGWOOD: ~~SHE CERTAINLY IS~~
ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Oh, Mom...

DAGWOOD: You know, Blondie, I think she's getting a very
right coat of tan.

ALEXANDER: Oh,

BLONDIE: well, not enough tan to hurt her. I guess she got
that when we took her to the beach.

ALEXANDER: Won't anybody listen to me?

DAGWOOD: She's certainly a healthy baby, but she ought to be.
She's a Bumstead!

ALEXANDER: I'm a Bumstead, too!

(RATTLE)

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) ^{LOOK} She just loves that rattle, ^{YOU GAVE HER} Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I knew she would!

ALEXANDER: ~~That's not fair!~~ This is an outrage! ~~I'm not getting~~
~~that rattle!~~ I demand my rights!

BLONDIE: Alexander -- for heaven's sake, what's all this about?

ALEXANDER: Gee, you'd think I wasn't anybody! It's not fair!

BLONDIE: Now, Alexander, -- calm down.

ALEXANDER: Why doesn't anybody ~~say anything to me?~~ Nobody talk to me anymore! ~~Nobody says anything to me!~~ Nobody even bothers to punish me!

DAGWOOD: / IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT
Alexander -- what're you acting like that for? RIGHT NOW

BLONDIE: Yes -- you're getting more like your father every day.

DAGWOOD: Yes, and it's got to stop right -- huh?

COOKIE: (MAKES A FEW NOISES)

~~BLONDIE: Listen to that, Alexander -- your baby sister is saying something to you.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, aren't you going to say hello?~~

~~ALEXANDER: I'm not speaking to her.~~

~~BLONDIE: Alexander, that's not a nice attitude to take, say hello to Cookie.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Okay -- Hello.~~

(RATTLE)

~~DAGWOOD: See, she rattled hello right back at you.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, when are you going to fix my slingshot?~~

~~DAGWOOD: It's well, pretty soon. We're going to weigh the baby in a minute.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, mom?~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Why don't you make some brownies for me? You always used to make a lot of them.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, I'm very busy with the baby. Some other time.~~

~~ALEXANDER: No brownies, huh?~~

~~BLONDIE: Not now.~~

"BLONDIE"
7/14/41

-6-

ALEXANDER: POP WILL YOU FIX MY
No slingshot, either?

DAGWOOD: I may get around to it later.

~~ALEXANDER: All night for you, then.~~

BLONDIE: You go outside and play with Alvin.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- we're busy with the baby, Alexander.

~~ALEXANDER: Okay. Gosh, nobody cares about me at all anymore.~~

~~But I'll make them pay some attention to me. They'll~~

~~see!~~

~~LIST~~

51455 8291

SOUND: (LOUD RING OF DOOR BELL)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood -- will you answer the door?

DAGWOOD: All right, honey. (HUMS AS HE WALKS TO DOOR)

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MAN: (LOQUACIOUS) Howdy, Mr. Bumstead, howdy. You are now conversing with Professor Twiddlebaum K. Zilch...inventor extraordinary. Today I offer you my latest invention... shoes made out of banana skins!

DAGWOOD: Yeah?...but what kind of shoes could you make out of banana skins?

MAN: Slippers, of course! Now I also have a neat little number that's going over big with late sleepers. Yes, siree, it's the Zilch patented alarm clock...guaranteed to get you out of bed in twenty seconds.

DAGWOOD: Ha -- ha -- not me.

MAN: Ah -- but I do mean you. Instead of ringing, this alarm clock of mine emits the delicious aroma of boiling coffee and frying bacon.

DAGWOOD: Hey...that's a good idea.

MAN: It's terrific. But my genius doesn't stop there...no, sir! I've just completed an amazing new delivery system. Wonder why nobody ever thought of it before. Just use radio-controlled toy airplanes.

DAGWOOD: Toy Airplanes...what can they carry?

MAN: Pleasure, my friend, pleasure. Just whistle twice in the key of "G" and in through your window flies one of my useful little craft. Around its neck you'll find a package of Camel cigarettes. Saves you all the trouble of "walking a mile" for a Camel. Clever...eh?

51455 8292

GOODWIN: Well, frankly, Professor Twiddlebaum K. Zilch, your idea is a bit too clever. If it ever caught on, your aerial traffic problem would be colossal. For on most every street in most every town in the United States you'll find Camel fans by the dozen. America has discovered that Camels bring you more smoking pleasure than any other cigarette. Camel's costlier tobaccos are partly the reason. But just as important, Camel takes full advantage of these choice tobaccos through superb blending...matchless blending. The result is a slower-burning cigarette -- extra flavor, extra coolness and more mildness -- with less nicotine in the smoke.

SECOND MAN: (ECHO CHAMBER) Twenty-eight percent 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 the smoke's the thing. But these pleasure 'extras' aren't all that Camels bring you. Thanks to Camel's slower way of burning, you also get real smoking economy...extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Camels bring you still more economy when you get them by the carton. Ask for a carton of Camels this evening!

MUSIC...

MUSIC.....

GOODWIN: It's a moment or so later. ~~By the way, Alexander~~
Alexander -- has gone back out into the yard, and is talking to his friend, Alvin, again....

ALEXANDER: Nope, it didn't work. They noticed me, all right, but that's all. They gave me the brush-off.

ALVIN: Gee, we men live a tough life. ~~What're you going to do about it?~~ *ALEXANDER: YOU SAID IT*

ALEXANDER: I don't know.

ALVIN: Why don't you play hard to get?

ALEXANDER: Make 'em jealous, huh? Do you think it'll work?

ALVIN: ~~It's your only chance, Alexander.~~ *WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE?*

ALEXANDER: I guess so.

ALVIN: Of course it might be a little tough on your Mom, but I guess she can take it.

ALEXANDER: What do I do?

ALVIN: Let's see. *I GOT IT!* You know how my Mom and yours are always arguing about their chocolate cake?

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah. ~~That's what you mean.~~

ALVIN: Now here's what You're going to do. Wait until your Mom is in the kitchen. Then we'll go over by the kitchen door and start an argument, see? And then when your Mom comes out to see what it's all about....

(FADING)

MUSIC.....

(RATTLE OF BOTTLES IN DISHPAN OF WATER)

51455 8294

BLONDIE: (COME UP -- HUMMING) * Well, let me see, I guess these are the last of the bottles to wash and sterilize.

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) It is not!

ALVIN: It is so!

ALEXANDER: It is not!

ALVIN: It is!

ALEXANDER: It isn't!

ALVIN: Is!

ALEXANDER: Isn't!

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) Goodness -- what's going on out there, I wonder. (ALoud) Alexander....?

ALEXANDER: I'm right outside the kitchen door, Mom.

BLONDIE: Well, I could tell that.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

BLONDIE: What's all the argument about?

ALEXANDER: We were ^{DISCUSSING} ~~discussing~~ chocolate cake.

ALVIN: I said my mother made the best chocolate cake in the world.

BLONDIE: Well, she does make good chocolate cake, Alvin. Of course, it's a pretty big world, you know.

ALEXANDER: Alvin said your chocolate cake was almost as good as the cake his mother makes.

BLONDIE: Well, Alvin, so you think my cake is almost as good as your mother's, do you?

ALVIN: I think it's almost as good.

BLONDIE: What did you say about that, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I said your cake wasn't nearly as good as Mrs. Fuddle's.

BLONDIE: Well, I thought you'd stick up for my ~~-----~~ what?

ALVIN: I guess Alexander doesn't think ^{so} ~~too~~ much about your chocolate cake, Mrs. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: Oh, I like it all right, Mom.

BLONDIE: Well, I should think so.

ALEXANDER: It's really very good, but I'd rather have Mrs. Fuddle's cake.

BLONDIE: Oh----my!

ALVIN: It looks like you're slipping, Mrs. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: She's just out of practice, that's all, Alvin.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't think my chocolate cake's changed any lately.

ALEXANDER: There hasn't been any chocolate cake lately.

ALVIN: Yep, I guess you're slipping, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll see about this right away....How would you like me to make some chocolate cake for you now, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Are you going to make it from Mrs. Fuddle's recipe?

BLONDIE: I should say not! I'll make it from my own recipe... Now, would you like me to make some?

ALEXANDER: (CASUALLY) Well, I guess it'll be okay, if you want to.

BLONDIE: All right, I'll show you a cake that is really a cake! The idea. I'll go right in now.

ALEXANDER: You don't have to bother if you have to wash the baby or something.

BLONDIE: That can wait a while....I'll call you when I'm through with the cake.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: My own son -- and he likes someone else's cake better than he does mine. Oh, dear, I wonder what's happened to me. This is just awful.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hey, Blondie -- what's the matter?

BLONDIE: Oh, nothing...Dagwood, have you noticed anything wrong with my chocolate cake lately?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Hmm -- I didn't think there was anything wrong with it.

DAGWOOD: Of course we haven't had any for months.

BLONDIE: Oh -- that's just what Alexander said. Well, I'm going to make some right now and it's going to be the best you ever tasted.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's fine, Blondie.

BLONDIE: So I'm slipping, am I?

DAGWOOD: Huh?

BLONDIE: Nothing...Why don't you go outside and see what Alexander and Alvin are doing?

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES...)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Oh, Alexander...

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) What is it, Pop?

ALVIN: (COMING UP) Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Alvin...I just wondered what you two were going to do?

ALEXANDER: Er -- well, Mr. Woodley promised to make us a kite.

ALVIN: He makes swell kites, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: He makes the best kites in town.

DAGWOOD: ~~What do you mean?~~ ^{OH - HE DOES} How about the kites I make? What's the matter with them?

ALEXANDER: Shall I tell him?

ALVIN: You better not. It might hurt his feelings.

DAGWOOD: What's wrong with the kites I make?

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop, they're all right, in a way.

DAGWOOD: They're better than that.

ALVIN: Yeah, they're almost good.

DAGWOOD: Almost good? You can't say that and get away with it, Alvin! Go ahead, Alexander -- tell him what my kites are like. Go ahead -- tell him.

ALEXANDER: Well, they're pretty fair, but they're not very big, and they wobble a lot in the air, and they're not strong enough to hold together in a breeze.

ALVIN: Mr. Woodley's kites are swell. You don't have any trouble with them.

ALEXANDER: Yep. They're wonderful kites.

DAGWOOD: Oh, is that so! ^{ALVIN: YOU HEARD HIM} I'll show you how good Woodley's kites are! I'll build a kite that will fly right out of sight! It'll be so strong it'll stand up in a hurricane! And it'll be as steady as a rock, too.

ALVIN: I hope it'll fly better than a rock.

ALEXANDER: I hope so, too, but I've got my doubts.

DAGWOOD: You'll see! You'll find out that your father is the best kite-maker in the world! I'm going to get started on a double-ultra-super-extra kite right away!

(WHIZZZ....DOOR SLAMS OFF....)

ALVIN: Gee, I'll say one thing for your father, Alexander. He's the ^{FASTEST MAN} ~~fastest man~~ I've ever seen.

ALEXANDER: Yep -- Pop can almost outrun his shadow... Gee, Alvin, do you think it's working?

ALVIN: Well, you can't tell yet. But it looks like they're paying a little ^{BUT} more attention to you.

ALEXANDER: I guess we'll get a chocolate cake, ^{OUT OF IT} anyway.

ALVIN: I hope so. All this talking about it has made me hungry.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I'll bet Mom and Pop feel awful about this, But so do I.

MUSIC....

(COME UP ON SOUND OF FURIOUS HAMMERING...)

DAGWOOD: I'll show them who can make a kite! No one is going to show Dagwood Bumstead up! Not while I've still got my carpentering ability!

(HE HITS HIS FINGER)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Ye ow-w-w-w-w-w! My finger!.....Oh-h-h-h-h-h!
Well, I guess I'll grow ~~another~~ ^{ANOTHER FINGER} nail ~~again~~. Nothing's going to stop me from finishing this kite!

(MORE HAMMERING)

MUSIC....

(COME UP ON RATTLE OF PLATE ON TABLE...)

BLONDIE: There! If that isn't as good a cake as Hazel Fuddle ever baked, I'll eat it!....I'd like to eat it, anyway...
Hmmm -- that frosting's good! Well, we'll see whether I'm slipping or not.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Alex-a-a-a-a-ander! Oh, Alex-a-a-a-ander!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) I'm coming.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) I've got some chocolate cake for you!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) We'll be right there.

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) Look at them come running. I guess they've remembered how good my chocolate cake really is. . . . ~~Oh, boy, for a while I was worried about getting~~

~~Alexander -- if I held the screen door open any longer all the slices would come in.~~

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Okay, Mom.

~~ALVIN: Well, did you say the cake was ready, Mrs. Blondie?~~

BLONDIE: ^{THE CAKE'S READY} I certainly did. And I've cut a slice for each of you.

ALVIN: ^{WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK?} Oh, boy, ~~what a beautiful cake!~~ Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'll have to try it and see.

~~ALVIN: That's right -- you've got to try it, Mom!~~

~~the taste that counts.~~

BLONDIE: Well, go ahead and see what you think.

ALEXANDER: Okay, mom.

BLONDIE: (WITH FALSE MODESTY) Of course, I don't say that this is the best cake I ever made, but I think it'll compare with Mrs. Fuddle's. Yes, if I do say so myself, it's a pretty fair cake.

ALEXANDER: Hmmmmmmmm.

ALVIN: That's what I say. Hmmmmmmmm.

BLONDIE: What do you say?

ALEXANDER: I agree with you, Mom -- it's just what you said.

BLONDIE: Er -- what was that?

ALEXANDER: Well, it's fair.

BLONDIE: Fair!!? Is that all??!!

ALEXANDER: Oh, we'll eat it, Mom.

51455 8300

ALVIN: Oh, sure, Mrs. Bumstead, we'll eat it. We won't throw
~~it away.~~ IT OUT

BLONDIE: Won't throw it ^{OUT} away? Well, I -- I should hope not!

ALEXANDER: Oh, I like it all right, Mom, but Mrs. Fuddle makes
better cake than this.

ALVIN:
BLONDIE: YOU SAID IT
Oh, Alexander...

ALVIN: Don't be disappointed, Mrs. Bumstead. Maybe the next
time you'll have better luck.

ALEXANDER: Well, thanks, anyway, Mom... I guess we'll go out and
play again.

BLONDIE: (HEARTBROKEN) All right, Alexander, -- you -- you go
out and have a good time.

ALVIN: Hey, Alexander, aren't you going to take the rest
of your cake?

ALEXANDER: Oh -- yeah, I guess I might as well.

BLONDIE: Might as well... Oh, dear.

ALEXANDER: We'll be outside, Mom.

BLONDIE: All right.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Oh... He didn't like it. And I was so sure he would.
My own son -- and he prefers someone else's cakes
to mine... Oh-h-h. (BREAKING)

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: Well, Alexander, HELLO ALVIN -- here you are! ALVIN: HELLO MR. BUMSTEAD
The best kite you ever saw! How do you like it?

ALEXANDER: It won't fall apart if I touch it, will it?

DAGWOOD: Of course not!...Well, don't look like that --
There's nothing wrong with it...

ALVIN: You can't tell, Alexander. It might fly.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, might fly? Certainly it'll fly!

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop, -- why can't you learn to make kites
like Mr. Woodley?

DAGWOOD: Now don't talk like that! See if it doesn't fly
okay. Here. Grab hold of the string and get it
in the air.

ALEXANDER: I'M TIRED.

ALVIN: I'll run with it and get it up and then bring the
string back to you, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: ALL RIGHT

DAGWOOD: Don't you want to run with it yourself, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Nope.

DAGWOOD: You don't care much about it, huh?

ALEXANDER: Well, it's all right.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooh.

ALVIN: (OFF A BIT) Here I come.

DAGWOOD: Look! It's going up a little! It's all right -- it's
a dandy!

ALEXANDER: Gosh, it's got an awful shimmy.

DAGWOOD: All kites shimmy like that.

ALEXANDER: Mr. Woodley's kites don't.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Woodley again!

ALVIN: (COMING UP) Here it is, Alexander. It's going up now.

ALEXANDER: Yeah...you can hold it.

ALVIN: I don't want to hold this old kite. You hold it.

ALEXANDER: No, you hold it.

DAGWOOD: SOMEBODY HAS TO HOLD IT - FELLOWS

ALVIN: Oh, all right, I'll hold it then.

DAGWOOD: THANKS ALVIN
I guess you don't like it.

ALEXANDER: I'll take it, Pop -- at least until Mr. Woodley gets my kite done. Then you can have it back.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh...Well, goodbye.

ALVIN: Where are you going, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: I'm going inside.

ALEXANDER: (FADING) Oh, I almost forgot, Pop. Thanks just the same.

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Thanks just the same! ~~Goop, and I thought~~
~~that was a pretty fair deal. This is terrible.~~ After all the work I put in on that kite, and he's going to give it back to me. There's practically no justice.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Blooooooondie! Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: (FEELING PRETTY BAD) I'm in here, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What're you doing in the living room?

BLONDIE: ~~Wishing I were dead.~~ Oh, Dagwood, wait till I tell you what happened.

DAGWOOD: Wait'll you hear what happened to me. I made a kite for Alexander and he virtually refused it!

BLONDIE: And I made him a chocolate cake and he didn't like it. He said Mrs. Fuddle's cake was much better.

DAGWOOD: I'm a failure as a father.

BLONDIE: And I'm a failure as a mother...Oh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie.

BLONDIE & DAGWOOD: Our own son.

BLONDIE: I hadn't realized. Alexander is slipping away from us.

DAGWOOD: He doesn't think we're wonderful anymore.

BLONDIE: Gee, boys grow up so fast.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, Blondie, do you suppose something~~
~~is going with us? Are we really failures? Has something~~
~~awful happened while we had our vacation?~~

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't know, Dagwood. I don't know.

COOKIE: ~~(COMES A LITTLE FROM FAR OFF)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, that sounds like Cookie's crying.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, well, I don't know what it is all about.~~

DAGWOOD: I can guess.

BLONDIE: So can I.

DAGWOOD: ~~She certainly demands a lot of attention, doesn't she?~~

BLONDIE: ~~I should say she does.~~

~~(DOOR BANGS)~~

COOKIE: ~~(UP, MAKING A FEW DESULTORY WAILS)~~

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Cookie?

DAGWOOD: Is it what we think it is, Cookie?

COOKIE: ~~(SHE IS GLAD TO SEE THEM)~~

BLONDIE: ~~Let me take a look, young lady. I'm afraid I can't see anything.~~

DAGWOOD: Nothing wrong eh?

BLONDIE: ~~No. She just wanted someone to make a fuss over her, that's~~
~~all. Isn't it, Cookie?~~

COOKIE: ~~(SOUND EFFECTS)~~

DAGWOOD: Isn't that just like a woman?

BLONDIE: ~~Have you, little book, young lady. (RATTLE)~~ Now don't
you bother us again unless it's something important.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yesterday night. Remember what happened to the little~~
~~boy who rolled over with iron, I guess we haven't told you~~
~~about that yet?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Go to sleep now, dear. Have a nice nap.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Goodbye, Cookie.~~

(DOOR CLOSING...)

DAGWOOD!

BLONDIE: ~~Well, Dagwood -- what are we going to do about Alexander?~~

~~Impassably nervous.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (SOUND EFFECTS)~~

BLONDIE: What he said about my cake -- well, it just made me
miserable.

(RATTLE OF TIN CUP IN KITCHEN)

BLONDIE: Alexander -- is that you in the kitchen?

ALVIN: No, it's Alvin, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh.

ALVIN: I was just getting a drink of water.

BLONDIE: Come in here a minute, Alvin. I'd like to talk to you.

ALVIN: Okay, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Have you noticed anything different about Alexander lately,
Alvin?

ALVIN: Well -- yes I have. He's been sort of moody.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's it. What's his trouble, do you know?

ALVIN: Well, yes, I think I do, Mr. Bumstead. ~~It's not nice -- and it's not psychological.~~

BLONDIE: What is it then?

ALVIN: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Is it worth a quarter to you?

BLONDIE: Oh...Alvin, you're getting more like your father every day

DAGWOOD: I might have known you'd put the bite on us...But here's a quarter.

ALVIN: Thanks...(CLEARS HIS THROAT) Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, you've been neglecting your son.

DAGWOOD: We have?

ALVIN: Yep. You've been paying too much attention to the new baby. You've given Alexander a terrible brush-off.

~~BLONDIE: I didn't realize that.~~

~~ALVIN: You see, you've been taking a wonder for granted. That's not fair -- it's not nice -- and it's not psychological.~~

~~BLONDIE: What was that?~~

~~ALVIN: Psychological. That means bad.~~

BLONDIE: You know, Dagwood, I think Alvin's right. We have been neglecting Alexander a little because we've spent so much time with the baby...But Alvin, doesn't Alexander like his little sister?

ALVIN: Oh, sure. He likes her, but he thinks she's a menace. Of course, all girls cause a lot of trouble. Personally, I'm off girls for life.

DAGWOOD: I've felt the same way myself, but not recently.

ALVIN: Would you like to hear what happens next? ~~NOT ME, THAT WAY?~~

BLONDIE: Uh -- not right now, Alvin. Some other time.

ALVIN: , I was stood up. If I had been a little B/T younger it might have made me a problem child.

BLONDIE: Alvin, you're a good friend of Alexander's -- what do you think we ought to do?

ALVIN: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Well, that ought to be worth another quarter.

DAGWOOD: I knew this was coming sooner or later, so I've got it ready for you. Here you are.

BLONDIE: Now, what should we do?

ALVIN: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Don't neglect him any more.

DAGWOOD: That doesn't seem like a twenty-five cent answer.

ALVIN: Well, you and Mrs. Bumstead ought to take Alexander out and show him a good time. There's the Cedar Lake Amusement Park. He'd have a good time there.

BLONDIE: I suppose he would like that.

DAGWOOD: Come to think about it, so would I.

BLONDIE: So would I.

ALVIN: (CLEARS HIS THROAT)

DAGWOOD: You, too, huh?

ALVIN: Er -- yes, Mr. Bumstead. I think one of Alexander's friends should be with him, ~~and he recommends a very~~

BLONDIE: All right -- we'll go out there, Dagwood -- I'll see if I can get Lottie to stay with the baby.

ALVIN: I'll go right out and tell Alexander.

DAGWOOD: That's swell. We'll be getting ready to go... (FADING)

BLONDIE: Tell him to come right in, Alvin... (FADING)

ALVIN: I will, Mrs. Bumstead.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

"BLONDIE"
7/14/41

ALVIN: Hey, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Did it work?

ALVIN: You bet! We're going out to Cedar Lake Amusement Park.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! We'll have a swell time.

ALVIN: But remember, don't let them see you enjoying yourself too much at first.

ALEXANDER: Oh, no. I've been neglected too long, and I'm not going to let them know I feel better until we've been on all the roolly-coasters.

MUSIC ...

51455 8308

GOODWIN: Well, well -- it looks as though Alexander's plan for getting a little attention around the house is working out nicely. But poor Blondie and Dagwood -- they're afraid they're failures as parents. How do you suppose it'll all turn out? Well, we'll see in a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC...

51455 8309

SOUND: (AIRPLANE MOTOR IDLING...FADE TO BACKGROUND)

~~SECOND~~ MAN: (TENSE, DRAMATIC) A pilot steps into a lean, stubby
SECOND winged airplane. He guns the motor...taxi into the
wind...roars away...up, up into the sky,

SOUND: (FADE IN STEADY DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTOR...FADE
TO BACKGROUND)

~~SECOND~~ MAN: (FILTER) Hello...hello...McDonough calling...altitude
FIRST twenty-seven thousand feet...fifteen miles northeast
of airport...will now dive from west to east.

SOUND: (FADE OUT MOTOR)

~~SECOND~~ MAN: McDonough pushes the stick forward. The silvery plane
SECOND plunges earthward.

SOUND: (FADE IN SCREAM OF PLANE DIVING...INCREASE
THROUGH FOLLOWING SPEECH)

~~SECOND~~ MAN: (RAISES VOICE EXCITEDLY AS SCREAM VOLUME INCREASES...
SECOND IS SHOUTING TOWARD END OF SPEECH) Faster...faster...
dives this tiny dot of man and machine. Louder...louder
...screams the wind as the plane hurtles toward the
ground...twenty-two thousand feet...seventeen thousand.
fourteen...ten...eight! McDonough!...watch your wings.
you'll rip them off! (CRESCENDO AND FADE OUT) No...
McDonough is coming out of his terrific dive. That ne.
Army interceptor plane of his can take it...and how!
GOODWIN: And so can Andy McDonough! In this historic test dive
McDonough flew faster than any other human being on
record...six hundred and twenty miles an hour! Yes,
test pilot McDonough is another of those smart,
up-to-date Americans now helping forge Uncle Sam's
(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(CONT'D)

new coat of armor. And like millions of other
nineteen forty-one Americans, Andy McDonough smokes
young America's cigarette...the slower-burning cigarette
with that matchless blend of costlier tobaccos...Camels
But, who says Camel is young America's cigarette? Well,
look at our young men in uniform, for example. There,
in that typical cross-section of active, wide-awake
America, Camel gets first call. Here are the facts...
not claims, mind you...facts. Actual sales records
show that with men in the Army, Navy Coast Guard,
and Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite. That's right!
Cool, flavorful Camels...the cigarette that gives you
extra mildness with less nicotine in the smoke.

SECOND MAN:
(ECHO CHAMBER)

Twenty-eight percent 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 the smoke's the thing! Next time get slow...
slow-burning Camels..

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it's about an hour or so later. The Bumsteads have gone out to the Cedar Lake Amusement Park, taking Alvin Fuddle along with them.

(CAROUSEL SOUNDS IN BACKGROUND...FADE OUT UNDER)

They've been on the merry-go-round, the ferris wheel, the scenic railway, the shoot-the-chutes, but right now we find them ~~going up the roller coaster~~ ^{IN THE HOUSE OF FUN}

(CLICK, CLICK, CLICK OF SAFETY CATCH ON ROLLER COASTER)

~~BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, are you having a good time?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Yeah, pretty good.~~

~~BLONDIE: Is that all? Just pretty good?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Well, if Mr. and Mrs. Fuddle were here, they'd take us to the House of Fun.~~

~~DAGWOOD: We'll take you there, too, Alexander.~~

~~ALEXANDER: You will?~~

~~BLONDIE: I should say we will. We'll take you anywhere you want to go.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!~~

~~BLONDIE: Gee, look how high we are.~~

~~DAGWOOD: We're almost to the top. We'll be going down any second now.~~

~~BLONDIE: Alexander, I just want to tell you that my mother and I don't ever want you to think that --~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, here we go.~~

~~ALEXANDER: What did you say, Mom?~~

~~BLONDIE: I said that --~~

(ROLLER COASTER STARTS GOING DOWN)

~~BLONDIE: Oh Oh OH! (SHE SCREAMS)~~

~~(THE POLICE CAR WHISTLES UP)~~

~~ALEXANDER: Couldn't hear you, Mom!~~

~~BLONDIE: said Oh-h-h-h-h!~~

~~(AND DOWN IT GOES AGAIN)~~

~~DAGWOOD: (IS YELLING TOO)~~

~~ALVIN: Hey, Alexander, how do you like it?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Pretty good.~~

~~ALVIN: Yeah, it's kind of tame, isn't it?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Yep, it's not very exciting.~~

~~(THEY ARE GOING DOWN AGAIN)~~

~~ALVIN: Oh, Dagwood, let's go again! Hold on tight!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! This is the most exciting place I've ever
been on!~~

~~BLONDIE: Here we go!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'm w-w-w-w!~~

MUSIC....

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: Do you think Alexander's having a good time in this House of Fun?

DAGWOOD: I think so, but I've got to impress him somehow.

BLONDIE: Yes, I think that would be good.

(HISS OF AIR JET)

BLONDIE: Oh! My skirts!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) They've got those air holes all over this place, but don't let them frighten you.

(AIR JET)

DAGWOOD: Wahoooo! Holy Smoke -- that went right up my pants leg!

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Hey, Pop.

ALVIN: ~~(OFF A BIT) Come on over here, Mr. Bumstead!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Shay!... (TO BLONDIE) Maybe this is my opportunity to impress Alexander.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Be careful with you!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Don't worry, it's not that bad!~~

ALEXANDER: Look at the sign on this door.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. "Don't Enter Here If You Have a Weak Heart."
(LAUGHS)

ALVIN: Are you going in, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Er -- what's inside?

ALEXANDER: We don't know.

ALVIN: IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO GO IN MR. BUMSTEAD

DAGWOOD: ~~Er -- well, it's not that bad!~~ DON'T BOTHER

WAIT A MINUTE

BLONDIE: Remember, Dagwood, this is the House of Fun. It might be one of those things.

DAGWOOD: ~~HOW IS MY CHANCE TO IMPRESS HIM~~ Well, Alexander, I'll show you your father's afraid of

nothing. ~~BLONDIE: OH DEAR~~ Here goes!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

(RIVETING MACHING...THUNDER...CLANKING...HONKING OF A HORN...RACKET...)

DAGWOOD: (THROUGH THIS) Help! Leggo of me! Ouch! Hey! Help! ~~Meat grinder!~~ Save me! BLOOOOOOOOONDIE! Help! Oh, Bloooooondie! It's got me! I can't get loose!

(ASCENDING SLIDE WHISTLE...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES FAST ...TEMPLE BLOCK...BELL CLANGS)

ALVIN: ~~ALEXANDER:~~ Gee -- it threw him right out again! DAGWOOD! HALLO ALVIN

ALVIN: HALLO MR. BUMSTEAD

DAGWOOD: ~~Help!~~ -- I feel like I've been run through a meat grinder.

51455 8314

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD.

ALEXANDER: Well, Alvin, I guess we don't want to go in. .

ALVIN: No. Some other time.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, ~~you're not hurt~~, are you HURT?

DAGWOOD: I guess not. . . ~~See, it's a failure.~~

~~ALEXANDER: There's a chair to rest in, Pop!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Thanks, Alexander!~~

~~BLONDIE: Just sit down for a moment and get your breath!~~

~~ALVIN: You won't get your breath back in that chair!~~

~~ALEXANDER: Why won't he, Alvin?~~

~~ALVIN: You'll see.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, boy. I've been looking for a place to sit down like
this and (HE YELLS) Yeow! It's wired with electricity!
I'm being electrocuted!~~

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood -- let's get out of here before you're a
complete wreck.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I give up. Let's try something else that's more
peaceful. LETS GO OVER TO THE
PIGGY ROLL OR SOMETHING

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: Come on, Alexander -- if you knock that last wooden milk
bottle off the stand, you get a prize!

BLONDIE: Don't miss now!

ALVIN: Be careful, Alexander. You can get that big jackknife
if you spill the milk!

ALEXANDER: Okay!...Look out.

ALVIN: Take it easy now.

DAGWOOD: Let her go, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Here goes!

(SOUND OF BASEBALL HITTING WOODEN MILK BOTTLE...
WHATEVER THAT SOUNDS LIKE)

THEY ALL: (CHEER)

ALVIN: Oh, boy, Alexander! You can have that jackknife if you want it.

BLONDIE: Yes, you can get any one of those prizes you want.

ALEXANDER: Well, let me see...I think I'll take that teddy bear.

DAGWOOD: The teddy bear?

ALVIN: Instead of the jackknife?

ALEXANDER: That's what I want.

BLONDIE: Well, it seems a little -- well, too childish for you -- but if you want it, you can have it!

ALEXANDER: Okay, mister -- hand me the teddy bear.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander -- you did have a little fun, didn't you? Just a little bit?

DAGWOOD: Just a teensy-weensy little bit of fun?

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure -- I had a swell time. Gee, it was nice of you to take Alvin and me to the Amusement Park.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's all right.

DAGWOOD: Sure -- we're your parents, you know. *REMEMBER?*

BLONDIE: But Alexander, what's the teddy bear for?

ALEXANDER: That's for my baby sister.

BLONDIE: Ohhh-h-h-h, I see.

DAGWOOD: That's very thoughtful, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Oh, that's all right. She's a swell sister...Say, Mom.

BLONDIE: Yes?

ALEXANDER: Can I have one more thing?

DAGWOOD: You can have anything you want.

DAGWOOD: YOU BET YOU CAN

ALEXANDER: I'd like a big slice of that chocolate cake of yours.

BLONDIE: My chocolate cake?

ALEXANDER: Yep...On second thought, I'm pretty sure it's the best chocolate cake I ever tasted in my whole life.

BLONDIE: Well, that's more like it. You ^{go} ~~come~~ right into the kitchen and ~~take~~ ^{take} out as big a piece as you want.

DAGWOOD: NOW ABOUT MY KITE-
ALEXANDER: Gee, that's swell...And Pop -- I guess you're okay at making kites after all. The one you made for me went higher than any I ever had before. *IT WASNT YOUR*

FAULT THE PAPER ALL CLIMB OFF
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Is that so?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, it looks as though we're not failures as parents, after all.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah -- isn't it wonderful!~~...Hey, Alexander, save some of that cake for me!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, folks, Alexander finally made out all right, and Blondie and Dagwood don't need to worry any more about being failures. Next week the Bumsteads are planning a big week-end, so be sure to be listening next Monday at this same time when "Blondie Visits in the Mountains."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is playing by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

"BLONDIE" -30-
7/15/41

ANNOUNCER: Here's a question for pipe-smokers. What is the smallest sized Unites States coin in circulation today?

Answer: The dime.

But it's big, big, BIG when it comes to buying in pipe-smoking pleasure. A big, blue two and one-quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco costs only ten cents. Yet George Washington delivers million-dollar taste, rich, mellow...friendly and mild. Why don't you change to George Washington Tobacco now!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.