

"BLONDIE"
Produced by
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
For Camel Cigarettes
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston Salem, N.C.

AS BROADCAST

✓
MASTER-NEW YORK

checked LMF
6/19

"BLONDIE'S SON GRAMS FOR AN EXAM"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1944

BROADCAST 4:30 - 5:00 PM. PWT
REPEAT: 7:30 - 8:00 PM. PWT

Written by John L. Greens

Directed by: Don Bernard

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

CAST

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA.....ELVIA ALLMAN
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK
ALVIN.....DIX DAVIS
FRISBEE.....ANNE O'NEAL
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT
YANK... (SALUTE).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
DOOR BELL
CLOCK STRIKES
DESK DRAWER

001-1-6-18

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1944

4:30 - 5:00 PM PWT
7:30 - 8:00 PM PWT

NILES: Ah...ah....ah...Don't touch that dial...Listen to "Blondie"...brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service. See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself:

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS....C A M E L S)

NILES: Talk about radar, or television, or jet propulsion planes and all the other modern inventions...well, Old Mother Nature was something of a brilliant inventor herself. Some of the mechanisms she has contrived are mighty wonderful. Like the human ~~eye~~ throat, for example. A wonderful, intricate instrument that certainly rates care and attention. Like getting the cigarette that best agrees with it, for instance. That's why we so urgently say...Try Camels on your throat. Let your throat see how Camels' mildness and coolness and kindness agree with it. For your throat - and your taste - are certainly the best proving ground for cigarettes. So let your taste, too, try Camels. See how your taste enjoys the rich, full, mello flavor of Camel's can't-be-copied blend of cosliter tobaccos. In war, as in peace, Camel is still Camel. ~~So try Camel~~ today!

CHORUS: (CAMELS)

So try Camel... today!

MUSIC: (OPENING THEME)

NILES: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

NILES: Well, apparently those balmy spring breezes have had a bad effect on Alexander Bumstead's school work. At any rate, the pride and joy of the Bumstead family has been kept after school by his teacher, Miss Henrietta Frisbee. Let's see what's happening, shall we?

ALEXANDER: Miss Frisbee.....

FRISBEE: (COOLLY) Yes, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I've been sitting here in my seat a long time. Have you forgotten about me?

FRISBEE: I wish I could.

ALEXANDER: Okay, I was just checking. Go ahead with whatever you were doing. Carry on!

FRISBEE: Well, I've finished now.

ALEXANDER: Now are we going to discuss my problem?

FRISBEE: ~~No~~, Alexander. ^{As you Miss Frisbee} I am going to ~~give~~ ^{give} you a little news that ~~may seem just like a kick in the teeth.~~ ^{be quite a shock to you.}

ALEXANDER: ^{oh} I don't think I'm going to like this. I presume it's about my schoolwork.

FRISBEE: Indeed it is, indeed it is. I've been examining your grades for the last month. ^{Now} Formerly your work was excellent. ^{But} Now ^{that now} I regret to say ~~it is from hunger.~~ ^{Sameful.}

ALEXANDER: ^{John} Gee, Miss Frisbee, I can't tell you how much this
embarrasses me.

FRISBEE: ~~Alexander, I can do without that corny apology.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Yes, Ma'am.~~

FRISBEE: ~~Now then, I have this news for you that I think will leave~~
~~you slightly punchy and hanging on the ropes..~~ ^{Well} Unless
you make some excellent grades in the final exams, you
will have to make up some subjects by going to school
during your summer vacation.

ALEXANDER: (FRANTIC) Oh, no! No, no! No, no, Miss Frisbee--not that

FRISBEE: Well, that came as sort of a bombshell, didn't it?

ALEXANDER: (WORRIED) ^{Will} Yeah--gosh, you wouldn't make me go to school
during my summer vacation, would you, Miss Frisbee?

FRISBEE: I shouldn't be a bit surprised.

ALEXANDER: But Miss Frisbee, that's inhuman, that unfair, ^{why} you could
be arrested by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Children...I wouldn't want to see you behind bars.

FRISBEE: I'll take my chances.

ALEXANDER: You know, crime doesn't pay.

FRISBEE: That I know, that I know. Now you'll just have to get to ^{make up}
work, Alexander. You'd be one of the school's finest
students if you'd concentrate on your lessons the way you
do on making paperwads.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, this is tragic.

FRISBEE: Yes, I'm sorry ^{but that's} ~~this is~~ the way things are.

ALEXANDER: (THE SOB STORY) You know, Miss Frisbee, when you're young
a summer vacation means an awful lot. When a man my age
doesn't have a summer vacation it --Well, it sort of
leaves a mark on him for life.

FRISBEE: Please don't waste your breath handing me that sob story.
~~I've heard that old one before.~~

ALEXANDER: Oh, I didn't know. *You were familiar with that kind of old?*

FRISBEE: You've still got a chance if you make good grades in the final exams the day after tomorrow. But I'm afraid you'll have to get someone to help you with your studies.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, you're right, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: Well, that's all, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Goodbye, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: Goodbye....Oh, by the way. If you get someone to help you in arithmetic --

ALEXANDER: Yes?

FRISBEE: For heaven's sakes, don't get your father! ~~Then I guarantee you you'll flunk!~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mom! Oh, Pop!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) We're in the living room, son.

BLONDIE: (OFF) / *Alexander* Did you wipe your feet off outside, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Yeah, I did, Mom, (LOW) Well, I'll try to avoid breaking the news to them.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) / *Well hello Alexander, Son,* Aren't you home a little late, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Er -- yes. I was having a little--uh--having a little chat with Miss Frisbee.

BLONDIE: / *Oh you were,* What about, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Oh, about summer vacation.

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose she wondered what you were going to do this summer.

ALEXANDER: Well, she thinks she knows what I'm going to do. (WEAK LAUGH) Heh-heh,

DAGWOOD: How's your schoolwork these days, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Uh--how'd things go at the office today, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Oh, just fine, *just fine*... How's your schoolwork?

ALEXANDER: I notice the *St. Louis Cardinals* are ahead in the National League. Do you think the Dodgers have a chance? *Pop*

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, Alexander, you never can tell about the Dodgers.

ALEXANDER: I agree with you, Pop. (LOW) Whew!

DAGWOOD: Thank you, Alexander... How's your schoolwork?

ALEXANDER: Well, uh ----

BLONDIE: Alexander, there will be no more fooling around. Answer your father.

ALEXANDER: Well, my schoolwork isn't what you could call sensational

BLONDIE: Is it what you could call excellent?

ALEXANDER: No.

BLONDIE: Good?

ALEXANDER: Er -- not exactly.

BLONDIE: ~~Young man~~ -- just what would you call your schoolwork? *young man.*

ALEXANDER: Well, it's somewhere between deplorable and *desperate*. *from hunger.*

BLONDIE: Why, Alexander!

DAGWOOD: Holy ~~smoke~~! *My, my, my* That sounds pretty bad! How did this happen, young man?

ALEXANDER: I guess it must have been Spring Fever, Pop.

BLONDIE: You're going to pass everything, aren't you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Well, I'm hoping for the best, Mom.

BLONDIE: ^{oh} You're just--hoping?

ALEXANDER: That's all, Just -- hoping.

BLONDIE: ^{oh dear} And if you don't pass, that means you'll either have to take the subjects during the summer or you'll be put back a grade.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, that's right, Mom.

DAGWOOD: ^{It's, huh?} Well, it can't happen here! Never has a Bumstead ever been demoted!

ALEXANDER: How about Mr. Dithers demoting you?

DAGWOOD: I mean in school! The Bumsteads have always passed everything in school for generations! Some of the Bumsteads had to work on their studies late at night, to do it, but they did it!

BLONDIE: And some of the Bumsteads had to ^{Chloroform} ~~pass~~ their teachers to pass, ~~but they did it, too.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~(TRYING TO GET ATTENTION) Uh-- Momr....~~

DAGWOOD: ^{yes, that's right -- oh -- er --} Now Blondie, why do you always bring Uncle Don up and ^(ALEX! oh Mom!) throw him in my face? After all, you can't brag about your Cousin Edgar. He had to be smuggled out of kindergarten.

ALEXANDER: Uh--Pop.....

BLONDIE: Well, you told me yourself that your Uncle Don was suspended twelve times and expelled three times from the sixth grade alone.

ALEXANDER: Uh---Mom.....

DAGWOOD: Maybe so, but look where he is now--~~chairman of the school-board!~~

Bl: I suppose you're going to say he's a professor or something.

D: Oh, no, he's still in jail.

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ALEXANDER: Hey, folks--we're way off the subject. Let's get back to me.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes. *please Alexander.*

BLONDIE: That's right....Well, no son of mine is going to fail in school.

DAGWOOD: Alexander, you're going to pass if I have to teach you your arithmetic myself!

ALEXANDER: No, thanks, Pop -- I'd rather flunk it my own way.

DAG: You'll flunk it my way or not at all.
BLONDIE: Well, I'm going to get busy on this. Let's see--you take Arithmetic, English, Geography, and History, don't you? Well, *now look here* I'm going to find some people who can teach you all you'll need to know for your final exams.

DAGWOOD: That's a good idea, Blondie....Alexander, how's

Alexander
Alvin Fuddle doing in school? *It's Alvin Fuddle, Pop.*
ALEXANDER: *Yeah.* See, he's doing swell. *Why, Pop* I guess he must have been *B. Hah!* innoculated against Spring Fever.

DAGWOOD: No doubt, no doubt....Well, I'm going to see if Alvin won't help you cram for the exams. You're going to pass those exams *even* if it's the last thing your mother and I do!

(DOOR BELL RINGS.....)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Come in!
Bl: Oh Dagwood B: Come in!
(DOOR OPENS.....AND CLOSES OFF.....)

NILES: (OFF) Guess who's here to talk about guess what?

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Niles.

DAGWOOD: Hi--Ken.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Niles.

NILES: Hello, folks.

BLONDIE: Alexander, you'd better get right upstairs and start to work. Study as you've never studied before.

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DAGWOOD: Because if you don't pass your exams I'll be forced to paddle you as I've never paddled you before.

ALEXANDER: Gee, you're both very convincing -- ^{especially} particularly pop.
(FADING) I'll ^{get on} hop right on my studies. Call me when dinner's ready.

NILES: What's the trouble?

BLONDIE: Oh, Alexander's grades have dropped. *Mr. Niles*

NILES: Well, those things happen, but not to Camel cigarettes. The highest grades of costlier tobaccos are in the Camel blend. In war, as in peace, Camel is still Camel...cool, mild, yet rich and full-flavored.

DAGWOOD: You know, Ken, no matter what we happen to be talking about when you come in you always manage to get the conversation around to Camels.

NILES: Well, see if you can throw me off the track.

BLONDIE: All right -- Tasmania.

NILES: Well, Tasmania is an out-of-the-way place on the world that Camels are a favorite ~~around~~ ^{place}. It's a sure thing that our service men have brought some mild, mellow, fragrant, rich-tasting, throat-pleasing Camels to Tasmania.

DAGWOOD: I knew it!

NILES: Why right this very moment I'll bet there's many a G.I. in Tasmania trying Camels on his T-Zone -- That's T for taste and T for throat - the real proving ground for cigarettes. Everybody everywhere ought to try Camels on their T-Zone. Let your own throat tell you about Camels' mildness, coolness, kindness. Let your own taste tell you about the rich, full, never-go flat, can't-be-copied flavor of the Camel blend!... Well, I've got to be on my way again!
(CONTINUED NEXT SCRIPT)

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Mr. Niles

BLONDIE: ^{*oh*} Wait a minute! Mr. Niles, what did you do in school when there was a big exam coming up and you had to get good grades in it?

NILES: I made love to my teacher...It worked fine. Goodbye now!

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose Alexander would want to try that.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: ^{*no*} I didn't really think so.

(KNOCK ON DOOR.....)

DAGWOOD: I wonder who that is.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

BLONDIE: Why it's Alvin Fuddle. *Hello Alvin!*

DAGWOOD: ^{*ALVIN: Hello Mrs. Bumstead*} Hello, Alvin.

ALVIN: Hello, Mr. Bumstead... Is Alexander home?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. ^{*just a min.*} But first, Alvin, I want to have a little talk with you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALVIN: Before you say anything, Mr. Bumstead, I'm innocent. I've been unjustly accused.

BLONDIE: Unjustly accused of what?

ALVIN: I don't know, Mrs. Bumstead, but whatever it is, I deny everything.

BLONDIE: Well, this is nothing like that. Mr. Bumstead just wants to know if you would help Alexander with his schoolwork.

DAGWOOD: ^{*ALVIN: oh that?*} Yeah, he's sort of fallen behind.

ALVIN: (WISELY -- SEES A CHANCE TO MAKE SOME MONEY) *Well, yes* Oh, yeah. I could help him.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's swell. *that's swell.*

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ALVIN: I guess you and Mrs. Bumstead would feel pretty bad if your son was left behind by his class, wouldn't you?

BLONDIE: Yes, we certainly---what are you getting at?

ALVIN: It would be very embarrassing if he didn't pass. After all, he's the pride of the Bumsteads.

DAGWOOD: Look, Alvin, will you help him or won't you?

ALVIN: Well, I can be had--at a price.

DAGWOOD: I knew it! Alvin Fudde--you're a swindler!

ALVIN: *Oh: "Oh Dagwood, I'm a little swindler."*
Mr. Bumstead--let's just say that I'm a business man.

BLONDIE: Why ^{Alvin} I should think you'd be glad to help Alexander. I thought you were a friend of his.

ALVIN: Well, I am, but I'm not a fanatic about it.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hey, Mom -- is Alvin downstairs?

BLONDIE: He certainly is.

DAGWOOD: He's trying to flim-flam our family. *flaming our family*

ALEXANDER: (CLOSER) Hello, Alvin.

ALVIN: Hello, Alexander. Your father wants me to help you with the exams and he's haggling over the price.

DAGWOOD: I think he ought to do it for nothing.

BLONDIE: Why of course. *he ought to.*

ALEXANDER: Now, Pop--Alvin's entitled to a small profit.

BLONDIE: Why, Alexander!

DAGWOOD: Alvin, I'd like very much to pay you, but the government won't let me. ~~You know~~--the child labor laws *you know.*

ALVIN: Okay, if you won't pay me any money, I'll make a deal with Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: What sort of a deal?

ALVIN: I'll help Alexander cram for the exams if you'll give me one sixteenth of every cake you bake from now until school starts in the fall....Is that a deal?

ALEXANDER: That seems very fair to me.

BLONDIE: Alexander, will you please try to remember that you are on our side, ^{and} not Alvin's?

ALEXANDER: ^{oh} Excuse me. I'm just anxious to see you close the deal.

Because I don't want to disgrace the family...
~~I don't want to go to school this summer, particularly~~
yeah well *during the swimming season*

DAGWOOD: / Okay, Alvin, it's a deal!

BLONDIE: / ^{oh damn} Just a minute -- I'm the one who's going to bake the cakes this summer. But all right, Dagwood -- I'll give Alvin your piece of cake.

DAGWOOD: The deal's off!

ALEXANDER: Give him my piece of cake.

ALVIN: Make up your minds, folks. My time is valuable.

BLONDIE: That we know, ~~that we know~~ ^{now}...All right, Alvin--I'll accept your terms. You come over right after dinner and start working on Alexander immediately!

ALVIN: Okay, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: ^{And} Alexander, your father and I are going to see that you are stuffed with everything you need to know for that examination!

MUSIC:

(CLOCK STRIKES TWO.....)

BLONDIE: ^{19:17 hah} Dagwood, are you awake?

DAGWOOD: I'm not sure.

BLONDIE: You're awake, all right.

DAGWOOD: No. Sometimes I dream that I'm dreaming I'm awake when I'm really asleep and I get all confused.

BLONDIE: You're all confused right now. And so am I.

DAGWOOD: I guess I'm awake.

BLONDIE: I'm worried about Alexander.

DAGWOOD: So am I.

BLONDIE: Of course, maybe he'd rather *not* be president.../but I thought it would be kind of nice.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. But I can't understand why his grades are so bad sometimes. He's our son and he ought to be smart!

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander's smart, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Then why doesn't he make good grades all the time?

BLONDIE: Are you smart?

DAGWOOD: (PHONEY MODESTY) Well--um--uh--I don't want to brag, but--

BLONDIE: All right, but what kind of grades did you get in school?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'll have you know I--I--I see what you mean.

BLONDIE: But what worries me is that he might be put behind a class and that would give him an inferiority complex, and because of that he wouldn't want to play with boys his age and he might become a leader of the younger boys, and one of them might do something wrong and Alexander would get blamed for it, and that would make him bitter and cynical, and the bitter and cynical men always meet glamorous women who love them and leave them--in the movies, anyway, look at *Henry Jay Bryant* John Garfield--and then Alexander would be very sour about life and he might run away from civilization and we'd never see him again, all because he didn't pass this examination....Do you see why I'm worried?

DAGWOOD: ^{Yeah but} That's not why I'm worried...I started thinking along the same lines and when I ended up, Alexander had just been sent to Alcatraz. ^{Bl: oh no!} Those things frighten you.

BLONDIE: What are we going to do?

DAGWOOD: You make sure he studies hard tomorrow and I'll find someone to teach him arithmetic. I'll get someone who thinks ^{real} fast mathematically like Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Why not get Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: ^{That's a great idea.} I'll do it the first thing in the morning!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: ~~Well~~, I hope Mr. Dithers is in a good mood today.

(KNOCK ON DOOR.....)

DITHERS: (INSIDE--SNARLS) ^{uh} Come in!

DAGWOOD: Whoooa! Nevermind--r. False alarm. (laugh)

DITHERS: (STILL INSIDE) Come in, I said!

DAGWOOD: No, thank you, some other time maybe.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

DITHERS: Bumstead--^{spurred} get in here!

DAGWOOD: ^{I can't come now Mr. Dithers. DTI: Why not? The cook left the lid off the stove} Ja, mein Potirer! ^{I've got to sit on the hole to} ~~Oh!~~ ^{listen monkey stories!} Stop that monkey business or I'll Eisenhower you right ^{keep}

DITHERS: Stop that monkey business or I'll Eisenhower you right ^{the} out of this office! ^{snarl}

(DOOR CLOSSES.....)

DITHERS: Now then, what did you want?

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers, ^{I was just thinking that} you know all about figures, don't you?

DITHERS: Oh, do I ever! (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: ~~I mean, you know about arithmetic and mathematics.~~

DITHERS: ~~That too, but it's not as interesting,~~

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DAGWOOD: ^{No, no, Mrs. Dithers} ~~Well,~~ Alexander's flunking his arithmetic in school and I'd like you to help him cram for his final exam.

DITHERS: ~~Oh, not that.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~But J.C.~~

DITHERS: Bumstead, I'm a busy man.

DAGWOOD: You're not really busy, Mr. Dithers, you just think you're busy because you feel busy?

DITHERS: What do you mean, ~~I feel busy?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, you're the nervous type.~~ You need a rest. You need some relaxation. I know just the thing for you.

DITHERS: Good--~~what's that?~~ ^{does she Rhumba?}

DAGWOOD: ^{No, no, not that, why don't you} Come over and cram Alexander for the exam.

DITHERS: No, no! Why don't you help him yourself?...Oh, no! What a silly ^{suggestion} ~~question~~ that is. Get someone else, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, Mr. Dithers, I want you.

DITHERS: Bumstead! Stop pointing at me like a recruiting poster! ...No, I can't do it.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you force me to use force.

DITHERS: Oh, don't be ridiculous!

DAGWOOD: Okay, ^{okay just} Open your drawer and see if you can find your little black book with all the telephone numbers.

DITHERS: What?

(OPENS DRAWER,.....)

DITHERS: It's gone! Where is it?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Bumstead, what have you done with it?

DAGWOOD: Oh, nothing -- nothing. I just had a strange feeling that it might have accidentally disappeared by some peculiar coincidence.

DITHERS: *oh* I see what you mean.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad that you do.

DITHERS: Well, I'm just going to make you tell me what you did with it!

DAGWOOD: What are you going to do?

DITHERS: I'm going to run your little finger into the pencil sharpener!

DAGWOOD: I'll never tell! And don't forget, you'll never compile an address book like that again.

DITHERS: You're telling me.

DAGWOOD: Remember -- you're not a young man any more.

DITHERS: And a lot of those addresses were hard to get. The slaps in the face I got, the black eyes, the times a man answered and I hung up. Oh, Bumstead, old friend, some of those numbers are *collectors items* ~~prizes~~. You can't do this to your old friend, Dithy.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll tell you *Dithy* ~~Mr. Dithers~~. You help Alexander with his schoolwork tonight and I'll look for your little black book. If Alexander passes his exams, I might accidentally happen to find the little *black* book.

DITHERS: Okay. I'll turn Alexander into a mathematical genius -- or ~~else~~ *inside out*.

MUSIC:

CORA: But Blondie, I'm no history teacher. I couldn't cram Alexander for the exams.

BLONDIE: Now Cora Dithers -- you've always said that any nitwit could teach history.

CORA: Blondie, am I any nitwit?

BLONDIE: Oh.....Oh, I guess I didn't say that right, did I? ^{oh} But Cora, you will help Alexander, won't you?

CORA: But Blondie, I wanted to see that new Charles Boyer picture tonight.

BLONDIE: ^{I thought} You saw that last night, Cora!

CORA: Well, last night I just went to the picture for the story, and tonight I want to devote myself entirely to Charles.

BLONDIE: You can go tomorrow night.

CORA: I was planning on going tomorrow night anyway.

BLONDIE: Now Cora, three weeks ago when Jeffrey Kane, the movie star, came to say hello to me, I shared him with you.

CORA: I know, Blondie, and I had goose pimples for two weeks.

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, Alexander absolutely has to pass those exams, and you've just got to help. We're going to put him in the living room and work on him in shifts! ^{And when we} ~~It's just get~~ ^{get through with him} ~~to be done!~~ ^{he'll be a super guy kid!}

MUSIC:

DITHERS: How much is seven times six.

ALEXANDER: Forty-two!

DITHERS: Seven times seven!

ALEXANDER: Forty-nine.

DITHERS: Seven times eight.

ALEXANDER: Fifty-six.

DITHERS: Seven times nine.

ALEXANDER: Uh - seven times nine?

DITHERS: Yes, seven times nine.

ALEXANDER: Seven times nine, eh?

DITHERS: No, not seven times nine A. That's algebra!
That'll annoy you later! Just seven times nine! How
much is it?

ALEXANDER: Let's see -- seven times nine. Seven times nine!

DITHERS: Sixty three.

ALEXANDER: (AS THOUGH HE HADN'T HEARD) Uh -- sixty three.

DITHERS: *oh for a minute I thought I had you.*
Good! ~~How did you even guess it?~~

ALEXANDER: Is that all for now, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (BUSHED) Yes, I'm going to stagger into the kitchen
where the rest of them are and get a cup of coffee.
I'll send Alvin in.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I hope all this I'm telling you isn't just going in one
ear and ~~right~~ *wandering around in space +* back out ~~the same ear~~ again.

ALEXANDER: (FADING) I'm trying as hard as I can, Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: How's he coming along?

DAGWOOD: Is he getting his arithmetic?

CORA: You look tired, Julius.

DITHERS: I'm licked! When are we going to eat?

BLONDIE: Later.....Alvin, you're next. And Cora, you'd better go in with him and you can both work on his history.

CORA: Come on, Alvin.

ALVIN: Okay, Mrs. Dithers..... Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Yes, Alvin?

ALVIN: That cake had better be good.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: What time is it?

DAGWOOD: It's about five o'clock, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: How long will I have to work on him?

BLONDIE: Till he's absolutely perfect in arithmetic.

DITHERS: (GROANS) But Blondie -- none of us are perfect.

BLONDIE: well, there'll just have to be an exception to the rule. Alexander has got to make pretty nearly perfect grades.

MUSIC: (MONTAGE)

CORA: And what was the date of the Battle of Hastings?

ALEXANDER: Now wait a minute, let me think, ^{Mrs. Dithers} Oh, yes -- 1215!

CORA: That's the signing of the Magna Carta!

ALEXANDER: I thought the Magna Carta was signed in 1066.

CORA: No, that's the Battle of Hastings.....Oh, murder!

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN FOR:)

ALVIN: Look, Alexander, you've got to remember that the capitol of Brazil is Rio de Janeiro and the capitol of Argentina is Buenos Aires.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Alvin. It's the only thing that stumps me, but I'll try to get it.

ALVIN: Don't get them twisted up. The capitol of Argentina
is Rio De Jan----holy smoke, now you've got me doing it.

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN FOR:)

DITHERS: No, no, no, no, no! Seven times nine is not *Argentina*
~~eighty-three.~~

ALEXANDER: It's the only thing that licks me.

DITHERS: It's licking me too, ~~brother.~~ *Bub.*

ALEXANDER: Seven times nine is -

DITHERS: Yes? Yes?

ALEXANDER: Do you know?

DITHERS: Sure, sixty-three!... *Tooooh!* *now* You tricked me again!

MUSIC: (UP)

*By: Yes Alexander, and Benjamin Franklin invented
the Panama Canal.
A: That's all brother.*
BLONDIE: Well, ~~just~~ how is he coming along now? *My goodness* It's nearly
ten o'clock.

DAGWOOD: I'm bushed, but how is he doing?

DITHERS: well, he doesn't know seven times nine yet.

CORA: And he gets the dates for the battle of Hastings and
the Magna Carta mixed up.

ALVIN: And he mixes up the capitols of Argentina and Brazil.

DAGWOOD: Gee, if they ask those questions, he's cooked.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: *oh dear* There's someone at the front door. We might as well all
go into the living room and see who it is.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) There's someone at the front door, Mom, but I'm going to go right on studying.

BLONDIE: ~~There~~ That's my boy who said that.

ALVIN: Brazil, Rio -- Argentina, Buenos Aires. Remember that.

DITERS: Seven times nine is ~~sixty-three~~, not plenty

GORA: The battle of Hastings was 1066.
By: *yes and don't forget that Brewster discovered radium.*
(DOOR OPENS)

FRISBEE: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Why, hello, Miss Frisbee.

ALEXANDER: Oh, hello, Miss Frisbee.

(DOOR CLOSES)

FRISBEE: I just stopped to tell you something. The other day I told Alexander that he wasn't doing very well in school. I had looked on his card and had seen that his general average was seventy one.

DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{my} that's bad.

FRISBEE: Well, just tonight I looked at his card again and I noticed that I had mistaken a nine for a seven. His average is ninety one -- that's quite good.

(THEY ALL GASP)

FRISBEE: well, aren't you pleased?....Why, what's the matter?.... Why don't you say something?.... Why ~~are you all looking at me like that?~~ Well, ~~(DOOR OPENS)~~ uh -- ~~goodbye then,~~ I suppose. (WEAK LAUGH)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAG: *Blondie!*
(MUSIC)
(APPLAUSE)

FRISBEE: Dear, those Gumsteads and their friends are the
strangest people. I can't imagine what was wrong.

TAGWOOD: (INSIDE HOUSE) Nol. Don't, Mr. Dithers!
Help. Biocooooondiel

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Ah, ah, ah, ah -- Don't go away, folks. The Bumsteads will be back in just a moment.

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute forty-three-year-old Sergeant Charles P. Derryberry, of Kansas City, Missouri just returned to this country after putting in more than nine hundred combat-flying hours in the South Pacific as the radio-operator of an Army troop carrier plane. Just awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for heroic actions beyond the call of duty while on combat missions, the last of which was the paratroop raid on the Japanese-held airfield of Lae in New Guinea, radio-operator Derryberry is keeping ahead of his two sons, one a Marine flyer and the other in the Army Air Forces. In your honor, Sergeant Charles P. Derryberry, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

(Fanfare)

(Applause)

NILES: Each of the four Camel radio shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

NILES: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels!

NILES: Camel radio broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen Thursday to Abbott and Costello; Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and of course, next Monday and every Monday, be sure to listen to "Blondie" at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE...THEME...FADE FOR AND OUT)

(AFTERPIECE)

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: (CALLS) Well folks, your little Quiz Kid is home from school.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Alexander, how did the test go?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) How did you do, ^{today} Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Gee, I was great. I only missed three questions.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's good. What were they?

ALEXANDER: ~~The same three questions.~~ The capitol of Argentina, seven times nine, and the Battle of Hastings.

MUSIC: (THEME)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt.

NILES: And remember -- get Camels, the cigarette that's first in the service. See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself.

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying Goodnight for Camel Cigarettes. First in the Service.

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS:

You know, lots of economies are in the no-fun department. They mean scrimping, cutting down, or accepting something inferior. But here's an economy that is fun -- plenty of smoking enjoyment and a whopping saving besides. George Washington Smoking Tobacco is mild, grand-tasting, even burning...yessir, a swell tobacco, all right; but you get an extra dozen pipefuls for your ten cents. An extra dozen. And what a smoke! Get yourself that big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package of George Washington... America's biggest, most enjoyable value in pipe pleasure.

This is CBS.....THE COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.