

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, it's a nice, brisk Saturday, and no one's home at the Bumstead residence on Shady Lane Avenue. Blondie and Dagwood are out walking their daughter Cookie in her carriage, Daisy and her five pups are exploring the neighborhood, and Alexander -- well, let's see what Alexander is doing. He's sitting on the front steps of a house about a block from home, talking to a little girl about his own age. Say, it looks like a romance...Listen...

ALEXANDER: You know, Annabelle, I -- well, maybe I'd better not say it.

ANNABELLE: Say what, Mr. Bumstead?

ALEXANDER: Oh, I don't know...

ANNABELLE: What were you going to say?

ALEXANDER: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) Er -- uh -- do you have a boy friend?

ANNABELLE: Well...No-o-o. What did you want to know for?

ALEXANDER: Oh, I just thought you might like to be my girl... Alvin Fuddle hasn't asked you, has he?

ANNABELLE: Well, no -- but I think he was going to.

ALEXANDER: ^{Here's A WOLF} Well, how about it?

ANNABELLE: I'll think it over, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: You can call me Alexander.

ANNABELLE: All right, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: What do you have to think it over for?

ANNABELLE: ~~That's what my big sister said when her boy friend asked her to go steady with him. I was listening.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~What did her boy friend say?~~

Well, I - Ah -

ANNABELLE: ~~It wouldn't be lady-like for me to tell you...~~ Oh,
who's that coming down the street?

ALEXANDER: His name is Billy. Don't pay any attention to him.

ANNABELLE: Why not?

ALEXANDER: You wouldn't like him. I don't.

BILLY: (ABOUT NINE) Well, hello, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Hello.

BILLY: Who's the girl friend?

ALEXANDER: Come on, Annabelle -- let's go somewhere else.

BILLY: What's your hurry? Aren't you going to introduce us?

ALEXANDER: Nope. *all you ain't back -*
And let go of me.

BILLY: Oh, getting tough, huh? Trying to show off in front
of your girl, eh?

ANNABELLE: Hit him, Alexander. Go ahead, and hit him!

BILLY: Sure -- why don't you hit me? Go ahead. (LAUGHS)
I dare you.

ALEXANDER: ~~Let go of me! (GRUNTS)~~

BILLY: ~~Hey -- come back here! I've got you! You can't -- !~~
(STUMBLES) Ouch!

ANNABELLE: (LAUGHS) Ha-ha! Good for you, Alexander. You made
him trip right over you.

BILLY: ~~Oh, wise guy, huh? You fell to the ground on
purpose so I'd trip over you, didn't you... Here --
let me help you up, Alexander.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Aw, why don't you beat it!~~

BILLY: ~~Come on -- get up... There you are. Now apologize
to me.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~I won't do it.~~

~~BILLY: Oh, yes you will.~~

~~ANNABELLE: Don't you do it, Alexander. Don't let him make you.~~

~~BILLY: Come on -- apologize!~~

ALEXANDER: Stop shoving me...I'm going to tell my Pop about you,
and you'll catch it!...Stop shoving me!

BILLY: Oh, shoving back, eh? Want a little action, hunk?
Okay, you asked for it.

(SOUND OF SOCK)

ALEXANDER: (MAD AND CRYING) I'll get you! You wait and see!
I'm going to tell my Dad about this!

BILLY: Go ahead -- see if I care.

ALEXANDER: You'll see! You're going to get into a lot of
trouble.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, poor Alexander. It looks as though he's going
to bring a problem to Dagwood and Blondie that's
rather a familiar one to most parents of a growing boy.
Right now let's pick up Blondie and Dagwood on their
way home. As they wheel Cookie's baby carriage, Blondie
says ----

BLONDIE: Dagwood you know that nice Woodward boy next door?
Well, I'm just awfully afraid he's an enemy spy.

DAGWOOD: Great jumping jeepers, Blondie! That's a terrible
thing to say!

BLONDIE: Well, I can't help it. I didn't mean to, Dagwood, but
I ~~can~~ ^{heard} him having the most frightful argument with
another young man. They had mysterious-looking charts
with diagrams and circles and curving lines -- and do
you know what they were saying?

DAGWOOD: You mean about planes and guns, and all that?

BLONDIE: Yes, and even worse. Well, I put down some of the
things. Listen. A double wing back, a bullet pass, a
flip to the flat zone, spotting a spinner before it
uncoils. Imagine, and young college boys, too!

DAGWOOD: Blondie! They weren't sabotaging national defense!
That's football language!

BLONDIE: Oh, that's silly, Dagwood. They were arguing
themselves blue in the face!

GOODWIN: Oh, come, come, Blondie, you know how some college
students argue about football. But there's one topic
that plenty of them will agree on...that's Camel
Cigarettes. A survey conducted independently in

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

colleges and universities throughout the country showed that American college men and women smoke more Camels than any other cigarette. Why is that? One big reason is Camel's costlier tobaccos -- and the famous Camel blending process that makes choice tobaccos a really superb cigarette. Yes, a cigarette with rich, extra flavor, and smooth, extra mildness to let you enjoy it. Another reason is that Camels are cooler, slower-burning -- giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money! And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

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

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of cool, slow-burning Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

Check

IT'S A MOMENT LATER,

GOODWIN: ~~Now back to our Saturday afternoon. Alexander hasn't come home from Annapolis on jet, but here are Blondie and Dagwood. **BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE** They're back from their little walk with Cookie, and are just bringing the carriage into the house...~~

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Wasn't that a wonderful walk, Dagwood?
DAGWOOD: I'll say, Blondie. Boy, I'm bubbling over with energy -- I'm full of pep!
BLONDIE: That's fine, dear. I want you to fix this carriage as soon as I take Cookie upstairs.
DAGWOOD: Okay -- right after I take a quick nap on the couch.
BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, you haven't lost all that pep as quickly as that. Just listen to the squeak in Cookie's carriage.

(SQUEAKING OF CARRIAGE SPRINGS)

BLONDIE: Did you hear that?
DAGWOOD: Are you sure that's the carriage and not Cookie?
BLONDIE: Of course. Cookie's sleeping now.
COOKIE: (PROMPTLY CONTRADICTS THIS WITH A FEW SIX MONTHS OLD NOISES)
BLONDIE: Well, she was asleep.
DAGWOOD: Go back to sleep, Cookie. There's nothing more doing this afternoon.
COOKIE: (MORE NOISES)
DAGWOOD: I'll rock the carriage a little, Blondie.

(SQUEAKING OF CARRIAGE THROUGH THIS)

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BLONDIE: Listen, Dagwood -- that's an awful squeaking noise.

Blondie: ~~Dagwood~~ ~~That's me singing.~~
I think it's in the springs.

DAGWOOD: Hmm -- I don't suppose ~~it could~~ ^{there could} be a mouse ~~whole~~ living in the carriage.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

COOKIE: (GURGLES AWAY)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I think it would be a big mistake to un-squeak these springs. *I think Cookie likes it*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, ~~you're just trying to get out of a job.~~ *you've always got an answer haven't you?*

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, no, Blondie. I just think that Cookie likes this squeak. It puts her to sleep. She's used to it. Gosh, if I took away the squeak, the silence might keep her awake.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, Dagwood, you've always got an answer, haven't you?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Uh-huh...See, she's got her eyes closed again.~~

BLONDIE: ~~All right, dear -- you win...~~

(DOOR CLOSES OFF)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, ~~that sounded as if~~ someone just came in the back door.

DAGWOOD: It's probably Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (IS CRYING OFF)

BLONDIE: Listen, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Gee, it sounds like he's crying. Let's go into the kitchen and see what the trouble is.

BLONDIE: Goodness, I hope it's nothing serious.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP, SOBBING)

BLONDIE: Alexander -- what's the matter?

DAGWOOD: What happened?

ALEXANDER: (SOBBING) I -- got -- in -- a -- fight.

BLONDIE: In a fight? Alexander Bumstead -- who have you been fighting with?

ALEXANDER: Another boy.

DAGWOOD: We guessed that...Now don't cry any more. It's all right now.

BLONDIE: Take your hands away from your eyes. You'll just make them red...Give me your handkerchief, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...Here you are, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Here, Alexander...Blow hard, now.

ALEXANDER: (IS STILL CRYING A LITTLE, BUT HONKS AWAY INTO THE HANDKERCHIEF)

Blondie: no
BLONDIE: Is that better?...*Blow again* ~~That's good.~~ Now take your hand away from your eyes.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie! Alexander's got a shiner!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- my baby.

ALEXANDER: He hit me right in the eye.

DAGWOOD: ~~That explains it...~~Who did this, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: A big boy.

DAGWOOD: What's his name? Where does he live? Where's my hat and coat? I'm going to have a talk with that kid.

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Dagwood -- let's find out about all this first.

DAGWOOD: I demand to know who the boy is who hit Alexander.

ALEXANDER: His name is Billy. *Dag: I demand to know - Billy, who he* He's two years older than I am.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing!...What were you fighting about?

ALEXANDER: He was trying to take my girl away from me.

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious! They certainly grow up fast.

ALEXANDER: I didn't do anything, Pop. He started the whole thing. I told him you'd get after him, but he just laughed.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood...?

DAGWOOD: Don't worry, Blondie. No one can lay a hand on a Bumstead and get away with it! No sireee! Wait'11 I get my hands on that kid! I'll show him!

BLONDIE: But don't do anything rash, Dagwood. *you can't put your hands on a boy.* You'd better speak to the boy's father first.

DAGWOOD: Just leave this to me, Blondie...Come on, Alexander -- you show me where this boy lives. There's going to be fireworks!

MUSIC...

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Now don't you be worried or afraid, Alexander. You're with your father now.

ALEXANDER: But what if Billy's father is begger than you?

DAGWOOD: *Well cross that bridge when we come to it*
Er -- just leave that to me, Alexander. I'll show him a few tricks. I'll give him a little jiu-jitsu. Don't you worry about me. I'll take him and throw him over my --

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: (VERY MILD LITTLE MAN) Good afternoon.

DAGWOOD: Throw him over my -- oh, hello.

MAN: What can I do for you?

DAGWOOD: Do you have a son called Billy?

MAN: Why, yes. What seems to be the trouble?

DAGWOOD: He picked a fight with my son, and hit him in the eye. Look at that!

MAN: Boy, what a beautiful shiner!

DAGWOOD: Never mind admiring it! Your son is a good deal older than Alexander, and I demand that you punish him! A fine way to bring up a boy -- letting him run around hitting smaller children! You ought to be ashamed!

MAN: I ^{am} ~~suppose so~~...Well, goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute!...Oh, no you don't. You can't brush us off like this.

ALEXANDER: I'll say not. Billy hit me right in the eye. He's bigger than I am.

MAN: He certainly is, isn't he?...Well, I'm ~~certainly~~ sorry for you, young man. I feel very bad about it.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, how do you think my eye feels?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- look at the way it's turning color. It looks terrible.

MAN: It's not so bad if you happen to like purple.

DAGWOOD: What are you going to do about this?

MAN: I'll have to speak to Billy about it.

DAGWOOD: That's not enough.

MAN: I'll speak to him very harshly.

DAGWOOD: Speak to him harshly? Is that all? Do you think that's enough?

MAN: I suppose not. My, my -- aren't children problems?
DAGWOOD: Personally, I think he ought to be paddled.
MAN: ~~Oh, dear.~~ Yes, I guess so. ^{But} I'd rather not do
~~it~~ ~~this~~ -- it always hurts me more than it does him.
DAGWOOD: I know just what you mean.
MAN: Yes -- Billy has a terrific right uppercut. I
suppose I'll just step right into it again, but
I've got to do my duty as a father, haven't I?
DAGWOOD: You certainly have.
MAN: (SIGHS) All right. All right -- I promise you
I'll give Billy a good paddling.
DAGWOOD: Thank you.
MAN: Not at all...Goodbye.
DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, Alexander -- I guess that keeps the honor
of the Bumsteeds clean and shining. We can go
back home now.

ALEXANDER: ~~Thanks Pop...Billy's a regular bully.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, if you run into him again, I hope you can
figure out some way of handling him.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~I'm working on something now, Pop.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~That's good. You know the old saying, "If at
first -- if at first -- "~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Yep, I know, Pop.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh...well, okay then. Now I hope we won't have
any more trouble this afternoon.~~

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: And you settled everything, did you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: We certainly did, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's good. My -- there's always one boy in every neighborhood that starts all the trouble.

DAGWOOD: I don't think he'll start any more trouble. His father seemed pretty determined.

BLONDIE: Where's Alexander now?

DAGWOOD: Oh, he went back out to play again. I guess he's seeing his girl again. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- that little Annabelle Cooper. He seems to have quite a crush on her.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. (LAUGHS) He took his water pistol along with him this time. For protection.

BLONDIE: *Oh no* Did he really?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's the door. Will you see who it is?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

Dag: oh Hello
MAN: *oh Hello*
(PAUSE... THEN DOOR OPENS)

Remember me?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- I just talked to you about an hour ago.

MAN: Yes. I wanted to tell you that I gave Billy a paddling as you suggested.

DAGWOOD: Well, I hope he's learned ~~something~~ from it.

MAN: So have I, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: What did you learn?

MAN: Not to drop my guard when arguing with my son.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- he did give you a black eye, didn't he?

MAN: Yes. I'll have quite a time explaining this when I go to the office Monday morning.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's too bad. I'm sorry it happened, but after all your son gave my son a shiner -- don't forget that.

MAN: Oh, but he didn't.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

MAN: No, Mr. Bumstead. We just moved into our house about a week ago. And I've found out from the neighbors that the people who lived there before had a son named Billy, too. They live a couple of blocks away now, and it must have been their son who hit your little boy.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh.

~~MAN: I also got this black eye for nothing. Well, Mr. Bumstead --~~

DAGWOOD: But -- but what can I do about it?

MAN: I'm rather short -- would you mind leaning over a little bit, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: No, but I don't quite understand why you --

(SOCK OF FIST)

(BODY FALLS)

MAN: I hope that will teach you a lesson, Mr. Bumstead, ~~Now you can try~~ explaining your black eye when you get to your office Monday morning...Good day.

(DOOR CLOSES)

*Hey come back here - who
turned out the lights*

"BLONDIE"
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DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie!

MUSIC...

ANNABELLE: My goodness, Alexander -- you've got a black eye.

ALEXANDER: That's right, Annabelle. My father talked to Billy's father and I'll bet that Billy won't sit down for a week.

ANNABELLE: It serves him right.

ALEXANDER: He'd better not try anything again around here. If he does, I'm ready for him.

ANNABELLE: You're not afraid of him anymore?

ALEXANDER: Nope. I've got my water pistol with me.

ANNABELLE: Is that any good?

ALEXANDER: Yep. It'll work all right.

~~ANNABELLE: Alexander.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Uh-huh?~~

~~ANNABELLE: You remember what you were talking about before that Billy butted in?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Sure -- I remember.~~

~~ANNABELLE: Well... ?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Well, what, Annabelle?~~

~~ANNABELLE: Gee, Alexander, aren't you going to ask me again? It isn't polite for me to ask you to be my -- well, you know -- my boy friend. You've got to ask me to be your girl friend.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Okay. Will you?~~

~~ANNABELLE: Uh-huh.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Gee, that's swell.~~

ANNABELLE: You know, you're my first boy friend.
ALEXANDER: I am?
ANNABELLE: Uh-huh...Am I your first girl friend?
ALEXANDER: Er -- well, you know -- I've been around.
ANNABELLE: I'll bet you're sort of a man of the world, aren't you?

ALEXANDER: ~~I suppose so.~~

ANNABELLE: Does your eye hurt much?

ALEXANDER: Well, it feels awful big. About the size of an orange. But I guess I can take it.

ANNABELLE: Gosh, you're very brave, aren't you, Alexander?
I'll bet you're not afraid of -- oh, Alexander -- look who's across the street.

ALEXANDER: Gee whiz -- it's Billy again.

ANNABELLE: Let's go inside my house before he starts some more trouble.

~~ALEXANDER: Nope. I'm going to stay right here. You can go in if you want to.~~

~~ANNABELLE: No, I'll stay and watch.~~

ALEXANDER: I don't think he's going to bother us. He must have gotten a good paddling from his father.

BILLY: (OFF) Well, hello there, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh.

BILLY: Still hanging around huh? (LAUGHS) Boy -- look at that shiner I hung on you.

ALEXANDER: You better not bother me or you'll get paddled again.

BILLY: What do you mean, paddled again?

ALEXANDER: You know what I mean. My pop and I went right over to your house on Maple street, and your father said he's give you a paddling.

BILLY: (LAUGHS) Boy, that's terrific!

ALEXANDER: ~~What's so funny?~~ *what's terrific*

BILLY: We moved. We don't live on Maple Street anymore.

ALEXANDER: Holy mackerel.

BILLY: So you tried to get me into trouble, eh?

~~ANNABELLE: You get out of here. You're trespassing on my father's yard. We can have you arrested if you don't get off it.~~

~~BILLY: Ah, foooey!... So you were going to get me in bad with my old man, huh? I guess I'll have to teach you to show a little more sense.~~

ALEXANDER: Don't you come near me, or you'll regret it.

BILLY: (LAUGHS) Who're you trying to kid? Why I'll -- hey, what's that? Oh, a squirt gun, eh?

ANNABELLE: Yes, and Alexander'll squirt you with it if you don't go away this minute.

~~BILLY: Oh, he will, will he?~~

~~ANNABELLE: Yes, he will -- won't you, Alexander?~~

ALEXANDER: I sure will.

BILLY: Ha -- who's afraid of a little water!? I'm going to teach you not to go hollering to your old man after this. I'm going to give you another black eye.

ALEXANDER: You better not come near me!

BILLY: Who's going to stop me!

ALEXANDER: I am! And right now, too!

(SOUND OF SQUIRT GUN IF POSSIBLE)

BILLY: I'll get you for this! I'm going to -- Ouch!
Oooooooh! My eyes! Ouch!

ANNABELLE: Alexander -- what's the matter with him?

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) I put a little soapy water in my squirt gun.

BILLY: Ouch! Ooooooh! (PRACTICALLY SOBBING) I'll get you
for this, Alexander! I'm going to tell my old man!

ALEXANDER: It's your own fault.

BILLY: (FADING) He'll fix you, and your old man, too.
You just wait! Ooooooh!

ANNABELLE: It serves him right!

ALEXANDER: I'll say it does.

ANNABELLE: Alexander, ^{how} you were wonderful!

ALEXANDER: I was pretty good, wasn't I?

MUSIC...

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: (CALLS) Oh, Pop...Are you home?

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Alexander...will you come here a minute?

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

BLONDIE: Alexander do you realize that you took your father
to the wrong house when you two went out an hour or
so ago?

ALEXANDER: Yes, Mom. I'm very sorry. You see, Billy moved,
and I didn't know that.

BLONDIE: You should have found out before. Another little
boy was punished for something he didn't do.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I'll bet he feels awful.

BLONDIE: Well, you wouldn't like to be punished for something you didn't do, would you?

ALEXANDER: No, Mom, I sure wouldn't.

BLONDIE: After this, you'd better be very sure about things before you make any definite statements. The father of the little boy who was punished by mistake was here a little bit ago, and now your father has a black eye, too.

ALEXANDER: Gosh -- Pop has a shiner?

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander -- and now everyone in the family except Cookie and me looks like a roughneck.

ALEXANDER: Maybe I should be punished, I guess. I'll go without a second helping of dessert tonight.

BLONDIE: Hmm -- that's quite a punishment -- well, I guess it won't be necessary this time -- your father has suffered enough. There's no point in having the entire family miserable.

ALEXANDER: What's Pop doing now?

BLONDIE: He's out in the kitchen, cutting a piece of steak to fit his eye. I gave him enough for his eye and a small sandwich.

ALEXANDER: Why didn't I get some steak?

BLONDIE: Because I don't want you to eat between meals.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

ALEXANDER: Shall I see who's at the door, Mom?

BLONDIE: Yes -- will you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Sure.

(DOOR OPENS)

BOY: (ABOUT SEVENTEEN) Is Mr. Bumstead in?
ALEXANDER: Which Mr. Bumstead do you want?
BOY: Mr. Dagwood Bumstead.
ALEXANDER: Oh...He's right out there in the kitchen.
BOY: Thank you. I'll go right out and see him.
ALEXANDER: Okay...

(DOOR CLOSSES)

ALEXANDER: The kitchen's right through that door there.
BOY: Thanks.
BLONDIE: Oh -- what did you want to see Mr. Bumstead about?
BOY: It's just a personal matter. It won't take long.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: I wonder who he is?
ALEXANDER: Maybe he's a boy from Mr. Dithers' office.
BLONDIE: Maybe, but I've never seen him before.
ALEXANDER: Me, neither.

(SOUND OF CRASH OUT IN THE KITCHEN)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- I guess your father has dropped
some more dishes.

(CRASH, CRASH, CRASH...OUT IN THE KITCHEN...

ONE HELL OF A FIGHT IS GOING ON OUT THERE)

ALEXANDER: Holy smoke, Mom. It sounds like a fight.
BLONDIE: I should say it does. Come on. *Alexander*
ALEXANDER: Gee, the kitchen door is locked, Mom.
BLONDIE: No -- I just think something has been pushed against
it from the other side.

(THE FIGHT IS STILL GOING ON...ANOTHER CRASH)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Dagwooooooooood! What's going on in there?

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

ALEXANDER: Gee, someone just went out the back door.

BLONDIE: Let's push this open...Help me, Alexander.

(DOOR GOES OPEN AS THOUGH THERE WERE A TABLE
AGAINST IT)

ALEXANDER: That's it, Mom.

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Dagwood -- where are you?

DAGWOOD: (WEAKLY) Right here, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I still don't see you.

ALEXANDER: There he is, Mom -- under the stove.

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes...Dagwood, what happened?

~~BLONDIE:~~ How did you get under there?

DAGWOOD: Well, you know, Blondie -- I didn't want to strike a child, and besides, he has a terrific uppercut.

ALEXANDER: Why didn't you give him the old one-two punch, Pop?

DAGWOOD: I tried to -- but I never got past one!

ALEXANDER: Let me help you up, Pop.

DAGWOOD: I can make it myself.

BLONDIE: Who was that boy who just walked in here?

DAGWOOD: It seems he plays right tackle on the high school football team.

BLONDIE: But why did he come in here and start a fight with you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: He's the little boy who was punished by mistake. I guess he's a little big for his age.

BLONDIE: Oh, heavens!

DAGWOOD: It seems that just about everybody has taken a poke at me today. In the future, Alexander, I wish you'd be a little more careful.

~~ALEXANDER: I will, Pop.~~

DAGWOOD: I can't last long if this sort of thing keeps up.

~~BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I guess this episode is finished, anyway.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess so.~~

ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop...?

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh.

ALEXANDER: When I was outside a little bit ago, talking to Annabelle Cooper, the real Billy, the boy who gave me the black eye came back again.

Blondie: Oh dear
DAGWOOD: He did, hunh? Did he start some more trouble?

ALEXANDER: Yep, but I fixed him. I had a little soapy water in my squirt gun, and when I finished he was running away.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Good for you, Alexander -- I'm glad you're fighting your own battles... Did you have him

Blondie: Don't encourage him, Dagwood
ALEXANDER: Yep! He ran away saying he was going to get his father to beat you up.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's the funniest -- He's going to get his father to do what to who?

(DOOR BELL RINGS OFF)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, there's the door! Maybe that's the boy's father now!

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop -- now's your chance to get even. Remember what you always say, "A Bumstead never retreats."

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though the Fates have given poor Dagwood another sprinkling of trouble. He's just picked himself up off the floor, and now he has to face an enraged parent. Well, we'll return to the Bumsteads in just a moment and see how everything turns out. First, let's have a look at a young lady with a worried expression on her face. That's her mother sitting over there under the bridge lamp. Listen....

GIRL: (ABOUT TWENTY) Mother, you know I want to do my duty about Jimmy.

MOTHER: (HALF LISTENING) Ummm-huh.

GIRL: I mean being in that army camp, he needs me to send him things. Now I saw a big book on military strategy, and it seems to me if Jimmy wants to work himself up to be a general, or something...

MOTHER: Oh, dear, don't you think the army knows how to teach him all about that?

GIRL: Well, then, what?

MOTHER: I'll let you in on a military secret, darling. When your Dad was in camp in 'seventeen, the thing he liked to get most of all -- was a carton of Camels.

GOODWIN: Thanks, Mom. The figures show it's true with ^{men of} the army of forty-one, too! Surveys made in army camps show that soldiers prefer cigarettes of all the things people send them at camp. And actual sales records in Army Post Exchanges, Canteens, and Ships' Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard -- Camel is the favorite.

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

Light up a Camel yourself and you'll see why. You'll taste the rich Camel extra flavor -- and you'll be able to enjoy it, too, because of Camel's smooth extra mildness. Notice the way Camels burn more slowly -- giving you a cooler smoke -- and extra smoking per cigarette per pack, too. That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, matchlessly and expertly blended, as only Camel knows how to blend. And, of course -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO:

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

GOODWIN:

Try a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight. You'll see that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos does make a better cigarette!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a moment later. Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander have gone into the living room and are just opening the front door.

(DOOR OPENS)

FATHER: (YELLS) Are you Bumstead?!!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

(DOOR SLAMS...POUNDING)

DAGWOOD: Gee, he seems to be pretty sore. Maybe I better think this over first.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: He's the man you should have talked to in the first place, Dagwood. His son is in the wrong, and not ours.

ALEXANDER: That's right, Pop. Billy started everything.

DAGWOOD: Do you suppose he'll give me time to explain that?

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Just let me handle this.

(DOOR OPENS)

FATHER: (YELLS) Now listen, here, you -- (STOPS)
-- oh, I beg your pardon.

BLONDIE: I should think you would.

BILLY: There he is, Pa -- there's Alexander! He's the
kid that squirted me with soapy water.

ALEXANDER: ^{who me -}
You started it!

BILLY: I did not. I never touched you!

ALEXANDER: You did so!

BILLY: Nyaaaaaa!

ALEXANDER: ~~Life come to you!~~ *nyaaa yourself*

BLONDIE: Just a minute, please...I'm very glad you came
over here, Mr. -- Mr. --

FATHER: Hinkman...J. William Hinkman.

DAGWOOD: What's the J. for?

FATHER: Jupiter -- oh, stop nosing into my personal life.
Mr. Bumstead, I demand that you punish this child
of yours. He has deliberately --

BLONDIE: Just a moment, Mr. Hinkman. I want you to take
a look at this black eye your son gave our son.
Look at that.

FATHER: Say, I guess my boy is all right after all.

BILLY: I gave him a short left, Pa.

BLONDIE: But a minute ago you said you never touched
Alexander.

DAGWOOD: That's right -- he did.

BLONDIE: And look at the difference in their size.
Mr. Hinkman, you ought to be very proud of your
son -- he managed to beat Alexander and Alexander
is only two years younger and about twenty-five
pounds lighter.

FATHER: Hmmm -- I didn't realize your boy was so much smaller.

ALEXANDER: Billy's always starting trouble. He's always shoving us little kids around. He thinks he's a big shot.

FATHER: Billy, how'd you happen to give this boy a black eye?

BILLY: Aw, he started pushing me around, and then he threw a brick at me and hit me right in the forehead, so I got mad.

DAGWOOD: Sound like propaganda to me.

~~BLONDIE: You mean Alexander hit you in the forehead with a brick?~~

~~ALEXANDER: I did not.~~

~~BILLY: He certainly did, and he ought to be punished for it.~~

BLONDIE: It's peculiar that brick didn't leave a mark.

FATHER: Hmmm -- I don't see any mark.

BILLY: Well -- er -- uh -- you see, Pa, -- it was a very *Father! Soft Brick* soft brick -- I mean I ducked and it really didn't hit me -- no, what I meant to say was --

FATHER: That's enough for a while, Billy.

BILLY: Don't you believe me, Pa?

FATHER: Not yet, I don't.

DAGWOOD: I hope that satisfies you.

FATHER: Not quite, Mr. Bunstead. I'd like to know why your son squirted that soapy water at my boy. You haven't explained that yet. *Billy: yeah you haven't explained*

ALEXANDER: I'll tell you why.

FATHER: All right, why?

ALEXANDER: I had to or he would have beat me up again. You just ask Annabelle Cooper if Billy wasn't going to hit me again.

FATHER: Well, Billy...?

BILLY: You see, it was like this, Pa. I was walking along, minding my own business, when Alexander sneaked up behind me and hit me over the head with a club.

FATHER: ^{you}
(ROARS) That's enough out of you for today.
Come here!

BILLY: (WAILS) Let go of me, Pa! Let go!
(SMALL SOCK OF FIST...)

FATHER: Ouch! He hit me in the eye!

DAGWOOD: I guess that makes it even for the day.

BILLY: (OFF A BIT) I didn't mean it, Pa. It was an accident!

FATHER: I'll give you an accident to think about! Come back here! Come here, I say!...Billy!...(FADING)

BILLY: (FADING) Help! Murder! Police! Hellllllup!!!

BLONDIE: Well, that's that.

ALEXANDER: Mr. Hinkman is gaining on Billy.

BLONDIE: Come on, Alexander -- inside.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: ^{hope}
I ~~guess~~ we can consider the entire episode closed from now on.

Dagwood:
ALEXANDER: *Just like my eye*
Gee, it's certainly going to take an awful licking

Dagwood:
BLONDIE: *to make any change in Billy. Well his father is just the man that can do it.*
~~to~~, just forget about it. It's all been settled.

You have a black eye, your father has one, and perhaps Mr. Hinkman has one by now.

DAGWOOD: The father of that other Billy has one, too.

BLONDIE: I hope you're all very happy with them.

DAGWOOD: Hey, listen, Blondie -- I hear someone coming up the front steps.

BLONDIE: I'll see who it is.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute. Let's play safe this time. I'll look through the keyhole.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: I see him. *all I see is his pants -* I think it's Mr. Hinkman coming back. He's walking right up to the door, and...

(DOOR OPENS...BUMP ON DAGWOOD'S HEAD...)

DAGWOOD: Ooooooh!

FATHER: Oh, *I beg your pardon* sorry. I just wanted to tell you how sorry I am about the way my son acted. Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- did you hurt yourself again.

ALEXANDER: What's the matter, Pop?

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) That doorknob.

ALEXANDER: Where did it hit you?

DAGWOOD: Right in the other eye. Blondie, you'll have to send out for another steak!

Blondie: Well there goes the budget.

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE"
11/10/41

31-A

GOODWIN:

We'll folks, the Bumstead honor was finally avenged, although ~~there were several~~ ^{the variables} black eyes distributed ~~are certainly going to run up the butcher bill before the final decision.~~ It seems Dagwood just can't help getting in some kind of trouble one way or another, and probably next week will be no exception. So be sure to be listening next Monday at this same time when "Blondie Acquires a Dutch Uncle."

Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by ^{William} ~~Dick~~ Artz who also creates the special musical effects.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "THE CAMELS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: The Camels are coming, it's the two Camel Caravans -- free open-air shows on wheels, touring the camps of the nation. Tonight, Unit Number One -- cars, trailer and portable stage -- is giving a show at Barksdale Field, Louisiana -- Tuesday and Wednesday at Camp Polk, Louisiana ^{Thursday at Camp Beauregard,} and a week from tonight at Camp Livingston, Louisiana. Tomorrow night the West Coast Unit is playing at the Naval Training Station, San Diego, California. Best wishes, Camel Caravan, from the Blondie Show, we hope your audiences have a lot of fun.

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

51454 0313

"BLONDIE"
11/10/41

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(REVISED)

ANNOUNCER: Say, pipe-smokers, do you know the nation's biggest value in smoking pleasure? It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco, and it comes in a big two and a quarter ounce package -- costs just one dime.

George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Try a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow! You'll like it!

This is THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.