

Master

4/5/42

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, last week Blondie started a campaign against a group of racketeers who were taking money away from school children with a chain of gambling machines stuck up on posts all over town. Her success in putting the racketeers behind bars has prompted the Woman's Club to make her chairman of the Club's new Civic Reform Committee. And now, here is Blondie, giving an interview to a reporter from the local paper, while Dagwood looks on..

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Putney, the Civic Reform Committee isn't out to cause trouble for the city officials, but we do want to point out little things they may have overlooked.

PUTNEY: For example, Mrs. Bumstead...

DAGWOOD: ^{yeah, for example,} What about those gambling machines? There was no reason why they should have been allowed to be put up in the first place. Why, the city should have --

PUTNEY: Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

PUTNEY: Do you mind if I interview Mrs. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- go right ahead.

PUTNEY: Thank you.

^{Dagwood:} ~~In the second place --~~

BLONDIE: ^{Dagwood!} Well, those machines were a good example. Just because the racketeers bought an old lease that allowed them to put up hitching posts all over town, the city seemed to think it was all right if they put gambling machines on top of those so-called hitching posts.

PUTNEY: That's right -- they were a little lax in doing anything about it.

DAGWOOD: Mayor Snipe just sat around twiddling his thumbs. A fine way to run the city! He calls that law enforcement! Why it was an outrage!

PUTNEY: Well, Mr. Bumstead, you knew what those machines were for, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, ^{of course I did,} but --

PUTNEY: Why didn't you do something about them?

DAGWOOD: Hahh?...Well, you see, I didn't think that -- I mean -- *Blondie* -

PUTNEY: I see...Apparently no one thought much about them except Mrs. Bumstead. (CHUCKLES) Very fortunately, she was able to get some action even though she was working all alone.

BLONDIE: Well, thank you, Mr. Putney, but I might not be able to do as well the next time. That's why the Woman's Club started this Civic Reform Committee. We ^{women} are going to keep tabs on the city government.

Dagwood: You bet we are. I mean, they are.
PUTNEY: (CHUCKLES) The city isn't going to like that much.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm afraid they'll have to. After all, we voters put the City Hall people in office, and we have a right to expect a few things in return. We're going to demand that they enforce the laws a little more strictly than they have been.

PUTNEY: (WHISTLES IN AMAZEMENT) This is going to stir up quite a lot of commotion down at City Hall. Mayor Snipe won't like it at all.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's about time somebody got after him. He doesn't work very hard at being Mayor. Gives a few speeches now and then, fines a few people for parking too long, makes a lot of promises, and then spends most of his time relaxing.

PUTNEY: I'm afraid that's not far from wrong, Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: By the way, Mr. Putney -- how does the paper stand on a thing like this?

PUTNEY: We're right back of you, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: That's fine.

PUTNEY: We've written a few editorials about the City Hall situation, but ~~no~~ one reads ^{Editorials} ~~them~~ except Mayor Snipe. Now a story like this is better ~~than an editorial.~~ We can put it right on the front page.

DAGWOOD: Make it good and strong. Make it sound as close to a revolution as possible.

PUTNEY: Don't worry, Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Will this be in the paper this afternoon?

PUTNEY: Oh, yes...You know, Mrs. Bumstead, that this will have practically the same effect as tossing a bomb into the Mayor's office.

BLONDIE: (SMILES) That's just the effect the Civic Reform Committee wants to get.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Blondie is going to stir up a hornet's nest in the City Hall. Mayor Snipe won't take kindly to the new Civic Reform Committee of the Woman's Club. He's been sitting comfortably in the Mayor's chair for quite a while -- what do you think he'll do when he finds out that Blondie has put a tack on it? Well, I'm guessing that there's trouble ahead for the Bumsteads, but we'll see in just a moment but right now ----

(BOUNCING OF BASKETBALL)

GOODWIN: Hmmn. What was that? Sounded like a basketball...Yep, and there's Dagwood, standing in the hallway --

BLONDIE: Dagwood! What on earth are you doing with that ball?

DAGWOOD: I just bought it. I'm going to train Alexander to be a great basketball player, uh, like me. Dead-eye Bumstead, they used to call me. See that basket, Blondie?

BLONDIE: You mean that piece of coat-hanger wire on the bannister?

DAGWOOD: There's one minute to go -- Bumstead breaks away -- dribbles down the floor...

(MORE BOUNCING)

BLONDIE: Careful, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: -- he stops sharply -- snaps the ball -- it curves in a beautiful arc -- and --

(CRASHING OF GLASS)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you smashed that light bulb all to pieces!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, I can't understand it! It's a brand new regulation ball -- it oughtn't to go swerving around like that!

BLONDIE: I guess it's the same as everything else, Dagwood. It isn't just what you put in the basket -- it's also how you do it!

GOODWIN: Thanks for setting up my shot, Blondie. Sure, that's what we say about Camel Cigarettes -- it isn't just what you put in -- it's also how you do it! Plenty of smokers know about the what in Camels -- the famous costlier tobaccos -- but it takes the how, too, to make Camel America's favorite cigarette. Yes, it's Camel's famous know-how, the matchless blending process that makes fine tobaccos ^{INTO} a superb cigarette. That's why Camels have that rich, extra flavor, and the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy it. That's why Camels are slower-burning, too, giving you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking at that! 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: And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll see what a difference expert blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's later that afternoon. Mayor Snipe has just read the paper, and promptly hit the ceiling a couple of times. He's called the chairman of the City Council in, and he's just talking over the phone to the newspaper reporter, Mr. Putney...

SNIPE: (COME IN) And furthermore, Mr. Putney, your whole story is a series of dastardly falsifications! How dare you imply such things about me? I'll sue you for libel! I'll sue you for slander! I'll sue you and the paper for a million dollars!

PUTNEY: (FILTER) Just a minute, Mayor Snipe -- you're going a little too fast for me. ^{Snipe: Huh?} Will you say that over again, starting from "dastardly falsifications?"

SNIPE: What's that? Are you taking this down?

PUTNEY: Oh, of course, Mr. Mayor. This will make a good story for tomorrow's papers.

SNIPE: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Er -- now just a moment, Mr. Putney --

PUTNEY: Now, Mayor Snipe, I made no comment of my own on this story -- I merely wrote the facts. That the Woman's Club has started a Civic Reform Committee.

SNIPE: But that implies, sir, that there are conditions in the city government that need reform!

PUTNEY: Yes, I know. All I can do, Mayor Snipe, is refer you to the Woman's Club Civic Reform Committee. Mrs. Bumstead is the chairman.

SNIPE: (EXPLODES) Mrs. Bumstead! Her again!

PUTNEY: Please remember that I'm only a reporter. I didn't start this committee. But since the committee is news, it's my duty to report everything it does.

SHIPE: Very well, very well. Perhaps if you drop around at my office tomorrow I'll have a statement for the press.

PUTNEY: Thank you, Mr. Mayor.

SHIPE: Not at all...Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

SHIPE: This is ridiculous!...What do you think about it, Mr. Vincent?

VINCENT: I don't like the idea of those women getting their fingers into politics. Never did like the idea.

~~A woman's place is in the home, I always say.~~

~~SHIPE: Mrs. Bumstead is at the head of it.~~

~~VINCENT: I say we ought to stamp it out. I'm for good government~~

~~but I've been chairman of the City Council for almost~~

~~ten years, and I've never seen any good come of women~~

~~footing around in politics. Now, MR. MAYOR, YOU TAKE MY WIFE -~~

SHIPE: Stricter law enforcement! The idea! Who do they think they are, asking for stricter law enforce -- say, wait a minute! We'll give them stricter law enforcement!

VINCENT: I don't follow you, Mayor Shipe.

SHIPE: We'll show them who the main offenders of the law are around here. We'll show them the first thing tomorrow morning.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, I've got to dash or I'll be late to the office this morning.

BLONDIE: Now remember it's slippery out, Dagwood. Be very careful.

DAGWOOD: I will...Look, Blondie -- will you try to get Cousin Edgar up and to the office before twelve? I've had to do his work and my work, too.

BLONDIE: I'll try, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Don't let him fake another head cold unless he's got a temperature. He got out of work most of last week with that gag.

BLONDIE: All right, dear. Here's the paper to read on the bus...
All ready now?

DAGWOOD: Yep...Goodbye, dear. (KISS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I'll see you tonight!

(WHIZZZZZZI!!!)

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, officer! Look out!

(COLLISION OF BODIES)

OFFICER: What's the idea? What did you come busting out of that house for?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'm sorry, officer, let me help you up.

OFFICER: Hmmm. No ashes on your front sidewalk.

DAGWOOD: Heah? Oh, no -- it spoils the sliding...Well, I've got to hurry to catch my bus before it gets past my corner.
So long!

(WHIZZZZZZI!!!)

OFFICER: Wait a minute, there! You haven't got any ashes on your sidewalk! And that's against the law!..Wait a minute!

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

(COME UP ON LIGHT TRAFFIC)

OFFICER: (A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH) Why didn't you wait for me back there in front of your house.

DAGWOOD: I had to get here to the corner before my bus came along.

OFFICER: Well, Mr. Bumstead -- I'm giving you a little summons for not putting ashes on your front sidewalk. That's against the law, you know.

DAGWOOD: No, I didn't know.

OFFICER: Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

DAGWOOD: But no one else has ashes on his front sidewalk all along the street, and furthermore --

OFFICER: Just a moment, Mr. Bumstead. Didn't you cut across the street on your way to this corner?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's ~~about~~ ^{EXACTLY} three seconds shorter. I've timed it.

OFFICER: That's jay-walking...I'll have to give you another summons.

DAGWOOD: But wait a minute -- that's not fair! I didn't know that you couldn't cut across the street in a residential section.

OFFICER: Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

DAGWOOD: (RIGHT WITH HIM) Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

OFFICER: You don't have to repeat that with me.

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY.
(BUS COMES UP AND STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Do you arrest everybody who crosses the street? Look -- there's a man over there -- and there's an old lady. Why don't you arrest her?

(BUS HONKS...AND STARTS UP)

OFFICER: Is that your bus pulling away?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I've just got time to jump on! (GRUNTS)

Ah -- I made it!

OFFICER: Look out! I'm coming along, too! (GRUNTS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, my newspaper fell out of my pocket.

OFFICER: Ah -- there we are!

DAGWOOD: You going my way officer?

OFFICER: I'm going to have to write out another little summons for you, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Look officer, be reasonable.

OFFICER: Boarding a public vehicle while in motion.

DAGWOOD: I'd never get to work on time if I didn't. Besides everybody does that.

OFFICER: It's still against the law...And wasn't that your newspaper that blew all over the street?

DAGWOOD: It slipped out of my pocket when I jumped for the bus.

OFFICER: Littering up the streets, eh? There are waste paper receptacles on every other corner, but you've got to throw yours on the street.

DAGWOOD: That was an accident! I didn't do it purposely! You can't arrest me for that!

OFFICER: Oh, I can't, can't I?

DAGWOOD: No, you can't -- er -- can you?

OFFICER: I certainly can, and if you don't believe me, you can come along and see it happen.

Good bye.

DAGWOOD: No, I'd rather not, thanks just the same. I've got to
~~get to the office.~~

OFFICER: You do, eh? Well, we're going there by way of police
~~headquarters.~~

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?

DAGWOOD: (FILTER) Bllloooooondie, ^{Blondie: yes, Dagwood.} is that you?

BLONDIE: Yes, ^{dear} ~~Dagwood~~ - what's the matter? Where are you?

DAGWOOD: I'm down at police headquarters.

BLONDIE: Police headquarters? Goodness, Dagwood -- what
happened?

DAGWOOD: I've been arrested.

BLONDIE: But what for?

DAGWOOD: For everything. For not putting ashes on the front
sidewalk, for jay-walking, for jumping on a moving
vehicle, and for littering up the street, ^{Blondie: oh, Dagwood!} and do you
remember, Alexander gave me his ^{hatchet} ~~sharp knife~~ to be
sharpened?

BLONDIE: Why, yes.

DAGWOOD: That's carrying concealed weapons. Blondie, you've got
to come right down here and get me out of this jam.

BLONDIE: I'll bet this has something to do with my being the
chairman of the Woman's Club Civic Reform Committee!!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I'll be right down there! I'll tell them a few things!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR...THEN MOTORCYCLE)

COP: (CALLS OUT) Pull over to the curb there. Pull over to the curb.

BLONDIE: (CALLS BACK) Do you mean me, officer?

COP: Yes...Pull over and come to a stop.

(CAR STOPPING)

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

(MOTORCYCLE OFF)

COP: You don't know why I'm stopping you?

BLONDIE: Why no.

COP: What's the speed limit through the business district?

BLONDIE: Fifteen miles an hour.

COP: That's right, and you were going seventeen miles an hour. Two miles an hour over the limit.

BLONDIE: HMMMMM -- you're sure you couldn't work reckless driving into this, somewhere?

COP: Now, Mrs. Bumstead, we've got to enforce the law. If we let you go seventeen miles an hour, you'd want to go eighteen, and if we let you go eighteen, you'd want to go twenty. We've got to draw the line somewhere.

BLONDIE: By the way, how did you happen to know my name?

COP: ~~What~~ ^{Your name?}...Oh...Well, I -- er -- I just happened to know.

BLONDIE: It couldn't be that you were assigned especially to watch this car, could it?

COP: May I see your driving license, please?

BLONDIE: License? Oh, I think I've got it here...somewhere...
I hope.

COP: Hmmm -- the law specifies that you must carry it with
you whenever you drive.

BLONDIE: I have an awful feeling it's in my other purse.

COP: (PLEASED) Hmmm -- that's bad.

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- here it is right here.

COP: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh -- that's good...by the way, where's
your fire-extinguisher?

BLONDIE: What's that?

COP: Your fire-extinguisher. You know there's a law that
says there has to be a fire-extinguisher in every car.

BLONDIE: I didn't know that.

COP: I'm sorry, but ignorance of the law is no excuse.

BLONDIE: When was that law passed?

COP: Hmmm -- I believe in 1919.

BLONDIE: Just recently.

COP: It's still the law.

BLONDIE: How long have you been following me?

COP: Ever since you left your garage -- er -- long enough
to be sure that you exceeded the speed limit. Well,
Mrs. Bumstead, suppose you just follow me.

BLONDIE: Where to?

COP: Police headquarters.

MUSIC:

SNIPE: (PLEASED) Well, McGillicuddy, you may show the two --
er -- the two culprits in.

OFFICER: Okay, Mayor Snipe.

SNIPE: I'm quite ready for them...(FADING)

(DOOR OPENS)

OFFICER: Okay -- you can go in now. Mayor Snipe will hear your
case.

BLONDIE: With a great deal of relish, I'm sure.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

OFFICER: I wouldn't be surprised...Go right in.

DAGWOOD: Thanks.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (LOW) I'm sure he planned this whole stunt.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) Look -- he's just sitting at his desk, pretending
to be very busy and that he didn't notice our coming in.

BLONDIE: The idea -- arresting me for not having a
fire-extinguisher in the car.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet he hasn't got one in his own car.

BLONDIE: I'll bet he has. And I'll also bet he has ashes on
his front sidewalk. We are being framed in a nice,
polite way.

DAGWOOD: I'll see if I can get a little attention...(ALoud)
Hello, Mayor Snipe. I'll bet you're not surprised
to see us here.

SNIPE: What?...Oh, yes -- Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead...Well, well --
sit down.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

BLONDIE: We'd just as soon stand.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we prefer to stand.

SNIPE: I can't tell you how sorry I am to see you here,
Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Don't bother then, Mayor Snipe. Shall we get on with
the case or whatever you want to call it?

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

PUTNEY: (OFF) Hello, Mayor Snipe.

SNIPE: Come right in, Mr. Putney...Oh -- do you know Mr. and
Mrs. Bumstead?

PUTNEY: Yes, indeed.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- we know Mr. Putney.

PUTNEY: Well, Mr. Mayor, are you and Mrs. Bumstead working out
something on civic reform?

SNIPE: No. On the contrary, Mrs. Bumstead has been brought in
here charged with violating several laws. Mr. Bumstead
has broken a number of city ordinances -- five of them
to be exact. In managing the complicated affairs of
a community such as ours, a mayor is often faced with
an unpleasant duty. That is the situation I find myself
in now.

BLONDIE: An unpleasant duty?

SNIPE: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead. Well, we'll get on with the cases
...Just sit down, Mr. Putney. You may quote me
whenever you want.

PUTNEY: Thank you, Mayor Snipe.

SNIPE: Not at all...Mrs. Bumstead, I see you're down here for
speeding through the business district.

BLONDIE: Yes ^{your honor, the mayor} -- the motorcycle policeman who arrested me said I
was going two miles an hour over the limit.

PUTNEY: What is the limit, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Fifteen miles an hour.

DAGWOOD: A little faster than a dog-trot.

SNIPE: And she is also charged with not having a fire-extinguisher in her car -- a city ordinance of 1919.

BLONDIE: Isn't that ordinance a little out of date by now?

SNIPE: Mrs. Bumstead, I can assure you that the City Council and I have checked over the city ordinances from time to time, and the laws are all quite within reason.

BLONDIE: Mr. Putney, I wish you'd make a note of that.

PUTNEY: I've got it.

BLONDIE: Well, Mayor Snipe -- I'll plead guilty to both charges. What are the fines?

SNIPE: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) They're both the same. Not more than a hundred dollars fine, or ninety days in jail, or both.

BLONDIE: I see...Now Mr. Bumstead will plead guilty to all his charges, too.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? But Blondie, those charges aren't fair! unjust! They're practically illegal!

*Blondie: never
They're mind,
Dagwood*

BLONDIE: They've got us just the same, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: They have, hunh?

BLONDIE: Bound and gagged.

DAGWOOD: In that case I'll plead guilty.

BLONDIE: Now then, Mayor Snipe -- what do the charges against Dagwood amount to? I mean, all together.

SNIPE: I've been figuring it up. The maximum sentence would be six hundred dollars and a little over two years in jail.

BLONDIE: Well, Mayor Snipe -- do you feel that our crimes justify your imposing both the fine and imprisonment?

SNIPE: Oh, no, Mrs. Bumstead. That would be quite unfair.

BLONDIE: Well, then in that case, suppose you put us both in jail.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- put us both in jail -- hank?

SNIPE: (CHUCKLES) You're only joking, of course.

DAGWOOD: *Yes, she's always JOKING.*
BLONDIE: Not at all. I'm sure the Woman's Club and Dagwood's Dutch Uncle Club would both be willing to carry on where we left off. There might be even quite a campaign to get us out of jail.

SNIPE: Now just a moment -- you were both arrested for infractions of laws of the city. Are you protesting against our laws?

BLONDIE: I am, if it's against the law to walk across the street to see a friend ~~in prison~~.

SNIPE: There's no law against that.

BLONDIE: It could be interpreted as jay-walking, couldn't it?

SNIPE: Well -- um -- uh -- that depends, of course.

BLONDIE: The Civic Reform Committee of the Woman's Club thinks the laws ought to be changed somewhat.

SNIPE: Perhaps, Mrs. Bumstead -- but the City Council will get to that in due time.

BLONDIE: "In due time" sounds too much like 1952...Well, back to our case, Mayor Snipe.

SNIPE: Oh, yes...Well, I'm going to adjourn this case for the moment. I'll have to think it over before I make any decision...Case is adjourned until tomorrow morning...
Mr. Putney.

PUTNEY: I've been getting everything, Mayor.

SNIPE: I'd like to have you quote me as saying that as Mayor of this community I intend to enforce every law on our statute books. There will be no ifs ands and buts about it. The law -- will be enforced!

BLONDIE: We'll see you tomorrow morning, Mayor Snipe?

SNIPE: Good day...You've got enough for a story, Mr. Putney? Something on the front page?

PUTNEY: Yes, I have.

SNIPE: That's fine...Goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS...THEN CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- I'm not sure how we came out of that. Was it good or bad?

PUTNEY: Mrs. Bumstead, I hope you'll understand that I'll have to write a story about this -- about your being arrested and all that. No matter how all this was arranged -- and I suppose it was arranged -- the facts are you ^{both} pleaded guilty.

BLONDIE: Yes, I know.

DAGWOOD: Gee, it isn't fair, Blondie. I'm not a law breaker, but the way I got arrested today, I look like an habitual criminal. And by the time they get through with me, I'll be a jail bird. What'll Alexander say?

BLONDIE: I don't know.

PUTNEY: Mrs. Bumstead, are you going to fight these arrests? Get someone to represent you?

BLONDIE: No, I don't think so. But we're not going to just stand there tomorrow and take it...I'm going to look over the city ordinances -- go through everything. Somehow or other I'd like to have Mayor Snipe arrested tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, that sounds like a large order. Mayor Snipe seems to object to your Woman's Club Civic Reform Committee investigating the city's business or making any suggestions. I imagine he's covered himself up pretty well. Yes, I'm afraid that this time Blondie has taken on something it'll be pretty hard to beat. We'll see if she has any success in just a moment...But first, listen to a tank that knows how to swim!

(AMPHIBIAN TANK, SPLASHING THROUGH WATER)

GOODWIN: Yes, it's the Marines' new amphibian tractor. It can swim up to a beach, climb out on land, and keep right on shooting all the time!

(SOUND OUT)

GOODWIN: Yes, it's a new weapon for one of the world's toughest, scrappiest outfits. But one thing about the Marines hasn't changed! The men still say --

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please!

GOODWIN: And that goes for men in all the armed services! 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! Why's that?

VOICE: Brother, give me flavor in a cigarette! Camel's got plenty of that, and the extra mildness that lets a fellow enjoy it!

GOODWIN: You bet! And Camels are easy on your cigarette budget -- they give extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking, too -- because they're slower-burning. The reason for that is Camel's costlier tobaccos, and the famous Camel blending process -- the know-how that blends fine tobaccos into a superb cigarette. 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 remember! It's easy to send a carton of Camels to men in uniform! Your dealer has a special wrapping and mailing service. Get Camels yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's evening of the same day, and Dagwood has just come home. He looks a little dejected, and he has the afternoon paper in his hand...

DAGWOOD: Have you seen the paper, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood, I have.

DAGWOOD: It's not so good, hunh? (READS) "Police Arrest Chairman of Civic Reform Committee."

BLONDIE: Yes, I saw that, but I liked the opening sentence. Right here.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: (READS) Mayor Snipe, target of the Women's Club Civic Reform Committee, dusted off the cover of the city statute book this morning and threw it at Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead, chairman of the committee. Mrs. Bumstead was arrested on two counts, and Mr. Bumstead was charged with five violations.

DAGWOOD: I still don't think it looks very good for us, and particularly not so good for you...Gee, Blondie, what's going to happen to us tomorrow morning in the Mayor's office?

BLONDIE: Well, don't worry, Dagwood. I've found a number of interesting things.

DAGWOOD: You have?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Wait'll you hear.

DAGWOOD: ~~That's swell, honey.~~..What did you do?

BLONDIE: Oh, I just poked around into the old city statute books and I'm pretty sure that Mayor Snipe and the City Council have never looked into it very carefully.

DAGWOOD: You think we'll come out all right tomorrow?

BLONDIE: Well, remember, Dagwood, we can still be sentenced. But Mayor Snipe is going to be in for a few surprises. I'm going to pull the biggest ~~lot~~^{Cozy} of rabbits out of a hat you ever saw in your life!

MUSIC:

(MURMUR OF VOICES)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- we've attracted quite a crowd into the Mayor's office.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- the Mayor doesn't seem unhappy about it, either.

BLONDIE: Well, he's expecting to enjoy every moment of this.

~~DAGWOOD: (LAWNS) Wait until he finds out!~~

(GAVEL)

SNIPE: Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry that this case has received so much publicity. After all, it is nothing more than the routine arrests of two offenders of the city laws. It is an unfortunate -- er -- coincidence that Mrs. Bumstead happens to be chairman of the Woman's Club Civic Reform Committee, but perhaps it goes to prove in a small way that the ladies -- bless them -- would do better to leave city government and reform to those who understand the subjects better... Do you agree with me, Mr. Vincent?

VINCENT: I certainly do, Mr. Mayor. As Chairman of the City Council, I can assure you all that the council and the Mayor have done everything to see that our city government is an up-to-date, streamlined one.

SNIPE: Well, I'm sure our chairman of the city council knows what he's talking about.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Mayor...

(STIR IN THE ROOM)

SNIPE: Ah -- yes, Mrs. Bumstead. Did you want to say something?

BLONDIE: Well, before you go any further, didn't you say yesterday that you'd see that all the city laws would be strictly enforced?

SNIPE: Yes, I did, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: That's fine...I have a warrant here for the arrest of the chairman of the City Council -- Mr. Vincent.

VINCENT: A warrant for my arrest?!

SNIPE: What's that?

(STIR IN THE ROOM)

(GAVEL)

SNIPE: May I ask what the charge against Mr. Vincent is?

VINCENT: I demand to know what the charge is.

BLONDIE: The charge is buying a chicken after dark without a written permit from the chief of police. You bought a chicken last night from the grocery store.

VINCENT: There's no law against that!

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, there is, Mr. Vincent. It was designed to discourage buying chickens from chicken thieves. It was made a city law in 1887 and has never been repealed.

(LAUGHTER)

(GAVEL)

VINCENT: I -- I can't believe this. It's an outrage.

BLONDIE: I agree with you, Mr. Vincent. That law is one the ladies ^{Snipe: Bless them.} bless them -- are against...I also have warrants for the rest of the City Council. They're charged with parking their cars within four blocks of the City Hall. That was passed in 1904 so that the automobiles wouldn't frighten the horses hitched up near the City Hall.

(LAUGHTER)

(GAVEL)

SNIPE: I'll have to ask for more order in this room, or I'll be forced to clear it. (GAVEL) quiet!

BLONDIE: I also have a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR: What? A warrant for my arrest? Why -- why, that's -- you can't do that. I'm -- I'm the Mayor.

BLONDIE: I don't think that makes much difference, Mr. Mayor. A law was passed in 1901 that said the Mayor must provide a bucket of water on each floor of the City Hall, in case of fire.

SNIPE: But we have fire-extinguishers!

BLONDIE: The law says a bucket of water on each floor.

SNIPE: I -- I didn't know there was such a law.

BLONDIE: Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mayor Snipe. That's what everyone kept telling me yesterday when I was arrested.

BLONDIE: ~~I kept hearing that ignorance of the law is no excuse~~
~~restoring things~~. And Mayor Snipe, you're also charged
with not having a herald on horseback proceeding your
car when you drive through the city. That law was
also to keep horses from running away. I guess cars
were pretty noisy then. ~~Anyway, the law was passed~~
in 1909, and still remains on the statute books.

(LAUGHTER)

BLONDIE: There are also laws passed quite some time ago that
say it's against the law for an animal to be on the
street after dark without a red tail light. And one
of the funniest laws of all says there's a fine of
ten dollars for not tipping your hat to the Mayor.

(LAUGHTER)

BLONDIE: Since it doesn't say otherwise, I suppose it means
women, as well as men, can be fined for not tipping
~~their hats to Mayor Snipe~~. All those laws are in our
up-to-date, streamlined city government. What do you
say to that, Mayor Snipe -- and remember -- ignorance
of the law is no excuse!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, we're almost home again. Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. (LAUGHING) You know, Blondie, I'll bet
Mayor Snipe's face is still red.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING) I wouldn't be surprised, Dagwood...He
certainly dismissed the charges against us in a hurry,
didn't he?

DAGWOOD: Yeah ^{We certainly put it over.}
^ it was the fastest thing I've ever seen the
Mayor do.

BLONDIE: Well, he had to do that or I could have practically
everyone in town arrested, including ourselves. From
now on, I think the city government has a pretty good
chance to be really up-to-date and streamlined.

DAGWOOD: Thanks to the ladies -- bless them! You certainly
made them eat all those silly old laws. Why --
hoiy smoke -- Blondie --- look out!!!

(HE FALLS DOWN)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: My feet went right out from under me. Boy, it's
slippery around here.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- you still haven't put ashes on our front
sidewalk.

DAGWOOD: I guess it slipped my mind.

BLONDIE: Hmmm...Now I see why they passed that law! I see.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, next week is a pretty important one for the Bumsteads. Blondie and Dagwood celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary the same day as Mrs. Dithers birthday. So -- Dagwood and Mr. Dithers make plans for a surprise celebration. But there is one thing that they didn't count on. This year both the anniversary and the birthday fall on Friday the thirteenth, and that spells trouble for everyone. So -- don't forget to listen in next week to see what happens to the Bumsteads and the Dithers when "Blondie Celebrates An Anniversary."

"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.

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 stations.

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 shows for the men. ~~Tonight~~ Tonight the Camel Caravan will be at Fort Hancock, New Jersey, Tuesday and Wednesday at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, Thursday at Mitchel Field, New York, Friday at Camp Upton, New York, and Saturday they will be at Fort Totten, New York. 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)

AINCR: Say, pipe-smokers, when you light up your first pipeload of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, just forget about its economy. Forget that it costs just ten cents for a big blue package weighing two and a quarter ounces! Simply judge George Washington as tobacco, and notice how mild, mellow, and tasty it is, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Then you'll agree you've spent a dime wisely -- for America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!