

MASTER

"BLONDIE"

(PROGRAM FOUR)

MONDAY, JULY 24, 1939

Rosmary Colihan
William Eddy, Co
100 E 47 St
New York

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

VOICE:

Blondie, Blondie, Yoo-Hoo
~~Say -- thanks for tuning us in -- now relax -- and~~
~~listen to Blondie.~~

ORCHESTRA:

(IN STRONG WITH THEME... FOUR BARS... THEN UNDER)

GOODWIN:

Just before we pay our weekly visit to Blondie and Dagwood -- here's a brief message of interest to every smoker.....

ANNOUNCER:

Whatever price you pay for your cigarettes, it's important to remember this fact:

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Recent impartial laboratory tests show that by burnin twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested - slower than any of them -- Camels give a smoking plus equal to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK! Here's what the extra smoking can mean: Smokers who live in communitie. where certain state cigarette taxes are in effect can save the cost of the tax -- and in some instances, more -- through smoking Camels. If you live in a ^{Community} ~~where there are no added taxes on Cigarettes~~ ~~cigarettes are not taxed, the savings of~~ ~~the savings~~ are all yours. So, you see, every smoker can enjoy the luxury of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- because these mild delicate-tasting costlier tobaccos

(CONTINUED)

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ANNOUNCER: in Camels are long burning -- give you real economical
(Cont'd) smoking. Get smoking pleasure at its best...and more
of it per pack in Camels! Penny for penny Camels are
your best cigarette buy!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FULL AND OUT)

*For long
mused*

GOODWIN: And now -- it's Saturday morning at the Bumstead Homestead...breakfast time again...and Blondie hovers between the stove and the table where Dagwood sits....

ORCHESTRA: (BRIEFLY...PARAPHRASE OF "CUP OF COFFEE" DOWN UNDER... AND OUT)

long

BLONDIE: There's your coffee, Dagwood (CROCKERY DOWN) (GOING)

DAG: No egg this morning?

BLONDIE: (AWAY) Oh yes -- see -- I'm just going to fry you an egg (EGG DROPS IN HOT FAT...SIZZLES) There!

DAG: Well -- I don't know .that I can wait for it Blondie. Look at the clock!

BLONDIE: That clock's wrong. Ten minutes fast. (BASTES THE EGG)

DAG: Oh then I've got more time than I thought I had (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Say -- the clock in the bedroom must be fast too!

BLONDIE: Yes, I set them both ahead..

DAG: Oh!. (TAKE) Er -- what? What did you do that for?

BLONDIE: (TAKES EGG UP ON SPATULA) To get you up earlier -- I wanted you to eat breakfast sitting down for onee. Here's your egg (PLATE DOWN ON TABLE) Now -- eat it slowly. Enjoy it.

DAG: (SADLY) Well -- but I don't think eating slowly is going to agree with me. I'm not used to it.

BLONDIE: Well -- just try it once. You might like it.

DAG: (DOUBTFUL) I dunno. It makes today seem like Sunday. It'll probably throw my whole week off.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- It's much better for you. I read an article that said that a good many people fail in life because they don't start the day with a nice warm breakfast.

DAG: Well, I didn't get my raise and bonus by fooling around with breakfast. And look at my father...he did all right without eating breakfast. Why my whole family were breakfast-missers.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! ALL of them?

DAG: Everyone of them. You know my Uncle Luke?

BLONDIE: The rich one? Was HE a breakfast-misser?

DAG: Was he? Why my Uncle Luke was thirty-eight years old before he ever heard of oatmeal.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, you're making that up.

DAG: No sir...it's a fact. My Uncle had his thirty-eighth birthday and retired and got married all on the same day. He married an actress and stopped at a theatrical hotel. So when my Uncle went down to lunch they were still serving breakfast and they brought him orange juice and oatmeal before he had his eyes open. He sent them both back. He said he couldn't eat French cooking.

BLONDIE: Well -- I notice you've eaten all that egg, though... I guess that will do you more good than ten minutes longer in bed would have done.

DAG: I dunno. That last ten minutes in bed is when I kind of get organized. That's when I think over what I'll say to the boss -- and what color socks I'll wear today and things like that. You can get a lot done that way. Ten minutes a day adds up. That's -- lessee -- that's seventy minutes a week.

BLONDIE: You can't count Sundays. You don't get up and go to work Sundays.

DAG: Well -- sixty minutes a week. That's an hour a week. That's fifty-two hours a year!

BLONDIE: Yes and all wasted in bed! Want some more coffee dear?

DAG: Nope. I used up all the cream. Lessee now...fifty-two hours...

BLONDIE: Well, my goodness -- there's more cream in the refrigerator....

DAG: All right...Lessee...how many days in fifty-two hours. (FIGURES TO HIMSELF) Forty-eight hours is two days... No! I'd be asleep part of that anyhow. Lessee...eight working hours a day.....

BLONDIE: (OFF) Oh dear, this icebox is SO crowded.....

DAG: (MUTTERING) Six eights are forty-eight. And four hours over....that's a half day. That's a week right there.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood...Could you....

DAG: (ALoud) Wait a minute! (MUTTERS AGAIN) ^{when would I} No. FIVE full days and one half day -- SaturdayTHAT'S a week.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD.

DAG: (STILL MUTTERS) So fifty-two hours is a week and one day over.....er -- (ALOUD) -- what Honey?

BLONDIE: (OFF) Help me with this. Take this cream bottle. My arms are so full.

DAG: Yeah -- sure. Just a minute.....

BLONDIE: Hurry, Dagwood...some of these things are SLIPPING....

DAG: (PUSHES BACK CHAIR) Hold it, Blondie...hold it...

BLONDIE: Quick! The BUTTER!

DAG: I got it. I got it!....

BLONDIE: My goodness -- another minute and they would all have been on the floor!

DAG: Well, why did you want to take all those things out of the icebox for? You only wanted some cream.

BLONDIE: Well, just LOOK inside that icebox! There's no room for anything. You have to take six things out to get at one!

DAG: Well, why not have the one you want to get in FRONT?

BLONDIE: (PATIENT) That would be fine, Dagwood, if you always wanted the same thing.

DAG: Oh -- yeah.

BLONDIE: We really need a bigger icebox. Please, Dag, let's put these things I'm holding back inside.

DAG: Oh. Well, let's see. Er -- if I take out this half a watermelon....

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood! Don't take anything else OUT. There isn't any more room outside.

DAG: Say, you know what, honey? We need a bigger icebox!

BLONDIE: ~~I think you're perfectly right, Dagwood. Why didn't I think of that?~~

DAG: How much would a ^{bigger one} ~~new one~~ cost. ~~A bigger one?~~

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- quite a lot. But there's an ad in last night's paper, though -- about a place on Main Street where they have bargains...

DAG: Well. We have my bonus money...

BLONDIE: We ought to save that for a rainy day.

DAG: But you'd LIKE a new refrigerator -- wouldn't you?

BLONDIE: Weeeeellll...if we could afford it...

DAG: Uh uh. Well, we'll think it over. Oh, gosh, look at the time! Now I'm almost late again!

BLONDIE: No later than usual, dear. But you'd better be on time today...it's payday, isn't it?

DAG: Saturday. Yeah. Half a day today...Dithers won't come in at all today. He'll be out playing golf. Pretty soft for that guy. Say -- and you know what? Since I landed that Hazlip deal, he's driving a new car.

BLONDIE: Well, some day you'll be doing that, too.

DAG: Yeah, I -- I've been thinking about a new car. Gosh, I saw a beauty the other day. ^{Boy what a swell home!} ~~Second-hand~~, but you'd never know it to look at it.

BLONDIE: Maybe you'd know it to run it, though. That's when you find out just how second-hand a car is -- when you get it away out of town somewhere and it begins to sound like ~~a jumble of jackknives~~ ^{shrieking & jangling}.

DAG: Yeah. But I bet this one I saw in the window is a dandy, though. Boy, it would feel great to take you and Baby Dumpling out riding again.

BLONDIE: You do want a new car terribly, don't you, Dagwood?
I wonder...

DAG: (PAUSE) Wonder what, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well -- we HAVE got that bonus money and we're only
young once...and...well.....

DAG: (WISTFUL) I don't know whether we could get anything
on the car we have now.

BLONDIE: Why? Don't they trade in second-hand old ones for
new second-hand ones?

DAG: Why I -- er (TAKE) -- how's that again?

BLONDIE: Well, I mean if they'd take in our old car on a brand
NEW one -- why wouldn't they trade it in on one that's
second-hand itself?

DAG: Maybe they would -- only I don't think they'd like it
when they found out our car won't run at all any more.

BLONDIE: Was it that stuff you put in the oil -- Dagwood --
that stopped the car?

DAG: Yeah. But I'm not wholly to blame for that, Blondie.
I just mixed a little vaseline with the oil to keep
it from getting thin so fast...but then you came along
and...

BLONDIE: I know, dear. But when I saw it simmering on the stove,
I thought I'd help you make it thicken....

DAG: What WAS that stuff YOU put in?

BLONDIE: Just a little Winkyjiff Mixture. It's marvelous when
you want jelly to jell!

DAG: Well -- anyway -- the crankshaft looks like a candy
pulling machine now.

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It's all my fault.

BLONDIE: ~~I feel terribly guilty.~~ Er -- where did you see that second-hand car you liked so much, Dagwood?

DAG: Down at Happy Jack's on Grand Avenue. It's in the window. But it's no use talking about that car. The icebox comes first.

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't know. It's your bonus money, and if you want a new car.....Er -- are you coming home at noon, Dagwood?

DAG: Well -- I -- might be a little late. Why?

BLONDIE: Oh -- I -- was just thinking I might go out awhile myself this afternoon....(FADES) I've got a little shopping to do....

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

JACK: Excuse me, Madame...but I saw you looking in my window and....

BLONDIE: I -- I was just looking at that little car there...

JACK: You mean that special job? That magnificent little Sport Deluxe Convertible Cabriolet?

BLONDIE: Well -- I mean that orange colored one.

JACK: Pardon me, lady -- not orange! Don't say orange. Why, that color is unique -- we call it "Ashes of Old Tangerine." Come right inside, Madame....

BLONDIE: Well -- I want to be sure this is the right place. You see, my husband has been looking at a certain car....

JACK: Of course, he has! I've seen him....Mr....er.....

BLONDIE: Bumstead,....

JACK: Bumstead, of course! Glad to meet YOU, Mrs. Bumstead...
my name is Mr. ~~Good~~ ^{NAGORV} -- better known to the trade as
Happy Jack.

BLONDIE: I guess this IS the place. Those other signs across
the street mixed me up....

JACK: (SCORNFULLY) My competitors?....All imitators!...All
trying to copy Happy Jack....look at those names.
"Smiling Sam" -- "Grinning Gus",....

BLONDIE: And "Laughing Lorenzo"....My goodness! Do they all
sell second-hand cars?

JACK: They're all junk dealers, Madame! When I see an
innocent victim entering their doors it gives me
heartburn! Come right into my little salon, Madame!

BLONDIE: Well -- I -- I'm not sure I can really buy that car....

JACK: ~~No obligation whatever! Happy Jack is never so happy~~
~~as when he is showing a car, whether it comes to a~~
sale or not. No force! No pressure used here, Madame!
-- Er -- just slip into that seat behind the wheel.
(DOOR OPENS...SQUEAKS) Er -- a little oil on that hinge
would eliminate the slightest sound. NOW! Imagine
yourself out in the open -- driving along in this pearl
of slighty-used cars....

BLONDIE: Just how slightly has it been used?

JACK: I'm glad you asked that lady. This car is hardly used
at all. You see, it belonged to an old -- old lady.
She just rolled it back and forth a little -- just to
drive to market and home again.

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BLONDIE: My. She must have lived a long way from her market.
This speedometer says (eighty) thousand miles.

JACK: What? Why -- er -- that should have been fixed -- er --
I mean that CAN be fixed. That speedometer is broken,
you see.

BLONDIE: Oh -- well -- if it's broken, of course....

JACK: I'll put in a new one -- with fewer miles on it.
~~--- let me help you out. (DOOR SQUEAKS AGAIN)~~

BLONDIE: Thank you. Er -- what about those tires? Aren't
they worn pretty thin?

JACK: I'm glad you mentioned the tires! These are the original
four ply all nicely broken in. Notice the paint job,
too -- that's also the original two-coat job. //

BLONDIE: Well -- er -- how much are you asking for it?

JACK: I'm almost ashamed to mention the price. Seven hundred
and ninety -- er, ninety-five. Plus tax, of course.

BLONDIE: Oh -- that's more than we can pay. Why, a new car only
costs --

JACK: Please! Don't mention new cars -- I wouldn't handle
them. How do you know what you're getting till it's
been tried? By someone else -- and as for price!
Well now, lady -- Happy Jack is never happier than when
he's shading the price a little to benefit a customer.

BLONDIE: (SYMPATHETIC) Oh -- is that so?

JACK: It's the truth. Why, I wouldn't lie to my own mother!
Now -- er, just how much can you pay?

BLONDIE: Well -- maybe five hundred at most...

JACK: Oh, lady! I'm entitled to a little sunshine, too...
and five hundred! No!

BLONDIE: Well, then...I guess we can't get together.

JACK: Wait a minute. Wait. This is so completely the car
for YOU. It suits you! And your husband would be so
disappointed to see it go to someone else...now...if
you only had a car to trade in...

BLONDIE: Oh, we have.

JACK: Ah! Now you'll see a sample of Happy Jack Service!
I'll make a trade in on your old crate that you'll
never forget. Now what kind of a car do you have?

BLONDIE: A Whimsy Six.

JACK: (APPALLED) Oh! Oh, that's too bad! We can't move
that Whimsy Six.

BLONDIE: Oh. How did you know? I'm sure YOU could make it run.

JACK: I can make anything run...for awhile. I mean you can't
SELL those Whimsies. Why, in my family we never allow
the name to be mentioned. On account of my father.

BLONDIE: Your father?

JACK: One of the greatest salesmen of all time! He made a
fortune with a dry ice concession in Alaska. That's
the kind of salesman HE was. But when he tried to
sell a line of Whimsy cars....he went broke.

BLONDIE: Well. That's the kind of car we have. So if you won't trade it in I'm just wasting your time.

JACK: Wait a minute. Wait! I didn't say I WOULDN'T. I -- I'll take your car and sell it for junk.

BLONDIE: How much will you allow us?

JACK: One hundred dollars...I'll just tow a hundred dollars out to the scrap pile and forget it.

BLONDIE: One from seven ninety-five. That's still ~~too~~ much. Well -- I'm sorry. Goodbye.

JACK: Wait. I'll knock off my whole commission. Make it an even six hundred.

BLONDIE: Five hundred is my limit. Laughing Lorenzo across the street has one for....

JACK: That bandit! Don't go near him. Listen...could -- could you pay cash?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes. For ten percent off we will pay cash.

JACK: Ah. It's a deal! Five hundred cash.

BLONDIE: Why, no. Five hundred was my price. Ten percent off makes...er...Four hundred and fifty. Doesn't it?
I'M SO BAD AT FIGURES.

JACK: Yeah. You're practically helpless. Well -- I'm not money mad. All right, four hundred and fifty dollars, cash. Give me -- er -- just a small deposit. Just a matter of form....Anything you happen to have in your purse. Say a hundred dollars.

BLONDIE: My goodness -- I NEVER carry that much. I'll give you ten dollars.

JACK: Ten dollars?

BLONDIE: And the balance at five o'clock tonight when you deliver the car.

JACK: You want it delivered?

BLONDIE: Yes, please, at five sharp --

JACK: Well -- I --- okay. I'll be there.

BLONDIE: Don't be late. I want to surprise my husband! Oh -- and bring some extra gasoline.

JACK: Gas? What for?

BLONDIE: Why to put in our old car -- in case you CAN get it started! 'BYE.

(MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE...THEN UNDER:)

ANNOUNCER: Camel smokers everywhere are familiar with the slow-burning qualities of Camel's costlier tobaccos. More actual smoking for your money, yes, but you may ask: What does slow burning have to do with the pleasure you get from a cigarette? The best answer to that question is: Try Camels. In the first few puffs, you'll notice a fragrance and a delicate taste that only Camels long-burning costlier tobaccos can give. Camels are cooler, milder. They taste milder...smoke milder, too. Your tongue and your throat will tell you that. From every angle of smoking enjoyment -- from the first mellow Camel of the day, down to the last extra puff at night -- we believe you'll find that this remarkable combination of finer, more expensive tobaccos and longer burning will give you extra-smoking in good measure, and extra pleasure, too. By burning twenty-five percent slower than the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands tested, Camels give a smoking plus equal to FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Penny for penny, Camels are America's shrewdest cigarette buy... the quality cigarette every smoker can afford.

ORCHESTRA: (UP BRIEFLY, THEN UNDER)

GOODWIN: And now, returning to the Bumsteads, we find Dagwood standing uncertainly just inside the portal of a certain store on Main Street.

ORCHESTRA: (FADES OUT)

LULU: Something I can do for you, sir?

DAG: Why -- er -- you sell refrigerators here?

LULU: Well -- we keep trying.

DAG: My wife saw your ad in the paper and...

LULU: Oh that ad. Yes -- that's given me a lot of trouble.

DAG: Was something wrong with the ad?

LULU: Well, it's just that I look at the prices in that ad and then at the price tags on our goods and I don't know which to believe.

DAG: Well --- I don't want an expensive icebox. ~~I just want one with more room for sandwich material... you know. Liverwurst... ham... cheese....~~

LULU: Oh, a delicatessen special....

DAG: No -- no, there's just three of us in the family. Not counting Daisy the dog.

LULU: Well, here's a real cute family unit. (OPENS DOOR)
Just stand over here and take a peek inside.

DAG: My -- that seems pretty roomy all right. Maybe a little too roomy.

LULU: Suppose company drops in -- you have to think of that nowadays -- and I can see you're the executive type with plenty of entertaining to do. Now in this refrigerator you can take care of a whole bridge party.

DAG: Well -- we usually play in the living room. It's cozier.

LULU: (HIGH LAUGH) Oh, I do love a man with a sense of humor.
Oh my. Just let me have your name for this slip...

DAG: Well -- I'm not sure I'll buy ~~this one~~ ^{ANYTHING}.

LULU: No, no...just in case. Name please?

DAG: Bumstead. Dagwood Bumstead. But the icebox is for my wife -- MRS. Dagwood Bumstead.

LULU: What a lucky woman to have her helpmate buying her such a lovely gift! I often wish Herman was more thoughtful. Herman's my husband.

DAG: Maybe if you hinted, he'd buy you one of these.

LULU: With what? Poor Herman only has what I give him.
You see, Herman says there isn't any use in BOTH of us working. Well -- just sign here.

DAG: Well -- er -- I think I'd like to know more about this before I buy.

LULU: *My about Herman & no about the icebox.*
Oh -- I just figured a smart man like you would know more about it than I did by this time.

DAG: Well -- there might be one or two little things I overlooked.

LULU: (GOES INTO PATTERN) Well now I already called your attention to the capacity of this box. The lower rear portions provide ample space for from four to six chickens -- depending on wing spread -- as well as a special ham hook -- and a roost for a turkey. Now -- this here is an exclusive feature -- the ball-bearing butter dish! And here's a built-in icebag in case of a headache!

DAG: Wait. Let me see that butter dish. Hmm. My that's convenient.

LULU: And ICE CUBES! Just look at this special right angle ice tray. See? It slides out fourteen inches and then turns -- providing freezing area for additional cubes on the bias.

DAG: Er -- how many cubes does that make in all?

LULU: It makes sixty an hour, Mr. Bumstead.

DAG: Bumstead! I suppose that is kind of a hard name...

LULU: Oh, no. Mine is Yannafrantz.

DAG: Oh -- I'm sorry.

LULU: The name came with Herman -- my husband. And speaking of Herman. I I don't want to rush you -- but Herman DOES get mad if I work overtime. He says he won't have me coming home to a cold dinner -- after he's spent all day over a hot stove.

DAG: Oh! How much is this refrigerator?

LULU: Two hundred and twenty-five dollars, cash -- or as a special this week -- two hundred down and the balance in ~~eight~~ easy ~~monthly~~ payments of one dollar a week for ~~two~~ years.

DAG: Well, I'd rather pay cash, Miss -- er --

LULU: Just call me Lulu! Sign here, Mr. -- er --

DAG: Bumstead! And the box must be delivered by FIVE o'clock this evening. I want to surprise my wife!

LULU: I'll have it there if I have to carry it in person!
Er --- we have to ask a deposit of ten percent.

DAG: Well -- I just got paid today so...I mean -- er here
it is, twenty-five dollars. Take the refrigerator
around the back way -- and remember five o'clock sharp!
(MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

DAG: Er -- what time is it NOW, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Why -- it's just three minutes to five...

DAG: You're sure it isn't PAST five? Are the clocks still
fast like they were this morning?

BLONDIE: Oh no, dear. I set them back. I wanted to be SURE of
the time this evening.

DAG: I notice you keep looking at the clock.

BLONDIE: Well, my goodness -- you've asked me the time every
few minutes since you got home at four thirty. Er --
what made you so late, Dagwood?

DAG: Hmm? Oh -- you'll see at five o'clock.

BLONDIE: Five? Dagwood what's going to happen at FIVE? Do you
KNOW?

DAG: Sure I know. I ought to.

BLONDIE: But how did you ever find out? Did you SEE me buying
it?

DAG: Oh, no I -- what? Buying what?

BLONDIE: Oh, so you don't know?

DAG: Say, what did you buy, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh -- something you'll like -- wait and see....

DAG: Something I -- Oh, my gosh...

BLONDIE: What is it dear?

DAG: Well I -- I bought something too. You know -- it's
 what -- what we were talking about this morning.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! So did I!

DAG: Gee whiz...say we can't use TWO of them...Gosh! I'm
 sorry Blondie -- I --

BLONDIE: I paid ten dollars deposit on mine.

DAG: I paid twenty-five deposit.

BLONDIE: Why -- that's pretty high isn't it?

DAG: Well it's a special job. They say it'll make sixty an
 hour...

BLONDIE: My it must be bigger than the one I got...

DAG: It's plenty big. Room enough to take care of a whole
 bridge party -- and hang a ham in the back.

BLONDIE: Hang a -- Dagwood. Do you feel quite well dear?

DAG: No! I'm worried...we can't keep two iceboxes in our
 little kitchen.

BLONDIE: What? Was -- was it a refrigerator you bought?

DAG: Certainly. What did you think I was talking about?

BLONDIE: A car! That's what I bought. The car you've been
 wanting.

DAG: Blondie! You did? Say...that's swell!

BLONDIE: And you bought me a new refrigerator. Oh, you darling!

DAG: Gosh! Just for a minute there I was worried...that (TAKE)
 HEY. How can we afford them both anyway?

BLONDIE: Why the car was only four hundred fifty dollars --
after deducting the trade-in.

DAG: Well -- but the refrigerator was two hundred twenty-five
dollars...

BLONDIE: That's a total of six hundred seventy-five dollars --
and there's just five hundred left of your bonus money.

DAG: Yeah! We can't afford them Blondie (SIGHS) Well the
car can go back.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you wanted it so much...We -- we can do
with the old icebox.

DAG: No, sir. You'll be all tired out just trying to fit
things into that old ^{ice}box. And if we send back the car
we lose your ten dollar deposit.

BLONDIE: Well if we send back the icebox we lose your twenty-five
dollar deposit. I hate to lose any of that money.
There must be some way we can figure it out...

DAG: I don't see how...(KNOCKING) and there's someone at the
kitchen door. Lulu and the icebox!

BLONDIE: Lulu?

DAG: Sure. The woman that sold it to me! Lulu...er....
something.

BLONDIE: Well -- I'll let her in (GOING) Happy Jack will be here
any minute with the car (CLOCK STRIKES FIVE RAPIDLY)

DAG: Gosh! Lulu was right on time! I wish I could get places
on time...(DOORBELL) And that's Happy Jack, I suppose.
He's on time too. People like that make me nervous...

JACK: (COMING IN) Sit still my friend! Don't get up...I
walked right in...Happy Jack never stands on ceremony.

DAG: Oh...well...er how are you?

JACK: I'm sad, Bumstead -- sad and sick at heart. That noble little woman of yours slicked me today.

DAG: Now listen...

JACK: No offense!...She put it over on me all fair enough. But when I saw that old crate of yours just now... I knew I'd never dare tow it back to my place. My partner would never survive the sight. Now we're men of the world Bumstead! Be a sport! Raise the ante on the car you're buying...eh?

DAG: I'd like to oblige you -- but -- I'm afraid we can't pay as MUCH as my wife thought we could.

JACK: What? Why you couldn't offer LESS. Come out here Bumstead...just come out where this magnificent realization of the engineer's dream is leaning against the curb...(GOING) Just let me run over the points of that car with you...

DAG: (GOING) Well -- all right...I'll go but...well there's no harm to LOOK at it I guess.

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Right in this way Miss Yannafrantz.

LULU: Mrs! Mrs. Yannafrantz! But, I like to forget that. Just call me Lulu.

BLONDIE: Well all right, Lulu...now...why where's Dagwood gone? Oh -- he's out front with that automobile salesman.

LULU: Buying a machine too? My I wish I could have a little car. Herman keeps asking for one. Herman's my husband.

BLONDIE: Well maybe when Mr. Happy Jack comes in...he has a lot of cars.

LULU: Is that Happy Jack down on Grand Avenue? Oh, I know him! ...He keeps coming into the store with his wife to look at refrigerators...but he's never bought her one yet.

BLONDIE: He does? I mean -- he hasn't? Hmm? You want a car and his wife wants...(SUDDENLY) Listen Miss -- er Mrs...er... Lulu! Listen! You said out in the kitchen you couldn't trade in our old refrigerator and take anything off the price of the new one.

LULU: I wish I could. But they don't let us trade down at the store. It's all we can do to sell what we got on the floor.

BLONDIE: Well never mind...I think I see daylight....Oh....come in Dag! Come in Mr. -- er -- Happy....This is Lulu -- Happy.

JACK: Well now that's nice and friendly.

LULU: Pleased to meet you -- again.

JACK: Why it's the little lady that sells refrigerators. You folks buying a refrigerator TOO?

DAG: Why no -- I'm afraid not...you see..

BLONDIE: Excuse me Dagwood...but I've got a surprise for Mr. Happy, and for Lulu too.

DAG: You mean you're going to send BOTH the things back?

BLONDIE: Maybe not...

DAG: But Happy Jack here isn't happy any more. He wants more money...

BLONDIE: Never mind Dagwood.

DAG: But he won't take our old car...and....

BLONDIE: PLEASE Dagwood! Lulu can't take our old icebox either... and she's sorry as can be because it's a FINE icebox -- isn't it Lulu?

LULU: Well, it's okay -- sure...

BLONDIE: Now, Happy -- how would you like to sell LULU a car?

JACK: Eh? Sell...why...that's what I'm in business for...but...

BLONDIE: All right.

DAG: Now look, Blondie...let's just tell these people the truth and...

BLONDIE: Why I'm GOING to, Dagwood. Now Happy would like an ~~icebox~~ ^{Refrigerator} for his wife...but he wants one that he KNOWS is good -- just like the cars he sells. Why he told me himself today he wouldn't sell NEW cars because they've never been tried out. So what he wants is a used...just SLIGHTLY used icebox.

JACK: Well, now -- I'm not sure that...

BLONDIE: And Lulu is the same way. She wants a car for Herman. She can't afford a new car but she could afford one like our old one.

LULU: Well, I...

BLONDIE: Now you're in the icebox business, Lulu. IF YOU WERE SELLING our icebox wouldn't you ask -- say one hundred fifty dollars?

LULU: Selling it? Oh, well -- sure...

BLONDIE: That's what I thought!..and YOU, Happy, are in the slightly used-up car business. Wouldn't you trade our old car for a hundred and fifty dollar icebox that you need?

JACK: Would I -- why sure. In a minute.

BLONDIE: Okay -- it's a deal.

DAG: Wait. Wait a minute -- I'm dizzy. What's going on here?

BLONDIE: Just a little friendly business deal...See -- Lulu trades in our old icebox at one hundred fifty dollars. That's the price she set on it herself. But she doesn't take it back to the store. She trades it again to Happy Jack for our old car.

JACK: But -- I.

BLONDIE: One hundred fifty dollars is just what he allowed me on it today...So both things cost them one hundred fifty dollars and they trade even. See?

DAG: But wait Blondie...you're forgetting something. It wouldn't be fair to Lulu, here. Why our car won't RUN.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes it will. After you told me this morning that it was just gummed up inside why I simply took some of my Whizzo and poured into it.

DAG: Whizzo?

BLONDIE: Umhmm. That's what I clean drains with...and now the car works fine.

JACK: Whizzo, eh? I'll have to remember that.

DAG: Oh, well if the car runs it all sounds fair to me.

JACK: Me too...but...er...just let me LOOK at that old icebox of yours.

BLONDIE: Take him out and show him Lulu...and if you want that car -- show him ALL its advantages.

LULU: (GOING) Leave it to me.

JACK: (GOING) My, the wife will be tickled if I bring her home a refrigerator.

BLONDIE: See Dagwood? Everything's all right.

DAG: Is it? I'm kind of mixed up...but, it looks to me as though we haven't saved anything. Why THEY get our old icebox...AND our old car...

BLONDIE: I know Dagwood but we got a trade-in allowance of one hundred fifty dollars, for the car off the price of the new one...and as for the icebox -- we only paid one hundred dollars for that in the first place and we've USED it four years. (That's twenty-five dollars per year for using it. And think of all the meals we have had...and the sandwiches.

DAG: Oh -- yeah...sure that's all right. Say are we really getting both the new icebox and the new car somehow?

BLONDIE: Unless Happy Jack gets away from Lulu.

JACK: (ENTERING) Well folks -- I'm satisfied.

LULU: So am I.

BLONDIE: All right. Now Dagwood and I own a new icebox and a new second-hand car. Lulu owns our old car -- and Happy Jack is happier than ever with our old refrigerator for his wife.

DAG: Wait a minute. I KNEW something was wrong. I've been doing some figuring -- and look! We've got to pay Lulu twenty-five dollars for the new icebox less one hundred fifty dollars for our old one -- right?

OMNES: (CHANTING) R-I-G-H-T.

DAG: And we pay Happy Jack four hundred fifty dollars net for our new car -- right?

OMNES: R-i-g-h-t.

DAG: That's a total of -- wait a minute -- (VERY RAPIDLY)
Two Hundred twenty-five dollars -- less one hundred
fifty dollars is seventy-five dollars -- plus four
hundred fifty dollars is five hundred twenty-five dollars
Five hundred and twenty-five dollars total we pay out --
and we've only got five hundred to pay WITH Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm glad you mentioned that Dagwood. We've
forgotten that you and I've already paid out deposits,
amounting to thirty-five dollars -- so that extra
twenty-five dollars you just mentioned Dagwood --
subtracted from the thirty-five dollars they HAVE leaves
ten dollars. THEY owe US ten dollars. Have you still
got that ten I gave you today Mr. Happy?

JACK: I can see I'm not going to have it long. But -- Lady --
it's worth it just to watch you work. Here's the ten.
Come on Lulu -- let's go before this fine little woman
gets any new ideas...

LULU: Well -- er -- goodnight....My Herman's going to be
pleased with that car...

DAG: Well -- er -- goodnight folks...

HAPPY: Goodnight -- goodnight -- and Mrs. Bumstead -- if ever
you get tired washing dishes there's a place for you in
my little used car salopn. Goodnight.

BLONDIE: Goodnight (DOOR SHUTS) Oh, Dagwood -- you were SO smart
to figure out that business about the extra twenty-five
dollars.

DAG: Yeah! -- *I always was pretty good*
~~New we got a car -- an icebox and ten dollars~~
left of my bonus. What'll we do with this ten?

at a rate

BLONDIE: Well -- there's so much more room in the new icebox --
we ought to lay in extra sandwich material...

DAG: Say, that's right!..It'll look pretty empty if we
don't. Come on -- we'll hop in the new car and drive
to the store now...

BLONDIE: Wait till I put on my hat...

DAG: Lesse now...I'll want some spiced beef ..and liverwurst
...and hogshead cheese...Oh! And I want a loaf of that
long French bread, too.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood?

DAG: Well -- I'm going to try a new sandwich. See -- I'll
slice the long French bread the long way -- and instead
of piling up my ingredients -- I'll lay them along it
side by side --

BLONDIE: But how could you eat a long sandwich like that?

DAG: Oh -- you eat it like a harmonica!

ORCHESTRA: (IN FULL...THEN UNDER)

GOODWIN: (CLOSING)

"BLONDIE"
7/24/39 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: And so we leave Blondie and Dagwood -- until next Monday when we invite you to listen again to new adventures of this family made famous by Chic Young's popular King Feature comic strip. Blondie and Dagwood are played by Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake -- watch for their new Columbia Picture "Blondie Takes A Vacation." You'll enjoy them on the screen, too. The makers of Camel Cigarettes who bring you "Blondie" over the air each Monday have two other radio treats on the air this summer. Tomorrow night over these same stations -- Bob Crosby and his sensational Dixieland Band with Johnny Mercer. On Saturdays -- over another network -- Benny Goodman and the world's greatest collection of master swing musicians bring you tops in swing. That's for your radio pleasure -- and for smoking pleasure at its best try Camels -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Penny for Penny Camels are your best cigarette buy.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FULL WITH THEME)

(CREDITS)

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