

Master

4/13/42

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

GOODWIN: Ask a Camel smoker why he smokes Camels and chances are he'll say -- "I like the way they taste -- they taste good all the time!" You'll understand that the first time you smoke a Camel. You'll see how extra mildness lets you enjoy extra flavor. Reason for that is costlier tobaccos, and even more important, the way those costlier tobaccos are blended, expertly, matchlessly, to make a better cigarette. Less nicotine in the smoke, too! Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, tonight, Blondie is attending a Red Cross meeting and Dagwood is more or less alone in the house. Not quite, because here comes Cousin Edgar into the living room. He has a document of some sort in one hand and a fountain pen in the other, and he's going right over to where Dagwood is reading the evening paper....

EDGAR: Oh, Dagwood.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

~~EDGAR: Can I interrupt you for a moment?~~

~~DAGWOOD: You have already. What is it?~~

(PUTS PAPER DOWN)

EDGAR: Would you mind signing this. It'll only take a minute.

DAGWOOD: Signing what?

EDGAR: Er -- well, it's just a -- well, you know -- one of those things you have to have signed by someone who knows you.

DAGWOOD: Oh...Let me read it first.

EDGAR: Don't bother about that. Just sign it here -- where the X is.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- wait a minute. This looks like some sort of a loan.

EDGAR: Well yes, it is, if that's the way you want to look at it. I want you to be a co-signer.

DAGWOOD: Co-signer? I don't like the sound of that.

~~EDGAR: It's really all right.~~

DAGWOOD: Doesn't ^{that} ~~it~~ mean that if you don't pay back the loan, I've got to pay it?

EDGAR: Well, ^{if you want to be technical --} you see, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: I won't do it!

EDGAR: Wait a minute, ~~Dagwood~~ I'll tell you what it's for, ^{Dagwood}.
I've fallen in love.

DAGWOOD: I won't do it. I won't -- You've fallen in love?

EDGAR: Yes Dagwood, I have.

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, why should you be an exception...~~ Who is she?

EDGAR: Her name's Veronica Poole. ^{She's lovely.} She's an heiress from
Sheridan City. I have to have some money to take her
out. That's why I'm trying to float this ^{insignificant} little loan
of four hundred dollars.

DAGWOOD: Four hundred! That's not a loan, that's practically
a bond issue.

EDGAR: But co-signing this note won't hurt anything. It just
guarantees it. I pay so much out of my salary from the
Dithers Company every week. ^{till it's paid.}

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm.

EDGAR: I do need it, too. I want to buy a ring so Veronica and
I can become engaged and get married and go away
somewhere on our honeymoon.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's very nice, Edgar, but I -- did you say
"go away?"

EDGAR: Why, sure.

DAGWOOD: If you were married, you wouldn't live here, would you?

EDGAR: No. We'd probably live in her family's big home down
in North Carolina and --

DAGWOOD: That's enough. Give me the pen. ^{where's the place?} I'll co-sign this
note.

EDGAR: Well, thanks, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad to do it. And I hope you believe in a ~~fast~~
~~build-up,~~ a short engagement, ~~and~~ a speedy wedding! ~~AND A~~
FAST going AWAY PARTY.

MUSIC:

(BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

~~Blondie!~~
BLONDIE: ~~More TOAST, Dagwood?~~ Dagwood: THANKS honey.
Dagwood, there's something I want to talk to you about
this morning before you leave for the office.

DAGWOOD: ~~WHAT IS IT?~~
Sure, Blondie.

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, we've just got to have more room.~~

~~DAGWOOD: What do you mean more room, honey?~~

BLONDIE: Well, dear, I'm afraid we'll just have to have a bigger
house.

DAGWOOD: Move away from Shady Lane Avenue?

BLONDIE: Well I don't like it either, but after all, we're all
cramped up here. Cookie's going to need a room of her
own. ^{soon} She's getting so she sings to herself before she
~~goes to sleep and when she wakes up, and that keeps~~
~~Alexander awake. It's not fair to either of them.~~

DAGWOOD: I suppose ^{so} not.

BLONDIE: And Cousin Edgar is getting to be a permanent fixture in
the spare room.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: What's funny about it?

DAGWOOD: I don't think Cousin Edgar is going to be with us long.

BLONDIE: Good! Why not?

DAGWOOD: He's fallen in love.

BLONDIE: What's that got to do with it? That'll only keep him
out late nights.

DAGWOOD: No, he says he's in love with a wealthy heiress from Sheridan City.

BLONDIE: Imagine that. You might know she'd be wealthy.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. And of course if they get married -- (LAUGHS)
-- that would be the end of Edgar.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- that's wonderful news.

DAGWOOD: It makes me feel as though I'd just found a lot of money.

(FEET DOWN STAIRS)

EDGAR: (OFF A BIT) Good morning, everyone.

BLONDIE: Good morning, Edgar. Congratulations!

EDGAR: ^{THANKS.}
^ What for?

BLONDIE: Er -- I mean, congratulations on the possibility of your getting engaged and married.

EDGAR: Oh, that. Thanks, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Who's the -- uh -- fortunate girl?

EDGAR: Her name's Veronica Poole. I'm very anxious to have you meet her. She's lovely, and I know you'll like her.

DAGWOOD: We'd like anyone.

BLONDIE: We'll be sorry to see you go, but our loss is her gain.

(WEAK LAUGH)

EDGAR: THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BLONDIE.
DAGWOOD: I guess we can stand it.

BLONDIE: Where are you going on your honeymoon?

DAGWOOD: And when -- soon, I hope?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD - DON'T RUSH HIM.

EDGAR: Now wait a minute. I haven't known Veronica very long.

It's just that I'm ~~just~~ in love with her, ~~and her family~~
~~background~~

DAGWOOD: And all that money.

EDGAR: Well, it helps. I haven't proposed to her yet or anything, but I think she likes me a lot.

~~BLONDIE: Imagine that.~~

~~EDGAR: What do you mean by that?~~

~~BLONDIE: Well -- er -- uh -- I mean -- (LAUGHS) -- imagine not proposing to her.~~

~~EDGAR: Oh...And of course, she might not accept me.~~

BLONDIE: Well, if there's anything we can do, Edgar...

DAGWOOD: Anything at all.

EDGAR: That's very kind of you, but I'll manage all right. I've accumulated a little capital, and I'm sure I'll be able to make a good impression on Veronica.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- I've got to hurry or I'll be late to the office.

~~BLONDIE: Oh, yes, Dagwood!~~

DAGWOOD: Coming along, Edgar?

EDGAR: Er -- uh -- no, I'll be there a little later. I'm going to get my breakfast first...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! You've got to keep your job at the Dithers Company on account of you know why!

EDGAR: (OFF) Don't worry -- if Veronica accepts me, we'll take care of everything.

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Dagwood -- please hurry.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Get your hat and coat!...No, not that coat, that's mine!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, it is yours, isn't it? Okay -- I'm all ready now. Goodbye, Blondie. (KISS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Open the door!

BLONDIE: Wait a minute -- wait till Mr. Beasley gets past the house. You make that poor postman's life an unhappy one sometimes.

DAGWOOD: I won't bump into him this time.

BLONDIE: It's good news about Cousin Edgar, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- at last we're getting rid of that parasite!

BLONDIE: All right -- the coast is clear now.

(DOOR OPENS)

Blondie: All clear, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: G'bye, 'honey! G'bye...

(WHIZZ)

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Yes? Who is it?

DAGWOOD: It's me, J.C.

DITHERS: Be more specific!

DAGWOOD: Dagwood.

DITHERS: Oh, come in, Bumstead.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J.C.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Good morning, Dagwood. Sit down -- I've got good news for you.

DAGWOOD: That's fine...~~What is it?~~

DITHERS: It's something you've been wanting me to do for a long time.

~~DAGWOOD: You're going to make me a vice-president?~~

~~DITHERS: No, I'm not going to make you a vice-president!~~

DAGWOOD: Why not?

DITHERS: Oh, stop trying to pump me.

DAGWOOD: ^{That's wonderful.} ~~Then~~ what is it you're going to do?

DITHERS: I'm going to fire Edgar Slocum!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's swell, J.C. He's been sponging off the Dithers Company for ---- holy smoke!

DITHERS: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Er -- don't you think you're being hasty, J.C.?

DITHERS: Not at all. I've given the matter very careful consideration and I've come to the conclusion that I need Slocum about as much as I need a hole in my head.

DAGWOOD: But sometimes he's very helpful.

DITHERS: For instance?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, he was very helpful when we went out to see the Fulton Company about the -- oh, no, he ruined that deal. But he helped us when we were planning to -- I guess not that time either. Let me see...No, not then... Maybe it was when he suggested we buy -- no, that wasn't it. (UP) Just the same sometimes he's very helpful.

DITHERS: I don't care -- I'm firing him!

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! Four hundred dollars!

DITHERS: What did you say?

DAGWOOD: Nothing...Mr. Dithers, you mustn't fire him. He likes it here!

DITHERS: ^{I'll say he does.} Oh, he does, eh? ~~Then why is it that~~ every time I pass his office door I hear him snoring inside?

DAGWOOD: But hasn't he come to you with lots of suggestions?

DITHERS: Yes, but they're all the same. He wants a ^{20 hour week.} ~~raise.~~ That man infuriates me!

DAGWOOD: But J.C. -- I'll do his work. I'll see that he gets to the office on time! Please don't fire him.

DITHERS: Why not? Just give me one reason!

DAGWOOD: Er -- well -- he's in love.

DITHERS: So what?

DAGWOOD: But you wouldn't want to break up his romance would you?

DITHERS: I ought to do it just as a favor to the girl! Who is she? Some mental delinquent, I presume.

DAGWOOD: We haven't met her yet, but her name's Veronica Poole.

~~DITHERS: Slocum is a lazy, chiseling, no-good loafer, and I'm going to fire him out of here so fast he'll think he's riding on a rocket!~~

DAGWOOD: (PATHETIC) Mr. Dithers, you've got to keep him here at least till he gets married.

DITHERS: ~~What's behind all this, Dagwood? What's going on? I've never seen you look more pathetic. What happened?~~

DAGWOOD: I co-signed a note of his for four hundred dollars.

DITHERS: Taaaaaah! What did you do that for?

DAGWOOD: He needed the money for operating expenses. Well, you see this girl is an heiress, and if he marries her, he'll move out of our house.

DITHERS: Oh, I see.

DAGWOOD: You have no idea how small a house can seem with a wife, two children, a dog, five puppies, and Cousin Edgar.

DITHERS: I know what you mean. ~~Edgar, himself, is a one-man crowd.~~

~~DAGWOOD: You see, J.C., if Edgar marries this girl, then she'll take the note I co-signed, but until then --~~

(DOOR OPENS)

CORA: Hello, Julius -- hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Good morning, Mrs. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, Cora. How much do you want?

CORA: I don't want money, Julius. Have you heard about Edgar?
I just called up Blondie and talked to him for a moment.
He's fallen in love.

DITHERS: So I hear.

CORA: Don't be stuffy about it, Julius. We're having Edgar and
his girl to dinner tonight. Won't that be lovely?

DITHERS: No.

CORA: Julius!

DITHERS: (HASTILY) But I'm glad you invited them, dear.

CORA: Oh, Dagwood -- you and Blondie are coming, too.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Fine. Thanks, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: It'll be formal.

DITHERS: Oh, no, Cora -- not that. I can't stand a stiff collar.
Every time I turn my head it saws at my neck. Cora,
I positively will not put on my stiff shirt tonight.

CORA: We'll discuss that later.

DAGWOOD: Then we won't have to dress either.

CORA: Oh yes, Dagwood. I'm sure Julius will change his mind,
won't you, dear?

DITHERS: Now Cora -- you know I don't like --

CORA: You will, or else.

DITHERS: (PAUSE) It's formal, Dagwood.

CORA: By the way, since Edgar's in love and everything,
I think it would be nice if you gave him a raise.

DITHERS: A raise! Great suffering humanity!

CORA: Yes, dear. A nice big raise. By the way, do you have
ten dollars?

DITHERS: Yes, I have ten dollars.

CORA: Do you have twenty?

DITHERS: Well, yes, Cora, but --

CORA: I'll take it; thank you... Goodbye, Julius. Goodbye,
Dagwood.

DITHERS: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

DITHERS: She wants me to give him a raise. Bumstead, you've
got to get Slocum engaged, married, and out of the
state or I'll fire you, too!

DAGWOOD: Toooh!

MUSIC...

EDGAR: (CALLS) Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) I'm upstairs, Edgar.

EDGAR: Okay. I'll be right up.

(GOING UP STAIRS...)

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Did you want me?

EDGAR: Yes -- I wonder if you could do us a favor -- I mean,
Veronica and me.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Why, of course, Edgar.

EDGAR: Uh -- this party of Mrs. Dithers tonight puts
Veronica in -- well, in a rather embarrassing position.
She hasn't an evening gown here.

BLONDIE: ^{BUT --} Oh... ~~She'd like to borrow one of mine?~~

EDGAR: ~~That's it, Blondie.~~ Of course, she could buy one --
money means nothing to her -- but she looked all over
town this afternoon, and didn't see anything she liked.
~~She's about your size so I thought...~~

BLONDIE: I'll be glad to let her use one of mine.

EDGAR: Thank you, Blondie... ~~Shall we pick it out now?~~

BLONDIE: ~~All right~~ -- let's look in my closet.

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS...COAT HANGERS...)

BLONDIE: Well, let me see now... Here's a nice black net evening gown. Like it?

EDGAR: Ummmm -- are there any others?

BLONDIE: Oh... Here's one. Blue brocade and it has a little bolero jacket that goes with it. Hmmm?

EDGAR: Ummmm -- what else?

BLONDIE: You don't like it?

EDGAR: Well, Blondie, Veronica is a very unusual type. I want it to be just right for her.

~~BLONDIE: Well, just remember, this is my closet we're looking through, not the evening gown department at Ormandy's.~~

~~EDGAR: I'm sorry, Blondie, but Veronica is someone very special.~~

BLONDIE: That's nice, but you'll have to pick something.

EDGAR: Oh, here's one, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Good... Which one?

EDGAR: Right here.

BLONDIE: Oh... Edgar, I thought I'd wear that tonight.

EDGAR: Veronica would be lovely in it.

BLONDIE: Uh-huh. I -- uh -- thought I might be, too.

EDGAR: Yes, I like this.

BLONDIE: I haven't worn it yet myself.

EDGAR: Tonight's sort of a special occasion, and I thought maybe you wouldn't mind too much if... (TRAILING OFF)

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) All right, Edgar -- you can take this one for Veronica.

EDGAR: Thank you, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Oh -- that's all right, I guess. You're welcome.

EDGAR: This will be wonderful.

BLONDIE: Edgar, are you pretty serious about all this?

EDGAR: Oh, yes, Blondie.

BLONDIE: You know, getting married is quite a step to take. It'll be a turning point in your life. And in Veronica's too.

EDGAR: I know that.

BLONDIE: You'll have a lot more responsibilities, Edgar.

EDGAR: Yes, yes, I suppose so, but Veronica is pretty well fixed, so we won't have to worry about money, fortunately.

BLONDIE: I don't mean just money. Before you get married you've got to be sure you're really in love, and that you won't get tired of seeing each other every day for years and years.

EDGAR: (THINKING IT OVER) Years and years, eh?

BLONDIE: You have to have common interests, you know -- enjoy the same things and the same friends -- her friends as well as your own.

EDGAR: I guess that's right.

BLONDIE: You'll have to give up a lot of things. You'll have to work harder, you won't be able to take life so easily, you'll have to get up in the mornings. Then you've got to think about children, too.

EDGAR: I hadn't thought about children.

BLONDIE: Of course, they're wonderful! But they can make life very complicated for a while. ~~Goodness, when I think how simple things were before Alexander and Cookie!~~ And you know, you can't tell -- you might get twins, or triplets.

EDGAR: (SHAKEN) Triplets. I -- I hadn't thought about that.

BLONDIE: Now don't let me discourage you, Edgar. Marriage is wonderful, but you ought to think of the responsibilities, too.

EDGAR: You're right, Blondie. Perhaps I have been a little hasty --

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: There's Dagwood home. (CALLS BACK) I'll be right down, Dagwood. (ON) You just think over what I said, Edgar.

EDGAR: (FADING) I will, Blondie.

(GOING DOWN STAIRS...)

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Blondie, have you heard about our going to dinner at the Dithers tonight?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Say, Blondie -- Cousin Edgar's pretty sure he's going to get engaged and married and everything to this girl, isn't he?

BLONDIE: Well, he was, but I just talked to him.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Well, I didn't want him to get married blindly without giving it plenty of thought, so I gave him a few things to think over first. He's not so enthusiastic now.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh! Blondie, if he doesn't get married, Mr. Dithers is going to fire him. And if Mr. Dithers fires him, he won't be able to pay off the four hundred dollars.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't see what that has to do with -- (FLAT)
What four hundred dollars?

DAGWOOD: The four hundred dollars on the note I co-signed. *FOR COUSIN EDGAR*

BLONDIE: *FOR COUSIN EDGAR!*
Oooooooh, Dagwood!

*THAT I FORGOT TO
TELL YOU ABOUT.*

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, when Cupid shot his arrows at Cousin Edgar, he seems to have missed a couple of times and hit the Bumsteeds, right in the neck. I wonder what Veronica Poole will be like, and if she and Edgar will become engaged tonight. Well, we'll know in just a moment... But first let's join Blondie and Dagwood. Yep, there's Dagwood, bending over the old drawing-board with a patriotic gleam in his eye.

DAGWOOD: There it is, Blondie! The Bumstead motor torpedo-boat!

BLONDIE: Well, it's the first speed-boat I ever saw with skid chains on it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Those aren't skid chains! They're climbing-over-things chains. See, I read in a magazine that motor torpedo-boats were often kept out of enemy harbors by heavy floating chains of logs. But not the Bumstead boat!

BLONDIE: No?

DAGWOOD: No. When the Bumstead Boat comes to floating logs, these chains just revolve around like tank tracks -- and bingo! -- it's over! How's that for a military secret?

GOODWIN: Well, it's a nice bit of figuring, Dagwood, but you're about twenty-five years too late. The Italians used a torpedo boat like that with a revolving chain to climb into Austrian harbors during the First World War. It's a military secret that probably lost favor because the chains interfered too much with speed. And speaking of nineteen-seventeen and eighteen here's a piece of military information that was no secret at all in those days. That was the Army man's preference for Camels! And it's even truer today! Here are the facts --

ECHO: 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!

GOODWIN: Yes, and there's a reason, too!

VOICE: You bet, mister! Army men get to know different cigarettes. Doesn't take long to find out Camel's the one with extra flavor and mildness!

GOODWIN: And it doesn't take long to figure out Camels save you money, either! Slower burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack, and cooler smoking, too! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended with the famous Camel know-how, perfected over a long period of years. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

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

GOODWIN: Remember to send a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service! Your dealer has cartons specially wrapped, ready to mail. Get Camels yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a little later, and Blondie and Dagwood are getting dressed to go over to the Dithers' house. I should say, Dagwood's getting dressed. Blondie's all ready and waiting, but Dagwood seems to be having trouble...

DAGWOOD: Blondie! Blondie, I can't find my dress shirt anywhere.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. It's right here in your bottom drawer, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Where?

(DRAWER OPENS...)

BLONDIE: There.

DAGWOOD: That's my old dress shirt. I mean the new one.

BLONDIE: Cousin Edgar borrowed that.

DAGWOOD: He did!? He borrows everything of mine! I won't stand for it! Who gave him permission to take my best shirt? ~~I want to know who said it was okay to take it!~~

BLONDIE: You did.

DAGWOOD: I don't care if I ^{who,} ~~am~~ me?

BLONDIE: He asked you while you were in the shower, and you said yes.

DAGWOOD: Oh, so that's what he was talking about.

BLONDIE: Here, Dagwood, put this one on, and please hurry. We'll be late. Come on -- get into it.

DAGWOOD: I haven't worn this for years... My gosh, look where my cuffs come!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- way up to your elbows.

DAGWOOD: The shirt must have shrunk. I know what to do. I'll
tear the cuffs off.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what for?

DAGWOOD: When I get my tux on, I'll slip the cuffs over my
hands and into the sleeves. I'll show you.

(RIP, RIP OF CLOTH...)

DAGWOOD: There we are.

BLONDIE: Oh, my... But hurry up, dear. Here's a collar
button -- put it in your collar -- no, wait a minute,
I'll do it... There.

DAGWOOD: Where's my tie?

BLONDIE: Right here, but you've got to fasten your collar first.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

BLONDIE: Honestly, Dagwood, every time you get into a dress
shirt, you fumble around so as though you'd never done
it before.

(SOUND OF STARCHED COLLAR...)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, the collar's too small, too. I can't fasten
it.

BLONDIE: I'll do it. Hold still now.

DAGWOOD: Well, now be careful you don't --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I can't do it if you don't lift your chin and
stop talking.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: It's tight, but I'll fasten it.

DAGWOOD: Ouch! You pinched me!

BLONDIE: Hold still!

DAGWOOD: You're choking me! (COUGHS) Blondie, have mercy! Ouch!
Don't! Help! (CHOKES)

BLONDIE: There! How does it feel?

DAGWOOD: (STRANGLING) I feel like I got my neck caught in a
doughnut.

BLONDIE: Can you swallow?

DAGWOOD: (TRIES IT) Just barely, honey.

BLONDIE: You'll live, dear. Now put the tie on.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, that's easy for me. At least I know how to tie
a bow tie... There! I'm all finished.

BLONDIE: It looks fine, Dagwood... Now all you have to do is tuck
your shirt in and put your coat on.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's right... Holy smoke!!

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- I put the shirt on over my suspenders --
Now we've got to take it off and start all over again!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

MUSIC...

(WALKING UP WOODEN STEPS...)

BLONDIE: Well, here we are. I just hope Edgar and his girl haven't
arrived yet... Ring the bell.

DAGWOOD: Okay. (BELL RINGS OFF) Remember, we've got to be very
nice to her, Blondie. She's got lots of money, and she'll
take care of that note I co-signed for Edgar.

BLONDIE: Four hundred dollars... Oh, Dagwood.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie -- hello, Dagwood. Come right in.

(AD LIB GREETINGS...)

BLONDIE: Is she here yet? We're a little late.

DITHERS: Not yet, Blondie.

CORA: (COMING UP) Hello, Blondie -- hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: You know, I just can't wait to see what Edgar's girl looks like. Do you know anything about her -- is she blonde, or brunette, or what?

BLONDIE: No, I don't know what she looks like, Cora. But I have an idea what kind of a dress she's wearing.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

MAID: (CLEARS THROAT OFF)

DITHERS: What is it, Martha?

MAID: Dinner is ready.

DITHERS: Oh... Well, everyone's not here yet. You'll have to wait a few minutes.

MAID: Very good, sir.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, well -- imagine Edgar Slocum marrying an heiress.

CORA: He's not even engaged to her yet, Julius.

DITHERS: Well, it won't be long -- he's got a terrific line of chatter.

(DOORBELL)

DITHERS: Well, speak of the devil and -- er -- I'll answer the door.

CORA: Isn't this exciting? Spring -- love -- romance! I wonder what she'll be like?

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Wealthy, I hope... Blondie, you're sure you didn't discourage him too much?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gee -- four hundred dollars!

(MURMUR OF VOICES OFF)

DITHERS: (OFF A BIT) Come right in here.

EDGAR: Hello, everybody. Mrs. Dithers, Blondie and Dagwood --
I want you to meet Veronica.

VERONICA: We're awfully sorry we're late. We had such a time getting over here. I had to take out the seams in this dress a little here and there, and that didn't take too long, but it was such a lovely Spring evening so we told the cab driver not to go too fast -- that was naughty of us, wasn't it? -- but Edgar said you wouldn't mind too much, so I hope you don't mind too much, and we're really awfully sorry, it's all our fault...How do you do?

(AD LIB HOW DO YOU DO'S)

BLONDIE: Well, we've been looking forward to meeting you.

CORA: That's a lovely gown you're wearing.

VERONICA: (GIGGLES)

DITHERS: Yes, it is. It certainly shows off your --

CORA: Julius!

DITHERS: ^{Well, it does.}
~~it's a nice dress.~~

VERONICA: Oh, I'm glad you like me in it. Of course it isn't what I'd pick myself if I were buying an evening gown, but it's all right for a make-shift. I always say that you get what you pay for and if you don't pay enough, well, what can you expect but it fits me pretty well. Of course as Edgar explained in your circumstances you couldn't get anything better but I guess

(CONTINUED)

VERONICA:
(Cont'd)

that's the way it is with people who are on the
wrong side of the family and are more or less
poor ^{RELATIVES} relatives.

BLONDIE:

(GETTING MAD) Poor ^{RELATIVES} relatives! ^{JUST A MINUTE} Well, Miss Poole,
we might be poor ^{RELATIVES} relatives to some people, but --

DAGWOOD:

Blondie. Oh, Blondie -- come here a minute. I
want to show you something.

BLONDIE:

~~I'll look at it later. Right now I want to straighten
this out --~~

DAGWOOD:

~~No -- right now -- quick, Blondie, I mean, come
here a second,~~

BLONDIE:

Dagwood, don't pull me like that.

DAGWOOD:

We'll be right back, Veronica -- Miss Poole. Come on,
Blondie.

VERONICA:

All right. You know, Mr. Dithers, Edgar has told me
so much about you and the Dithers Company and how you've
said the company would just go to pieces if you didn't
have him working for you, and I guess that's right
because...(FADING)

BLONDIE:

(SOTTO) Dagwood -- what did you drag me away like
that for? Did you hear what she said about my
beautiful new dress? She called it a make-shift.

DAGWOOD:

Now, Blondie -- calm down.

BLONDIE:

And she called us poor ^{RELATIVES} relatives. Well, we don't
have to stand for that from anyone.

DAGWOOD:

~~But she's very wealthy, Blondie, and besides --~~

~~BLONDIE:~~

~~I don't care if she has millions. She's a
scatter-brain.~~

DAGWOOD: But think of the four hundred dollars. That note I co-signed for Edgar.

BLONDIE: I don't care how much it is, we don't have to -- it is a lot of money, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and if she doesn't like us, she might not marry Edgar. Just try to control yourself, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- I will.

DAGWOOD: Let's go back now.

BLONDIE: Taking the seams out of my dress -- my brand new dress.

DAGWOOD: Just be calm, Blondie.

VERONICA: (FADING IN) And Edgar told me you were seriously thinking of offering him a vice-presidency of the company.

DITHERS: A vice-presidency?!

EDGAR: Er -- you know, J.C.

DITHERS: No, I don't know.

EDGAR: You said -- uh -- you said you didn't think the Dithers Company was big enough for me.

DITHERS: I said the Dithers Company wasn't big enough for the two of us and I said --

DAGWOOD: (CUTS IN) I guess Mr. Dithers meant that he might give Edgar a partnership, huh, J.C.?...Hanh?

DITHERS: I mean, that --

DAGWOOD: Isn't that right, J.C.? Please?

DITHERS: Why -- uh --buh -- er -- why, yes, I might have said that.

VERONICA: Well, I guess Edgar is too important for a partnership. He's want to own the company or not work for it at all, but some people are like that, I guess. Gee, Mrs. Dithers, don't you every get jealous of Mr. Dithers working in that office with all those cute secretaries? Edgar was telling me about Mr. Dithers new secretary, and I guess --

CORA: New secretary? Julius, have you a new secretary?

DITHERS: Well -- uh -- yes, Cora.

CORA: Another red head?

DITHERS: Well, she is slightly titian, but she's very ~~efficient~~ ^{COMPETENT}

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mrs. Dithers -- she's very ~~efficient~~ ^{COMPETENT}

CORA: I see...Go on, Miss Pooler.

VERONICA: Oh, that's all. Did I say something wrong?

CORA: No, no -- not at all. I'll be glad to get Mr. Dithers a new secretary tomorrow.

DITHERS: But, Cora, we need young people in the company. It makes the office more lively.

CORA: I'm sure it does, but you mustn't overdo those things. I'll hire someone more your own age. Old Mrs. Winklerly might be good.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora...

(DOOR OPENS)

MAID: (CLEARS HER THROAT)

DITHERS: Well, what is it, Martha?

MAID: Dinner is very ready.

DITHERS: Good. Thank you, Martha.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

CORA: Well, ^{let's go into dinner.} I'm starved.

BLONDIE: So am I. We were so late getting here.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm hungry, J.C.

EDGAR: Well, Veronica, dear -- what do you say?

VERONICA: I'm not hungry at all. Maybe it's because I ate so many chocolate creams this afternoon -- sometimes they take my appetite away, but I just can't resist them, I have no will power at all. ^{M.C. BUMSTEAD} ~~Edgar~~, were you going to say something?

3/6/42

DAGWOOD

EDGAR: Oh -- I just thought you ^{AND EDGAR} might like to see Mrs. Dithers' garden if you're not hungry.

VERONICA: I'd love to. Just the two of us. ^{Come on, EDGAR.}

EDGAR!
CORA:

Yes dear.
It's quite dark out now and nothing has come up yet, but we could give you a flashlight and you could look at the pictures on the seed packages.

VERONICA: That's awfully sweet of you, Mrs. Dithers. Maybe I'll be hungry when we come back. You won't mind waiting, will you? We won't be gone more than five minutes.

DITHERS: Yes, but we've got dinner waiting for us -- and --

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Go right ahead, Edgar and -- uh -- Miss Heiress -- I mean, Miss Poole. There's a new moon, and I know it'll be very romantic outside. (LAUGHS) Go right ahead and we'll wait for you.

MUSIC...

DITHERS: Well, they've been out there twenty minutes.

DAGWOOD: That's good.

BLONDIE: I'm still hungry...What do you think of her, Cora?

CORA: Well, I wouldn't say she was the intellectual type.

BLONDIE: I guess she might be all right for Edgar.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. She's a little talkative.

DITHERS: Talkative? If I were marrying her -- the first thing I'd buy would be a gag. ^{AND I WISH THEY'D HURRY. I COULD EAT AN OLD ARMY MULE.}

CORA: Of course, she is very wealthy, or so I hear.

DITHERS: Well, that's a saving grace.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAID: (CLEARS HER THROAT)

DITHERS: Yea, Martha?

51454 0978

MAID: ~~Dinner is ruined!~~

(DOOR SLAMS)

DITHERS: ~~Well, that's that.~~

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers -- ~~who knows~~ -- this may be a big moment in the ^{Cousin EDGAR'S life.} ~~life of Edgar and Veronica.~~ I suppose we shouldn't complain.

DAGWOOD: No -- let them take their time. ^{IT'S SPRING AND} Four hundred dollars.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't bite your nails.

(DOOR OPENS)

CORA: ^{ph} ~~Well~~, here they are.

EDGAR: (COMING IN) Well, folks, we want you to be the first to know. Veronica and I are engaged to be married.

VERONICA: He just asked me. He got down on his knees ^{in the mud.} ~~and --~~

(AD LIB CONGRATULATIONS)

DITHERS: ^{now CAN WE eat?} You believe in short engagements -- I hope? ^{Miss Poole there's a little MATTER OF \$ 400.}

DAGWOOD: ^{Dagwood!} Oh, we're going to be married next week.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful. ^{Dagwood: Miss Poole, could I interest you in a} I suppose the ceremony will be ^{NOTE?} at the home of the bride's parents in Sheridan City?

EDGAR: Well, no -- Blondie --

VERONICA: You see, Edgar and I have decided we don't want a big important wedding, so, instead, we're just going to be married quietly at your house.

BLONDIE: Tooooooh!

MUSIC...

"BLONDIE" 26-A
4/6/42

GOODWIN: Well, next week, Cousin Edgar is going to get married, at least that's what his plans are now. Personally, I'm a little skeptical about the whole thing. I've a hunch that it's going to be a pretty hectic affair and that Blondie and Dagwood, as well as the bride and bridegroom are in for a number of startling surprises. Anyway, you're all invited to the big doings at the home of the Bumsteads next Monday night when "Blondie's Cousin Gets Married."

GOODWIN: If you want to make a better pan of biscuits, a better machine gun, or a better cigarette, it's important to have the proper materials. That's why Camels are made of costlier tobaccos. And even more important is the way those materials are put together. It's Camel's expert blending that makes choice tobaccos a better cigarette! See for yourself! Try a pack of Camels tonight! You'll find that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos gives you a cigarette that tastes good any time!

Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow Blondie discovers that being the mother of two children with terrific imaginations is sometimes a bit trying. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day of the week.

And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie", Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's the Al Pearce show, 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 times and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

MUSIC: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: Here's the latest news on the Camel Caravans which are now entertaining the boys in camps.

The Eastern Unit of the Camel Caravan is playing to boys in the camps around Washington, D.C. and Maryland this week. They will also give a performance at Quantico Marine Base, Quantico, Virginia, on Wednesday night.

The Mid-West Unit is rolling along through Georgia and Alabama, and will stop for two days of performances at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia, tomorrow and Wednesday.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

"BLONDIE"
4/6/42

-29-

ANNOUNCER: You know, pipe-smokers, figuring on the basis of twenty-five pipefuls an ounce, you get fifty-six fillings from each big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. That's a lot of smoking for a dime. It's mild, mellow tasty smoking, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Get a package of George Washington tonight! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

51454 0983

GOODWIN: You know, in making a cigarette, just as in making an apple pie or an airplane engine, it's mighty important what you put in. And just as important is the way you do it. Smokers everywhere know that Camel is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- but that alone isn't the whole reason for Camel's outstanding popularity. It's the Camel blending process, perfected during long years of experience that makes Camel a truly better cigarette. Light up a Camel. Notice the rich, extra flavor and notice, too, the way the smooth, extra mildness lets you enjoy it. And your pocketbook will appreciate Camel's slower-burning, giving extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking in the bargain. Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll see what a difference matchless blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, today is the day of liberation for Blondie and Dagwood. Cousin Edgar is getting married this afternoon in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue, and there couldn't be two people happier about it this morning than Blondie and Dagwood. Here they are, sitting at the breakfast table...

BLONDIE: It's going to be a wonderful day for the wedding, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie, but any day that Cousin Edgar got married on would be a wonderful day for me.

~~BLONDIE: Now, we mustn't feel like that. Still, it's almost four months ago that he came here to stay a few days.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, it's practically all over now. By five o'clock this afternoon, Cousin Edgar will be leaving us. I just can't wait to wave goodbye to him.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what kind of a way is that for the best man to talk?

DAGWOOD: Well, look what he did to our budget, Blondie. He kept our icebox empty, he wore my clothes, he almost lost my job for me at the Dithers Company, and he borrowed money from everyone in the family but ^{Daisy} ~~Cook~~.

BLONDIE: It's nice he's marrying a wealthy girl.

DAGWOOD: Then he'll be able to pay back that note for four hundred dollars that I co-signed.

BLONDIE: I don't know why you did that, Dagwood. You should have known better.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, it was anything to get him out of the house. No sacrifice seemed too great.

~~BLONDIE: Well, it will be a relief to see him go... More coffee, Dagwood?~~

DAGWOOD: Please, Blondie.

(POURING COFFEE INTO CUP)

(RATTLING OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Do you think Veronica will make a good wife for him?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: I said, do you think Veronica will make a good wife for Edgar?

DAGWOOD: I don't know. She talks a blue streak.

BLONDIE: But she doesn't say anything. ~~Well, maybe that's what they teach young heiresses at finishing schools.~~ Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter -- I suppose it's a substitute for brains... Dagwood, are you listening to me or reading the paper?

DAGWOOD: Both... There's something here about the wedding. I thought it was supposed to be sort of a secret.

BLONDIE: So did I. Edgar said that Veronica's parents in Sheridan City might try to stop the wedding if they found out about it. What's it say there?

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Well, not much. It just says they're being married this afternoon and ---- holy smoke! This is too much! I won't stand for this!

(POUND TABLE...RATTLE CUPS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't pound the table. What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: Read this! It's an outrage!

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Where?

DAGWOOD: Right there.

BLONDIE: (MUMBLING TO HERSELF).....Mr. Edgar Slocum and Miss Veronica Poole of Sheridan City. (ALoud) After a brief honeymoon, the young couple will return to this city and take up residence with Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead of Shady....Lane...Avenue! (GASPS) Oh! Oh!

DAGWOOD: He can't do that to us! What are we supposed to do about this -- move out and let them live here?

BLONDIE: Well, something's certainly got to be done about this! We can't have Edgar and his new bride staying with us. That would be too much.

DAGWOOD: Well, he's your Cousin, Blondie. You go up and tell him that he and Veronica will have to stay somewhere else.

BLONDIE: He's my cousin, Dagwood, but you're the head of the house.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: You're the boss around here, dear. You go up and tell him. Go ahead now!

DAGWOOD: A fine thing. I'm only the boss around here when there's some dirty work to be done.

BLONDIE: Well, I just couldn't speak to him on his wedding day and tell him he couldn't live here. You go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: He's upstairs, isn't he?

BLONDIE: Probably still in bed.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll go up and tell him.

~~BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Dagwood, but I just couldn't -- not today!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll tell him.~~

BLONDIE: All right...and make it good and strong!

MUSIC: (GOING UPSTAIRS)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

EDGAR: (INSIDE) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: (YAWNS) Good morning, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, hello, Edgar.

EDGAR: Well, today's the big day for me and Veronica. Just think, before the day's over, I'll be a married man -- the husband of an heiress... How do you feel, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I've got a pain in the neck and you're it!

EDGAR: Why, Dagwood! What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: This item in the paper right here!

EDGAR: Let's see.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: It says you and Veronica are planning on living with us after you return from your honeymoon.

EDGAR: Oh, yes.

DAGWOOD: How come?

EDGAR: Wouldn't we be welcome here?

DAGWOOD: Well -- uh -- sure, but -- uh -- wouldn't someplace else be a lot nicer?

EDGAR: No, Dagwood. I like it here.

DAGWOOD: I used to, too.

EDGAR: Just because Veronica happens to have a lot of money is no reason why I should turn up my nose at you. I'd rather live in squalor with the Bumsteads than in a palace with anyone else.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's very nice of you, Edgar, but -- Hey, wait a minute --

EDGAR: Besides, Dagwood -- I don't want to move in on Veronica's money right after the ceremony. ^{Dagwood: Why not?} That wouldn't be wise. I want to pay off that loan you co-signed for me, too.

DAGWOOD: Aren't you going to get the money for that from Veronica?

EDGAR: Uh -- no, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But you told me you would!

EDGAR: I've changed my mind. I'd rather pay it back myself --
at ten dollars a ~~week~~ ^{MONTH}

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- that would take ~~forty weeks~~ ^{TWO YEARS - IT'S MORE THAN THREE.}

EDGAR: Well, if I didn't pay it off, Dagwood, then you'd have to.
DAGWOOD: I never thought of that.

DAGWOOD: I guess that's right.
I suppose so.

EDGAR: You can manage to find room for us somewhere.

DAGWOOD: I suppose so.

EDGAR: There's really nothing to worry about, Dagwood. Veronica has the money and eventually....

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know. Eventually you'll get your hands on it.

EDGAR: You put it very crudely, but that's the general idea. I'll probably handle her finances... Oh, before I forget it, Dagwood, here's the ring.

DAGWOOD: The ring? What ring?

EDGAR: The wedding ring -- the best man usually carries it.

Now, if there are no more questions, I think I'll catch a couple more winks of sleep. IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH DAY.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Edgar.

EDGAR: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Doggone it. I'm just a pawn of fate. Something like this wouldn't happen to anyone else but me.

(GOING DOWN STAIRS)

BLONDIE: (OFF) You better hurry, Dagwood. You've got to go to the office.

DAGWOOD: I know it.

BLONDIE: What did he say, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I didn't get anywhere with him, honey. Whenever Edgar explains things, they seem very reasonable until I start thinking. Then I know I've been swindled again.

BLONDIE: Well, what are we going to do, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Maybe you better talk to Veronica, hanh?

BLONDIE: I guess I'll have to. She's coming over here to get fitted into my wedding dress this afternoon.
Cora Dithers is going to help me.

DAGWOOD: You can talk to Veronica better than I can talk to Edgar.
After all, Blondie, I'm the best man.

BLONDIE: But I'm a bride's-maid and Cora is maid of honor. And this is Veronica's wedding day.

DAGWOOD: Well, we've got to do something, Blondie. If we don't we'll end up being boarders in our own home!

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J. C.

DITHERS: Good morning, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: How do you feel?

DITHERS: Fine -- fine. I'm a little nervous, though. I've never given a bride away before, and don't make any funny remarks about it.

DAGWOOD: I was just going to say that -- oh, no remarks, eh?

DITHERS: Please spare me any witticisms this morning.

DAGWOOD: You know, I'm going to be best man.

DITHERS: So I understand. I suppose you've already mislaid the ring.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, no, J.C., I have it right here -- somewhere.

DITHERS: Let's see it.

DAGWOOD: Now where did I put that ring?...Not in my coat pockets --
~~doesn't seem to be in my vest pockets, either~~ -- or in
my hip pocket -- and it isn't in my pants pocket --

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I know I've got it.

DITHERS: Try your watch pocket...Good heavens, I'll have to stand
up there by the bride while you go through your clothes
looking for the ring.

DAGWOOD: Hey, look, J.C. -- it was in my watch pocket.

DITHERS: Now, Dagwood, I'm going to put this ring where you can't
possibly lose it. I'm going to put it on this string.

DAGWOOD: And you're going to tie the string to my finger?

DITHERS: No...Come here. Now the string goes around your neck.
Just drop the ring down your collar. There?

DAGWOOD: ^{oh, it's cold.}
Well, J. C., I can't lose it now.

DITHERS: That's the idea...After all, Dagwood, we don't want any
slip-ups. Slocum's bride is very wealthy, and -- uh --
well, confidentially, I thought I might be able to interest
Edgar in a vice-presidency for say, ten thousand dollars.

DAGWOOD: He's not worth it.

DITHERS: Of course he isn't worth it, but marrying into a lot of
money will give him plenty of connections that'll be
valuable. He can just come in every once in a while,
straighten up the pencils on his desk, throw away his
mail, and quit for the day. As long as his connections
bring in plenty of business, that'll be all right with me.

DAGWOOD: You know, J.C., I think the Goliath Company might have the same idea.

DITHERS: What do you mean?

DAGWOOD: I saw Edgar having lunch with Harry Sharp of the Goliath Company the day before yesterday.

DITHERS: Why, that's treason! I'll ~~out my price to seven thousand.~~

~~DAGWOOD: They might be willing to take him for nothing.~~

DITHERS: Holy smoke -- I can't let that happen. ~~If Edgar went over~~
^{Edgar}
~~to the Goliath Company, I'd be ruined.~~ He knows a lot of our secrets -- he knows all the deals we're working on -- he'd be able to ruin me.

DAGWOOD: That's probably another reason why the Goliath Company would like to have him working for them.

DITHERS: This is terrible. I'll have to appeal to his sense of honesty and fair play -- no, that would be a waste of time. If there were only some way to get him under obligation to me.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

DITHERS: Get him under obligation to me.

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C., I co-signed a note of his for four hundred dollars ^{DITHERS: I KNOW THAT.}
^ -- If there were some way of transferring that to you, why maybe...

DITHERS: Say, that's an idea! That's great!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it's wonderful!

DITHERS: I'll call my lawyer over and we'll straighten it up right away! ^{DAGWOOD: I'll get him on the phone.}
^ We've got to get this done before the wedding.

MUSIC:

MINISTER: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, I guess it's all arranged then. I'll stand over here, and the bridegroom can come in from the dining room with your husband, and Mr. Dithers will come downstairs with the bride.

BLONDIE: My, I hope the ceremony goes off all right.

MINISTER: Now, don't worry, Mrs. Bumstead -- I'm sure it will.

EDGAR: (COMING IN) Oh, Blondie -- I wonder if I could -- oh, I didn't know there was anyone here.

BLONDIE: Edgar, this is the minister. Mr. Harris, Mr. Slocum.

MINISTER: How do you do.

EDGAR: Uh -- how do you do.

MINISTER: Well, Mrs. Bumstead and I have just finished making the arrangements for your wedding, Mr. Slocum.

EDGAR: Well -- uh -- that's -- uh -- that's just fine.

MINISTER: Now don't be nervous. It doesn't take very long and it's very simple.

EDGAR: That's good.

MINISTER: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, I'll have to be running along now. I have a call to make before I go home to change over for the ceremony. I'll be back later.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: We'll see you then.

MINISTER: Goodbye.

EDGAR: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Well, Edgar, just about everything is taken care of.

EDGAR: Yeah.

BLONDIE: Edgar what's the matter? You seem awfully nervous about this.

EDGAR: I am, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Is something wrong?

EDGAR: Uh -- that depends. ^{Blondie: What is it?} You see, when I first met Veronica --
I sort of -- well, I gave her the impression that I had
money?

BLONDIE: You told her that you were rich?

EDGAR: Well, no -- just that I was wealthy.

BLONDIE: What's the difference?

EDGAR: About a hundred thousand dollars, the way I've been telling
telling it.

BLONDIE: Oh, Edgar! And you haven't told her the truth yet?

EDGAR: No, I couldn't.

BLONDIE: You know, Edgar, if you don't start out being honest
with you wife, you're going to be in for a lot of trouble
later. The whole basis for marriage is mutual trust.

EDGAR: I know, Blondie -- I know all that.

BLONDIE: Then why didn't you tell her?

EDGAR: I was afraid she might change her mind about me if she
found out I didn't have money, too. After all, she has
plenty, and -- well, you know...

~~BLONDIE: You should have told her before this, Edgar.~~

~~EDGAR: But when?~~

~~BLONDIE: Any time. You should have told her before you proposed!~~

~~EDGAR: This is a fine time to tell me! Anyway, she practically
proposed to me!~~

BLONDIE: You should have told her anyway. You should never have
waited this long!

EDGAR: Blondie, what am I going to do?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Edgar. I'll try to find out when she comes over here how she feels about it. I'll ask a few questions.

EDGAR: Oh, thanks, Blondie. That makes everything fine!

BLONDIE: Oh, no, it doesn't. Don't forget, Edgar -- Veronica could say no!

MUSIC

GOODWIN: Well, Edgar's wedding is getting more and more complicated. I'm beginning to wonder if there even will be a wedding. Well, we'll find out in just a moment....

(COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd) ...but right now let's leave the breathless excitement of wedding preparations and settle down to --

DAGWOOD: (BURSTING IN) And there I was, Blondie, right in the middle of the street, with cars going to one side of me -- zip! -- and to the other side of me -- zip! Did I get nervous? Nope, there was Bumstead, steady as a rock!

BLONDIE: (LITTLE LAUGH) Why, to hear you talk, Dagwood, a person would think you were in the middle of no man's land!

GOODWIN: Now, don't go belittlin', Blondie! Many an average guy is likely to get the jumps in days like these -- to say nothing of people behind the lines who have really nerve-wracking jobs -- well, like Peggy Lennox, for instance. Peggy is one of the few women instructors training pilots for America's big aerial offensive. She spends long hours every day in the air with young student pilots, many of them up for the first time, ~~and most of them nervous. You have to have steady nerves in a job like that.~~ And these days when we're all under wartime tension, it might interest smokers to know that Peggy Lennox smokes Camels -- has for years. She's said --

LENNOX VOICE: Yes, I smoke a good deal -- and naturally I stick to Camels! There's less nicotine in the smoke -- and such delicious flavor!

GOODWIN: And that goes for Uncle Sam's fighting airmen, too -- in fact, it goes for men in all the services!

ECHO: 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.

GOODWIN: And these days, when we're all under more pressure, it's a good thing to remember that --

ECHO: Steady smokers stick to Camels! There's less nicotine in the smoke!

GOODWIN: Yes, twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. And remember -- your dealer has cartons of Camels specially wrapped for mailing to service men. Get a pack for yourself tonight -- and send on a carton!

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

Well, it's a little later, Blondie has explained what Edgar told her to Mrs. Dithers, and now the two of them are in Blondie's room with the bride. They're trying to fit Blondie's old wedding dress on Veronica and at the same time find out how she'll feel when she finds out that Edgar is practically penniless.

BLONDIE: Well, how do you think that looks, Cora?

CORA: Beautiful! Simply ravishing!

VERONICA: Do you really think so? I like it, too. You know this dress can be the something old that I have to have. You know, something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, but it could also be something borrowed because I've borrowed it from you, Blondie, but I was wondering if it's all right for the something borrowed to be something old, too. Anyway, I think the dress looks lovely.

BLONDIE: That's good.

CORA: It's a little tight here and there.

VERONICA: But it looks nice, doesn't it?

CORA: Yes, but don't sit down in it.

BLONDIE: Well, Veronica, are you pretty excited about the marriage?

VERONICA: Oh, yes, Blondie. I know Edgar and I are going to be very happy because I fell for him the moment I saw him, just like that. He's so handsome, and he's such a good talker, and such an important man, and of course, I'm glad he has money, too.

CORA: Oh, yes, of course.

BLONDIE: Uh -- I guess you'd still love him even if he didn't have money, wouldn't you?

VERONICA: Oh, that's such a silly question. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Heh-heh....I suppose it does sound silly.

CORA: But suppose he lost all his money?

BLONDIE: And while we're supposing, suppose he didn't have any money to lose in the first place. How would you feel about that?

VERONICA: Oh, Blondie, that's too silly.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Who is it?

DAGWOOD: (OUTSIDE) It's me, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Just a minute.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) Gee, Blondie, did you find out what Veronica would think if she knew Edgar didn't have any money?

BLONDIE: I'm trying to find out now, and it's not easy.

DAGWOOD: Edgar's awful nervous. Mr. Dithers is in with him now.

BLONDIE: What's Mr. Dithers doing?

DAGWOOD: Holding him up.

BLONDIE: He's pretty shaky, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Trembling like a leaf.

BLONDIE: I'll be surprised if this wedding comes off at all.
You wait here and I'll ask her right now. This has to
be settled sooner or later.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

CORA: (COMING UP) What was it?

BLONDIE: Oh, nothing. Just talking to Dagwood.

CORA: Shall we -- er -- get back to the subject, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I think we'd better...Veronica, seriously, how would
you feel if you found out Edgar didn't have any money?

VERONICA: Oh, well, I've never thought about it, Blondie, but
I guess if you love a man it doesn't make any difference
whether he has money or not, particularly if he really
has got money, you know what I mean? Edgar says
such nice things to me, and he's such a gentleman
that I wouldn't care whether he was rich or not.

No, I wouldn't ^{CARE.}
~~mind.~~

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Well, that's good.

CORA: That's right, Veronica. Love is the only thing that
is important. Now you take Julius and me. He didn't
have a cent when we were married, but we've always been
very happy.

BLONDIE: It was the same with Dagwood and me.

CORA: Of course, Julius and I have out little quarrels, but we handle them on a fifty-fifty basis. He starts them and I win them. ~~What could be fairer than that?~~

BLONDIE: Excuse me a minute.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (WHISPER) Is it okay, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes.

DAGWOOD: Thanks. I'll tell him right away.

(DOOR CLOSES)

VERONICA: Has the minister come yet?

BLONDIE: ~~No, not yet, I guess.~~
^{I don't think so, Veronica.}

VERONICA: Gee, I'm getting a little nervous. You know, getting married is a serious thing. ~~It doesn't happen every day, at least not to most people.~~

CORA: ~~Don't worry, Veronica -- it's rarely fatal.~~

~~VERONICA: I suppose not, but just the same I feel sort of funny and weak inside. Is that normal? I mean does that always happen? To everybody?~~

^{CORA:}
BLONDIE: Yes, everybody feels the same way. Don't worry about it.

CORA: ~~When I went up the aisle on my father's arm at my wedding, I was leaning on him so heavily he didn't walk straight for two hours after the ceremony.~~

BLONDIE: You don't feel like you're going to faint, do you?

VERONICA: No -- more like I might shake apart. I've got goose-bumps all over, and my knees are waggling, and my toes are curling up, and it feels as though something with feathers was running up and down my spine. CORA: FEATHERS, huh?

BLONDIE: You'll feel better right after the ceremony.

CORA: And it'll be all gone after the honeymoon.

VERONICA: I suppose so...You know, I don't know whether I should tell you this, but maybe it's what's making me feel so nervous. I'm sort of worried in a way about Edgar, but I guess it wouldn't make any difference to him, but it could, and maybe I ought to tell him.

BLONDIE: ~~What's that?~~ Tell him what?

VERONICA: Well, you know about me being an heiress, don't you?

CORA: Of course we do.

BLONDIE: Yes, what about it, Veronica.

VERONICA: Gee, I don't know how to tell you, but I'm not an heiress.

BLONDIE: You're -- (DEEP BREATH) -- not an heiress?

VERONICA: No.

BLONDIE: Oh...

CORA: Oh-oh.

VERONICA: You see, Blondie, after Edgar sort of hinted to me that he was a wealthy man, I had to tell him something or he might not have paid any more attention to me, so I just sort of hinted that I was an heiress by telling him I had five hundred thousand dollars in my own name -- I didn't think he'd believe a million -- but what else could a girl do? ^{CORA: THAT'S ALL WE NEED.} Besides, it really shouldn't make any difference to Edgar because he's got so much money himself he's tired of it, and he told me that's why he he was living with his poor relations, he likes the simple life. You see why I had to tell him I was rich? ...Gee, you look surprised.

BLONDIE: Well, I am surprised, in a way.

CORA: We're all surprised.

VERONICA: (LAUGHS) I'm not.

CORA: You will be.

VERONICA: What do you think I better do. Should I tell Edgar now? Or maybe I'd better wait, hunh? Gosh, I'm getting nervous again. I'm awful jittery.

BLONDIE: Veronica, do you mind if Cora and I go outside and talk this over? We ought to decide whether to tell Edgar or not.

VERONICA: Yes, would you do that? I'd just as soon be nervous all alone as nervous with people around. I can jitter just as well all by myself, really I can.

BLONDIE: All right, Veronica. We'll be back in a minute.

(DOOR OPENS)

CORA: By the way, Veronica -- if you aren't an heiress, what are you?

VERONICA: A waitress. But I'm a good one. I can carry all the dishes for two seven course dinners on one arm, including the fingerbowls. ^{CORA: THAT'LL COME IN HANDY.} Don't be too long now.

BLONDIE: We won't.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear.

CORA: Something tells me this is going to be quite a wedding.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) ^{GIRLS.} Hello, ~~Blondie~~... Hello, ~~Cora~~. The minister's downstairs. He just got here.

^{CORA:} BLONDIE: Hello.
That's -- good.

DITHERS: What's the matter? Why isn't everybody happy? There's a wedding going on here!

CORA: We have a little surprise for you, Julius. You know Veronica -- the heiress?

DITHERS: Yes -- the bride. Of course I know her. I'm giving her away.

CORA: She's given herself away. She's not an heiress.

DITHERS: (SOFTLY) What was that?

BLONDIE: She isn't an heiress, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (YELLS) Great suffering humanity! I've been swindled! I took over that note Dagwood co-signed for Slocum.

CORA: Julius! Don't shout!

DITHERS: I'll shout if I like! I've lost a fortune in contracts! I was going to get through the bride's wealthy friends!

CORA: Julius!

DITHERS: (QUIETS DOWN) Yes, dear.

CORA: We are not going to let this marriage be stopped by a little thing like money. ^{Dithers: Who's NOT? CORA: We're NOT.} The Dithers Company can take care of the whole thing. You can build them a little honeymoon cottage for a wedding present.

DITHERS: But, Cora!

CORA: And you can give Edgar a nice raise so he can support his bride. She's really very nice, and Edgar's always been nice to me, too.

DITHERS: But, Cora, I can't do that! ~~I don't mind giving the bride away, but I can't give away a house and a weekly income along with it!~~

CORA: Yes, you can, dear, and now let's consider the matter settled. ~~After all, it'll be good publicity for the Dithers Company.~~ Julius will be glad to do it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, it would certainly be wonderful, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (WITH BAD GRACE) Oh, that's perfectly all right, Blondie.
Where do you keep the aspirin?

BLONDIE: Right in the bathroom.

DITHERS: (FADING) Thank you. I hope you have plenty of them.

BLONDIE: Cora, would you go in and tell Veronica that Edgar hasn't any money, either, but the Dithers Company is going to give them a little house. I'd appreciate it if you would.

CORA: (FADING) All right, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) What happened, Blondie? I thought I heard J. C. shouting about something.

BLONDIE: Well, it turns out that Veronica isn't an heiress.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Does Edgar know?

BLONDIE: Not yet.

DAGWOOD: Whew! That's a relief. Now if we can just keep him from finding out till after the ceremony --

BLONDIE: We're going in and tell him right now.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie -- then the wedding will be off, and he'll stay forever.

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, dear.

BLONDIE: Is Edgar in here?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- perspiring freely. And so am I.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Edgar, can we come in a minute.

EDGAR: Why -- er -- yeah -- sure, Blondie.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Uh -- how do you feel, Edgar?

EDGAR: Well, I guess I'm all right, Blondie. I felt better after Dagwood told me about Veronica. You know -- that she wouldn't mind if I didn't have any money. I was worried.

BLONDIE: Well, that's what she said, Edgar. And you'd feel the same way about her, too, wouldn't you?

EDGAR: Certainly I would. After all, it's love that really counts.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Edgar.

BLONDIE: I'm glad you feel that way, Edgar, because Veronica isn't any more an heiress than you are a wealthy man, but she does love you.

EDGAR: Wh-wha-what?

BLONDIE: Veronica isn't an heiress. You still want her to marry you, don't you?

EDGAR: Why -- why... (TRAILING OFF)

(BODY FALLS)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness, Dagwood! He's fainted!

DAGWOOD: I'll get a bucket of water!

BLONDIE: No! You stay right here and get his head lower than the rest of his body. You don't want to drown the bridgroom.

DAGWOOD: Who doesn't?

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Okey...Come on, Edgar -- wake up. It's your wedding day and you've got to wake up. Open your eyes. Come on, Edgar... (FADING)

CORA: (OFF) Blondie! Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: What is it, Cora?

CORA: (COMING UP) I told Veronica.

BLONDIE: I told Edgar, and he fainted.

CORA: So did Veronica. Julius is rubbing her wrists.
MINISTER: (OFF) Oh, Mrs. Bumstead.
BLONDIE: Oh, that's Mr. Harris, the minister. (CALLS BACK) Yes, Mr. Harris?
MINISTER: (OFF) Any time they're ready, Mrs. Bumstead.
BLONDIE: They'll be ^{up - I mean down.} down in just a moment. There's -- there's been a slight delay.

MUSIC: (SEGUE INTO WEDDING MARCH)

MINISTER: And now, the ring.
VERONICA: The ring, Edgar.
EDGAR: Er -- the ring, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, yeah -- the ring. Now, let's see -- what pocket did I put it in.
BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) Try your vest pocket, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: It's not there...I'll have the ring in just a moment, Mr. Harris.
MINISTER: Just take your time.
DAGWOOD: Thank you.
DITHERS: Dagwood, it's on that string, around your neck, remember?
DAGWOOD: Oh...oh, yeah. It's inside my shirt.
DITHERS: Well, reach inside and get it.
DAGWOOD: I'm trying to, but I can't get my shirt unbuttoned. There's too much starch in my shirt.
BLONDIE: Dagwood -- hurry.
DITHERS: Let me help you -- I'll show you how to get that shirt open. One pull will do it.

(RIP...POP OF BUTTON...BUTTON FALLS ON FLOOR)

DAGWOOD: Where'd that button go? It popped right off and
I heard it roll on the floor.

EDGAR: Never mind the button, Dagwood -- please get the ring.

DAGWOOD: I've got it, but it's on a string.

DITHERS: Stop shilly-shallying around and break the string.

(SNAP)

DAGWOOD: Here it is, Edgar.

EDGAR: Thank you.

MINISTER: Now, place the ring on her finger...That's it...Do you,
Veronica Poole, take this man to be your lawfully wedded
husband, to have and to hold, for richer, for poorer,
in sickness and in health...

MUSIC: (OF WEDDING MARCH UP)

BLONDIE: Well, I guess they'll be coming downstairs any moment
now. They did their packing before the ceremony.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm not taking any chances -- Their suitcases
are out on the porch! Say, I wonder where that button
off my shirt went. I don't want Cookie or any of
the puppies to find it before I do.

CORA: You know, Blondie, I caught the bride's bouquet. What
does that mean for me?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I haven't any idea, Cora.

DITHERS: What a wedding! Whew! I'm glad it's over. What an
ordeal!

CORA: You didn't act like it was an ordeal when you kissed
the bride.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora --

DAGWOOD: ^{JUST THINK,}
~~Gee,~~ Cousin Edgar won't be with us anymore.

BLONDIE: ~~I guess not.~~

~~Blondie:~~
DAGWOOD: It seems too good to be true.

CORA: Here they come, down the stairs!

DITHERS: Has everybody got enough rice?

Blondie: ~~Dagwood, what have you got there?~~
(COMING DOWN STAIRS)

Dagwood: JUST AN old GOLF shoe.
IT WON'T hurt much.

Blondie: PUT THAT down.

EDGAR: Well, we're on our way!

VERONICA: Goodbye, everybody!

EDGAR: Come on, honey!

DITHERS: Oh -- wait a minute, ^{you two!} ~~Edgar! I forgot something!~~

CORA: You've already kissed the bride once, Julius. Don't overdo it.

DITHERS: It's not that, Cora... ^{Dag's got a letter for Edgar.} ~~Edgar,~~ the postman handed me a letter for you when I was downstairs talking to the minister before the ceremony. I forgot to give it to you. Here.

EDGAR: I wonder who it's from

VERONICA: Look at it later, Edgar.

EDGAR: Holy smoke!

(RIP LETTER OPEN)

BLONDIE: Edgar, what does it say?

EDGAR: Just a second. My hands are shaking a little. I can't read it very well. It's from my Draft Board.

DITHERS: Draft Board!

BLONDIE: Let me see it!

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

EDGAR: Quick, Blondie! Tell me what it is.

BLONDIE: Edgar, you've got to report to the induction center tonight. You're going to be in the Army!

VERONICA: (CRYING) Oh, Edgar --

EDGAR: Tonight? ^{VERONICA!} Must it be tonight?

BLONDIE: That's what it says here.

EDGAR: Then I'll just have to go, I guess.

VERONICA: But, Edgar, if you're going into the army, what am I going to do?

DAGWOOD: ^{What's cousin Veronica going to do?}
EDGAR: Well, I guess you'll just have to stay with the Bumsteeds until I get out!

VERONICA: Oh, Edgar.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, ~~Dagwood~~ ^{dear, dear, dear!}

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Here's an advance tip on next week's show. The elections for Mayor are coming up in the Bumstead's town and guess who's going to be running as the reform candidate for mayor. That's right -- Dagwood. There's going to be a hot time in the old town next week so don't forget to listen in next Monday and cheer for "Blondie's Candidate for Mayor."

GOODWIN: Before we say good night, Blondie, won't you say a word or two to the women in our audience?

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, Mr. Goodwin.~~ ^{Thank you, Bill.} I just want to remind all of you to be sure to have Camels in the house the next time you entertain. Serving Camels is the added extra touch that changes good entertaining into real hospitality. Your guests will like Camel's flavor and mildness -- and so will you!

GOODWIN: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt.

Be sure to follow "Blondie," America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow the Bumsteads solve a problem for Cookie and create consternation in the neighborhood. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie," Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's the Al Pearce show, and Friday night it's the quiz show "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN: Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. Be sure to check
(Cont'd) your local newspaper for times and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

MUSIC: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: Here's the latest news on the Camel Caravans which
are now entertaining the boys in camps.

The Southern Camel Caravan, just back from the
Panama Canal Zone, will begin its new schedule next
Monday night, April twentieth, at Camp Crowder,
Missouri.

The Mid-West Camel Caravan has played at approximately
thirty camps since it began its tour in February.

This week the boys at several air fields throughout
Mississippi and Alabama will be entertained, including
performances at Barksdale Field, Louisiana, on Saturday
night.

This week's engagements for the Eastern Camel Caravan
include Fort Eustis, Virginia for two days, beginning
Wednesday.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have
a grand time.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of
Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNCR: You know, mister pipe-smoker, some folks are mighty worried about what they're going to call nickels when a nickel doesn't have any more nickel in it! Well, brother, you don't have to call 'em anything. Just take two of 'em and trade 'em in for a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It's mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get George Washington tonight -- only ten cents! It's America's biggest dime's worth of smoking tobacco!