

4/15/41

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 31, 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 cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads.
Mr. Dithers has driven Dagwood home from the office and is in the living room, talking with Blondie and Dagwood. It seems that the annual stockholders' meeting of the J.C. Dithers Company is being held tonight, and...

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers...

DITHERS: Yes, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I just thought we'd tell you -- Dagwood and I are thinking of attending the stockholders' meeting tonight.

DAGWOOD: That's right, J.C. After all, we've got some stock -- not very much, but a little -- and we thought we'd drop in and see what happened.

DITHERS: You're joking, aren't you?

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- we're very serious.

DAGWOOD: Sure. We own three shares of stock, and that means we own part of the Dithers Company.

DITHERS: Yes, you own part of the Dithers Company, all right. Those three shares are probably worth -- well, about four sacks of cement, a couple of shovelfull of gravel, and an old water bucket.

DAGWOOD: I thought we had at least an interest in a steam shovel.

Dithers: Well, I'm sorry Bumstead, but
BLONDIE: We could come to the meeting and vote our stock anyway, couldn't we?

~~DITHERS: Well, of course, you could, but you'd just be in the way. No one else comes. I discourage it.~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh...well, we sort of thought we'd enjoy it, Mr. Dithers. It's nice to feel you have something to do with a corporation.~~

Well I'll tell you Blondie
DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Usually no one attends but myself. I elect myself president of the company, chairman of the board, pay myself for attending the meeting, and adjourn it.

BLONDIE: Then you don't think we should come at all, Mr. Dithers? Even if we own three share of stock?

DITHERS: Well, I don't let Cory come to the stockholders' meetings and she owns several hundred shares, in her own name.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I should think you'd at least let your own wife come. *Mr. Dithers* ~~particularly if she's got so many shares of stock.~~

DITHERS: I get criticized enough at home. *Just you see* There's no point in *it* extending the battlefield to business. She'd just ask a lot of questions --

BLONDIE: But there's nothing wrong with that...

DITHERS: Blondie, it's taken me three years to teach Cory not to pass an opening two-bid in bridge. The Dithers Company business is a good deal more complicated, and I wouldn't live long enough to explain it to her. It's the same way with all small stockholders.

Dagwood!
BLONDIE: I see. But we were sort of looking forward to the meeting.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- we were.

DITHERS: Well, Blondie -- a woman's place is in the home. You have your own responsibilities -- I guess you'll be having more soon -- and I have business responsibilities. It's just as well that they're kept separate.

DAGWOOD: Couldn't we just come along and vote "Yes" when you put yourself up for president and chairman of the board? Couldn't one of us just second a nomination?

DITHERS: What's the use, Dagwood -- I control everything. I'm
-- (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) -- well, something of a tycoon,
you know. *In a small way*

BLONDIE: I suppose so.

DITHERS: Well, I'll have to be running along now.

DAGWOOD: You don't think we should come to the meeting, hunh?

DITHERS: No, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. ~~I guess~~ we won't, then. *I guess we can take a direct.*

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- I'm a little disappointed.

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah. But you see how it is -- Mr. Dithers always wants
to do everything himself.~~

~~BLONDIE: I know. But still, I think a little stockholder should be
just as important as a big one. (SIGHS) Well -- I guess
that's that.~~

MUSIC:

~~GOODWIN: Yes, Blondie, that's that -- but just at the moment.
I've got a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Dithers is in for
a lot of trouble this evening. We'll know more about it
in a moment.~~

DAGWOOD: (DISGUSTED) Aw...I think I'll join the Army. Maybe I can become a general or something.

BLONDIE: You'll find things different in the Army, Dagwood. For one thing, you'd have to be much more punctual in the mornings. They wouldn't like you to keep breakfast waiting.

DAGWOOD: But I could just march around in a nice uniform and forget about guys like Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: You'll have to work hard to get a commission.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, that's all right.~~ ^{Commission?} I'd just as soon work for a straight salary.

BLONDIE: Besides...in the Army you'll have to be comfortable without all those nice homey little pleasures.

DAGWOOD: Maybe so. But I could still smoke Camels. And smoking Camels is one of the Army man's favorite pleasures.

GOODWIN: I'll say it is, Dagwood. Records show that in Army Post Exchanges, Camels are the favorite -- and in Navy Canteens too. You see, Camel with its matchless blend of costlier tobaccos...with its slower way of burning... brings you the smoking extras. The smoke of slow... slow-burning Camels gives you extra flavor and extra coolness in every puff. Yes, and more mildness...less nicotine in the smoke.

MAN: 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: And Camel's slower way of burning brings you still another advantage...smoking economy...extra smoking per cigarette per pack. So next time, ask for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...ask for Camels. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's eight o'clock the same evening. Mr. Dithers has just entered the empty conference room in the offices of the J.C. Dithers Company, and is starting to give the stockholders meeting the usual brush-off...

DITHERS: Well, might as well get this over with.

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: The annual stockholders' meeting of the J.C. Dithers Company will come to order. I move we dispense with the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. I second the motion. All in favor say "Aye." Aye.

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: Motion carried. Any old business?

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: No old business. Any new business?

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: No new business. Now let's see...I've got to elect myself president of the company and chairman of the board for the new year.

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: I move that Mr. J.C. Dithers, because of his outstanding record of achievement, be re-elected president of the J. C. Dithers Company at a slight advance in salary to be determined later.

(DOOR OPENS)

HOWARD: Just a moment, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hunh? Say, who're you?

HOWARD: I'll explain that in a moment...Come right in, boys, and sit down.

(FOOTSTEPS...DOOR CLOSE...SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

DITHERS: What's the meaning of this? I'm holding a meeting of the stockholders of the J.C. Dithers Company.

HOWARD: Yes, I know. We didn't want you to be lonely, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Are you a stockholder?

HOWARD: Yes, indeed. Let me introduce myself. I'm Mr. John Robert Howard -- this is my lawyer, Mr. Lewis -- and these are my -- um -- my assistants.

Man:
DITHERS: Hello!..I'll get on with the meeting.

HOWARD: Oh, do -- by all means.

DITHERS: Thank you!

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: The chair will now receive nominations for president of the J.C. Dithers Company.

HOWARD: Mr. Chairman, I move that I be elected president of the J.C. Dithers Company.

MAN: I second the motion.

DITHERS: It has been moved and sec -- hey, what's going on here?

HOWARD: Never mind, Mr. Dithers -- just go right ahead.

DITHERS: You haven't enough stock to vote yourself in as president, so why bother me? Go on, run along. I control the Dithers Company.

HOWARD: Oh yeah?

DITHERS: Certainly!! Mrs. Dithers and I hold a majority of the stock.

HOWARD: ~~(Howard)~~ Not any more you don't, Mr. Dithers. *huh?* Look here *Dithers* -- see this stock.

DITHERS: Hey, what's this? That's Mrs. Dithers' stock!

HOWARD: No, she sold it to us.

DITHERS: Taaaaaah!

HOWARD: She said you wouldn't let her come to these meetings so she might just as well sell her stock.

DITHERS: I'll never be able to understand women.

HOWARD: Now -- shall we proceed with the election? I'm up for presidency of this company.

Woman!
DITHERS: I won't ~~do it~~. *Just don't go ahead stand for it.*

HOWARD: You'll have to.

DITHERS: Listen, what's behind all this?

HOWARD: Well, Mr. Dithers -- you've received a number of new contracts -- among them some government orders and I decided your company might be a good investment, with me as president. I've been quite busy buying Dithers Company Stock...Now, shall we vote our shares?

DITHERS: How many shares of stock do you have?

HOWARD: One thousand, four hundred and thirty-two.

DITHERS: Holy Pete!

HOWARD: Give up, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: No -- that happens to be exactly as much stock as I have myself!!

HOWARD: Hmmm -- ~~apparently, we'll have to buy some more.~~ I thought with Mrs. Dithers' stock we'd have a controlling vote. *apparently we'll have to buy some more.*

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Ha-ha! I guess you're not going to put one over on J.C. Dithers!

HOWARD: Oh, I think we'll be able to buy some more stock tonight.

DITHERS: Yes, but so can I.

HOWARD: Oh, no, Mr. Dithers. You can't leave here. The moment you do, I'll elect myself president of this company and chairman of the board.

DITHERS: Taaaah!

HOWARD: Oh, Jerry -- I want you to go out and get some more stock.

JERRY: Sure, Mr. Howard. There's just one guy left on the list.
We've bought out everyone else.
He has three shares and his name's Bumstead. ~~We've bought out everyone else.~~

DITHERS: Bumstead? Oh, my gosh!

HOWARD: That will do it nicely. His stock's worth seventy-five dollars. If necessary, give him a thousand dollars for it.

DITHERS: Holy smoke!

HOWARD: Hurry along now, Jerry...I think these bills will cover it.

JERRY: Right, Mr. Howard.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

HOWARD: Well, Mr. Dithers, as soon as Jerry returns with the stock, you can consider yourself ^{*in line for*} ex-president of the J.C. Dithers Company.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOORBELL)

BLONDIE: I'll answer the door, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, no! You stay right where you are, honey. Just take it easy! I'll see who it is.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

DAGWOOD: It's probably nothing important.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm Mr. Bumstead.

MAN: You have some stock in the J. C. Dithers Company, haven't you?

DAGWOOD: Er -- just a couple of cement sacks worth, that's all.

MAN: I have a very attractive proposition to offer you,
Mr. Bumstead. May I step in a moment?

DAGWOOD: Sure, but we don't want to buy any more stock. If we did
I'd get it from Mr. Dithers -- wholesale.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

MAN: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, this is Mrs. Bumstead.

MAN: How do you do?

BLONDIE: How do you do?...Is this something about our stock in the
Dithers Company?

MAN: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead. Suppose I offer you ^{one} hundred dollars
for your three shares.

Dagwood:

BLONDIE: Are you offering that, or just supposing?

MAN: That is a firm offer, Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Say -- that's a twenty-five dollar profit.

MAN: Then it's all settled? That's fine -- if you'll just --

BLONDIE: Wait a minute.

MAN: Well?

BLONDIE: I don't know whether we should cash our stock in.

MAN: Now listen, Mrs. Bumstead --

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- listen, Blondie -- *\$25⁰⁰ profit.*

BLONDIE: Our stock is sort of a nest-egg. I guess we'd better keep
it.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...I guess that's right.

MAN: I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll offer you a hundred and
fifty dollars.

BLONDIE: I don't know much about this. *Now listen Mr. Bumstead!*
Mr. Dithers' advice first. We really ought to get

DAGWOOD: That's the thing to do. Why don't you come around in the
morning?

MAN: I have to have the stock tonight. How's this for an offer -- two hundred and fifty dollars for just two shares.

BLONDIE: Two shares?

MAN: All right, ~~all right~~ -- I'll make it one then. You know the stock isn't worth that much.

BLONDIE: That's what's worrying me. *I don't think have...*

man: \$ 250.00
DAGWOOD: That's a lot of money, honey. Just think what we could do with it.

BLONDIE: There must be something wrong...

MAN: *All right* Five hundred dollars for one share of stock in the J. C. Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: *\$500.00?* Oh, goodness!

DAGWOOD: *Wait a minute!* You must have things mixed up. Maybe you're thinking about some oil stock I bought a couple of years ago.

MAN: No, I don't want any oil stock.

DAGWOOD: The man who sold it to me said it would become very valuable sometime.

MAN: No thanks. No ~~mine~~ *oil* stock.

DAGWOOD: It's got gold edges all around it.

MAN: No -- I'm only interested in Dithers Company stock, and that's my final offer -- five hundred dollars for one share. I've got the money in cash -- right with me.

DAGWOOD: *Well, how about it folks?*
~~See -- for a while I thought a gusher had come in.~~

BLONDIE: Will you excuse us for a moment while we talk this over?

MAN: Certainly.

BLONDIE: We'll go into the kitchen, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

MAN: (FADING) Just take your time. Remember -- five hundred dollars for one share.

Dagwood: For a minute I thought a quaker had come in!
(KITCHEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (LOW) Dagwood, what do you think about it?

DAGWOOD: Do you suppose he's crazy? He offered us five hundred dollars for one share of stock that's only worth twenty-five dollars.

BLONDIE: If he really wants to pay that much and we turn him down, we'll lose a lot of money.

DAGWOOD: There must be some way to tell whether he's crazy or not.

~~BLONDIE: Let me think...~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah...~~ *Maybe we could hit him on the knee with a hammer?*

BLONDIE: I know! I've got it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What is it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: We'll tell him we want a thousand dollars for one share of our stock.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Well, if he says "yes" then we'll know he's out of his mind.

DAGWOOD: That's right. Let's go in and try it on him.

BLONDIE: All right.

(KITCHEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

MAN: (OFF) Well, have you come to a decision?

BLONDIE: Yes, we have.

DAGWOOD: We certainly have. (LAUGHS) We'll sell you one share of stock for a thousand dollars. (PAUSE) Well, is it a deal

MAN: (PAUSE) Sold!

~~BLONDIE: I thought so!~~
Dagwood: He's crazy!

~~DAGWOOD: We're on to you now! You're stark, raving crazy.~~

MAN: What do you mean?

DAGWOOD: Hold the door open, Blondie! I'll get him out of here!

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

MAN: Now wait a minute -- wait a minute! I'm perfectly sane!

DAGWOOD: That's what they all say! Come on -- ~~beat it!~~ Scram!

~~MAN: I've got the money right here! Look!~~

~~DAGWOOD: It's probably counterfeit!~~

~~MAN: This is good money!~~

~~DAGWOOD: You can't fool Dagwood Bumstead!~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: I've got the door open, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie! I've got him! *Come on Napoleon.*

MAN: Get your hands off me! You can't do this! I'm ~~just trying~~
~~to buy some stock!~~

DAGWOOD: *Oh, I can't eh?*
~~Sure, sure, sure!~~ Get ready to slam the door, Blondie!

MAN: Help! Help! Let go of me!

DAGWOOD: Try to trick us, will you? Goodbye, and happy landings!

(WHIZZZ!!!...OUT THE DOOR)

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: There! I guess we showed him a little Bumstead teamwork,
didn't we, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I should say so.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's probably the last ~~we~~'ll see of him. The
idea -- expecting us to believe he'd pay a thousand
dollars for one share of that stock.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) It's silly, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: It certainly is...

BLONDIE: But just think, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: Wouldn't it have been wonderful if he had really meant it?

MUSIC: (THREE)

(DOOR OPENS)

HOWARD: Well, Jerry. Did you get the stock?

MAN: No. Bumstead thought I was crazy and threw me out of his house.

DITTERS: Good for Bumstead...that'll teach you to fool around with a man of integrity.

(PHONE OFF)

MAN: The phone's ringing in the next room.

HOWARD: It's probably for you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I suppose I might as well answer it as *Howard!* *Why don't you?* Oh, no
~~you don't!~~ As soon as I left this room, you'd
hold your own stockholders meeting.

HOWARD: I give you my word we wouldn't,

DITHERS: How do I know it's any good?

HOWARD: Well, if you can't take the word of a gentleman...

MAN: You can always trust Mr. Howard, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hmmm...

HOWARD: Go ahead, Mr. Dithers -- answer it.

DITHERS: All right -- I'll take your word, and --

(PHONE STOPS RINGING)

DITHERS: It's stopped...It's just as well. You probably would
have voted yourself in in spite of what you said.

HOWARD: (CHUCKLES) You're right, Mr. Dithers -- I would have.

~~DITHERS: Ha! Apparently you didn't get Bumstead's stock.~~

HOWARD: We haven't given up yet...Hmmm -- look at the time,
The Bumsteads ought to be asleep by now. Do you
think you could manage to get that stock if you tried
again, Jerry?

MAN: (CHUCKLES) Just leave it to me, Mr. Howard, I'll get
it -- one way or another.

HOWARD: (CHUCKLES) Fine! Be sure you don't wake them up.

DITHERS: That's robbery!

HOWARD: Now don't get upset, Mr. Dithers. In an hour or so
you'll be a retired business man.

DITHERS: Tooooooooooh!

MUSIC: (FOUR)

(LIGHT SNORING)

(THEN SOUND OF VASE CRASHING TO FLOOR WAY OFF)

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (MUTTERS INTELLIGIBLY -- HE'S STILL ASLEEP)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, wake up.

(CLICK OF LIGHT SWITCH)

DAGWOOD: Hunh?....Goodnight, dear. Turn out the light.

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood -- wake up.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter? Did the alarm go off?...No, it's still dark outside. *Well good night.*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I think there's a burglar downstairs.

DAGWOOD: What's he want?

BLONDIE: Wake up, dear! I heard a vase smash on the floor.

DAGWOOD: Probably mice. *go back to sleep dear.*

~~BLONDIE: It sounded like our heavy vase.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Go back to sleep dear, I'll send the mice a bill in the morning.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, if you don't wake right up, I'll spill this whole glass of water over you. *one, two...*

DAGWOOD: (BRIGHTLY) I'm awake, honey!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- I'm sure I heard a burglar downstairs.

DAGWOOD: Probably Daisy tipped that vase over. She must be wandering around downstairs. Here, Daisy! Here, Daisy!

(DAISY WHINES...CLOSE...)

BLONDIE: Daisy's right under the bed, Dagwood. She sounds like she's frightened to death!

DAGWOOD: A fine watch-dog you are, Daisy! ~~Now, look, Blondie, there's no nothing but my dog down there.~~

(DAISY WHINES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm sure it's a burglar.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll go down and look. I'm hungry, anyway. I think I'll make up a little sandwich. Probably a ham and cheese.

Where are my slippers?

BLONDIE: Don't forget the burglar.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Oh, yeah -- the burglar.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute -- I'm coming down with you.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie -- what for?

BLONDIE: I'm not going to stay up here alone --

DAGWOOD: Well, stay behind me.

BLONDIE: All right -- I'll turn the downstairs light on from up here.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

(GOING DOWN STAIRS)

(SOUND OF DOOR SLAMMING OFF)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- what was that?

BLONDIE: The back door just shut --

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! And look all over the living room! Papers scattered all over the floor.

BLONDIE: That's the way you left it, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- but that's not all.

BLONDIE: You're right, Dagwood -- he's been all through the desk -- the letters are all scattered around and -- oh -- I wonder if he took my good silver! It was our wedding present.

DAGWOOD: I hope not -- we'll never have another wedding.

(OPEN DRAWER...RATTLE OF SILVER)

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) It's all here, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I don't think he got anything at all.

BLONDIE: There's the vase he broke. I didn't like it anyway.

DAGWOOD: I wonder what he came in here for. We haven't got anything valuable.

BLONDIE: I know it. *I wonder...*

DAGWOOD: You don't suppose the burglar could have been practicing for a big job?

BLONDIE: No, I don't.

DAGWOOD: I didn't think so...Well, honey -- how about a little sandwich?

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

MUSIC...

HOWARD: Come on, Mr. Dithers -- you might just as well give up. We're going to get that stock from Bumstead somehow.

DITHERS: This is my company and I'm not giving up!

HOWARD: All right -- we can stick it out here as long as you can.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

JANITOR: (COLORED) Mah goodness --- is you gentlemen playing poker, or just talking?

HOWARD: Who're you?

JANITOR: I'm the night owl here for dis building. I sweep up the offices, ~~and read the letters in the wastebasket.~~

DITHERS: That's fine! Come in, I'm Mr. Dithers, and I want you to take a message to someone. I'll write a note for you.

JANITOR: But Mr. Dithers -- I can't leave de building or I'll lose my job!

DITHERS: Don't worry about your job.

JANITOR: If I don't worry about it, it ain't going to worry about me.

DITHERS: Now look here, there's five dollars in it for you. Understand?

JANITOR: Yes, sir! Dis-tinctly!

HOWARD: Just a minute. If you take that message for this man, you won't have your job tomorrow.

JANITOR: Oh-oh!

DITHERS: Don't believe him! You'll have your job tomorrow. Say -- wait a minute. You've got a little office in the basement, haven't you?

JANITOR: Ummm -- it's more like a broom closet.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DITHERS: Here. Take this note to Dagwood Bumstead on Shady Lane Avenue and I'll have your name put on the door of your office in gold letters!

JANITOR: Gold letters! Boss -- I'm leaving simultaneously.

DITHERS: Tell Bumstead that I want him to come here and vote his stock. Don't let anyone stop you.

JANITOR: Yes, sir!

DITHERS: It's a matter of life and death. Now hurry!!

JANITOR: Yassuh. *I see gain like lightning.*

MUSIC...

(DOORBELL RINGING)

(DAGWOOD IS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: Who in the world would be ringing our doorbell at this time of the night? I never get any rest! I'm just a pawn of Fate! It's not fair.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE) Gee, it's dark -- say, that's funny -- there isn't anybody here.

JANITOR: Oh, yes there is. I just don't show up very well.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- I see you now. What do you want?

JANITOR: Mr. Bumstead, I got a message for you.

DAGWOOD: Come on in.

JANITOR: Yes, sir.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (OFF) What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) I don't know, honey. There's a man here says he's got a message for me. (ON) Who's it from?

JANITOR: Mr. Dithers...Let me see -- where'd I put that note? It was about some stock. He's going to put my name in gold letters on the door of my little office.. MMMM-mmmm!
That's going to be some stuff!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- what about the note?

JANITOR: Oh, yeah -- the note. HMMMMM. It ain't in my hip pocket -- I got my razor there. No use looking in my coat pocket.

DAGWOOD: You better look there anyway.

JANITOR: It ain't necessary, Mr. Bumstead. The lining's out of that pocket, and if I did put it there, it wouldn't be there now.

DAGWOOD: I see what you mean.

JANITOR: Now this other pocket -- hMMMMM -- there ain't nothing but nothing in it...'

DAGWOOD: Couldn't you hurry up a little bit. *I'm catchin' cold.*

JANITOR: Well, well -- here it is! *Oh where was it?* It was in my other hand! I never thought of looking there.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Okay -- thanks.

JANITOR: Yes, sir. Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Look at this!

(RUNNING UPSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers is in a jam and he wants me to come down and vote our stock! I'll have to go right down there!

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! Dagwood -- put some pants on over your pyjamas.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...The stock's in our dresser drawer, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- that's right....

DAGWOOD: There -- got my pants on -- Goodbye, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- don't forget the stock!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

(DRAWER OPENS...THEN SHUTS)

BLONDIE: Be careful, dear.

DAGWOOD: I will, Blondie -- goodbye!

(DOWN THE STEPS FAST)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, if I can only get there in time!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

MAN: Just a moment, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?...Hey, don't bother me now -- I'm in a hurry.

MAN: You got the stock with you.

DAGWOOD: Sure -- it's right here...What do you two guys want?

MAN: Mr. Bumstead -- we're taking you for a little ride.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's awfully nice of you. I was wondering if I'd be able to get the car started in time to -- hey-y-y!

MAN: Grab him, Pete!

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooondie! Bloooooooondie!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it looks like an exciting moment. The Dithers Company is hanging in the balance -- Dagwood's job along with it. We'll see what happens in a moment...

(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"
3/31/41
(REVISED)

But just now

GOODWIN: ~~Yes~~, it certainly looks like Dagwood is behind that proverbial eight-ball again. It would almost take a champion like...say Willie Hoppe, to maneuver him out of his tight spot this time.

MAN: Say, feller, Hoppe is the billiard champ. And there isn't any eight-ball in billiards.

GOODWIN: Well, you see, I was speaking figuratively...

MAN: Yeah...and the figure is eight. And there isn't any eight-ball in billiards.

GOODWIN: (CHUCKLES) Oh yeah...well, even Willie Hoppe has played billiards from behind the eight-ball. Take just a few weeks ago. Willie Hoppe started after his second three-cushion billiards championship. But, then he got sick. Now, didn't that put him behind the eight-ball?

MAN: Hmmm...guess so. What did Hoppe do, anyway?

GOODWIN: When he recovered, he caught up and actually won the title.

MAN: Willie Hoppe sure knows his stuff.

GOODWIN: You bet he does. And Willie Hoppe knows his cigarettes, too. He smokes Camels, you know. He says...

SECOND MAN: (MATURE VOICE) Yes, Camels are my brand. They have more flavor and they're extra mild.

"BLONDIE"
3/31/41
(REVISED)

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GOODWIN: Camels bring you extra mildness...less nicotine in the smoke. 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. And that same mild, mild smoke of slower-burning Camels also gives you more coolness...more flavor. So, friends, try Camels now. Dealers everywhere feature Camels by the carton. For convenience...for economy, too, get your Camels by the carton. And remember...the smoke's the thing!

GOODWIN: It's about a half an hour later in the conference room where the fight for the control of the Dithers Company is still deadlocked. The knob on the door turns, and....

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Well, here I am, Mr. Howard.

(DOOR CLOSES)

HOWARD: You got the stock from Bumstead?

MAN: I certainly did, Mr. Howard.

DITHERS: I didn't think Bumstead would fail me. Now I'm ruined.

MAN: Here's the stock you wanted.

HOWARD: Thank you, Jerry. Well, Mr. Dithers -- I think this will be very profitable for me -- with all your new orders, and that government work, I ought to do pretty well with the J.C. Dithers Company.

DITHERS: Go on, go on -- rub it in.

HOWARD: As a matter of fact, I think I'll -- Jerry!

MAN: What's wrong, Mr. Howard!

HOWARD: This isn't the stock in the J.C. Dithers Company! It's stock in the Bonanza Mazuma Super-Gusher-Oil Company!

MAN: Holy Cats!

DITHERS: Oil stock! Yippee! I've been reprieved!

HOWARD: Jerry, you dope -- why didn't you look at this stock before you took it from Bumstead?

MAN: How could I tell?

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in, come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers. I brought our stock with me.

DITHERS: Blondie! Oh, am I glad to see you!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Man: It ain't?

BLONDIE: I thought you would be, Mr. Dithers. Where's Dagwood?

DITHERS: These gentlemen must have grabbed him when he went out the door. They took this oil stock from him...What did you do with Bumstead?

MAN: We left him a little ways out in the country.

HOWARD: Mrs. Bumstead, I'll make you a very good offer for your stock. Let's say --

BLONDIE: No, thank you.
~~MAN~~ *Howard: Now wait a minute*
We'll agree to keep Mr. Bumstead on with the company -- and give him quite a substantial raise as well.

BLONDIE: That sounds very nice, but I'm sure Mr. Dithers will do the same for us.

DITHERS: I certainly will, Blondie. I owe everything to you for coming here tonight.

BLONDIE: That's all right. I saw Dagwood run out with the wrong stock, but I didn't have time to stop him. He's very fast, you know. He goes out of the house like a rocket. *You know...*

DITHERS: Ah, that's wonderful!...Well, Mr. Howard, shall we get down to the business of the meeting?

HOWARD: I think I'll just bow out, if you don't mind.

DITHERS: Oh, stick around, stick around. You bought all that stock, you might as well vote it.

HOWARD: No, thank you...Good night. Come on, men...Mrs. Bumstead, if you ever change your mind about that stock, just let me know.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, let's start things.

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: The meeting will come to order! *And!*

The chair recognizes Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, *Dithers* ~~I move that because of his faithful and devoted service to the J. C. Dithers Company, Mr. Dagwood Bumstead be given a ten per cent increase in salary.~~ *thanks you*

DITHERS: *What?* I second the motion. All in favor say "Aye."

BLONDIE:) Aye!
DITHERS:)

(GAVEL)

DITHERS: The motion is carried unanimously!... ~~Blondie, do you happen to have an aspirin tablet with you? I need it -- and now!~~

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Are you asleep yet, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Not yet.

DAGWOOD: Neither am I. *you know something?* *What?* My feet hurt. I was a long time walking *Blondie!* before I got a ride into town...What's keeping you awake?

BLONDIE: I'm thinking about a new hat.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- you can't have a new hat -- why --

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Well, *I guess* you can have it -- now that I got my raise.

BLONDIE: That's wonderful... *of your dear.* You know, Dagwood -- Mr. Dithers is really very nice.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- he has his moments. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers says we must never miss a meeting again.

DAGWOOD: Say, that's pretty swell. I guess we're pretty important to the Dithers Company after all.

BLONDIE: Just think -- for a while, you and I with our three shares of stock, held the control of the J. C. Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. You know dear, when you come right down to it, we really live a very interesting life.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well folks, Blondie and Dagwood managed to save the day for Mr. Dithers, but there are plenty of troubles in store for the Bumsteads. Be sure to be listening next week at this same time when Blondie "Quiets a Jealous Husband."

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

(MUSIC OUT) also creates the special musical effects. *This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel cigarettes.*
(THREE BLASTS ON POLICE WHISTLE)

~~GOODWIN:~~ *Bill* Careful, mister. Be sure you get more honest-to-goodness pipe smoking pleasure for your money. Insist on George Washington smoking tobacco and enjoy rich fragrance...mild, friendly taste. And another thing. George Washington is cellophane-wrapped for real freshness. But George Washington still costs only ten cents...a two and one quarter ounce package. Try George Washington now.

~~This is Bill Goodwin saying good night for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.~~

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.