

Go Broadcast

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 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)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. You'll remember last week the Dithers Company, going after a contract for a hundred low-cost houses, built a house that Dagwood had designed in competition with a similar house built by the Goliath Construction Company. When the Goliath Company seemed about to get the contract, Mr. Dithers placed all the blame on Dagwood and fired him. But that night a heavy storm blew over the hastily constructed Goliath house, and the contract for building the hundred houses was given to Dagwood, personally, with the right to sublet the contract. Mr. Dithers doesn't know that yet, but he does know that the house Dagwood designed survived the storm. So here he is, just being let in the Bumstead home on Shady Lane Avenue by Blondie...

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, ^{HELLO BLONDIE} it's a nice day, isn't it, ~~isn't it?~~

BLONDIE: ~~That depends.~~ WELL YES AND NO

DITHERS: That storm last night sort of cleared the air.

BLONDIE: ^{UH. HUH.} Mr. Dithers, Dagwood told me that you fired him yesterday.

DITHERS: Oh, ^{THAT} ~~yes~~...Well, you know how I am, Blondie, ^{BLONDIE: NO HOW ARE YOU} My responsibilities make me a little nervous now and then. I'll admit I acted hastily, and I thought I'd drop over and ask Dagwood to come back again with the Dithers Company...Where is he?

BLONDIE: Out in the kitchen. He's been helping me with the dishes.

(CLATTER OF DISHES) "BLONDIE" -3-
10/20/41

WHAT A HELP

DITHERS: Well, would you mind asking him to take off his apron
and come in and see me?

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Dithers. Just sit down.

DITHERS: Thank you.

(STEPS...KITCHEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: I HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT
BLONDIE: Dagwood, Mr. Dithers is out in the living room.

DAGWOOD: Oh, he is, eh? ~~I thought he'd come around as soon as he
found out that the Goliath Company house blew over.~~

BLONDIE: Of course he doesn't know about your getting the
contract for all the houses ~~at~~ Mr. Bedford promised not
to tell him.

DAGWOOD: I suppose he's going to pretend to be big hearted and
give me my job back.

BLONDIE: Yes, and I think this would be a good time to tell him
you don't want your job back.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- let's go out and see what he has to say. It
ought to be good.

BLONDIE: Take your apron off, first. ~~DEAR~~
COME ON NOW

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

BLONDIE: Don't give in to him now.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Don't worry about that, honey...I've been
waiting for an opportunity like this for years...Let's
go in.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, well -- hello, Dagwood, old boy.

DAGWOOD: Hello.

DITHERS: Er -- I came over to apologize for firing you yesterday.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- start apologizing.

10/20/41

DAGWOOD: (ID ON

DITHERS: What's that?! / Now look here, Bumstead, if that's the way you feel, just remember I don't have to take you back. I can get other men who ~~MAKE~~ *BIGGER MISTAKES*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I guess you'd better go back to the dishes. *DEAR I'M*

DAGWOOD: Okay, let's finish the dishes. *DAY* Goodbye, Mr. Dithers. *SORRY I*

DITHERS: Now wait a minute, Dagwood. Don't go. Let's not lose our tempers... Let's see -- where was I?

BLONDIE: You were about to apologize to Dagwood for firing him.

DITHERS: Oh, ~~was~~ *I WAS? I WAS.*... Well, Dagwood, I acted hastily yesterday. I'm really very sorry... Now, you'll come back to work with me again, won't you?

DAGWOOD: What do you think, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, there's no hurry, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, there's no hurry... I'll think it over, J.C.

DITHERS: Apparently you don't realize that I'm offering you your job back only out of the goodness of my heart.

BLONDIE: Well, we think it's very sweet of you, *MR. DITHERS* but we're in no rush.

DITHERS: What's the matter with you people?

BLONDIE: Nothing at all, but Dagwood's just become a little tired of being fired one day and hired the next. We thought *DAGWOOD: TIRED,* it might be a pleasant change if he stayed fired for *FIRED,* a while. *Hired,* *THAT'S* *ME*

DAGWOOD: Yeah, J.C. Why don't you get someone else to take my place.

DITHERS: Er -- um -- well, Dagwood, I'll be frank with you. I happen to know that the Dithers Company still has a good chance of getting the job on those hundred houses.

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BLONDIE: Is that right, Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Yes. What's so funny?

BLONDIE: Oh, nothing.

DITHERS: Mr. Bedford didn't give the contract to Goliath.

I called him up this morning, and he told me he was turning it over to someone else to sublet. ~~I don't know who the man is, but he's going to use Bedford's office while he's in Washington.~~

DAGWOOD: Imagine that.

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood -- I might be able to interest this man in your design. You know -- the Bumstead House -- the Home of the Future...Doesn't that interest you?

DAGWOOD: (YAWNS) Unh-huh. Very interesting.

DITHERS: ^{WELL} Pardon me if I'm disturbing your sleep, but what are you people going to do for money? You know -- money, that green stuff with the numbers on it.

BLONDIE: Oh, ^{YES} we'll get along.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. We might go into the construction business ourselves. J. C.

DITHERS: Don't make me laugh! You haven't got a chance. How do you think you'll get along bucking the J.C. Dithers Company?

DAGWOOD: Fine.

~~DITHERS: Oh, to that set we'll see about that, Bumstead!~~

~~BLONDIE: We certainly will!~~

~~DITHERS: I'm going to give you just one more chance!~~

~~DAGWOOD: No, thanks, Mr. Dithers!~~

DITHERS: Okay, Bumstead, if that's the way you feel. But things will be different the next time we meet.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie -- that made me feel like a new man.

BLONDIE: ~~It did me a lot of good, too.~~ Well, Dagwood -- you know what we ^{HAVE} ~~we've got~~ to do now.

DAGWOOD: What?

BLONDIE: Get right down to the office Mr. Bedford is letting you use before Mr. Dithers gets there. I'm coming along, too.

DAGWOOD: WHAT FOR?

BLONDIE: I'm going to be your secretary!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Blondie and Dagwood have the upper hand on Mr. Dithers, although Mr. Dithers doesn't know it. But be careful, ^{BUMSTEADS} ~~Blondie and Dagwood~~ -- ~~Mr.~~ Dithers has been in the business a long time, and he may be able to put you in a spot you can't talk yourselves out of. Of course, Dagwood, you were doing some pretty fancy talking the other evening with Alexander. Remember when Alexander asked you.....

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop, did you ever catch a fish?

DAGWOOD: Uh -- why, of course, Alexander! Didn't I ever tell you about the time I was "down under?"

ALEXANDER: Down under the water?

DAGWOOD: No, that means on the other side of the world -- off the coast of Australia we were, in a small boat. We saw something that looked like a big Tiger Shark, so I baited up with a six-pound bonita. Well, he struck!

ALEXANDER: Who?

DAGWOOD: The tiger shark! I had him hooked! For three hours I battled him...a storm came up...finally we brought him close to the boat, and gaffed him.

ALEXANDER: You whatted him?

DAGWOOD: We threw the meat hooks into him!

ALEXANDER: I thought you hooked him three hours ago, Pop.

BLONDIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Dagwood, of all the stories! You read that in a Camel ad in the newspaper. It happened to Lyle Bagnard, the world-famous big-game fisherman. And in the last picture, Mr. Bagnard said --

BAGNARD VOICE: Sure, Camels are the cigarette for me! I want extra mildness, and I like that rich, extra flavor, too!

GOODWIN: Right! And Camels are cooler, slower-burning, giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money! There's a reason why Camels are so good! They're made of costlier tobaccos -- and blended the way only Camel knows how to blend -- expertly -- matchlessly! Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

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, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

GOODWIN: It's about an hour later. Blondie and Dagwood are in the offices Mr. Bedford is letting them use while he's away when there's a knock on the door...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- maybe that's Mr. Dithers now. You go into the private office, and I'll let ^{HIM} ~~Mr. Dithers~~ in.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Give him a good build-up.

IF IT
IS MR.
DITHERS

(DOOR CLOSES)

(PAUSE...THEN DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Good afternoon. I'd like to talk to the man who --
Blondie!

BLONDIE: Come right in, Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: What are you doing here? I thought this was the office of the man Bedford gave the contract to.

BLONDIE: It is, Mr. Dithers. I'm his secretary...You know --
~~Dagwood's been taking care of the contract~~ WE NEEDED SOME OF THAT GREEN PAPER WITH THE NUMBERS

DITHERS: Oh...Oh, I see...Well -- er -- is ^{ON IT} he in?

BLONDIE: Yes -- he's here. I think he's been expecting you.

DITHERS: Oh, that's fine...Er -- Blondie, what kind of a man is he?

BLONDIE: Oh, he's very nice. He's a lot like Dagwood.

DITHERS: How could that be possible.

BLONDIE: He even looks like Dagwood.

DITHERS: Well, we all have our cross to bear.

BLONDIE: Just go right in, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Thank you, Blondie...I will.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, ~~Mr.~~ DITHERS

DITHERS: Bumstead!

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Sit down, ~~Mr.~~ ^{MR. DITHERS} Sit down and hit the ceiling.

DITHERS: What are you doing here?

DAGWOOD: Well, you told Mr. Bedford I was entirely responsible for that house, so when he saw it was standing after the storm and the Goliath house wasn't -- well, he just gave me the right to sublet the contract.

DITHERS: Oh-h-h, no!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Bedford is a pretty smart man.^{J.C.} He recognizes genius when he sees it. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I'm referring to myself, ~~Mr.~~

DITHERS: I can't believe it. You with the contract for those hundred houses.

DAGWOOD: That's right, ~~Mr.~~ ^{MR. DITHERS} I can let any construction company I want do the job.

DITHERS: Well, well, well...You know, Dagwood, I'm not really surprised. I always told you you'd go places.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and I always knew where you were talking about.

DITHERS: Heh-heh...Well, Dagwood, I suppose you're going to turn this job over to your old company.

DAGWOOD: I'm not sure, ~~Mr.~~ ^{MR. DITHERS}
DITHERS: — But you wouldn't think of letting anyone else get the business. Er -- would you?

DAGWOOD: ^{WELL} That's what I've been doing ever since I got the contract from Mr. Bedford...^{J.C.} Pardon me, I think I'll call my secretary in here.

(DOOR OPENS)

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DAGWOOD: Oh, Mrs. Bumstead -- would you come in ~~here~~? *A MOMENT PLEASE*

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) Why, of course, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (TO DITHERS) *EXCUSE ME BUT* I always talk things over with my secretary before I make any decisions.

CLOSES
(DOOR ~~OPENS~~)

DITHERS: Have my chair, Blondie.

BLONDIE: *NO* Thank you, Mr. Dithers. *I ALWAYS SIT ON THE BOSS' LAP*

DAGWOOD: Everyone comfy?...Now, then, J.C. -- why should I place my business with the Dithers Company? Give me the sales talk. I'm an important prospect now *COME ON* -- give me the sales talk!

DITHERS: Well -- er -- I don't know just how to start. You both know the reputation of the Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: *OH YES* I understand it lost its best man the other day.

~~DAGWOOD: Bumstead.~~
WHO? SOMEONE WE KNOW?
DAGWOOD: ~~I'm surprised the company is still holding together.~~

DITHERS: *FOLKS* Aw, Dagwood ~~Blondie~~ take it easy. You have me at a disadvantage.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, you've had Dagwood at a disadvantage for quite a while.

DAGWOOD: That's right. Practically every other time you opened your mouth, you said, "Bumstead, you're fired!"

DITHERS: I've been very nervous lately, Blondie. I've been upset.

BLONDIE: So have we. It's been like living on the top of a volcano. We were actually relieved when you fired Dagwood. We were glad the suspense was over.

DITHERS: Well, I'm sorry about that...I hope we're friends again.

BLONDIE: *RL* We've always ~~been~~ friends, Mr. Dithers.

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DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right. We've always liked you personally, Mr. Dithers, but when it came to business we thought you were an absolute --

BLONDIE: (WARNS) Dagwood... *DEAF*

DAGWOOD: Er -- we didn't like you.

DITHERS: Well, I don't blame you... But let's forget about that. Now then, you're going to give the contract for these houses to the Dithers Company, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, the Goliath Company has made a bid for the business, and I'm expecting some bids from several other companies.

BLONDIE: But we'll be glad to consider your bid with the others. *MR. DITHERS*

DITHERS: But that's just a formality, isn't it? In the end, I'll get the business, won't I?

DAGWOOD: Not necessarily, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Bumstead, you're a traitor!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

DITHERS: You just got me here so you could toy with me like a cat with a -- a --

DAGWOOD: ~~Mouse?~~ *RAT?*

DITHERS: Mouse. I don't have to stand for this kind of treatment. If you won't give me this business of your own free will, I'll get it from you anyway.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, are you threatening us?

DITHERS: Not exactly, but I'm serving notice on you that I intend to get this contract. So just watch your step, Bumstead! Watch your step!

(DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Come into my office, Anderson.

ANDERSON: Er -- yes, sir, Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Sit down.

ANDERSON: Who, me?

DITHERS: Yes you!!

ANDERSON: Yes, sir.

DITHERS: Well, what do you think about this situation with
Bumstead?

ANDERSON: ^{WHAT DO I THINK?} I -- I hadn't thought about it.

DITHERS: Oh-h-h-h! If Bumstead were here he'd have some sort
of a suggestion. It wouldn't be any good, but it would
be something.

ANDERSON: Can I say something, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Certainly. What is it?

ANDERSON: I think he's got you.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! I'm not going to give up that easily!
Haven't you any thoughts at all, Anderson?

ANDERSON: No, sir.

DITHERS: Stop saying no sir! Use your brain a little. You must
have one. Or is that stuff between your ears just
kapok?

ANDERSON: Yes, sir -- no, sir!!

DITHERS: Is that all you can say? Yes, sir -- no, sir -- I'm
sorry, sir! We've got to lick Bumstead. Think of
something -- think of anything at all.

ANDERSON: Maybe we could hide all the blueprints for the building
Mr. Bumstead designed.

DITHERS: What good would that do?

ANDERSON: I don't know, but you said think of anything at all.

DITHERS: Taaaaah!! Bumstead must have a couple of copies of the blueprints at home. I'm sure he has...Say-y-y-y!

ANDERSON: Have you ~~got~~ an idea, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Have I got an idea? (LAUGHS) I've got a great one. I wonder if it'll work...Sure -- why not? Yes, sir -- I think I know just how to put Dagwood behind the eight-ball!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Now, Mr. Engstrom -- the wood for this corner of the house is cut a little differently.

ENGSTROM: Oh, yes, I see. Well, the Dithers Company did a good job of building, I'll say that. I'm surprised that Mr. Dithers didn't like your plans for it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, he did, but he changed his mind when he thought we -- I mean, he might lose the business.

ENGSTROM: This is still a very fine job. ^{OF COURSE} The Engstrom Company can duplicate it, but I don't think we'd be able to get the whole hundred up in time. ^{NOW IF YOU WOULD CONSIDER}

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ~~I thought of~~ splitting the contract. ^{THAT IS}

~~ENGSTROM:~~ I'll be glad to take half, if it's all right with you, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I'll see how it works out.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Some one just came in. I guess maybe it's Blondie.
(CALLS) Bloooooondie! ~~Oh, Bloooooondie!~~

DITHERS: (OFF) Where are you, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: I just wanted to be sure it was you, honey. I'm in here with -- hey! Who's there?

DITHERS: (COMING UP) It's just me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, ^{J.C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~... Oh -- this is Mr. Engstrom of the Engstrom Lumber Company in Sheridan City.

DITHERS: How do you do?

ENGSTROM: How do you do, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well, I hope you're not planning on building these houses for Mr. Bumstead.

ENGSTROM: On the contrary, I am.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Well, that's too bad, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? What's bad about it?

DITHERS: Well, I'm afraid no one but the Dithers Company can build a house like this one.

ENGSTROM: ^{so?} ~~Mr. Dithers, haven't you a rather exaggerated opinion of your company's work?~~

~~DITHERS: No, not at all -- not at all.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Don't mind Mr. Dithers, Mr. Engstrom. He's just a little wacky.~~

~~DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Well, what I said still goes. No one but the Dithers Company can build a house to this design.~~

DAGWOOD: Why not? This is my design, isn't it?

DITHERS: It was.

~~DAGWOOD: You see, Mr. Engstrom, there's nothing to worry -- what do you mean it was?~~

DITHERS: Oh, by the way, I'm afraid you gentlemen are trespassing on private property. I'll have to ask you to leave.

DAGWOOD: Answer my question! What do you mean, this design was mine?! I demand an answer! I'll bet you're up to one of your ^{OLD} tricks! Come on -- what is it?

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead -- I've taken the liberty of copywriting the design for this particular house in the name of the J.C. Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD: I should have suspected you of that! That's not fair! It's unethical! I won't stand for it! You can't do this to me! You understand?...You can't do this to me!..Or can you?

DITHERS: It's done.

ENGSTROM: Mr. Dithers, I don't think you can get away with this.

DITHERS: I don't know. After all, Dagwood was my employee when he worked out the plans for this house. As his employer, I naturally have a right to them.

ENGSTROM: I believe I understood Mr. Bumstead to say he did them *PLANS* in his spare time.

DAGWOOD: That's right -- I did.

DITHERS: You did?

DAGWOOD: I certainly did, and I can prove it, too. (LAUGHS)
I guess I've got you there, J.C. What are you going to do about that?

DITHERS: I guess I'll let you sue me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I don't care how many courts you take it to, I'll win.

DITHERS: Yes, I guess you will, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You bet I will!

DITHERS: But not for five or six years.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

DITHERS: And now gentlemen, I'll have to ask you to leave.
Goodie-bye.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON BLONDIE'S ANGRY FOOTSTEPS...)

(DAGWOOD'S WALKING ALONG WITH HER)

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, we can't just break into Mr. Dithers' private office this way.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, we can. He can't pull a stunt like this on us and get away with it. ~~Not while Tim pounds~~

~~DAGWOOD: Baby, Blondie -- wait a minute --~~

~~BLONDIE: You just wait!~~

(POUNING ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Well, come in -- come in!

~~BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood, we're going to straighten this out.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Oh -- well, well. Hello, Blondie -- hello, Dagwood.
I'm surprised to see you.

BLONDIE: I doubt it.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: I've just been talking things over with my lawyers, and they say I've got a pretty good case.

DAGWOOD: J.C. -- you know the rights to the plans for that house belong to me.

DITHERS: My lawyers think it'll take you about eight years to prove it....Now let's be sensible about this. You give me the contract for the hundred houses, I'll build them as well as the Dithers Company knows how, and there'll be no trouble at all.

BLONDIE: Are you really going to stop construction on those houses?

DITHERS: If they follow Dagwood's -- er, I mean, the Dithers Company's design, I am.

DAGWOOD: That's criminal! You ought to be locked up behind bars! You're a swindler, J.C.! Why don't you stand up and fight like a man! Come on, put up your dukes! We'll settle this with bare fists!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- please! Calm down!

DAGWOOD: I won't calm down!

BLONDIE: Yes, you will.

DAGWOOD: I ~~will~~ -- oh, I will?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear...There's really nothing to be excited about.
(LAUGHS) It's all pretty silly.

DAGWOOD: What's silly?

BLONDIE: This whole thing...Mr. Dithers -- I had those plans copyrighted first.

DITHERS: What?!!

BLONDIE: Yes -- in Dagwood's name over a month ago.

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

BLONDIE: I had a hunch at the time that it might be a good idea, so I sent the plans to Washington. They're very well protected now, Mr. Dithers. BY THE GOVERNMENT

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, that's wonderful...How do you like that,
^{J.C.}
~~Mr. Dithers?~~ Try and fool around with Dagwood Bumstead,
~~with you?~~ *AND BLONDIE TOO*

DITHERS: (SIGHS) Well, I have a confession to make. I really
didn't send those blueprints off to be copyrighted.

DAGWOOD: You were just bluffing?

DITHERS: Yes, I was ^{JUST} bluffing...It's too bad it didn't work.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm glad to hear you didn't try to steal Dagwood's
rights on the house design, Mr. Dithers. ~~You shouldn't~~
~~do anything like that.~~ Well, come on, Dagwood...Goodbye,
Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, J.C.

DITHERS: Well, you can't blame me for trying...Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Imagine that, Blondie. Trying a thing like that on me.
He was only bluffing.

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, Dagwood.~~ (LAUGHS) So was I.

DAGWOOD: That's good, Blondie. Now we -- hunh?

BLONDIE: We don't have the plans copyrighted, either.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Here's Mr. Engstrom, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Come right in, Mr. Engstrom.

ENGSTROM: You settled that problem with Mr. Dithers, did you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. It's all right now.

ENGSTROM: I'm surprised at a man of Mr. Dithers' calibre trying to pull a trick like that.

BLONDIE: Well, he was just bluffing, Mr. Engstrom, but on the other hand, you know Dagwood used to work for him, and I don't think he could stand to see Dagwood get the better of him.

ENGSTROM: I suppose not.

~~DAGWOOD: Come to think of it, Blondie, there was a peculiar look in Mr. Dithers' eyes when he handed me the contract. I get the idea he'd be up to something else.~~

~~BLONDIE: Goodness, I hope not.~~

~~ENGSTROM: Well, I do, too. Now then, Mr. Bumstead, let's get after that contract.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, yes. It's right here, Mr. Engstrom. It's for fifty of the houses, and the locations are marked on a map attached to the contract.~~

~~ENGSTROM: Fine. Suppose we sign it then.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I've got a pen and ink.~~ *HERE'S THE PEN AND INK*

ENGSTROM: I know you'll find our work completely satisfactory, Mr. Bumstead. We're pretty proud of our reputation... Well, let's see -- where's that dotted line? Can't see without my glasses.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Oh, there's someone at the door.

(RATTLE OF PAPERS)

DAGWOOD: Let's see...Oh, yes -- we sign right here.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

DITHERS: (OFF) Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Why, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- what's happening now.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

ENGSTROM: Oh, no. I'm just signing a contract to build fifty of the hundred houses for Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: We'll be through in a minute, J.C.

DITHERS: Well, it looks as though I got here just in time. I wouldn't waste any ink on that contract.

BLONDIE: Why not, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well, this may come as a slight surprise to you, but I've just signed a contract to build the entire hundred houses.

BLONDIE: }
DAGWOOD: } (TOGETHER) What?
ENGSTROM: }

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Oh, yes, that's right.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid you're just trying to bluff us again, Mr. Dithers. You may have signed the contract, but Dagwood hasn't.

DITHERS: Oh, yes he has. Here's the contract.

(RATTLING OF PAPER)

DITHERS: ^{AND} You can examine it all you want. It gives the J.C. Dithers Company the right to build all those houses. Look it over. You'll find it's perfectly legal.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it seems as though Mr. Dithers has pulled a rabbit out of his hat. He says he has a perfectly good contract, signed by Dagwood. It hardly seems possible, but if it is, how did he get it? Right now, Mr. Dithers seems to have the situation well in hand. We'll see in a moment if Blondie and Dagwood can get out of it.

Do you know that Camel is first on land and sea -- and in the air?

(RUMBLE OF TANKS)

GOODWIN: New armored divisions add to Uncle Sam's punch on land. They're led by M-three, world's toughest medium tank. And Army tank drivers, like men in the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, really go for Camels!

VOICE: Sure, Camel's the cigarette! Flavor's the thing that counts with me -- Camel's extra flavor -- and extra mildness, too!

(PT BOAT ROARING ALONG AT SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR)

GOODWIN: Blitz babies -- seventy-mile-an-hour patrol torpedo boats -- are the fastest warships on the sea. And Irwin Chase, Naval Architect for Elco, makers of PT boats, says --

CHASE VOICE: You bet I smoke Camels! I like a cooler, slower-burning cigarette every time! Means extra smoking per cigarette per pack!

(PLANE IN POWER DIVE)

GOODWIN: Six hundred and twenty miles an hour dives Army fighter P-Thirty-nine, and at the controls is test pilot, Andy McDonough. Like test pilot, Marshall Headle, who dove the Lockheed Lightning out of the sub-stratosphere, and like Bill Ward who tested the crack Curtiss dive bomber, Andy McDonough smokes Camels. He says --

MCDONOUGH VOICE: Sure, I go for Camels! After a tough flight, nothing hits the spot like a Camel.

GOODWIN: Yes, and actual sales records show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard -- Camel is the favorite. And remember -- there's 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. Try a pack of Camels tonight, ~~would you?~~ You'll see what a difference costlier tobaccos make!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a fraction of a second later. Blondie, Dagwood and Mr. Engstrom are looking over the contract Mr. Dithers has handed them, and Mr. Dithers is standing by them, a very superior and triumphant smile on his face.

DAGWOOD: Where's my signature? Let me see my signature on this.

DITHERS: ~~HERE YOU ARE~~

DAGWOOD: ~~HERE YOU ARE~~ YESTHATS MY SIGNATURE HOW DID IT GET THERE

BLONDIE: ~~Here we are!~~..Mr. Dithers! You signed Dagwood's name yourself.

ENGSTROM: It certainly doesn't look like Mr. Bumstead's signature.

DAGWOOD: It isn't my signature! Mr. Dithers signed my name.

DITHERS: Yes, that's right, Dagwood, but it's perfectly legal.

BLONDIE: Now, Mr. Dithers, stop talking in riddles.

DITHERS: Very well -- I signed the contract for Dagwood. I have power of attorney to sign Dagwood's name.

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes!

DITHERS: You remember when you gave me that power of attorney about six months ago, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, I do remember. But I didn't think that power of attorney was that powerful.

DITHERS: Oh, yes, indeed. I practically have the right to commit you to an institution -- say, that's not a bad idea, either. I wonder how I forgot it.

ENGSTROM: Well, if Mr. Dithers has power of attorney, there's nothing much I know of to do. It seems at least pretty irregular, but...

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood, it's a pleasure to sign a contract with you, even though you didn't get an opportunity to scribble your name over the dotted line.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, what are we going to do?

BLONDIE: I don't know.

DITHERS: I have a suggestion.

DAGWOOD: What?

DITHERS: Why don't you give up?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh.

BLONDIE: ~~We were planning on giving the Dithers Company fifty houses to do, but apparently you want the whole job.~~

DITHERS: Well, I'm not going to be difficult about this, Blondie. I'm just going to be firm, that's all.

ENGSTROM: Perhaps I'd better be on my way.

BLONDIE: No -- wait a moment, Mr. Engstrom...Mr. Dithers, do you remember that night when you had the last yearly meeting of the stockholders of the J.C. Dithers.

DITHERS: Why of course.

BLONDIE: Do you remember that it was the three shares of stock that Dagwood and I own that saved you from losing your company?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, J.C. We did you a favor then. The man bought up all the Dithers Company stock except what you had and we had. And our three votes kept you in as president.

DITHERS: Well, if you're going to appeal to my sympathy...

BLONDIE: We're not appealing to your sympathy at all, Mr. Dithers. I remember that man's name very well -- John Robert Howard. He still writes to us offering to buy our stock so he can control the J.C. Dithers Company. If you want to go ahead with your power of attorney, you go right ahead.

DITHERS: What do you mean, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I mean that we'll take our stock, get together with Mr. Howard and his stock, and vote you right out of the J.C. Dithers Company!

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Okay, J.C. -- anything you'd like to say now?

DITHERS: Yes. Could I please have that contract for the fifty houses?

DAGWOOD: What do you think, Blondie?...I always consult my secretary before making a decision.

BLONDIE: I think so, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: All right, J.C. Just step in line behind Mr. Engstrom, and we'll sign these contracts.

BLONDIE: But only after ^{MR. DITHERS GIVES} you ~~turn over~~ that power of attorney **BACK** to us!!

MUSIC:

~~BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- how does it feel to be your own boss?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, I like it pretty well, Blondie. The best part of it is coming home early and relaxing on my old davenport. I think I'll have a davenport moved into the office... You know, Blondie...~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, dear?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I sort of like working with Mr. Dithers. He's a pretty good guy most of the time.~~

~~BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood. And I'm sure I'd like to have you back working for them, too.~~

"BLONDIE"
10/20/41

-26-A
(REVISED)

(SOUND OF DISHES BEING WASHED)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, how does it feel, being your own boss?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I like it fine -- coming home for lunch, and helping
you with the dishes --

BLONDIE: ~~Here's another plate.~~ *NOW DEAR BE CAREFUL DON'T STACK THE
DISHES TOO HIGH*

DAGWOOD: And then relaxing on my old davenport. I don't suppose
I could have a davenport moved into my office?

BLONDIE:: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

BLONDIE: Here's the last plate. Be careful, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'm getting to be a wonderful plate drier. But you
know, Blondie, I do kind of miss working for
Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood. And I'm sure he'd like to have you
back working for him, too.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I don't think he'd ever hire me now.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- look out!!!

DAGWOOD: Oops.

(CRASH OF PLATE)

BLONDIE: Well, I hope someone hires you, while I've still got
a dish left in the house!!

MUSIC:

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"BLONDIE"
10/20/41
(REVISED)

-28-

GOODWIN: Well, folks, Dagwood seems to be doing pretty well on his own with the able assistance of Blondie -- his secretary, but will he and Mr. Dithers continue to compete with each other in the construction business? Be sure to be listening next week at this **same time** to see how things turn out when "Blondie Fights to a Finish". "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Billy Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

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

GOODWIN: The Camels are coming! And in Army language that means the Camel Caravans rolling around from one Army camp to another, giving free open-air shows for the men. Tonight, the Southern unit will be at Charlotte Air Base, North Carolina, and tomorrow night at Daniels Field, Augusta, Georgia. Wednesday the Camel Caravan moves on to Cochran Field, Macon, Georgia, and on Thursday to Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Georgia. The Pacific Coast unit plays tonight at Hamilton Field, San Raphael, California, tomorrow and Wednesday at the Naval Base, San Francisco. Thursday at the Presidio of San Francisco, Friday and Saturday at Fort Ord, Salinas, California. Best wishes, Camel Caravans, may your audiences have a grand time.

THIS IS BILL GOODWIN
SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS
OF CAMEL CIGARETTES

ANNCR:

Say, pipe-smokers, what comes in a big blue package, costs just one dime and weighs a full two and a quarter ounces? It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco, the nation's biggest dime's worth of smoking pleasure. Mild, mellow, and tasty right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Why not plunk down a dime and give George Washington a try? You'll like it! This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.