

BY JACK LYNDE

As Broadcast

#5
"BLONDIE"

"BLONDIE SWAPS"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 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, there are going to be big things doing in town very soon. Blondie has just come from a meeting at the Woman's Club, and she's walking home now with Harriet Woodley, her next door neighbor.

HARRIET: You know, Blondie, I think it's just too wonderful that you were elected chairman of the Woman's Club Charity Drive. *IT WILL BE AWFULLY GOOD FOR YOU*

BLONDIE: Well, I'm very proud of the honor, but it's quite a responsibility. *HARRIET! YES I KNOW* We've got to raise a thousand dollars for charity, and that isn't going to be too easy.

HARRIET: Oh, everybody'll be glad to do something, I'm sure. *DEAR*

BLONDIE: I know that, but I mean it's a problem to find just the right way to raise the money.

~~HARRIET: You're not sorry I nominated you chairman, are you?~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, no, of course not.~~

~~HARRIET: Uh-huh. You don't suppose that anybody minded because I nominated myself vice chairman, do you?~~

~~BLONDIE: I guess not, Harriet. It's a little unusual, but I guess it was all right.~~

~~HARRIET: It seemed like such a sure way to be vice chairman that I couldn't resist. I just adore being the vice chairman of committees. It sounds so nice, and I never have to do anything.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, Harriet, you're going to have to do things this time. There'll be a lot of work.~~

HARRIET: ~~Oh, dear, I'd hate to resign so soon. It isn't that I don't want to be helpful, but as Herbert says, "Harriet, sometimes I think you're not very bright." Of course, he's only joking -- I hope.~~

BLONDIE: Well, I'm going in and talk to Dagwood about this now, but you see if you can think of some ideas to make money for the charity drive. *WILL YOU HARRIET*

HARRIET: *I WILL -*
All right, Blondie -- I'll think very hard, and if I get an idea, I'll call you.

BLONDIE: That's fine, Harriet...Goodbye,

HARRIET: Goodie-bye...^{DEPART}(FADING)

(FEET ON PORCH STEPS)

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Oh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Here I am, Blondie. (EATING) I was just having a little sandwich.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- You'll spoil your appetite eating just before dinner...Besides, you've got three sandwiches there.

DAGWOOD: It's really only one of my regular-sized ^{ONES}sandwiches, but I'm eating it in sections.

BLONDIE: Well, what do you think happened at the Woman's Club meeting?

DAGWOOD: You were made chairman of its charity drive.

BLONDIE: I was made chairman of -- how did you know? *THAT?*

DAGWOOD: Harriet Woodley told me she was going to nominate you. She had it all written down on a card.

BLONDIE: Well, that's what happened. And Dagwood, now we' ~~ve~~ *HAVE*
~~got~~ to think of some good way to make a thousand
dollars.

DAGWOOD: Just like that, huh? Well, that's a lot of money,
but --

(PHONE RINGS)

~~BLONDIE: I'll get it.~~

(PICK UP PHONE)

~~BLONDIE: Hello?...Oh, hello, Harriet -- have you got an idea
already?...That's fine -- what is it?...Oh...No,
Harriet -- not slot machines...No, but keep right on
thinking...Gee, bye.~~

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, have you thought of a raffle?'

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I want something different. *YOU IF NOW*
Something everyone can take part in and contribute
to, but will be fun at the same time.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose the Woman's Club would want to run
a crap game?

BLONDIE: *WELL --*
I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so...But it fits the
specifications just the same.

BLONDIE: What is it people like to do? What is it that really
interests them?

DAGWOOD: Well, food, for one thing, *BLONDIE: NOT YOU DEAR*
I MEAN OTHER
and they like to trade, *PEOPLE*
and get bargains, and -- well, you know, haggle over
things.

BLONDIE: (SUDDEN INSPIRATION) Why, Dagwood -- that's it!!

DAGWOOD: Did I say something?

BLONDIE: I know just the thing! We'll start a swap shop.

DAGWOOD: A swap shop?

BLONDIE: Yes. We'll go around and see everyone in town and collect old things they don't particularly want. Then we'll trade these for better things. Everyone likes to swap, and if we're good at trading, we'll end up with a wonderful assortment of odds and ends.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie, that's all swell, but right now there's not much of a market for odds and ends.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) ~~I know the answer to that.~~ We'll have an auction to sell the things we end up with. ^{YOU SEE} ~~Oh,~~
~~Dagwood, I'm sure this is going to be a big success!~~
A swap shop, and then an auction! Why, it can't miss!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, let's hope Blondie's idea for the Women's Club Charity Drive works out all right. There's no telling what sort of odds and ends Blondie will collect for her swap shop, but they're bound to be interesting. HMMMMMMMM. Don't tell me Dagwood's found something already! All I can tell from here is that Blondie's calling down the cellar stairs...

BLONDIE: (CALLING) Dagwood! What on earth are you doing down in the basement?

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Oh, nothing, ~~Blondie~~ HONEY

BLONDIE: (COMING DOWN STEPS, PROJECTING LESS) I simply can't find any of the grapefruit I just bought -- or any of those empty soda pop bottles to take back to the grocer's.

DAGWOOD: (CLOSER) Watch out, Blondie! You're in the alley!
(SOUND: POP BOTTLES, ARRANGED LIKE TEN-PINS,
GO DOWN IN A HEAP.)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! What are you doing -- throwing grapefruit at soda pop bottles!

DAGWOOD: I wasn't throwing 'em, ~~Blondie~~! I'm bowling! Did you see that: I've figured the run of the alley, so my hook was a wood-getter and opened 'em up like a book!

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Please! watch your language!

DAGWOOD: Oh-ho, I didn't say anything bad! That just means in bowling language that I knocked all the pins down. Lowell Jackson, bowling star always says that when he's got his focus moved to the right spot on the splice --

BLONDIE: Well, maybe it would do you good just to sit down quietly for a while, Dagwood. I'll get you a Camel.

GOODWIN: All right, Blondie, maybe Dagwood doesn't know as much about bowling as Lowell Jackson, captain of the world's champion match game bowling team, but he is topping off his game the same way -- by lighting up a Camel. "Low" Jackson says --

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JACKSON:
VOICE

Sure, Camels are right down my alley. I like a smoke that's really mild -- and has a rich, extra flavor. That's Camel -- and I know, because I've been smoking 'em for five years!

GOODWIN:

Right! And don't forget -- Camels are cooler, slower-burning -- giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended with Camel's own priceless "know-how." Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

VOICE:

(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 mild, slower-burning Camels tonight -- you'll want to get a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

51454 0135

GOODWIN: Well, it's the next day, and Blondie and Dagwood have been out collecting things for the U.S.O. Swap Shop. Right now they're at the home of Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers...

DITHERS: Well, Blondie, I'm sure I have a few things around the basement here to contribute to your charity drive.

BLONDIE: That's fine, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Just anything at all, J.C.

DITHERS: Well, let's look in the storeroom -- there must be a lot of things. *LETS SEE, SHOULD BE SOMETHING HERE*
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Yes -- how about this old pogo stick?

BLONDIE: We'll take anything at all. We might be able to swap this for something else.

DAGWOOD: Say, what's this piece of machinery over here, J.C.?

DITHERS: That? Oh -- er -- um -- nothing at all, Dagwood. Nothing at all. You wouldn't be interested in it.

BLONDIE: You can't tell, Mr. Dithers...Let's see what it is.

DITHERS: Believe me, Blondie, you wouldn't want it.

BLONDIE: I don't know. *LET ME SEE* It says it's the "Sure Fire Never Fail Positively Guaranteed Miracle Hair Rejuvenator."

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's good.

DITHERS: Oh, stop laughing, Bumstead. We all have our little indiscretions, and this is mine.

BLONDIE: Did it work, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: It worked fine, but it practically tore my hair out by the roots.

DAGWOOD: How do you connect it up?

BLONDIE: I'll pull the plug out!

(MACHINE STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Gosh -- thanks -- Blondie.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) So, you wouldn't believe me Bumstead, Had to find out for yourself, eh?...How does you head feel?

DAGWOOD: Like a couple of cats had been fighting on it.

DITHERS: Great little machine.

BLONDIE: Well, maybe we can swap it for something else... You're going to be around for the auction, aren't you Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Why, yes, I guess so, Blondie. ~~I'm not sure. The date hasn't been set yet, has it?~~

~~BLONDIE: It'll be in a day or so, I think.~~

~~DITHERS: I might be there.~~

BLONDIE: I hope so. Little as Dagwood and I think of Mr. Berger of the Goliath Construction Company, he's going to be there, representing his company.

DITHERS: Oh, he is, eh?

BLONDIE: Yes, and what's more, he's contributed a brand new electric toaster to our swap shop.

DITHERS: Why that cheapskate! Trying to cash in on a little free publicity! I'll donate an electric grill and a double waffle-iron. I guess that'll put the Goliath Company where it belongs!

DAGWOOD: That's the spirit, J.C.!

BLONDIE: Well, I didn't think the J.C. Dithers Company would disappoint our charity drive.

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DITHERS: Certainly not! And you can take practically anything else you want in this cellar, too. Go to it!

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you, Mr. Dithers...My goodness, Dagwood -- we're going to have a lot of things to take back to the swap shop!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON RATTLING OF HEAVY METAL OBJECTS)

BLONDIE: Well, Harriet -- you certainly did all right. You got quite a lot of things for our swap shop here.

HARRIET: Aren't I wonderful? I just went up to people and said, "What have you got that you don't want?"
(GIGGLES) One man said sinus trouble. Wasn't that cute? Look at this, Blondie -- it's a genuine stuffed owl, ^{ISN'T IT STRANGE} And here's an old alarm clock that hasn't got any hands but it runs perfectly.

BLONDIE: How can you tell what time it is?

HARRIET: Oh, it's really too simple, Blondie. You just set the alarm for twelve and every time it goes off it's either noon or midnight.

BLONDIE: I shouldn't have asked...Well, this is really something!

HARRIET: Isn't it just too too utterly?

BLONDIE: It's one of the biggest samovars I've ever seen. ^{HARRIET!} I ^{I THINK} wonder if we'll be able to swap it for something? ^{ITS} ^{LOVELY}

HARRIET: Oh, of course. Everyone wants a samovar. I've always wanted one...Blondie -- what's it for, anyway?

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BLONDIE: For making tea.

HARRIET: Not really! Why that seems like an awfully silly thing to use a samovar for. I thought it was an old fashioned hot water heater. ^{OR SOMETHING} Well, ~~anyway~~, it's ^{ANYWAY} a big ~~one~~, isn't it?

BLONDIE: It certainly is...well, let's see what else we've got. An old washing machine, an outboard motor, a tandem bicycle, a set of golf clubs, a bridge table--

(THAT MACHINE STARTS UP AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: ^{HARRIET!} (YELLS FROM OFF) Bloooooondie! Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: ^{WHAT'S THAT?} Oh, heavens, that sound like Dagwood's caught in Mr. Dithers' hair growing machine again.

HARRIET: Why the silly boy! Look, he's got his foot in it. Do you suppose he's trying to grow hair on his shoes?

BLONDIE: Well, it's just barely possible...Dagwood -- what's wrong?

(MACHINE STOPS)

DAGWOOD: ^{MY GOODNESS} Look at this, Blondie. The machine may be no good for grwoing hair, but it makes a wonderful electric shoe-shiner. ^{LOOK} See what those brushes did for my shoes?

BLONDIE: Well, what do you know about that!

DAGWOOD: I knew we'd be able to use this for something.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES OFF)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- here comes a man. Maybe he wants to swap for something we have here.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey -- I'll see what I can get from him.

BLONDIE: ^{O.K. BUT} Make a good trade now... (FADING)

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DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- hello.

MAN: Hmmm -- you the swapper here?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right. What've you got?

MAN: What've you got?

DAGWOOD: I asked you first.

MAN: I've got a piccolo, and I'll trade it for anything that don't make much noise, or what have you?

DAGWOOD: Well, that's pretty good.

MAN: Pretty to look at, but frightbul to hear.

DAGWOOD: Is it yours?

MAN: Nope. I took it away from my son. Everytime he played it, the neighbors ~~threw~~ rocks at our windows.

DAGWOOD: I see what you mean.

MAN: And everytime I took it away from him he hollered.
I COULDN'T WIN EITHER WAY.
~~There just wasn't any peace around the house.~~

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- how about swapping for this chess set. It's a very quiet game.

MAN: It is, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yep. In checkers you can hear people double-jumping all over the board, but chess is so quiet you can hardly hear the players breathing...It'll be ^{GAME} great for your son.

MAN: That sounds fine, but who's going to play with him?

DAGWOOD: Er -- the neighbors ought to be willing to cooperate.

MAN: Yes, that's right. Okay, it's a deal.

DAGWOOD: *O.K.*
Here's your chess set.

MAN: Here's your piccolo...Thanks very much, and goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Dontt forget to come to the auction here. There'll be a lot of good things to bid on.

MAN: I'll be there for it -- I'm crazy about auctions. SO LONG

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie! I got a piccolo for the chess set.

BLONDIE: ^{A PICCOLO?}
That's fine, Dagwood. But gee, we've got to get a lot more good trades before we'll ever have anywhere near a thousand dollars worth of things to auction off. ~~That's the main reason we've got to reach it.~~

HARRIET: Oh, Blondie, ~~I almost forgot.~~ I got that other candlestick from Mrs. McButter. You know, the mate to the one Mrs. Dithers had before Mr. Dithers gave it to you.

BLONDIE: Oh, good! Maybe we can get Mrs. Dithers and Mrs. McButter bidding against each other for the pair.

DAGWOOD: Say, I'll bet that would work.

BLONDIE: ~~Yes. They've nursed their little feud along all these years. Now we can make it help our charity fund...~~ But we've still got lots of swapping ahead of us before we're ready for the auction.

MUSIC: (MONTAGE...DOWN FOR)

BLONDIE: Well, we might be willing to swap, but let's see how it works first.

(SOUND OF BUGLE CALL AUTO HORN)

BLONDIE: Well, that's fine. All right, it's a deal. We'll swap you this kiddie car for your auto horn.

MUSIC (UP AND DOWN FOR)

DAGWOOD: Okay, if you like this telescope, I guess we can trade it for your shotgun. It looks like it's in pretty good condition, but how do I know it's not broken? I don't know much about shotguns except that you pull the trigger and --

(SHOTGUN GOES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooondie!

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN FOR)

HARRIET: Well, gee, I don't know whether we ought to swap our sewing machine for your cream separator because who wants to separate cream? Besides mine always comes separated -- the cream in little bottles and the milk in big ones. And wouldn't this look awfully big on the kitchen table. (GIGGLES) I think it's a silly trade, Mister, but it's a deal! Don't forget to come to the auction.

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

(MURMURING OF CROWD OFF)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, we've got a good crowd and the auction ~~seems to be~~ going along fine.

DAGWOOD: Gee, honey, I never thought you had talent as an auctioneer.

BLONDIE: I'm not sure I have...How much have we sold so far?

DAGWOOD: Well, let me see -- I've got it all down here. The cream separator, that piccolo I swapped the chess set for, the iron deer, the shotgun --

BLONDIE: No, Degwood -- I mean, how much money have we made so far. I don't care what we've sold.

DAGWOOD: Oh...Well, as near as I could figure it out, -- the first time I added it up, that is, -- you sold exactly -- humm, where did I put that piece of paper with the total?

BLONDIE: Oh, Degwood, hurry up. The poeple are getting impatient out there. The intermission is almost over...I wonder how Harriet Woodley is doing selling those Good Humors.

DAGWOOD: Probably very well...of course she ate the first batch herself. Gee, where is that paper?

BLONDIE: I remember one thing -- I got forty seven dollars for those candlesticks from Mrs. McButter. ^{MY} Goodness, how she and Mrs. Dithers bid for them!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- one bid right after the other, each one raising the other.

BLONDIE: Yes -- a ~~quarter~~ ^{DIME} at a time.

DAGWOOD: Here it is, Blondie. ^{LETS SEE NOW} You've sold exactly two hundred and ninety-three dollars and forty-one cents worth of stuff...Where'd that penny come from?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers' pogo stick...Well, that's no where near what we need for the drive, and the next item is that samovar. I wonder what I can do with that?

DAGWOOD: Well, you can't get much for it. Nobody'll want it.

BLONDIE: Maybe not...Hmmm -- I saw Mr. Dithers out there, and
I think I saw Mr. Berger of the Goliath Company, too.
DAGWOOD: *YOU DID?*
I think I've got an idea.

DAGWOOD: Well, good luck, honey. I'm going out in the crowd
and watch you...(FADING)

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

(PAUSE...THEN RAPPING OF GAVEL.)

BLONDIE: All right, everyone. We're ready to begin again, but *THIS*
TIME
~~before I go ahead, let me remind you once more that~~
~~the entire proceeds of this auction will go to the~~
~~United Service Organizations.~~ I'd like to hear
some real bidding.

(RAPPING OF GAVEL)

BLONDIE: Now then here's a beautiful samovar. Who's going
to make the first bid on it? (PAUSE) Well, come on
now, ladies and gentlemen, surely you can't let
something like this pass by without a bid. What about
you, Mr. Dithers? Certainly you want the J.C. Dithers
Company represented in the bidding, don't you?

DITHERS: (OFF A BIT) All right, I'll start it off with *TEN*
~~wait~~, five dollars.

BLONDIE: There's at least that much scrap metal in it...Well,
I'm offered five dollars. Is there a patriotic
citizen here who'll say six? Do I hear six?...Well,
I don't hear six, but is someone willing to say seven?
What about you, Mr. Berger? Is the Goliath
Construction Company going to stand idly by while the
J.C. Dithers Company carries off this wonderful
samovar?

BERGER: Certainly not!

BLONDIE: That's the spirit. Now let's hear you say the same thing in dollars. What's your bid?

BERGER: I'll bid ten dollars...No one has ever beaten the Goliath Company yet.

DITHERS: Is that so!?...Fifteen dollars!

BLONDIE: Well! Fifteen dollars is bid by J.C. Dithers. We'll see what Mr. Berger meant when he said the Goliath Company has never been beaten.

BERGER: The Goliath Company says twenty dollars!

DITHERS: You always were a cheapskate, Berger. I'll say thirty dollars!

BERGER: Forty dollars!

DITHERS: Fifty dollars!

BERGER: All right, Dithers -- if that's the way you want to bid, I'll say seventy five dollars!

BLONDIE: Well, we have a bid of seventy-five dollars for this fine old samovar. I'm afraid Mr. Berger of the Goliath Company has Mr. Dithers of the J.C. Dithers Company on the run.

DITHERS: No one has ever scared J.C. Dithers out! I'm always ready to contribute to a worthy cause such as this, and as president of my company, I intend to uphold the fine traditions and high standards we've always stood for.

BERGER: Nevermind the salestalk, Dithers. What's your bid?

DITHERS: A hundred dollars! (LAUGHS) I guess that'll keep you quiet, Berger!

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Berger -- that requires an answer.

BERGER: I'll say a hundred and twenty-five...Laugh that off,
Dithers.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) A hundred and fifty.

BLONDIE: Well, it's a hundred and fifty bid. What do you say,
Mr. Berger? (PAUSE) Well, going once at a hundred
and fifty -- going twice -- did you say anything,
Mr. Berger?

BERGER: Er -- uh -- I guess not.

(GAVEL)

BLONDIE: Sold! To Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Just a moment, Blondie...Ladies and gentlemen, the
J.C. Dithers Company is going to return this fine --
this -- fine -- (LOW) What is this thing I bought
anyway?

BLONDIE: A samovar.

DITHERS: -- This fine samovar to the auctioneer for resale.
Sell it again, Blondie!

(APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: You're welcome...And folks, when you think about
building a house, think of the J.C. Dithers Company!

BERGER!
BLONDIE: Well, here it is again then, everyone. The same
samovar that Mr. Dithers thought enough of to buy for
a hundred and fifty dollars. What am I bid for it
again?

DAGWOOD: A hundred dollars!

BLONDIE: Who said that?

DAGWOOD: I did.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!...Well -- er -- I'm bid a hundred dollars. Do I hear a hundred and twenty five? Who'll say a hundred and fifteen? A hundred and five?...Oh, goodness.

DAGWOOD: I'm buying this for the J.C. Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: What do you say to that, Mr. Berger?

BERGER: A hundred and five dollars.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, Mr. Berger.

BLONDIE: *THANK YOU MR. BERGER*

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood -- bid it up.

DAGWOOD: I'm turning it over to you again, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle!...A hundred and ten!

BERGER: A hundred and fifty!

BLONDIE: What do you say to that, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Sell it to Berger. He's been trying to get out of buying it, but this time he's stuck.

BLONDIE: Going, going, gone! -- at a hundred and fifty!

(GAVEL)

BLONDIE: Just leave your check for the amount right up here, Mr. Berger.

DITHERS: Better cash it as fast as you can, too.

BERGER: Just one moment, please...Ladies and gentlemen. The Goliath Company, in line with its friendly policy of contributing to the welfare of the town as well as building unquestionably the finest homes of the finest materials, will turn this samovar back again to the auctioning committee.

(APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Berger.

DITHERS: Copy cat!

BLONDIE: Well, the third time's the charm. Which one of you two gentlemen is going to get the samovar to keep? It would make a fine trophy, and ~~one of our best merchants would be glad to exhibit it in his window with a card telling the name of the winner and his company.~~ ^{AND} I'm open for bids again.

DITHERS: All right -- a hundred and twenty-five.

BERGER: A hundred and thirty-five.

DITHERS: A hundred and fifty...Ready to quit, Berger?

BERGER: Of course not! A hundred and sixty.

MAN: A hundred and seventy-five.

BLONDIE: Who was that? Who said a hundred and seventy-five?

MAN: I did. I'm just egging them on. They'll keep on bidding.

BERGER: A hundred and eighty!

MAN: ~~See -- I knew they would...A hundred and eighty-five.~~

DITHERS: That's enough for me.

BERGER: It's enough for me, too.

MAN: It's enough for -- hey, wait a minute! Don't either of you want it anymore?

DITHERS: Not me.

MAN: I'll throw in a chess set. Go ahead -- the samovar and a chess set.

BERGER: No, I'm through. It's yours.

MAN: Aw, fellas -- you can't stop now. Go ahead and bid! Please bid! Don't leave me here.

BLONDIE: Going once at a hundred and eighty-five.

MAN: Won't somebody bid?

BLONDIE: Going twice at a hundred and eighty-five.

DAGWOOD: I SEE YOU GOT HERE MAN: I JUST LOVE AUCTIONS DAGWOOD: WHY DONT YOU TRY TO BID IT UP LIKE A IDIO MAN: C.K.

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BLONDIE: GOING
THREE
TIMES
AT 185

MAN:

Who'll say a hundred and eighty-six? / If anybody'll
say a hundred and fifty, I'll pay the difference.
Aw, come on, folks!

(GAVEL)

BLONDIE:

Sold! At a hundred and eighty-five!

MAN:

Taaaaaaaaah!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CLINKING OF COINS)

DAGWOOD:

(COUNTING) Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty --
hey, Blondie.

BLONDIE:

Sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine -- what is it,
Dagwood?

DAGWOOD:

I'm hungry. What's in the icebox?

BLONDIE:

Oh, Dagwood -- please keep counting. I'm dying to
know whether we made out quota or not. We've just
got to have a thousand dollars here. The Woman's
Club promised to raise that much, and I'd be a fine
chairman if we didn't make it.

DAGWOOD:

Let me see -- where was I. I guess I was at
sixty-nine.

BLONDIE:

No, Dagwood -- I was at sixty-nine.

DAGWOOD:

Oh...Maybe ^I ^{AT} was, fifty.

BLONDIE:

Maybe you'd better start over again.

DAGWOOD:

Maybe I'd better.

(DOOR OPENS)

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BLONDIE: Seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two -- you know, Dagwood,
if we weren't in our own house, I would swear I heard
the front door open.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five -- Don't worry about it,
HONEY!
~~Blondie~~. I just heard it ~~just~~ again...Where was I?

MUG: At twenty-five buddy.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, honey. Gee, your voice sounds like it's --
hey, who said that?

MUG: I did.

DAGWOOD: Oh, ~~I just~~ -- my gosh!

MUG: Pardon the unseemly intrusion, folks, but this is a
stickup.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, is Blondie going to lose every cent of the money she raised for the U. S. O. drive? It looks that way but we'll see exactly what happens in just a moment. Right now, I'd like you to join a couple of fellows in a lesson on military strategy. The young fellow's in the uniform of a Second Lieutenant.

GOODWIN: And that's his Dad speaking to him.

DAD: Why, that's no problem, son! In France we were in a fix like that. We threw over a barrage, and followed it up with infantry -- waves of 'em. And it worked!

SON: Sure, Dad, but they teach us differently now. Our armored division would plow right through here then fan out and attack communications in the rear. See?

DAD: Um-huh. Guess everything changes, all right.

SON: Well, not everything. Seems to me you started smoking Camels in the Army. Uh -- you couldn't spare one now, could you, Dad?

GOODWIN: Yes, sir, with young America on the march, Camel is still the favorite! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard -- Camel is the favorite. Has been the Army favorite for more than twenty years! Must be a reason for popularity like that!

(CONTINUED)

SON: Flavor's my reason! Rich, extra flavor -- match that up with Camel's extra mildness -- and you've got something, Mister!

DAD: (PLAYING YOUNGER) Coolness counts with me. Camels are slower-burning -- that means coolness -- and extra smoking per cigarette per pack!

SON: And remember -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

GOODWIN: Right! 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. Buy a pack of Camels tonight! Once you enjoy Camel's truly matchless blend of costlier tobaccos -- you'll want to smoke 'em all the time!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a fraction of a second later. A hold up man has just entered the Bumstead living room, and has his gun pointed at Blondie and Dagwood, who are busy counting the receipts of the auction on the floor...

MUG: Folks, I'll repeat my statement. This is a stickup.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- it's a stickup!

MUG: Hey, Buddy, ain't you a little slow on the up-take?

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute -- don't point at me with that gun.

BLONDIE: What do you want, anyway?

MUG: Lady, I am a man of very simple desires. All I want is the money.

DAGWOOD: Just money, huhh? That's all.

MUG: Yeah. Now would youse be so ^{BIG} ~~kindly~~ as to get me a small suitcase to put this money in?

BLONDIE: But you can't take this money.

MUG: What'll you bet?

BLONDIE: Oh, but it isn't fair.

MUG: No, but it's a living.

BLONDIE: But this is the money we got at the Woman's Club Charity auction.

MUG: Oh, yeah, I know. I ^{SAW} ~~see~~ you there, lady. You done a very good job.

BLONDIE: Thank you. I guess you don't understand what the auction was about do you?

MUG: No, I'm not ^{CONCERNED OF} ~~interested~~ in details. Only in money. I guess I'm in a rut.

BLONDIE: Well, that money -- this money right here on the floor -- was raised for Charity -- to help poor people who haven't enough money to get along themselves --

TRULY?

MUG: Oh, yeah -- is that hat it's for?

BLONDIE: That's right.

MUG: I'm ashamed of myself.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- It's really a very good cause.

MUG: This is indeed most embarrassing. Allow me to contribute something.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know, I --

MUG: Here. Please accept these wallets I picked up at the auction. I ~~haven't~~ ^{HAVEN'T} looked inside them yet -- I love to surprise myself when I get home.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- you mean you stole these?

MUG: In a word, ~~yeah~~ ^{I MOST CERTAINLY DID}. It ain't in my line, anymore, but it's how I got my start in life, and every now and then I dream over my early childhood and the next thing I know my pocket's full of billfolds.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll have to return these.

MUG: Please contribute the rewards you get to the fund. And now, like the Arabs, I'll steal silently away into the night...Good~~ie~~-bye

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

BLONDIE: Goodness -- did that really happen?

DAGWOOD: Well, he may have been a dream, but these seven billfolds are real.

BLONDIE: Well, let's finish counting the money. / I'm almost through. ^{PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN}

DAGWOOD: So am I...Hmmm -- seventy-five, eighty.

THE MANS GONE

BLONDIE: I've got a hundred and sixty in this pile here.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Let's see...Well, Blondie -- guess what?

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: You made it!

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DAGWOOD

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful! I'm so glad.

DAGWOOD: One thousand and eighty-seven dollars and twenty-one cents.

BLONDIE: Gee, where'll we put all that money tonight?

DAGWOOD: Just let me take care of it.

BLONDIE: It's an awful lot, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: ~~Don't worry, Blondie~~ -- I know how to take care of money.

I'll put it right in -- Blondie! I've been robbed!

My billfold's gone!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, you haven't lost it again, have you? Why --

(LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: What's so funny?

BLONDIE: Here it is, dear. It's one of the billfolds that ^{SWEET} holdup man gave back to us.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: ^{M-!} Goodness, who could that be at this hour?

DAGWOOD: I'll go and see. You get the money out of the way.

BLONDIE: All right, dear...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: (HUMS A BIT)

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello.

MAN: Remember me, Mr. Bunstead? I'm the man who traded you the piccolo for the chess set. I also got caught on that samovar deal.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- that's right. (LAUGHS) Gee, that was funny, wasn't it?

MAN: Heh-heh, very comical.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

MAN: Look what I've got in my hand.

DAGWOOD: Gee, it looks like a banana cream pie.

MAN: Yes. It's a banana cream pie.

DAGWOOD: Looks good.

MAN: Yes - it's for you.

DAGWOOD: Well -- er thanks.

MAN: I'll give it to you in a minute. Mr. Bumstead, not only did I trade you that piccolo for a chess set in a weak moment, and not only did I get stuck for that samovar, but your wife auctioned off that screeching piccolo to my next door neighbors! And now, Mr. Bumstead -- here's your banana cream pie!

(SPLOP OF NICE GOOEY PIE)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Bloooooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooooondie!

MUSIC: (UP)

"BLONDIE" 29-A
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GOODWIN: Well, folks, thanks to Blondie and Dagwood -- and Mr. Dithers -- the Woman's Club charity drive was a success and now that that's done it's time to turn a little attention back to the construction business and Dagwood's job. So be sure to be listening next week at the same time to see what happens when "Blondie Defies the Boss."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: The Camels are coming. Yes, it's the Camel Caravan, all six mobile units of it, car, trailer, and portable stage, coming to give the men in the army camps a free open-air show. Tonight the performance is being given at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, tomorrow at Bowman Field, Kentucky, Wednesday at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and on Thursday at Fort Hayes, Ohio. Best wishes, Camel Caravan. Here's hoping your army audiences have a grand time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

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"BLONDIE"
10/6/41

ANNOUNCER: Say, pipe-smokers, do you know you can get a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco for only a dime! Yes, I said big -- a full two and a quarter pences! Works out to more than five pipefuls for every penny spent -- and that's some bargain! It's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Try George Washington tomorrow.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM