

*As Broadcast*

"BLONDIE"

*9/17/41*

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1941

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

SCENES

THE CAST:

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. J.C. DITHERS' OFFICE                           | PENNY SINGLETON.....BLONDIE          |
| 2. TRAIN PULLMAN                                  | ARTHUR LAKE.....DAGWOOD              |
| 3. BUMSTEAD HOME FOR<br>COMMERCIAL                | HANLEY STAFFORD.....DITHERS          |
| 4. OAK STREET SHERIDAN CITY                       | LEO CLEARY.....BERGIER               |
| 5. WILLIAMS OFFICE, SHERIDAN<br>CITY              | GALE GORDON.....CONDUCTOR,<br>ROGERS |
| 6. PHONE BOOTH IN DRUG STORE                      | DON BRODY.....WILLIAMS               |
| 7. WILLIAMS OFFICE                                |                                      |
| 8. 53 OAK STREET, SHERIDAN<br>CITY                |                                      |
| 9. THE SAME                                       | <u>COMMERCIAL CAST:</u>              |
| 10. THE SAME                                      | BILL GOODWIN.....ANNOUNCER           |
| 11. OSBORN HOME, SANRAN<br>BARBARA FOR COMMERCIAL | FRED SHIELDS.....VOICE               |
| 12. 53 OAK STREET, SHERIDAN<br>CITY               | KATHLEEN FITTS.....OSBORN            |
|   | BOB GARRED.....HITCH HIKER<br>ANN.   |

SOUND EFFECTS:

WHIZZ WHISTLE...CRASH...TRAIN...RATTLE OF PAPER...TRAIN SLOWS DOWN  
AND STOPS...CREAKY HINGE...SLAP OF BOARD ON SEAT AND RATTLE OF  
BOARD...DOOR CLOSES...DOOR OPENS...KNOCK ON DOOR...PLANE OFF...

51454 0001

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1941

3:30 4:00  
~~4:30~~ - 5:00 P.M., PST  
~~7:30~~ - 8:00 P.M., PST  
6:30 - 7:00

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GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Here's  
"Blondie"...presented by Camel -- the ~~slowest burning~~  
cigarette <sup>OF COSTLIER TOBACCO'S</sup> ~~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 in the world~~

MUSIC: (THEME)

"BLONDIE TURNS THE TABLES"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1941

6:30 - 7:00 PM, PST

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GOODWIN: And now our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, some sort of a business deal seems to be afoot in the offices of the J. C. Dithers Company, and it looks as though Dagwood is going to be mixed up in it, because here's Mr. Dithers right now, calling to him...

DITHERS: (YELLS) Bumstead! Bumstead -- where are you?

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Coming, J. C.!

DITHERS: Let's have a little more snap around here, Bumstead. The vacation's over, and I've seen all your latest pictures of your baby girl. Let's get down to a little business.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir. ~~What's the deal?~~

~~DITHERS: Come into my office, and close the door.~~

~~(DITHERS)~~

~~DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C.~~

DITHERS: Fall's coming along, Bumstead -- we've all got to be alert, clear-minded, ready to go into action. You've got to wipe the cob-webs out of your brain -- understand?

DAGWOOD: You can count on me, J.C...What did you want me for?

DITHERS: Well, I wanted you to -- oh, fiddle-diddle. Now you've made me forget what I called you in here for.

DAGWOOD: Were you going to give me a raise?

DITHERS: No!

DAGWOOD: Couldn't we talk about that until you remembered what you wanted?

DITHERS: No, we couldn't!

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

DITHERS: Now I remember. Bumstead, the J. C. Dithers Company is going to open a temporary branch office in Sheridan City.

DAGWOOD: And I'm going to be in charge of it, hunh?

DITHERS: No, ~~you're going to go over and make arrangements for it.~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, ~~Jesus.~~

DITHERS: Here's the situation. The Albert C. Rogers Company is looking for a factory site in Sheridan City. They're going to build a factory there, and the J. C. Dithers Company wants that job.

DAGWOOD: I'm just the man for you, J. C.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- don't interrupt me.

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, sorry.~~

~~DITHERS: Now where was I?~~

~~DAGWOOD: You wanted to build something.~~

DITHERS: ~~Oh, yes.~~ Now the Goliath Construction Company is after the job, too. As a matter of fact, Old Man Berger, the president of Goliath, is handling the job himself.

~~DAGWOOD: These Goliath people -- they're always hanging in on our deals.~~

~~DITHERS: Yes -- remember the experience we had with them just before you went on your vacation. When they tried to get us thrown in jail.~~

~~DAGWOOD: They did get us thrown in jail.~~

51454 0004

DITHERS: ~~Okay, I'll do it. Anyway, I'll lead~~ -- I want you to go over to Sheridan City and get the building at fifty-one Oak Street for our offices. If I went over they'd probably jump the price up.

DAGWOOD: *OH YES THEY CERTAINLY WOULD -*  
Okay -- fifty-one Oak Street.

DITHERS: Now I've deposited twenty thousand dollars in the First Commercial Bank of Sheridan City to take care of starting work immediately if we get the factory job from the Rogers Company.

DAGWOOD: And I can draw on that account, huh?

DITHERS: Yes, ~~Dagwood~~ -- but don't let that money go to your head. Please, please, be very careful. Remember that's a *DAGWOOD: BE VERY CAREFUL* lot of money and if you make any mistakes with it I'll -- maybe I'd better not send you after all.

~~DAGWOOD: Now, Dithers, you can trust me.~~

~~DITHERS: I know that.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Thank you.~~

~~DITHERS: But sometimes I think you're not very bright... twenty thousand. I won't be able to sleep thinking about it.~~

*NOW J. C.*  
DAGWOOD: Just leave everything to me, ~~Mr. Dithers~~. You won't regret it.

DITHERS: What if you do do some fool thing?

DAGWOOD: I'll apologize.

DITHERS: That would hardly be satisfactory... Now I want you to *DAGWOOD: OH NO I WOULD NOT* take the first train tomorrow morning for Sheridan City. Don't drive over -- you might take a short-cut and get lost.

DAGWOOD: I'll take the train..

DITHERS: Take the right train. You'd better take Blondie with you. This is a very important deal, and I don't want anything ridiculous to happen.

MUSIC

(COME UP ON TRAIN...FADE TO BACKGROUND)

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir, Blondie -- Mr. Dithers put me in charge of buying the building. I've got twenty thousand dollars to draw on for it.

BLONDIE: Goodness <sup>ALL THAT MONEY!</sup> ~~that~~ that would make me nervous. ~~all that money.~~

DAGWOOD: I'm not nervous. And it's about time Mr. Dithers gave me a little responsibility. I guess he's just beginning to realize my abilities.

BLONDIE: Well, I hope so.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) I wonder who this man is sitting across from us? ~~He was reading the newspaper.~~

BLONDIE: (LOW) I don't know, but he looks very prosperous.

DAGWOOD: (~~LOW~~) ~~Heck~~...He bought a ticket to Sheridan City, too. Maybe he knows some influential people there. I'll find out.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I don't think you should talk to a perfect stranger.

DAGWOOD: You can't tell. He might be a good prospect for the Dithers Company. Maybe he's thinking of building a house. I'll see if I can pump a little information out of him. (UP) Oh -- er -- going to Sheridan City?

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BERGER: What?...Oh -- yeah.

DAGWOOD: We are, too.

BERGER: You don't say.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Nice day, isn't it?

BERGER: Hmmmmmm.

DAGWOOD: In business in Sheridan City?

BERGER: What?

DAGWOOD: I said, what do you do?

BERGER: ~~What do you do?~~ I try to read my paper on the train, but some idiot always bothers me.

*BLONDIE: I WARNED YOU*  
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's funny -- no one ever bothers me.

BERGER: Who'd want to?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: (LOW) Dagwood -- he doesn't want to be bothered.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) Now, Blondie -- he may be a very important man. He just doesn't realize that I've got important business, too. *I'M GOING TO GET A LITTLE INFORMATION FROM HIM*  
(UP) Er -- I'm in the construction *GAME* business.

BERGER: Construction business, eh? That's <sup>VERY</sup> interesting.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir -- the J. C. Dithers Company. I'm going over to Sheridan City to open up a branch office.

BERGER: Well, well, well -- that's very nice. New business over there, I suppose.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir -- that's right. Confidentially, the Albert C. Rogers Company is thinking of building a plant there, *BLONDIE: OH OH NOTHING DEAR-* and my firm is going to handle the job.

(CLEARS HIS THROAT IMPORTANTLY) I'll be in charge.

51454 0007

BERGER: That sounds like quite a responsibility.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, I suppose so, but I'm used to responsibility. As a matter of fact, I'm going to buy a building in Sheridan City for our offices. It's at fifty-one East Oak.

BERGER: Is that right? You're going to recommend it to your company, or just buy it?

DAGWOOD: I'll just buy it if I like it. The Dithers Company has transferred some money to a Sheridan City Bank and I'll write a check on it.

BERGER: By the way, what's your name?

DAGWOOD: Dagwood Bumstead.

BERGER: Not the Dagwood Bumstead of the J. C. Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD: The same.

BERGER: Well, Mr. Bumstead, this is a real pleasure. I've certainly heard a lot about you.

DAGWOOD: You have?!! That's swell...Oh, by the way, this is *BLONDIE! DAGWOOD LET HIM READ HIS PAPER*  
Mrs. Bumstead.

(TRAIN STARTS TO SLOW DOWN)

CONDUCTOR: CRESTVIEW --

BERGER: How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead...

BLONDIE: How do you do.

BERGER: Oh, I think I'll get off at Crestview.

DAGWOOD: By the way, you didn't tell me your name

(TRAIN STOPS)

BERGER: That's right, I didn't...Here's my card. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye...See, Blondie...I struck up an acquaintance with him, all right.



BLONDIE: Yes, but you certainly didn't pump him much...Let me see that card.

DAGWOOD: Here you are...Anyway, it might be a valuable contact. I'm sure to run into him sooner or later.

BLONDIE: You certainly are!

DAGWOOD: Huh?

BLONDIE: That man was Mr. Berger, President of the Goliath Construction Company.

DAGWOOD: Well, I told you he was a very important -- the what?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you told everything you knew to the president of the Dithers Company's worst rival!!!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it doesn't look as though Dagwood's business trip to Sheridan City has gotten off to a very good start. The Goliath Company is almost sure to try some trick on Dagwood. And will Blondie be able to keep Dagwood from falling into a trap? Let's hope so, but, you know, just the other day Blondie wasn't quite as successful as she might have been in keeping an eye on Dagwood. As a result...Well, let's look back for a moment as Dagwood sits comfortably in his favorite chair...

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) (SHE'S EXCITED) Dagwood! Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Here you are, sitting with your feet up, reading a paper -- when down in the cellar --

DAGWOOD: Now, now. Everything's under control, Blondie. I know I turned the washing machine on. I just wanted to show you what a simple thing it is to do your washing and still relax --

BLONDIE: (SLOW BURN) Yes. Go on.

DAGWOOD: I just threw the shirts and things in...popped in the soap...turned on the water...switched on the machine...

BLONDIE: Yes...

DAGWOOD: Well -- that's all there is to it! The machine's doing all the work. And here I am. Soft, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: If you just put in the right things, well --

BLONDIE: (STEPPING ON HIS LINE) Dagwood. There's a little plug, down at the very bottom of the washing machine.

DAGWOOD: Oh, really? Little plug, huh?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood. (VERY SLOWLY) That's -- what -- holds -- the -- water -- in!

DAGWOOD: Sure, it holds the water -- (TAKE) Blondie -- you mean I forgot to put the plug in?

BLONDIE: You ought to see your shirts! Oh, Dagwood! Don't you know, it isn't just what you put in -- it's also how you do it?

"BLONDIE"  
9/8/41

-9-

GOODWIN: Well, folks, that's the point I've been trying to make about Camels! It isn't just what you put into a cigarette -- it's also how you do it! Everywhere you go, smokers know that Camel is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...but it's taken a lot more than that to make Camel 'America's favorite cigarette. It's that priceless know-how, the delicate art of blending that gives Camels their superb flavor and extra mildness. There's more smoking per cigarette per pack, too, because Camels are slower-burning. And -- of course -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

VOICE: (ECHO CHAMBER) 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.

GOODWIN: Try a pack of cooler, slower-burning Camels tonight! You'll taste the difference that a better blend of costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC:

9/8/41

AFTER DAGWOOD HAD THAT LITTLE CONVERSATION ON THE TRAIN WITH MR. BURGER

GOODWIN: It's about an hour ~~later~~, and Blondie and Dagwood are walking down Oak Street in Sheridan City, looking for the building that Mr. Dithers has told Dagwood to get for a temporary office.

BLONDIE: Oh, this looks like it, Dagwood. This little building here.

DAGWOOD: No, that can't be it, Blondie. That's forty-nine East Oak.

BLONDIE: That's funny -- THE BUILDING BACK THERE WAS --

DAGWOOD: Look, Blondie -- here's fifty-one East Oak. This big old building here.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- there are the numbers. A big five and a one painted on the door just as plain as day.

DAGWOOD: Gee, it looks like an old factory, doesn't it?

~~BLONDIE: It certainly doesn't look like even a temporary office for the J. C. Dithers Company.~~

~~DAGWOOD: No, it certainly doesn't. Look at all the broken windows and the ivy all over the walls.~~

BLONDIE: I'll bet this building hasn't been in use for ten years.

DAGWOOD: That's about what I'd say...I wonder if we could sneak in and look around a little?

BLONDIE: I guess so, Dagwood -- this door seems to be unlocked.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, -- let's go in.

(CREAKY HINGE OF DOOR)

BLONDIE: (ECHO) Gee -- it's dark inside.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...say -- this is a big place. Look -- it stretches for blocks and blocks.

BLONDIE: Well, about a half a block, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I can't understand why Mr. Dithers would send me  
~~over to buy a big place like this. I should think he'd~~  
~~want to look it over himself.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I think you're quite capable of looking~~  
~~it over yourself. Anyway, I suppose he's seen it -- he~~  
~~gave you the exact street number.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I guess you got a lot of money...~~ I wonder what they made in  
this old factory?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but in the last few years I'd say they've  
been manufacturing dust and cobwebs.

DAGWOOD: Look at all the machine tools around here.

BLONDIE: Ooooooooooh! They're covered with grease.

DAGWOOD: That's to keep them from rusting.

BLONDIE: Just look at my glove -- I'll never be able to get that  
off. WHY DID I TOUCH THAT --

DAGWOOD: You'll just have to be --

(SOUND OF SLAP OF BOARD ON DAGWOOD'S SEAT... RATTLE  
OF BOARD)

DAGWOOD: Yeow! Who did that?!!!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) You did, Dagwood. You stepped on one end of  
a loose board and it flopped right up and ~~spanked you.~~ *IT SURE HIT YOU*

DAGWOOD: That'll have to be fixed... Boy, that hurt.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- you're certainly not going to buy this  
place, are you?

DAGWOOD: <sup>J.C.</sup> ~~Mr. Dithers~~ said he wanted it.

~~BLONDIE: But it's such an old building, it's falling apart.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- it's built pretty solid.~~

BLONDIE: How much do you suppose it'll cost?

DAGWOOD: A lot, I suppose. It's worth -- well, about thirty or  
forty thousand, I <sup>GUESS</sup> ~~suppose~~, but maybe I can get it for  
less.

BLONDIE: Goodness! Dagwood -- ~~do you really think you should~~  
<sup>ITS NOT WORTH ANYTHING</sup>  
~~buy it?~~  
<sup>LIKE THAT</sup>

DAGWOOD: ~~Of course, Blondie.~~ <sup>WELL J. C.</sup> ~~Mr. Dithers~~ <sup>BUY IT</sup> told me to, and that's  
what I'm going to do! Let's find the man who owns it  
and talk to him right away.

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

MAN: Well -- sit right down, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, Mr. Williams.

MAN: So you're interested in that factory I own, eh?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Williams...How much do you want for  
it?

MAN: Well, how much will you give me for it?

DAGWOOD: I asked you first.

BLONDIE: It shouldn't be such a lot for a second-hand factory --  
and a very dirty and dusty one at that.

MAN: <sup>DAGWOOD!</sup> Pretty fine building though -- and the machinery's been  
kept in good condition. <sup>THAT'S RIGHT</sup>

BLONDIE: Just the same -- it's all second-hand.

MAN: What's your offer, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: What's your price? <sup>M.R. WILLIAMS.</sup>

MAN: I asked you first. <sup>THIS TIME</sup>

DAGWOOD: Oh, well -- er -- a number of thousand dollars.

MAN: A number of thousand dollars, eh?

DAGWOOD: That's right.

MAN: My price would be about twice that.

DAGWOOD: That's too much.

MAN: I couldn't sell for less.

DAGWOOD: I'll offer you half.

MAN: ~~That's more than I can afford!~~  
*I COULDN'T AFFORD IT.*

BLONDIE: My goodness, is this the way you men haggle over the price of an old factory building?

DAGWOOD: Now don't be impatient, Blondie -- we're just sparring around a little first.

MAN: You going to make auto parts, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: No...Just going to use it for an office.

MAN: Well, it's a little big for an office, but there's plenty of room there if you like to sail paper airplanes.

DAGWOOD: Only after office hours...How much would you want for the building, Mr. Williams?

MAN: Well, let me see -- I've heard its value estimated at fifty thousand dollars.

DAGWOOD: I've heard its value estimated at practically nothing...  
*MAN!*  
*OH YOU HAVE?*  
*DAGWOOD!* Who made your estimate?

MAN: A friend of mine...Who made yours?

DAGWOOD: My wife.

MAN: Well, I'm willing to be reasonable. I think we can agree on a price somewhere in between...Suppose we say forty-five thousand.

DAGWOOD: Let's not.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why don't you offer him five thousand?

DAGWOOD: ~~Same, Blondie~~ *HUH? OH 1/2* -- five thousand.

MAN: Well, I'm not one to quibble over ten thousand dollars.  
I'll come down to thirty-five thousand.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll go up to fifteen thousand.

MAN: Thirty thousand is absolutely my rock-bottom price.

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood -- that's too much for us.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, <sup>TOO MUCH</sup> ~~Blondie~~ -- it's way too high...Thanks just the same, Mr. Williams.

MAN: Not at all.

BLONDIE: <sup>Well</sup> Goodbye.

MAN: <sup>Well</sup> Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Mr. Williams.

MAN: Twenty-seven thousand five hundred?

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Williams.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye...Er -- seventeen thousand five hundred?

MAN: Wait a minute -- don't go. Close the door.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

MAN: Sit down again... <sup>MIGHT AS WELL BE HOME WITH EACH OTHER</sup> ~~It'll be a pain with you~~ -- I don't have people coming in to buy that factory every day.

BLONDIE: Or every other day, either. ~~Goodness with condition~~  
~~It's in, but I don't want to sell it over~~  
~~anything.~~

MAN: I'll make you my positively, definitely, unquestionably lowest price on the property. I'm crazy to say this -- I'm letting you steal the building away from me -- but -- (DEEP SIGH) -- twenty-five thousand.

DAGWOOD: Twenty thousand.

MAN: Sold!



*WHAT*  
DAGWOOD: ~~Geo.~~ ~~that~~ happened ~~fast~~.  
MAN: *WELL YOU JUST MADE YOURSELF A NICE DEAL -*  
BLONDIE: Just a minute, Mr. Williams -- how much off for cash?  
MAN: *THINK OF*  
I was afraid you'd ~~say~~ that...One per cent off for cash.  
BLONDIE: Three per cent.  
MAN: Will you settle for two?  
BLONDIE: All right.  
MAN: Then it's a deal...We'll draw up the papers right away. *YOU*  
DAGWOOD: *HUH? OH YEAH* ~~Boy~~, Mr. Dithers will certainly be proud of me. Wait *CERTAINLY*  
till I tell him! *DRIVE A HARD BAR. GAIN ME BUMSTEAD*

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Hello -- hello. J.C.?  
DITHERS: (FILTER) Is that you, Bumstead?  
DAGWOOD: Yes, sir, J. C. Dagwood Bumstead, your right hand man.  
I just bought that building for you.  
DITHERS: You what?  
DAGWOOD: You know -- that building at fifty-one East Oak.  
I bought it.  
DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!  
DAGWOOD: What's wrong, Mr. Dithers?  
DITHERS: Bumstead! I told you to "get" the building. I wanted  
you to rent it, not buy it!  
DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!  
BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what's the matter?  
DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers told me to "get" the building, but he meant  
rent it, not buy it.  
BLONDIE: Well, that's his fault. You stick right up for your  
rights. Tell him he should be more careful of his  
verbs.

51454 0017

DAGWOOD: J.C. -- you should be more careful of your verbs.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! I should have known better! Why am I such a trusting soul? Why do I let my good nature get the best of me? Why don't I just give up and become a hermit?

DAGWOOD: Do you want answers to those questions, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: No!...Well, Bumstead -- it's split milk, there's no use ~~of my~~ crying <sup>IN</sup> ~~over~~ it. Do you think the building will make a good temporary office for the Dithers Company?

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers -- first we'll have to move the machinery out.

DITHERS: What machinery?

DAGWOOD: You know -- all the lathes, and machine tools, and hydraulic presses and things.

DITHERS: What are all those things doing in a little building like the one at fifty-one East Oak?

DAGWOOD: It's not a little building. It's a big building. An old factory. It's about a half a block long and it even has a railroad siding.

~~DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Dagwood, you're just joking, aren't you?~~

~~DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) No, Mr. Dithers, I mean it.~~

~~DITHERS: (QUIETLY) Dagwood, I told you we wanted a temporary office only to handle the Albert O. Rogers job -- if we got the construction work from them. You didn't really buy a big factory, did you?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, Mr. Dithers. It's fifty-one East Oak.~~

DITHERS: Fifty-one East Oak is a little building.

DAGWOOD: No, it's a big building.

DITHERS: Don't tell me! I know it's a little building!

DAGWOOD: It's a big building -- otherwise I wouldn't pay twenty thousand dollars for it.

DITHERS: I still say it's -- Bumstead! What did you say?

DAGWOOD: I paid twenty thousand for it!

DITHERS: Taaaaaaa!

DAGWOOD: But you told me --

DITHERS: Never mind what I told you! Stop payment on that check! Don't let it be cashed! Hurry up, Bumstead! Somehow or other you've bought the wrong building!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPEN)

MAN: <sup>COME IN</sup> Well, it's Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead again.

DAGWOOD: <sup>HULLD</sup> ~~Yeah~~, Mr. Williams. I wanted to tell you there was a kind of a mistake about that check.

BLONDIE: We'd like it back.

MAN: Oh, I'm satisfied with the check. There was nothing wrong with it at all. I've already cashed it.

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, Mr. Williams, I really didn't want to buy your building at all. I wanted another building.

MAN: Oh, that's too bad.

BLONDIE: So if you'll just give us the money back...

MAN: Oh, no -- I couldn't do that.

DAGWOOD: But we don't want the building!

MAN: Well, that's life. The other day a salesman came around and sold me an encyclopaedia that I didn't really want. But now he's got the money and I've got the encyclopedia.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but this was a lot of money.

MAN: That's why I'm anxious to keep it, Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, something seems to be wrong here. The property we bought is fifty-one East Oak, isn't it?

MAN: Oh, no -- it's fifty-three East Oak.

BLONDIE: Fifty-three. Why we saw the number fifty-one on that building.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

MAN: Oh, you must be mistaken. There's a description of the property in the deed. Fifty-one East Oak is the little building right next to your new property...Well, goodbye now. / I'm going fishing...for about six months.

DAGWOOD: I hope they're biting.

MAN: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: I'm talking about the flies and the mosquitos. Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

~~DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- what are we going to do?~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, we'd better take another look at the new Dithens Company property, don't you think?~~

DAGWOOD: Gee -- twenty thousand dollars.

BLONDIE: Nineteen thousand six hundred -- we got two per cent off for cash.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- any way you look at it, I'm fired!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- there's the number on the factory -- fifty-one, just as clear as day.

DAGWOOD: Do you suppose we both need glasses?  
BLONDIE: Of course not. That number is freshly painted --  
Oh, Dagwood.  
DAGWOOD: Huh?  
BLONDIE: ~~Freshly painted!~~ If this factory hasn't been used for  
ten years why is the street number  
freshly painted? There's something very peculiar  
going on around here.  
DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie! Look! If you look very carefully, you  
can see that someone painted that fifty-one over the  
old street number -- fifty-three!  
BLONDIE: Oh, dear! Dagwood -- this has been done deliberately!  
DAGWOOD: Yeah -- but we're stuck with it now. I suppose we  
might as well go in and take another look at it.

(RUSTY HINGE)

DAGWOOD: (ECHO) Gee, and I thought Mr. Dithers might possibly  
let me handle the Albert C. Rogers Company job. Gosh --  
everytime I get an opportunity to do something, Fate  
kicks me in the seat of the pants.

(SLAP OF BOARD ON THE SEAT OF DAGWOOD'S PANTS)

DAGWOOD: Yecow-w-w-w-w!!

(RATTLE OF BOARD AS IT COMES DOWN AGAIN)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you stepped on that board and it ~~crashed~~<sup>DID IT</sup>  
~~just~~ again.

DAGWOOD: Gee, for a moment, I thought it was Fate.

BLONDIE: Oh, why did we ever let ourselves be fooled like this?

DAGWOOD: It was that guy Berger -- he got that number painted  
up there.

BLONDIE: Well, he wouldn't have, if you hadn't blabbed  
everything you knew to him in the train.

DAGWOOD: That's right -- jump on me when I'm down.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie, -- what are we going to do?

BLONDIE: Well -- I've got an idea - I'm going to go out and make a phone call. Why don't you look around a little bit more and see what you bought.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie. If you see anyone who wants to buy this place, bring him right over. I'd like to get rid of this factory before Mr. Dithers gets here.

BLONDIE: Oh, Did Mr. Dithers say he was coming?

DAGWOOD: He didn't say so, but I'll bet he's on his way here right now -- by plane.

(SOUND OF PLANE WAY OFF)

BLONDIE: Listen --

DAGWOOD: That could be Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: I'll have to hurry then...When you're walking around,  
Dagwood -- be careful of that loose floor board.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Bumstead! There you are!

DAGWOOD: Oh -- oh, hello, <sup>J.C.</sup> ~~Mr. Dithers~~.

DITHERS: I rushed right over here by plane. <sup>DAGWOOD: YEAM</sup> ~~Don't~~ tell me you <sup>HEARD YOU</sup>  
bought this broken-down building with my money!

DAGWOOD: That's what I did, <sup>J.C.</sup> ~~Mr. Dithers~~. Twenty thousand dollars.

DITHERS: (ALMOST SOBBING) Oh-oh-oh. I can't believe it.

Why must these horrible things happen to me. It  
isn't fair. I'm getting old before my time.

DAGWOOD: Gee, <sup>J.C.</sup> ~~Mr. Dithers~~ -- don't cry about it.

DITHERS: This is terrible.

DAGWOOD: Besides, I got two per cent off for cash.

DITHERS: Well, that's something out of the wreckage of that  
twenty thousand.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, <sup>J.C.</sup> ~~Mr. Dithers~~, <sup>DITHERS: DONT CALL ME J.C.</sup> I thought you'd probably fire me. <sup>MR.</sup>

DITHERS: I'll do that later, ~~Dagwood~~, <sup>DITHERS</sup>

DAGWOOD: I just wondered.

DITHERS: Remind me. <sup>DAGWOOD: I'LL SEND YOU AMOUNT IN</sup> Well, let's look this over anyway. <sup>THE</sup> I want to <sup>MORN</sup>  
see just what sort of a white elephant you bought for me. <sup>1946</sup>

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers -- I'll show you around.

MUSIC:

(SQUEAK OF RUSTY HINGE:)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwood! Oh, Dagwood!!!  
DAGWOOD: (WAY OFF) <sup>I'M IN CONFERENCE NOW BLONDIE</sup> I'm showing Mr. Dithers around, ~~Blondie~~.

We'll be back in a minute.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...(CALLS) All right, Dagwood. (ON) Well,  
I hope ~~that somehow~~ everything works out all right.

(RUSTY HINGE)

BERGER: Oh, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh...Oh, it's you, Mr. Berger.

BERGER: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead. I've been thinking about the --  
well, the little joke I played on your husband.

BLONDIE: It must have given you a great deal of enjoyment.

BERGER: No, -- I decided that perhaps it might cause you and  
Mr. Bumstead some trouble.

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- Dagwood will just lose his job, that's all.

BERGER: Well, I'm really very sorry, and I'm willing to make  
amens for what I've done.

BLONDIE: How?

BERGER: I'm willing to cut your loss a little. I'll buy the  
factory 'back for ten thousand. That's fair, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Not very...Why do you want the factory back?

BERGER: Well, after all, I do have a conscience.

BLONDIE: I doubt it...Well, here comes Dagwood and Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) What's the idea, Mr. Berger -- <sup>YOU'RE</sup> ~~I thought I~~  
~~was trespassing on this property.~~  
~~told you that I was trespassing on this property and you~~  
caused all this trouble.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I suppose you've met Mr. Berger.

DITHERS: Hello.

BERGER: Hello...I've just made an offer of ten thousand for this  
building.

DITHERS: I'll take it.



BERGER: Okay.

BLONDIE: Oh, no you don't, Mr. Berger! We won't sell!

DITHERS: What do you mean, we won't sell, Blondie? Where's the deed to this property?

BLONDIE: I have it, and I'm not going to turn it over to Mr. Berger for ten thousand dollars. <sup>DITHERS: WHAT!</sup> I won't let go of this deed for anything less than fifty thousand! That's my last word!

DAGWOOD: Blondie!!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: <sup>WELL</sup> ~~So~~, what's this? Mr. Dithers has a chance to reduce his loss on the building, but Blondie refuses to hand over the deed. I wonder why? Well, we'll see what happens in just a moment when we return to the Bumsteads.

MUSIC: (UP AND HOLD FOR BACKGROUND)

GOODWIN: It's an evening in mid-summer, the moon is high and a cool breeze blows in from the Pacific. The good aroma of barbecuing meat drifts through the patio and the gardens as guests wander in and out, talking and laughing. This is an informal barbecue party held by one of California's most charming hostesses, Mrs. Martin Osborn of Santa Barbara.

MUSIC: (START TO FADE OUT)

GOODWIN: Gay, attractive and full of energy, Mrs. Osborn has planned and decorated her own beautiful California house, and has found time, beside, to engage in active service for the Red Cross. Like many other of America's most distinguished hostesses, Mrs. Martin Osborn offers Camels to her guests. She says --

OSBORN VOICE: Why, yes, my guests prefer Camels -- they're such a favorite that I order mine by the carton. And of course I smoke Camels myself -- and have for ten years. They're grand-tasting -- and as mild as can be!

GOODWIN: Thank you, Mrs. Martin Osborn. And I know all you women in our audience, whether you buy for your guests, or for your own family, can be sure that Camels will be welcome -- for Camels are America's favorite cigarette. You'll like Camel's grand extra flavor and extra mildness...you'll taste the difference, too, in the matchless blend of Camel's costlier tobaccos ...and you'll certainly appreciate the extra smoking

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:  
(Cont'd)

per cigarette per pack that Camel's slower burning gives you. Remember, too, that Camels have less nicotine in the smoke -- twenty-eight percent 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. Why not put Camels on your shopping list tomorrow -- you'll like them -- and so will your guests!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a second or two later. Blondie, Dagwood, Mr. Dithers and Mr. Berger, President of the Goliath Construction Company, are standing just inside the old factory.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, give Mr. Dithers the deed to the factory.

BLONDIE: ~~But~~ so he can turn it over to Mr. Berger for ten thousand dollars... *NO SIR!*

DITHERS: Blondie, are you out of your mind?

BLONDIE: No, indeed.

BERGER: Just a minute -- all right, Mrs. Bumstead. I'll buy it back for just what you paid for it. Twenty thousand dollars.

DITHERS Ahhhhh.

DAGWOOD Gee, I'm saved.

BLONDIE Nothing doing, Mr. Berger.

DAGWOOD Hunh?  
*DITHERS: BLONDIE -*

BERGER Well, Dithers -- what are you going to do? Do you want to take my offer? I'm only making it out of the goodness of my heart.

DITHERS: Blondie, I demand you give me that deed, please. *BLONDIE: WHAT?*

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Mr. Dithers, but I think this building is worth at least forty thousand. *DON'T YOU, MR. BERGER? At least that.*

~~DAGWOOD: Blondie, please give Mr. Dithers that deed. Please! It's too much to expect that we can get out of this jam with a profit.~~

~~BLONDIE: I don't think so... what do you say, Mr. Berger? Do you want to go up a little higher?~~

BERGER: This is an outrage! I'm trying to do the fair thing -- so that you won't get into any difficulties over the little joke I played on Mr. Bumstead -- and now you expect me to lose money on this.

BLONDIE: You didn't answer my question, Mr. Berger.

BERGER: All right, I'll go up to twenty-five thousand.  
*DAGWOOD: SOLD! 1304 WZ CERTAINLY PUT THAT OVER.*  
DITHERS: Blondie, -- for goodness sakes, give me the deed.

We're making five thousand dollars. I'll give Dagwood his job back -- I'll give him a raise or a bonus. Why I'll -- just a minute, Berger. Why are you so anxious to buy this building?

DAGWOOD: That's what I've been wondering. There's no such thing as goodness of heart in the Goliath Company.

DITHERS: That's right -- Berge, here, has the soul of a werewolf. What do you want this factory for?

BERGER: Why -- why, I don't particularly want it for anything. But I'm willing to boost my price to thirty thousand.

(RUSTY HINGE)

DAGWOOD Say, here comes someone.

DITHERS: ~~I know who that is.~~ <sup>WHY</sup> It's Albert C. Rogers.

ROGERS: (COMING UP) Well, Mr. Berger, is this the factory you said you could turn over to me for fifty thousand?

BERGER: Why -- uh -- yes, it is, but --

~~DITHERS:~~ <sup>DITHERS:</sup> Fifty thousand!

ROGERS Well, hello, there, Mr. Dithers. I'm surprised to find you here.

BLONDIE: Mr. Berger has just been trying to buy the factory from Mr. Dithers for ten thousand dollars.

BERGER: I -- er -- just offered him thirty.

ROGERS: Thirty, eh? Nice quick profit for you, Mr. Berger. I thought you said fifty thousand would be the rock bottom price for it.

BLONDIE: Let's see you explain that, Mr. Berger.

BERGER: Well, you see -- I -- er -- what I meant to say was that I expected I could get it for -- I mean, I thought -- er --

ROGERS: That's a very interesting explanation.

BERGER: Well, I -- I guess I'd better be running along. Er -- goodbye.

(RUSTY HINGE.)

ROGERS: Hmmm -- I take it, Mr. Dithers, that you own this property.

DAGWOOD: YES BUT I REPRESENT -

DITHERS: Why, yes, that's right.

ROGERS: I'll make you my offer. I'll give you what ever you paid for this factory, plus a ten percent profit, and I'll let you build my other factory in Sheridan City.

DITHERS: That's a deal, Mr. Rogers.

ROGERS: If these machines are in any kind of condition I can get started on production in a month or so. It'll give me just the head start I need while the new factory is being built.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Rogers. There's a railroad spur here, and everything.

ROGERS: Fine, fine!...By the way, who was it called me up and tipped me off about this building?

DITHERS: Why -- I ...

BLONDIE: I guess that was me, Mr. Rogers. We thought you could convert this old factory for your own use. Didn't we Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Uhh? Oh yeah -- sure.

DITHERS: Yes, that's right -- I did.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we thought it would be valuable to you.

ROGERS: Oh, by the way -- I don't believe we've been introduced.

DITHERS: Oh, I'm sorry. *DAGWOOD! THE MAMMIS BUMSTEAD* Mr. Rogers, I want you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead. They're my right hand men!

BLONDIE (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr. Dithers...

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, folks, in spite of all complications another contract has been landed for the Dithers Company -- thanks to Blondie and Dagwood. And still more good fortune is in store for the Bumsteads, so be sure to be listening next week at this same time to see what happens when "Blondie Visits a Fortune Teller."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

SOUND: AUTO HORN...OR INSTRUMENT IMITATING IT...PLAYING FIRST BARS OF "THE CAMELS ARE COMING...TRA-LA...LA-LA"

GOODWIN: Yes, the Camels are coming. Today the Camel Caravan -- six units, cars, trailer, and portable stage -- loaded down with entertainers specially picked for the service men -- rolled into Fort Eustis near Newport News, Virginia, and tonight the men are watching a free show. On Wednesday the Camel Caravan moves on to Camp Lee, near Petersberg, Virginia. Good luck, Camel Caravan -- and may your audiences all have a swell time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: (OUT)



"BLONDIE"  
9/8/41

-31-

ANNOUNCER: Pipe-smokers -- do you know where you can get a thumping big pack of really good smoking tobacco for only a dime? It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- and when I said big, I meant big. That hefty blue package tips the scales at two and a quarter ounces! You'll like the rich taste of George Washington, too -- mild and mellow all the way down to the bottom of the bowl. Why not plunk down a dime for a big pack of George Washington tomorrow?  
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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