

Qs Broadcast

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 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. Well, it's been two weeks since Mr. Dithers, in one of his frantic moments, fired Dagwood from the J.C. Dithers Company. But with Blondie as his secretary and assistant, Dagwood has managed to do pretty well on his own, much to Mr. Dithers' annoyance. By now, Mr. Dithers realizes it was a mistake to fire Dagwood. He's swallowed his pride -- choking a little over it -- and here he is, <sup>WAITING ON THE</sup> ~~knocking~~ <sup>DOOR STEP</sup> ~~at the door~~ of the Bumsteads' home on Shady Lane Avenue. <sup>TALKING</sup> ~~TO HIMSELF~~  
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DITHERS: I've got to remember to control myself. I mustn't let Dagwood or Blondie get me excited. I've got to be pleasant about this -- even though I'd like to wring <sup>BUMSTEAD'S</sup> ~~Dagwood's~~ neck.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers. Come in.

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie...Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.

DITHERS: Er -- hello, Dagwood -- How's everything going?

BLONDIE: Just fine, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Yeah <sup>JUST FINE</sup> -- I never realized that not working for you could be so much fun.

DITHERS: Heh-heh.

DAGWOOD: Yes, J.C. -- it certainly is nice.

DITHERS: But, Dagwood -- don't you miss the excitement and thrill of working for the Dithers Company? Something new every moment -- plenty of action -- fighting against the Goliath Company --

DAGWOOD: -- Getting fired every day.

DITHERS: Yes...No!

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. -- we feel much more secure now that I'm out of work than we did when I was working for you.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, do you want Dagwood to come back to work with you?

DITHERS: Yes, Blondie, I do. I'll give him a raise, too.

BLONDIE: How much of a raise?

DITHERS: Er -- well, you know -- the ~~usual~~ amount. *I USUALLY PROMISE HIM*

BLONDIE: I don't think that's enough.

DAGWOOD: I don't think so, either. Besides, J.C., I don't want to go back to work with you unless you'll guarantee not to fire me, even temporarily, for a year.

DITHERS: I suppose you'd also like me to install sofa pillows on your desk.

DAGWOOD: I was coming to that.

~~DITHERS: Hmm. Aren't you afraid you're scaring away all the office staff?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I don't suppose we could have my office re-arranged.~~

DITHERS: ~~No, Dagwood!~~...Look, Dagwood, let's be reasonable.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- you try it first.

DITHERS: Come back to work at the Dithers Company and I'll raise you five dollars a week. That's two hundred and sixty dollars a year...Holy smoke -- two-<sup>SIXTY</sup>~~sixty~~ a year! I must be out of my mind to ~~even~~ offer that to you...

BLONDIE: That isn't enough, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: *WAS SPEAKING TO*  
I ~~asked~~ Dagwood...How do you like it, Dagwood?

Cut  
107  
Repeat

DAGWOOD: Well --

BLONDIE: He agrees with me.

DITHERS: But Dagwood, you can't go on the way you are -- picking up a little commission job here ~~and a little there~~ there every now and then.

BLONDIE: We're doing all right now, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: You've just been fortunate. Dagwood, for some peculiar reason, is one of those people who falls into open manholes and comes out with a new suit of clothes <sup>HIS POCKETS FULL OF MONEY</sup> and a bucket of ~~gold~~.

DAGWOOD: J.C., that's never happened to me.

DITHERS: Well, the next time you see an open manhole -- drop in.

DAGWOOD: Sewer. GET IT SEWER.

DITHERS: Oh, ~~stop making those~~ give me ~~STRENGTH~~  
~~strength~~ <sup>NY</sup> Would you like to come back to the Dithers Company?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but not under the same old conditions.

DITHERS: Dagwood, you'll regret your decision. Why, things are happening around here already, and you'd be <sup>DAGWOOD! THINGS? ALL KINDS</sup> in the middle of them. For instance, there's W.K. Henderson. He's that old goat who lives about three miles on the other side of Tindall Bridge. He's going to turn his property into a beautiful <sup>country</sup> place and raise thoroughbred horses. He's going to spend plenty...How'd you like to work on that deal?

BLONDIE: We're going to anyway, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

Cut  
In  
repeat

51454 0225

DITHERS: I thought that was a secret. Where'd you hear about it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Just now -- from you.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: You better look out for us, J.C. Until you make me a good proposition I'm one of your competitors.

DITHERS: Okay, Bumstead -- if that's the way you want it, that's the way you'll get it! But remember -- anything goes!

DAGWOOD: That's okay with me, J.C.!

DITHERS: Don't call me J.C.!

DAGWOOD: Okay, <sup>MR.</sup> Dithers. We'll see who gets the contract for W.K. Henderson's country place.

DITHERS: We certainly will -- Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers, you forgot your hat.

DITHERS: Keep it.

DAGWOOD: I wonder if it will fit me.

DITHERS: I changed my mind. (Give me that hat.)

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are in for a good scrap. Mr. Dithers has a lot of tricks. But the Bumsteads are pretty resourceful themselves. I wonder who's going to win? ~~Well~~, let's look in on Blondie and Dagwood again. Blondie is sitting at the desk with a puzzled expression on her face...

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yes, Blondie.

BLONDIE: How do you spell "Stadium?"

DAGWOOD: Mmmm. S-T-A -- Why do you want to spell "Stadium," anyway?

BLONDIE: Oh, nothing. I've just decided something has to be done about football, <sup>so</sup> ~~and~~ I'm writing a letter to the newspaper.

DAGWOOD: What's wrong with football? Didn't you like the game Saturday?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I suppose the game was all right, if you could see it. From where we were, in back of the goal posts, it looked like all the players were running sideways.

DAGWOOD: Well, everybody can't sit on the fifty yard line.

BLONDIE: I certainly don't see why not.

DAGWOOD: Well, I mean -- gosh, Blondie, there's only one field and just twenty-two players!

BLONDIE: Oh, that part's all right. But they need a woman to arrange it properly. You see, the trouble is, the field is shaped wrong. Now the way they'll change it, after they see my letter in the paper is to lay the field out like a doughnut. Then the players just go round in circles, and everybody can see!

DAGWOOD: Good gravy, Blondie! Don't you see, you can't --  
*ITS SO SIMPLE*

BLONDIE: You just need some new little white lines on the grass.

You see, Dagwood, I'm just taking the same field and the same twenty-two players! It's not just what you put in a stadium. It's the way you do it!

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, I don't know how your merry-go-round football is going to catch on, but I do know there's something in what you say. It's not just what you put in it, it's also how you do it. That certainly applies to Camels. 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. Yes, it's Camel's "know-how" -- the matchless blending -- that makes fine tobaccos a really superb cigarette. Mild, yes, sir, extra mild, and with a full, rich extra flavor! Cooler, and slower-burning, too -- and that means extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money! And remember -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

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! Try a pack of mild, flavorful Camels. You'll prove to yourself that skillful blending of costlier tobaccos does make a better cigarette!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: It's the next day, a little before noon. Blondie and Dagwood are walking up to the restaurant where Mr. Henderson has asked the two of them and Mr. Dithers to meet him for lunch. Mr. Dithers is just approaching from the opposite direction...

(TRAFFIC BACKGROUND)

BLONDIE: Look, Dagwood -- <sup>HERE COMES</sup> ~~there's~~ Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Boy, is he going to burn up when he sees us.

BLONDIE: Well, maybe Mr. Henderson told him we were coming to lunch, too.

DAGWOOD: I think he'll still be sore.

DITHERS: (OFF) Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I told you so.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, I didn't think you'd have the nerve to show up here.

DAGWOOD: Why not?

DITHERS: You knew Henderson was my client. Don't deny it now! If I hadn't made a slip of the tongue at your house yesterday, you wouldn't have known about him! Well, you're going to have a hard time putting one over on J.C. Dithers.

BLONDIE: We don't anticipate any difficulty. *MR. DITHERS*

DITHERS: Well, you'll find out that -- oh-oh, here he comes....  
Hello, there, Mr. Henderson.

MAN: (COMING UP) Hello, Dithers... Well, well -- I presume you are Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Henderson. It's a pleasure to meet you.



"BLONDIE" -7-

10/27/41

DAGWOOD: ITS A PLEASURE  
TO MEET  
YOU

MAN: Thank you. It's a pleasure to meet you -- particularly so charming a person as Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, thank you for the compliment, Mr. Henderson.

MAN: Not at all, not at all.

DITHERS: Well...Shall we go in the restaurant and sit down?

MAN: Why, yes...But why don't you go in and reserve a table for us, Dithers? I want to get better acquainted with the Bumsteads.

DITHERS: Let's all go in.

MAN: No, no -- we'll be in in a moment. It's nice out here in the sun.

DITHERS: Well, if you insist, Mr. Henderson. I'll be waiting for you inside...(FADING)

MAN: (CHUCKLES) Perhaps I shouldn't suggest this...

BLONDIE: What's that, Mr. Henderson?

MAN: Well -- er -- I've met Mr. Dithers before and I haven't met you. Why don't we just go someplace else and have lunch ~~LOM~~

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) And leave Mr. Dithers in there waiting.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Yes, yes! He'll be ~~fit to be tied~~ <sup>AWFULLY AWFULLY UPSET</sup> when he finds out we've gone.

BLONDIE: He'll be ready for a padded cell...Well, Mr. Dithers said anything goes,

MAN: Then why don't we go? Come on!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON RATTLE OF DISHES)

MAN: Well, that was a wonderful lunch ~~LOM~~

51454 0230

DAGWOOD: Yeah. A little expensive, but very good.

BLONDIE: Mr. Henderson, why don't you tell us a little more about the country place you're planning on having built ~~for you?~~

MAN: Oh, yes, Mrs. Bumstead...Well, I don't want anything too elaborate.

DAGWOOD: Oh, of course not, Mr. Henderson.

MAN: I'm not figuring on spending a great deal.

DAGWOOD: Oh, of course not, Mr. Henderson.

MAN: Oh, well, about a million dollars, roughly.

BLONDIE: Well -- er -- ~~I guess you can build a pretty nice country place for~~ (SWALLONS) -- one million dollars.

MAN: Yes, it ought to be very comfortable. Your commission would be rather substantial, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (DREAMING) Oh, of course not Mr. Henderson.

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Ouch!

BLONDIE: You're a ~~million dollars~~ <sup>MILLION DOLLARS</sup> behind in the conversation. ~~DEAR~~

DAGWOOD: Oh...oh, excuse me.

MAN: Well now, about the barns for my thoroughbred horses. I don't want to spend more than three hundred thousand extra for them.

DAGWOOD: Three hundred thousand extra? For that we can give you a private bathtub for every horse. And with built-in soap dishes.

MAN: I suppose you can arrange for landscaping the grounds.

BLONDIE: Mr. Henderson, we can arrange for anything.

DAGWOOD: Anything you want we can give you.

*IN THAT CASE*

MAN: ~~By the way~~, Mr. Bumstead, I wonder if I could ask you a personal favor?

DAGWOOD: Certainly, Mr. Henderson. Just anything at all.

MAN: Could you loan me a dime?

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

*A DIME*

MAN: ~~Yes~~. I'll need it to catch the bus home.

BLONDIE: You need a dime?

MAN: I suppose it's only fair to tell you after the wonderful meal you treated me.

DAGWOOD: Tell us what?

MAN: I'm not really Mr. Henderson.

BLONDIE: You're not Mr. Henderson!? *THE MILLIONAIRE?*

MAN: Oh, no. I'm really an actor. *IT SO HAPPENS THAT* Mr. Dithers hired *I WAS AT* me to pose as Mr. Henderson so he could take him *LIBERTY THIS* to lunch *WELL IT SO* alone. I was rather good, didn't you think

*BLONDIE:* *so?*  
*GOOD!*  
DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

MUSIC...

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

HENDERSON: Mr. Dithers, I can't understand why Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead didn't show up.

DITHERS: Don't worry about them, Mr. Henderson. Bumstead is a small fry anyway. He's just playing around on the fringe of the construction business.

HENDERSON: Well, he must have some ability, hasn't he?

DITHERS: Oh, sure. He'd be just the man to hire if you wanted to build a rabbit hutch. I understand he's also <sup>FAIRLY</sup> ~~VERY~~ good on bird houses.

HENDERSON: (CHUCKLES) Well, my country place will be quite different from that.

DITHERS: <sup>OF COURSE</sup> ~~HE~~. You want the J.C. Dithers Company to do the job for you, Mr. Henderson. We'll take care of every detail. We'll transform your every desire into glorious reality.

HENDERSON: Well, that's sound. <sup>S</sup>. say, who're those three people coming over this way?

DITHERS: Where?...Oh, I don't know...Just pretend you don't see them.

HENDERSON: Why, they're coming right over here.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Er -- hello. *HELLO BLONDIE*

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Henderson -- may we introduce ourselves. We're Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

HENDERSON: I see. How do you do?...And who is the other gentleman?

BLONDIE: Why he's an actor Mr. Dithers hired to pretend he was you so we'd go with him and miss having lunch with you.

DITHERS: Silliest thing I ever heard --

MAN: Mr. Dithers, would you be so good as to pay me for my services now? You promised me ten dollars.

DITHERS: I've never seen you before in my life.

MAN: Mr. Dithers, if you please, <sup>DITHERS: BESIDES I TOLD</sup> ~~AND~~ remember -- I <sup>YOU I'D SEND</sup> ~~YOU~~ <sup>YOU A CHECK</sup> outweigh you.

DITHERS: Oh, anything to get rid of you...Here.

MAN: Thank you.... ~~I would have been bothered if you had not~~ ~~Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead reminded me what a bad credit~~ ~~risk you are so I thought I'd better collect~~ ~~personally.. Goodbye.~~ *AND I REMAIN YOURS OBEEDIENTLY*

HENDERSON: Dithers, what's the meaning of this? Did you have that man impersonate me?

DITHERS: Well--you know *HENDERSON: NO, I DON'T* just a little joke.

HENDERSON: Very funny, Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Henderson, now you have a good picture of the tactics the Dithers Company uses to get contracts from unsuspecting clients.

HENDERSON: I think I'll be going, Mr. Dithers....Get in touch with me later, Mr. Bumstead.....(FADING)

DAGWOOD: I'll be glad to, Mr. Henderson.

DITHERS: (FADING) Wait a minute, Mr. Henderson. Let me explain to you. I don't want you to get the wrong impression of the J. C. Dithers Company....

DAGWOOD: I guess J. C. will have a hard time explaining that stunt to Mr. Henderson.

~~BLONDIE: (SOTTO) Don't look now, Dagwood, but there's a waiter standing behind you with a big check.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh-oh....well, let's go, honey.~~

~~WAITER: Just one moment, please.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Hahn?~~

~~WAITER: Since your friends ran out on us, I'm afraid you'll have to take care of this check. It's five dollars and seventy-four cents.~~

~~BLONDIE: But we didn't have a thing to eat here.~~

~~WAITER: Your friends ate plenty.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, we're certainly not going to pay for their lunch.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Besides, we haven't got that much money.~~

~~WAITER: Just follow me there.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Where are we going?~~

~~WAITER: To the kitchen. I hope you don't mind washing dishes.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Pssssss!~~

MUSIC:.. (PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: (OVER MUSIC) Hello. Oh, hello, Mr. Henderson...Sure --  
TO LOOK OVER YOUR PROPERTY  
we'd be delighted to come out/tomorrow...Yes, I'll

bring her with me. I never make any decisions without consulting Blondie...Hunh...Oh, Mr. Dithers is going, too

MUSIC ...Yes, sir -- we'll be there...goodbye. (HANGS UP)  
UP AND OUT

HENDERSON: (COME UP) Now, here is the little stream that runs through my property.

BLONDIE: It's lovely, Mr. Henderson.

DITHERS: I'll be able to turn this land of yours into something you'll really be proud of, Mr. Henderson. It's got everything.

DAGWOOD: Yes, it's really very nice...Oh, don't go too close to the edge of the stream, Mr. Henderson.

HENDERSON: Don't worry about me...Mr. Dithers, do you have any suggestions you'd like to make?

DITHERS: Why -- er -- yes, of course. Nothing definite right now.

BLONDIE: Mr. Henderson.

HENDERSON: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Why don't you let Mr. Bumstead plan a little lake for you here? It would be easy to dam up this stream.

HENDERSON: Fine! Fine! That's an excellent suggestion,  
Mrs. Bumstead.

DITHERS: I was just going to suggest that myself.

DAGWOOD: Why didn't you?

BLONDIE: You're a little late, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! It's a very ordinary suggestion.  
Any good construction man would suggest it.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: For what?

BLONDIE: For ~~simply~~ admitting that Dagwood and I are  
good construction men.

DITHERS: That isn't what I ~~meant~~<sup>MEANT</sup>. What I meant to ~~say~~<sup>MEAN</sup> was --

HENDERSON: Mr. Dithers, aren't you a little confused?

DITHERS: Nertainly sot!...I mean, certainly not!

(ALL LAUGH)

HENDERSON: Oh -- look down here over the bank of the stream.  
I've got some water-cress growing down there.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

DITHERS: Dagwood! Don't push Mr. Henderson!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

HENDERSON: Hey! Somebody pushed me -- I'm slipping! HELP!!!  
(SOUND: SPLASH)

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh!..Hey, what's the idea, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: I didn't do it.-- you did!!

DAGWOOD: I did not. I saw you --

HENDERSON: (SPLUTTERING) Who did that! Mr. Bumstead!

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) Oh, Dagwood...Fall in with him...quick!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Say that Mr. Dithers pushed you, too. Go on!  
(GRUNTS)

DAGWOOD: Whooooey! Hey! Look out! I'm falling!  
Bloooondie --  
(SOUND: SPLASH)

HENDERSON: Great scott! What happened then?

BLONDIE: Mr. Bumstead was just pushed in, too!

HENDERSON: I'm soaking! What's the idea of this?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers can explain it. He's responsible for both of you being in there.

DAGWOOD: (COMES UP FROM UNDER SPLUTTERING) Blooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- on your way up, get some water-cress.

DITHERS: Wait a minute! Mr Henderson, I didn't have anything to do with this.



BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) You don't think Mr. Henderson would believe I pushed Dagwood in, do you? Why that's just plain silly! *MR. DITHERS*

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Why haven't they come downstairs yet? What are they doing up there?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, nothing, Mr. Dithers. Just getting dry and talking over the details of the work Dagwood's going to do for Mr. Henderson.

DITHERS: This was supposed to be an open competition. Dagwood has no right to be alone with Mr. Henderson.

BLONDIE: I guess you didn't think it would turn out this way when you pushed Mr. Henderson in that little stream and tried to blame it on Dagwood.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! I'm surprised at you, Blondie. You told Mr. Henderson I pushed Dagwood in, too.

BLONDIE: Oh, no. I just said you were responsible. You were. You started it.

DITHERS: Well, what did you push Dagwood in for?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, I just thought it would put all the blame on you. Besides, misery loves company, and I thought Dagwood and Mr. Henderson would have a nice chat while they were drying out.

DITHERS: Hmm...I must say you did some fast thinking, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, you're the one who said anything goes.

DAGWOOD AND HENDERSON: (ARE TALKING OFF...WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING)

DITHERS: Oh, here they come downstairs.

BLONDIE: Well, they seem to have gotten along nicely together.

DAGWOOD: (OFF...LAUGHS) That's very funny, W. K.

DITHERS: Holy Pete...Dagwood's calling him W. K. now.

HENDERSON: (COMING UP) Well, I think it's a pretty funny story, Dagwood.

DITHERS: Well, it's good to see you again. I was afraid something might have happened to you -- er -- W.K.

HENDERSON: What did you say?

DITHERS: Er -- I said I was afraid something might have happened to you, Mr. Henderson.

HENDERSON: No, Dagwood and I are quite all right -- no thanks to you.

DITHERS: It was really an accident.

HENDERSON: Dagwood explained about it to me. I am considering the incident closed.

BLONDIE: Are you dry, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's good, dear...<sup>100 BLESS YOU</sup> Oh, Mr. Henderson, I noticed you have a wonderful radio in your living room.

HENDERSON: Oh, yes -- it is a good one, isn't it? It's also a victrola and home recorder, too.

BLONDIE: Home recorder?

HENDERSON: Yes -- there's a record on it, and you just turn the switch on and it makes a record of whatever you want to say. It works beautifully -- I've had a lot of fun with it. <sup>DITHERS: SPEAKING OF FIGURES</sup> Oh, by the way, let's not discuss the plans for my country place until after dinner. I don't believe in mixing business with pleasure.

BLONDIE: Of course not.

DITHERS: ~~I agree with you.~~ <sup>YOU'RE SO RIGHT W.I.T.</sup>

DAGWOOD: ~~That's right, that's~~ <sup>YEAH</sup> We'd much rather settle this on a full stomach.

HENDERSON: After dinner I'll look over your drawings and so on. And I expect to make a choice between the two of you.

MUSIC:

HENDERSON: Well, let's all sit down here in the living room by the fire now...Mrs. Bumstead, you sit here -- Dagwood, over there -- and Mr. Dithers over here.

(THEY AD LIB "ALL RIGHT" AND "THANK YOU")

HENDERSON: Now then, Dagwood, I'll take a look at your figures.

DAGWOOD: I've got them right in my pocket, Mr. Henderson...  
Let's see -- yes, here they are.

DITHERS: Don't get up, Mr. Henderson -- I'll hand them to you.

HENDERSON: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Let's have them, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, okay, J. C. (RATTLE OF PAPERS)

DITHERS: I doubt very much if -- Ooooooh!

(STUB TOE ON FLOOR,, BODY FALLS)

DITHERS: Ouch! I stubbed my toe ~~and it hurt like hell~~

DAGWOOD: Hey! The papers! They're in the fire! <sup>PLACE</sup> Wait a minute and I'll...Ooooooh! There they go! <sup>UP IN SMOKE</sup>

HENDERSON: Well, haven't you got a duplicate set?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, not with me, W.K. You did that on purpose, J.C. --

DITHERS: Now, Dagwood -- Blondie -- please believe me, it was an accident.

BLONDIE: It certainly was a convenient one.

HENDERSON: You don't think Mr. Dithers did that deliberately, do you?

DAGWOOD: I do.

DITHERS: Dagwood, that's very unfair of you to say that. I wouldn't do a thing like that ~~anyway~~, and ~~particularly~~ <sup>CERTAINLY</sup> not since you're hardly competition. After all, you're just an individual, and the J.C. ~~Dithers~~ Company is a large, well-respected, experienced organization.

BLONDIE: Mr. Henderson, would you mind if one of us left to get another set of figures for you?

HENDERSON: Yes, I would. I want to settle this whole thing now.

DAGWOOD: <sup>WAIT A MINUTE</sup> But we're sort of under a handicap.

HENDERSON: I don't want to seem unreasonable about this, Dagwood, But I think you should have foreseen any possible accidents and provided for them.

DITHERS: Yes, I agree with you, W. K. I've provided several sets of figures. Here's a set for you to look at.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER...)

HENDERSON: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Not at all, W. K.

DAGWOOD: ~~A fine thing!~~ I COULD GET ANOTHER SET OF FIGURES IN ABOUT THREE HOURS IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND WAITING

HENDERSON: Please, Mr. Bumstead... Now let me look at these figures. I don't think I quite understand the way they're arranged, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, you see, here we list the---Hmm, I can't read it---I haven't got my glasses. ~~I can't see much without them.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, I think you left them on the hall table, Mr. Dithers. I'll go get them for you.

DITHERS: No---I'll get them!

DAGWOOD: I'LL GET THEM BOTH OF YOU (FADING) Stay ~~right~~ where you are.

BLONDIE: MRS. BUMSTEAD WILL GET YOUR GLASSES MR. DITHERS

HENDERSON: / By the way, Mr. Bumstead, if we did get this contract, how would you take care of it?

DAGWOOD: I'd sublet it to another construction company and supervise their work very carefully.

HENDERSON: I don't much like working through a middle-man.

DITHERS: It's never very satisfactory.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, here are your glasses, Mr. Dithers. They were on the table all right.

DITHERS: Thank you, Blon---hey, look out. I dropped them. They're on the floor.

BLONDIE: Where?

DITHERS: I don't see them...I guess they must be--hey, look out, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I don't see them.

(SOUND OF CRUNCHING OF GLASSES...)

DITHERS!

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers---I'm so sorry. ~~I'm afraid I've~~  
~~smashed your glasses!~~

~~DITHERS: [unclear]~~

HENDERSON: Oh, that's a shame.

BLONDIE: I'm really very sorry.

HENDERSON: Can't you explain these figures to me without them?

DITHERS: No. I can't read a thing.

HENDERSON: ...Well, I'll take these figures and plans up to my  
study and look them over. / <sup>BLONDIE: HOW DID I HAPPEN</sup> When I come down, I'll give <sup>TO DO</sup> <sup>THAT</sup>  
you a decision. In the meantime, just make yourselves  
comfortable....(FADING)

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Henderson...

DITHERS: This is a fine mess - Henderson is-

BLONDIE: Do you mind if I turn on the radio, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Why - NO

DAGWOOD: Yeah--go ahead, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right...My, this certainly is a beautiful one.

(SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH...)

DAGWOOD: On second thought, you'd better not. It might make  
me nervous.

BLONDIE: Okay, dear.

DITHERS: I can understand why you're nervous, Dagwood. I've  
got that contract in the bag.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you think so, hunh?

DITHERS: I know it. My figures are three thousand under  
yours---I put plenty of razzie-dazzle in them, and  
the old goof is sure to fall for it. (LAUGHS)

(CONTINUED)

"BLONDIE"  
10/27/41

-22-

DITHERS:  
(Cont'd)

He'll fall for it the same way he went into that creek when I shoved him. Boy, I thought I'd die--he came up for air looking like an old walrus with a necklace of water-cress. Dagwood, you might as well give up! I can't lose!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN:

Well, Mr. Dithers seems to be pretty confident of getting the contract from W. K. Henderson--and if his bid really is three thousand lower than Dagwood's he can't very well miss. What can Blondie and Dagwood do to save the situation? Well, we'll know in a moment, but right now -- (BREAKS OFF) Oh, were you going to say something, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I was just going to ask Dagwood a question.  
Dagwood, do you know what day is more important this year than it has been for many, many years?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie, what?

BLONDIE: Today! October twenty-seventh is Navy Day.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. That's right! Gee, this is one time we really ought to think about the men in our battleships, isn't it?

GOODWIN: You bet, Dagwood! And in literally hundreds and hundreds of other warships and planes, from Manila Bay to Iceland! Today, on Navy Day, the makers of Camel cigarettes would like to send out a big thank you to all the officers and enlisted men in the United States Navy. First, of course, because these men have formed and especially today are forming, America's First Line of Defense. And secondly -- and a little selfishly, we admit -- because the men in the Navy have always been such good friends to Camels. In our Navy, more Camels are smoked than any other cigarette, and that goes for the men in the Army, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, too. Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Stores, and Canteens, show that with men in the Army, in the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite! Ask the service men why this is true! Maybe they'll just say they like the ways Camels taste -- the rich, extra flavor -- or maybe it's Camel's smooth extra mildness. You know, Camels are

(CONTINUED)



"BLONDIE"  
10/27/41

22-B

GOODWIN:  
(Cont'd)

expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. They're cooler, slower-burning -- giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO:

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.

GOODWIN:

And the smoke's the thing! Try a pack of cool, slow-burning Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about three-quarters of an hour later. Blondie and Dagwood have been nervously pacing the floor of Mr. Henderson's living room, while Mr. Dithers, supremely confident, has been relaxing in an easy chair. But here comes Mr. Henderson into the room.

HENDERSON: I hope I haven't kept you too long.

DITHERS: Not at all, W. K. I suppose you've arrived at a decision.

HENDERSON: Yes, I have.

DAGWOOD: Er -- is it a good decision or a bad one?

BLONDIE: We've been a little -- well, you know, nervous, waiting.

HENDERSON: Well, I think it's a good decision, but I'm not so sure you will, Mr. Bumstead.

DITHERS: Ah-ha! Fine!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!...Well, it's been nice knowing you,  
Mr. Henderson.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Henderson, before you actually tell us, I have  
a surprise for you.

DITHERS: What're you up to now, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I think it'll interest you, too, Mr. Dithers. I tried  
out your home recording set while you were upstairs,  
Mr. Henderson. How would you like to hear it?

HENDERSON: All right -- fine. These home made records always  
fascinate me. Everyone sit down and we'll listen  
to it.

BLONDIE: I'll put it right on.

DAGWOOD: You made a record, Blondie? You didn't tell me  
anything about it.

BLONDIE: No, I guess I didn't. Well, here it is.

DITHERS: (FILTER) I can understand why you're so nervous,  
Dagwood. I've got that contract in the bag.

(FILTER)

DAGWOOD: Oh, you think so, hunh?

DITHERS: I know it. My figures are three thousand under yours --  
I put plenty of razzle-dazzle in them, and the old goof  
is sure to fall for it. (LAUGHS)

HENDERSON: (SHOUTS) Old goof! Well, I like that!!

BLONDIE: Wait -- there's more, Mr. Henderson.

DITHERS: (FILTER) He'll fall for it the same way he went into  
that creek when I shoved him. Boy, I thought I'd die --  
he came up for air looking like an old walrus ~~with~~ *REPEAT*

~~making me think of Dagwood, you might say~~

HENDERSON: *TURN THAT THING OFF*  
(YELLS) So I looked like an old walrus, eh? Dithers!  
Where are you? BLONDIE! He's gone! Come back here you blackguard  
Come back and fight like a man!

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

BLONDIE: I think Mr. Dithers has just made a hasty exit.

HENDERSON: He's lucky to get away with his life...Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

HENDERSON: *FIGURES OR NO FIGURES*  
The contract goes to you.

MUSIC:

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

DAGWOOD: Who's that at this time of night waking us and the baby  
and the dog. *QUIET DAISY*

BLONDIE: I'll get it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I don't know who it could be, Blondie -- it's sort of late.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Er -- hello, ~~Blondie~~. *ITS JUST ME*

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Come in, J.C.

DITHERS: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: (SIGHS) Well, I didn't think I could bring myself to do this, but I have to. Dagwood, you and Blondie beat me. I tried every trick in the book, but -- well, they all blew up in my face. I asked for it, and I got it.

BLONDIE: Well, gee, Mr. Dithers -- I hope you don't feel too bad about it.

DAGWOOD: No, J.C. -- we didn't want to hurt your feelings.

DITHERS: I admit my pride has taken quite a shellacking, but I'm not going to be stubborn about it. Dagwood, I wish you'd come back to the Dithers Company. The Dithers Company needs you -- I need you.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I'm <sup>so</sup> ~~very~~ glad to hear you say that. <sup>BUT</sup> Now let's be practical about this. Dagwood wants a good raise -- after all, he'll be bringing in some business with him.

DITHERS: I give you my word on that. He'll get one.

DAGWOOD: And a contract for a year so you can't fire me.

DITHERS: I'll have one drawn up that way. I'll even consider making you a Junior Vice-President.

BLONDIE: / Oh, that'll be wonderful. *MR. DITHERS I'M SO HAPPY*  
DAGWOOD: IT WILL BE WONDERFUL FOR *BARBY BUT FLINTEL* THAT? *COOKIE*  
DITHERS: Well, ~~Dagwood~~ -- welcome back to the J. C. Dithers *WILL BE*  
*SO PROUD*  
Company! *IT WILL BE WONDERFUL FOR ALL OF US.*

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J. C.! Gosh, a raise in salary, a contract so I can't be fired for a year, and a Junior Vice-President -- I haven't a thing to worry about.

DITHERS: Oh, no? See that you're down to work on time in the morning!

DAGWOOD: Ooooooh!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well folks, at last the Bumsteads have made up with Mr. Dithers, and Dagwood is once again working for the J.C. Dithers Company. Everything should be all right for Blondie and Dagwood from now on, but Dagwood's sure to get into some kind of trouble. So be sure to be listening next week at this same time when "Blondie Cures Amnesia". "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")

The Camels are coming, it's the two Camel Caravans-- free open-air shows on wheels, touring the camps of the nation. Tonight and tomorrow night, unit number one -- cars trailer and portable stage -- is giving a show at Fort McClellan, Alabama -- on Wednesday at the Selma Air Base, Thursday at Key Field, Mississippi, and a week from tonight at Camp Shelby, Louisiana. Tonight and tomorrow night the West Coast unit is playing at Camp Roberts, California -- on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at Camp San Luis Obispo, and a week from tonight at March Field, Riverside, California. Best wishes, Camel Caravan, from the Blondie show. We hope your audiences have a lot of fun. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

"BLONDIE"  
10/27/41

-29-

ANNOUNCER: Say, pipe-smokers, do you want to make a dime feel  
mighty important? Just plunk it down on the counter  
and get a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of  
George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It's America's  
biggest value in real smoking pleasure! Mild, mellow,  
and tasty, all the way down to the last puff at the  
bottom of the bowl! Load up your ~~pipe~~<sup>PIPE</sup> with  
George Washington tomorrow! You'll like it!  
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.