

10-15-41

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1941

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

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GOODWIN: And now, let's look in on the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Blondie and Dagwood are at the breakfast table this morning. There seems to be big doings afoot....

DAGWOOD: *PASS THE CATS UP*
BLONDIE: *COMPT PUT CATS UP ON THE JAM DEAR*
DAGWOOD: ~~Well, Blondie, here's the idea.~~

This Mr. Harold Bedford is in town to get estimates on a hundred low cost homes.

BLONDIE: Oh -- a new development in town?

DAGWOOD: No, outside of town. He wants to build them for all the people who'll be working in that new defense plant.

BLONDIE: Did you show Mr. Dithers your plans? You know, the plans for the little house we worked out this summer.

DAGWOOD: *MRS. BUMSTEAD*
(LAUGHS) That's exactly what we're going to submit to Mr. Bedford.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- how wonderful!

DAGWOOD: I thought I'd surprise you by letting you see it after the Dithers Company built it, but I couldn't keep it a secret. By the way, honey -- what did you do with those extra blue-prints I gave you?

BLONDIE: Oh, I put them away somewhere where they'd be perfectly safe.

DAGWOOD: That's good. *BLONDIE: I WONDER WHERE I DID PUT THEM*
Mr. Dithers has gone ahead and had all the lumber cut according to specifications, and bought the fixtures, and wiring and everything we need to complete the house in a hurry.

BLONDIE: My Goodness -- He's ~~so~~ ~~surely~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~hurry~~.

DAGWOOD: Well, the Goliath Company's in ^{ON THE PROPOSITION} ~~the picture~~ too, and J. C. wants to get the jump on them.

BLONDIE: That's fine, Dagwood. And I know Mr. Bedford will like your design.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. But I wish it was all over. Mr. Dithers has been very nervous. For the last week he's been storming around the office like a hurricane. And when he hasn't got anything to do, he calls me into his office and bawls me out.

BLONDIE: What for?

DAGWOOD: He doesn't say.

BLONDIE: He hasn't ~~got~~ any right to do that, Dagwood. I don't think you should stand for it.

DAGWOOD: Well, he's my boss, isn't he?

BLONDIE: That doesn't make any difference....little more ^{HOT} coffee? ^{DEAR}

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks, honey.

(POURING COFFEE, RATTLE OF CUP...)

BLONDIE: After all, you're the one who submitted the plan for this house he's building for Mr. Bedford. You ought to get a little credit for that.

DAGWOOD: ~~See, just think about it. This is the Rumstead House~~
~~the home of the future.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I'm certainly very proud of you.~~

~~MAYBE I WILL~~

DAGWOOD: You helped me a lot with it, honey. Remember, I almost forgot to put a kitchen in it.

BLONDIE: Oh, I didn't really do anything.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes you did...you put the kitchen in.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I think you ought to ask Mr. Dithers to call it the Bumstead House.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think I will. ^{BUMSTEAD HOUSE THE HOME OF} After all, it's our plan, and ^{THE} we worked it out in our spare time. ^{FUTURE}

BLONDIE: ~~HND~~ Don't you dare let him take credit for it. You just ^{BLONDIE: IT} write "The Bumstead House" on the blueprints as soon as ^{SOUNDS} you get to the office. ^{PRETTY}

DAGWOOD: ^{ALL RIGHT IT} I'll do ~~that~~...Holy smoke! Look at the time!

BLONDIE: Oh, you've got to hurry, dear...I'll get the door open for you...^(FADING TO OFF A BIT)

DAGWOOD: Another ^{LITTLE} piece of toast -- ^(GULPS)
(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: The door's open, dear, and I've got your coat.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll grab it as I go out.

BLONDIE: Remember to put "The Bumstead House" on the blueprints, and don't you let Mr. Dithers take advantage of you. You stand right up to him...Hurry up, Dagwood.

~~DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'm coming!~~

(DAGWOOD COMING UP FAST)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Blondie.

(WHIZZ!!...DOOR CLOSSES)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, ~~I wonder what is in store for Dagwood at the office.~~ Will Mr. Dithers be on the rampage as usual? What will happen to Dagwood's house plan? Well, there's plenty in store for Dagwood when he gets to the office. We'll return to him there in just a moment. But first ...lets turn back to yesterday afternoon, along about four o'clock it seems that...

(SOUND: SUDDEN ROAR OF AN AIRPLANE MOTOR WARMING UP)

GOODWIN: Now what was that? Sounded like an airplane motor. But that can't be because there are Blondie and Dagwood driving down the street in the Bumstead car.

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR AGAIN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Doesn't that motor sound strange to you? Maybe you need your oil changed.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, it's fine. I just did a little work on the gears.

(SOUND: PAUSE, MOTOR NOISES)

BLONDIE: That's funny. This street was always so bumpy. I don't feel a single vibration.

DAGWOOD: No, of course not. We're not touching the ground.

BLONDIE: Oh, of course, we're not touching -- (TAKE) Dagwood! We are off the ground. The wheels are two feet up in the air!

DAGWOOD: (CALMLY) It was a perfect take-off.

BLONDIE: (GETTING HYSTERICAL. WHO WOULDN'T?) Dagwood! Let me down! Don't you know nobody ever drove a car off the ground?

DAGWOOD: Nobody ever did what I did to the gears. (ZOOM OF MOTOR) Hold tight, Blondie! Here we go, up over the trees! Whoooooo!

BLONDIE: That's our house down there, Dagwood! Please let me down! I'm going to turn off the ignition!

(SOUND: PLANE MOTOR COUGHS, DIES)

DAGWOOD: Now you've done it! We're going into a tailspin!

(SHRIEK OF WIND THROUGH PLANE STRUTS)

BLONDIE: Help! Help!

DAGWOOD: Help! Help!

(AIRPLANE CRASH...MOMENT OF SILENCE)

BLONDIE: (FADING IN RAPIDLY...AS THOUGH FROM FAR AWAY) Dagwood! Dagwood! Are you asleep under that car?

DAGWOOD: (WAKING) Hmmm? Oh, oh, gee, Blondie, I -- I guess I was. I had the most awful dream! I dreamed I put the gears back in wrong, and the car started to fly! You don't think that could happen, do you?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood. You know what Mr. Goodwin always says about Camels -- it isn't just what you put in -- it's also how you do it!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Blondie -- but we don't claim any magic about Camels. Sure, everywhere you go, smokers know Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, and I can tell you it takes more than just fine tobaccos to make a really

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

superb cigarette. But Camel's matchless blending isn't hocus-pocus. It's based on years of experience. What's the result? Why, it's Camel's extra mildness and extra flavor. Yes, Camels are slower-burning, too, and that means coolness and extra smoking per cigarette per pack...more for your money. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

VOICE:

(ECHO) 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:

And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of mild, slower-burning Camels today! You'll see why matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about an hour later. .Dagwood has just been called to Mr. Dithers' office.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J.C. How are you this morning?

DITHERS: Terrible.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

DITHERS: I don't know, and I'm too busy to find out...Did you bring those plans in? I've got an appointment with Mr. Bedford in an hour.

DAGWOOD: They're right here, J.C.

(RATTLE OF BLUEPRINTS)

DITHERS: Good...Yes, I think he's going to like the plans of the Dithers Modern Low-Cost House.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think he'll be pretty -- whose house?

DITHERS: The Dithers House. Now let's see --

DAGWOOD: I've been calling it the Bumstead House.

DITHERS: You have, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir. The Bumstead House -- the Home of the Future.

DITHERS: Well, from now on it's called the Dithers House -- the Home of the Future.

DAGWOOD: But it's my design, Mr. Dithers, Blondie and I worked everything out.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle -- don't bother me with details.

DAGWOOD: Now look ^{J.C.} ~~here~~, Mr. Dithers, I demand that --

DITHERS: Bumstead! Who do you think you're talking to?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, Mr. Dithers --

DITHERS: I accept your apology. Now when I get back from my meeting with Mr. Bedford --

DAGWOOD: J.C. -- er, don't you think you should take me along?

DITHERS: No, I don't.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

DITHERS: I'd like to take you, Dagwood -- but I know you'd just tangle everything up. I can't turn my back a minute around here without you going off half-cocked on some ridiculous thing. ~~I'm not going to let you see why I stand for it! Bumstead, you're the monkey wrench in the cog wheels of the J.C. Dithers Company!~~

~~DAGWOOD: But, J.C., what have I done now?~~

~~DITHERS: Well, you've -- you've -- well -- oh -- what're you trying to do -- change the subject?~~

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, do you think you're familiar enough with these plans to explain them to Mr. Bedford?

DITHERS: Why that's the most ridic -- say, you're right. I'M NOT ~~impatient~~. Maybe you had better come along. But Bumstead, please -- please let me do most of the talking.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C.

DITHERS: Don't say anything more important than hello and
goodbye. We've got to impress Mr. Bedford with
the Dithers House.

DAGWOOD: (MILDLY) The Bumstead House.

DITHERS: (YELLS) The Dithers House -- and let's not hear
any more about it. Get your hat and coat on. We
don't want to be late for our meeting!

DAGWOOD: ~~Yes, sir. (ADDS TO REMEMBER) The Bumstead House.~~
~~IT THE DAGWOOD DWELLING?~~
DITHERS: ~~For a moment --~~ **NO!**

MUSIC...

BEDFORD: Well, Mr. Dithers, just looking this plan over quickly,
I'd say it was very well worked out. ~~It's cleverly~~
~~arranged, and seems to provide the maximum space~~
~~possible.~~

~~DITHERS: Thank you, Mr. Bedford.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, thank you.~~

DITHERS: (SOTTO) Bumstead -- be quiet. (UP) I think you'll
find it'll meet all your specifications, Mr. Bedford.
We're calling it, the Dithers House -- the Home of the
Future. Aren't we, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No.

DITHERS: Ha ha -- Bumstead here is always clowning. *THE LIFE OF THE OFFICE.*

BEDFORD: But, Mr. Dithers -- I notice right here on the blueprint
it says, "The Bumstead House -- the Home of the Future."

DITHERS: Where do you see that?

BEDFORD: Right here.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DITHERS: Oh, yes. Obviously a typographical error.

BEDFORD: Who designed the house?

DITHERS: Well, of course, all plans coming from the Dithers Company are supervised by me, personally.

BEDFORD: Of course I understand that. But who designed it?

DAGWOOD: I did, Mr. Bedford. My wife and I worked it out by ourselves.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- keep your personal life out of this!

BEDFORD: Well, I think we'll just refer to it as the Bumstead House, if you don't mind.

DITHERS: Oh, not at all...you don't mind, do you, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- no, not at all.

BEDFORD: Now, let's see, is this house insulated against heat and cold?

DITHERS: Yes, Mr. Bedford -- completely insulated.

BEDFORD: Is that right, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, not completely. But I checked over the latest reports on heating engineering, and it'll be entirely satisfactory.

BEDFORD: All right -- I'll look into that later...Now I notice you've used a facing here and there. I don't particularly like it myself.

DITHERS: Neither do I. We've thrown that out of the plans. We decided it wasn't any good. Didn't we, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: No.

DITHERS: Oh.

DAGWOOD: It's really the right thing to use in this spot. *M.R. BEDFORD*
The house wouldn't look right without it.

BEDFORD: Hmm.

DITHERS: Mr. Bedford, we'll build this house exactly the
way you want it.

BEDFORD! THAT'S FINE
DAGWOOD: Wouldn't it be better if we built it exactly
the way the people who have to live in it would like it?

DITHERS: No, I don't think so.

BEDFORD: On second thought, I agree with Mr. Bumstead,

DITHERS: *YOU DO?*
On second thought, you're right.

BEDFORD: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- thank you, J.C.

DITHERS: You're welcome!...At any rate, we can safely say that
the Dithers House *DAGWOOD! BUMSTEAD* -- or -- the Bumstead House --
has more features, is better built, and will last longer
than any house costing five times as much.

BEDFORD: Than a house costing five times as much? That's
amazing!

DITHERS: It's the absolute truth!

BEDFORD: Is that right, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Well, I wouldn't go as far as to say that.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

BEDFORD: Well, if it isn't better than a house costing five
times as much, what comparison would you make,
Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: I'd say it was better than a house costing half again
as much.

BEDFORD: That's quite a come-down.

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CARRICO MK AWAY
AND

DITHERS: Well, ha ha -- perhaps ~~my~~ my enthusiasm/I exaggerated
a little.

DAGWOOD: Even at that, the Bumstead House is an unusual value.

BEDFORD: Thank you, gentlemen, for bringing these plans to me.
I'll look them over carefully tonight.

DITHERS: That's fine, Mr. Bedford. What time do you want me
to come around tomorrow to discuss them with you?

BEDFORD: Why, I needn't bother you, Mr. Dithers. I'll talk
them over with Mr. Bumstead.

DITHERS: Oh -- Bumstead, eh? Very well...goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Mr. Bedford.

BEDFORD: Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead. See you tomorrow.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: You know, I think Mr. Bedford is a very nice man.
I don't think we'll have any trouble -- J.C.! What are
you looking at me like that for!

DITHERS: Bumstead, are you tired of living?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- I like it fine. Why?

DITHERS: You'll never know how close I came to throttling you
in that office.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS...THEN PETERS OUT) Why, J.C. -- are you serious

DITHERS: Every time I opened my mouth, you put your foot in it!
You made me look like an idiot! ~~Bumstead, I ought to~~
~~fine you!~~

DAGWOOD: But, J.C. --

DITHERS: Don't call me J.C.! I don't want people to know we
are anything more than casual acquaintances. You
ruined my reputation.

DAGWOOD: But you agreed with everything I said.

DITHERS: I had to! Bedford was watching me like a hawk.
Why you practically called me a liar in there.

DAGWOOD: I only told Mr. Bedford the truth.

DITHERS: Bumstead!!

DAGWOOD: I thought we did very well, Mr. Dithers. Mr. Bedford
asked me to come back and see him tomorrow.

DITHERS: Yes, but he gave me the brush-off! Me -- J.C. Dithers
-- president of the J.C. Dithers Company! I've been
humiliated! ~~disgraced~~ ^{AND} disgraced!... Oh, well, see him
tomorrow then, and if it's not asking too much of you,
let me know what his decision is.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir -- I'll send myself a memorandum to ^{REMINDE ME TO} tell you.

DITHERS: Taaahhh!

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: And then what did Mr. Dithers say, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Wasn't that enough?

BLONDIE: I should say so... Well, we put one over on him about
the name of the Bumstead House, but he has no right
to be always threatening to fire you!

DAGWOOD: That's the way I feel about it, but Blondie, what
can I do?

BLONDIE: You can stand right up to him. ~~You're not afraid to
stand up to~~

~~DAGWOOD: He's not a man to be trifled with.~~

~~BLONDIE: He's not a man to be trifled with.~~ ^{DAGWOOD WILL HAVE} sooner or later, this situation ~~has~~ got to come
to a head.

DAGWOOD: Couldn't it be later?

BLONDIE: ~~I don't see that that would help us a bit.~~ Mr. Dithers has taken advantage of you just a little too much. He's been very nice to us, and I like him personally, but I won't stand by and see him take credit for a house you designed and worked out by yourself.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's ^{SWELL} ~~right~~, Blondie, but ^{THERE'S JUST ONE THING} I don't like the idea of being fired.

BLONDIE: If Mr. Dithers gets the contract for these houses, it'll be only because of your plans. And if he isn't willing to give you credit for that -- well -- ere-- well -- let him fire you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie...

BLONDIE: I mean it. No one is going to put anything over on ~~the~~ ^{DAGWOOD} Bumsteads -- not, at least, if I can help it. We'll get along all right. You just stand up for your rights, that's all.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- then that's what I'm going to do!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Bumstead! Don't tell me you let Mr. Bedford makes these alterations in the plans!

DAGWOOD: Why not, Mr. Dithers? We're building it for him, aren't we?

DITHERS: But you know I've got absolutely everything we need to go into that house except a family! All the fixtures, plumbing, bricks -- everything! Now you let him make these changes, and we'll have to throw out some of the wood we've got already cut. You've messed this whole thing up.

DAGWOOD: Er -- says you!

DITHERS: ~~I certainly do, and~~ ^{SAYS -} -- what's the idea of talking to me that way?

DAGWOOD: I told you not to cut all the wood, that he might want some changes. / ^{NOW} You can't blame that on me.

DITHERS: Oh, yes I can!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no you can't!

DITHERS: Oh, yes I can!

DAGWOOD: ^{OH NO -} How?

DITHERS: I say it's your fault; I dare you to contradict me.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I contradict you. You know you're to blame, ^{J.C.} but you won't admit it.

DITHERS: Hmmm. You know, ~~Bumstead~~, after this deal is over, ^{DAGWOOD: ARE WE?} you and I are going to have a little chat. There are a number of things I've been wanting to discuss with you.

DAGWOOD: A raise for me, for instance?

DITHERS: On the contrary!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ^{YOU'D} Well, ~~you'd~~ better get busy on the house. We start building it tomorrow morning ^{ON} ~~on~~ the lot right next to the one the Goliath Company is going to build ~~their~~ ~~house~~ on. ~~It's~~ ~~out~~ ~~the~~ ~~changes~~ ~~right~~ ~~away.~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SOUNDS OF HAMMERING OFF...MAYBE A CEMENT MIXER...)

BLONDIE: My goodness, Dagwood, your house is going up awfully fast.

DAGWOOD: Yes, we've been working on it since yesterday morning but the Goliath house is going up just as fast. Maybe faster.

BLONDIE: Has the Goliath Company been pulling any of their tricks yet?

DAGWOOD: ~~Not yet. I've been keeping an eye on them.~~ They've got one man who seems to be trying to start trouble, but nothing's happened so far.

BLONDIE: What's he doing?

DAGWOOD: Oh, you know -- making fun of our foreman, trying to get him sore, and flipping little hunks of wet cement at our men.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, if the Goliath house gets finished first, will they win?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, but they'd have a better chance. The race is pretty important, and a lot of people are interested in it. Why there's one man here from Sheridan City -- he came here just to watch these houses go up.

BLONDIE: Really?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- he owns a big lumber company in Sheridan City, ~~and naturally he's interested in an inexpensive, but good house, that can be built fast. He could probably sell a lot of them.~~ There he is right over there.

BLONDIE: The man in the brown topcoat?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's Mr. Engstrom.

BLONDIE: I think I'll go over and talk to him. You know, Dagwood -- sort of put in a good word for your house.

WAIT A MINUTE

DAGWOOD: ~~Now~~, Blondie, I don't know whether you ought to do that.
What would Mr. Dithers say?

BLONDIE: We'll find that out later.

DAGWOOD: That's what I'm afraid of...Gee, here comes Mr. Dithers
now.

BLONDIE: Well, ~~I'm going to see that you get a little credit for~~
~~this~~. I think it's going to be a beautiful house, and
I want everyone to know that my husband designed it!...
(FADING)

DITHERS: (OFF) Bumstead! Where are you!

DAGWOOD: Right over here, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Well, how's it coming?

DAGWOOD: All right. It's going to be a good strong house, and
good looking, too.

DITHERS: Never mind that. Are we ahead of the Goliath house?

DAGWOOD: About even -- but we're doing a better job.

DITHERS: Speed's the only thing that's important here.

DAGWOOD: I disagree with you, ^{J.C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~. I think --

DITHERS: Who care what you think? You can go get your lunch now. I'll look after everything.

DAGWOOD: All right, ^{J.C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~. ^{BUT} ~~Oh~~, there's one thing you'd better be sure to watch. One of the Goliath workmen is --

DITHERS: Don't tell me what to watch. I know all about putting up a house.

DAGWOOD: But one of the Goliath workmen has been --

DITHERS: Bumstead, for heaven's sakes stop trying to tell me how to run my business, and go out to lunch.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SIREN...FADING AWAY...)

DITHERS: Where's Bumstead? Where is that nincompoop?...Oh, why did this have to happen?

BEDFORD: (COMING UP) Mr. Dithers -- what's the matter? I just saw the ambulance drive off. Is something wrong?

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Mr. Bedford...Yes, there's plenty wrong. My foreman got into a fight with one of the Goliath workmen, and he came out about fifth best. The ambulance doctor said it looked like a slight concussion.

BEDFORD: How did it all happen?

DITHERS: I don't know...Oh, here comes Bumstead...Bumstead! Over here!

BEDFORD: Well, I suppose these things happen when two construction companies are building rival houses.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. Dithers -- hello, Mr. Bedford. ^{HAVE AN APPLE?} Gee, they make awfully good sandwiches over at that --

DITHERS: Bumstead, do you know what happened?

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, I suppose~~ our foreman got into a fight with one of the Goliath men.

DITHERS: ~~Our foreman got into a~~ -- how did you know?

DAGWOOD: Well, that Goliath man has been trying to pick a fight with our foreman ever since we started working here.

~~I've managed to stop it before it started, a couple of times~~

DITHERS: Bumstead, why in the name of heaven didn't you tell me about this?

DAGWOOD: I tried to, but you just said, stop trying to tell me how to run my business and go out to lunch. So, I went to lunch. YOU KNOW - THOSE LITTLE SARDINES -

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!

~~BEDFORD: Well, is this going to interfere with the work?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~We'll just have to put the assistant foreman in charge.~~
~~He's not quite as good a man...~~ I knew we'd have trouble
with the Goliath Company.

BEDFORD: Well, they're apparently doing a good job here.

~~Mr. Berger, the president of the Goliath Company, told~~
~~me he expected to be finished in a few hours.~~

DITHERS: Mr. Bedford, we'll beat the Goliath Company if it's the
last thing we do.

BEDFORD: What do you think, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: I think it'll be the last thing we' do.

DITHERS! OOH!

BEDFORD: Well, may the best company win...I'll be back in two
hours...(FADING)

DITHERS: Bumstead -- what's come over you lately? Have you been
eating a new kind of breakfast food?

DAGWOOD: ~~NO MR. DITHERS~~
I've just decided to stick up for my rights!

DITHERS: That's very interesting...Tell me, Bumstead, do you have
an uneasy feeling right now?

DAGWOOD: Well, no -- not particularly.

DITHERS: You should have. ~~BECAUSE IF WE DON'T GET THIS JOB~~
I'm thinking seriously of firing you.

~~And I will if you don't get this job.~~

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, Dagwood -- how's everything going?
The house looks as though it's all finished. *Is it?*

DAGWOOD: Yeah, the house is finished. But, the Goliath House
was finished several hours before ours.

BLONDIE: Oh dear...

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I don't see how they finished so fast unless they put it together with rubber bands and glue.

BLONDIE: Well, are you ready to go home now. It looks like a storm's coming up.

(LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER OFF)

DAGWOOD: I'll have to wait and see what Mr. Bedford says about our house. He may like it anyway.

BLONDIE: Where is he?

DAGWOOD: He's looking it over inside, with Mr. Dithers...I suppose I'd better go in and see what's happening.

BLONDIE: Now don't feel so bad about it, Dagwood. Later on I've ~~got~~ a surprise for you.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey...You wait here for me, hunh?

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

(STEPS ON PORCH ..DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BEDFORD: (OFF) Well, the fact is, Mr. Dithers, that the Goliath Company finished their house hours ago, I'll admit I've ^{DITHERS! THAT'S TRUE} ~~only~~ ^{BUT} ~~given~~ ^{STILL} it a perfunctory inspection, but it seems to be a first class job.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Yes, but --

BEDFORD: Oh, hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. Bedford...Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: ~~Hello.~~ UH HUH.

BEDFORD: Well, Mr. Dithers, I guess I've seen everything I want to --

DITHERS: Wait a minute. Look, Mr. Bedford, why don't you let us build you a Dithers house, and not a Bumstead house?

DAGWOOD: What's wrong with my house? It's all right. I don't care who says it isn't. I know it is.

DITHERS: You see, Mr. Bedford, this house isn't typical of our work. It's not actually a Dithers Company design. I only looked it over roughly;

BEDFORD: I thought you said in my office that you supervised everything very carefully.

DITHERS: I may have exaggerated.

BEDFORD: You seem to do a lot of exaggerating, Mr. Dithers. And if you don't supervise your plans any better than you supervised the building of this house --

DITHERS: Mr. Bedford, believe me, Bumstead here is entirely responsible for this house.

BEDFORD: Is that right, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: It certainly is.

DITHERS: There -- you see, Mr. Bedford?...Now let the Dithers Company build you it's own house.

BEDFORD: No, I'm afraid not. We've had the competition, and I think it's been pretty fair.

DAGWOOD: Er -- what's your decision, Mr. Bedford?

BEDFORD: Well, Mr. Bumstead -- and Mr. Dithers -- I'm going to award the contract for the first hundred houses tomorrow afternoon, but that's just a formality. I can tell you now that I've decided in favor of the Goliath Company.

DITHERS: I see.

BEDFORD: Well, gentlemen, I'll have to be going -- ~~I'm going to be going to the office.~~ ..Goodbye.

DITHERS: Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, I suppose I'm fired, hunh, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: You certainly are! You've messed this deal up right from the beginning! To begin with, you --

DAGWOOD: Never mind, Mr. Dithers. Goodbye.

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

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I've finally been fired.

(THUNDER ROLLS...)

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Poor Dagwood. Mr. Dithers has been threatening to fire him for some time, and now at last, it's *REALLY* happened. What's going to happen to the Bumsteads now? And what was that surprise Blondie said she had for Dagwood. Well, we'll know in a moment...but right now, if you don't mind, I've got a few papers here to get rid of --

MUSIC: (CHORD)

GOODWIN: Extry! Extry! Mechanized units invade training camps throughout nation! Extry! Extry! American forces swept off feet by lighting offensive!

GIRL: (ABOUT TWENTY) Oh, come, come, Mr. Goodwin, it's not as bad as all that! I admit it's perfectly true about our being mechanized. We usually ride in busses to the camps.

GOODWIN: Oh, you're one of them, are you?

GIRL: That's right! I'm a co-eddette! We're organized to visit the training camps, to provide dates for the men at company dances. I'm a secretary, and there are

(CONTINUED)

GIRL: other working girls, too, and girls from high schools and
(Cont'd) colleges. We're trying to start branches near every
training camp in the country.

GOODWIN: Well, that kind of invasion ought to be pretty popular.
What are the qualifications of a co-eddette recruit?

GIRL: She must be at least sixteen, and have her parents'
permission.

GOODWIN: Sounds fair enough. Any special tips for new co-eddettes?

GIRL: Well, I'd advise clothes that aren't too formal, a nice,
friendly smile -- and -- well, it's a good idea to
bring along your own cigarettes, and even some extra ones
if it's a long time after camp pay day. Camels seem to
go over better than any I've tried.

GOODWIN: ^{WELL YOU KNOW} / I was hoping you'd say that. Not surprised, either. You
know Camels are the brand the men in the Army camps buy
most often for themselves. Actual sales records show
that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and
the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Must be a good
reason for Camel's popularity with young American on the
march! Well, one is flavor, Camel's rich extra flavor,
combined with extra mildness! Camels are made of
costlier tobaccos -- and what's more important -- they're
blended with the famous Camel "know-how" -- the matchless
blending that makes finer tobaccos a really
finer cigarette. Service men, ~~with limited cigarette~~
~~money~~, appreciate Camel's slower burning, too, because
it gives them extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And
don't forget! 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: And the smoko's the thing! Take a tip from the men in uniform! Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's the next morning, just after breakfast. Dagwood's been feeling pretty low, and Blondie's been trying to console him...

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- please don't feel so awful about this.

DAGWOOD: I can't help it, honey. I feel like someone just pulled the world out from under me.

~~BLONDIE: Now, it's not that bad.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, then I feel as though someone just pulled my~~
~~feet out from under me.~~ What're we going to do?

BLONDIE: We'll get along very nicely... You're just ~~stupid~~, **TIRED**
~~that storm kept you awake.~~
TIRED? I'M FIRED!

DAGWOOD: ~~I sort of thought maybe~~... I sort of thought maybe Mr. Dithers would telephone this morning.

BLONDIE: The paper says some of the telephone lines were blown down last night... Shall I see if the phone's working?

DAGWOOD: ^{NO} I'd rather not know.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't you remember my telling you yesterday that I had a surprise for you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I forgot to ask you about it.

BLONDIE: I showed your plans for the Bumstead House -- ~~the Home of the Future~~ -- to Mr. Engstrom. Remember -- the man who owns the lumber Company in Sheridan City.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- did he like them?

BLONDIE: He certainly did. He wants to build some -- and he'll pay you a royalty of ^{TWENTY} ~~twenty~~ five dollars a house for your plans.

~~DAGWOOD: He wants to build some -- and he'll pay you a royalty of twenty five dollars a house for your plans.~~
he going to build.

BLONDIE: ~~Well, he didn't say, but I think it's going to be~~
~~pretty soon.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well,~~ *TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS?* that'll help a little bit.

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood -- let's go out and look at the house
THAT IT'S ALL FINISHED
now. ~~Have a good look at it. See what this fellow~~
~~when you're not worrying about getting it built~~

DAGWOOD: ~~ALL RIGHT~~
ALL RIGHT Okay, Blondie -- let's go!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON CAR)

DAGWOOD: You know, Blondie -- Mr. Engstrom will have to
sell an awful lot of Bumstead Houses to keep us alive.

BLONDIE: We'll get along all right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: ~~I never thought you'd be so sure of me,~~
~~but this time for sure.~~

(CAR SLOWS DOWN)

BLONDIE!
DAGWOOD: Well, we'll see the Bumstead house as soon as we turn
the corner.

BLONDIE: ~~It's a fine house, Dagwood. I know it is.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~So do I, well, there it -- Blondie! Look!~~

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes! Look what's happened to the
Goliath House.

DAGWOOD: It must have blown down in the storm.

BLONDIE: Yes, that's just what happened!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- maybe they did put it together with
rubber bands and glue.

BLONDIE: ~~But that's not the Bumstead house.~~ There's nothing wrong with ~~the~~ *THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE - SEE?*

(CAR COMES TO A STOP...CAR DOORS OPEN)

(FEET ON GRAVEL)

DAGWOOD: I told them our house was a good one! (LAUGHS) I guess this'll show them! Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- there's a man coming out of your house, and ~~I think~~ it's Mr. Bedford.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it is. (CALLS) Oh, Mr. Bedford. Hey, Mr. Bedford

~~BLONDIE: Here he comes.~~

~~DAGWOOD: How do you like the Bumstead house?~~

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, Mr. Bumstead, I just say I hadn't foreseen anything like this. You were right -- perfectly right -- about your house. And that Goliath House -- well, they must have slapped it together with carpet tacks.

BLONDIE: I guess you'll change your mind now, Mr. Bedford.

BEDFORD: I should say so.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Thanks, Mr. Bedford.

BEDFORD: Come to think about it, Mr. Dithers said the sole responsibility for this house was yours, didn't he?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and he fired me after you left.

BEDFORD: Well, well -- he did, eh?...I'll tell you what, Mr. Bumstead. You know the construction business around here pretty well, don't you?

BLONDIE: He certainly does, Mr. Bedford.

BEDFORD: All right...I'm going to turn over the contract for the hundred houses to you -- using your plans, of course, I'll let you sublet the contract wherever you think best. You ought to be able to make a little money on it, too.

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, Mr. Bedford. Holy smoke...Gosh...Yippeeee

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Why, Dagwood.

BEDFORD: I think I know how you feel.

DAGWOOD: I feel wonderful. I guess this will prove something or other to Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, now ^{YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN} ~~let's see if we can beat him at~~ OFFICE
~~his own game for a while. He's going to go into~~
~~business, and he's going to make Mr. Dithers sorry~~
~~he ever fired you. Now he's up against the business!~~

DAGWOOD: I ALWAYS WANTED MY OWN
OFFICE

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: LETS GO RIGHT DOWN TO
ORMANDY'S AND SEE IF THEY
STILL HAVE THAT SALE ON
MAPLE OFFICE FURNITURE AND
CHINTZ CURTAINS.

"BLONDIE" 30-A
10/13/41

GOODWIN: Well, folks, it looks as though Dagwood is really through working for the Dithers Company, and the Bumsteads are going to have to strike out for themselves. ~~And~~ they seem to be getting off to a pretty good start, too. So be sure to be listening next week at this same time, to see what happens when "Blondie Goes Into Business." "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt, who also creates the special musical effects.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET... "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: Yes, the Camels are still coming, tonight and tomorrow the six mobile units -- cars, trailer, and portable stage -- stop at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and on Wednesday and Thursday nights, they give performances at Fort Robinson, Arkansas. And the West Coast unit of the Camel Caravan is rolling, too -- rolling tomorrow night into Everett Air Base at Everett, Washington. Happy traveling, Camel Caravan, and here's hoping your army audiences have a fine time.

And now, just a moment to remind you of the annual Community Mobilization for Human Needs. You know, this rallying of the spirit of neighborliness and generosity through community funds is our American way of defending the health, strength and welfare of our people. Once a year your community fund asks your help. So give generously. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

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ANNOUNCER: Say, Mister Pipe-Smoker, next time you buy a package of tobacco, read the number of ounces on the blue government stamp. Compare it with the two and a quarter ounces you get in every big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- for just one dime. Compare the taste of George Washington, too -- mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Try George Washington tomorrow, ~~washington?~~ It's America's biggest dime's worth of real smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.