

2/18/41

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

51455 7660

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Just lately, Dagwood has got quite a reputation as a weather prophet -- and that's what Blondie's talking to him about this morning...

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, it looks as though you were right again about the weather. I think it's going to be a nice day.

DAGWOOD: I told you so, Blondie. (LAUGHS) I never miss.

BLONDIE: Well, you don't seem to. You were right last Thursday when I wanted to know about the weather for the Wilkin's coasting party --

DAGWOOD: I knew it would snow.

BLONDIE: And when Baby Dumpling wanted to know whether he could make a snowman on Saturday, you were right again.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. ~~I was really nothing. I've been telling Mr. Dithers what the weather will be like every day. You know, it's sort of important to him -- he wants to know about whether he can pour concrete on if the men can work outside, and all that sort of stuff. I've been right every time.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, how do you do it?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I guess it's just a man's intuition... Can I have some more coffee, dear?

BLONDIE: Of course...

(POURING COFFEE)

BLONDIE: Man's intuition? Is there such a thing?

DAGWOOD: In my case there is.

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Come on, dear -- how do you tell about the weather?

DAGWOOD: ~~It's really, very simple -- if you happen to be a genius.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I see... Why is it you've never mentioned this before?~~

~~It would have been very helpful all last summer.~~

~~Everytime we went on a picnic, it rained.~~

~~I told you. It's intuition.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Look... Well, I've been keeping it a secret.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood...?

DAGWOOD: Don't you believe me?

BLONDIE: ~~Well, dear,~~ To be frank -- no.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm ~~-- well, as a matter of fact...~~ *I thought you didn't.*

BLONDIE: Ah, that's more like it.

DAGWOOD: As a matter of fact, one of the secretaries at the Dithers Company gives me weather reports.

BLONDIE: And where does she get them?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) From her knee.

BLONDIE: Her knee!!?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. She had housemaid's knee once, and ever since, it's been very sensitive to weather.

BLONDIE: My goodness!

DAGWOOD: She's been absolutely right on the weather ten times in a row and the weather reports in the paper have been wrong ~~three~~ <sup>six</sup> times.

BLONDIE: I don't see how a knee can be better than the United States Weather Bureau.

DAGWOOD: Beverly's knee is very unusual. *It must be.* It does everything but give stock market quotations. And Mr. Dithers has been going crazy.

BLONDIE: Oh? Why?

DAGWOOD: Well, he has to buy quite a lot of weather insurance sometimes, see?

BLONDIE: No, what's weather insurance?

DAGWOOD: Well, when a construction job is pretty important, we want to be sure the weather's good when we put all our men to work on it. We take out weather insurance, and then if the day turns out to be bad the insurance company pays us for the time we lost.

BLONDIE: Oh.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's what's been getting Mr. Dithers mad. Twice I told him he wouldn't need the insurance, but he bought it anyway. So I bet him a quarter I was right each time, and he lost.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGH) I think he was more annoyed about losing the fifty cents to me than paying the insurance premium.

BLONDIE: Still, I should think weather insurance would be better than taking a chance on what any secretary's knee says.

DAGWOOD: That's where you're wrong, Blondie -- Beverly <sup>is</sup> never makes a mistake.

BLONDIE: When you get to the office, ask her how the weather's going to be tomorrow. Mrs. Hoot's giving a party.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Honey -- I'll ask her.

"BLONDIE"

-5-

2/17/41

*Oh dear, look at the time*  
BLONDIE: You'd better hurry now, dear. It's getting late -- you'll miss your bus.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Get the door open for me.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood...Be careful crossing the streets.

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: The door's open, dear. Hurry.

(DAGWOOD COMING UP...)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear. See you tonight.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...HE'S GONE...)

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: So Dagwood's turned weather prophet ~~with the aid of~~  
~~a secretary in the Dithers Company office.~~ Well, calling  
the turn on nature is a pretty tricky thing -- let's hope  
~~Dagwood~~ <sup>he</sup> doesn't prophesy himself into a jam. *Before we*  
*see, let's imagine...*

ANNOUNCER: (CONVERSATIONALLY) It's Sunday in the park! The Smiths, (Cont'd)  
the Browns, and the Joneses are out for an airing. There's a lovers' quarrel going on in front of the General's statue. Up the way a little, the chestnut vendor is yelling for customers. Meanwhile two gentlemen in white, sacks on shoulders, pointed sticks in hand, are working their way up the walk. They're two tycoons from the "keep-the-city-clean" department.

(CLINK OF STEEL ON PAVEMENT THROUGHOUT DIALOGUE)

FIRST MAN: (DEAD PAN VOICE -- TAKE IT SLOW) Plenty of papers to be picked up today, eh?

SECOND MAN: Yeah.

FIRST MAN: Happy in your work?

SECOND MAN: Yeah.

FIRST MAN: Only trouble is you don't get to see the sights around the city?

SECOND MAN: I don't have to, I married one.

FIRST MAN: Say, Joe -- look at all those empty cigarette packages.

SECOND MAN: Yeah!

FIRST MAN: More Camel empties than anything else, eh?

SECOND MAN: Yeah -- the place is full of them. Wonder what's goin' on?

ANNOUNCER: I'll tell you what's going on! Science has just confirmed another big advantage in slower-burning Camels: less nicotine in the smoke!

VOICE: Independent scientific tests of five of the largest-selling cigarettes show that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested -- less than any of them.

"BLONDIE"  
2/17/41

~~5~~ 7

ANNOUNCER: And the millions of folks who have turned to Camel Cigarettes are also getting extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor. Why don't you enjoy a slow... slow-burning Camel right now. Get that extra pleasure yourself and don't forget -- you get less nicotine in the smoke.

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: It's a little later in the morning...a little while after Dagwood's conversation with Blondie. Dagwood has just walked up to Miss Beverly Dennison in the Dithers' Company offices.

(COME UP ON TYPEWRITER...)

DAGWOOD: Hi, Beverly. How're you and your knee?

(TYPEWRITER STOPS)

BEVERLY: We're both very unhappy, kid.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BEVERLY: (SIGHS) My boy friend Sterling says he won't take me dancing any more.

DAGWOOD: What's the trouble?

BEVERLY: It's my knee. You see, kid, I used to be able to dance all night, but with this knee I'm only good for three waltzes or one chorus of Tuxedo Junction.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that sounds bad, but don't worry about anything. I think we can make some money.

BEVERLY: Money?

DAGWOOD: We'll start a weather service -- lots of people want to know what the weather's going to be like and they'll pay money for the information.

BEVERLY: Hm. You know, I never considered a career as a weather bureau.

DAGWOOD: I'll work everything out. Meanwhile, have you any idea what the weather's going to be like for today and tomorrow?

BEVERLY: Not yet, kid. I usually get my first twinge around noon, but I have to wait until one o'clock to confirm it.



DAGWOOD: That's all right. My wife wants to know about it for a party, and I want to know because of the Wilson job we're doing out on Hayes Avenue.

BEVERLY: All right, kid.

DAGWOOD: Don't worry about your boy friend now.

BEVERLY: But I am, kid -- I can't help it. I'm just like butter in' his hands.

DAGWOOD: I always thought the word was putty --

DITHERS: (OFF...CALLS) Bumstead! Where are you?

DAGWOOD: (RAISES HIS VOICE) Coming, J.C!  
(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...)  
(DOOR CLOSSES...)

DAGWOOD: (PANTING) Did you yell for me, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (COMING UP) I called for you. <sup>Oh called.</sup> Why are you always away from your desk ~~when I want you?~~

DAGWOOD: I don't know, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Maybe I should install a tom-tom ~~in my office~~ and hammer on it when I want you.

DAGWOOD: Say, that's a good idea.

DITHERS: No it isn't!

DAGWOOD: No -- I guess not.

DITHERS: Now then, I want you to tell me about this weather prophesying you've been doing. <sup>Oh that.</sup> You've been right every single time so far.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's nothing, really, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Why should I pay good money to get weather insurance when I can get accurate information from you free?

DAGWOOD: Well -- er -- I've been thinking about charging for it.

DITHERS: Don't talk nonsense. Now tell me -- how do you find out about the weather?

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess some people are gifted with special intelligence, that's all.

DITHERS: Stop changing the subject and answer my question.

DAGWOOD: It's a secret. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) It won't be long...Now come on, Dagwood -- what is it? Are you psychic?

DAGWOOD: No, honestly I'm not. There's no use your trying to find out, Mr. Dithers --

DITHERS: Look Dagwood old boy -- this is very important to me. Tomorrow, if it's a nice day, I want to pour the concrete on the Wilson job.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll give you a report on the weather this afternoon.

DITHERS: That's fine. How'll you find out?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll just go and ask -- oh, no you don't!!!

~~DITHERS: And I almost got you that time.~~

~~DAGWOOD: But I was too fast for you.~~

DITHERS: All right, all right -- now here's another thing. If tomorrow's going to be a nice day, you and I may drive over to Fremont this afternoon.

DAGWOOD: Drive over this afternoon?

DITHERS: That's right. If I can talk to Old Man Gillespie personally for a couple of hours. I might be able to land the building job on the factory he's going to put up.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers, I'll certainly appreciate your taking me along with you.

DITHERS: Well, I'll need you while I'm in Gillespie's office.

DAGWOOD: To help you with the figures and estimates, eh?

DITHERS: No -- to move my car every half hour so I won't get a parking ticket.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! That's a fine way to treat me -- particularly when I can save you money on weather insurance.

DITHERS: Well, I'm going to take your advice this time, Bumstead, but it had better be good.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers -- it'll be infallible.

DITHERS: Okay. Now you'd better go home and get an overnight bag packed. We may have to stay in Fremont tonight.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOOR OPENING...AND CLOSING)...

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Oh, Bloooooooooooooondie! Bloooooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Why, Dagwood -- is that you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I've got to pack my suitcase. Mr. Dithers and I may drive over to Fremont this afternoon on a business trip if the weather's good.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, that's nice...And have you found out about the weather yet?

DAGWOOD: No, but I'll ask Beverly when she gets back from her lunch hour. She usually knows by then.

BLONDIE: The paper says it's going to be nice tomorrow...

DAGWOOD: Ha! Don't pay any attention to it. Just put your faith in the weather service I'm going to start. <sup>Oh my,</sup> Mr. Dithers isn't going to buy any more weather insurance -- I talked him out of it.

*Blondie*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, are you sure you should count so much on -- on this Beverly ~~Bumstead~~?

51455 7670

DAGWOOD: Why sure! ~~She's infallible. Wait'll we get our weather service started.~~ We'll make a lot of money, Blondie. I'm thinking of incorporating Beverly and her knee -- ~~we shall have a wife service to all parts of the~~ --

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood -- that's perfectly fantastic.

DAGWOOD: You'll see, honey.

BLONDIE: I'm just afraid you'll talk yourself and Mr. Dithers into some kind of a jam.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- not me. I've <sup>never</sup> ~~been~~ very conservative.

BLONDIE: I hope so, dear.

DAGWOOD: All I told Mr. Dithers was that I was infallible.

BLONDIE: Oh Dagwood -- do you call that conservative?

DAGWOOD: Well -- I didn't say absolutely..

~~BLONDIE: But something might happen.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, now that's not possible. Nothing can happen to my weather reports. Positively nothing!~~

MUSIC...

(PHONE RINGS... PICK UP PHONE...)

BEVERLY: Hello?...Oh, hello, ~~kid~~ <sup>Sterling</sup> -- I'm so glad you called. You're not mad at me, are you?...You'll think it over? But Sterling, honey -- !...I couldn't help it, kid. Tell me that you love me, and I'll tell you something very interesting...Come on...But I want to hear you say it...  
Sterling you're stalling...well, say it, kid...Pretty please.  
...Yes, with sugar on it...Ch-h-h! I love you too! Now

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY: I'll tell you something. In five minutes I'm going out and  
(Cont'd) have a treatment for my knee...Yeah -- a heat treatment --  
The doctor says -- Yes, that's right. And then we can go  
dancing again! Isn't it wonderful?

MUSIC:...

DITHERS: Well, it's nearly two, Bumstead. Have you found out about  
the weather yet? The paper said it would be fine.

DAGWOOD: I'll know in a few minutes, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: You'd better be sure. Remember that road to Fremont was  
piled high with drifts the last blizzard we had. If that  
happens again while we're on the road, we'll be sunk.

DAGWOOD: Oh, don't worry, Mr. Dithers. If my weather prophet says  
it'll be fine -- it'll be fine.

DITHERS: It better be! I want to talk to Gillespie about that  
factory. If I can offer him two or three thousand in cash  
to help finance things, he'll give the job to us.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers, I'll be back in just a couple of minutes.

DITHERS: Well, make it snappy -- we want to get started. It's a long  
drive.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES...WALKING DOWN THE HALL...)

DAGWOOD: ~~(YES, SIR)~~ BUMSTEAD WEATHER BUREAU ON THE JOB TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

(THEN A DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Beverly...

BEVERLY: Hello, kid.

DAGWOOD: How's your knee --

BEVERLY: Oh, I think everything's going to be fine.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's all I wanted to know! *But wait a minute.*  
*Thanks, Beverly.*

*Beverly:*

(DOOR CLOSSES...)

MUSIC...

*Blondie:* (COME UP ON TYPEWRITER...) *I beg your pardon?*

*Beverly:* *Yes!*  
BLONDIE: ~~Pardon me, but~~ are you ~~Miss Dumiseen?~~ *Beverly?*

(TYPEWRITER STOPS...)

BEVERLY: Yes, ~~Wd~~ -- that's me.

BLONDIE: I'm Mrs. Bumstead. My husband has told me about how wonderful you are at forecasting the weather.

BEVERLY: Has he, kid?

BLONDIE: Yes. He was going to call me this afternoon and tell me what it would be like for a party I'm going to, but I guess he forgot. He and Mr. Dithers were in a hurry to drive over to Fremont.

BEVERLY: Yes. I think they left already.

BLONDIE: Could you tell me how it's going to be tonight and tomorrow?

BEVERLY: Well, confidentially, I think it's going to snow, but I can't be sure.

BLONDIE: But I thought your knee --

BEVERLY: You can't believe it any more -- about the weather, ~~it~~

*Blondie: What?*  
*Beverly: ~~was~~ me* I just had a heat treatment. ~~You see,~~ my boy friend, Sterling --

BLONDIE: A -- a heat treatment?

BEVERLY: Yeah. I just got one twinge that meant snow, and then the doctor turned on the heat.

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sake.

BEVERLY: There I was -- torn between love and a career -- but in the end love won out.

BLONDIE: But didn't Mr. Bumstead come in to ask you about the weather before he left for Fremont?

BEVERLY: Oh yeah -- He poked his head in the door and said, "How's your knee?" I said, "I think everything's going to be all right, kid," but I was talking about my knee. But before I could tell him that, he said "That's all I wanted to know," and left. *He's awful impetuous.*

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

MUSIC...

(SOUND OF CAR)

DITHERS: Yes, sir, Dagwood -- I think we'll make a nice profit on that factory job. Of course, this extra money I'll have to give Gillespie is strictly confidential.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it sounds like it might also be strictly illegal.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, Mr. Dithers. It just doesn't seem right that the Dithers Company should have to pay money to get a job.

DITHERS: Well, that isn't exactly what it is.

DAGWOOD: What is it, then?

DITHERS: How do I know? That's what I want to see Gillespie about. Say! Was that a snowflake that just bounced off the window ~~s~~ shield?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, no -- it couldn't be.

DITHERS: It looked like a snowflake.

DAGWOOD: It must be just a false alarm. When I say it isn't going to snow, Mr. Dithers -- it isn't going to snow. *Mr. Dithers.*

~~DITHERS: You're positive?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, absolutely. There's not a thing to worry about.~~

DITHERS: I could have sworn I saw another snowflake ~~just now.~~

~~DAGWOOD: That's all right. It can't snow.~~

~~DITHERS: Well...~~

DAGWOOD: You'd better clean your glasses off, Mr. Dithers. That snow is just a figment of your imagination,

MUSIC...

(CAR...AND WIND)



Dithers: *Bumstead, you idiot!*

DAGWOOD: (ANGUISHED) Gee, Mr. Dithers, ~~I can't understand it!~~ I don't understand where this snow came from.

DITHERS: ~~Bumstead, you idiot!~~ And you told me it wouldn't snow. You even went so far as to say it couldn't snow!

DAGWOOD: Well, I still ~~don't see~~ *can't believe it's snowing.*

DITHERS: I suppose this white stuff pouring down is confetti!

DAGWOOD: I don't think so -- I haven't seen any colored pieces.

DITHERS: Look -- it's piling up in drifts across the road. A fine weather prophet you turned out to be. And you were going to charge me for information like this!

DAGWOOD: Well, I was sure that --

DITHERS: Bumstead -- you're a swindler!

DAGWOOD: Now, Mr. Dithers -- don't get excited. Maybe this is just a little flurry!

DITHERS: A little flurry?! I suppose you'd call the Johnstown Flood a light drizzle! I'm not even sure we'll be able to make it to Fremont tonight.

DAGWOOD: You're just joking, Mr. Dithers. (LAUGHS) Aren't you?

DITHERS: ~~(LAUGHS)~~ *No. Bumstead.*

DAGWOOD: *No,* You're not!

DITHERS: Look at the way this stuff is coming down. In hunks! Why, it's like someone was shoveling off a cloud. Bumstead -- we're in a blizzard!

DAGWOOD: Imagine that!...I mean, that's terrible!

DITHERS: Yes, and you're the one who --

(HONKING OF HORN OFF)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- look out! There's a car coming right at us!

DITHERS: Holy suffering cats! (YELLS) Move over, you crazy maniac! Get over, get over!...Whew -- he missed us!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers! Watch where you're going! You're heading for the ditch.

DITHERS: Oh, my gosh!

(BUMP, BUMP, BUMP...THUD...AS CAR GOES SLOWLY  
INTO DITCH AND STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- hey -- hey!...Oh-oh -- ~~now we're in the ditch.~~

DITHERS: (SHAKEN) It's a good thing you saw that car -- it would have smashed into us head-on.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

DITHERS: You saved our lives, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: It certainly was a close shave.

DITHERS: It certainly was. Thanks, old man <sup>That's all right.</sup> -- I wasn't watching the road.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's all right...How are we going to get out of

Dithers: ~~this ditch.~~ <sup>the ditch - What?</sup>  
Dagwood: <sup>Yes, we can still see the fenders.</sup>

DITHERS: ~~Oh, yes -- the ditch...~~ Well, Bumstead -- I hope you're satisfied!

DAGWOOD: What have I done now? I thought I just got through saving your life!

DITHERS: You're the nincompoop who said it wouldn't snow! ; You're the idiot who said I wouldn't need weather insurance! ; You're the feather-brain who said we could take this road!

DAGWOOD: But it isn't all my fault.

DITHERS: No. I'm the sap who believed you.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

DITHERS: Well, let's see if I can drive us out of here.

(START MOTOR...WHEELS GO AROUND BUT CAR DOESN'T MOVE)

DAGWOOD: We seem to be stuck here.

DITHERS: That's right -- rub it in!!

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

DITHERS: ~~We'll probably be snowbound here -- who knows how long.~~

*Now we're*  
~~What are we going to do?~~  
~~What's going to happen to us? What'll we do?~~

DAGWOOD: If we had a deck of cards we could play honeymoon bridge.

DITHERS: Bumstead! Why is it that every time I let you get within a hundred yards of me, I get into trouble?

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Mr. Dithers -- I saved you a lot of money that time you were investing in stocks.

DITHERS: Yes, but you had me thrown in jail; *Why did I bring that up?* Now I'll probably

*Dagwood:* ~~lose the contract with Gillespie, and our men will come to work on the Wilson job tomorrow and it'll be snowing and we'll have to pay them and send them home, and we have no weather insurance.~~ *I guess it never snows but it rains.* Bumstead -- you're costing me a fortune.

DAGWOOD: I'm really very sorry about this, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: You're a luxury! I can't afford --

DAGWOOD: I can't understand what happened. I was always right before.

~~DITHERS: I wonder if there isn't some... believing you committed to an institution...:~~

~~DAGWOOD: Hey -- wait a minute... Dithers:~~

51455 7678

DITHERS: I at least ought to get some sort of a deduction <sup>for</sup> you ~~for~~ my income tax. It doesn't seem right that I should pay a salary every week for a new catastrophe. Send me a memo this week reminding me to ask ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> government tax man about it.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir. ~~Let's see if the car's really stuck.~~ If it is, maybe we can find a farmhouse and stay there tonight.

DITHERS: Yeah -- if we can find a phone -- perhaps I can telephone Gillespie and make arrangements with him that way.

DAGWOOD: Sure.

DITHERS: By the way, Bumstead -- where did you get your weather information.

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers -- one of the stenographers in your office has a trick knee--

DITHERS: A knee! Taaaaaaaaaaaaah!

MUSIC...

(WIND...KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (TEETH CHATTERING) I certainly hope someone's home.. I'm frozen..

DITHERS: You're frozen? I've got icicles on me..

DAGWOOD: Icicles?

DITHERS: Certainly -- what do you think these things are -- earrings?

DAGWOOD: Here comes someone now..

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: What you selling?

DITHERS: We're not selling anything. We --

MAN: *Just as well.*  
I wouldn't buy nothing anyway.

DAGWOOD: Our car ran into a ditch and we can't get it out.

DITHERS: That's right.

MAN: You don't say. That happened to me once. Three summers ago, I believe. Nope, four summers ago. Or was it last Fall. I was driving along --

DAGWOOD: Er -- we're cold. Do you mind if we come in?

MAN: I was just going to ask why you didn't come in. You're cooling off the whole house.

DITHERS: We didn't mean to be so inconsiderate.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: It certainly is snowing outside.

MAN: Yep. I noticed that too.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose you'd want to hitch up a truck or a team to our car and pull us out, would you?

MAN: Nope.

DAGWOOD: I didn't think so...

DITHERS: Mind if I ask if you have a phone?

MAN: Nope.

DAGWOOD: I thought I saw telephone wires coming up to the house.

MAN: Yep. Probably did.

DAGWOOD: What're they for?

MAN: Telephone.

DITHERS: But you just said you didn't have a phone.

MAN: Nope. Just said I didn't mind if you asked if I had one. (LAUGHS) Got you there, didn't I?

DITHERS: Yep.

MAN: Oh, I'm pretty sharp.

DITHERS: I suppose I'm laying myself wide open for a snappy  
~~comeback, but would you~~ mind if <sup>we</sup> I used your phone?

MAN: Nope.

DITHERS: Thanks.  
*Dagwood: I don't see any phone.*

MAN: There she is *-hangin' over that wash-basin, there;*

DITHERS: Is that a phone.

MAN: Yep. You turn the crank at the side.

DITHERS: And then do I get the operator?

MAN: Nope.

DITHERS: Why not?

MAN: About this time she's out to dinner.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: Now don't get excited, Mr. Dithers. You're getting all  
upset over nothing.

DITHERS: Do you call that factory job for Gillespie nothing? Do  
you call the money I'll lose on the Wilson job tomorrow  
nothing?

DAGWOOD: But --

DITHERS: (ALMOST CRYING) I just want to put in a long distance  
call to Fremont. That's all I want -- just one call --

MAN: *Dithers:* I wouldn't try now. *Why not?* You'd just wake up Carl and Hiram  
and Frank and Joe and all down the line.

DITHERS: You mean this is a party phone and everyone would hear  
what I had to say?

MAN: Yep. They'd probably give you some pretty good advice  
while you're talking.

DITHERS: But what I've got to say is confidential. What do you do  
when you want to tell someone in town something and keep  
it a secret?

51455 7681

MAN: I ride into town and whisper it into his ear.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah! Bumstead, you've ruined me!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though things have gone from bad to worse for Dagwood. We'll see what happens in just a moment...But speaking of snow, let's jump for a moment to the high peaks and exciting winter sports of Sun Valley. ~~The sports of Sun Valley.~~ Two sports writers are at a table in the Lodge. Let's eavesdrop.

"BLONDIE"  
2/17/41

-6- 24

~~ANNOUNCER: It's a long jump from Shady Lane Avenue to the high peaks  
and exciting winter sports of Sun Valley. But there are  
one. Two sports writers are at a table in the Lodge.  
Let's eavesdrop.~~

FIRST VOICE: I've been pounding out sports news for twenty-three years...  
...I've seen the world's greatest champs do their stuff.  
But I've never seen anything like Dick Durrance in that  
National Open Ski race today.

SECOND VOICE: I still can't believe I saw it. The guy takes not one,  
*First:* but two terrific bone-smashing spills in the woods, *Yeah* and  
still takes the rest of the Mount Baldy course wide open --  
and wins the title in record-breaking time. I couldn't  
happen -- but it did...

FIRST VOICE: (INTERRUPTING) Here's Durrance now. (OFF MIKE) Hi,  
*Third:* Dick -- sit down. *Thanks* (FULL) How do you feel?

THIRD VOICE: Still a bit shaky in the knees, ~~thanks~~.

FIRST VOICE: (CHUCKLES) It's a wonder to me that you're here at all.  
Cigarette?

THIRD VOICE: Sure, thanks.

FIRST VOICE: Hope you like Camels.

THIRD VOICE: You bet I do! With me, it's Camels every time. They have  
the winning edge in flavor and an extra helping of  
mildness, besides.

ANNOUNCER: Right you are, Dick Durrance! Slow...slow-burning Camels  
give you a smoke with more flavor, more mildness, more  
coolness, and less nicotine in the smoke.



"BLONDIE"  
2/17/41

A-25

FIRST VOICE: (FILTER) Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested...less than any of them... according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, less nicotine in the smoke itself. An extra margin of freedom from nicotine plus extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor. All in the smoke of slower-burning Camels. Try Camels yourself! Light a Camel...smoke it...enjoy it. The smoke's the thing!

MUSIC:...

"BLONDIE" -26-  
2/17/41

*Now back to Blondie and Dagwood.*

GOODWIN: It's the next day, and in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue, Blondie is doing her housework when...

(DOORBELL)

BLONDIE: Well, there's someone at the door. (HUMMING) Oh, for heaven's sake --- it looks like Dagwood and Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) But how was I to know? It wasn't all my fault, Mr. Dithers. I never was wrong before. Beverly always told me what the weather was going to be like and --

DITHERS: (OVER HIM) You should have known better all the time! Look at the money and time I've lost just because of you. And don't tell me again that you saved my life!

BLONDIE: Oh please --

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers -- I was sure it was going to be all right. You're the one who asked me about the weather and I told you. I only said I was infallible.

DITHERS: You should have told me what you were going on first! The idea -- trying to parlay a knee into a weather bureau!

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers --

BLONDIE: Don't you two want to come in?

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, honey. Guess what -- I'm home!

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodness! Come inside and stop arguing.

DAGWOOD: We had to stay at a farmer's house last night, Blondie. We were snowbound.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: And that farmer insisted on reading Whittier to us. "The sun that bleak December day, rose cheerless in a sky of gray" -- or something like that. Taaah!

DAGWOOD: Then he took four dollars away from Mr. Dithers playing knock-rummy.

DITHERS: Bumstead, do you have to tell everything you know?

BLONDIE: What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: *Blondie* I'll tell you what the trouble is, Blondie. This nincom --  
*Who?*  
(CLEARS HIS THROAT) -- your husband told me it wasn't going to snow and I believed him. Because of that I probably lost a factory construction job, and some money on the Wilson job on Hayes Avenue.

BLONDIE: But how have you lost any money?

DITHERS: Because I didn't take out <sup>*my usual*</sup> ~~the~~ weather insurance ~~I usually~~ do!

BLONDIE: *Dagwood* Why, Dagwood, <sup>*Remember Who me?*</sup> I guess you forgot you asked me to take out that insurance just to be on the safe side.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, I guess I did forget to -- the what?

BLONDIE: The weather insurance.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you sure you know what you're talking about?

DITHERS: Say, what is this?

BLONDIE: I guess I didn't really understand much about it, Dagwood -- but I called up Mr. Ross and he had the papers all ready. He was expecting Mr. Dithers to take out the insurance anyway, so I took it out just as you told me to.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...yeah...yeah, I guess I see what you mean. Or do I?

DITHERS: Blondie, do you mean we were insured after all?

BLONDIE: Why, of course! And I think it was unfair of Dagwood not to tell you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I was just teasing you, Mr. Dithers. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: And all this time I've been upset over nothing. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Isn't it silly. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: It certainly is. (LAUGHS) I don't get it.

DITHERS: But there's still that Gillespie deal.

BLONDIE: Of course I don't know about that, Mr. Dithers, but the office has been calling here, trying to locate you, and I gathered that it had turned out that Mr. Gillespie wasn't very honest.

DITHERS: I knew there was something fishy about that!

DAGWOOD: You didn't say that when we got stuck in the ditch!

DITHERS: Bumstead!!! Will you stop contradicting me every -- say, you're right, I didn't.

BLONDIE: Well, I hope everything's all right now.

DITHERS: Oh, sure, Blondie. <sup>Yeah sure, Blondie</sup> Well, I've got to get to the office and check up on everything.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, J.C.

DITHERS: Dagwood -- you rascal! All that time and you didn't tell me about the weather insurance! (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- isn't it funny. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

Dagwood: <sup>so long J.C.</sup>  
(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- what happened? I feel weak -- I'm shaking like a leaf. Everything looked bad for me, and then all of a sudden it was all right again. I'm still dazed.

*Blondie: Now dear - just relax*  
~~BLONDIE: Well, I can tell you why your weather prediction wasn't any good. When you asked Beverly how her knee was, she said everything was going to be all right.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, honey -- but it snowed.~~

~~BLONDIE: I know. But you see, she had a heat treatment and you didn't know that. She meant her knee was better.~~

~~DAGWOOD: And when you found that out, you got the weather insurance for Mr. Dithers?~~

BLONDIE: *Ah*  
~~Yes~~, Dagwood -- ~~But~~ If you had known what I did, you would  
have done the same thing.

DAGWOOD: *I suppose I would (SIGH)*  
You're wonderful, Blondie. You really are.

BLONDIE: Oh, no, Dagwood. You did almost everything. I just did  
what I knew you would do.

DAGWOOD: I guess that's right... You know, honey, between us we always  
manage to work things out all right, don't we?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) We certainly do, Dagwood. We certainly do.

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT TIME, BLONDIE REALLY PULLED DAGWOOD OUT OF A JAM.  
TUNE IN AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AND SEE WHAT A STEW  
THE BUMSTRADE GET INTO WHEN, "BLONDIE ADVISES A CHEF."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who  
also creates the special musical effects. This is  
Bill Goodwin saying good night for the makers of  
Camel Cigarettes.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.