

1-15-42  
#132

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1942

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

n. y.

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen  
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette  
of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

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"BLONDIE"

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GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, Christmas has come and gone -- the Christmas gifts that didn't fit have been exchanged, the tree is beginning to shed needles all over the floor, several of Alexander's new toys are already out of commission, and Blondie and Dagwood are looking forward to the New Year and what it will bring. They're just sitting down in the living room this evening when there's a knock at the door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

The Bumsteads don't know it, but Fate has a little New Year's present for them, and I don't think they're going to be pleased with it...Let's see who's at the door...

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Yes?

EDGAR: (A SMOOTH-TALKING PARASITE) Well, well! Hello, Cousin Blondie!

BLONDIE: Oh!...It's -- it's -- uh --

EDGAR: It's your Cousin Edgar.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- Cousin Edgar. Well, this certainly is a surprise. *COUSIN EDGAR, DAGWOOD.*

EDGAR: And Cousin Dagwood -- how are you?

DAGWOOD: Er -- hello.

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- won't you come in?

EDGAR: Thank you, Blondie.

(DOOR CLOSES)

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"BLONDIE"  
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EDGAR: Well, you've got a nice little place here. A nice quiet street, a pleasant friendly home, and plenty of room.

DAGWOOD: Plenty of room?

BLONDIE: What are you doing <sup>over</sup> in/town, Edgar? Just <sup>KIND OF</sup> passing through?

EDGAR: Say -- it was swell of you to invite me to visit you.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: I don't exactly remember -- of course, you're welcome but I --

EDGAR: It was right on your Christmas card. A little note... <sup>BLONDIE!</sup> where? Here it is -- I brought it with me. See? You wrote -- "Come and visit us sometime." <sup>BLONDIE! oh yes.</sup>

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- that's my handwriting. *I THINK.*

EDGAR: <sup>YOU KNOW I</sup> ~~So I just~~ thought to myself, "You've always wanted to know Cousin Blondie and Dagwood better -- why put off seeing them since they've been so kind as to invite you." <sup>So</sup> ~~And~~ here I am... By the way, have you had dinner?

BLONDIE: We just finished about an hour ago.

EDGAR: That's all right -- I'll go out and see what I can find in the icebox.

BLONDIE: But Cousin Edgar, --

EDGAR: Now, now, Blondie -- I don't want you and Dagwood to consider me as a guest. I want to be just like a member of the family, I'll go right out into the kitchen by myself. Oh, by the way, Dagwood.

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DAGWOOD: Yeah?

EDGAR: I left a few things outside on the front porch.  
Would you mind bringing them in for me?

DAGWOOD: Well, why don't you --

EDGAR: Thanks, Dagwood...I wouldn't ask you if I weren't *NEARLY*  
starved. (FADING)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie...

BLONDIE: Honestly, Dagwood, I'm sure I didn't invite him.  
The only person I asked to visit us was Aunt Margaret  
and I was sure she wouldn't come anyway because she  
hates to travel...Oh, Dagwood, do you suppose I  
slipped the card for her into Cousin Edgar's envelope  
by mistake?

DAGWOOD: That's what it looks like...How long do you suppose *BLONDIE! HOW DID I DO A THING LIKE THAT.*  
he expects to stay?

BLONDIE: Oh, not very long, I'm sure. Edgar's really very  
nice, though, Dagwood. He really is.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmmmmmm.

BLONDIE: I don't think he'll be much bother.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmmmmmmmmmm.

BLONDIE: And he did say not to consider him a guest / just to *I THOUGHT THAT WAS VERY NICE.*  
treat him like one of the family.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmmmmmmmmmm.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, just because Edgar is a relative on  
my side of the family you don't have to take that  
attitude. Everytime one of my relatives drops in to  
say hello you always stand around and say "Hmmmmmm."

DAGWOOD: What else is there to say? Well, I'll go out and bring his bags in from the porch.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I suppose I shouldn't really be sore just because -- hey, Blondie! Look!

BLONDIE: Five suitcases!

DAGWOOD: This is an outrage! I'll bet everything he owns is in those suitcases! He's moving in on us! He'll never leave! I'll bet he's planning to stay with us for the rest of his life!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, well! It looks as though a new and disturbing element has entered the life of the Bumsteads in the form of Blondie's Cousin Edgar. And it does seem as though he's planning to become a permanent guest in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue. Well, wonder how this is going to come out -- if it does come out. We'll see in just a moment.

(PHONE RINGS)

*BLONDIE!*  
~~GOODWIN~~ →

Sounded like the phone. Will you answer it, Dagwood?

(STEPS)

DAGWOOD: Hello.

VOICE: (FILTER) Hello, this is a radio survey calling. What program are you listening to?

DAGWOOD: That's a laugh!

VOICE: I beg your pardon?

DAGWOOD: (CALLING) Hey, Blondie, this fellow on the phone wants to know what program we're listening to!

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Well, tell him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Don't you know this is the Blondie program?

VOICE: And who is the sponsor, please?

DAGWOOD: Ho-ho! Blondie, he wants to know who the sponsor is!

BLONDIE: Tell him, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (TO PHONE) Can't you see, I'm smoking one now! Oh, you can't can you? It's Camel Cigarettes, of course! How could anybody smoke a Camel and not remember it with pleasure!

GOODWIN: Doesn't seem likely, does it, Dagwood? The very first time you smoke a Camel you notice that rich, extra flavor -- and the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy it fully. You notice the way a Camel burns more slowly, giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking, too! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos -- and even more important is the famous Camel know-how -- the years of experience in blending costlier tobaccos to make a better cigarette. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll see what a difference expert blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's about an hour later. Cousin Edgar has made himself perfectly at home. <sup>AND</sup> Here he is, stretched out full length on Dagwood's favorite couch, while Blondie and Dagwood try to find out something about him...

BLONDIE: Well, Cousin Edgar, if I'm not too inquisitive -- what do you do?

EDGAR: Oh, I...ah...I didn't get you, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: She asked what you did.

EDGAR: Oh...You know, you've got a nice little place here.

BLONDIE: Yes. Cousin Edgar. What business are you in?

EDGAR: Oh...Well -- er -- I'm sort of a salesman.

DAGWOOD: What are you selling now? *COUSIN EDGAR?*

EDGAR: Nothing right now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Is that hard to sell?

BLONDIE: Oh, I see -- you're looking for work.

EDGAR: Oh, no. I'm waiting for offers.

BLONDIE: How long does it usually take to get a job?

EDGAR: Don't say a "job," Blondie -- it doesn't give the right picture of what I do. "Position" is a better word.

BLONDIE: Well, "position" then.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- How long does it usually take?

EDGAR: Why, sometimes, no more than four or five months.

DAGWOOD: For a while I was a little worried that -- months? Did ~~you~~ <sup>He</sup> say months?

BLONDIE: He said months.

EDGAR: Oh, yes, but it's always worth while waiting until the right position comes along. Of course, it has to be an important one, or I wouldn't consider it. It's got to be a big deal, or they don't get Edgar Slocum.

BLONDIE: And we get him.

EDGAR: Huh?



*COUSIN EDGAR*

DAGWOOD: By the way ~~for~~ these people who offer you the big deals -- do they know you're staying with us?

EDGAR: Oh, I'll let them know -- one of these days.

DAGWOOD: Couldn't you make it a little sooner than that?

EDGAR: Why?

*COUSIN EDGAR*  
BLONDIE: You see, we had a budget for the three of us and along came Cookie and we worked it out just for four people, so then Daisy and the puppies...

EDGAR: Well, now don't you worry about a thing, Blondie. I'm not worried, so there's no reason you should be.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm not worried, I <sup>*Guess I*</sup> just look a little tired...oh, tired...Dagwood, it's past our bed time.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

BLONDIE: If you're not coming up now, Edgar, don't forget to turn the lights out.

EDGAR: Oh, no. Since I ~~have~~ <sup>*HAVEN'T MUCH*</sup> got ~~nothing~~ to do tomorrow I think I'll ~~stay here for a while~~ <sup>*JUST LOUNGE AROUND*</sup> and read the paper. *A WHILE.*

DAGWOOD: That's fine. The want ad section is on page eight ~~in case~~ *you want it. There's some INTERESTING STUFF There.*

EDGAR: (LAUGHS) Great little kiddie, eh, Dagwood? Good night!  
(FADING)

(GOING UPSTAIRS)

BLONDIE: Good night, Edgar.

EDGAR: (OFF) Good night.

DAGWOOD: My gosh, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Four or five months before he'll get a job. Is he going to stay here all that time?

BLONDIE: Well, why ask me?

(DOOR OPEN)

DAGWOOD: He's your relative!

(DOOR CLOSE)

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, he seems pleasant enough. After all, it could be worse.

DAGWOOD: How could it be worse?

BLONDIE: Well, it could be your Cousin Homer.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I forgot about him.

BLONDIE: Just remember, there are jokers in both our family trees.

DAGWOOD: I know, honey, but my relatives stay put, and yours keep dropping out of that tree to visit us.

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Blondie -- don't look at me like that. I'm only wondering what we're going to do about Cousin Edgar. ~~Our budget is very shaky. Something awful is going to happen if Cousin Edgar tramples around on it.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I know but~~ -- maybe he won't stay long.

DAGWOOD: Maybe, but I thought he took a very permanent attitude about things.

BLONDIE: Well, I tell you, Dagwood -- I'll talk to him the first thing tomorrow morning. After all, he ~~really~~ is my cousin.

DAGWOOD: *You will?* <sup>well</sup> Make it good and strong.

BLONDIE: I will.

DAGWOOD: Get tough with him if you have to. Tell him we can't afford to have him <sup>LOUNGING</sup> ~~loafing~~ around the house. <sup>ALSO TELL HIM</sup> ~~That~~ it's not fair to make Alexander sleep in the baby's room just so he can have a room of his own. Be emphatic! Tell him where to head in.

BLONDIE: All right. I'll tell him just as soon as he comes down to breakfast in the morning. <sup>I'LL TALK TO HIM</sup> ~~Just as though he were one of your relatives.~~

MUSIC:

EDGAR: (OFF) Oh, Blondie??...

BLONDIE: I'm out in the kitchen, Edgar (TO SELF) I've got to tell him now -- I've got to <sup>BE EMPHATIC AND</sup> make everything perfectly clear to him.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

EDGAR: Good morning, Blondie. (YAWNS) I hope I'm not too late for a little breakfast.

BLONDIE: Well, it's almost eleven, but I kept the coffee on the stove, and there's some orange juice in the ice box...Just sit down.

EDGAR: Thank you, Blondie.

(RATTLE OF COFFEE POT...ETC)

BLONDIE: Edgar, there's something I'd like to talk to you about...

EDGAR: (QUICKLY) I'll bet you want to know <sup>ABOUT</sup> ~~how~~ Aunt Margaret and Uncle Harold ~~are~~, don't you?

BLONDIE: Well, yes, but --

EDGAR: They sent their very best to you, and Aunt Margaret told me I'd find you were the sweetest and most considerate person in the world.

BLONDIE: Well, that's awfully nice of her to say that, but just the same, Edgar --

EDGAR: You know, Blondie, you've got a wonderful little home here! <sup>BLONDIE: I WANT TO TELL ---</sup> Everything spic and span and in excellent taste. But I know it would be like this.

BLONDIE: <sup>oh</sup> Thank you, Edgar...Here's your coffee.

EDGAR: <sup>THANKS THAT'S</sup> Ah, ~~this is~~ swell.

BLONDIE: Now, Edgar, I think it's only fair for me to tell you --

*BLONDIE:  
HAH?*

EDGAR: By the way, Blondie -- how old are you? About twenty-two, aren't you?

BLONDIE: Well, that's quite a compliment. After all, I am the mother of two children. *DID YOU SAY Y-Y?*

EDGAR: Say, and aren't they wonderful! Yes, sir! I talked to Alexander, and he's quite a young man.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood and I think he's way above average.

EDGAR: He's definitely in the genius class. *BLONDIE: Do you think so too...* He's got a great future ahead of him, and I'll bet Cookie is *EDGAR: Why* going to be just as sweet and lovely as you, Blondie. *Certainly*

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Would you like me to fry you some eggs?

EDGAR: Oh, thanks.

BLONDIE: One or two?

EDGAR: Er -- three, please.

BLONDIE: All right.

EDGAR: Oh, by the way, *COUSIN* Blondie -- I'd like to ask a little favor of you.

BLONDIE: What is it, Edgar?

EDGAR: No, Blondie, I shouldn't ask you, and I'm not going to.

BLONDIE: *Oh, come on*  
~~Well, then, if you don't want to ask~~

EDGAR: (QUICKLY) All right, Blondie -- I'll tell you. I wondered if you could let me have five dollars.

BLONDIE: Five dollars?

EDGAR: It's only temporary, of course. Until I establish banking connections here in town.

BLONDIE: Well, that's sort of a lot of money for us...

EDGAR: Well, if you'd rather not help me out, that's all right.

BLONDIE: I do want to help you, Edgar, but --  
EDGAR: Oh, that's wonderful of you, Blondie. I knew I could count on you.

BLONDIE: I'm <sup>NOT SURE</sup> I guess I have five dollars in the teapot.

<sup>oh</sup> (RATTLE OF TEAPOT COVER)

BLONDIE: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 Edgar, I'd rather you didn't say anything to Dagwood about this.

EDGAR: Of course not, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Here you are...You're sure it's only temporary?

EDGAR: Oh, sure. And you won't have to explain to Dagwood about it.

BLONDIE: I'm not worrying so much about Dagwood -- I'd just like to know how I'm going to explain this to the milkman.

MUSIC:

EDGAR: SAY DAGWOOD, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO EAT THE REST OF YOUR DESSERT -- COULD I HAVE IT?

DAGWOOD: <sup>Help your self</sup> (COME UP ON RESTAURANT SOUNDS)  
But Edgar, you still haven't told me why you wanted to have lunch with me.

EDGAR: Oh...Oh, yes. Well, Dagwood, I don't know you very well, but I'm very much impressed with your ability.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- er -- thanks, <sup>COUSIN</sup> Edgar.

EDGAR: Not at all. Now I'm going to be very frank with you. and I want you to be frank with me.

DAGWOOD: <sup>oh you po? well COUSIN EDGAR --</sup> ~~Okay~~ -- there are a few things I'd like to talk to you about. In the first place --

EDGAR: Pardon me, Dagwood.

IN THE FIRST PLACE - - -

DAGWOOD:

Hanh?

EDGAR:

I've gotten the impression that perhaps you could use a little extra income.

DAGWOOD:

Well, I guess that's right. Christmas and everything you know. *I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU*

EDGAR:

I know how to get it for you.

DAGWOOD:

How's that?

EDGAR:

Dagwood, I hope you'll pardon me for seeming to be sticking my nose in your business, but I think you deserve a raise. A man of your ability should never have to worry about money.

DAGWOOD:

Doesn't everybody?

EDGAR:

*No* - No. - Why, Dagwood, you should be one of the guiding geniuses of the company.

DAGWOOD:

Gee, do you really think so?

EDGAR:

*why* - Certainly! And then Alexander and Cookie -- those two swell kids of yours <sup>They</sup> can point to you <sup>WITH PRIDE</sup> and say,

*DAGWOOD:* "That's our <sup>Pop</sup> ~~dad~~ -- he's the most important man in the ~~the~~ <sup>DITHERS COMPANY?</sup> --"

*EDGAR:* "Yes the Dithers Company."

DAGWOOD:

Alexander says that now.

EDGAR:

Ah, he <sup>ISN'T</sup> a swell youngster.

DAGWOOD:

Yep, he certainly is.

EDGAR:

Now I'm going to tell you just <sup>WHAT</sup> ~~how~~ <sup>SAY</sup> ~~to approach~~ <sup>TO</sup> your boss Mr. Dithers, just how to get that raise. I'm going to do it right now, and I'll go over with you to your office just in case you have <sup>TO ASK</sup> any questions. Yes, sir, Dagwood, by the time you pick up our lunch checks --

DAGWOOD:

Hanh?

EDGAR: -- You're going to know you'll be able to get that raise!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: *COUSIN EDGAR* (LOW) This is his office right here.

EDGAR: (LOW) All right -- you just go in and tell him what I told you. I'll wait here...You're a cinch for that raise, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You really think so, hunh?

EDGAR: Of course -- It's practically in your pocket now... Oh, by the way, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD Yeah?

EDGAR: Since I've got this raise for you -- It's a sure thing, *DAG: IT'S PRACTICALLY IN MY POCKET* you know I don't suppose you'd mind doing me a little favor, would you?

DAGWOOD: I guess not...What is it? *COUSIN EDGAR*

EDGAR: Could you loan me five dollars?

DAGWOOD: Five dollars?

EDGAR: It's only temporary, of course. Until I establish banking connections here in town.

DAGWOOD: Well, okay, *COUSIN* ~~Edgar~~ -- I guess I can take it right out of my raise.

EDGAR: Sure you can, Dagwood.



DAGWOOD: Here you are.

EDGAR: Thanks, Dagwood...Now go on in there, and don't take No for an answer.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Edgar.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Well, well! Who is it? What do you want? What is it?

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! <sup>EDGAR</sup> Maybe I'd better try some other time.

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in! Come in!

EDGAR: Go ahead, Dagwood...I'll wait here.

DAGWOOD: <sup>DON'T PUSH</sup> Okay.

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

DITHERS: Oh, so it's you, Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yes, J.C...You're looking swell today.

DITHERS: I feel awful...What did you want?

DAGWOOD: J. C., what would you say if I told you I'd been talking with a man who offered me another job at twice my present salary?

DITHERS: I'd say you'd been talking to a nincompoop.

DAGWOOD: <sup>oh yeah</sup> Well, frankly, J. C., I told him I thought it would be only fair to tell you about the offer.

DITHERS: It may be fair, but it's only a waste of time.

DAGWOOD: I thought you might want to make me a counter-offer.

DITHERS: Bumstead, what are you trying to do -- auction yourself off?

DAGWOOD: No, J. C., I just wanted you to know that I'd rather stay here -- at a small advance in salary -- than go to work for someone else at more money.

DITHERS: Well, that's very loyal of you, Dagwood. I appreciate loyalty and I -- what was that about a small advance in salary?

DAGWOOD: Just a <sup>LITTLE</sup> matter of ten dollars a week.

DITHERS: Are you trying to ask me for a raise?

DAGWOOD: <sup>no no</sup> ~~Well~~, not exactly. J. C. I'd just like an additional token of your confidence in my ability, and the best way you could express that would be by advancing me a ~~little~~ in salary.

DITHERS: ~~That sounds like a raise...~~ Who have you been talking to?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: Yes -- where'd you get this "Additional token of your confidence in my ability" stuff? And by the way, Bumstead -- have you finished drawing up plans for the Morton house?

DAGWOOD: Well, not yet, J. C.

DITHERS: Don't J. C. me!... Why haven't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see --

DITHERS: And did you go out to the factory we're building for the Wilkins Company and check the blueprints for that error in the foundation?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, Mr. Dithers. You told me to do something else.

DITHERS: Never mind what I tell you to do -- you do what I tell you.

DAGWOOD: Yessir!.....Hanh?

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Now take care of those things immediately, and don't bother me about a raise. You know how business has been, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir! *Mr Dithers. Dithers! WHAT!!*

*DAGWOOD: I'll see you LATER----*  
(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES....)

DAGWOOD: Whew!

EDGAR: (COMING UP) Well, Congratulations, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Give me that five dollars back.

EDGAR: Don't tell me he didn't give you that raise.

DAGWOOD: Don't tell me he did.

EDGAR: Why that's ridiculous...Come on, Dagwood -- we'll both go back in there and get that raise.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, I don't think we'd better.

EDGAR: Why not? Didn't you tell me at lunch that you had a contract with him that says he can't fire you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but --

EDGAR: Come on, Dagwood. What can he do to you?

DAGWOOD: Chase me out of his office.

EDGAR: Nonsense....We're going back in there. I'll show you how to do this.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR...)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Well, who is it now? Come in!

(DOOR OPENS...)

EDGAR: Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Certainly I'm Mr. Dithers. My name's on the door. Bumstead, what are you doing in here again? I thought I told you to get back to work!

DAGWOOD: ~~I was just leaving.~~ *I THOUGHT I LEFT MY HAT IN HERE AND I JUST THOT I'D COME BACK FOR IT.*

EDGAR: Stay here, Dagwood -- don't go.

DITHERS: Who are you?!!!

EDGAR: I'm Edgar Slocum....Here's my card.

(FLIP OF CARD)

DITHERS: Thank you.

(TEARING CARD UP...)

DITHERS: Now that takes care of you, Mr. Slocum.

EDGAR: Hold on a minute, Mr. Dithers. I'm representing Dagwood here in the matter of a raise in salary.

DITHERS: *oh* Trying to put pressure on me, eh? *DAG: YEAH - - -* And a moment ago *BUMSTEAD* you were talking about loyalty. Why I ought to fire you.

EDGAR: One moment, Dithers -- you can't do this to ~~me~~ <sup>ME</sup> Dagwood has been of invaluable help to you in the past. He's gotten you out of plenty of tight jams. What would you have done without him?

DITHERS: Lived a normal life.

DAGWOOD: Come on, Edgar -- let's go.

EDGAR: Stay here, Dagwood....Mr. Dithers, you ought to be ashamed of yourself -- grinding a valuable assistant like Dagwood into comparative obscurity. Doesn't your conscience keep you awake nights?

DITHERS: I've had just about enough of this monkey business. Goodbye.

EDGAR: Is that your final word, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: No, my final word is "Scram"!

EDGAR: In that case I'm going to advise Dagwood to resign from the J. C. Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?..Oh, no you don't!

EDGAR: There's no future here, Dagwood. Let's go.

DITHERS: You can go, Slocum. I have a few words to say to Bumstead in private.

EDGAR: I'll see you outside, Dagwood.

*DAG: yeah*  
DITHERS: (DOOR CLOSSES....) *(under breath)* Dithers! MY memo -- MY letters --  
Well, well, Dagwood -- you've been pretty frisky lately, haven't you? *DAG: I'M STILL HERE, MR DITHERS.*

DAGWOOD: Er -- I hadn't noticed, J. C. -- er -- Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Neglecting things, not taking the usual care I've come to expect from you. I was afraid that would happen when I gave you that contract guaranteeing not to fire you for a year. .. Well, Dagwood, I'm afraid I'm going to have to teach you a little lesson.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh! Don't tell me there's something wrong with that contract.

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) <sup>oh</sup> No, there's nothing wrong with the contract, Dagwood -- nothing at all. <sup>DAG: ah-h-h-h-</sup> It simply says that I, the party of the first part, agree to pay you, the party of the second part, a certain minimum specified salary for a year.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) Gee, Mr. Dithers, for a while I was afraid you were going to tell me you had a loophole in that contract and <sup>you</sup> were going to ~~fire me~~. <sup>Push Me Thru It</sup>

DITHERS: Oh, no, Dagwood -- I'm not going to fire you. I'm merely going to demote you.

DAGWOOD: Demote me?

DITHERS: Yes, I'm going to give you another job. It'll get you out in the fresh air a little more, give you plenty of exercise, and plenty of time to think things over.

DAGWOOD <sup>Swell---</sup> What's the job?

DITHERS: From now on, Dagwood, you are working for the J. C. Dithers Construction Company as a hod carrier!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh!

MUSIC . . . . .

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GOODWIN: Say, what's this? It looks as though Dagwood, with the help of Cousin Edgar, has talked himself right out of his regular job and into a new one as a hod carrier. I wonder what Blondie will say about this? And I wonder what Cousin Edgar will be up to next? Well, we'll see what happens in just a moment. But first -- listen!

(RUMBLE OF TRUCKS)

GOODWIN: Coming right at you is the Army's newest weapon -- made of steel and over half a mile long! It's traveling on trucks, dozens and dozens of them, and pretty soon it's going to have bombers on its back!

(OUT)

GOODWIN: Yes, it's a portable airplane landing field, hundreds of steel sections, ready to put down for quick air-and-ground coordination...another new trick for the United States Army, rapidly becoming the best-equipped in the world. But even the fighters manning Uncle Sam's newest weapons have some familiar Army ideas. Around the Post Exchanges you can still hear --

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please!

GOODWIN: Yes, actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite! And you don't have to look far to find the reasons!

VOICE: Camels make my cigarette money last, mister! They're slower-burning, and that means they give me extra smoking per cigarette per pack.

GOODWIN: ~~Yes~~<sup>S</sup>, and cooler smoking, too! Don't forget that Camel extra flavor, either -- or the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy it! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended with the famous Camel know-how, expertly and matchlessly, as Camel has learned in years of tobacco-blending experience. Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

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! Get a pack of cool, slow-burning Camels tonight! You'll see what a difference matchless blending of choice tobaccos can make!

MUSIC.....



GOODWIN: Well, it's a few hours later. Dagwood has come home from the office, and has just finished explaining the latest calamity to Blondie....

DAGWOOD: So that's the way things are, Blondie. I start to work next week on the Wilkens factory -- carrying bricks. Lots of them -- up and down ladders.

BLONDIE: But you won't have to spend eight hours a day carrying bricks, will you?

DAGWOOD: No, I understand that part of the time they let you carry sacks of cement to break up the monotony.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

DAGWOOD: It's all Edgar's fault. *BLONDIE: YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR YOUR OLD SUIT FOR THAT.* He asked me to go out to lunch with him, and then he talked me into seeing Mr. Dithers and asking for a raise so I wouldn't be financially embarrassed when a guest dropped in on us.

BLONDIE: Is that what he said?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but in words that made me think I'd made a big mistake not running for governor of the state in the last election...He's a confidence man -- that's what he is! I won't stand to have him around here! *EVERY DAY* He's gotten me into enough trouble!

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood -- please calm down. Don't shout like that -- you'll wake up Cookie and the pups and then we won't be able to hear ourselves think.

DAGWOOD: You've got to get rid of that guy, Blondie. He's your relative -- not mine. <sup>WAIT A MINUTE</sup> Did you talk to him this morning?

BLONDIE: Oh.....Well, yes -- in a way.

DAGWOOD: Didn't you explain to him?

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- no, Dagwood, I'm afraid I didn't.

DAGWOOD: Well, what did you do?

BLONDIE: Well -- er -- Dagwood, you won't be mad at me? *WILL YOU?*

DAGWOOD: No, of course not, honey. *BUT WHAT DID YOU DO?*

BLONDIE: Promise?

DAGWOOD: *YES I PROMISE*  
~~sure.~~

BLONDIE: *well* Dagwood, *YOU BETTER SIT DOWN DAV. DAB: OKAY* I loaned Edgar five dollars.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooh!

BLONDIE: I don't know why I did it. And I had an awful time putting off the milkman. He kept cross-examining me, but I told him I'd get the money from you and give it to him tomorrow morning.

DAGWOOD: I haven't got it, Blondie. Edgar talked me into loaning him five dollars, too.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, *Move over* you didn't loan him -- well, I guess I shouldn't say anything.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, this is terrible. This is a crisis.

BLONDIE: I know.

DAGWOOD: I guess there's only one thing to do. I'm going to throw him out of this house! I'm going to throw him out bodily!

BLONDIE: I don't care! I'm going to take him and --

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

*BLONDIE: Hello EDGAR*

EDGAR: (OFF) Good evening, everybody.

DAGWOOD: Aha!

EDGAR: Hello, Dagwood -- congratulations.

DAGWOOD: Congratulations on what?

EDGAR: On my saving your job for you.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

EDGAR: That's right. I went back and had a long talk with <sup>je</sup>~~Dithers~~ after you told me what happened.

BLONDIE: You mean <sup>je--er</sup>Mr. Dithers is going to give Dagwood his regular job back? Oh, that's wonderful!

EDGAR: Well, now wait a minute -- it's not exactly that. I guess you're still going to work as a hod-carrier, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Then why did you congratulate me?

EDGAR: Didn't you stop to think that if you're working carrying bricks, that Mr. Dithers would get someone else to fill your place -- and that you might never get your job back again?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- I never thought about that.

BLONDIE: Neither did I.

EDGAR: It's <sup>a</sup>fortunate *THING THAT I HAPPEN TO BE STAYING HERE.* ~~you have me around here.~~ I saved the job for you, Dagwood. I talked Mr. Dithers into giving the position to me. *Blondie! You WHAT?* Well, doesn't that please you?

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: But Edgar -- what do you know about Dagwood's job?

EDGAR: Nothing, but that's simple. I'll pretend to work during the day, and I'll bring everything back here at night. Then when Dagwood gets home from carrying bricks, he can polish off the work I bring back. What could be easier than that?

DAGWOOD: Ten years at hard labor.

EDGAR: Well, if you don't want me to hold your job for you --

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- no. I guess this is the best way.  
(RELUCTANTLY) Thanks -- very much <sup>Cousin</sup> / Edgar.

EDGAR: Oh, that's all right, Dagwood...I think I'll go upstairs and wash for dinner now. (FADING) I'm starved.

DAGWOOD: Now he's starved.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness, Dagwood. You'll be holding two jobs at the same time and only getting paid for one.

DAGWOOD: What else could I do, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I don't know dear...

DAGWOOD: Gee, we can't very well kick Edgar out of the house now. He's got to stay here -- to hold my job, which I wouldn't have lost if he hadn't been staying here in the first place.

BLONDIE: It looks as though he's got things so he can take it easy and you do all the work.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. And another thing -- he snores.

BLONDIE: ~~But~~ <sup>Well</sup> cheer up, Dagwood...maybe it'll all work out all right.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, if he's a success at my job, maybe we can move in and live with him. Oh unhappy new year.

MUSIC.....

GOODWIN: Well, poor Dagwood, next week he starts in working for the J.C. Dithers Company as a hod carrier. That's hard work, and I'm afraid that he is going to be coming home with his body all aching and wracked with pain. What's worse -- and this is confidential -- I happen to know that Dagwood's new foreman will be Red Hogan, one of the roughest, toughest men in the construction business. and personally, I don't see how Dagwood can avoid tangling with him, And if Dagwood does get into a fight with Red Hogan, how will he come out -- victorious or feet first? And what will Cousin Edgar be up to in the meantime?

Well, for the answers to these questions, don't forget to listen in next week and see what happens in the Bumstead family as "Blondie's Cousin Stays On."

"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.

Next Friday night, over most of these same stations, a brand new program joins the Camel family -- a new comedy quiz show called "How'm I doin'" -- conducted by that master of quiz-masters -- Bob Hawk. ~~And the New Year brings you a new schedule for your Camel radio programs.~~  
~~You see,~~ Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie," Tuesday  
(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN: night it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's Al Pearce,  
(Cont'd) and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'"  
with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra.  
Be sure to check your local newspaper for time and station.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: Yes sir, the Camels are coming -- and in army language  
that means that once again the Camel Caravan is rolling  
around from one army camp to another giving free open air  
shows for the men. Tonight the Camel Caravan will be at  
the Air Base in Savannah, Georgia and Tuesday, Wednesday  
and Thursday nights at Camp Blanding, Florida. Next  
Monday night they move on to Jacksonville, Florida to  
perform for the Naval Training station there. Best wishes  
Camel Caravan, may your audiences for the New Year have  
a grand time.  
This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel  
Cigarettes.

ANNOUNCER: Two and a quarter ounces for ten cents! Think that  
over, pipe-smokers, and compare it with the price  
and quantity of the tobacco you're smoking now.  
It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco, in the big  
blue two and a quarter ounce package. Plunk down  
a dime yourself. You'll find George Washington is  
mild, mellow, and tasty -- right down to the last  
puff at the bottom of the bowl. You'll agree  
that George Washington is America's biggest value  
in smoking pleasure.  
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.