

#127
12-10-41

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1941

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

Master--N.M. Jules

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 visits with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. It's a nice bright morning, and today Blondie and Dagwood have planned to do a little shopping. They're in the living room, just about ready to leave when...

(DOOR BELL)

BLONDIE: Someone at the door, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey. I'll see mwho it is.

BLONDIE: Don't buy anything we don't need, ^{Dear} Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I won't, Blondie.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Good morning, sir! C.O.D. from Ormandy's Department Store. Three dollars and ninety-eight cents..

DAGWOOD: Blondie, it's a C.O.D.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) I wonder what it is? It's a big package.

MAN: Don't ask me, Madam. I'm only supposed to deliver -- peeking is against the rules.

BLONDIE: I guess it must be something I ordered a long time ago and forgot about. They're so slow making deliveries sometimes,

DAGWOOD: It looks like an awful lot for three ninety-eight.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, have you got your money with you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...let me see now. I can give you two dollars, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I guess I've got the rest of it in my purse.

MAN: Do you mind if I lean against your door? I've seen women dig through their purses before. It's a ten minute wait.

DAGWOOD: Well, here's a dollar bill. And a dollar in change.

(SOUND OF SILVER)

MAN: Thanks, that's a good start.

BLONDIE: Just a minute now, and I'll have the rest of it...
Oh, for heaven's sakes. Here's that pin I've been looking 'all over for. *Do you remember the time I could't - - -*

MAN: Just take your time -- I've only got four or five hundred other packages to deliver out in the truck...
Blondie: Oh dear - then I'll hurry.
Hey, Mister -- where'd you get this fifty cent piece you just handed me?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

MAN: It looks like a phoney...

(CLUNK OF PHONEY COIN)

MAN: Hmmm -- did you make it yourself?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I guess we need fifty cents more.

BLONDIE: Oh, here's my money...How much was it again?

MAN: Three ninety-eight. So far I've got a dollar and a half in real money and a lead fifty-cent piece which I'm returning. I need two forty-eight.

BLONDIE: Well, here's two dollars in bills, and -- oh, here's my other lipstick. I wondered what happened to that. *Do you remember Halloween - - -*

MAN: I could have told you if you'd asked me...
Forty-eight cents, please.

BLONDIE: Here you are.

(COINS JINGLE)

MAN: Thank you, and here's your package. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, let's see what it is. I really don't remember getting anything this big, but sometimes you forget just what you've asked them to send.

(RIPPING PAPER OFF)

DAGWOOD: Gee, this looks like some kind of a bridge table.

BLONDIE: Yes, it does, doesn't it? *Why* Well, it is a bridge table! *Dagwood: Oh that accounts for it.* It looks pretty complicated, too. Levers and springs and buttons.

DAGWOOD: Did you order it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: No...Where's the address slip on this?

DAGWOOD: It's probably pasted on the paper here.

(RATTLING OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: There it is...Let me see it...Why this isn't for us at all. It's addressed to Mrs. J. Randolph Plush. I think she lives in the next block. *Quick call that delivery man back.*

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, delivery man! *Hey Mr. Crawford* Oh -- he's driven away.

BLONDIE: And we've already paid for it.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- on our way to the bus we can stop at Mrs. Plush's and deliver the bridge table to her, and collect for it.

BLONDIE: Of course. We're going that way anyhow,
and it'll only take a few minutes to straighten
everything out.

MUSIC.....

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, it may sound like a very simple
thing to straighten out, but I've got a hunch
you and Dagwood aren't going to find it so
easy to get that bridge table off your hands.
We'll return to the Bumsteads/^{and their parrot} in just a moment.
But first let's look back a few days to the
other evening, just after supper, when --
(BREAKS OFF)
(COMMERCIAL)

(DOG BARKING, SLIGHTLY OFF)

GOODWIN: Say, did you hear a dog barking? Sounded like .
Daisy, to me. I think Dagwood must have heard it
too.

DAGWOOD: (HE'S ON MIKE, APPROACHING ALEXANDER AND DAISY)
Alexander! Say, what are you doing to Daisy?

ALEXANDER: (FADING IN) Oh, nothing.

DAGWOOD: Well, you must be doing something -- what is that in
your hand?

ALEXANDER: I just thought Daisy ought to have some
accomplishment.

DAGWOOD: Well -- five puppies -- I think that's accomplishing
a good deal!

ALEXANDER: (CALMLY) I'm fixing it so she'll sing.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's a good idea, to (TAKE) You're what?
Dogs can't sing! *Baby Dumpling.*

ALEXANDER: Most dogs can't, but Daisy can. I just fed her
bird seed.

DAGWOOD: But Alexander, don't you know --

ALEXANDER: Go ahead, Daisy. Show Pop.

DAISY: (THE WAY AN ACTOR TALKS AFTER EATING DOG BISCUITS)
Sure, pal. What would you like? (STARTS TO SING)
Where, oh where, has my little dog gone, oh where,
oh where --

DAGWOOD: (SHRIEKING, AS MUSIC COMES IN AND HITS A CHORD)
Stop! Stop! I'm going crazy! I'm going crazy!

MUSIC: (OUT)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! What on earth are you doing? Can't you even take a little nap without screaming like a banshee?

DAGWOOD: Oh, gee, Blondie! I just dreamed that Alexander was feeding bird seed to Daisy, and she started to sing.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, do you think it would work? I'm gonna try it!

BLONDIE: Of course it won't work, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Why not? You put bird seed in a canary. What do you get? Singin'.

BLONDIE: Yes, and you put bird seed in Daisy, and you'll get a spanking. It isn't just what you put in, Alexander. It's also how you do it. The bird knows how.

GOODWIN: Thanks, Blondie! That's just the point about Camels. Everywhere you go, smokers know that Camels are made from costlier tobaccos -- but it's not just what you put in a cigarette, it's also how you do it! And the how with Camels is the famous Camel blending process, perfected for many years to make choice tobaccos a really superb cigarette. That's the reason for Camel's rich extra flavor, and the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy it. Cooler, and slower-burning, too -- and that means extra smoking per cigarette per pack...more for your money. And of course, -- there's less nicotine in the smoke!

"BLONDIE"
12/1/41

-8-

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! Buy a pack of Camels tonight! You'll see for yourself what a difference skillful blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's about fifteen minutes after Blondie and Dagwood discovered they had accepted the wrong C.O.D. package. The card table should have been delivered to Mrs. Plush who lives in the next block. Now here are the Bumsteads at the J. Randolph Plush residence. Dagwood is carrying the bridge table.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. PLUSH: No, thank you -- I don't want anything today. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: But we're just --

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, that was a quick brush-off.

DAGWOOD: Apparently she doesn't realize we're doing her a favor.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. PLUSH: Now please don't keep knocking on my door. I still don't want to buy anything. Get your foot out of the door and goodbye.

(DOOR BANGS ON DAGWOOD'S FOOT)

DAGWOOD: Ouch!...Just a minute, Mrs. Plush.

BLONDIE: Mrs. Plush, didn't you order a bridge table sent
C.O.D. from Ormandy's Department Store?

MRS. PLUSH: Oh...Oh, yes, I did.

BLONDIE: Well, it was delivered to us by mistake.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I've got it right here, Mrs. Plush.
We brought it along for you. We thought it
would save you a lot of trouble.

MRS. PLUSH: Oh, that's very thoughtful of you.

DAGWOOD: Er -- three dollars and ninety-eight cents.

MRS. PLUSH: You see, I gave a bridge party for my club yesterday and needed this table for it, but the party went off very nicely, anyway. I held perfectly wonderful cards! I won the first prize myself!

BLONDIE: About this bridge table, you see, we paid for --

MRS. PLUSH: But of course, my partner and I always win. That's because we use a wonderful new system I invented.

DAGWOOD: What's it like?

MRS. PLUSH: Well, I pick up my cards, look at them, and if they're not very good, I say, "I believe I have fourteen cards." That's a signal to my partner. Now if she has a good hand she says, "Count your cards again," but if she has a bad hand too, she says, "I only have twelve cards," and we both throw our hands into the middle of the table and call it a misdeal...Isn't that wonderful?

Blondie:
~~DAGWOOD:~~ You must have had a nice friendly bridge game.

Dagwood: Does anyone ever get hurt?

Blondie: *Dagwood.*
MRS. PLUSH: Oh, no -- not yet.

BLONDIE: Now about this bridge table...

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- three dollars and ninety-eight cents.

MRS. PLUSH: Oh, yes -- the bridge table. Well, I don't want it now -- I was going to send it back after the party anyway.

DAGWOOD: But we paid for it! We don't want it, either!

MRS. PLUSH: Oh, you can always use an extra bridge table. Thank you just the same, and 'goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Mrs. Plush. If you'll just give us the money we gave the man for it, we'll leave the table with you, and --

MRS. PLUSH: But certainly you don't expect me to buy something I don't want, do you?

BLONDIE: You mean, you won't take it at all?

MRS. PLUSH: You see, I really didn't want it, and now that I've seen it, I don't even like it. I'm afraid it's too complicated -- it's one of those tables where you press a button and the legs fly out -- No, you keep it.

DAGWOOD: But we don't want it, either.

MRS. PLUSH: I don't blame you.

BLONDIE: Well -- well, this is rather embarrassing.

MRS. PLUSH: I'm not embarrassed... Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness. Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: You can't do this to us! It's not fair! You're taking advantage of our good natures!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I'd like to choke her to -- oh, hello.

MRS. PLUSH: Here. Here's a quarter for your trouble.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Who does she think I am -- a bellboy?

BLONDIE: Don't ^{put it in your pocket.} ~~take it,~~ Dagwood, Just leave it on the step.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(SOUND OF CLUNK OF PHONEY COIN)

DAGWOOD: It's counterfeit! I might have known it!

BLONDIE: Well, she certainly wasn't very accommodating, was she?

DAGWOOD: I should say not... the old swindler. I'll bet if she ever shook her sleeves out at her bridge parties, the floor would be covered with aces.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- look across the street. There's the delivery truck that brought ^{this} the bridge table to us. Let's give it back to them.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- delivery man! Hey!

BLONDIE: Yoo-hoo! Delivery man! Wait a minute! Don't go away!

MAN: (COMING UP) Oh, hello, folks, what do you want?

BLONDIE: You delivered this card table to us by mistake. It was supposed to go to Mrs. J. Randolph Plush in that house right there,

MAN: You paid for it, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but we weren't supposed to. Here...you just give us our money back and ^{you can} deliver it to Mrs. Plush.

MAN: Folks, I'm afraid the matter is out of my hands now.

BLONDIE: It's perfectly simple...I don't see what's so difficult about it.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I.

MAN: Well, in the first place, you accepted a C.O.D. which wasn't for you in the second place, so you shouldn't have paid me for it in the third place or unwrapped it in the fourth place, and besides, I'm not allowed to return any money in the fifth place...now, does that sound simple?

DAGWOOD: Well, no.

BLONDIE: You could take this back though, couldn't you? I mean, if you didn't have to pay us for it now?

MAN: Well...well, yes I could.

DAGWOOD: That's good. Here -- take it.

MAN: But -- first you have to fill out a lot of papers and forms and blanks -- all in triplicate. There's our C.O.D. form, our application for a refund, and our wrong delivery blank.

BLONDIE: We'd have to fill out all those?

MAN: Yes, ^{indeed} madam, and you also have to have your birth certificate, social security card, and two bank references. Then you get the whole thing notarized. and I send it in. It takes about ^{5 or 6} ~~three~~ hours for these preliminaries.

DAGWOOD: Preliminaries? Is there any more?

MAN: Oh, sure. Then our Mr. Kaiser comes to see you in

Dagwood: what's he do? two or three weeks. He's not very helpful.

DAGWOOD: He isn't, huh?

man: Practically nothing.

MAN: No. All in all, I'd say you might get your refund

Dagwood: That's all right back on the C.O.D. just about in time for Christmas of 1942.

BLONDIE: That's an awful way to run a business.

DAGWOOD: It certainly is! It's an outrage!...Give me that bridge table back!

MAN: Yes, sir. Here you are.

Dagwood: Oh my God -- man, oh, I'm sorry.
BLONDIE: I shouldn't think anyone would ever send anything back if you have to go through all that red tape.

MAN: That's exactly what the company figures. We discourage sending things back...Any more questions?

DAGWOOD: No, we've heard plenty.

MAN: Thank you -- I'm glad to have been of service to you. Goodbye.

(CAR STARTS UP AND DRIVES OFF)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I guess we'll just have to take the table with us to Ormandy's and get our refund there.

DAGWOOD: But it's all unwrapped. It's going to be kind of awkward, getting it into the bus.

BLONDIE: Well, it's better than filling out all those forms. Come on.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON BUS)

(MURMUR OF VOICES: "LOOK OUT", "STOP SHOVING",
ET CETERA)

DRIVER: (OFF A BIT) Step back to the rear of the bus, please...Step back to the rear...Aw come on, folks, -- do you think I'm yelling my head off just to hear what my voice sounds like? Please step back to the rear. Puh-leeeeeze! t

BLONDIE: You might know this bus would be crowded.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Whenever we have a lot of packages and bundles it's always jammed.

BLONDIE: I don't think the driver noticed that we got on with the bridge table.

DAGWOOD: It's a good thing.

DRIVER: (OFF A BIT) Now, folks, I'm awful sorry there aren't any seats, and I want to apologize for me and the bus company, (SHOUTS) but if you don't move back in the bus I'm going to lose my temper and throw the whole lot of you out of here!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh!

BLONDIE: Ohhhh, Dagwood.

DRIVER: Well, why isn't anybody moving? Okay, I'll stop the bus and look into this situation.

(SCREECH OF BRA ES)

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhh!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Be careful!

DRIVER: I hope I didn't injure anyone permanently...Now let's see who's responsible for our little difficulty.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! Here he comes.

DRIVER: One side, please...let me through, folks. I'm going to find out just who is -- (STOPS, THEN MOCK POLITENESS) Well, well, well, well -- so you're our bottleneck.

DAGWOOD: Er -- hello.

DRIVER: Just carrying a bridge table on the bus, huh?

Dagwood: *That's right, a bridge table.*
Imagine a little thing like that causing any congestion.

BLONDIE: Well, uh, you see, we just have to take it down to Ormandy's and return it, and this was the only way.

DAGWOOD: It's really not very big.

DRIVER: Oh, no -- why didn't you bring the chairs that go with it ~~into the bus~~, too?

BLONDIE: There weren't any chairs with it.

"BLONDIE"
12/1/41

-16-

Dagwood: oh yes.

DRIVER: Well now isn't that too bad! (YELLS) Pick up this bridge table and get off this bus!

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood.

(A FEW CARS HONKING OFF)

maybe you didn't notice but.

DRIVER: Step right out, please. We're holding up traffic.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'm trying to get off.

(SOUND OF FOUR LEGS OF BRIDGE TABLE

OR SPRINGING OUT)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

DRIVER: Now what?

DAGWOOD: The legs of the table just opened out. I must have pressed the button that makes them fly out automatically.

DRIVER: Well, fold them up again and get out of the car. Half of that table is in my driver's seat, and one of the legs has poked through the steering wheel.

DAGWOOD: I don't know how to fold it up.

DRIVER: Taaaaaaaah!

(HONKING OF CARS.)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, do you know how to work this bridge table?

BLONDIE: I don't know a thing about it, Dagwood.

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DAGWOOD: Well, let's see...Maybe I press this in over here and -- no, that doesn't seem to be it. I guess it's this button.

DRIVER: Here -- let me try it!

DAGWOOD: Now don't break it!

(RATTLING OF WOOD ON METAL...)

DAGWOOD: Be careful of it. I've got to take it back!

DRIVER: Do you think I care about that?

(SOUND OF TABLE LEGS FOLDING UP AGAIN...)

DRIVER: There you are! It's a lucky thing.

DAGWOOD: How did you do it?

DRIVER: Wouldn't you like to know!...Now get off this bus! Here's your table.

(BUMPING OF TABLE)

DRIVER: And if you ever get on my bus again, I'll -- I'll --

(HONKING OF CARS, BUT LOUD...)

DRIVER: Stop that honking, you idiots! It's not my fault! I can't help it ~~that~~ things happen in my bus! Stop honking!...Folks, will you please move to the back of the car! Puh-leeze!!

MUSIC:..

(COME UP ON DEPARTMENT STORE NOISES...)

BLONDIE: Well, at least we did finally get to Ormandy's, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...That taxi cost a dollar and fifteen cents.

BLONDIE: Here's the Adjustment Counter, Dagwood, ^{and} ~~and~~
we're the only ones here.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy, we're in luck. I'll certainly be glad
to get this thing off my hands.

BLONDIE: I guess that man over there looking out the
window is the one we talk to.

DAGWOOD: I'll see if I can get his attention. (CLEARS
HIS THROAT)

BLONDIE: (LOW) I think he sees us but he's pretending
not to notice.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT NICE AND LOUD) Hey!

CLERK: (COMING UP -- BORED) Were you coughing for me?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, yeah...May we disturb you for a moment?

CLERK: Apparently.

BLONDIE: We'd like to return this bridge table.

CLERK: You're all through using it, eh?

BLONDIE: No -- we haven't used it at all. It was a C. O. D.
sent to us by mistake. We'd like our money back.

DAGWOOD: Three dollars and ninety-eight cents.

BLONDIE: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE) Well, aren't you going to
do something about it?

CLERK: I'm trying to decide. (YAWNS) It sounds very
complicated. (YAWNS) Lovely weather we've been
having.

BLONDIE: Are we disturbing your sleep?

CLERK: No. I'm not paying much attention to you.

BLONDIE: Oh! I don't see how you hold your job here.

CLERK: (YAWNS) I'm married to Mr. Ormandy's niece.
DAGWOOD: Now look here, I've hauled this blankety-blank table all the way down here, and if you don't tell me what to do about it, I'm going to raise the loudest holler you ever heard.
CLERK: You wouldn't dare.
DAGWOOD: I wouldn't, hunh?
CLERK: (YAWNS) I don't think so.
DAGWOOD: (AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE) I demand a little service! I'm being robbed by Ormandy's! I want to talk to the head of this store!

(TINKLE OF GLASS...)

CLERK: Great Scott -- you broke my drinking glass with your voice! I've heard of this, but I've never seen it!
DAGWOOD: Now are you going to wake up and help me get rid of this d---
BLONDIE: Dagwood!
DAGWOOD: Er -- this doggone table?
CLERK: Yes, but don't yell like that again. I won't be able to get another nap this afternoon.
DAGWOOD: That's a great pity.
BLONDIE: Well, are you going to give us our money back?
CLERK: Fortunately for me, you've come to the wrong place. What you want is the Complaint Department.
BLONDIE: We've certainly got plenty of complaints.
CLERK: It won't do you any good to complain about me. I'm married to Mr. Ormandy's niece.

BLONDIE: (WITH CLERK) -- Married to Mr. Ormandy's
niece. Yes, we know. Now where is the
Complaint Department?

CLERK: I haven't the faintest idea. Why don't you ask
a customer?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: Well, at last! There's the Complaint
Department right ahead of us.

DAGWOOD: We had to walk all over the store to find it.
Gee, my feet are killing me.

BLONDIE: I don't know what our chances are, but let's
go up to that nice-looking old man at the counter,
and see if he'll help us.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie...Oh, mister.

MISTER: Got something to return, eh? Where you want to
go is the Adjustment Counter.

BLONDIE: The man at the Adjustment Counter just sent us
here.

MISTER: What's that? Speak a little louder, please.

DAGWOOD: My gosh, Blondie, I guess he's a little deaf.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid so...We'd like to return a table.

MISTER: Eh?

DAGWOOD: We're talking about this table. It's for bridge.
Bridge!

MISTER: Oh, why didn't you say so. You can get britches on the third floor in the boys' clothing department.

DAGWOOD: Holy Smoke.

BLONDIE: We're talking about this table.

MISTER: Oh, the table. Why didn't you say so in the first place?

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Now, we're getting somewhere... We want three dollars and ninety-eight cents back on the table. Here -- I'll give you the table and two pennies and you give us four dollars.

MISTER: What's that?

BLONDIE: Four dollars.

MISTER: No, you don't have to holler. Just speak up a little. I don't hear very well, that's all.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! Putting a deaf man here to handle complaints.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, it just doesn't seem to be any use. We might as well quit.

MISTER: You're looking for a place to sit?

DAGWOOD: Yes.

MISTER: Furniture department. Seventh floor.

DAGWOOD: Come on, Blondie -- let's go there right away. I'm tired.

BLONDIE: I'm going to try once more -- I'm going to write it out on this pad.

(SOUND OF WRITING...WITH PENCIL ON PAPER)

DAGWOOD: I'll bet Ormandy's hasn't had a single complaint as long as this man has been working for them.

BLONDIE: Well, he may be deaf, but he certainly can read. He must be able to read!...There. Read this.

MISTER: Read it?

BLONDIE: Yes.

MISTER: Now let me see, where'd I put my glasses. I can't see a word without them.

BLONDIE: Ooooooh, I give up! Come on, Dagwood -- we're just wasting our time here...Thank you very much, and goodbye.

MISTER: (FADING) You're welcome.

DAGWOOD: Let's go to the furniture department and rest.

BLONDIE: Hm -- I wonder if he really was deaf?

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I'm just about exhausted.

DAGWOOD: There's not very much left of me, either. For a while I didn't think we'd ever reach the furniture department and a place to sit down.

BLONDIE: This has been a terrible day. It started out so innocently, and look what's happened.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- look.

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: There's a man walking over to our card table. If he gets interested in it, I'm going to sell it to him. Then we can get our money back.

BLONDIE: All right, dear, and if this doesn't work,
I'm in favor of giving the table away.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll see what I can do. (PAUSE) Er --
good afternoon, sir. *Man: Hello* Are you interested in this
wonderful bridge table?

DETECTIVE: Why, yes, I am.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's fine. It's really very amazing.
When you want the legs to come out, you just
press a button. And when you want the legs to
fold up again --

DETECTIVE: *Yes? Yeah - what do you do?*

DAGWOOD: Er -- you just press another thing-a-ma-doodle.
It's so strong you can stand on it, and it is
now selling at the very low price of three
ninety-eight. It's a steal.

DETECTIVE: Yeah -- robbery.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DETECTIVE: Well, I'll take it. Have you got two cents?
I'll give you four ones.

DAGWOOD: Sure...Here you are. - *well, goodbye*

DETECTIVE: *wait a minute ---*
No sales slip?

DAGWOOD: No, don't bother about that. Just take it home.
It's yours now...

DETECTIVE: Just a moment, *But: charm*

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DETECTIVE: *happen to be*
I'm ~~in~~ the head of the store detectives.

DAGWOOD: That's very interesting... *Goodbye. See you later.*

DETECTIVE: Oh, no you don't! You're not a clerk here,
and you're under arrest for selling an article
belonging to the store! Come ~~on~~ along with me!

DAGWOOD: Let go of me!

DETECTIVE: Come on, jail bird!

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooondie!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, the poor Bumsteads! They started out to return a C. O. D. bridge table that was delivered to them by mistake, and now it looks as though they might end up in jail. Dagwood has just sold the table to a store detective, and he's on pretty shaky legal ground. Well, we'll return to the Bumsteads in a moment. Right now, let's have a look at an army transport, just steaming into the harbor of the United States base at Iceland. A soldier and a sailor stand on deck...

SAILOR: Well, there she is, soldier! All you've got to do is slide into a nice warm barracks and take it easy! Compared with a North Atlantic run, what a life!

SOLDIER: Listen, son! Have you ever tried to go through winter maneuvers with the thermometer below zero? Why you boys on this gallopin' ferry-boat are on a pleasure cruise.

GOODWIN: Just a minute, lads! Don't you think you're both leading pretty manly lives? Maybe we could settle this over a Camel!

SAILOR: You bet, Mister! That's my cigarette!

SOLDIER: Well, that's no Navy secret, brother! It's the Army man's cigarette, too!

GOODWIN: Sure thing! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Canteens and Ship's Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite. Why's that?

SAILOR: Flavor's my reason, mister! Camel's got a rich, extra flavor -- and they're plenty mild, too.

SOLDIER: I save money on Camels! They're slower-burning, so they give me extra smokin' per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smokin', too!

GOODWIN: Well, the reason for that, boys, is Camel's costlier tobaccos -- blended expertly, with the famous Camel "know-how" -- to make a really superb cigarette. And there's less nicotine in the smoke. Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself! Buy a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to get a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: It's about ten minutes later, and Blondie and Dagwood are standing uneasily in the office of the head of Ormandy's Department Store detective force. They've just finished explaining the situation to the skeptical detective...

BLONDIE: And that's how it all happened.

DAGWOOD: It wasn't our fault at all.

DETECTIVE: It sounds very plausible -- as any good alibi should.

BLONDIE: This isn't an alibi.

DAGWOOD: We told you the truth, the whole truth, and --

DETECTIVE: Yes, yes, I know. But you sold that table to me in this store. You had no right to do it.

DAGWOOD: I didn't know that.

DETECTIVE: Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

BLONDIE: There's also no excuse for the ignorance of the men in your Complaint and Adjustment Departments. One of them was just plain disagreeable.

DETECTIVE: Well, he's married to Mr. Ormandy's niece.

BLONDIE: So he told us.

DETECTIVE: And I presume you got that deaf routine from Harrington in the Complaint Department.

DAGWOOD: We certainly did...but good.

BLONDIE: I thought so!

DETECTIVE: But you still haven't proved ^{to me} that you own this bridge table.

Dagwood: Thank you

to me

"BLONDIE"
12/1/41

-28-

I don't want to lose my temper but

BLONDIE:

Now see here ^{about} we've had just enough of this. If you want to throw us in jail for this, you go right ahead, and see how much trouble you and the store get into. There are plenty of people who have had complaints and ~~ran into the man who married Mrs. Ormandy's~~ ~~never got anywhere with that counterfeit deaf~~ ~~niece.~~ ~~and plenty of people who ran into the man~~ ~~who married Mr. Ormandy's niece.~~ I wouldn't be surprised if they marched on Ormandy's store and tore the whole place down. Now, if you want to make yourself look pretty silly, you just throw us right into jail...Go ahead. ~~Let's see you do it.~~ We're not worried, are we, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD:

No, ~~maybe a little, Honey,~~ ~~I'm only trembling because I'm naturally nervous.~~

BLONDIE:

Well...? *What are you going to do.*

DETECTIVE:

Now, Mrs. Bumstead, we don't want to cause any trouble...

BLONDIE:

Then don't.

DAGWOOD:

Now can we take this table back?

DETECTIVE:

Oh, by the way, first you'd better give me my four dollars. Here ~~are~~ your two pennies.

DAGWOOD:

Oh, yes -- your four dollars. *will now* Couldn't you just get the money back *from the store* yourself and let us keep these bills?

51454 0412

DETECTIVE: No --- they're marked bills. I need them...
Besides, I can't even return things in this
store, myself. It may be a year before I can,
if all goes well.

BLONDIE: What do you mean?

DETECTIVE: Well, I'm ^{keeping company} with another of Mr. Ormandy's nieces
...My four dollars, please.

DAGWOOD: Here you are.

DETECTIVE: Thank you.,, Now it is my sad duty to tell you
that you can't take the table back.

BLONDIE: What? ~~After all this trouble?~~ Why not?

DETECTIVE: In the first place, it's in rather bad condition
now -- scratched, scarred, and banged around.
And in the second place, this was sold at a
special sale -- no refunds or exchanges.
In a few words, folks, you've got to keep that
bridge table.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!...Well, Blondie, now that we're here,
do you want to do your shopping?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I want to go home...!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING...)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, I don't believe I've ever been
so glad to get back home in my life.

DAGWOOD: My feet are killing me.,, Lugging this table
around all day, getting shuttled back from one
department to another -- I'm a physical wreck.

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose we can always use another bridge table.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I'm glad this is a good one. I've found out how it works now, and the other bridge tables like it at Ormandy's had tags on them saying a man could stand on them. It's a good strong table.

BLONDIE: Yes -- that's some consolation.

DAGWOOD: Just press the button and --

(LEGS FLY OUT...)

DAGWOOD: See -- it works fine...I wonder if you ~~can~~ *could* stand on it.

BLONDIE: I don't know, dear. I'll be happy just as long as it can hold the weight of two decks of cards, and four plates of sandwiches. Well -- I think I'll see what's out in the kitchen.

DAGWOOD: Make one for me, too.

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

DAGWOOD: I wonder if it will hold my weight. I'm not very heavy. I'll try it and see.

(GETTING ON TOP OF TABLE)

DAGWOOD: Hey, this is all right. It's a little shaky, but I can stand right up on it, and -- Hey! Holy Smoke! Heeeeelp!

(CRASH AS BRIDGE TABLE SMASHES...)

(BODY FALLS)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooooooooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

51454 0414

GOODWIN: Well folks, the Bumsteads are not only out the money they paid for a table they didn't want, but now thanks to Dagwood, there's no table! I wonder what else he can think of to complicate life in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue? You know Dagwood's pretty good at complicating things in his own little way. Well, something's bound to happen because next week the Bumsteads find themselves in a very unusual situation. So be sure to be listening next Monday at the same time when "Blondie Plays Maid and Butler."
"Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.
Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by William Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

(SOUND: AUTO HORN "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING".)

GOODWIN: Yes, the Camels are coming -- and in army language that means the Camel Caravan is rolling around from one army camp to another giving free open-air shows for the men. Tonight and tomorrow night the Camel Caravan will be at Camp Wolters, Mineral Wells, Texas, and on Wednesday and Thursday at Camp Bowie, Brownwood, Texas. On Friday the Camel Caravan moves on to San Angelo, Texas to give a performance that night for the air corps there. On Saturday they will be at Brooks Field, Texas and next Monday at Kelly Field, at San Antonio, Texas. Best wishes Camel Caravan, may your audiences have a grand time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel cigarette.

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ANNOUNCER:

Say, pipe-smokers, if you've never tried George Washington Smoking Tobacco, take a chance with a dime -- and you'll find a way to save dollars! One dime buys a big blue package of George Washington -- a full two and a quarter ounces ^{PACKAGE} of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco. Smoke a pipe-load clear down to the bottom of the bowl -- and you'll agree George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.