

#5

"BLONDIE"

Master

1/8/41

MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1940

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

ANNOUNCER: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Here's "Blondie"...presented by Camel -- the slower-burning cigarette that gives you more flavor, more mildness, and less nicotine in the smoke -- Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other ~~of~~ ~~the~~ largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME)

51455 7421

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads.
Dagwood is in a hotel room talking to a distinguished-looking, portly gentleman whose name is...

BRADFORD: -- Julius F. X. Bradford, Mr. Bumstead. I've been playing with the stock market for years. Yes sir -- playing with it like a cat with a mouse.

DAGWOOD: Is that right? But I don't see what it's got to do with me, Mr. Bradford.

BRADFORD: That's why I invited you up here, Mr. Bumstead. I wanted to give you -- a typical small investor -- a chance to get even with the bears of Wall Street. Mr. Bumstead, have you ever been squeezed by the shorts?

DAGWOOD: Well, not since I've been wearing the larger size.

BRADFORD: No, no -- Mr. Bumstead. That's just a stock-market term. Perhaps I'd better explain in simpler language.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I wish you would.

BRADFORD: Very well. Now in my years of experience in the market I've always noticed that the small investor took a terrific trimming.

DAGWOOD: Yes -- that's what Mr. Dithers told me once.

~~BRADFORD: Ah -- then you have a friend who fooled with the market?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Not exactly -- Mr. Dithers was serious. It was the market that did the fooling.~~

BRADFORD: Yes, you see? What was he -- a stockholder or a bondholder?

DAGWOOD: I'm not sure, but he said he ended up being a bagholder.

BRADFORD: ~~Exactly -- that's what happens when a man tries to buck the market without expert advice. He buys stocks when they're so high they have snow on them, and he sells when they're lower than a bomb-proof shelter for worms. Now that's where I fit in.~~

DAGWOOD: I don't see what any of this has got to do with me. In the first place, I haven't much money, and in the second --

BRADFORD: Let me explain. I've always thought that the small investors should be given a chance. That if all of them got together, they could run the financial pirates out of Wall Street. Now you don't have much money, Mr. Bumstead, but I understand you are well known around here.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Bradford.

BRADFORD: Good. Now if I make good for you, you'll tell your friends, won't you?

DAGWOOD: Sure, but --

BRADFORD: Mr. Bumstead -- I'm not just going to let you in on the ground floor of my syndicate -- I'm going to let you in on the basement. Have you got twenty dollars?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but I've got to take that home to Blondie -- that's my wife -- and she's --

BRADFORD: One moment -- wouldn't you rather take forty dollars home to her tomorrow?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but --

BRADFORD: I could see you were an intelligent man, Mr. Bumstead.
Dagwood: Oh you could, eh?
May I examine your twenty dollars, please?

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know about this, Mr. Bradford...

BRADFORD: Come, come, Mr. Bumstead. I promise you you won't regret this.

DAGWOOD: Well, all right...Here's the money.

BRADFORD: Hmmm...Yes, twenty dollars.

DAGWOOD: You'll take good care of it, won't you?

BRADFORD: What?...Oh, yes -- yes, indeed. I'm going to invest this money of yours immediately through my friends in New York, and you can expect a quick return, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I hope so. I don't know what Blondie will say when I tell her what I've done with the money.

BRADFORD: Now don't you worry, Mr. Bumstead -- I'm going to make you and your wife rich. You'll have a big house, a big car, a -- is there a lake around here?

DAGWOOD: Oh yeah, it's --

BRADFORD: A big yacht.

DAGWOOD: It's a pretty small lake.

BRADFORD: All right -- a rowboat with an outboard motor.

Dagwood: I got seasick
Bradford: Mr. Bumstead -- you and your friends are on your way to success!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: ~~Well, I wonder what this is that Dagwood's got himself into? And how will Blondie take it? We'll see in just a moment.~~

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE" 4-A
12/30/40

GOODWIN: WELL, HERE WE ARE, THE BUMSTEADS AND YOU AND I AND ALL OF US...JUST ABOUT TO START A NEW YEAR...NOW ONE SIMPLE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION THAT'S EASY TO KEEP AND ONE THAT WOULD GIVE A LOT OF EXTRA PLEASURE IS THIS...TRY THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE. TRY CAMELS. YOU KNOW...IN CIGARETTES...THE SMOKE'S THE THING. AND WHAT YOU GET IN THE SMOKE OF YOUR CIGARETTE DEPENDS SO MUCH ON THE WAY YOUR CIGARETTE BURNS. YOU SEE...THE SLOWER THE BURNING... THE GREATER YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE. SO FROM NOW ON...MAKE YOUR SMOKE CAMEL...THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS...EXTRA COOLNESS...EXTRA FLAVOR IN THE SMOKE...AND...

VOICE: TWENTY-EIGHT PERCENT LESS NICOTINE! YES...TWENTY-EIGHT PERCENT LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FOUR OTHER BRANDS TESTED ...LESS NICOTINE THAN ANY OF THEM...ACCORDING TO INDEPENDENT SCIENTIFIC TESTS OF THE SMOKE ITSELF.

GOODWIN: SMOKE OUT THE FACTS FOR YOURSELF. JUST LIGHT UP A CAMEL... A SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL...AND ENJOY YOUR SMOKING MORE. THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

GOODWIN: It's about a half hour later, and Dagwood is trying to explain to Blondie about that twenty dollars...

DAGWOOD: Well, I gave it to a man to invest for me.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you didn't!

DAGWOOD: Sure -- what's wrong with that. Lots of people invest their money in stocks and things.

BLONDIE: And lots of people have patches on the seat of their pants because of it, too.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Bradford said we'd get a quick return on our money.

BLONDIE: Is that his name?

DAGWOOD: Yes -- Julius F. ^z Bradford.

BLONDIE: What does he look like?

DAGWOOD: Well, he's sort of big and looks kind of distinguished, and he wears one of those vests with a little white binding at the edges, and --

BLONDIE: I'll bet he wears spats, too.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- how did you know?

BLONDIE: I just guessed. Where did you meet him?

DAGWOOD: Well, he called me up at the office and introduced himself. He said he'd made a few discreet inquiries around town, and that he'd come to me because I was pretty well known by everyone. He asked me to meet him in his room at the hotel.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- we'll never see that money again.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, don't talk like that. Mr. Bradford wants to give the little investors a chance to beat the wolves of Wall Street. He told me he plays with the market like a cat with a mouse.

BLONDIE: He doesn't sound honest to me.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie -- he looks honest.

BLONDIE: That makes me all the more suspicious.

DAGWOOD: Gee, you don't trust anyone.

BLONDIE: Not when they have twenty dollars of our money, I don't. You don't know a single thing about Mr. Bradford. Who he is or where he came from or why he's going to make all this money for us or anything, do you?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, but --

BLONDIE: Look at this that I read in the paper.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: It's something about an escaped lunatic. Mr. Bradford might be the lunatic.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I don't think he's crazy, Blondie. He certainly doesn't look much like Napoleon.

BLONDIE: He doesn't have to look like Napoleon to be a lunatic!

DAGWOOD: No, but it ^{helps} ~~cuts down the possibilities a lot~~, doesn't it?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I'll tell you one thing. We're going to see Mr. Bradford right now and get that money back.

DAGWOOD: But, Honey, don't you want to be rich? Don't you want to have a big house, and a big car, and -- er -- and a rowboat with an outboard motor?

BLONDIE: I'm not at all sure about that, but I am sure that Mr. Bradford is a crook. Now get your coat on -- we're going to the hotel and catch him before he gets away with that twenty dollars.

DAGWOOD: But I just gave it to him a little bit ago. I'll feel foolish asking him for it.

BLONDIE: I'll feel foolish if I can't pay my grocery bill.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie!...

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead, you get on your coat and come along with me...And put on your ear-muffs, too.

DAGWOOD: Ear muffs? But it's not that cold out.

BLONDIE: Put them on just the same. If Mr. Bradford can talk you out of twenty dollars the first time he meets you, heaven knows what will happen the second time. I don't want you to hear a thing he has to say!

DAGWOOD: That's not fair! Who's the head of this house, anyway? Answer me that -- who's the head of this house?

BLONDIE: You are, dear.

DAGWOOD: That's better.

BLONDIE: Now get your coat and ear-muffs and do as I say. I don't want any more argument.

DAGWOOD: Yes, dear.

MUSIC...

(SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BRADFORD: (INSIDE) Come.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BRADFORD: Well, well, Mr. Bumstead. And have I the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Mr. Bradford, I'm Mrs. Bumstead. I'd like to talk to you about this -- this deal or whatever it is.

BRADFORD: Why of course, Mrs. Bumstead -- I'm delighted you came here. Sit right down.

BLONDIE: No thank you. We won't be staying that long.

BRADFORD: I see...Well, I have especially good news for you. I've already invested that twenty dollars Mr. Bumstead gave me -- fortunately I was able to get it in on a very good thing.

BLONDIE: You mean the money's gone already?

BRADFORD: Mrs. Bumstead, it's gone and come back already. You see, I have this envelope right here with your husband's name on it. I was going to drop it in the mail tonight. You'll be quite surprised when you open it...Here you are.

DAGWOOD: What's he saying, Blondie? I can't hear anything.

BRADFORD: No wonder -- you've still got your ear-muffs on.

(SOUND: OPENING ENVELOPE)

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness...oh!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Where'd all that money come from?

BLONDIE: (WEAK) I -- I think I'll sit down a moment. I feel a little weak.

BRADFORD: Of course -- right here, Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: What is all this, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- there's a hundred dollars in this envelope.

Dagwood: What?
I -- I can't believe it.

Dagwood: What?
DAGWOOD: Huh?...Wait'll I get these things off my ears...There.

Blondie: Dagwood, take those earmuffs off.
BRADFORD: That's all your money, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: But -- but I don't see how you can give us a hundred dollars for twenty.

BRADFORD: Well. I don't blame you. I was extremely fortunate -- it isn't often we can get a return like that on a small investment.

BLONDIE: Oh, my...A hundred dollars...

DAGWOOD: And that's all ours?

BRADFORD: Yes, but don't expect it to happen again. I've often doubled people's money, but -- well, it's rarely that anything like this has happened.

BLONDIE: Oh, my...a hundred dollars...

DAGWOOD: Gee, I don't know what to say, Mr. Bradford. I -- well, I just want to thank you and --

BRADFORD: Now, now, Mr. Bumstead -- none of that, please. I made a little money myself on this. And if I can get a lot of other small investors to go in with us, why then we could really go places.

BLONDIE: Oh, my...a hundred dollars...

BRADFORD: Just make a few discreet inquiries among your friends. Perhaps they'll be interested.

DAGWOOD: They certainly will. Just wait until I tell Mr. Dithers.

BRADFORD: That's fine...Now, would you like to leave twenty dollars of that hundred with me. Perhaps I can do something with it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, Mr. Bradford -- of course...What do you think, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, my...a hundred dollars.

*she is it up on
business matters.*

DAGWOOD: I guess she's still a little dazed. Here you are,
Mr. Bradford.

BRADFORD: Thank you. *now he said and* Tell all your friends about the syndicate.
I know your recommendation will carry a lot of weight.

DAGWOOD: I'll do that the first thing in the morning...Come on,
Blondie -- let's go.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood. *anything you say, dear.*
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BRADFORD: Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye. *So long Bradford*

BLONDIE: Oh, my...we're rich!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...PHONE RINGS)

BRADFORD: Ah...

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE)

BRADFORD: Hello?...Long distance? Yes, I was expecting New York
to call. Put him on...Hello, Harry...Oh, fine --
everything's working beautifully...Well, I ought to be
able to clean up maybe ten or fifteen thousand...Of
course I'm being careful...Yes...Yes...I wish you could
see the come-on man I've got. He and his wife just
left my room in a daze -- and the guy knows everyone in
town...Yes, that's right. Believe me, Harry, he's a
prize sucker if there ever was one...Yes -- I'll be
seeing you. *So long.*

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) Yeah -- just last night, and I made eighty dollars...sure...I don't know about you, but I'm going to be rich!...I may even buy out Mr. Dithers...Sure, All of us small investors get together and pool our money, and Mr. Bradford will help us nail the hide of the wolf of Wall Street on the door of the Stock Exchange... We'll all be rich!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND...CLOSES...)

DITHERS:

Bumstead!

DAGWOOD:

Oh hello J.C. I'll be with you in a minute
What?...Oh, that was just Mr. Dithers coming in...Why *listen*
don't you go over and see Mr. Bradford. Tell him I sent you...Yeah -- goodbye.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

DITHERS:

Bumstead, what have I told you about making personal calls during business hours?

DAGWOOD:

I'm sorry, *S.C.* ~~Mr. Dithers~~, but this happened to be more important.

DITHERS:

More important! I'm paying you to do a job here, and there's nothing more important than that.

DAGWOOD:

Now just keep your shirt on, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS:

All right, but -- Bumstead!!! Who do you think you're talking to?!

DAGWOOD:

Here you are, Mr. Dithers -- a dollar for the phone call and my time this morning.

DITHERS:

Hmmm...aren't you getting pretty lavish with your money, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD:

Oh, well -- what's a dollar.

DITHERS:

Bumstead, what did you have for breakfast this morning ... brandied chocolates? You've been wandering around the office like a complete nincompoop!

J.C.
DAGWOOD: You can't talk to me like that, ~~Mr. Dithers~~.

DITHERS: Oh, I can't, eh? Now listen here --

DAGWOOD: You'd better be careful what you say to me, or I'll buy you out.

DITHERS: You'll do what???

DAGWOOD: I'll buy you out -- in a month or so.

DITHERS: (SOFTLY) Dagwood, you're not well.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes I am, but no one can talk to me like that.

DITHERS: Just sit right down here and I'll get you a glass of water. I know how strenuous the holidays can be, particularly to someone who normally is only holding onto sanity by his fingernails.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you're crazy.

DITHERS: Yes, that's right, Dagwood. Everyone's crazy but you. I know. ~~I felt the same way in 1939.~~

DAGWOOD: Look, ~~Mr. Dithers~~ -- I guess I'd better tell you about this. Last night I made eighty dollars in the stock market with twenty dollars.

DITHERS: Now I know you're out of your mind!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no I'm not. There's a man at the hotel named Julius Bradford, and he invested twenty dollars of mine and gave me back a hundred.

DITHERS: I don't believe it. ~~You're not quite~~ *Not even you could be,* Billy enough to give twenty dollars to some con man.

DAGWOOD: Look! Here's some of the money to prove it.

DITHERS: Great jumping Jupiter!

DAGWOOD: I'm going to be rich. You see, he's getting up a pool of little investors so we can buck Wall Street and win.

DITHERS: Well, that sounds possible, but I've had one horrible experience with the market and I don't want another... Oh, by the way, a messenger dropped this envelope at the front desk for you.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, ^{J. C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~.

(SOUND: OPENING ENVELOPE)

DITHERS: Now for Heaven's sake, calm down and get some of this work out. Things have piled up over the -- holy smoke! There's money in that envelope!

DAGWOOD: Yippee! Listen to this: (READS) "Dear Mr. Bumstead: We've had good fortune again this morning. Enclosed please find forty dollars -- I'm keeping another forty of your money to reinvest. Sincerely, Julius F. M. ² Bradford."

DITHERS: Oh, my gosh!

DAGWOOD: I told you so. I'm going to be rich! Yippee!!!

DITHERS: Bumstead -- calm down! Where is this man? Where's he staying? How can I meet him? What's his name? Stop dancing around and answer my questions!

DAGWOOD: He's staying at the ^{Bradford} ~~hotel~~ and his name's ^{Hotel} ~~Bradford~~.

DITHERS: Good. Have you told anyone else about this?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- that's what I've been doing this morning. I've called up practically everyone I know.

DITHERS: You idiot! Why didn't you keep this quiet and the two of us could make a fortune. Bumstead, why don't you use your head for something besides a shoulder ornament?

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, Mr. Dithers -- now look here, you can't talk to me like that!

DITHERS: Never mind, Bumstead. Take care of the office. I'm going over and see that man Bradford! At last I'll have a chance to get back at those guys who ruined me in 1929!

DAGWOOD: *Just* Tell him I sent you over, ~~Mr. Dithers!~~

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS)

MUSIC...

(SOUND: COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Blooooooondie! I'm home. Oh, Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (ON MIKE) Yes, Dagwood -- I'm right here in the next room.

DAGWOOD: Oh...Say, honey -- we made another forty dollars today -- with Mr. Bradford. Isn't that wonderful? We're going to be rich.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I don't like it.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh now, Blondie -- what's the matter?

BLONDIE: Well, I think there's something wrong about the whole thing. I've been worrying about it all day.

DAGWOOD: We're getting money, aren't we?

BLONDIE: Yes, but --

DAGWOOD: And we haven't lost any money, have we?

BLONDIE: No, but --

DAGWOOD: And we haven't signed anything, have we?

BLONDIE: No, but just the same I'm worried.

DAGWOOD: Oh, there's nothing to worry about. Everyone in town has been thanking me for telling them about Mr. Bradford.

BLONDIE: You mean you've told a lot of other people to go to Mr. Bradford with their money?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. Mayor Snipe, Mr. McButter, Mr. Swabber, Mr. Dithers and about forty or fifty other people. I called them all up and tipped them off.

BLONDIE: What did Mr. Dithers say about it?

DAGWOOD: He didn't come back to the office. He left this morning and that's the last I saw of him.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, did you ever stop to think what would happen if this all turned out to be a fake of some kind?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Well, no, I haven't thought about it. You get your money back so fast there's nothing to worry about.

BLONDIE: You got your money back fast, but will everyone else? What if Mr. Bradford just takes their money and hops onto the next train?

DAGWOOD: Oh, he wouldn't do that. And besides, I told Harry at the railroad ticket office. He's in on it too. We small investors are certainly going to show Wall Street a couple of tricks.

BLONDIE: Well, it just isn't right. People don't make that much money in Wall Street and they don't make it so fast.

DAGWOOD: Now, honey, this is something you don't know anything about. The stock market is pretty complicated.

BLONDIE: Well, there's one thing I know. Whenever you make money as easily as this, someone else is losing it just as easily.

Dagwood: *You know that sounds logical.*
(SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS...)

DAGWOOD: I'll see who it is.

BLONDIE: All right...I still say that Mr. Bradford could be that lunatic that escaped yesterday.

DAGWOOD: Now where would a lunatic get all that money? It doesn't make sense.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, ^{J.C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~. Come on in.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, is something wrong?

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Not that I know of! ~~I think~~ everything's fine. I'm going to be rich!

~~BLONDIE: (SIGHS) For a moment I thought something horrible had happened.~~

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead, I want to thank you for the tip you gave me on Bradford.

DAGWOOD: That's all right, ^{J.C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~. We small investors have to stick together.

BLONDIE: Did you give him some of your money to invest, too?

DITHERS: I certainly did, Blondie. One thousand dollars -- right out of the bank.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers -- you shouldn't have done that. ~~I'm~~ ~~worried about it.~~

DITHERS: Nonsense, Blondie -- Bradford gave me nearly two thousand dollars back.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) ~~Oh, that's a relief -- or is it?~~ Where is the money? *In the bank, I hope.*

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) Well, that's where this Bradford is smart. If the bank knew about this, they'd check with their financial house in New York, and our pool wouldn't be secret anymore.

BLONDIE: It doesn't sound like much of a secret now with everyone in it.

DITHERS: Anyway, all of us put our profits into our safety deposit boxes. I just saved a couple of ten dollar bills for pocket money. (LAUGHS) There must have been seventy-five of us in the bank just before closing time. The bank officials were dying with curiosity.

BLONDIE: I'm still awfully worried about this.

DITHERS: Isn't that just like a woman?

DAGWOOD: You took the words right out of my mouth, Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What is it Blondie?

BLONDIE: Do you have change for a twenty dollar bill?

DITHERS: Of course. I've still got these two tens. Here you are.

BLONDIE: Thank you. I haven't been able to get this twenty changed.

DITHERS: Probably everyone in town has taken his money to Bradford...Bumstead you ought to get a medal from the Chamber of Commerce. After all, you tipped us all off to this.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was nothing. Any small investor would do the same thing for any other small investor.

DITHERS: Yes, of course...Well, I've got to be running along. I'm going to try to borrow some more money and take it over to Bradford. I've got about five hundred now, and I think I can get five hundred more.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I don't think you should give him all that money.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle. We can't lose. Well, I've always said, "Strike while the iron is hot."

BLONDIE: Yes, and Barnum always said, there's a sucker born every minute.

DITHERS: Yes, that's what -- hmmm. Well, I'm on my way.

BLONDIE: Could I ride along with you part of the way, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Sure, Blondie -- I'm going home, pick up some more money and then catch Bradford at the station.

DAGWOOD: At the station? Is he leaving town?

DITHERS: Yes, but he's coming back Monday. Just going to straighten a few things up in New York.

Dithers: Come on Blondie
~~BLONDIE: That sounds crooked to me.~~

~~DITHERS: How can anyone lose, Blondie. We've got our money back already, and more. There'll probably be a crowd at the station to see him off...Let's go -- I don't want to miss him.~~

DAGWOOD: Where are you going, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, I just want to find out about something. You stay here and look over the twelve-cylinder car ads.

DAGWOOD: Hey, I was just going to talk to you about that, honey.

BLONDIE: You can tell me about it when I get back...Goodbye --
I won't be long.

MUSIC...

(SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN...)

BLONDIE: (YELLS) Dagwood! Dagwood, where are you?
DAGWOOD: (OFF) What's the matter, honey?
BLONDIE: Something awful! It's about Mr. Bradford.
DAGWOOD: Mr. Bradford? Don't tell me he's the escaped lunatic?
BLONDIE: I don't know what he is, but -- (PANTING) -- I'm all
out of breath and I'm shaking like a leaf.
DAGWOOD: Now calm down, honey.
BLONDIE: I can't. Dagwood -- I went to see Mr. Hoot -- the
cashier of the bank -- and Dagwood, he said those bills
Mr. Dithers gave me for that twenty were both counterfeit.
DAGWOOD: Oh, well, what's a little thing like -- they were what!?
BLONDIE: Yes, they're counterfeit! They're no good!
DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh!
BLONDIE: Mr. Bradford isn't the escaped lunatic, but he certainly
is some kind of a crook. He's been taking in good
money and giving everyone counterfeit money back.
DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you sure?
BLONDIE: That's what Mr. Hoot said. He said the bills were
positively no good.
DAGWOOD: Why -- why that's crooked! *Same, isn't it?*
BLONDIE: He ^{was} showed me that on the counterfeit ten dollar bill,
Alexander Hamilton was slightly cross-eyed.

DAGWOOD: That's not only crooked, it's unpatriotic!

BLONDIE: *Never mind that dear*
~~Well, what are we standing here for?~~ We've got to catch Mr. Dithers before he gives any more money to Mr. Bradford. Come on, Dagwood -- our whole future is at stake!

MUSIC...

(SOUND: COME UP ON CAR SKIDDING AROUND TURN...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, be careful on those turns.

DAGWOOD: But we've got to catch Mr. Dithers before he leaves his house.

BLONDIE: Oh, I know it!...Do you realize what this will mean if Mr. Dithers gives that money to Mr. Bradford, and he gets away?

DAGWOOD: I won't have a job anymore, I know that.

BLONDIE: We won't have a town to live in, either. You got everyone to see Mr. Bradford. They'll think you were in on the whole thing. It'll be perfectly awful.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh. I'm sorry I was ever a small investor.

BLONDIE: So am I...Be careful of that car.

(SOUND: HONK HORN...)

DAGWOOD: Gee, that was close!...It's not fair. Everytime I hit the jackpot of life, it turns out to be full of slugs!

BLONDIE: Stop philosophizing and watch where you're driving.

DAGWOOD: Look -- there's Mr. Dithers' house, and his car's not out in front. He must have left.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness -- now we are in for -- Dagwood, isn't that Mr. Dithers' car up ahead of us?

DAGWOOD: Huhh?.., Say, it is! ~~I can read the Dithers Construction Company sign on the back of it.~~

BLONDIE: Hurry up --- he's getting away from us. Honk your horn!

(SOUND: HONK HORN...KEEP IT UP...)

DAGWOOD: He's not paying any attention at all.

BLONDIE: Keep after him.

DAGWOOD: He's pulled away from us, Blondie. We'll never be able to catch him.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, if we don't it's going to be the end of the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue.

MUSIC...

~~GOODWIN: We'll return to the Bumsteads in just a moment...~~

~~(COMMERCIAL)~~

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE"
12/30/40

21-A

GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT...WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS. RIGHT NOW...THE SMOKE'S THE THING. IF YOU'RE ALL SET FOR A SMOKE -- TRY A CAMEL. SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SMOKE THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE...THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU MORE FLAVOR WHERE YOU WANT FLAVOR...IN THE SMOKE. THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU MORE MILDNESS WHERE YOU WANT MILDNESS...IN THE SMOKE. AND IN THAT SAME SLOW...SLOW SMOKE OF A CAMEL CIGARETTE...YOU GET LESS NICOTINE. INDEPENDENT SCIENTISTS TESTED THE SMOKE ITSELF OF FIVE OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTES. HERE ARE THE RESULTS...

VOICE: THESE TESTS SHOW THAT THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS TWENTY-EIGHT PER CENT LESS NICOTINE THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE OTHER BRANDS TESTED...LESS NICOTINE THAN ANY OF THEM.

GOODWIN: AND WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS YOU ALSO GET MORE ACTUAL SMOKING. SMOKE OUT THE FACTS YOURSELF -- LIGHT UP A CAMEL. THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

GOODWIN: For two minutes, Blondie and Dagwood have been chasing Mr. Dithers' car, and getting no closer. At last a traffic light ahead of his car shows red, and...

(SOUND: COME UP ON CAR...)

DAGWOOD: If he doesn't drive through the light we'll catch up to him all right.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, come to a stop right behind him, and jump out and keep him from driving away.

DAGWOOD: I will, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Tell him the whole thing is a fake.

DAGWOOD: I will.

BLONDIE: And don't let him get away no matter what you have to do. We can't let him turn the money over to Mr. Bradford. It would be tragic.

DAGWOOD: All right...You follow me if I have to hop on the side of his car.

(SOUND: CAR COMES TO A STOP...)

BLONDIE: Hurry! The light's changing.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS...)

(SOUND: RUNNING FEET...)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Hey, Mr. Dithers! Mr. Dithers!

(SOUND: SOUND OF CAR ABOUT TO START UP SLOWLY...)

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) Hey! Stop!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Get off that running board!

DAGWOOD: Stop the car, Mr. Dithers. I've just found out that Mr. Bradford is a fake.

DITHERS: Oh, nonsense! You've just let Blondie frighten you into thinking that. Now jump off -- I've got to catch Bradford and give him this money before he leaves town.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you've got to listen to me!

DITHERS: Bumstead, you're out of your mind. Now stop playing games and jump off.

(SOUND: SIREN BEHIND THEM...)

DITHERS: Now see what you've done. Don't you know it's against the law to ride on the running board of a car? The police will delay me.

DAGWOOD: Please, Mr. Dithers -- stop the car, and let me explain.

(SOUND: CAR COMES TO STOP...)

DITHERS: Bumstead, you're crazy as a lunatic!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh, no, Mr. Dithers, you're the one who's crazy.

(SOUND: POLICE CAR COMES UP AND STOPS...)

COP: Hey, what's the idea? Don't you know you're breaking the law riding that way?

DITHERS: Tell him who I am, Bumstead. I'm in a hurry.

DAGWOOD: Officer, you know that escaped lunatic ~~you're looking for?~~

COP: *Yeah*
~~The guy that got away yesterday?~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah. This is the man right here. He stole Mr. Dither's car and some of his clothes. Now he thinks he's Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Bumstead!! What're you talking about?...I'm Mr. Dithers, officer, and --

COP: Well, well -- so you're Mr. Dithers, are you?

DITHERS: Certainly I am...Tell him who I am, Bumstead, or I'll fire you!

DAGWOOD: I don't know who you are, but you're not Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: You're crazy! You're stark, staring mad!

DAGWOOD: See? He thinks we're crazy, but he's all right.

COP: Oh, sure -- he's all right.

DITHERS: I tell you I'm J. C. Dithers of the Dithers Construction Company.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no you're not, because I work for Mr. Dithers and I ought to know him when I see him.

COP: Come on, Mr. Dithers. Get into the nice patrol car and we'll give you a nice ride to a nice padded cell.

DITHERS: Oh, stop that foolishness! I'm in a hurry!

DAGWOOD: You'd better grab him. ^{officer} He's liable to get violent!

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS...)

COP: Come on, Mr. Dithers. We won't hurt you. We'll just take you to the station and slip a nice net over you.

DITHERS: Let go of me!...Bumstead, I'll have your blood for this! I'll take your life slowly and horribly! I'm going to laugh while you yell for help -- I'm going to enjoy every moment of it.

DAGWOOD: See, ^{what I mean} officer?

COP: Yeah -- he's certainly got rabbits in his attic...Come on -- get in this car.

DITHERS: (SOBBING) Bumstead, you'll pay for this! I'll never forget it as long as I live.

COP: Get in and shut up.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS...)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood -- did you get him all right?

COP: We got him, lady -- and nuttier than a fruit cake.

DITHERS: Blondie -- tell them who I am? Tell them I'm Mr.
Dithers! Tell them I'm not an escaped maniac.

COP: What about it, lady?

BLONDIE: Well, I can't tell whether he's an escaped maniac or not,
but he certainly isn't Mr. J. C. Dithers!

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!

COP: Come on, Cassidy -- let's take ^{*Cassidy*} him to the station.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES...CAR WITH SIREN STARTS
AWAY...)

DAGWOOD: It was the only thing I could do to keep him from giving
that money to Bradford.

BLONDIE: Was he very angry, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I'd almost be willing to swear he actually went out of
his mind.

(SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE OFF...)

BLONDIE: Oh -- listen, Dagwood! There goes the train! I wonder
if they caught Mr. Bradford.

DAGWOOD: Did you call the police?

BLONDIE: Yes, but I don't know whether they could get there in
time. ^{*Oh dear*} We'd better get home before someone sees you.

DAGWOOD: Toooh. If Bradford got away, they'll probably want
to lynch me.

MUSIC::

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh -- look, Blondie! The crowd outside the house
is getting bigger and bigger. It's turning into a mob!

BLONDIE: I'm going to call the police again.

(SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS...)

BLONDIE: Oh! What was that?

DAGWOOD: Someone threw a rock through the window.

BLONDIE: Thank goodness Baby Dumpling is still asleep.

DAGWOOD: You call the police and I'll try to talk to them. I've got to tell them it wasn't my fault.

BLONDIE: All right...Be careful now.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry I was ever a small investor...Open the door. *Blondie*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

(SOUND: COME UP ON ANGRY CROWD...)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, there's a lot of them.

VOICES: (FROM OFF AD LIB)... "THERE'S BUMSTEAD NOW"... "TAR AND FEATHER HIM"... "WE OUGHT TO LYNCH HIM!"... "RIDE HIM OUT OF TOWN ON A RAIL"... ETC...

DAGWOOD: (PROJECTS) Listen, everybody!

(SOUND: CROWD DOWN...)

DAGWOOD: I just want to tell you that I'm sorry about everything, and that --

VOICE: (YELLS) Let him have it!

(SOUND: SOUND OF ROCKS CRASHING ON PORCH...)

WINDOWS BREAK...)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Cut it out! Hey -- who threw that ~~egg~~ Hey! Ouch! Help.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...CROWD DOWN...)

BLONDIE: Did they hurt you, Dagwood? I was afraid -- oh, my goodness, that smell!

DAGWOOD: I got hit by an egg. They're going crazy out there. They want to tar and feather me. It's awful.

(SOUND: SOUND OF SIREN FROM OUTSIDE...)

BLONDIE: Listen, here comes the police car.

DAGWOOD: It's about time...I was afraid they'd never come to rescue me.

BLONDIE: Just remember you haven't done anything wrong.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DAGWOOD: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

COP: Well, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, you'll be glad to know the police caught Mr. Bradford at the next station -- with all the money, too.

DAGWOOD: That's wonderful! I'm a free man again.

COP: How did you ever get on to Bradford, Mrs. Bumstead? It was your call that saved everyone a lot of grief.

BLONDIE: Well, I knew he couldn't possibly give money away like he was, and I couldn't understand it until it sort of struck me that it might be bad money.

DAGWOOD: Gee, you certainly are a wonderful wife, Blondie. I never figured that out.

BLONDIE: Oh, it was element'ry, dear. Element'ry.

COP: We've released Mr. Dithers, too. I think he'll be cooled down by tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: That's good...I'd better go out and tell the crowd what's happened. *They'll be pretty pleased to guess.*

COP: *Open the door, Blondie.*
It was almost ~~a pretty expensive lesson in the stock~~ market.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CROWD UP A LITTLE...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, everybody! The police caught Mr. Bradford and got all the money you gave him back for you. Everything's all right.

VOICE: (OFF) Hey, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

VOICE: This egg is for causing us all the trouble!

DAGWOOD: Now look -- don't get -- Oooooohff!

VOICE: Let him have it! Come on, all you small investors!

(SOUND: RATTLE OF STUFF ON PORCH AGAIN...)

DAGWOOD: Help! Hey! Cut it out! Bloooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, well. There's never a dull moment in the Bumstead family. Tune in again next week and see what happens to dagwood and blondie when Blondie has Nephew Trouble."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

OUR ~~THE~~ "Blondie" orchestra ^{IS} ~~WAS~~ directed by Bill Artzt who

also create~~s~~ the special musical effects. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING
GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.