

3/31/41

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1941

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

ANNCR: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to
"Blondie"...presented by Camel...the slower-burning
cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Blondie and Dagwood are sitting at the breakfast table. Dagwood, as usual, is in a terrific rush...

(COME UP ON BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood... *Dagwood.*

DAGWOOD: Yeah, what is it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Don't hurry through your breakfast so fast, dear.

DAGWOOD: I've got to get down to the office ahead of time, this morning. I've got to catch the bus I usually miss.

BLONDIE: What's all this rush about, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: There's a new man in the office, ^{a fellow by the name of Dithers} Blondie, and he's out to get my job.

BLONDIE: Are you sure?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and I've got to be right on my toes. He's a very smooth looking fellow, and he's been spending half his time patting Mr. Dithers on the back and telling him that he's a genius.

BLONDIE: Well, what does Mr. Dithers think?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers agrees with him.

BLONDIE: Oh.

DAGWOOD: ^{J.C.} ~~He~~ admits he's a genius -- in a small way -- and then this fellow ^{Dithers} tells him he ought to have his picture on the front cover of Time Magazine.

BLONDIE: Oh, ^{that} that sounds bad, doesn't it?

DAGWOOD: It does for us, but it sounds like heaven to Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: ^{Now} Now, Dagwood -- You're pretty honest with Mr. Dithers, and that certainly ought to mean something to him.

DAGWOOD: It should, shouldn't it?

BLONDIE: Certainly.

DAGWOOD: But it's not as good as telling him that his picture ought to be on the cover of Time Magazine.

BLONDIE: Here -- have some more coffee, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- you see, I just don't like the looks of things.

(POURING COFFEE)

BLONDIE: You don't really think Mr. Dithers would give someone else your job, do you?

DAGWOOD: I'm not sure, honey, and it worries me. He's been very jittery lately. He's been trying to land this Mr. Robert W. Adams who's in town, looking for a factory site. (You know, the man from Pittsburgh who's just moved here.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Adams is a ~~pretty~~ important man, and I guess Mr. Dithers is sort of scared to meet him.

BLONDIE: Then maybe he'll give you the job.

DAGWOOD: That's what I'm worried about. I'm afraid if he does, I might not be able to land Mr. Adams, and I'm afraid if he doesn't give me the job he'll give it to this Fred Simmons, and he will get the contract. I can't win, either way.

BLONDIE: I'll see what I can find out about Mr. Adams, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Aw, Blondie -- what could you find out?

~~BLONDIE: I don't know, dear, but we'll see.~~

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: I don't know, dear, but we'll see...It's getting late,
dear -- you'd better hurry.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- I wonder why time always sneaks up on me
like this!

(SCRAPING CHAIRS)

BLONDIE: I'll get the door open for you.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I won't have time to put my coat and hat on -- I'll
just grab them and dash for the bus...Is the door open?

BLONDIE: I'm opening it now...Hurry, dear.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Well, goodbye, Blondie...I've got to
dash now.

BLONDIE: Be careful crossing the street, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I will -- goodbye!

(WHIZZZZZ)

(DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it's the start of another day for the Bumsteads, and
it looks like it might be an exciting one. ~~That~~
~~Fred Simmons is out for Dagwood's job, and from Dagwood's~~
~~description of him, he's going to cause trouble.~~

(DOORBELL RINGING)

Well,
GOODWIN: Yes, Dagwood may think he has troubles, but let me tell you about a man who gets into far more trouble and he loves it, thrives on it, actually lives on it. He's Bob Donahue, Pathe's ace newsreel photographer. Bob Donahue has been putting history on celuloid for the past thirty years...filming fires, wrecks and every other kind of trouble he can find. For example, Bob Donahue has shot pictures of a revolution in Central America. Yes, and he almost got himself shot in the bargain. But Bob Donahue's one of these cool, calm, collected men. The sort you'd expect to find sitting in the midst of an earthquake peacefully smoking a cigarette. And you know when Bob Donahue does smoke, he prefers Camels. He says...

MAN: I smoke a good bit, and Camels extra mildness certainly goes over big with me.

GOODWIN: Yes, Bob Donahue, ace newsreel photographer goes for Camels every time. Camels...with their matchless blend of costlier tobaccos...with their slower way of burning...give him extra mildness...less nicotine in the smoke. Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than in the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested...less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke (CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

itself. Besides, slow -- slow-burning Camels give you extra coolness and extra flavor in the smoke. And the smoke's the thing! Smoke out the facts for yourself with Camels. And thanks to Camel's slower way of burning, enjoy more smoking...extra smoking per cigarette per pack. There's even more economy in Camels by the carton... greater convenience, too. So get your Camels by the carton.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Now, it's a few minutes later. Fred Simmons is already at the office of the J.C. Dithers Company -- and he's talking to Mr. Dithers, himself.

SIMMONS: Well, perhaps I shouldn't say this, Mr. Dithers, but I'm amazed at the way this company of yours is organized.

DITHERS: Is that right?

SIMMONS: Yes, sir -- I said when I walked in to see you about a job, "Here's a firm that's run by a man with sheer genius -- yes, sir, sheer genius for organization."

DITHERS: (NOT TOO MODESTLY) Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, ~~Mr.~~ Simmons. ^{simmons} I don't claim to be a genius.

SIMMONS: Mr. Dithers, you're just modest.

DITHERS: Well, perhaps I am.

SIMMONS: You can't deny that you're at least brilliant.

DITHERS: Well -- I don't know -- I'm just a small town boy who's had a small measure of success...

SIMMONS: ^{small measure of success} Why, the J.C. Dithers Company is one of the most modern companies in the country. ^{Yes, now that you mention it...} There's just one thing that I don't quite understand about it.

DITHERS: What's that?

SIMMONS: Well, it's just that -- no, I'd better not say it.

DITHERS: Go right ahead -- you can be perfectly frank with me. I'm always open to any suggestions.

SIMMONS: No, really -- it wouldn't be fair. I'd rather not say anything about a fellow employee.

DITHERS: ^{Oh} If there's anything wrong, I want to know about it.

SIMMONS: Wellllllll -- I just can't understand how a man with your ability and genius could pick a subordinate like this man Bumstead.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead's all right. He's really a big help to me.

SIMMONS: That's what I was talking about a little bit ago, Mr. Dithers -- your loyalty to your employees, no matter how stupid they are, no matter how badly they gum up the well-oiled machine you've organized.

DITHERS: Well....

SIMMONS: Yes sir -- that's loyalty, and it's a fine thing.

DITHERS: Thank you.

SIMMONS: Even if it is carried a little too far.

DITHERS: Well, I want this office to be just like -- well to coin a phrase -- one big happy family.

SIMMONS: *by that's not* Yes, I see that. And you're willing to forgive the faults of the black sheep...Mr. Dithers, you're a great man.

DITHERS: No, no -- I'm just a small town boy who's had a small measure of success...But what do you think is wrong with Bumstead.

SIMMONS: I wouldn't want to suggest that you trust my judgment more than that of Mr. Bumstead's -- that wouldn't be fair -- but why don't you just ask Bumstead's advice on the Adams' deal and see how it works out.

DITHERS: Hmmm -- well, maybe I'll do that, Mr. Simmons.

SIMMONS: Oh, just call me Fred, ~~Mr. Dithers~~.

DITHERS: Well, all right, Fred.

SIMMONS: (Mr. Dithers, it's been a wonderful experience to talk to you this morning -- it's been really invigorating and stimulating.

DITHERS: Well, thank you, Fred --- that's very flattering.

SIMMONS: It's only the truth, Mr. Dithers...Now I'll leave you to your work.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Just come in any time at all, Fred. J. C. Dithers is always available to his employees.

SIMMONS: Thank you, sir.

(DOOR CLOSES)

SIMMONS: (CALLS) Oh, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Hunh? Oh, it's you.

SIMMONS: Yes. Can I talk to you a minute?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) What about?

SIMMONS: (CONFIDENTIALLY) I've just been talking to Mr. Dithers about the Adams job. I've got a tip for you.

DAGWOOD: Hummmmm?

SIMMONS: You know how much Mr. Dithers values your advice, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but I never let that bother me.

SIMMONS: Now you know and I know Mr. Dithers likes a little flattery.

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

SIMMONS: Yeah. He'd like to have someone tell him that he's the only person who could possibly sell Adams.

DAGWOOD: You think so?

SIMMONS: Of course. Now listen, here's the tip. I've found out Adams likes aggressive men. He likes a man to breeze into his office and tell him off -- he has confidence in people who are two-fisted and sure of themselves.

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

SIMMONS: Now pass that on to Mr. Dithers and he's a cinch to make the deal with Adams. *Don't forget to mention the tip.*

DAGWOOD: You mean that I should go into Mr. Dithers and... *See what he has to say.*

SIMMONS: Yes. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)...Hey, wait a minute! How is it you're telling me this?

SIMMONS: Well, just as a gesture of friendship, Bumstead -- that's all.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll try it. *I'll be very careful.*

SIMMONS: Good.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J.C.

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Bumstead.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Bumstead, I want your advice.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. -- what is it?

DITHERS: Well, it's about Adams. Now we want the job building that factory.

DAGWOOD: And we'll get it too, J.C.

DITHERS: Hmm -- well, after all, we're one of the most modern construction companies in the country, aren't we?

DAGWOOD: Well, one of the first five thousand, anyway.

DITHERS: First five thousand?! Bumstead, what kind of loyalty is that?

DAGWOOD: Now don't get upset, Mr. Dithers. You were talking about Mr. Adams.

DITHERS: Yes. Do you want to go and talk to him?

DAGWOOD: Well -- (LAUGHS) Mr. Dithers, you're ~~really~~ the only one who should see him. *Dithers* I'd never impress him as much as you could.

DITHERS: Well, of course, you may be right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: And besides that, (SOTTO) I've got a tip for you, J.C.

DITHERS: What is it?

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Adams likes the dynamic type of man -- the kind of a person who is -- er -- two-fisted and sure of himself.

DITHERS: I suppose I am that in a way.

DAGWOOD: Sure.

DITHERS: And you think I'm the only one who could really do a selling job on Mr. Adams?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood -- I'm glad you have so much confidence in me.
I'll go over and shove our contract right down Adams'
throat and make him love it!

DAGWOOD: That's the spirit, Mr. Dithers. (LAUGHS)

MUSIC:

SIMMONS: (PHONE) Hello -- is this Mr. Adams speaking?...Mr. Adams,
this is Mr. Dithers' assistant -- Mr. Dithers of the
J.C. Dithers Company...Yes, that's right...Well, Mr. Adams,
Mr. Dithers is coming over to see you about that new
factory. He'll expect you to be waiting for him,
understand?...Now just keep your shirt on, Mr. Adams,
and see that you don't keep him waiting...Why, Mr. Adams!
What kind of language is that to use over a telephone?...
Just be sure you don't talk like that to Mr. Dithers -- he
doesn't stand for any foolishness from anyone. ^{What?} Goodbye!

(HANGS UP)

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: (CALLS) Gas man!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, hello, Mr. Williams.

MAN: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: I guess you know where our meter is by now, don't you?

MAN: Certainly do.

BLONDIE: By the way, have you checked the meter at Mr. Adams' house?

MAN: Adams, Adams -- let me see. Is he the fellow from Pittsburgh
who moved into the old Dillon house?

BLONDIE: That's right.

MAN: Yep -- I checked the meter day before yesterday.

BLONDIE: I just wondered what kind of a man he was.

MAN: Well, I haven't heard anything scandalous about him -- pretty disappointing, in a way. He seems to be a nice quiet sort of man -- he's got quite a workshop in his cellar.

BLONDIE: Is that right?

MAN: Yep -- he loves to tinker with engines and motors and things. He's got quite a mechanical bent. He told me while I was reading the meter that he figures things out on his walks.

BLONDIE: Oh, he goes for walks around here, does he?

MAN: Yeah -- he just figures things out while he's walking out along the Tindall Bridge road.

BLONDIE: Well, that's interesting. He sounds like a very nice man.

MAN: That's right...Hmmm -- I see you've been doing a lot of baking lately, haven't you, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Why, yes, I have. How did you know?

MAN: Your meter reading's a little bit higher than it was last month. I can always tell.

MUSIC:

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

ADAMS: Yes?...Who's here to see me?...Mr. Dithers? ~~Is that the~~
~~Mr. Dithers I got that call about -- the man who said I'd~~
~~better not keep him waiting?~~...I see -- well, send him right
in. It'll be quite a pleasure to talk to him.

(HANGS UP)

ADAMS: Probably one of thos dynamic idiots. Don't keep him waiting, eh? Hmmm!

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: (LOADED WITH VIGOR) Mr. Robert W. Adams?

ADAMS: Yes.

DITHERS: It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Adams! I'm J.C. Dithers of the J.C. Dithers Company!

ADAMS: Well? Is that so?

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Ha-ha! You can't intimidate J.C. Dithers, Mr. Adams. No, sir!

ADAMS: I can try.

DITHERS: Well, let's get down to business -- there's no use in fooling around -- the only company you want to do business with is the J.C. Dithers Company. Am I right?

ADAMS: No.

DITHERS: We'll see about that, Mr. Adams. I'll bet before I'm through you'll sign this contract with me.

ADAMS: What did you say?

DITHERS: I said, I'll bet you sign this contract.

ADAMS: You're faded.

DITHERS: All right -- here's the contract --

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DITHERS: And here's my pen. Now just put your signature on that dotted line. Let's not fool around with formalities -- you know I can do the job, and I know you've got to build a factory here! We both understand that kind of talk, don't we?

ADAMS: Mr. Dithers...

DITHERS: Yes?

ADAMS: Did anyone ever tell you that you were a nincompoop?

DITHERS: A what?

ADAMS: A nincompoop.

DITHERS: No one ever told me that and got away with it.

ADAMS: Then meet the first one. You're a nincompoop and a loud one.

DITHERS: You can't talk that way to me! Come on -- sign that contract!

(DITHERS HAMMERS ON THE DESK...)

ADAMS: Don't hammer on my desk!

DITHERS: I'll hammer on it all I please! (HAMMERING) I'm sure of my company's work! I can give you as good price as anyone in the state! And you know that eventually you're going to sign this!

ADAMS: Is that so!

(RAP OF PAPER WEIGHT ON DITHERS KNUCKLES...)

DITHERS: Ouch! Be careful -- you hit my knuckles with that paper weight!

ADAMS: That'll teach you to keep your knuckles off my desk, Mr. Dithers! Now let me show you what I think of your contract. Watch!

DITHERS: Hey! Don't tear that!

(RIP...RIP...RIP OF PAPER TEARING...)

ADAMS: Here's your contract, Mr. Dithers

DITHERS: But Mr. Adams -- !

ADAMS: I'll show you what I do about people who come into my office the way you did. I don't have to stand for any aggressive idiots barging in here, telling me what I'm going to do.

(PICK UP PHONE...) *Miss / ...*

DITHERS: But I thought ~~you liked a man who was sure of himself -- a two-fisted, dynamic --~~

ADAMS: Quiet, please! (INTO PHONE) Hello?...Send four of our biggest men in here, immediately.

DITHERS: Now wait a minute, Mr. Adams -- don't be hasty. I thought that you expected your future associates to -- well, be confident and aggressive.

ADAMS: I don't care to discuss this further, Mr. Dithers.

(OPEN DOOR...FOOTSTEPS INTO ROOM...)

ADAMS: Oh, hello, boys. This is Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello fellows!

ADAMS: I want you to throw Mr. Dithers out of here, and throw him out on his ear!

DITHERS: Hey -- wait a minute -- let go of me! Hey-y-y-y-y!

MUSIC:...

DAGWOOD: Now let me see -- this order calls for reinforced concrete roof with steel beams supporting the...

DITHERS: (OFF -- CALLS) Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh! That sounds bad. I guess he's back now.

DITHERS: (OFF) Bumstead -- come in here!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) I'll be in in a minute, J.C.

DITHERS: If you're not in my office in three seconds, I'll throttle the life out of you!!!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

(WHIZZ!!!)

(DOOR SLAMS...)

DAGWOOD: Here I am, J.C. -- I made it with a second and and a half to spare.

DITHERS: Aha!

DAGWOOD: My gosh, what's happened to you, J.C.?

DITHERS: Never mind!

DAGWOOD: Gee, let me brush you off!

(PATTING COAT...)

DITHERS: Ouch! Get your hands off me! I'm covered with bruises!

DAGWOOD: Oh -- sorry, J.C.

DITHERS: And don't call me J.C.!

DAGWOOD: All right, J.C. -- I mean, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Ohhh -- I feel like I've just been run through a meat grinder. And it's your fault you -- you --

DAGWOOD: Nincompoop?

DITHERS: Yes -- nincompoop!

DAGWOOD: What have I done now?

DITHERS: You told me that Robert W. Adams liked the aggressive type, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but --

DITHERS: Well, I was aggressive and he tore up the contract, hammered on my knuckles with a paperweight, and had me thrown out of his office! Well, what have you got to say to that?

DAGWOOD: Gee whiz!

DITHERS: Well, I guess you know what this means, Bumstead! You're through! I'm firing you! Get two weeks salary!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! Please Mr. Dithers -- I thought I was helping you. Fred Simmons told me that Adams was a man who liked the aggressive type and told me to pass the tip on to you.

DITHERS: I don't believe it! Simmons is smart -- he's the kind of man I need in the J.C. Dithers Company!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (YELLS) Who is it?

(DOOR OPENS)

SIMMONS: I beg your pardon, Mr. Dithers, but I thought I heard my name mentioned as I was walking down the hall.

DITHERS: That's right, Fred, you did. Bumstead got me into a jam with Adams and now he claims it's your fault.

Laurel
SIMMONS: Mr. Bumstead, I don't want to cause trouble, but I don't think it's fair ~~to the Dithers Company for you to blame~~ your mistakes on someone else. *to the Dithers Company*

DAGWOOD: I know what you're doing -- you're trying to get my job!

SIMMONS: Mr. Dithers, let me apologize for Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no you don't! ~~I'm on to you, Simmons!~~ Come on -- put 'em up! I'm going to make you tell the truth about this!

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: You keep out of this! (Come on Simmons -- just step in front of this left!

SIMMONS: Hey -- look out! Get away from me!

DITHERS: Bumstead -- stop dancing around in my office! This is no athletic club!

DAGWOOD: I'm going to make him tell you the truth!...Come on, Simmons -- put up your dukes and fight like a man! Come on -- stick your chin out and lead with your right!

SIMMONS: Okay.

(SOCK...BANG...BODY FALL)

DAGWOOD: What happened?

DITHERS: Wait a minute -- wait a minute!

DAGWOOD: I'm going to polish the floor with this chiseler! He can't do this to me! Let go of me Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I'm not touching you!

DAGWOOD: Oh.

DITHERS: Come on Bumstead -- get up.

DAGWOOD: I'll get up all right -- I'll get up -- I'm going to --

SIMMONS: Keep him away from me! He's gone completely crazy! He's out of his head!

DITHERS: Now listen to me! One of you is lying -- I don't know which one -- but one of you is.

DAGWOOD: It isn't me, Mr. Dithers, but I'll tell you what I'll do -- I'll get Mr. Adams to sign a contract with the Dithers Company. And I'll do it without any help from Simmons.

DITHERS: All right, Bumstead -- let's see you do it!

DAGWOOD: You'll see! So long!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: I'll show them a thing or two. I'll get that contract!...
Holy smoke!! -- did I promise I'd do that? I must be crazy!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Bloooooooooooooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood -- are you home already?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'm home.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Is something wrong at the office?

DAGWOOD: Well, this guy Simmons double-crossed me, and now if I don't get Mr. Adams to give his construction work to the Dithers Company, I'll be unemployed.

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: It's awful, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Maybe it's not ^{as} ~~so~~ bad. *as you think.*

DAGWOOD: *As you say.* This is a calamity in our lives! Aren't you worried?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- but I don't think both of us should be.
That's a waste of energy...Now just calm down and let's see if we can figure out something to do.

DAGWOOD: Did you find out anything about Mr. Adams?

BLONDIE: Well, not much, but something. First, he's a very nice, quiet sort of man.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! ^{Oh, yes} ~~And Simmons got me to tell Mr. Dithers he liked aggressive go-getters.~~

BLONDIE: Hm...Now let's see what else there was. Oh, yes -- his hobby is engines and machinery.

DAGWOOD: He has another hobby --

BLONDIE: Oh?

DAGWOOD: He likes to throw Mr. Dithers out of his office.

BLONDIE: ^{Oh, yes} Then every day he takes walks out toward the country -- along the Tindall Bridge Road.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that isn't much help.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know. I'm thinking awfully hard right now.

DAGWOOD: Hey!

BLONDIE: What's that, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Maybe I could impress Mr. Adams by showing him some of my inventions.

BLONDIE: Oh no.

DAGWOOD: You know -- like my perpetual motion machine.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, your perpetual motion machine didn't even move.

DAGWOOD: Well, no -- but before it blew up, it vibrated a ~~lot~~ ^{little}...Hmm -- I guess that wouldn't do. But we've got to think of some way to impress him.

BLONDIE: I have an idea...Just a minute, let me think.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I won't say a word while you're thinking.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: That's all right -- you just go right ahead and see if you can figure anything out. I'll be perfectly quiet.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

DAGWOOD: Go right ahead, Blondie. Think of Baby Dumpling and me -- both of us without a job...Say! Maybe I should go over and help Mr. Adams with one of the engines he tinkers around with. Sure -- that's it! I'll offer my assistance to him.

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood -- that's the wrong psychology.

DAGWOOD: What's wrong about it? We want to sell Mr. Adams something so we've got to do something for him.

BLONDIE: No, dear -- he should do something for us.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, that's all wrong -- that's not right!

BLONDIE: Well, I think it's the right psychology and I'm going to try it out right now. I'll have to take the car.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie -- getting him to do something for us -- that's the wrong psychology!

BLONDIE: We'll see, dear -- we'll see.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

MUSIC:...

GOODWIN: Well, well -- I wonder what Blondie's idea is, and how it will work out. Your guess is as good as mine, but we'll know in a moment. First let's turn to a scene inside a tent at an Army camp. Listen -- two trainees are talking.

FIRST MAN: Hey, Ken -- what's eatin' you?

SECOND MAN: Aw nuthin', Bill.

FIRST MAN: Come on, fella -- spill it. Did the sarg give you K.P.?

SECOND MAN: Nope -- (SIGHS) just haven't heard from home for over three weeks.

FIRST MAN: Gee, that's tough.

THIRD MAN: (OFF MIKE...SHOUTING) Private Kennedy in here?

SECOND MAN: Yeah -- right here.

THIRD MAN: (OFF) Package just came for you. It's over in the orderly room.

SECOND MAN: Oh, boy -- let me outta here!

SOUND: SCRAMBLE OF FEET ON WOOD FLOOR...MUSICAL TIME BRIDGE...

CRACKLE OF WRAPPING PAPER

SECOND MAN: Gee -- look, Bill! -- a whole carton of Camels. The folks sure must be thinking about me, after all. They figured out just what I'd want most...good, old Camels.

GOODWIN: Yes, in training camps from coast-to-coast, the Army man's favorite cigarette is Camel. Records show that in Army Post Exchanges...and in Navy Canteens, too...Camel is the leader. You see, Camel -- the cigarette with that matchless blend of costlier tobaccos -- the cigarette with that slower way of burning -- brings you extra mildness... less nicotine in the smoke.

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

GOODWIN: Slow -- slow-burning Camels also give you a cooler smoke, a more flavorful smoke. Next time, try Camels. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: It's about two hours later. The Bumstead car is parked off to one side of the Tindall Bridge road, the hood of the engine is up, and Blondie seems to be tinkering with the engine as a man walks toward her...

(COME UP ON RATTLING OF TOOLS...EXPERIMENTAL
TAPPING WITH HAMMER...ETC)

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) Oh good. Here comes Mr. Adams now. Now let me see -- maybe if I took this wire off and put it over here, and turn this screw here a little, and loosen this thingamajig, and hammered on this, it might work...but then again it might not.

(SOUND OF TINKERING...THEN FOOTSTEPS COMING UP
ON GRAVEL)

ADAMS: Er -- pardon me.

BLONDIE: Oh, hello.

ADAMS: Having trouble with your car?

BLONDIE: (HELPLESSLY FEMININE) Well, it won't run now, but I've been moving wires around a little and hammering here and there, and perhaps I'll hit on the right combination.

ADAMS: (CHUCKLES) I'm afraid you'd be here for years if you tried that method...Could I help you?

BLONDIE: (SMILES) That depends. I've got the wires inside here all mixed up and twisted until it looks like a busy ~~telephone exchange~~ ^{switchboard}. You'll have to be a genius, I'm afraid.

ADAMS: Well, I'm a pretty good trouble-shooter when it comes to engines. I'll see what I can do.

BLONDIE: Won't you get your clothes awfully dirty and greasy?

ADAMS: Don't worry about that. There's nothing I enjoy more than wrestling with a bad-tempered engine. I'll have it humming in a little while.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful, Mr. -- Mr. -- ?

ADAMS: Adams -- Robert W. Adams.

BLONDIE: Well, for heaven's sakes!

ADAMS: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Are you the Mr. Adams who's building a factory or something in our town?

ADAMS: Yes, I guess I am...How did you know about the factory?

BLONDIE: Well, I think I have something rather funny to tell you... You see, I'm Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead, and my husband works for the J. C. Dithers Company.

ADAMS: The Dithers Company? Hmm! I threw Mr. Dithers out of my office today.

BLONDIE: Yes, I know. This is rather complicated, but I think you might like to know about it. *Yes, indeed.* There's a man in the Dithers Company who's trying to get Mr. Bumstead's job.

ADAMS: Oh?

BLONDIE: Well, he told Mr. Bumstead to tell Mr. Dithers that you liked to deal with aggressive, go-getters. You know...

ADAMS: I should say I do -- I hate that type.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers took the advice, and I guess you know the rest.

ADAMS: So that's why he came bursting into my office like a course in salesmanship!

BLONDIE: I suppose I shouldn't be telling you these things, Mr. Adams. Both Mr. Bumstead and I will be very grateful to you if you can get the car started again. He's probably worrying about me right now.

ADAMS: Well, it'll be a pleasure to help you, Mrs. Bumstead...Now just hand me that wrench for a moment...and the pliers.

(SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Here you are.

ADAMS: (WHISTLES) Boy -- what you haven't done to the wiring inside here. But I think it'll be an easy problem to lick. Just watch and I'll show you how to do it.

(MORE SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Adams -- that's wonderful.

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- that was a wonderful dinner. Mr. Adams certainly seemed to enjoy it, too.

BLONDIE: Where is he now?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, he's showing Baby Dumpling how to fix his toys. Baby's steam engine is on the blink, and Mr. Adams is tinkering with it right now.

BLONDIE: That's good.

DAGWOOD: Say, Blondie -- how in the world did you know we'd have to get Mr. Adams to do something for us so he'd like us? That sounded all wrong to me.

BLONDIE: Well, I read a story once about two men who wanted to marry a girl, and they both had to get in good with her father.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but what's that got to do with this?

BLONDIE: Now wait till I finish...One of the men fixed it so the father fell off a dock into a lake, and then the man jumped in and saved him.

DAGWOOD: So the father liked him because he saved his life.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, please let me finish.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: Later, the other man pretended to fall off the dock, but he let the father save him. And he was the one who finally married the girl. You see, the father didn't like being indebted to the first man, and he liked the man he saved because he felt he had an interest in his life.

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know about that!

BLONDIE: That's why I let Mr. Adams fix our car. Now he has sort of an interest in us.

(SOUND OF TIN WHISTLE ON STEAM ENGINE OFF...)

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- I guess Mr. Adams fixed the steam engine. He's got the whistle running anyway.

BLONDIE: It certainly sounds like it.

DAGWOOD: Spring's coming pretty soon -- I wonder if Mr. Adams would like to fix our lawnmower. It needs a little...

BLONDIE: I wouldn't ask him, dear.

DAGWOOD: You wouldn't, hunh?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood. Let's not overdo things.

(DOOR OPENS OFF...AND CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Adams -- thanks for fixing Baby Dumpling's steam engine. We heard the whistle.

ADAMS: (COMING UP) That's all right. I was glad to do it. Is there anything else around here that's out of order?

DAGWOOD: Well -- uh -- Spring's coming and --

BLONDIE: No, thank you, Mr. Adams.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- no thank you.

BLONDIE: You've done enough for us already.

ADAMS: Oh, by the way -- I've been thinking it over and I believe I can arrange for the construction job to go to the Dithers Company after all.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Adams --

ADAMS: It'll have to go through your husband, though -- I don't think I could stand seeing that Mr. Dithers again --

DAGWOOD: I know just how you feel, Mr. --

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

ADAMS: Well, you've treated me to a wonderful dinner... Mrs. Bumstead you're certainly a fine cook.

DAGWOOD: She certainly is.

BLONDIE: Oh, now -- please...

DAGWOOD: And that's not all. (LAUGHS) She's also a very good amateur psychologist!

ADAMS: No! Is she really?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Adams -- you have no idea!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Dagwood...

MUSIC:...