

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1941

1-9-42  
MASTER

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

NY

# 130

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0482

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Yes, the Bumsteads have the Christmas spirit all right. Their front door is done up to look like a Christmas package -- it's covered on the outside with fancy wrapping paper, and tied with a big red bow. That looks like Blondie's work. And I suppose Dagwood is the one who wrote "Do Not Open Until December Twenty-Fifth" across it. But the Bumsteads aren't home now. They've all driven out to a farm in the country to get not just a big Christmas tree, but a BIG Christmas tree. And now -- here they are -- looking around the snow-covered farmyard while their tree is being tied onto the car...

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- it certainly is a swell tree, isn't it?

ALEXANDER: Have you ever seen a bigger one, Mom?

BLONDIE: I don't believe so. I'm just wondering how you're planning to get the tree from the hallway into the living room? You have to make a turn <sup>IN THE HALL</sup> with it.

DAGWOOD: Well, you know how trees bend, don't you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Er -- well, Dagwood, I guess I'll just wait and see how it all turns out.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hey, Pop -- look at these tracks over here in the snow.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- just a second, Alexander.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm going back to the car. I want to make sure that Mr. Hayfield is tying our Christmas tree on the car good and tight.

DAGWOOD: Okay, <sup>Honey</sup> Blondie. Alexander and I'll be with you in just a minute.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hey, Pop!

DAGWOOD: I'm coming, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Over here. I've found a lot of ~~HOOF~~ Foot prints in the snow. (COMING UP) What do you suppose made them?

DAGWOOD: It looks like some sort of animal.

ALEXANDER: I know that, Pop, but what kind of an animal?

~~DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- well, I'd say maybe it was a deer.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Gee, are you sure they're deer tracks?~~

DAGWOOD: <sup>Well - Ah - Ah -</sup> Sure, Alexander. I used to be quite a woodsman when I was a boy. They used to call me Hawkeye Bumstead. That was because I could just take a look at the tracks in the snow and tell ~~em~~

<sup>WHAT</sup>  
~~the~~ animals ~~that~~ had passed by. <sup>I WOULD SAY THIS WAS A-- WILDCAT--</sup>  
ALEXANDER: <sup>With Hoofs? DAGWOOD: I MEAN A DEER.</sup> Gee, Pop, do you suppose we could follow these tracks and find the deer? Could we?

DAGWOOD: Well, we could try. Let's see -- they're pretty fresh tracks, and they lead this way. Come on, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- wouldn't it be swell if we really found him?

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, but we may not get very close to him.~~

~~ALEXANDER: I know -- deer are very timid.~~

~~DAGWOOD: How did you know that?~~

~~ALEXANDER: That's the way they are in all the Walt Disney pictures.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Walt Disney, eh? When I was a boy it was~~  
*Dagwood* ~~has Christian Andersen...~~ Look, Alexander -- the  
tracks are heading for the corner of the barn.  
The deer is probably sort of investigating ~~before~~  
~~he gets very close.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~I see, Dad.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Deer always do that -- that's how I'm sure it's a~~  
deer we're following.

ALEXANDER: Gee, you know everything, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, I know a few things...Hey, the tracks  
are getting very fresh now. Look, he pawed up the  
ground a little bit here.

ALEXANDER: Are we getting warmer, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Not in this weather?...Oh, I see what you mean.  
*We're GETTING PRETTY WARM*  
Yeah, I'd say the deer was right around the corner  
of the barn. That's where the tracks lead.

ALEXANDER: Let's run around fast and surprise him.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Are you ready?

ALEXANDER: Yep, I'm ready.

DAGWOOD: Come on, then!

ALEXANDER: (PAUSE) Hey, Pop -- there he is!

(COW MOOS)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh!

ALEXANDER: Aw, gee -- it's only a cow!

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah, I guess it is a cow. *NOW Where did the deer*

~~ALEXANDER: I thought you said it would be a deer.~~ *Go?*

~~DAGWOOD: Er -- well, uh -- I guess the deer went someplace~~  
else. Those were deer tracks all right.

ALEXANDER: But the tracks go right up to the cow and stop.  
How do you explain that, Pop?...How about it?

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE) I guess we'd better get back to the car,  
Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, what a let down...Hawkeye Bumstead.

~~DAGWOOD: Hahh?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Oh, nothing, Pop.~~

(CAR HORN FROM OFF)

*BLONDIE:*  
DAGWOOD:

*DAGWOOD --- ALEXANDER --- HURRY UP.*

Well, there's your mother ~~blowing the horn~~. I  
guess the Christmas tree is all ready for us to  
take home and set up now. Oh, boy -- it's going  
to be the biggest Christmas tree in town...come on,  
Alexander -- let's go!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, the Bumsteads may have bought the biggest  
Christmas tree in town, but I wonder if they'll  
be able to get it into the house. Blondie doesn't  
seem to think so. And I wonder how their Christmas  
tree lights will work -- that is, if they can find  
them? Well, we'll find out in a moment. Right now  
we find Blondie and Dagwood in the front seat of  
the car, driving along. Blondie says...

(SOUND: AUTO EFFECTS IN BACKGROUND)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, Harriet wanted to find out where she could buy a trench mortar.

DAGWOOD: Jumpin' Jeepers, Blondie, what does she want with a trench mortar?

BLONDIE: She wanted to give it to her cousin in camp -- to keep his ears warm.

DAGWOOD: Does she know what a trench mortar is, Blondie?

BLONDIE: She thought it was one of those funny hats that men wear in the trenches -- but I told her it was something that exploded.

DAGWOOD: Sure -- it shoots. It's like a cannon, only it isn't. It shoots up and over things.

BLONDIE: Then I guess Harriet will just have to think of something else to give him for Christmas.

DAGWOOD: Well, those holiday packages of Camels are made to order for men in camp, Blondie. Why not tell her to get some of them?

GOODWIN: You bet, Dagwood. Actual sales records in post exchanges, canteens, and ship's service stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite. And Camels are really dressed up in Christmas packages, too. Each carton comes in a beautiful Santa Claus box. And the Flat Fifties -- four of them -- come in a red cardboard Christmas house. Yes, sir, in each package are two hundred mild, flavorful Camels. Every one of them is cooler and slower-burning,

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GOODWIN:  
(Cont'd)

giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack  
-- and every one is made -- as all Camels are  
made -- of costlier tobaccos, superbly blended.  
Get several gift packages of Camels. You'll give  
a Merry Christmas to your friends, in camp or out.

MUSIC...

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GOODWIN: Well, it's about an hour later. The Bumsteads are making a stop-off on their way home. Their car, with the Christmas tree still tied onto it, is parked outside the local Red Cross headquarters. And here are Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander, just walking up to the door...

BLONDIE: You don't mind, do you, Dagwood? There's still plenty of time to get our Christmas tree up and decorated before tonight, and I don't want to miss a single one of these Red Cross lectures on first aid.

*Dagwood: I DON'T MIND.*

DAGWOOD: Of course I don't mind. It's pretty important to know just what to do in an emergency.

ALEXANDER: Sure. Our teachers at school have been showing us some first aid. It's lots of fun. They bandage you all up.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) They're not going to bandage me up.

ALEXANDER: Why not, Pop? You'd make a swell victim.

DAGWOOD: Huh?

ALEXANDER: Well, you know -- you're always bumping into people when you run for your bus, or you're always falling off things -- you always need first aid.

BLONDIE: Well, in any case, these lectures will help us to be prepared.

DAGWOOD: This is a first aid lecture, huh?

BLONDIE: Yes, but they also have courses for nursing aides, and disaster canteen squads, ambulance driving, and of course they make a lot of bandages and surgical dressings, too. It's a pretty big job, and the Red Cross needs the help of every man and woman in America.



DAGWOOD: Well, we certainly won't fail the Red Cross now...  
let's go in and see what's going on.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: It looks like we're just in time. I think  
Mrs. McButter is just going to start her talk.

DAGWOOD: Gee, ~~there are a lot of people we know here.~~ *There's NOBODY There BUT WOMEN -- I'LL WAIT FOR YOU OUTSIDE.*  
~~BLONDIE!~~ *No YOU WANT YOU'LL STAY RIGHT Here.*

ALEXANDER: There's Mrs. Woodley, and Mrs. Fuddle, and there's  
Mrs. Hoot.

BLONDIE: Yes, and I see our Tuesday Bridge Club members  
are all here...Sh-h-h, I think Mrs. McButter  
is going to start now. Let's just sit down  
here.

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay.~~ *BUT I'M THE ONLY FELLOW IN THE PLACE.*

MCBUTTER: (OFF A BIT...PROJECTING) May I have your attention  
now, please. Before I start, I'd like to tell you  
a story that I read in one of our Red Cross booklets.  
If any of you have any doubts of the value of the  
training you're getting, this may help clear ~~them~~ *THINGS*  
up...A telephone linesman had been electrocuted by  
a live wire, and for a half an hour a man had been  
working over him, giving him artificial respiration.  
The people watching him in the crowd became  
impatient -- it was obvious that the linesman was  
beyond recovery -- he had no pulse, he wasn't  
breathing. Some in the crowd even began to heckle.  
They said it was useless to continue. He might  
as well quit. But the man's Red Cross instructor  
had said artificial respiration should continue  
until a physician arrived, so he kept on, and a  
(CONTINUED)

MCBUTTER:  
(Cont'd)

few minutes later, the linesman's eyelids  
fluttered -- and he was saved.

The whole story came a few hours later when the  
linesman had his say from a hospital bed. "I was  
conscious most of the time," he said. "The trouble  
was, I couldn't move. Must have been completely  
paralyzed. Imagine how I felt when I heard someone  
in the crowd say it was useless to continue  
artificial respiration!"

How would you have liked being in the position  
of that man?

DAGWOOD: ~~Holy smoke~~ <sup>MY GOODNESS</sup> -- that's pretty awful.

BLONDIE: I should say so.

ALEXANDER: It's a good thing the Red Cross taught the other  
man about artificial respir -- respir -- well,  
it's a good thing they taught him.

BLONDIE: Well, <sup>ALSO YAN PAI</sup> the Red Cross has saved a good many thousands  
of lives.

MCBUTTER: Now then -- let's get to a practical demonstration  
of bandaging fractures. I want a volunteer first.  
~~How about you, Mr. Bumstead?~~ <sup>IS THERE A GENTLEMAN IN THE AUDIENCE?</sup>

DAGWOOD: ~~Heh!~~ I'll see you LATER BLONDIE.  
M<sup>c</sup>Butter: Oh yes -- MY BUMSTEAD  
BLONDIE: Go ahead, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: Go on, Pop -- I told you you'd make a good victim.

DAGWOOD: Er -- Mrs. McButter, I haven't had any previous  
experience as an accident case, so maybe it would  
be better if --

MCBUTTER: Oh, you'll do fine, Mr. Bumstead. Just come  
right up here.

DAGWOOD: But bandages aren't becoming <sup>To</sup> ~~on~~ me.

MCBUTTER: (SINGS IT) Come on now, Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Go on, Dagwood. It won't hurt you a bit.

DAGWOOD: Well, all right.

MCBUTTER: And ~~Mrs. Bumstead~~ <sup>BLONDIE</sup>, would you like to assist me in the demonstration?

BLONDIE: Why, of course -- I'd be glad to...Come on, Dagwood.

MCBUTTER: (COMING UP) Right here, Mr. Bumstead...Now if you'll just ~~lay~~ <sup>lie</sup> down on the floor, please.

DAGWOOD: Can't I stand up?

MCBUTTER: No, Mr. Bumstead -- you have a broken leg.

DAGWOOD: Which one?

MCBUTTER: Oh, say the right one.

DAGWOOD: ~~Let's~~ <sup>CAN WE</sup> make it the left. That one has a weak ankle, anyway.

MCBUTTER: Just lie down on the floor, please...Now if everyone will step a little closer, you'll be able to see just how this is done. *THIS WAS BLONDIE.*

BLONDIE: Now I suppose the first thing to do would be to cut off his pants leg.

DAGWOOD: Blondie! Don't! This suit ~~cost thirty-two-fifty,~~ <sup>ONLY HAS</sup> and ~~only one~~ pair of pants.

BLONDIE: I'm not going to do that now, Dagwood.

MCBUTTER: Here are the splints and bandages, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Thank you...Now I straighten his leg out first.

MCBUTTER: Being very gentle, of course.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Ouch! Ouch!

BLONDIE: Oh! What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Someone stepped on my ~~hand~~. <sup>FINGER</sup>

MCBUTTER: Not quite so close, girls...Now watch how ~~Mrs. Bumstead~~ <sup>BLONDIE</sup> puts the splints on.

BLONDIE: Mrs. McButter, I believe you told us that someone should pull firmly -- but not too hard -- on the victim's leg while the splints are being put on.

MCBUTTER: Yes -- that's so the bone will be in the right position...I'll do that for you...Can everyone see? That's good.

DAGWOOD: Hey, someone's pulling my leg. *Mrs M<sup>c</sup>Butter*

BLONDIE: It's part of the demonstration, Dagwood. Just lie still.

MCBUTTER: Oh, you're doing that perfectly, Mrs. Bumstead... Does everyone understand why I'm pulling Mr. Bumstead's leg?...No questions?

BLONDIE: Would you look for shock in a fracture case?

MCBUTTER: Oh, yes. To treat shock, lay the patient on his back, feet higher than his head, and loosen tight clothing. Keep the patient warm with blankets, hot water bottles, and so on. If he can swallow, give him hot strong coffee, hot milk or hot water.

DAGWOOD: I'd like some coffee now.

MCBUTTER: Or a half teaspoon of aromatic spirits of ammonia in water.

DAGWOOD: No, ~~thanks~~. *I DON'T THINK SO.*

MCBUTTER: Check all this over again in your Red Cross handbooks to be sure you know just what to do...Oh!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mrs. McButter -- give me back my shoe.

MCBUTTER: I guess I pulled a little too hard.

BLONDIE: There we are! How's that, Mrs. McButter?

MCBUTTER: That's fine, <sup>BLONDIE</sup> Now Mr. Bumstead -- just get up and walk around a little so everyone can see the splints on your leg.

DAGWOOD: <sup>WELL I DON'T THINK I CAN</sup>  
~~Okay, I can't~~ bend my knee at all.

MCBUTTER: That's the way it should be... Walk around now.

(DAGWOOD WALKING AROUND AS THOUGH HE HAD  
A PEG LEG... THEN HE FALLS)

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Oh-h-h-h!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- did you hurt yourself?

MCBUTTER: Are you all right, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: I'll see... Yep -- I guess I'm all right, but gosh, for a moment I was afraid I really had a broken leg.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, you couldn't have it in a better place than the Red Cross headquarters.

DAGWOOD: I guess that's right. And by the way, I'm going to join the Red Cross before we go home. Don't let me forget.

MCBUTTER: All right, now -- we'll continue the lecture.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I never thought you'd get the Christmas tree into the house, but you did it.

DAGWOOD: I told you I would... Ahem!

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood, I was wrong. But now just get it into the living room without breaking anything.

DAGWOOD: There's nothing to it, Blondie. I'll just pick it up, and take it in.

(RUSTLE OF BRANCHES...)

ALEXANDER: Be careful, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Here we go.

BLONDIE: Over in that corner, Dagwood. And look out when you swing the tree around.

DAGWOOD: What did you say, Blondie?

(CRASH...CRASH...CRASH...PAUSE...CRASH...)

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooh!

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh, Pop -- you've done it again.

~~DAGWOOD~~  
BLONDIE:

*I GUESS I HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT*

You just knocked a picture off the wall, two candlesticks off the mantel, and broke the vase *I'LL SKIP THE REST OF THE DAMAGE* that Aunt Silvie gave us.

DAGWOOD: *I DON'T THINK WE EVER* ~~I never~~ particularly liked that vase. *DID WE*

BLONDIE: Well, I'll admit it looks better broken, but we'll just have to glue it up again. It's been glued together so many times already, it looks like cloisens.

~~ALEXANDER: Say, Pop -- how are we going to make the Christmas tree stand up?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll make a stand for the tree. Gee, it's pretty tall, isn't it?~~

~~ALEXANDER: We'll have to cut some off, huh?~~

~~BLONDIE: It certainly looks like it to me.~~

ALEXANDER: Don't forget to leave room at the top for the star.

DAGWOOD: <sup>THINK I'LL GO</sup>  
I ~~went~~ <sup>Well,</sup> I'm going down in the cellar and  
<sup>BUILDING A</sup> start to work on the stand <sup>FOR THE TREE</sup> ~~now~~. I'm going to  
make it good and strong.

BLONDIE: <sup>BE CAREFUL GOING DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS - DEAR -</sup>  
~~All right, Dagwood. And after you get through,~~  
~~we'll have to look for the Christmas decorations~~

~~CRASH~~  
~~Up in the attic.~~  
BLONDIE: <sup>HAPPY LANDING DAGWOOD</sup>  
DAGWOOD: (FADING) ~~Okay, honey. I MADE IT OKAY HONEY - -~~

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mom...

MUSIC  
BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I've got a problem. What am I going to give  
Annabelle Cooper for Christmas?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- the cute little girl who lives on the  
corner.

ALEXANDER: Yeah -- she's my girl. I've got to give her  
something. And besides, she's been especially nice  
to me lately.

BLONDIE: Hmm -- she's learning fast... Well, what had you  
been thinking about?

ALEXANDER: I was thinking about a lipstick and compact.

BLONDIE: Alexander, just how old is Annabelle?

ALEXANDER: Six and a half.

BLONDIE: Don't you think that a lipstick and compact would  
be a little too old for her?

ALEXANDER: Well, she's very sophisticated for her age.

BLONDIE: Who said so?

ALEXANDER: She did.

BLONDIE: Oh...Alexander, are you sure you should get a present for Annabelle.

ALEXANDER: Alvin Fuddle is getting Annabelle a present.

BLONDIE: Did Alvin tell you that?

ALEXANDER: No, Annabelle told me.

BLONDIE: Oh, she did, eh? Well, you'd better give her a present, plus a lecture about being a gold digger.

ALEXANDER: I've already given her the lecture. She said I was being very masterful, and that I was the strong, silent type. But the way it ended, I guess I'll still have to give her a present. You can't win.

(COME UP ON DEAFENING HAMMERING FROM  
DOWNSTARS...)

BLONDIE: Well, I guess your father is fixing the stand for the Christmas tree.

ALEXANDER: What?

BLONDIE: I said, there'll be no use talking around this house for another half hour until your father is through hammering.

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: Okay, now, Blondie, all you have to do is hold the tree up while I slip this stand underneath it,

BLONDIE: Dagwood, the tree is pretty awkward to hold. Could you do that, and let me slip the stand underneath it?



DAGWOOD: I don't think so, <sup>BLONDIE</sup> honey. This requires a good deal of careful thought and a certain amount of skill.

BLONDIE: That's why I thought I'd be good at it.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?...No, Blondie, you just hold onto the tree.

BLONDIE: All right, dear -- but it sort of gets off balance.

DAGWOOD: Now, let's see...I'll just slip this under here.

(SCRAPING OF WOODEN BOARDS ON FLOOR...)

DAGWOOD: This is going to work swell, Blondie. It'll hold the tree up fine.

BLONDIE: Can I let it go now?

DAGWOOD: No, not yet. I've got to put the bottom end of the tree into the <sup>THING</sup> ~~stand~~ first.

(PHONE RINGS...)

BLONDIE: Oh, there's the phone. I'll get it. <sup>DEAR</sup>

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- don't! <sup>IF YOU DON'T HOLD THE TREE UP IT'LL</sup> ~~the tree~~ fall down...

I'll get the phone. <sup>YOU HOLD THE TREE UP.</sup>

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN...)

DAGWOOD: I'm coming -- I'm coming.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- don't take long on the phone.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DAGWOOD: Hello?...Oh, hello, Fred -- what's new?...A little game, eh? Up over your garage, hunh?... <sup>oh - No -</sup> ~~Well, not~~

*BLONDIE:* right now, Fred -- I'm busy with our Christmas tree <sup>DAGWOOD, ITS GETTING HEAVY DAGWOOD JUST A MINUTE -- I</sup> ...How's the game going?...I see -- you held a pair <sup>CAN'T HEAR</sup> of Kings with an Ace for a kicker and drew two cards <sup>MY GOODNESS</sup> ...~~then what?~~...You drew two more aces? Holy smoke -- a full house, hunh? <sup>YOU KNOW - - ONE TIME</sup>

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BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Dagwood, the tree is getting very wobbly.

DAGWOOD: Just a second, honey. (ON) What was Sam holding?

*BLONDIE:* *I'M HOLDING THE TREE --*  
...Oh, he just took one card. Probably drawing to a flush.

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood! The tree's falling!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Fred!

(HANGS UP...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- help! Look out!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie!

(CHRISTMAS TREE FALLS OVER...)

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood! Get this tree off of me!

DAGWOOD: I've got it, Blondie -- just a second now -- just hold everything!

BLONDIE: Hurry up -- these pine needles are sticking into me.

(LIFTING TREE UP...)

DAGWOOD: *DID* Can you get ~~out~~ *HURT* ~~all~~ right now, honey?

BLONDIE: I guess *NOT* so...Dagwood Bumstead, you ought to be ashamed. Talking about an old poker game over the phone while this tree was falling on top of me.

DAGWOOD: But honey, it was very interesting. Fred was holding a pair of Kings with an Ace Kicker and --

BLONDIE: I heard the details, and it didn't sound more important than what was happening to me.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'm sorry, honey. Really, I am...Er --  
*Now where were we---*  
now just hold the tree and I'll --

BLONDIE: No, sir -- you hold the tree and I'll fix the stand...Lift the tree up now...Lift it up, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie, but I'm sure you don't know how to --

BLONDIE: Never mind, dear...

(RATTLE OF WOOD ON FLOOR...SLIGHT THUMP...)

BLONDIE: There -- it's all done.

DAGWOOD: *BUT I'M SURE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW---*  
Hey, it is all done, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Of course. Oh, Dagwood, sometimes you can make the simplest thing seem practically impossible...Well, we'll still have to cut a lot off the top of the tree. Look how much of it bends over when it hits the ceiling. *well, ANYWAY*

~~DAGWOOD: That's okay, Blondie. We can take the top part we cut off and make an extra Christmas tree for Cookie.~~ *IT COVERS THE SPOT WHERE THE BATH TUB RAN OVER.*

BLONDIE: Oh, that'll be wonderful, Dagwood...but first, let's go upstairs and see if we can find the decorations.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: You see, Dagwood -- they aren't here where I put them at all. The decorations were supposed to be right here, and the Christmas tree lights were over here.

DAGWOOD: Can't find them, hunh?...Were the boxes marked?

BLONDIE: Yes. The box with the decorations was marked "Decorations," and the one with the lights was marked "Lights."

DAGWOOD: Oh -- I wonder who could have moved them?

BLONDIE: Well, who would you guess?

DAGWOOD: Er -- me.

BLONDIE: That's my guess, too.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- look at this over here. Some of Alexander's baby pictures. (LAUGHS) Doesn't he have a funny expression on his face? Just sitting there on that pillow, making faces at the camera.

BLONDIE: Let me see that picture a second.

DAGWOOD: Here you are.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: It's a funny one, isn't it?

BLONDIE: It certainly is. Look what it says on the other side of the picture. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: What's it say?

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead -- age, three months.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he certainly does look -- -- who?

BLONDIE: This is an old baby picture of you.

DAGWOOD: Oh...Gee, I was cute, wasn't I?

BLONDIE: Yes -- just sitting there making faces at the camera.

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah...Oh, I guess these are Alexander's baby pictures.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, Dagwood. (SIGHS) My, hasn't he grown up? Gee, Dagwood, here's a picture of Baby Dumping in his high chair.

DAGWOOD: He looks a little hungry, doesn't he?

BLONDIE: I guess he had to wait for dinner while we were taking pictures of him.

DAGWOOD: And here's one when he was just a tiny baby. Isn't that a wonderful smile?

BLONDIE: Yes -- he was a wonderful baby, all right.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF)

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- hey, Mom -- are you up in the attic?

BLONDIE: Yes, we're up here, Baby Dumping -- I mean, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Yep, he's certainly grown up.

(SOUND: WALKING UP WOODEN STEPS)

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Are you looking for the Christmas tree lights and decorations?

BLONDIE: Well, that's what we started out to do, but we can't seem to find them anywhere...

ALEXANDER: What are those two boxes Pop's sitting on?

DAGWOOD: What boxes?...Oh, these boxes. Why they're just... hey, these are the decorations and lights.

BLONDIE: No wonder I couldn't see them anywhere.

DAGWOOD: Imagine that!

BLONDIE: Well, come on, everyone. Let's go down and get started trimming our Christmas tree.

MUSIC:

*DAGWOOD: I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO -- WE CAN CUT THE TOP OF AND MAKE A LITTLE TREE FOR COOKIE*

BLONDIE: *THAT* Dagwood, we're going to need a lot more tinsel over here. The whole side of the tree is bare.

DAGWOOD: More tinsel, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: There isn't any more.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, are we all out of tinsel already?

BLONDIE: I guess so. Of course, it's an awfully big tree -- it's the biggest tree we've ever had.

ALEXANDER: I guess we'll have to get some more decorations, hunh?

BLONDIE: It certainly looks like it.

ALEXANDER: How're you coming with the Christmas Tree lights, Pop?

DAGWOOD: I'm not sure yet. You know how Christmas tree lights are You never can tell. Sometimes they go on, sometimes they don't, but they always do something you don't expect them to.

ALEXANDER: I think I'll look around for some more decorations.

BLONDIE: I don't believe you'll find any.

ALEXANDER: I'll look in this closet.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Hey -- look!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

ALEXANDER: Gee, the closet is just packed with packages and bundles and things.

BLONDIE: Alexander, wasn't that closet door locked?

ALEXANDER: No, Mom...Gosh, look at that long package. It looks like a pair of skis.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER)

ALEXANDER: It feels like a pair of skis, too!

DAGWOOD: Hey, now wait a minute, Alexander! *COME ON GET* Out of the closet.

ALEXANDER: But Pop --! *COME ON -- YOU TOO -- DAGWOOD*

DAGWOOD: The idea -- snooping around like that.

(SOUND: CLOSET DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I have a right to look in our closets, haven't I? I'm a member of the family. I live here, too, don't I?

DAGWOOD: Now just forget about those skis.

ALEXANDER: Gee, then they are skis! Oh, boy!

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, yes, Alexander. You see, I've been thinking I might like to do a little skiing this winter. It's very good exercise, they tell me. So I bought a pair of skis.

ALEXANDER: Oh...

BLONDIE: Yes, that's right, Alexander. Your father bought those skis.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I've always wanted some myself,

BLONDIE: Have you? *Alexander*

ALEXANDER: Sure! I've been hinting about it for a long time.

DAGWOOD: You have? Well, what do you know about that.

Hmmm -- come to think about it, I do remember you saying something about skis. But we wouldn't want two pairs of skis in the house, *now* would we?

ALEXANDER: I would.

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't think so, Alexander. Maybe if you're a good boy, your father will let you use his now and then.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

DAGWOOD: Well, let's see if the Christmas tree lights work.

BLONDIE: Oh, are they all ready?

DAGWOOD: I just finished hooking them up, but I can't promise anything. According to my calculations, all we have to do is turn on the light switch over here, and the lights will go on.

BLONDIE: That's wonderful, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Are you all ready?

ALEXANDER: Keep your fingers crossed, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Here goes!

(SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH)

BLONDIE: Hmmm--- no lights.

DAGWOOD: I might have known it.

(SOUND: CLICKING SWITCH BACK AND FORTH A  
COUPLE OF TIMES)

ALEXANDER: Gee, whiz.

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess maybe there's a loose wire somewhere. I've got a pretty complicated hookup here...I'll take a look.

BLONDIE: Gee, this happens every <sup>YEAR</sup> ~~Christmas~~ without fail.

ALEXANDER: I guess it's all part of Christmas, huh?

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander -- evergreen trees, red and green wreaths, mistletoe, stockings hanging by the fireplace, and Christmas tree lights that won't go on.



DAGWOOD: Hey -- I think I've found the loose wires. Just a minute now -- I'm putting them together.

(SOUND: OF SPARK GAP)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Help! I'm being shocked! Blooooooondie! Turn off the switch! <sup>CALL THE RED CROSS</sup> Help! Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens!

(SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I should have known this would happen.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you get right up and go down to Swabbers Drug Store <sup>DAGWOOD: I'M ALL RIGHT - DON'T WORRY!</sup> and get some new lights and more decorations. ~~And get some good ones otherwise, you'll be in a hospital with whatever happens to you when you get hold of a live wire, and this Christmas tree will never be lit!~~ <sup>BLONDIE: I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT YOU I WANT YOU TO</sup>

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, I guess we all have run into the Christmas tree light problem one time or another, and have had to do just what Dagwood's doing now. How do you suppose the new lights will work? Will they ever get that big tree of theirs ready for Christmas? Well, we'll see when we return to the Bumsteads in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN:  
(Cont'd) But right now, let's join Dagwood in the kitchen.  
Well, I think it's Dagwood -- but it's pretty  
hard to see through all that smoke. Blondie  
comes rushing in -- and says --

BLONDIE: Dagwood. (COUGHS) Are you all right, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) Sure, I'm all right, Blondie. Here I am,  
over by the stove. I don't see how you stand  
cooking, Blondie. Do you wear a gas mask?

BLONDIE: What on earth are you doing?

DAGWOOD: I was just trying to make some Christmas candy to  
surprise you. See, I had it all mixed up -- the  
chocolate, and the sugar, and the nuts, and  
everything -- and then it said to put it in a  
double boiler.

BLONDIE: Yes --

DAGWOOD: So I had to mix up some more and put it in the pan  
underneath -- and that's what's making all the  
smoke, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood. You've done it all wrong!

DAGWOOD: I put in just what it said.

BLONDIE: Yes -- but you should have put water in the bottom  
of the double-boiler. You see, Dagwood, it's not  
just what you put in your candy -- it's also how  
you do it.

GOODWIN:

Yes, Blondie, and the same thing's true about cigarettes, too. Everywhere you go, smokers know that Camels are made of costlier tobaccos -- but one of the big reasons for Camel's famous goodness is the know-how -- the matchless blending of those costlier tobaccos, to make a really superb cigarette. That's why Camels have extra flavor, and the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy it. And that's why Camels are cooler and slower-burning, giving you more smoking per cigarette per pack. Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

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. Buy a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight. You'll want to get a carton tomorrow.

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it's about an hour later. Dagwood has been arranging the new Christmas tree lights with a great deal of care while Blondie and Alexander have been putting the new decorations on their big Christmas tree...They're not quite through yet -- but just about...

ALEXANDER: Come on, Pop -- we've got the star up and everything.

BLONDIE: The tree looks just wonderful! If only the lights work!

DAGWOOD: I'm taking care of that now, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Do you really need all those wires under there? They seem to lead to every light socket in the room. Why there's even a wire that goes to the radio.

DAGWOOD: No, that's just for the light plug the radio's plugged into.

BLONDIE: But does it have to be so complicated?

ALEXANDER: Yeah -- it's taking an awful lot of time, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Well, this time I've got it fixed. Nothing can possibly go wrong. I'm not going to have any trouble this time, because I've made it fool-proof.

BLONDIE: I'd rather you made it Bumstead-proof.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?...Now look, Blondie, I'll explain it. No matter what happens to one set of wires here, there are four other wires that will keep the lights going on the Christmas tree.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see.

DAGWOOD: There!...I'm through now.

ALEXANDER: Shall I turn the lights on now, Pop?

BLONDIE: Wait, Alexander, I want to pick Cookie up and let her see this.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it's the biggest Christmas tree we've ever had, and we want her to remember it.

BLONDIE: Come on, dear. Your father has fixed up something pretty surprising for you.

COOKIE: (INDICATES INTEREST)

DAGWOOD: I think she sees the decorations on the tree. She probably would like to have them for toys.

COOKIE: (IT SOUNDS LIKE "UH-HUH" -- AT ANY RATE, AGREEMENT)

DAGWOOD: Gee, she said she would. Gosh, Blondie -- she answered me.

BLONDIE: Well, we're ready now, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: Turn the lights on, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Okay!

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- they didn't go on again.

ALEXANDER: Gee whiz, Pop -- what's wrong now?

DAGWOOD: I can't understand it. This is <sup>PRACTICALLY</sup> impossible.

MUSIC: (THE RADIO COMES ON PLAYING A MARCH)

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes! The radio went on all by itself!

DAGWOOD: How did that happen?

BLONDIE: Don't ask me -- you're the one who made the wiring fool-proof.

ALEXANDER: And Pop -- did you notice -- the reading lamp went on, too.

DAGWOOD: Hey, it did, at that...Well, now wait -- don't touch anything. I'll see what's wrong...First I'll turn out the reading lamp.

(PULL CHAIN TYPE OF SWITCH)

MUSIC: (RADIO CUTS OFF)

BLONDIE: What happened then? When you pulled the chain on the lamp, the radio went off. *WHAT WAS THAT?*

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is really *GETTING* complicated.

BLONDIE: It certainly is.

DAGWOOD: I guess I did the job too thoroughly. *PENNY: A little less*

*Alexander: HAWKEYE BUMSTEAD!* *PENNY: WHAT WAS THAT BABY?* *Dag: NEVER MIND*  
thought might have worked better. Now let's see -- a wire runs from the lamp over to the radio, and then the wire doubles back to the light socket, then over to the Christmas tree lights - and -- *WHERE WAS I?* -- ~~wait a minute, I've lost my place.~~

BLONDIE: Just a moment, Dagwood -- I have an idea.

ALEXANDER: I hope it works, Mom.

BLONDIE: Here, Dagwood -- hold Cookie a second.

DAGWOOD: Come here, sweetheart...Put your arms around your Daddy.

~~BLONDIE: Be careful you don't scratch her, Dagwood -- remember, you didn't shave this morning.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.~~

COOKIE: (GURGLES AND COOS AD LIB)

DAGWOOD: What's your idea, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, there's one thing we haven't tried yet. That's turning the radio switch on. *DAGWOOD: THAT'S SILLY - THAT WOULDN'T WORK* It went on from the light switch a moment ago. It's really our last hope.

ALEXANDER: It'll probably make the door bell ring.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll see. *I'LL TURN THE RADIO ON NOW.*

(CLICK OF RADIO SWITCH)

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- the *lights* went on! You were right!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- it's wonderful! It's the most wonderful Christmas tree we've ever had!

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! Gee, Pop!!! -- isn't it swell!

DAGWOOD: I'll say it is!...How do you like it, Cookie? What do you think of our Christmas tree?

BLONDIE: Look at her smile!

COOKIE: (LAUGHS AND COOS)

MUSIC: (RADIO COMES IN WITH APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS MUSIC)

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- the radio went on again, too. And such

*ALEX: nice music, too., Gee - MOM - You're MAGIC! BLONDIE: Oh it was nothing*  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, it's grand.

ALEXANDER: It won't be long now before Christmas.

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Well, Alexander -- what are you thinking about?

ALEXANDER: I'm just wondering if those skis in the closet will fit me.

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

"BLONDIE"  
12/22/41

GOODWIN: Well folks, at last the tree is decorated and the Bumsteads are all set for a wonderful Christmas celebration -- with the help of Dagwood's elaborate lighting system. Yes sir, Dagwood's intentions are always good although as you know, something is very apt to go wrong. And next week a bashful friend comes to him for help, so -- well you know Dagwood when he starts to fix things for someone. Be sure to be listening next Monday at the same time to see what Dagwood does as Blondie Faces the Music.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "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.

This is Bill Goodwin ~~speaking for the~~ <sup>WISHING YOU ALL THE BEST</sup>  
~~OF EVERYTHING.~~ <sup>for the</sup>  
makers of Camel cigarettes.



"BLONDIE"  
12/22/41

-29-

ER:

Looking for a present for a man who smokes a pipe?  
Get him a big pound tin of George Washington  
Smoking Tobacco -- it'll give him mild, mellow,  
tasty smoking, way into the New Year.

George Washington's all dressed up in a handsome  
Christmas package, too -- makes a beautiful gift,  
and you'll be pleasantly surprised when you find  
out how economical it is, too. George Washington's  
America's biggest value in pipe-smoking pleasure.  
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.



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