

"BLONDIE:
Produced by
WILLIAN ESTY AND COMPANY
For Camel Cigarettes
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winstem Salen, N.C.

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE ADVISES THE PRESIDENT"

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1943
CBS STUDIO "C"

Broadcast 4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT
Repeat 7:30 - 8:00 PM, PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD...ARTHUR LAKE

J.C. DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
McKEESTER.....MEL BLANC
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL..(Salute)..PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

House Door
Whizz Whistle
Footsteps on Street
Buss horn
Phone
Phone click at other end
Walking on wooden floor
Strawberry box
Window
Glass break
Board Splinters
Door knob falls to floor
Door falls down
Kicking stone foundation
Buzzer
Rattle of paper (blueprints)
File Cabinet drawer (steel)

ENGINEERING

Filter is needed

"BLONDIE"

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PWT
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PWT

MONDAY, JULY 5, 1943

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial -- listen to
"Blondie"....presented by Camel....

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: How do a jungle at Guadalcanal and a desert in Africa
mean fresh cigarettes for you? Here's how. Camels have
been sent overseas by the hundreds of millions because
they're first in all the services, according to actual
sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. For months
in transit, through and to all kinds of climate, Camels
needed special wrapping to keep them fresh -- so a new
moisture-proof inner wrapping was ~~added~~ ^{developed}. Today, your
pack of Camels is done up in the same overseas method of
packing as the one that goes to Guadalcanal...that's why
every Camel you smoke is sure to be fresh, as cool smoking,
slow-burning, and rich-flavored as the day they left the
factory. For yourself, for that fellow in the service,
get Camels -- the cigarette that stays fresh -- because
Camels are packed to go around the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN) (HOLD FOR)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors,
the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME) (FADE TO BACKGROUND FOR:)

WILCOX: Well, last week when it looked as though Dagwood's
boss, Mr. Dithers, had suddenly become mentally
incompetent, Mrs. Dithers used her power of
attorney to vote Dagwood president of the J.C. Dithers
Construction Company. At least, temporarily.
Mr. and Mrs. Dithers are leaving for a short
vacation today, and this morning, Blondie and
Dagwood are sitting around the breakfast table,
a little starry-eyed.

BLONDIE: My, it certainly is wonderful, Dagwood, ^{Bumstead} President of
the Dithers Company... Would you like another
half-cup of tea?

DAGWOOD: Thanks , Blondie...I can't decide which is more
satisfying -- one full cup or two half-cups. You
seem to get more if you have two half-cups.

BLONDIE: You'd make yourself think you were getting even
more if you drank it with a spoon...Now, Dagwood,
if you need any help at the office, you call me
right away.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'll be able to handle everything, Blondie.
There's really nothing to it. It'll be a cinch for
me!

BLONDIE: Dagwood.....

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: If you don't watch yourself, your head'll swell up so big you won't be able to get anything on it smaller than a wastebasket.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- look at the time. You're going to be late again!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- I don't know why it is this always happens, but it always does.

DAGWOOD: I'll have to dash! Get the door open for me, Blondie. *I'll finish my tea and be right there.*

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (FADING) I'll be right there.

BLONDIE: Now remember, Dagwood -- don't make any hasty decisions, and be sure you answer all the mail, and let me know if anything happens, and don't forget to make notes of your appointments and calls so you'll remember -- and -- and you'll have Mr. Dithers secretary, won't you?

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Yeah, I guess so.

BLONDIE: What does she look like?

DAGWOOD: She's ^{kind of} cute.

BLONDIE: Do as little dictating as possible...The door's open, Dagwood.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Hurry, dear -- you'll have to run.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Okay, Blondie - I'll call you from the office.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(SOUND: WHIZZ...DOOR SLAMS...)

BLONDIE: My goodness! Some day he's going to get a ticket for speeding.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, honey -- I came back again.

BLONDIE: Did you forget something?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I forgot I'm president of the Dithers Company. What am I running for?

BLONDIE: Oh, that's right.

DAGWOOD: For once I'm going out the door slowly...Uh -- so long -- Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Gee -- I can just loaf along to the office. What luxury. See you later, dear.

(SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS...)

BLONDIE: Look --there s the bus coming up to the corner. That's the one you usually catch.

(SOUND: BUS HONKS OFF)

DAGWOOD: They're honking for me. Gee, Blondie -- I can't resist it. It's something in my blood. I've got to try to catch that bus! Goodbye!

(SOUND: WHIZZ!...DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- Dagwood Bumstead, president of the J. C. Dithers Construction Company -- prices to fit all budgets if you've got a priority. Well, I might as well ^{strut} go into my new office.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa! Oh, hello, J.C. -- you startled me.

DITHERS: You're late!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) So what? I'm also president...And don't yell at me like that J.C., or I'm likely to fire you.

DITHERS: (YELLS) Bumstead!!!!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir, yes, sir, yes, sir.

DITHERS: So you're going to take over while I'm on vacation, eh?

DAGWOOD: That's right, J.C.

DITHERS: Oh, it makes me shudder. (SO HE SHUDDERS HORRIBLY)
To think that I'm trusting the company for two weeks to a hopeless idiot, a babbling ^{balloon} ~~meron~~, a and a drooling nincompoop.

DAGWOOD: Who are these other three guys?

DITHERS: They're all you!

DAGWOOD: I don't recognize me from the description.

DITHERS: It's unmistakable. (SENTIMENTALLY VIBRATO-- SINCERE) Oh, and I've put so much into this company. It's been like a child to me. I've worked over it, pouring all the love and affection and care I had into it, and watched it grow from day to day.

(CONTINUED)

DITHERS:
(Cont'd)

I dreamed of its growing up to be a fine, strong company -- one I would be proud of -- and I always hoped that the name of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company -- prices to fit all budgets -- would be a name that would glow bright and untarnished as the years went by, and long after I had passed on. (SOB) And now you're going to louse it all up! *I wish I was dead.*

DAGWOOD: Don't cry, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (BROKEN HEARTED) I'm not crying.

DAGWOOD: Here's my handkerchief.

DITHERS: Thank you. (HE BLOWS HIS NOSE WITH A SOBBING HONK)

DAGWOOD: This is very touching...Gosh, Mr. Dithers, I didn't realize you felt this way...

DITHERS: I know, I know...

DAGWOOD: I knew you liked the Dithers Company, but I never thought I'd see you blubbering about it.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: If you've used up the handkerchief, here's a blotter.

DITHERS: (QUIETLY) Dagwood, how would you like me to run you through one of our concrete mixers?

DAGWOOD: Somehow it doesn't appeal to me.

DITHERS: Then please keep your sympathy to yourself! And put that blotter back on my desk.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

DITHERS: Now look, Dagwood - while I'm away, you just take things easy. Be careful of the Dithers Company. The less you do, the better I'll like it.

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DAGWOOD:

J.C. -- uh -- I sort of thought I might try ~~for~~
~~that big company hospital and day nursery building~~
Contract for that new
Company *build*
the Consolidated ~~people~~ want to ~~take care of the~~
~~war workers' children.~~ We submitted plans, but --

DITHERS:

No, no, no, Bumstead. Never mind that hospital Consolidated is going to build. Just relax. Leave it alone. The Goliath Company has that sewed up anyway.

DAGWOOD:

Yeah, but --

DITHERS:

No...And while I'm gone, please don't give any inspirational talks on how you became president of the Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD:

Okay, J.C.

DITHERS:

Well, I'm leaving now, Dagwood. Just as a favor to me these next two weeks -- *Be original - do the impossible*
try ^{to} be intelligent.

DAGWOOD:

Okay, if you insist.

DITHERS:

All right -- goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD:

Don't worry, J.C. As the nephew said to his dying millionaire uncle -- just leave everything to me.

DITHERS:

Oh, what a corny send-off...Goodbye.

DAGWOOD:

Have a good time, J.C.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..)

DAGWOOD:

Ah -- at last I can relax behind Mr. Dither's desk.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF CHAIR...SOUND OF HIS FEET ON THE DESK..)

DAGWOOD:

Ah, what comfort.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS:

I caught you
~~Bumstead!~~ Get your feet off my desk!

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa! Yes, sir!
(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)
(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Come in!
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Blondie -- well, how do you like me behind this desk?

BLONDIE: It looks fine, dear. I just sort of dropped in to say hello, and see if everything was going along all right.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- everything's under control.

BLONDIE: Any calls yet?

DAGWOOD: Yes -- a couple of wrong numbers.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS..)

BLONDIE: Let me answer it, dear.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- go right ahead.

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Office of Dagwood Bumstead, president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company -- temporarily.

McKEESTER: (FILTER) This is ~~Mr. McKeester~~ of the Claghorn Machine Tool and Die Company. *My name is Mr. McKeester* I'm ~~mad~~.

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. McKeester, can I help you?

McKEESTER: You certainly can. The Dithers Company built one wing of our building less than a year ago, and it's practically falling apart now.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. McKeester, the J.C. Dithers Construction Company stands behind its work.

McKEESTER: Yes, but how far behind?

BLONDIE: If our construction work has gone bad, we'll make it good. Mr. Bumstead will come over and look at it early this afternoon.

McKEESTER: All right, but be sure he doesn't forget. I'm mad.

(SOUND: HANGS UP AT OTHER END)

BLONDIE: Hmm -- he hung up.

DAGWOOD: What was it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, it was a Mr. McKeester of the Claghorn Machine Tool and Die Company and he said the Dithers Company built a wing on their building that was practically falling apart.

DAGWOOD: Gee, we did build an addition to their factory. If it wasn't a good job, we'll have to do something about it.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: I'll get it this time.

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: J.C. Dithers Construction Company. This is Dagwood Bumstead, president.

DITHERS: (FILTER) Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (ADDS) Temporarily.

DITHERS: That's better. Has anything awful happened yet?

DAGWOOD: Where are you, J.C.?

DITHERS: I'm at the railroad station. Answer my question.

*at Luke Warm Springs (1st show)
at Wet Springs (2nd show)*

51454 1738

DAGWOOD: Nothing's happened, J.C. -- except that a Mr. McKeester called a minute ago and said the job we did for him at the Claghorn factory was falling apart.

DITHERS: Taaaaah!....Look, Dagwood, stall him off. Don't promise anything at all. Just be in conference all the time, and maybe he won't bother you again.

DAGWOOD: But J.C., the Dithers Company guarantees all its work, doesn't it?

DITHERS: Well-1-1-1-1, yes. But don't you do anything about the Claghorn factory or I'll come back from my vacation and strangle you with an old gym towel.

DAGWOOD: But J.C. --

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir! Goodbye.

DITHERS: Goodbye.

(SOUND: HANG UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, Mr. Dithers said I should stall Mr. McKeester.

BLONDIE: But you can't do that, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I could try.

BLONDIE: No, sir -- I told him you'd be over this afternoon to look at the damage, and you've got to go over there. It wouldn't be fair not to take care of it right away.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie, but Mr. Dithers said --

BLONDIE: Who's Mr. Dithers? After all, Dagwood, you're the president of the company, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's right, I am...Okay, Blondie -- we'll go over and look at the trouble after we have lunch.

BLONDIE: Oh, are you taking me out to lunch?

DAGWOOD: Sure. I'll charge it on my expense account today, and tomorrow I'll okay it. Gee, it's wonderful being an executive!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE #)

(SOUND: WALKING ON BOARD FLOOR)

BLONDIE: Well, is this the wing the Dithers Company built onto the factory, Mr. McKeester?

McKEESTER: Yes. There are two wings on our factory. the Goliath Construction Company built one wing and the Dithers Company the other. According to these plans, this is the one you built. I should say, jerry-built. Ah- ah! Don't lean against the wall.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Why not?

McKEESTER: You might fall through it.

DAGWOOD: But it looks pretty solid to me. Now this beam here -

McKEESTER: Give it a little -- jerk.

DAGWOOD: Who? Me?..Oh, I see what you mean. Ha ha. Okay, I'll give it a little jerk.

(SOUND: STRAWBERRY BOX CRUMPLING)

DAGWOOD: Gee, I don't know my own strength.

BLONDIE: That's sad.

DAGWOOD: That's bad.

McKEESTER: I'm mad.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't blame you Mr. McKeester. The windows seem to be all right.

McKEESTER:

Henh - henh! *henh!*

BLONDIE:

Really? What's wrong with them?

McKEESTER:

I'll show you...I'll open this one.

(SOUND: WINDOW SLIDES UP)

DAGWOOD:

Well, it goes up okay.

McKEESTER:

Now, tap your foot, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE:

Just tap my foot? All right.

(SOUND: TAPS HER FOOT THREE TIMES..ON THE THIRD
TIME THE WINDOW CRASHES DOWN, AND THE
GLASS BREAKS..)

McKEESTER:

Good, solid, construction...Of course the roof's
a little weak, too.

DAGWOOD:

It is?

McKEESTER:

The other day a pigeon put his foot through it...
He'd
~~He's~~ probably still be there, but a crow came along
and towed him out.

BLONDIE:

Now, Mr. McKeester, aren't you exaggerating a little?

McKEESTER:

Mrs. Bumstead, this roof leaks so bad that the men
find they don't get as wet if they go out in the
rain.

DAGWOOD:

It's not such a good job, is it?

(SOUND: CRACKING OF BOARD)

DAGWOOD:

Whoaaaa! I almost fell through the floor then...It's
a little weak too.

McKEESTER:

I don't want to seem to be a congenital liar, but
Mr. Bumstead, yesterday I saw a mouse walk across
this floor, and I swear it was tip-toeing.

BLONDIE:

Well, let's look at it from the outside.

McKEESTER: All right -- fine.

BLONDIE: I'll open the door.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DOORKNOB WHICH FALLS OFF
ON THE FLOOR...SPIN COIN..)

BLONDIE: The doorknob came right off in my hand.

DAGWOOD: Now we can't get out the door.

McKEESTER: Oh, yes we can. Just push.

DAGWOOD: Like this?

(SOUND: DOOR FALLS DOWN)

BLONDIE: My! I always wondered how the big bad wolf could have huffed and puffed and blew the place down, but now I know!

DAGWOOD: What happens if anyone sneezes in here?

McKEESTER: Well, usually a shingle flies off the roof...Just step right outside, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: We're certainly going to have to fix this up. I can't understand how the Dithers Company could do a job like this. It's terrible.

McKEESTER: That's the most you can say for it.

BLONDIE: The Dithers Company will take care of it immediately, Mr. McKeester.

DAGWOOD: We certainly will...Hmm - the foundation seems to be all right.

BLONDIE: Be careful, Dagwood -- don't kick it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's okay.

(SOUND: KICK, KICK OF FOOT ON STONE...THEN A
PIECE FALLS OUT...CRACKING SOUND)

BLONDIE: Look out, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

MC KEESTER: Run for your lives! The whole thing is coming down!

SOUND: AND IT COMES DOWN WITH A CRASH

DAGWOOD: Are you all right, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes -- but look at that poor man over there lying in the ruins!

DAGWOOD: Let's see if we can help him!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

BLONDIE: He's scratching around, trying to dig something out!

DAGWOOD: Can we help you, mister?

WILCOX: Yes! Yes! Give me a Camel will you?

DAGWOOD: Harlow!

BLONDIE: Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Oh, hello, folks! Thanks for the Camel, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: It's all right! We'll help you dig!

SOUND: FRANTIC DIGGING SOUNDS THROUGHOUT

WILCOX: Okay, and while you're at it, try one of your Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

DAGWOOD: Stop talking, and dig, Harlow! We may be too late already!

WILCOX: Oh, they'll still be there!

BLONDIE: They? There's more than one?

WILCOX: Oh, yes, several! Uh, see what I mean, Dagwood, about the extra flavor of a Camel -- helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke?

DAGWOOD: We know, Harlow! Keep digging!

WILCOX: okay -- and notice how mild that Camel is, Dagwood, how cool smoking and slow burning! That's because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

BLONDIE: I see something!

DAGWOOD: Let me dig away that brick dust!

WILCOX: There they are! There they are! All three packages of Camels I was bringing to Mr. McKeester!

BLONDIE: Mister Wilcox!

DAGWOOD: Do you mean we were trying to rescue three ---

WILCOX: And I'll bet they're just as fresh as ever -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- isn't it strange that just this one wall should be standing -- right next to Mr. Wilcox?

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BLONDIE: I don't suppose it would hurt if you just pushed it a
little, would it?

WILCOX: And as I was saying about Camels, folks----

DAGWOOD: Here goes!

SOUND: GREAT CRASHING RUMBLE

WILCOX: Blo-o-o-ondie!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- I've just been figuring it out roughly, and that job is going to run into money.

BLONDIE: Well, it's got to be done. If it got around that the.... Dithers Company had done a job like that one -oh, my!

DAGWOOD: It wouldn't make very good publicity, would it.

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: Excuse me, Blondie.

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: J. C. Dithers Construction Company, Dagwood Bumstead speaking -- president.

DITHERS: (FILTER) Bumstead'

DAGWOOD: ~~Temporarily.~~ *momentarily*

DITHERS: Bumstead, I'm calling long distance from *Big Buick Bay (and show)* (Mount Croveny).. The train is stopping here for ten minutes. What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: What makes you think something's wrong, J.C.?

DITHERS: Because I know you couldn't be alone this long without stepping into a catastrophe....What is it?

DAGWOOD: Just a minute, J. C. (OFF) Shall I tell him what happened, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, you'd better, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (ON) J. C., that whole wing we built for the Claghorn factory fell down and we're going to build a new one.

DITHERS: Taaaaah! Bumstead, you nit-wit! You nincompoop!
You fat-headed, weak-minded, rattle-brained...
(FADES)

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood, you're holding the phone away from
your ear. Aren't you listening?

DAGWOOD: I'm waiting for him to run out of uncomplimentary
adjectives.

BLONDIE: Let me talk to him.

DAGWOOD: Okay. Here's the phone.

BLONDIE: Thank you.

DITHERS: (FADING IN)....empty-headed, waffle-brained,
clumsy, stupid, slap-happy --

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers --!

DITHERS: Lop-eared, gabble-tongued -- Oh, hello, Blondie.
Nice day, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Now Mr. Dithers -- I saw that wing of the Claghorn
factory fall apart and I'm sure you don't want the
Dithers Company identified with an awful job like
that do you?

DITHERS: Well, no.

BLONDIE: The word of the Dithers Company is better than any
other company's written guarantee, isn't it?

DITHERS: Well, yes.

BLONDIE: And isn't the reputation of the Dithers Company
worth more than money?

DITHERS: Well, yes.

BLONDIE: Then we ought to make good on the job.

DITHERS: You're absolutely right, Blondie. We ought to make good on the job - but I doubt if we will.

BLONDIE: Oh...Your train's leaving, Mr. Dithers. You better hurry!

DITHERS: Holy smoke! Goodbye, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Hey, how did you know his train was leaving?

BLONDIE: I didn't, but he seemed willing to take my word for it...Well, Dagwood, ^{well} you'd better start things moving.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- I don't know. If I go ahead without Mr. Dithers' okay, he threatened to strangle me with an old gym towel. What a horrible way to die.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...)

BLONDIE: Shall I get it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, I'll get it.

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: I hope it isn't Mr. Dithers calling back.

DAGWOOD: (SLIGHTLY OFF) J.C. Dithers Construction Company. Dagwood Bumstead speaking... Oh, hello, Mr. McKeesterHanh?...Hanh??..Oh, yeah -- thank you very much. Goodbye.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: What did he say?

DAGWOOD: He said that if I didn't rebuild that wing, he'd sue me and the Dithers Company together, separately, and repeatedly!....Oh, Blondie -- what am I going to do???

MUSIC: (BRIDGE #)

(SOUND: BUZZER...PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Yes?...Mr. Dithers is calling long distance again? ...Holy smoke...Well, tell him I'm in conference again....Yeah....Well, then tell him I've got sleeping sickness and can't be awakened...Okay...

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Boy, I'm a dead duck.

(SOUND: ~~DOOR KNOCK~~...DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood -- how's it going today?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers is still trying to get me on the long distance phone. That makes five days in succession. My future seems very insecure.

BLONDIE: Well, how's the job coming along?

DAGWOOD: Okay. I've had all our men working on it so it's almost finished. Here's the plan here.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF HEAVY PAPER.)

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- this is the wing you're rebuilding, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yes..

BLONDIE: What's this note here on the blueprint. It says, "See Claghorn Machine Tool and Die Company Contract B."

DAGWOOD: I don't know -- Mr. Dithers handled the job.

BLONDIE: I'll look it up. I'm curious.

DAGWOOD: It'll be in that file in the corner. It's either under Claghorn, or Machine Tool or Die or just under contracts.

(SOUND: FILE DRAWER OPENING OFF)

BLONDIE: Now don't worry about Mr. Dithers, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I can't help it, Blondie. He's hot under the collar. Even before he left for vacation his lapels were smouldering.

BLONDIE: Well, he must have passed the boiling point three days ago.

DAGWOOD: I know it. I imagine by now everything he touches catches fire.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, here's that contract.

DAGWOOD: What's it have to say, if anything.

BLONDIE: Well, let me see...(MUMBLING) Whereas the party of the first part and the first part of the party of the second part and so on and so forth...Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, this is awful. Originally the Dithers Company was going to build the east wing of the Claghorn factory, but for some reason that was changed and you built the west wing, instead. Dagwood we just got through rebuilding the wing the Goliath Company built!

DAGWOOD:

Oh, Blondie!

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...)

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD:

J. C. Dithers Construction Company.

Dagwood Bumstead, ex-president, speaking.

DITHERS: (FILTER) Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I'm calling from a drug store at Gerkin's Ferry. I've just bought something here that I'm going to give to you when I get back from vacation.

DAGWOOD: What is it?

DITHERS: *a 4 decker ground glass sandwich*
~~A bottle of rat poison.~~

DAGWOOD: Thank you, *Dithers: You bet. And you can wash it down with*...J.C., I've got a little surprise for you. The *this large size bottle of concentrated carb-jura* Dithers Company has just finished rebuilding that wing of *Victory* the Claghorn factory that fell down. *Size.*

DITHERS: I told you not to do anything about that! It would only get you into trouble!

DAGWOOD: J.C. You're so right!...We rebuilt the Goliath Company job by mistake.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, Mr. Dithers...I said I'm sorry...Mr. Dithers?
kid, I mean
Hey, Mr. Dithers.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: What happened to Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: I think he evaporated...Well, I might as well start clearing my stuff out of the office. This is the end.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DAGWOOD: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

MCKEESTER: Hello, there, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

(AD LIB HELLO MR. MCKEESTER...ETC...)

MCKEESTER: Well your men just finished the job. It's a good job, too, and I'm not mad anymore.

DAGWOOD: That's fine for you, but I hate myself.

MCKEESTER: Oh...I guess you found out that you rebuilt the job the Goliath Company originally did for us, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: Mr. McKeester -- how long have you known about it?

MCKEESTER: For the last four days. I didn't want to say anything to you about it because I was afraid you wouldn't finish the job. But now that it's all over...

DAGWOOD: (MAD) Why you double-crossing..! It isn't all over yet! I'll fix you!

MCKEESTER: Hey -- let go of me!

DAGWOOD: I'm going to shake the life out of you!

MCKEESTER: Help! Help! You're choking me! (DAGWOOD IS CHOKING HIM AND MCKEESTER MAKES SOUNDS AS IF HE WAS BEING CHOKED. THEY'RE PROBABLY SOMETHING LIKE "OGGLE,OGGLE, OGGLE, OGGLE, OGGLE")

DAGWOOD: (OVER MCKEESTER'S OGGLE SOUNDS) I'm going to choke you until your nose turns orange! When I get through you'll be able to wear a size ~~nine~~⁴ and a half collar. You can't do this to me! It's a dirty trick!

BLONDIE: (OVER THE WHOLE THING) Dagwood! Don't! Let him go! Please, Dagwood!....Dagwood Bumstead -- stop that this minute!

DAGWOOD: (STOPS SUDDENLY) Yes, dear.

MCKEESTER: (HOARSE) You didn't let me explain. (COUGHS) We had to have that wing rebuilt immediately so I didn't dare tell you about the mistake. But I told my boss at Consolidated about it, and --

DAGWOOD: Consolidated? But I thought you were with the Claghorn Company.

MCKEESTER: We're a subsidiary of Consolidated, and one of the reasons they decided on the Goliath Company to build that ~~plant hospital and nursery for their workers' kids~~ was because they thought the Dithers Company had built that bad wing on our factory.

BLONDIE: Well, now that you know the truth about things --

MCKEESTER: Yes, The Dithers Company will be paid for the rebuilding job you did and I've got the contract here for the plant hospital ~~and nursery~~ that you bid on. You get the job.

DAGWOOD: Yahooooooooo!...Oh, Mr. McKeester, let me apologize for choking you. Can I massage your neck? Here -- sit down. Give your T-zone a break with a Camel. Can I scratch your back? How about a little snifter of water?

MCKEESTER: Thank you, thank you...I'll take the Camel, but I'll have to be running along. We've got a lot of war work to get out.

DAGWOOD: Thanks a lot, Mr. McKeester.

BLONDIE: Yes -- thank you.

MCKEESTER: Not at all -- goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Gee, Dagwood...I feel sort of weak.

DAGWOOD: So do I -- but happy.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE...)

DAGWOOD: J.C. Dithers Construction Company. Dagwood Bumstead, president again.

DITHERS: (FILTER) Bumstead you're fired!

DAGWOOD: J.C., the Claghorn Company is going to pay for the job we did, and Blondie and I have just landed the Contract with the Consolidated people for that plant hospital.

DITHERS: Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mr. Dithers?,...Mr. Dithers, aren't you going to congratulate me?...Yoo-hoo, Mr. Dithers!

(SOUND: HANGS UP...)

BLONDIE: Now what?

DAGWOOD: I guess he must be slumped in a heap at the bottom of that phone booth...Well, everything's all right again.

BLONDIE: You see, Dagwood -- it pays to do the right thing.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie, it does. But it's a horrible strain on the nerves, sometimes.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you're so right!

MUSIC: (TAG)

(APPLAUSE)

TRAILER

WILCOX: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Lieutenant Robert McIlwain of New York City and the entire Navy crew aboard a merchant vessel running the gauntlet of enemy air power in the Atlantic and Eastern Mediterranean. Attacked by waves of Axis' planes, Lieutenant McIlwain and his crew shot one into the sea, then held its fire until a dive bomber was within three hundred and fifty feet, then shot it to pieces. In all, they destroyed four enemy planes, and probably two more, and were saved only because a bomb which lit in their inflammable cargo failed to explode. We salute you ~~and~~ your crew, Lieutenant Robert McIlwain, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to Navy men in the Atlantic, four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

- WILCOX: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.
- WILCOX: For two years Camels have thanked the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, bringing free shows and free Camels to audiences of nearly three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.
- WILCOX: Also folks, be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio shows each week -- Thursday, Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante -- Friday a new time for Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and next Monday, "Blondie", and that famous comic strip family. Remember, this week, and every week, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks", comes to you on Friday, over most of these same CBS stations. See your local newspaper for the exact time.
- MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME.....FADE FOR)
-

WILCOX: Well, next week Mr. Dithers comes back from vacation with a rare tropical disease just as Blondie and Dagwood are trying to put over a big deal. For further hilarious details, you positively must listen in next Monday night at this same time when,
"BLONDIE CURES PERIGUOBO TROPICALIS."

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

WILCOX: Remember, if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels! Their extra flavor helps 'em hold up, pack after pack. And Camels stay fresh -- because they're packed to go around the world!

This is Harlow Wilcox, saying goodnight for Camels Cigarettes. First in the service!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH)

ANNCR:

Say, Mister Pipe Smoker -- get the brand of tobacco that gives you more in every package you buy.

George Washington comes in a great big blue two and a quarter ounce package -- costs only ten cents! Yes, and George Washington Smoking Tobacco is mild, mellow, and tasty -- right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a great big package of

George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.