

The Honest Harold Peary Show

First day of school

Originally aired 1951

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

ANNOUNCER-

HAROLD PEARY-

MARVIN-

HAROLD'S MOTHER-

GLORIA –

PETE (a good old boy) –

MISS TURNER -

JERRY -

DOC-

PUPPY -

SFX:

Door

Doorbell

Car driving, arrive and brake

Children in halls

School bell

Footsteps on linoleum

Footsteps on concrete

Footsteps on roof

Buzzer

Click

Hitting

Branches breaking

Leaves rustling

ANNOUNCER: The Harold Peary Show.

HAROLD: (laughs)

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: And now...

(MUSIC: Trombone tone)

ANNOUNCER: .. Harold Peary... as Honest Harold, the Homemaker.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Well, Honest Harold, that popular radio entertainer of Melrose Springs, is playing a new role these days. He is acting as father to ten year old Marvin, a distant relative, who is come to live with him for a while. There's a lot of hustle and bustle around the house this morning, for this is the day Marvin makes his debut at Melrose Springs Grammar school. Yes, this is an exciting morning, especially for Honest Harold

HAROLD: Hurry up, now, Marvin, get your little coat on, you don't want to be late for school on your first day.

MARVIN: Aw, gee, Harold, it's only eight thirty. School doesn't start till nine.

HAROLD: That doesn't make any difference. Remember what Benjamin Franklin said.

MARVIN: What's that?

HAROLD: Well... eh... uh... anyway, lets; get going.

MARVIN: All right.

HAROLD: Let me have a look at you, Marvin. Eah, you certainly look handsome in your new Blue Serge suit.

MARVIN: Thanks. Harold?

HAROLD: Yeah?

MARVIN: It was awfully nice of you to buy me this suit, but ... well, don't you think I'm a little two dressed up for school?

HAROLD: What?

MARVIN: Well, all the other kids might think it's kind of funny. They'll all have on their school clothes.

HAROLD: Why, that's nonsense. Nothing wrong with looking like a little gentleman. I'll bet the kids'll be real impressed.

MARVIN: (dubious) Well...

HAROLD: Yes, sir. You'll show 'em all up in that outfit. Now, let's see. Silk handkerchief in your pocket, bow tie, black and white ventilated shoes.

MARVIN: Yeah.

HAROLD: Sure. I'll be real proud of you. Why I'll bet... oop. Almost forgot, Marvin. Here's a carnation for your buttonhole.

MARVIN: What!?

HAROLD: There. Now, you look real spiffy. Well, let's get the car out and I'll drive you down. Mother, have you got Marvin's lunch ready?

MOM: Just a minute, Harold.

(SFX: DOORBELL RINGS)

HAROLD: Now who's that? Come in.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

DOC: Hello, Harold. (pronounced "Haaarrrrld" with a country twang)

(SFX: DOOR CLOSES)

HAROLD: Hello, Doc. What are you doing here so early?

DOC: Hello, Marvin. How are you doing this morning?

MARVIN: Just fine, sir, thank you.

DOC: Hmm.

MOM: Oh, Marvin, you're lunch is ready.

MARVIN: Oh, excuse me.

DOC: (grunts) Boy's certainly dressed up, Harold. Where's he goin'?

HAROLD: He's going to school.

DOC: What!? With that carnation in his buttonhole? Heh. Must be goin' to a school for floorwalkers.

HAROLD: Very funny, you old horse doctor. It won't hurt him to dress up, Doc. There's nothing wrong with Marvin making an impression on his classmates.

DOC: He'll make an impression, all right. Harold, kids don't like to dress up when they go to school. I know when I was a boy, I didn't.

HAROLD: Doc, when you were a boy, they didn't *have* schools.

DOC: I'll just ignore that, Harold.

HAROLD: (Eah)

DOC: Yes, sir, when I was a lad, I was the Huckleberry Finn type. Heh. Went fishin' all the time. I went to school barefoot wearin' tattered overalls and an old straw hat.

HAROLD: I bet it had holes for your ears, too.

DOC: Now Haaaaaaarooooold... And I used to walk to school with the little girl next door. I carried her books and she carried my pail of worms.

HAROLD: Oh my goodness.

DOC: (singing) School days, school days

HAROLD: Ooooh. You ought to go *back* to school, Doc. You're in your second childhood. Come on, Marvin.

(MUSIC: "School Days")

(SFX: Car arrive and brake)

HAROLD: Ah. Pretty nice looking school, huh, Marvin?

MARVIN: Yeah.

HAROLD: Kinda small, but its real up to date. That's a Coke-Cola machine in the hall.

MARVIN: Well thanks for driving me down, Harold. Guess I'd better go in now.

HAROLD: Wait a minute, Marvin. I'm going in with you.

MARVIN: What?! You don't have to do that, Harold. You saw the Principal and enrolled me yesterday.

HAROLD: I know that, but I want to be sure you get started right, Marvin. I'll take you in to the teacher and introduce you to some of the children.

MARVIN: But I can do that myself, Harold.

HAROLD: Well, I'll be a lot better if I do it. I'm a prominent alumnus, you know.

(SFX: OPEN & CLOSE DOOR)

(SFX: CHILDREN IN THE HALLS)

HAROLD: Come on, Marvin.

MARVIN: All right.

HAROLD: Eh, I guess we're a little early. Kids are still outside playing. Well, there you are, your future friends, Marvin.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS & CLOSE)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

HAROLD: Ah, let's see, you're in the fifth grade. They said that'd be room seven. Huh. Here we are, right here. Well, let's go in and see if the teachers there.

MARVIN: But Harold, I...

HAROLD: Come on, now.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

HAROLD: Eeeh, (cheerily) Good morning.

MISS TURNER: Good morning.

HAROLD: Are you the fifth grade teacher?

MISS TURNER: Yes. I'm Miss Turner.

HAROLD: Ahh, how do you do, I'm Harold Hemp. This is little Marvin. He's going to be in your class.

MISS TURNER: Oh, yes, the Principal told me. Good morning, Marvin. We're very happy to have you with us.

MARVIN: Thank you, Ma'am.

HAROLD: Yep. Just thought it'd be better if I came down with him. First day in a new school, you know, ha ha ha ha.

MISS TURNER: Oh, well that was very nice of you.

HAROLD: Oh, glad to do it. Marvin looks pretty handsome in his blue serge suit, doesn't he?

MISS TURNER: (unsure) Why yes.

HAROLD: It was my idea. I wanted to make a big hit with his little classmates.

MISS TURNER: (not sure what to say) Well... Uh, how old are you Marvin?

MARVIN: Well, I...

HAROLD: (interrupting) He's ten.

MISS TURNER: (dryly) Thank you. (friendly) And Marvin, what school did you go to last?

MARVIN: Well, I...

HAROLD: (interrupting) Military Academy. Quite a little soldier, too. Show Miss Turner how you drill, Marvin.

MARVIN: Aw, gee, Harold.

HAROLD: Don't be bashful, now. Hut, two, three, four...

MISS TURNER: Mr. Hemp. Perhaps Marvin can show me some other time.

HAROLD: Ohhaaah.

MISS TURNER: It was very kind of you to bring him down here and I'm sure he'll get along fine.

HAROLD: Well, that's good. Oh, Miss Turner, one thing I forgot to have little Marvin do, bring an apple for the teacher. (giggles).

MISS TURNER: (uncomfortable) Uh, that's all right.

HAROLD: You know the old saying, "An apple a day, teacher'll give you an "A"." (giggles)

MARVIN: (hopeful) Uh, Harold, won't you be late for work?

HAROLD: Oh, no. My radio program doesn't start till ten.

MARVIN: (crushed) Oh.

MISS TURNER: (also down) Oh.

HAROLD: Hm? Oh. You know, being in this class takes me back to my school days. I used to sit in a desk just like this one. Wonder if I can still fit in them.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

HAROLD: Heh, heh, I think I'll try.

MISS TURNER: Oh... well... Mr. Hemp, It's rather small. Perhaps you'll...

HAROLD: (overlapping) Oh, just for fun, now. Just squeeze in. Oug. Eah. Knew I could do it. (sigh) Feels just like a school kid again. Ha, ha, ah. Teacher, may I stay after school and clap erasers. (giggles)

MISS TURNER: Mr. Hemp, the other children will be arriving in just a moment.

HAROLD: Oh. I'll get out. Oop. (struggling sounds) Ooh, my goodness, I'm stuck.

JERRY: Hi, Miss Turner.

MISS TURNER: Good Morning, Jerry.

JERRY: Miss Turner, can I...

HAROLD: (struggling)

JERRY: Who's that?

MISS TURNER: Why that's Mr. Hemp.

HAROLD: He he. I'm Mr. Hemp.

JERRY: Is he going to be in our class, too?

HAROLD: What?

JERRY: Gee, he looks funny trapped in that desk. (laughs)

MISS TURNER: Jerry, that's not nice.

HAROLD: (struggling) Eah, made it. Darn it. Scratched my Elks tooth.

MISS TURNER: Jerry, I want you to meet your new classmate, Marvin.

MARVIN: Hello, Jerry.

JERRY: Hi. Look at that outfit. (whistles)

HAROLD: He, he. Looks handsome, doesn't he?

JERRY: Sure does.

HAROLD: Well, I'll bet you and Marvin'll get to be real friends.

JERRY: Yeah, we sure will. (laughs)

HAROLD: (laughs along with Jerry.)

(SFX: BELL RINGS)

HAROLD: Well, time for class, I guess. Nice to have met you, Miss Turner.

MISS TURNER: Thank you.

HAROLD: Better be going, I know you'll get along fine, Marvin.

MARVIN: (anxious for him to leave) Yeah, goodbye, Harold. See you tonight.

HAROLD: You'll see me before that.

MARVIN: What?

HAROLD: After my program, I'm coming back to spend the whole afternoon with you.

MARVIN: You are? (groans)

(MUSIC)

(SFX: BUZZER)

(SFX: CLICK)

GLORIA: Station KHJP. Just a moment, I'll connect you.

HAROLD: Ah, good morning, Gloria.

GLORIA: Oh, hello, Harold. How's little Marvin this morning?

HAROLD: Oh, fine. I just took him to school. Wanted to get him, started right on his first day.

GLORIA: Oh, that's nice.

HAROLD: You know, Gloria. I kind of enjoy being a father. Really isn't very much to it. Just have to know how to handle children, that's all.

GLORIA: I guess so. Gee, I'll be glad when Raymond and I get married. (signs) And maybe he'll be a father.

HAROLD: Ahh?

GLORIA: (getting excited) And maybe someday I'll be a mother.

HAROLD: Well, it'd be nice if it happened at the same time.

GLORIA: Oh, Harold.

HAROLD: (giggles)

GLORIA: Well, Raymond and I can't get married for a while anyhow.

HAROLD: Eh?

GLORIA: We have to wait until he finishes paying for his saxophone.

HAROLD: Oh? Somebody holding a note on his saxophone? (giggles at his own joke)

GLORIA: What?

HAROLD: I said, "Is somebody..." ah, skip it, Gloria. Well, it's time to go in and do my broadcast.

GLORIA: (pondering) Holding a note on his saxophone. (getting it) Oh! (laughs)

HAROLD: Yee gods, she got it. Well, see you later, Gloria.

(MUSIC)

HAROLD: Well radio listeners, I hope you've enjoyed my Homemaker's program this morning. And girls, I'm sort of in a fatherly mood today, so I'd like to dedicate my last song to a little boy, who's just like a son to me.

(MUSIC CUE)

"Dirty hands, Dirty face, leaves the neighbors a chase. But his smile is as cute as can be.

Making noise, breaking toys, always fights with the boys. But his eyes are a vision to see.

And when my work is done, coming home to the setting sun.

From the gate he starts to run. Then I kiss my boy.

Dirty hands, dirty face. "Little devil" they say. But to me, ."

Well this is "Honest Harold," signing off. You can turn your vacuum cleaners on again, girls. He he he he. Bye-bye. See you tomorrow.

(SFX: MUSICIANS BREAKING UP AND LEAVING)

Thank you, musicians. See you, too.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

(SFX: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

HAROLD: (singing to himself) "Dirty hands, dirty face..." Eh, sure wonderful being a father, all right. There's no trouble at all. I don't see why everybody makes such a fuss about it. All it takes is a little understanding, common sense...

GLORIA: Oh, Harold?

HAROLD: Yes, Gloria?

GLORIA: Ooh, you just got a lot of phone calls.

HAROLD: Oh, I did? Guess my fans liked the song.

GLORIA: Oh, your fans didn't call, Harold, it was from the Melrose Springs Grammar School.

HAROLD: The school?

GLORIA: Ohh, they say Marvin got in a fight.

HAROLD: What?!

GLORIA: He gave a boy named Jerry a black eye and then ran away from school.

HAROLD: Eep.

GLORIA: And then Jerry's father called, and he's going to give you a black eye.

HAROLD: Zoink!

GLORIA: And then your mother called...

HAROLD: My mother? What happened to her?

GLORIA: She said that Marvin's staying up on your roof and won't come down.

HAROLD: Heh?! Up on the roof? (sigh) This is going to be one of my baaaad days.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: We will return for the second act of our story "Honest Harold" in just a moment. Through the years, Red Cross has helped the victims of disaster, brought comfort to servicemen in camps and hospitals, and to their families. Today, with the country rising to meet the challenge of aggression, the Red Cross has been asked by the government to undertake tremendous tasks. By giving generously to the Red Cross, you will help mobilize for the defense of your families, your community and the nation. Give as much as you can, today.

(MUSIC CUE)

ANNOUNCER: And now, back to Harold Peary, as "Honest Harold, the Homemaker"

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Well, Honest Harold is learning that playing father to a ten year old boy, has its problems. It was only a few hours ago that

Harold proudly took little Marvin to school, and already the boy has had a fight, run away from school...

HAROLD: Yeah, tell 'em the rest.

ANNOUNCER: ... and is now sitting up on the roof of Harold's house and refuses to come down.

HAROLD: Euh.

ANNOUNCER: We find Harold a little "up in the air" himself, just driving home to cope with the situation.

(SFX: FADES OUT)

(SFX: CAR DRIVING)

HAROLD: (sighs) Guess children aren't so easy to understand, after all. Wonder what got in to Marvin. He was perfectly all right when I took him to school this morning. Sitting on the roof. In his new Blue Serge suit, too. Well, there's the house.

(SFX: CAR PULLS UP AND BRAKES)

HAROLD: I don't see him.

(SFX: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(SFX: FOOSTEPS ON CONCRETE)

HAROLD: Oh, my goodness. There he is, leaning on the chimney. (calling) Ohhh, Marvin? Hm. (calling louder) Yoo-Hoo, Marvin! Aren't you gonna say hello to Harold?

MARVIN: (from up on the roof) Hello, Harold.

HAROLD: Had a nice day at school? (catching himself) I mean, what are you doing up there, Marvin?

MARVIN: (simply) Nuthin'.

HAROLD: Oh? Well, why don't you come down *here* and do nothing? Hehehehehehe.(pause) heh heh. (calling again) Marvin, you better come down now. You want to go to school this afternoon, don't you?

MARVIN: (calling back) I'm never going back to school!

HAROLD: Ooop. Now, Marvin. Just because you had the little fight with Jerry, you don't have to worry. Nobody's gonna punish you. Why I had a lot of fights when I when I went to school. Well, one. I lost it.

MARVIN: (calling) I won't go back to school!

HAROLD: Now, now, Marvin. Why not?

MARVIN: I won't go back to school!

HAROLD: (sighing) Heuh. Well, Marvin, how long do you intend to stay up there on that roof?

MARVIN: I'm gonna stay up here forever.

HAROLD: Forever? But Marvin, the roof's only guaranteed for ten years.

MARVIN: I won't go back to school.

HAROLD: (Moaning) Euh-huh. I'll try another tack. Marvin, if you want to stay up there, s'allright with me. I'm not gonna coax you to come on down. You can stay up there as long as you want to.

MARVIN: All right, I will!

HAROLD: NO YOU WON'T, YOU COME DOWN RIGHT NOW!

MARVIN: I won't go back to school.

HAROLD: Ohh, my goodness. All right, Marvin. If you won't come down, I'm gonna come right up there and get you. Eh, how'd you get up there?

MARVIN: I climbed up that elm tree.

HAROLD: Mm. Kind of a skinny tree. Slippery elm, too. I'd better go into the house and think this thing over. (calling) Don't go away, Marvin. Uh, I mean, well... see you later.

(MUSIC)

HAROLD: (sighs) What am I going to do, Mother? I can't get Marvin to come down off that roof.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: Poor little fellow. I wish there was something we could do, Harold.

HAROLD: Well, I tried to talk to him, Mother.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: That's a strange way for a little boy to act. There must be something troubling him.

HAROLD: I'm sure there is. But I can't figure out what it is. Just not going to worry about it any more. He can stay up there all night for all I care.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: I suppose he'll get pretty cold up there when the sun goes down.

HAROLD: Well...

HAROLD'S MOTHER: And he'll get awfully hungry without any dinner.

HAROLD: Yeah. Guess he will.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: And the paper says there'll be a heavy rain tonight.

HAROLD: Heavy rain? (sighs) Maybe I'd better go out and talk to him again.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: I know you would, Harold.

HAROLD: I'm not worried about him, you understand. I just don't want his new suit to shrink, that's all. What am I going to say to him? If I could just think of some way to lure him down.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: Well, when you were a little boy, Harold, you'd do almost anything for a dish of ice cream.

HAROLD: Weelll. Mother, I think you got something there.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: I have a little chocolate ice cream in the refrigerator right now.

HAROLD: Good.

HAROLD'S MOTHER: I was saving it for *your* dessert.

HAROLD: My dessert? Heh, Oh well, I can eat stewed prunes again.

(MUSIC)

HAROLD: (calling) Maaaarvin.

MARVIN: Yes, Harold?

HAROLD: Heh. Look what I got.

MARVIN: What's that?

HAROLD: Ice cream. Chocolate, too. Yum, yum. I said, Yum, yum.

MARVIN: (unaffected) I heard you.

HAROLD: Too bad you're not down here, you could have some.

MARVIN: I won't go back to school.

HAROLD: Oooh. Ice cream certainly looks delicious, doesn't it, Marvin?

MARVIN: Uh-huh.

HAROLD: Too bad you don't want any. Looks so good, I think I'll take a bite myself. (smacks lips) Mmmm-mmm. (to himself) Hey, it *is* good. I think I'll take another bite. (eating sounds) Mmm. Good. Guess I'd better save a little for Marvin, he he he. (calling) Eh, Marvin.

MARVIN: Yes, sir?

HAROLD: Maybe you can see the ice cream a little better if I hold it up over my head. Look. Doesn't the ice cream look... oop. Dripping on me. Running down my neck. Oooh, it's cold. (giggles)

PETE: Well, howdy, Harold.

HAROLD: Hello, Pete. (giggles)

PETE: What's so funny, boy?

HAROLD: Nothing Pete.

PETE: Did you get any of that ice cream in the *inside*?

HAROLD: (giggles) Inside my shirt. Ha ha. Brought this ice cream out here for Marvin.

PETE: Marvin? Where is he?

HAROLD: He's sitting up on the roof.

PETE: How's that, boy?

HAROLD: Will you stop asking silly questions and look up there?

PETE: Well, I declare. (calling) Hello, Marvin!

MARVIN: Hello, sir.

HAROLD: Been up there for almost an hour and he won't come down.

PETE: Well, maybe I can help you, Harold. Let me talk to him.

HAROLD: Marvin! Pete, the Marshall, wants to talk to you. He's a policeman, you know. You got to listen.

PETE: Hello, Marvin.

MARVIN: Hello.

PETE: You better come on down, now or... eh... Harold won't let you go to school this afternoon.

(SFX: HITTING)

HAROLD: No, Pete.

MARVIN: I won't go back to school.

PETE: Look, say, I got another idea.

HAROLD: Ohhh.

PETE: Harold, if the boy won't come down here, why don't you go up there and get him?

HAROLD: I though of that, Pete, but how do I get up there?

PETE: All you need is a long ladder. I'll go down and get the one at the jail.

HAROLD: Good.

PETE: Oh, shaw. Heh heh. I just remembered.

HAROLD: Heah?

PETE: The last time we had a prison break, the boys took the ladder with them.

HAROLD: Too bad they didn't take you.

PETE: Harold, I got it. We'll get the fire department down here.

HAROLD: Hey, that's a good idea.

PETE: I'll go in your house and call them up right now. Be back in a jiffy boys.

(SFX: PETE FADING OUT)

HAROLD: You hear that, Marvin? Gonna have to call the fire department. I hate to do it, but I can't let you stay up there all night.

DOC: Hello, Harold.

HAROLD: Oooh. Hello, Doc.

DOC: Your mother told me about the trouble you're having with Marvin, see. I know just the thing to get him down off that roof.

HAROLD: You do?

DOC: Yeeees, this little puppy, here.

(SFX: PUPPY WHIMPERING)

HAROLD: Well, a little puppy, eh? That might work, Doc.

DOC: Course, it'll work, Harold. Every boy loves a dog. A dog he's a friend to man. Always ready to lick your hand.

HAROLD: OK, Doc.

DOC: (continuing) A joy for every little boy...

HAROLD: Doc! Let's get this over with while Marvin's *still* a little boy.

DOC: Oh. All right. (calling) Maaaarviiiiin!

MARVIN: Yes, sir?

DOC: I brang you a little puppy!

MARVIN: You did?

(SFX: PUPPY BARKS)

MARVIN: Gee, he's cute.

HAROLD: Looks like this is gonna work, Doc.

DOC: (temptingly) Would you like to have him, Marvin?

MARVIN: I sure would.

DOC: Well, then, why don't you just come down here and get him?

MARVIN: (catching on) Oh.

HAROLD: Too smart, Doc. (calling) Marvin, why don't you come down to the edge of the roof where you can see him better?

MARVIN: All right.

(SFX: WALKING ON ROOF SOUNDS)

HAROLD: Careful. Isn't he a nice little puppy, Marvin?

MARVIN: Yeah. Gee, I wish I could see him closer.

DOC: Harold, he wants a closer look. Why don't you hold the puppy up over your head

HAROLD: Well, uh....

DOC: Oh. Well I got another idea, Harold.

HAROLD: Good. Good.

DOC: I'll climb on your shoulders, and then Marvin can get a real close look at the puppy.

HAROLD: Climb on my shoulders?

DOC: Mm-Hmm.

HAROLD: All right, Doc. Let's go, then.

DOC: OK, now you bend down, Harold

HAROLD: (grunting)

DOC: Steady now. Now while I get up on your shoulder.

HAROLD: (grunting)

DOC: Uuuup.

HAROLD: Watch it, Doc, you're stepping on my ear!

DOC: Oh, sorry. (climbing) Well, ally-ooop, Harold.

HAROLD: (to himself) Ally-Oop, what a cornball.

DOC: Come on, let's go!

HAROLD: Hang on to the trellis, Doc.

DOC: (struggling) All right.

HAROLD: OOP! I SAID THE TRELLIS!

DOC: OOOO!

HAROLD: Here we go!

DOC: Yeah, yeah, here we go.

HAROLD: (straining and lifting) There.

DOC: Hey, it's kind of nice up here, he he. (singing) I float through the air,
with the greatest of ease...

(PUPPY STARTS HOWLING)

HAROLD: Doc, will you cut that out and show Marvin the puppy?

DOC: All right. Here he is, Marvin. If you reach down, you can hold him.

MARVIN: All right. I've got him.

DOC: But Marvin, you can *have* him if you come down.

MARVIN: Why should I come down? I've got him right now! Ha ha ha!

DOC: Oooh.

HAROLD: What's going on? Is Marvin coming down?

DOC: No, Harold, the puppy's staying up.

HAROLD: Oop. Yee Gods.

MARVIN: Thanks a lot for the puppy! Ha ha ha!

HAROLD: Oop. Young man, you wait until the fire department gets here.

DOC: Whoop. Steady there, Harold, you're rockin' the boat.

HAROLD: (groans)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

PETE: Hey Harold, I got a hold of..... well, I declare. Acrobats.

HAROLD: What?

PETE: You two goin' into the circus? (laughs)

HAROLD: Quiet, Pete. Is the fire department coming?

PETE: Well, it can't for a while. They're playing baseball against the
mattress factory team. They got six more innings to go.

HAROLD: Oooohhh. What a fire department.

DOC: Say, Harold. Will you boost me up a little higher? Maybe I can see
the game from here.

HAROLD: OOOHHPFF! I hope the mattress factory skunks ‘em.

(MUSIC)

HAROLD: Ohhh, what a day this has been. I was so proud of Marvin when I took him to school this morning. Here it is, three O’clock. And he’s still perched up there on the roof. With Doc’s puppy, too.

(SFX: DOORBELL RINGS)

(resigned) Ah, who’s that.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

Maybe it’s the fire department with that ladder. Bout time they finished that ball game.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

MISS TURNER: Hello, Mr. Hemp.

HAROLD: (surprised) Hello, Miss Teacher... uh, Miss Turner.
(uncomfortably) ha ha ha. Come in.

MISS TURNER: Thank you.

(SFX: HEELS WALKING)

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

HAROLD: Uh, sorry Marvin didn’t come back to your class today.

MISS TURNER: Well...

HAROLD: I’m gonna have a little talk with him as soon as the Fire Department gets here. I mean...

MISS TURNER: (interrupting) Before you do, I’d like to have a little talk with *you* if I may.

HAROLD: With me? Oh, of course.

MISS TURNER: Mr. Hemp, I’ve seen parents who do too little for their children, and then I’ve seen parents who try to do too much.

HAROLD: Oh?

MISS TURNER: I know you meant well when you brought Marvin to school this morning. The way you had him dressed, your efforts to get him started.

HAROLD: (blushing) Well, thank you.

MISS TURNER: But I’m afraid that it gave the other children the impression that Marvin was a sissy. That he couldn’t stand on his own.

HAROLD: It did?

MISS TURNER: That's why he had that fight with Jerry. That's why he's ashamed to go back to school, now.

HAROLD: Oh, I see.

MISS TURNER: School is a... sort of... miniature world, Mr. Hemp. And self-respect is important there, too.

HAROLD: Oh, of course.

MISS TURNER: I had a little talk with Jerry and he understands now. In fact, he's waiting down at the school playground right now for Marvin. He wants to apologize.

HAROLD: He does?

MISS TURNER: Mm-hm.

HAROLD: Well, I think I'd better apologize to Marvin myself. Thanks a lot, Miss Turner for helping me understand. Scuze me, now. Gotta go out and climb an elm tree.

(MUSIC)

HAROLD: (grunt)

(MUSIC UP)

HAROLD: (grunt)

(MUSIC UP & DOWN)

(SFX: BODY FALL TO GROUND)

HAROLD: (laughs)

(MUSIC UP)

HAROLD: (grunt)

(MUSIC UP)

HAROLD: (grunt sigh)

(MUSIC UP)

HAROLD: (grunt)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON ROOF)

HAROLD: Marvin?

MARVIN: Harold! How'd you gut up here on the roof?

HAROLD: Ha ha ha, Elm tree was a little stronger than I thought.

(PUPPY BARKS)

HAROLD: Eh, hello, puppy. Cute. Uh, Marvin... just in case you decide to go to school tomorrow, I don't want you to wear that Blue Serge Suit.

MARVIN: (brightening up) You don't?

HAROLD: No. Think it's better dressed like the other guys. And don't you expect me to drive you down there either.

MARVIN: Really?

HAROLD: You'll just have to walk like the other fellas.

MARVIN: Really?

HAROLD: And Marvin...

MARVIN: Yes?

HAROLD: There's a friend of your waiting for you down at the playground right now. He wants to apologize for thinking you were... sissy. He knows it wasn't your fault. That is was all mine.

MARVIN: Aw, gee, Harold. You're a swell guy.

HAROLD: Eah. Better run along. Don't keep Jerry waiting.

MARVIN: OK. Let's go, puppy!

(PUPPY BARKS)

HAROLD: Heh heh. I'll climb down the tree after you.

MARVIN: All right.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS & LEAVES RUSTLING)

MARVIN: (calling) So long, Harold!

HAROLD: So long, Marvin.

(PUPPY BARKING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE)

HAROLD: Eh. Well, little Marvin's happy again. He does look kind of silly in that blue suit. Well, all I gotta do now is get down from this tree.

(SFX: RUSTLING AND GRUNTING)

Ooo-ooo-oooo. Pretty small branches. Have to be carefuuuulllll-oooo-oooo.

(SFX: BRANCHES BREAKING)

(SFX: LANDING)

Ugh. Good thing I made it back on the roof. (sighs) Now how am I gonna get down?

PETE: (calling) Hey, hey, I'm back, Harold.

HAROLD: Pete! Thank goodness.

PETE: Now I do declare, Harold. Now *you're* up on the roof. Don't *you* want to go to school neither? (laughs) Ain't I a doozie?

HAROLD: Pete, I'm stuck up here! Is the fire department coming with that ladder?

PETE: Eh, well, not for a while, boy. That mattress company just tied the score in the ninth inning.

HAROLD: Oop.

PETE: This game might go on all night.

HAROLD: What?!

PETE: Yep, well I got to get on back to the ball park. Don't go away, boy.

HAROLD: PETE! PETE! Mother! Ooh, well. Anyway, I can see the game from here. (calling) COME ON FIRE DEPARTMENT, LET'S WIN THIS GAME! (Giggle/ groan)

(MUSIC: "Take me out to the Ball game" and Theme)

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard "The Harold Peary Show: Honest Harold." The supporting players tonight included Jane Morgan, Paulie Baher, Butch Cavell, June Whitley, Sammy Ogg and featured Gloria Holiday as Gloria, and Joseph Kerns as Old Doc Yak-Yak.

HAROLD: Well.

ANNOUNCER: Norman MacDonald directed, and the music was composed and conducted by Jack Meekan.

HAROLD: Pretty, too, isn't it, Bob?

ANNOUNCER: It is. "Honest Harold" created by Harold Peary was written by Gene Stone and Jack Robinson.

HAROLD: Oh yea, a couple of old friends.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and Gentlemen, Judy Garland will be Bing Crosby's guest on CBS tonight. And later, on most of these same CBS stations, you'll hear the broadcast of the Middleweight Fight between Chuck Hunter and Roy Barnes at the Olympia in Detroit.

HAROLD: Ask 'em if they got a ladder, will you, Bob?

ANNOUNCER: (laughing a little) So, stay tuned now, for the Bing Crosby Show, which follows immediately on most of these same CBS stations. This is Bob Lamond speaking.

(MUSIC: Theme)

ANNOUNCER: This is CBS, where you thrill to "Suspense" on Thursday nights. Columbia Broadcasting System.

HAROLD: Zoink!