

#129

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1941

MASTER

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

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

For N.Y.

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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, there aren't many more shopping days until Christmas, and Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander are going to get their shopping done today. At least, that's the plan. Right now it's about nine thirty in the morning, and here they are on the main floor of Ormandy's Department Store. Blondie and Dagwood can't decide where they want to go first, but Alexander made up his mind right away...

ALEXANDER: Come on, Pop -- come on, Mom -- let's go see Santy Claus.

BLONDIE: Now just a moment, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: <sup>just a moment</sup> ~~later~~, Alexander -- later... Er -- where do you want to go first, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, I've got to get presents for Aunt Margaret, and Cousin Elsie, and something for Harriet Woodley, and a present for Cousin Grace, Dagwood why do we have so many relatives.

DAGWOOD: Er -- Blondie, do I have to go with you while you fool around in the Things for Ladies department?

BLONDIE: No, <sup>DAGWOOD</sup> not if you don't want to.

DAGWOOD: I'd rather look around in the game department, and see if I can get something for you know who I mean.  
(LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Do you mean the person I think you mean whose name begins with "A?"

ALEXANDER: He means me, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I mean Alex -- no, I don't mean you.  
BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood. / <sup>Now look dear,</sup> Why don't we meet at Ormandy's restaurant on the third floor at around twelve thirty. It's right next to the things for ladies Department.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey...I'll see you there. <sup>And</sup>

~~ALEXANDER: So long, Pop. Get something nice for me.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay, I'll~~ -- stop being so subtle about my Christmas shopping. Gee, my mind seems to be an open book.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy, look at all the games they have around here...Hmmm -- I wonder what kind of a game this man is demonstrating on the little green cloth table. It looks like you play it with a little ball and three walnut shells.

JERRY: Say, chum...

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

JERRY: (CONFIDENTIAL VOICE) Come over here a minute. Want to show you something I think you'll be interested in, chum.

DAGWOOD: Oh, are you demonstrating this <sup>Little</sup> game with the walnut shells for the store?

JERRY: I'm glad you asked that question...Now the object of the game is to guess what shell the little ball is under. It's a test of your powers of observation. It's educational, instructive, and entertaining... Watch the little ball closely while I roll it under the different <sup>LITTLE WALNUT</sup> shells. — — — There it goes.

DAGWOOD: It's under the middle walnut shell.

JERRY: Why, that's amazing! So it is!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) This <sup>GAME'S TOO EASY</sup> ~~is an easy game~~. I don't think I'd be interested in it.

JERRY: Don't go away, chum. Wait'll I finish the build-up...Now which shell do you think the little ball is under?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Under the right one.

JERRY: You're sure, eh?

DAGWOOD: I'll bet anything it is. <sup>THE SUM OF</sup>

JERRY: Would you care to wager <sup>a</sup> dime?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- here's a dime...I say it's under the right one.

JERRY: We'll look...Well, well! It is the right one!

DAGWOOD: Here's your dime and the dime you won from me, sir, Gee, I can <sup>ALWAYS</sup> win ~~every time~~! (LAUGHS) This is easy. <sup>YOU WIN ALL</sup>

JERRY: <sup>COME HERE</sup> ~~Well~~, chum, let's see how good your eyes are this <sup>THE TIME</sup> time. Even though I know it's practically impossible I'm going to try to fool you.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) It's no use -- I know right where it is all the time.

JERRY: All right -- but I'll bet you don't know where it is now.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet you a million dollars I do.

JERRY: A million? I'm sorry, chum, but I don't play for such high stakes. Shall we say, ten bucks?

DAGWOOD: *How ABOUT* ~~ten bucks~~ fifty cents.?

JERRY: I'll bet you five dollars you can't guess what shell the little ball is under.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet you two dollars I can.

JERRY: Okay -- it's a bet. Here's my money.

DAGWOOD: Here's mine...Now look under the left shell. Gee, this is a cinch.

JERRY: Okay...This shell?

DAGWOOD: Yep...That's it.

JERRY: There we are...And I win.

DAGWOOD: Hey! I distinctly saw that ball go under the left shell.

JERRY: No, you couldn't have. *DAGWOOD: Yes I did.* Here it is under the middle one...I'll just take the two dollars. Thanks.

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know about that? I can't understand it.

JERRY: It baffles me, too, chum. But I'll give you a chance for revenge. I'll -- oh-oh!

(SOUND: OF TABLE FOLDING)

DAGWOOD: Q Hey -- what's the matter?  
JERRY: The store detective is coming over this way! So long, chum!  
DAGWOOD: So long...Store detective? Hey -- you can't fool me -- there's something crooked about this! (YELLS)  
Hey! Give me back my two dollars! ~~Come back here, you crook! Help! I've been robbed!~~

MUSIC:

~~GOODWIN: Well, poor Dagwood. He's started out his day of Christmas shopping by losing two dollars to a swindler. Well, we'll rejoin the Bumsteads on their shopping trip in just a minute. But first, let's look back to last night when Blondie and Dagwood were planning their Christmas shopping. They were just -- but let's eavesdrop for a moment.~~

~~JERRY: It baffles me, too, chum. But I'll give you a chance  
for revenge. I'll -- oh-oh! I've got to fold this  
table up and beat it.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Hey -- what's the matter?~~

~~JERRY: The store detective is coming over this way! So long,  
chum!~~

~~DAGWOOD: So long...Store detective? Hey -- you can't fool me --  
there's something crooked about this! (YELLS) Hey!  
Give me back my two dollars! Come back here, you crook!  
Help! I've been robbed!~~

MUSING:

GOODWIN: Well, poor Dagwood. He's started out his day of  
Christmas shopping by losing two dollars to a swindler  
who introduced him to the three shell game. I wonder  
how the rest of his day will turn out. Well, Dagwood's  
chase after the shell-game man has led him far afield --  
and suddenly he bumps into none other than Blondie and  
Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Why, Blondie -- are you following me around?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood, I thought you were in the game  
department.

DAGWOOD: Well, I -- uh -- I was, but I sort of got side-tracked.  
I'll sneak away, though, if you're buying my present.

BLONDIE: I haven't come to that yet, Dagwood. Right now I'm trying to think of things that people can use another one of.

DAGWOOD: Huh? Say that again!

BLONDIE: Things that people can use another one of. You want to get people something they really want -- and yet, the sort of thing that -- if they already have one -- they can use another one!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I get it. Well, I know one thing people can always use another one of, Blondie, Camel cigarettes! I could use another one right now!

GOODWIN: Sure, Dagwood, you've got a point. Camels make a wonderful gift -- because more smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. And the new Camel holiday packages look mighty attractive too! There's the regular size carton, all done up in a beautiful gift box -- and a special package of four "flat fifties" that come in a clever cardboard Christmas house. Two hundred cigarettes in either package. And, of course, I don't have to tell you that each one of those cigarettes has the same famous Camel flavor and mildness -- the slow-burning that gives coolness and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Yes, each of these Camels is made of costlier tobaccos, expertly blended. The Camel Christmas packages will make perfect gifts for men in the service, too. Get several packages for your friends in camp and out!

MUSIC:



GOODWIN: Well, it's a few minutes later in Ormandy's Department Store. Dagwood has gone ~~back~~ <sup>to y</sup> to the ~~same~~ Department by himself and Blondie and Alexander are walking up to a counter in another part of the store. They're going to get something for Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: What're you going to get for Pop?

BLONDIE: Well, I've been trying to think of something he'd really like. You know how your father likes to sit in the tub and read...

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure. Pop likes to loaf in the bathtub.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll see what we can get for him...Oh, clerk.  
Clerk?

CLERK: Yes, Ma'am?

BLONDIE: I want some sort of a present for my husband. He loves to relax for hours in a hot tub, so I thought you might have some suggestions.

CLERK: Yes, Ma'am. We have a complete assortment of everything. For instance, we have our Shower Curtain of the Month. It always matches the color of the new Readers Digest.

BLONDIE: No, I don't think so.

CLERK: Does he get lonely in the tub? We could sell you a baby alligator to keep him company.

BLONDIE: Oh, that would be awful.

CLERK: Well, perhaps your husband is the childish type. Maybe he'd like a bubble pipe.

BLONDIE: He's not that childish.

CLERK: I'm sorry -- I'm doing my best...Oh, I know just the thing.

BLONDIE: What's that?

GOODWIN: Well, it's a few minutes later in Ormandy's Department Store. Dagwood is still off by himself looking around the Game Department, and Blondie and Alexander are walking up to a counter in another part of the store. They're going to get something for Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: What're you going to get for Pop?

BLONDIE: Well, I've been trying to think of something he'd really like. Oh, clerk. Clerk?

CLERK: Yes, Ma'am?

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BLONDIE: No, I don't think so.

CLERK: Does he get lonely in the tub? We could sell you a baby alligator to keep him company.

BLONDIE: Oh, that would be awful.

CLERK: Oh, I know just the thing.

BLONDIE: What's that?

CLERK: A soap retriever. When the soap jumps out of your hands, you don't have to get out of the tub dripping to get it. You just use these lazy tongs, and they reach right out and grab it off the floor.

ALEXANDER: Mom, I know Pop would like that.

BLONDIE: Yes, maybe he would at that. We'll take it.

CLERK: Fine!...And now -- what else?

ALEXANDER: Mom, what's this over here?

BLONDIE: It doesn't look like much of anything to me. Just a strip of metal with a big ring on one end.

CLERK: Aha -- but wait till I tell you what it's for. One of these bolts onto the hot water faucet and one on the cold. Then you can lie back comfortably in the tub, stick your big toe through the ring, and turn either the hot or cold on to suit yourself....We call it the Big Toe Remote Control Tub Regulator. Isn't modern science wonderful?

BLONDIE: We'll have to have one of those. Several times my husband has almost dislocated his toe trying to turn our faucet on without sitting up in the tub.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop'll wonder why he didn't think of this himself.

CLERK: Now what else?

BLONDIE: No, I think we've got quite enough for my husband now. If I got him anything more, he'd spend all his time in the tub...How much is all that?

CLERK: Let me see....A dollar and a half apiece for the soap retriever and the Big Toe Remote Control Tub Regulator. That's three dollars.

BLONDIE: Here's the money, and will you please have those packages wrapped as gifts?

CLERK: Yes, ma'am.

BLONDIE: And don't forget to take the price tags off.

ALEXANDER: Where are we going next, Mom?

BLONDIE: Well, maybe if we wander over to the toy department we might be able to find your father.

ALEXANDER: When are we going to see Santa Claus, Mom. I've got a lot of things to talk over with him.

BLONDIE: We'll see him later, dear. But first, let's try to find your father, and see what he's been doing.

MUSIC..

BOY: (ABOUT TEN -- PRECOCIOUS) Yes, sir <sup>DAGWOOD: oh Hello Sonny.</sup> -- may I help you, sir?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh..are you one of the clerks here in the toy department?

BOY: <sup>Why certainly</sup> ~~Oh, yes sir.~~ I'm here to give parents the children's angle on Christmas presents.

DAGWOOD: I see. But I'm surprised the store would let a boy of your age wait on customers. You're not very old.

BOY: I'm ten, sir, but I have a mental age of nineteen, so I'm sure we can treat each other as equals

DAGWOOD: All right, then we can -- what do you mean, equals?

BOY: ~~Let's not go into that now..~~ I presume you want to buy a toy of some sort, sir.

DAGWOOD: That's right.

BOY: Something you can play with, too, of course.

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, I guess that wouldn't hurt any. I was thinking of something like a chemical set.

BOY: How old is your son?

DAGWOOD: Well, Alexander's about seven.

BOY: Hmm -- seven. Isn't he a little old for a chemistry set?

DAGWOOD: Old?

BOY: I gave my chemistry set to my father when I was five.

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you suggest?

BOY: Perhaps he'd like a small cyclotron.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that might be a ...a what?

BOY: Surely you know what a cyclotron is, sir. And atom smasher.

DAGWOOD: Oh, an atom smasher.

BOY: Yes, it's a small model of the giant cyclotron they're building.

DAGWOOD: Oh it is, eh. No, I want a regular toy of some sort. Could you show me some?

BOY: Oh, a mentally defective child eh?

DAGWOOD: Hey wait a minute...How do you get along with your family?

BOY: I don't see them much. My father's afraid of me.

DAGWOOD: I sympathize with him.

BOY: Well, sir -- here's a four wheeled rocket-ship that your son might like. It has the usual foot pedals inside and a wheel for steering it.... How do you like it?

DAGWOOD: Say -- It really looks like a rocket ship, doesn't it?

BOY: Well, I'd say the design was a little on the corny side.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, I like it.

BOY: You would...Do you want to try it, sir?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'll run it around a little. I guess I

can slip into it. *IT'S A LITTLE AWKWARD - HOW DO YOU DO THIS?*  
BOY: *TAKE* *Your* *FEET OUT OF YOUR LAP AND PLACE THEM* ~~Just get your feet~~ on the pedals, sir.

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) Well, I'm in, but it's sort of a squeeze.

BOY: A little tight around the shoulders, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BOY: Okay, Buck Rogers, -- let's see you drive it.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Oh, Pop! Pop!...there he is, Mom.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Hello, Dagwood...Well what's this you're in.

ALEXANDER: It's a rocket ship -- isn't it, Pop?

DAGWOOD: That's what this Quiz Kid told me.

ALEXANDER: Boy, I hope Santa Claus brings me one of those.

BOY: Perhaps he will. You never can tell.

BLONDIE: That's right, Alexander.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, <sup>GET OUT OF THAT THING AND</sup> let's be on our way. We've got a lot more things to do.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie, I'll just get -- hey! <sup>WAIT A MINUTE.</sup>

BOY: What's the matter, sir?

DAGWOOD: I can't get up. I can't move.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- <sup>THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY</sup>

DAGWOOD: Honest, Blondie -- I'm trying my best. <sup>To GET OUT OF THIS</sup> Holy <sup>THING.</sup> smoke -- I'm afraid I'm stuck in this!

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop's in another jam again.

BOY: (LAUGHS) It's an amusing predicament, isn't it, sir?

DAGWOOD: I don't see anything funny in it.

BOY: Pardon me, Madame, but if you'll get hold of one of his arms, I'll get hold of the other. Maybe we can pull him out.

BLONDIE: All right. Hold my purse, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Careful now...Not too hard. I'm wedged into this.

BOY: So I can see, sir, and after you're out, I'd like to talk to you about a reducing machine.

DAGWOOD: No thank you!

BLONDIE: Well, are you ready?

BOY: Yes...One -- two -- three!

(THEY BOTH GRUNT AND STRAIN) ...)

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Ouch! A piece of metal is digging into my back.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, -- it looks like you're really stuck.

BOY: Hmmmm -- I wonder.

BLONDIE: You wonder what?

BOY: I wonder if we tipped the rocket ship on end and gave him a hot-foot if he'd <sup>POP</sup> ~~jump~~ right out of ~~there~~ <sup>There.</sup>

~~DAGWOOD: Don't you dare try that! I won't stand for it! I'll have you reported!~~

~~BOY: Very well, sir.~~



DAGWOOD: Oh, no you don't! No one's going to do that to me!...  
Just a second, and I'll try to get out again. One...  
two...three!

(SLIGHT RATTLE OF METAL...)

(THEN LOUD RIPPING SOUND...)

DAGWOOD: Well, I got out all right -- but what was that ripping  
sound?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- look at your overcoat!

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop -- there's a tear in it from the collar all  
the way down the back.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!...Well, it's an old coat, anyway. It  
isn't your best -- thank goodness!

ALEXANDER: Mom -- now are we going to see Santa Claus?

BLONDIE: Not right now, Alexander. I think we'd all better  
have lunch first. *COME ON DAGWOOD*

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON EATING SOUNDS OF RESTAURANT...)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) And I got a very nice lace handkerchief  
for Cousin Elizabeth...Are you through your dessert,  
Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, Blondie, I am. <sup>*you know something*</sup> Say, I saw in the paper that

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop!

BLONDIE: Alexander, don't interrupt your father.

ALEXANDER: But Mom, there's a man --

BLONDIE: Later, dear. You mustn't interrupt...Go on, Dagwood.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON EATING SOUNDS OF RESTAURANT...)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) And I got a very nice lace handkerchief for Cousin Elizabeth  
....Are you through your dessert, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, Blondie, I am. You know something...Say, I saw in the paper  
that...

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop!

BLONDIE: Alexander, don't interrupt your father.

ALEXANDER: But Mom, there's a man --

BLONDIE: Later, dear. You mustn't interrupt..Go on, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, I saw an ad in the paper that they have a Bathtub Shop here at  
Ormandy's.

BLONDIE: Bathtub Shop. Oh, dear, imagine that.

DAGWOOD: And, Blondie, they've got a wonderful thing called a soap retriever. You  
know what it does? It reaches right out and --

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop, if you don't hurry --

DAGWOOD: Alexander, you mustn't interrupt daddy. Now Blondie, this soap retriever..

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's no reason why you can't get out of the rub and pick the  
soap up yourself. It's an unnecessary expenditure, dear, and you know  
how much sleight of hand we've had to do with our bue

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AND COMPANY**

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DAGWOOD: Well, I saw an ad in the paper that they have a  
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BLONDIE: Bathtub Shop. Oh, <sup>DEAR</sup> -- imagine that.

DAGWOOD: And Blondie, they've got a wonderful thing called  
a soap retriever. <sup>YOU KNOW WHAT IT DOES?</sup> It reaches right out and --

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop, if you don't hurry --

DAGWOOD: Alexander, you mustn't interrupt. <sup>Daddy</sup> Now Blondie, this  
soap retriever --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's no reason why you can't get out of  
the tub and pick the soap up yourself. It's an  
unnecessary expenditure, <sup>dear</sup> and you know how much  
sleight of hand we've had to do with our budget.

DAGWOOD: But this would make my life complete. It's something  
I've always dreamed of.

BLONDIE: Then you should have invented it before the man who  
makes them. No, Dagwood -- I don't think you should  
get a soap retriever.

DAGWOOD: Okay, then, but I'm ~~heart~~-broken. <sup>hearted.</sup>

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, dear.

ALEXANDER: Now can I say something?

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander, What is it?

DAGWOOD: <sup>Yes, WHAT IS IT ALEXANDER.</sup>

ALEXANDER: A man just took Pop's coat.

DAGWOOD: You see, I told you it could wait till -- he did what?

ALEXANDER: He stole your coat. He sort of sneaked in, took off  
his coat, looked around and then took your coat and  
put his in its place.

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens! Why didn't you tell us?  
ALEXANDER: You said I mustn't interrupt.  
BLONDIE: Well, that's no -- (STOP, CLEARS HER THROAT) Er --  
that's very true, Alexander -- we did say that, but  
there are exceptions to all things. We want you to  
be a polite young man, but we don't want you to  
overdo it.  
ALEXANDER: /<sup>Yes</sup> <sup>MEAN</sup> He was a sneaky looking man, Pop. He looked like  
someone was after him.  
DAGWOOD: If you'd told me in time, I would have been after him.  
Well, I guess I might just as well wear his coat.  
I've got to wear something...Gee, it's a pretty snappy  
looking coat.  
BLONDIE: Is it that coat with the yellow plaid?  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's it.  
BLONDIE: I've seen more conservative horse-blankets...Well,  
Dagwood -- here's the check for our lunch. Let's  
pay it and finish the rest of our shopping.

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: (COME UP) Aw, gee, Pop, you and Mom have been  
shopping all the time, and you still haven't taken me  
to see Santa Claus.  
DAGWOOD: <sup>ALL</sup> <sup>RIGHT</sup> ~~Well~~, we will, Alexander.  
BLONDIE: You'll just have to be patient.

ALEXANDER: It's not fair. I've got a lot of things to talk over with him. It's an outrage! It's an injustice! I demand to be taken to Santa Claus!

BLONDIE: I wonder who he learned that act from?

DAGWOOD: I haven't the faintest idea.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, we'll take you to see Santa Claus right now. Would that satisfy you?

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

DAGWOOD: I think he's right down this aisle.

ALEXANDER: I wonder if I have to have an appointment to see him?

~~BLONDIE: DAG~~ Oh, I don't think so. ~~Santa Claus is always glad to see anyone who wants to talk to him.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, there he is, Alexander -- you can go right up to him. *Like this.*

*BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU COME RIGHT BACK HERE AND LET THE BABY GO.*  
ALEXANDER: Gosh...Well, you wait here for me.

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander...(FADING) You can tell him you've been a very good boy.

ALEXANDER: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Gosh...Oh, Mr. Claus.

SANTA: Well, well, well! (DEEP LAUGH) Hello, there, young man.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Claus...I'm Alexander Bumstead.

SANTA: Well, Alexander, I'm glad to meet you. You've always been asleep when I've called on you on Christmas Eve.

ALEXANDER: Yes, I guess that's right, Mr. Claus. I've tried very hard to stay awake, but gosh, I ~~was~~ always fall ~~asleep~~ asleep.

SANTA: Well, I don't have much time to stop and talk. I have a good many million children to visit all over the world. It keeps me and the reindeer pretty busy, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Oh, I almost forgot. I've got a baby sister now -- that's Cookie -- don't forget her --

SANTA: I won't. I've got her name down already. Now Alexander -- what would you like for Christmas?

ALEXANDER: Didn't you get my letter?

SANTA: Oh, yes, of course. I read it very carefully.

ALEXANDER: I guess the letter covers practically everything.

SANTA: I may not be able to bring you everything you asked for. Priorities, you know.

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah -- I've heard my Pop talk about them. Well, I'll just leave it to you, Santa.

SANTA: All right, Alexander -- and thank you for being so understanding about it. I'll be dropping by on Christmas Eve.

ALEXANDER: I suppose I'll be asleep again.

SANTA: (LAUGHS) I suppose so...Goodbye, and Merry Christmas.

ALEXANDER: The same to you, Santa...Goodbye.

SANTA: (LAUGHS) Goodbye...(FADING)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, did you have a nice talk with Santa Claus, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'll say. He's a swell guy.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir -- he certainly is.

ALEXANDER: Gee, he brings presents to millions of kids all over the world. Where does he get them?

BLONDIE: I suppose he has his own toyshops at the North Pole.

DAGWOOD: Besides, Santa Claus can do a lot of things that ordinary people can't. He could probably just reach into his coat pocket like this and bring out a diamond watch...Hey! Look!

BLONDIE: Good heavens, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: It isn't a diamond watch in my pocket, but I pulled out a gold pen and pencil set!

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop -- you're magic!

MAN: (COMING UP) All right, brother -- have you got a sales slip for the gold pen and pencil set?

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Hanh? <sup>oh</sup> ~~well~~, no, because you see --

MAN: I thought so! You're the shoplifter we've been looking for!

BLONDIE: He's not a shoplifter!

MAN: I don't want any trouble out of you, sister! You're coming along with me! The kid, too!

BLONDIE: Don't you dare call me sister!

DAGWOOD: Let go of me! I can explain this whole thing!

Let go of me!

MAN: Oh, you want to get tough about it, eh?

DAGWOOD: I'm innocent! I'm innocent!

MAN: Brother, you're under arrest for shoplifting!

All of you.

MUSIC:

~~GOODWIN: Well, it seems the Bumsteads are having their share of difficulties with Christmas shopping. But Dagwood had one good solution for several of their problems just the other day. Let's see what it was he said...Listen...~~



MAN: Hey, Joe! Hey, Pete! Give me a hand here! I've  
got the guy we've been looking for!

DAGWOOD: I'm innocent! I'm innocent!

MAN: Brother, you're under arrest for shoplifting! All  
of you!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Say -- what <sup>HAVE</sup> ~~is this~~ the Bumsteads <sup>Go T</sup> ~~stopped~~ into now?  
How did that gold pen and pencil set get into the  
coat Dagwood's wearing? And how's he going to explain  
things to the store detective who's arrested him?  
Well, we'll see what happens to Blondie, Dagwood and  
Alexander when we rejoin them in just a minute. But  
right now -- listen --

(SOUND: FADE IN LIGHT PLANE MOTOR)

GOODWIN: That's a light plane, with a motor so small it would  
take twenty of them to match the power in a single  
dive bomber, but these planes are playing an important  
part in the war effort, <sup>BY</sup> giving future combat pilots  
their first flying instructions.

(SOUND: MOTOR STOPS)

GOODWIN: There, it's landed, and out hops a flying  
Cadet -- and with him a pretty young girl.  
His passenger? Not on your life! That's  
Peggy Lennox, one of the best of the valuable C.A.A.  
instructors, so pretty she used to be a model.  
Peggy's working long hours these days training  
pilots. Already more than a score of her pupils  
have gone on to become Army and Navy flyers.  
It's no easy job flying from dawn till dark --  
and when Peggy Lennox eases up after a hard session  
at the dual controls, you'll find her smoking  
a Camel. Miss Lennox says:

LENNOX  
VOICE:

Why, yes, I've smoked Camels for several years!  
Most of all, I like the way they taste And they're  
so mild, too!

GOODWIN: Right, Peggy Lennox! And plenty of the men who pilot Uncle Sam's fighting planes agree with you! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite! They like Camel's mildness and flavor -- and they like the way Camels are cooler, and slower-burning, too, giving extra smoking per cigarette per pack. That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended with Camel's famous know-how to make a really superb cigarette. 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! You'll see what a difference costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's a few minutes later in the office of the Department Store detective force. Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander are sitting on a bench under the watchful eyes of the detective who is going through the coat Dagwood was wearing. Dagwood seems to have gotten into an unusual coat when his own was stolen and this one left in its place. The <sup>et</sup>detective is removing quite an assortment of things from the pockets....

MAN: Let's see. Four dozen silk stockings, three manicure sets, six dozen trout flies -- a pair of small mother of pearl opera glasses --/you've had a busy day, brother

BLONDIE: Oh now please --

DAGWOOD: But I told you how I happened to get that coat. A man stole mine and left this one in its place. So I wore ~~this~~ <sup>IT</sup>. THAT'S ALL.

ALEXANDER: That's right -- Pop's telling the truth.

MAN: What's your name?

DAGWOOD: Dagwood Bumstead, and I'm a Junior Assistant Vice-President of the J. C. Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: That's right -- he is.

MAN: <sup>Now</sup> Oh yeah? Where was I?

ALEXANDER: The pearl opera glasses. Can I look through them?

MAN: No. Opera glasses, three silver cigarette cases, one compact, four assorted cigarette lighters,

BLONDIE: Goodness! Are all those things coming out of that coat!

MAN: This isn't a coat -- it's just one great big pocket with lapels.

DAGWOOD: I thought it seemed a little heavy.

BLONDIE: <sup>Now look here</sup> You've got to believe us! This isn't Mr. Bumstead's coat at all. He wouldn't ordinarily wear a coat with a big loud yellow plaid like that, would you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, it is rather sporty and I've always wanted -- <sup>BLONDIE: Dagwood.</sup> I wouldn't think of it! *NO*

(DOOR OPENS)

BOY: Did somebody want me here? I'm from the toy department.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's you! You remember when I was --

MAN: Not so fast, brother... Say, Brain Trust, have you seen this man before? Was he in your department like he says he was? And was he wearing this coat? Was he?

BOY: Yes.

DAGWOOD: I was not! That's a lie!

BOY: Will you please wait until I'm finished, sir?... Yes, I saw him, and no, he wasn't wearing that coat. He was wearing another one that he tore down the back getting out of a rocket ship.

BLONDIE: You see -- that's what we've been telling you.

BOY: I'm quite sure he's incapable of any skullduggery.  
Why the poor man doesn't even know what an atom  
smasher is.

MAN: Okay -- that's all.

BOY: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Can we go now?

MAN: Yeah, I guess so. I'm sorry if I've caused you any  
inconvenience and so forth. (LAUGHS) So you  
don't even know what an atom smasher is eh? ✓

DAGWOOD: Well, what is an atom smasher?

MAN: Well, an atom smasher is a -- it's a kind of a thing  
that -- you take an atom and -- it's sort of a --  
I told you you could go, didn't I? Well, why don't  
you go?

BLONDIE: We're not going until you give Mr. Bumstead that  
coat. He's not going out in this weather without  
a coat.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Boy -- home at last!

ALEXANDER: Gee, this has been an exciting day, hasn't it?

BLONDIE: It certainly has. Something always happens when we  
go to Ormandy's Department Store.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I've got a new coat with lots of pockets.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you can wear that coat, but not while I'm with you. The way people stared at us! And that one man who came up and asked you if you had a good tip on the fourth at Santa Anita. Goodness!

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, we haven't got anything to do until Christmas.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes we have. The Christmas tree, the lights, Christmas cards, decorations for the front door --

There's plenty to do. *DAGWOOD: I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NAP ON THE COUCH.*

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, I can -- hey, there's something else in this coat that the detective missed...It's way down here in the lining.

ALEXANDER: What is it, Pop?

DAGWOOD: I can't tell yet...Here it is. I wonder what -- hey, Blondie -- look! It's called the Big Toe Remote Control Tub Regulator. <sup>yes</sup> You just put this on the faucet handle and stick your toe in the ring and you can turn the water on and off without --

BLONDIE: Oh dear.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, what's the matter?

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Mom -- that's one of the things you got to give to Pop for Christmas.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Well, I guess I've still got some Christmas shopping to do. Oh, dear...!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well folks, the Bumsteads are almost through with their Christmas shopping, and it won't be long now until time to fix up the Christmas tree. I can well imagine that Dagwood's peculiar ability to complicate things should really confuse the annual custom of decorating the tree! Do you suppose Dagwood can help Blondie without completely breaking up everything? Well, be sure to be listening next week at this time to see how the Bumsteads get along when "Blondie Decorates a Tree."  
"Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.  
Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by William Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

: (ORCHESTRA: MUSIC UP AND OUT)

(ORCHESTRA: "TRUMPET "THE CAMPBELL'S ARE COMING"

GOODWIN: Yes, the Camel's are coming -- that means the Camel Caravan is rolling around from one army camp to another giving free open air shows for the men. This week the Camel Caravan is still rolling through the State of Texas. Tonight and tomorrow night they will be at Camp Hulen -- Wednesday night at Camp Wallace -- and Thursday at Ellington Field -- all in Texas. Best wishes Camel Caravan -- may your audience have a grand time.



"BLONDIE"  
12/15/41

-30-

(RED CROSS ANNOUNCEMENT FOR BLONDIE)

ANNCR:

"And, ladies and gentlemen, before saying goodnight, may I remind you that, with American territories attacked, with many west coast cities totally or partially blacked out, the Red Cross is needed now to protect us. Money given to the Red Cross is an investment to safeguard the lives of American men, women, and children. Join the Red Cross tomorrow."

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

51454 0480

ANNOUNCER:

Say, here's an idea for that fellow who smokes a pipe! Give him a big pound tin of George Washington smoking Tobacco for Christmas! He'll think of you with each of the hundreds and hundreds of mild, mellow pipe-loads he'll find inside.

You'll be surprised at George Washington's economy, too! Get a pound for each of those fellows you know in camp. They'll like it!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.