

As Broadcast
Poster

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT
7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette
-THAT'S FIRST in the Service.
~~of costlier tobaccos.~~

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 1442

"BLONDIE" -2-
10/26/42

WILCOX: Ask any Camel smoker why he smokes the brand he does and I think the chances are pretty good he'll say -- "Because I like the way they taste" -- or "Because they've got more flavor." Yes, it's this Camel character that has made Camels popular for so many years -- makes Camels today the service man's favorite, according to sales records at the stores where they buy. Camel's full, rich, extra flavor means that they'll hold up, pack after pack, won't get to tasting wishy-washy and flat. But don't take my word for it. Get a pack of Camels and give them the T-Zone test -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat, your own cigarette proving ground. Your taste will tell you about Camel's extra flavor and your throat is the best judge you'll find for mildness. Yes, Camels are slow-burning, cooler-smoking, richer-tasting, milder -- better -- because they're made of costlier tobaccos, blended in the years-old Camel tradition of quality tobacco blending. Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

51454 1443

ANNCR: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, it seems that Alexander hasn't been exactly a little angel in school. His teacher, Miss Frisbee, has kept him after class, and she's talking to him right now....

FRISBEE: Well, Alexander, why did you throw that wad of paper at me?

ALEXANDER: I didn't throw it at you, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: You didn't?

ALEXANDER: No, I threw it at George. I'm sorry my aim was so bad.

FRISBEE: What did you throw it at George for?

ALEXANDER: Because he threw it at me.

FRISBEE: I see...And did you throw something at him first?

ALEXANDER: Not this time.

FRISBEE: Nothing at all?

ALEXANDER: No, Miss Frisbee. I was just sitting in my seat, minding my own business, and making faces at him.

FRISBEE: Well....!

ALEXANDER: But he made faces at me first!

FRISBEE: That doesn't mean you should make faces back at him, and you shouldn't have thrown that paper wad back at him, either.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Miss Frisbee, do you still believe in appeasement?

FRISBEE: Well, I -- uh -- er --

ALEXANDER: You wouldn't want me to just sit there and take it, would you?

FRISBEE: Er -- well -- uh -- we won't discuss it any more.
I don't approve of your conduct, Alexander, so I'm
going to punish you. You'll have to write another
little paper for me as a special exercise. You can
call it, "A talk with my father and mother."

Alexander: I don't know your father and mother. Frisbee: I mean your father and mother.
ALEXANDER: Oh. Okay, how long?

FRISBEE: Two pages -- and this time, see you write on every
line and not every other line.

ALEXANDER: Yes, Miss Frisbee. "A talk with my father and mother."
^{Boy, what an evening.}
~~I'll talk to them after dinner.~~ 3:00

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Er -- say, Mom and Pop....

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'd like you to help me with one of my school
assignments.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Alexander.

BLONDIE: You're supposed to do your assignments by yourself.
Remember, Alexander, you're the one who's going to
school -- we've been to school.

DAGWOOD: Didn't I help you with your arithmetic last week? Blondie: Yes, and he got a D.
If we did all your homework, you might just as well
Dagwood: I'm sorry I brought it up. Alexander: Gee whiz.
stay home instead of going to school, for all the good
it would do you.

ALEXANDER: But gee whiz, Pop --

DAGWOOD: Don't argue with us now, Alexander. You do that work
yourself or I'll get out my ^{horse whip.} ~~cat of nine tails.~~

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) You will eh, Pop?

DAGWOOD: And I'll tell your mother not to give you a bite to eat for three days.

ALEXANDER: You can't order Mom around like that.

BLONDIE: I should say not. That's cruel and inhuman treatment.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm naturally cruel and inhuman. I like to be nasty to people...Now get started on your work, Alexander. OR I'll lock you in the cellar.

ALEXANDER: I've started already, Pop. Just go right on talking and I won't interrupt you.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you remember that hat I told you about -- the one that I saw in Ormandy's window?

DAGWOOD: What about it?

BLONDIE: Someone got there before me and took it away. I felt what ^{Dagwood: I wonder} ~~what~~ ^{for} ~~for~~ ^{A WASTE BASKET.} crushed. I've never been so unhappy.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Don't worry, Blondie -- any day now you'll find a sillier looking hat.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're mean!

DAGWOOD: Well, sometimes I think you're crazy -- those silly little hats with the feathers and jingle bells and tassels practically hypnotize you.

BLONDIE: I can't help it if I get a little wacky every once in a while. Dagwood, I like those hats...Besides, dear, I don't complain about those experiments you're always working on in the cellar.

DAGWOOD: That's different.

BLONDIE: You're practically a mad scientist, at times.

DAGWOOD: Well, some day I'll invent something spectacular. You'll see.

BLONDIE: Uh-hunh. ^{When the whole house blows up.}
~~How will we know when it happens?~~

DAGWOOD: That's easy. The whole house will blow up.

Alexander:
~~BLONDIE:~~ (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: What are you writing, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'm just working on my lesson, Pop. Go right ahead!

5:30

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: You wanted to see me after class again, Miss Frisbee?

FRISBEE: (IN A VOICE FULL OF SYMPATHY) Yes, Alexander. I want to talk to you.

ALEXANDER: I'm innocent, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: It's about this paper you wrote for me. I asked you to write on, "A talk with my father and mother," but you called it, "Listening to my father and mother."

ALEXANDER: That was because they wouldn't talk to me.

FRISBEE: (WITH PITY) They -- they wouldn't talk to you.

ALEXANDER: Nope. That's why I changed it.

FRISBEE: Wouldn't even speak to you?

ALEXANDER: So I just listened.

FRISBEE: And -- and these are some of the things your parents -- your father and mother said?

ALEXANDER: Yes.

FRISBEE: I can't believe that. Your mother said your father was a mad scientist.

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure. She said that because Pop had told her he thought she was crazy.

FRISBEE: Oh, dear -- I was hoping it wasn't true.

ALEXANDER: I just put down what they said. Then ^{mom} ~~Pop~~ said something about blowing the whole house up...That's in there, too.

FRISBEE: Yes, I saw, Alexander. I saw it.

ALEXANDER: Aren't you feeling well, Miss Frisbee? You have a very strange look on your face.

FRISBEE: Oh, no -- I'm all right. But doesn't it make you nervous? Living in a home like that?

ALEXANDER: I'm used to it.

FRISBEE: You poor boy!

ALEXANDER: Oh, I don't mind it, Miss Frisbee -- *much*.

FRISBEE: Alexander, did your father really say he'd take a ^{horse whip} ~~cat o' nine tails~~ to you?

ALEXANDER: Yes, but --

FRISBEE: It's inhuman! (TO HERSELF) ^{Horse whip -} ~~cat o' nine tails~~ -- mad scientist -- no food for three days...Oh, how horrible. Something has got to be done! *7:15*

Alexander: *Oh-oh.*

MUSIC:

HENDERSON: (THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL) Now, Miss Frisbee, I believe you had a problem you wanted to talk over with me.

FRISBEE: Yes, Mr. Henderson. I don't believe that a teacher should unnecessarily burden the principal with little problems that come up in class, but I have to talk to you about this.

HENDERSON: What is it? Children throwing paper wads, again?

FRISBEE: Oh, no -- far more serious.

HENDERSON: Life for me has been easier here with the disappearance of rubber bands and tinfoil. I haven't been hit once this year....But I digress. What is it?

FRISBEE: It's about Alexander Bumstead's home life. I wish you'd glance at this paper he wrote for me. It's called, "Listening to my father and mother."

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

HENDERSON: Very well, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: I know how vivid a child's imagination is, but this goes far beyond that.

HENDERSON: Great Heavens! Why, this could mark the child for life! ^{FRISBEE: Exactly.} Upset him emotionally! Turn him from a sweet lovable child, into a criminal maniac. ^{FRISBEE: Just like his FATHER.}

~~FRISBEE: And this must not happen in our school.~~

~~HENDERSON: Never --- Miss Frisbee --- Never!..~~ But we wouldn't want to make a mistake on a thing like this. Mrs. Bumstead is one of the leading members of the ^{women's club.} ~~P.T.A. --~~

FRISBEE: But of course, you never can tell...

HENDERSON: That's right. So I suggest you pay a friendly little visit to the Bumsteads and see for yourself how they treat this child. 8:40

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF)

BLONDIE: Alexander, is that you?

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Yep, it's me, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Well, what have you been doing this afternoon, Alexander? Playing a little football with your friends?

ALEXANDER: Nope, I've been talking to Miss Frisbee.

BLONDIE: Did she keep you after school again?

ALEXANDER: Yeah. I didn't do anything wrong, either.

DAGWOOD: No paper wads?

ALEXANDER: Nope.

BLONDIE: You weren't making faces in class?

ALEXANDER: Nope.

BLONDIE: ^{Dagwood!} Did you ever try soaking them in ink? Blondie! Dagwood!
Then why did she keep you after class?

ALEXANDER: I think she's lonely.

BLONDIE: That doesn't sound very reasonable to me.

ALEXANDER: I also think she's a little wacky.

BLONDIE: Alexander!

DAGWOOD: A fine thing to say about your teacher!

ALEXANDER: Well, she keeps telling me she's sorry I lead such a hard life.

DAGWOOD: You lead a hard life?! What's so tough about it?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I think we ought to drop in and talk to Miss Frisbee sometime. Maybe she's perfectly all right, but you never can tell....

ALEXANDER: She's going to drop in on us tonight, Mom.

BLONDIE: What?

ALEXANDER: She wanted me to tell you.

BLONDIE: I'm glad you did. When's she coming?

ALEXANDER: Right after dinner.

BLONDIE: Goodness -- and look at my house. Dagwood, get the vacuum sweeper out and run it over the rugs --

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

BLONDIE: And Alexander -- go upstairs and clean up your room right away. And Dagwood -- you dust the furniture, and pick up the toys Cookie left in the front yard, and sweep the leaves off the walk, and get the ashes cleaned out of the fireplace and --

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, how can I be in two places at the same time?

BLONDIE: You can try, can't you?...This house has to look nice when Miss Frisbee comes!

10.2.6

MUSIC:

(CELLAR DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (CALLS...SLIGHT ECHO) Dagwood -- are you down in the cellar?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm down here, Blondie. Alexander and I were just straightening up things.

BLONDIE: Come right up. Miss Frisbee will be here any moment. Come on now -- both of you.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

(FEET ON STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Guess what we found in the basement, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Cobwebs?

ALEXANDER: No -- firecrackers.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie. They were some that I hid from you last Fourth of July. Then I forgot where I hid them.

BLONDIE: What did you do with them?

ALEXANDER: We just left them on the bench.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm. That's funny.

BLONDIE: What, dear?

DAGWOOD: I was carrying something in my hand a minute ago
and I can't remember what it was or where I left it.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh. That's Miss Frisbee.

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood. We mustn't keep her waiting.

ALEXANDER: Be nice to Miss Frisbee now.

DAGWOOD: We will.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh -- how do you do? You're Miss Frisbee, aren't you?
Won't you come in?

ALEXANDER: Hello, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: Thank you...Hello, Alexander.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Miss Frisbee, this is my mother.

DAGWOOD: How do you do, Miss Fris --- oh, no. Excuse me. This is my

BLONDIE: (NERVOUS LAUGH) This is Mr. Bumstead. *mother -- er, my wife.*

DAGWOOD: Hello.

BLONDIE: Won't you sit down?

FRISBEE: Thank you...I just dropped in for a moment. You know,
I think it's a very good thing for a teacher to know
the parents of her pupils.

DAGWOOD: Yes, and it's a good thing for the parents to know
the teacher.

FRISBEE: A child's home life is very important. If he's living under a constant strain -- if his father and mother quarrel continually -- and if they seem to do strange things that the poor little youngster's mind can't understand -- well, of course it reflects in his schoolwork.

BLONDIE: Of course, we don't have any problems here, do we, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: No, Mom -- we don't.

FRISBEE: Well, I -- I hope you're right...Oh, Mr. Bumstead, I don't believe I know what you do? MR. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: ^{Yes, Mr. Frisbee.} Hahn? Oh, excuse me -- I was thinking about something else. I was carrying something --

BLONDIE: Mr. Bumstead works for the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.

FRISBEE: Really? I had an idea he was some kind of a scientist.

BLONDIE: Scientist? ^{Dagwood!} Oh, you must be thinking of Mr. ^{my} Bumstead's inventions. ^{I invented -- Blondie!} He's crazy about inventing things.

FRISBEE: Crazy about inventing things...I see.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah, I have my mad moments.

FRISBEE: So I've heard...I mean, indeed?

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- I know what you left ~~downstairs~~. ^(It was that lighted candle. ~~It is~~ down on the bench in the cellar! Dagwood: What?)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Holy smoke! out of my way, Frisbee!

FRISBEE: Oh, good heavens -- you startled me!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what's wrong?

DAGWOOD: (FRANTICALLY) Blondie, I've got to go down to the cellar! Excuse me!

BLONDIE: Now ~~wait a minute -- calm down, Dagwood. You stay here!~~

FRISBEE: Oh, dear! Is he throwing one of his fits?

(FIRECRACKER GOES OFF IN CELLAR)

DAGWOOD: I knew it! It's too late! It's too late!

(MORE FIRECRACKERS GO OFF)

FRISBEE: Alexander -- come with me quick!

ALEXANDER: No, I've got to stay!

FRISBEE: Then I'm going to save myself before the whole house
blows up! Goodbye!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Miss Frisbee...!

(DOOR SLAMS)

(THE FIRECRACKERS HAVE STOPPED BY NOW)

DAGWOOD: Well, that's where I left the candle -- right next to
those firecrackers.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Miss Frisbee tore out of here in a hurry.

BLONDIE: I should say so!...Dagwood -- I don't like to say this,
but I'm afraid that Miss Frisbee is -- well, not very
stable. I'm not at all sure she's a good person to
be teaching Alexander!

DAGWOOD: I'll say she isn't! She's crazy!

(FIRE CRACKERS)

MUSIC:

Here we go again.

(MUSIC)

WILCOX: (CHUCKLES) That may be your opinion of Miss Frisbee, Dagwood, but what do you suppose her opinion of you is? And what do you suppose she thinks about Alexander's home life? And what will she do about it? Well, we'll find out in a moment.

Say, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox?

WILCOX: Let's suppose you're a Cold Jug and you've just hooked your static line and are taking a Geronimo with the umbrella --

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- am I?

WILCOX: Yes, and once you've blossomed you figure you've got to draw down the gores with the shroud lines and side-slip. Where are you headed?

DAGWOOD: I don't even know where I've been!

WILCOX: In paratrooper lingo, you've just made a jump -- and I can tell you that learning this parachute double talk is the simplest of all the many things an umbrella soldier's called on to do. And whether you're bouncing out of the back door of a commando plane, or whether your job's to make the 'chutes, you want to get the most out of your off-duty moments. Now Helen Lynch, for instance, works at the Pioneer Parachute Company, making some of the 'chutes used by our paratroopers. And when her shift is over, Miss Lynch likes to light up a Camel. She's said, QUOTE --

LYNCH VOICE: Package after package, Camels never tire my taste or wear out their welcome. They have such a rich, full flavor, and they're so easy on my throat.

WILCOX: UNQUOTE -- Yes, and in all the services, it's Camel! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Try Camels yourself for steady pleasure. You'll find that the rich, full Camel flavor holds up, pack after pack, won't go wishy-washy and flat. Camels are mild and cooler-smoking, too, because they're slow-burning. The reason is costlier tobaccos, blended expertly and matchlessly, as Camel has learned how to blend after long years of experience. Let your throat and your taste decide! Get a pack of Camels tonight! And remember! The Army Post Office says to mail overseas Christmas presents during October. Send that fellow his Christmas carton of Camels -- tomorrow!

16:25

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it's the next morning, and Miss Frisbee is reporting to the school principal, Mr. Henderson...

FRISBEE: And then Mr. Bumstead started screaming, "It's too late -- it's too late!" and it couldn't have been much later than eight thirty...Oh, Mr. Henderson -- it was awful.

HENDERSON: Now calm yourself, Miss Frisbee. You're upset.

FRISBEE: I know.

HENDERSON: Tell me -- did he froth at the mouth?

FRISBEE: I think he did, but I'm not sure. Then the explosions started. Mr. Bumstead was jumping around the room like a maniac.

HENDERSON: That's bad.

FRISBEE: I didn't waste any time, Mr. Henderson. I scra -- I got right out.

HENDERSON: I'll have to look into this, myself.

FRISBEE: I do wish you would.

HENDERSON: Oh -- how did little Alexander take all this? I presume the child was terrified.

FRISBEE: No, that's what frightened me so much. He actually seemed to enjoy it.

HENDERSON: Poor boy. By now he probably doesn't even understand what a happy, peaceful home life would be like. Yes, I must do something for that poor unfortunate child. Yes -- it's my duty to the community.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie. I'm home from the office!

BLONDIE: (IS CRYING IN THE NEXT ROOM)

DAGWOOD: Gee, that sounds like Blondie crying. (CALLS) Where are you, honey?

BLONDIE: (OFF) I'm in here.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- what's the matter?

BLONDIE: Oh, I've had a horrible day.

DAGWOOD: Has Cookie been pulling the lamps off the tables again?

BLONDIE: (THROUGH TEARS) No, it isn't that.

DAGWOOD: Then what is it?

BLONDIE: They're gossiping about me at the Women's Club.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke.

BLONDIE: They were all whispering in the room, and when I walked in, they stopped.

DAGWOOD: What were they saying about you?

BLONDIE: That's the awful part of it -- I don't know! (FRESH TEARS)

DAGWOOD: Would you like my handkerchief, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Thank you, dear. I've used up both of mine. (SNIFFLES) You know, Mrs. Henderson, the wife of the school principal?

DAGWOOD: Is she the old gal who looks like a wrestler?

BLONDIE: Yes. She snubbed me!

DAGWOOD: Snubbed you!

BLONDIE: Yes. I said, "Hello, Sylvia," to her and she said -- she said --

DAGWOOD: She said -- ?

BLONDIE: She said, "How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead." (MORE TEARS)

DAGWOOD: ^{But you are Mrs. Bumstead. Blondie: ch. Dagwood.}
Come to think of it, the fellows on the bus this
^ morning were giving me some very fishy looks.

BLONDIE: They were?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. But I thought they were just estimating my
chances with the draft.

BLONDIE: I wish I knew what was going on.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) I'm home!

DAGWOOD: We're in here, Alexander.

BLONDIE: (LOW) Do I look awful, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LOW) No, Blondie -- you look all right.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Well, I've been talking with Miss Frisbee.

DAGWOOD: That crazy woman again?

BLONDIE: What did she have to say this time?

ALEXANDER: Well, ~~now, instead of treating me to banana splits and~~
~~fudge sundaes~~, she's started giving me vitamin pills.

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes!

DAGWOOD: She's a menace to the entire school system! You'd
think we didn't feed you!

ALEXANDER: That's what she thinks, too.

BLONDIE: The idea -- vitamin pills!

ALEXANDER: But that's not all, Mom. Then she got very mysterious...

DAGWOOD: There's something wrong with that woman.

ALEXANDER: And she told me that if everything worked out all right,
she'd like to adopt me.

BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD: What?!

ALEXANDER: I don't want to be adopted.

BLONDIE: And you're not going to be!

ALEXANDER: Miss Frisbee thinks I am. As soon as they take me away from you.

DAGWOOD: I'd like to see anyone try!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we've got to do something about Alexander's teacher. It's our duty to our community!

MUSIC:

(RATTLING OF POTS AND PANS... SPLASHING OF WATER)

BLONDIE: Be sure the dishes are good and dry before you put them away, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I'm being very careful to see that -- whoops!

(CRASH OF DISH)

BLONDIE: If you must drop dishes, I wish you'd drop them in the ^{waste} basket.

DAGWOOD: I couldn't help it. The dish towels are slippery tonight.

BLONDIE: Uh-huh... And after we pick up the pieces in here, we've got some picking up to do in the living room. Cookie's been busy.

DAGWOOD: Both those pottery ash trays?

BLONDIE: Yes, and she also got hold of the curtains and yanked hard enough to pull the curtain holders out of the plaster. Three of the curtains are just dangling from one side. It looks pretty.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah... it's quite a shambles in there.~~

(CRASH FROM LIVING ROOM)

~~BLONDIE: Sounds like it's getting to be more of a shambles,~~

DAGWOOD: Isn't Alexander supposed to be watching her?

BLONDIE: Yes, but apparently he's just watching...We better take them both upstairs. I'll give Alexander this baseball bat he left out here and have him put it away.

ALEXANDER: (OFF...INSIDE LIVING ROOM) Look out, Cookie. Look out!

(ANOTHER CRASH FROM LIVING ROOM)

ALEXANDER: (STARTS TO CRY)

BLONDIE: Oh, what can it be now! Come on, dear.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: (COME UP CRYING)

COOKIE: (CRYING, TOO)

DAGWOOD: What goes on here?

BLONDIE: Oh, that new bridge lamp of mine!

ALEXANDER: (CRYING) She hit me!

BLONDIE: Look at this room! It's a sight!..Why didn't you stop her, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: She wouldn't pay any attention to me!

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: Now who could that be?!

DAGWOOD: I'll get it.

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, stop your crying. You're not hurt. And you, too, Cookie. Look what you've done to this room. How in the world did you get it into such a mess?...(FADING)

(DOOR OPENS ON)

HENDERSON: How do you do? Are you Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but I'm very busy now. Goodbye.

HENDERSON: I'm Mr. Henderson --

DAGWOOD: I'm still busy.
HENDERSON: -- The principal of your son's school.
DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, come right in, Mr. Henderson.
HENDERSON: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER AND COOKIE: (ARE CRYING AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: We've been having a little trouble.

HENDERSON: Mr. Bumstead, I wanted to talk to you about --
Great Scott! What's happened in here?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's nothing unusual.

HENDERSON: Nothing unusual? There's been a fight in here! A brawl!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie...Blondie, this is Mr. Henderson, ^{Blondie: what?} the principal of Alexander's school...And this is our daughter, Cookie.

HENDERSON: How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...How do you do. We've just been -- *Dagwood: Quiet.*

HENDERSON: Hello, Alexander -- what's wrong? What happened to you?

ALEXANDER: She hit me!

HENDERSON: What? She hit you?

ALEXANDER: Yes -- she hit me.

HENDERSON: With that baseball bat?! (PAUSE) Mrs. Bumstead,
how could you do such a thing? How could you, a mother,
beat your child with a baseball bat?

BLONDIE: But -- but I didn't beat him with this.

HENDERSON: Then what did you beat him with? That bridge lamp?

BLONDIE: Now see here, Mr. Henderson, you can't come walking into my house and talk to me like that! I don't care whether you're the principal of the school, the superintendent, or the whole Board of Education, I won't stand for it!

DAGWOOD: Neither will I! You've got a lot of nerve, insinuating that my wife beats Alexander with that ball bat!

HENDERSON: I heard the child say so with my own ears!

ALEXANDER: No, I didn't!

HENDERSON: Now he's afraid to admit it!..I don't believe this child is living in the right atmosphere and I --

BLONDIE: That's enough, Mr. Henderson! I won't listen to any more! You can get right out of my house!

DAGWOOD: Come on, Henderson -- we'll settle this out in the ~~street~~^{Alley.} No one can talk to my wife that way! Come on -- get out!

HENDERSON: I'll be glad to! I've seen enough of the conditions in this house!

DAGWOOD: We've seen enough of you! Get outside and put up your dukes!

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood -- don't!

DAGWOOD: Let go of me! Blondie! I'll tear him to shreds! I'm going to knock him back into kindergarten! Let go of me!

BLONDIE: No, I won't!...~~Goodbye~~^{Run}, Mr. Henderson!

HENDERSON: Goodbye!

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

ALEXANDER: Wow!

BLONDIE: We'll!! We are going to have a long talk with the superintendent of schools tomorrow!

94108

MUSIC:

HENDERSON: (FADING IN) And she stood there denying it, with the baseball bat in her hands. This is a matter for you, as superintendent of schools, to handle.

FRISBEE: Mr. Henderson is right, Mr. Pringle. I have the paper that little Alexander wrote right with me, and --

(PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE)

PRINGLE: Yes?...Send them right in, Miss Gray.

(HANGS UP)

PRINGLE: The Bumsteads are coming right in.

HENDERSON: They dare to come here?

(DOOR OPENS)

PRINGLE: Apparently...Come in, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead -- and I presume this is Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Pringle...Hello, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: You poor child.

BLONDIE: Mr. Pringle, we'd like to talk to you in private.

DAGWOOD: We certainly would, and don't try to stare me down, Mr. Henderson!

PRINGLE: Ah -- I thought if we all got together, we might be able to straighten this out.

BLONDIE: The first thing that needs straightening out is Mr. Henderson.

HENDERSON: Mrs. Bumstead, I --

BLONDIE: You had no business dropping in the way you did without even calling up first...Mr. Pringle, my little daughter had just pulled a bridge lamp over and hit Alexander with it, and Mr. Henderson stalked in like an avenging angel and accused me of hitting Alexander with a baseball bat.

PRINGLE: Well, Mr. Henderson?

HENDERSON: (COUGHS) Er -- uh -- well -- uh -- it looked to me
as though --

PRINGLE: No opinions, Mr. Henderson. Facts, if you please.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- facts, if you please.

HENDERSON: I was only investigating on Miss Frisbee's suggestion.

PRINGLE: Miss Frisbee?

FRISBEE: I made the suggestion on the basis of what I read
in this paper that Alexander wrote for me.

ALEXANDER: I knew this would end up with me.

BLONDIE: May we see the paper?

FRISBEE: I don't know whether we should let them, Mr. Pringle.
It's quite an indictment of the child's home life.

PRINGLE: Oh, I think it will be all right.

FRISBEE: Very well.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

ALEXANDER: That looks like the paper I wrote that evening when
you said I'd have to do my lessons myself.

BLONDIE: We'll both read this. Can you see, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: (READS) "Listening to my father and mother. 'Do that
work yourself or I'll get out my ^{horse whip.} ~~cat-o-nine tails,~~
my father said."

DAGWOOD: What?

BLONDIE: Alexander!

DAGWOOD: I was joking!

ALEXANDER: Sure, Pop.

BLONDIE: Oh... "nothing to eat for three days!"....
Alexander Bumstead!

ALEXANDER: That's what Pop said. I didn't say it really happened.

DAGWOOD: Look, Blondie -- look. He's got you saying you'd never been so unhappy.

BLONDIE: I didn't say any such thing!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I think you were talking about a hat that got away from you.

BLONDIE: Oh....Well, maybe.

DAGWOOD: And he's got me saying I thought you were crazy!

BLONDIE: And he's got me saying you were a mad scientist!...
And -- oh -- oh -- the things in here! We may have said them, but we certainly didn't mean them.

DAGWOOD: We've been framed by our own son!

HENDERSON: You see?

FRISBY: Naturally we were concerned about the poor child's home life.

BLONDIE: Alexander, this is the most -- where is Alexander?

(DOOR CLOSES SOFTLY OFF)

PRINGLE: I think he just tiptoed out.

BLONDIE: Alexander!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Alexander!

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead!

Dagwood: I wonder where I could get a nice little horse whip.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: That sounds like Alexander.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Is that you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Yep --- I'm home.

DAGWOOD: Aren't you a little late?

ALEXANDER: Yes, Pop. I had to stay after school.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. Miss Frisbee?

ALEXANDER: Yes, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh....

ALEXANDER: But this time it was for throwing paper wads. I tried 'em with
ink this time. It's terrific.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) That's good. I guess everything's back to
normal again.

ALEXANDER: And I've got to write another paper.

DAGWOOD: About what?

ALEXANDER: Miss Frisbee said she didn't care what it was about,
as long as it had nothing to do with my father and
mother!

29145

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, lots of problems face Dagwood next week when he tries to fix the Bumstead's home up for the winter. There are plenty of laughs in store for you. So don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when "Blondie Supervises Repairs." 08.00.

Blondie, have you noticed that more women are smoking Camels these days?

BLONDIE: Yes, I have, Mr. Wilcox, and I think it's because women want a cigarette with more flavor, one that won't go to tasting flat after the first few puffs. And Camels are so wonderfully mild, too!

WILCOX: You're right, Blondie! Go on folks! Get a pack of Camels tonight! 08.50

Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake. Blondie is being played by Florence Lake during Penny Singleton's absence. Miss Singleton will be back with us soon.

Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie," America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow Blondie meets up with a new kind of door to door salesman. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. Remember, Camel brings you three great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's "Blondie," Thursday night Abbott and Costello; and Friday night the Camel Caravan with Lanny Ross, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat and "Our Town." Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and station. 08.55

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

MUSIC: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

29:00

WILCOX: And now for the latest news about the Camel Caravans -- those great traveling shows that are entertaining the men in camps.

Fourteen camps will see performances of the Camel Caravans during the coming week, including Camp Stewart, Georgia; Camp San Luis Obispo, California; and Stoney Field, Charleston, South Carolina.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time.

This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

29:40

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

SHIELDS:

Say, Mister Pipe-Smoker, just look at the blue government stamp on the top of your present brand of smoking tobacco and see how many ounces you're getting! Compare it with the big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington, and remember that George Washington costs only one dime. It's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

29/50