

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1942

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

~~Goodwin:~~
Wilcox:

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

WILCOX: You know, a Commando paints his face black at night, or covers himself with a white sheet for fighting in the snow. It's his way of blending into the landscape. Yes, that's one kind of blending. Camel uses blending, too...for enjoyment -- the skillful, matchless blending of costlier tobaccos that Camel has perfected over a long period of years. That's why, when you light up a Camel it tastes so good -- and why every other Camel tastes good -- ~~any other~~. Yes, it's Camel's famous extra flavor and smooth, extra mildness that have made it America's favorite...cooler, slow~~er~~-burning to give you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll see for yourself that expert blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, the election for Mayor in the Bumsteads' town is causing plenty of excitement. In three days, the voters will go to the polls and choose between the incumbent, Mayor Snipe, and the reform candidate for Mayor -- Dagwood Bumstead. The main battle has been over Mayor Snipe's choice of political appointees, particularly Chief of Police ^{MURRAY} ~~Oliver~~. The fur has been flying all over town. At Woman's Club Meetings --

(APPLAUSE...IT DIES DOWN)

BLONDIE: (PROJECTING) If you elect my husband Mayor of this town, ~~he'll throw out all the parasites and political stooges who've been appointed by Mayor Snipe!~~ Mr. Bumstead will sweep the city hall clean of graft and incompetence! He'll see that you taxpayers get your money back in good government and civic improvements. Of course I'm his wife and I'm prejudiced, but I can guarantee you that you'll like our town better than ever if you choose Dagwood Bumstead -- for Mayor!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

WILCOX: Over the radio, where Mayor Snipe is speaking at the local station...

SNIPE: (FILTER) And so I say to you, my good friends, ~~when you vote for me, you are voting for a man whose long experience in looking after your best interests best befits him for the job.~~ But if you vote for Bumstead, you are voting for an inexperienced chuckle-head who will turn

(CONTINUED)

SNIPE: the city into a madhouse! That's why I ask you this favor.
(Cont'd) First, vote for me, but if you're not going to vote for me, please, please, folks, don't vote for Bumstead. Write in some other name on the ballot -- any name. But for the sake of our fair city, don't vote for Dagwood Bumstead. I thank you. (PAUSE) Well, I guess that'll keep some of those nit-wit voters from voting for Bumstead.

ANNCR: Mayor Snipe, you're still on the air!

SNIPE: Still on the air?!! Holy cats!

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

WILCOX: And the fight continues on the street corners where a Bumstead for Mayor meeting is in progress...Candidate Bumstead is speaking.

(CHEERS...FADE DOWN AS:)

DAGWOOD: We've got to get rid of those loafers in city hall, and the best way to do that is to vote for me. The first one to go will be Chief Murray. A fine Chief of Police he's been! He couldn't trail a goat in a telephone booth! ^{they didn't laugh,} ^{HARRY.}
SHARP: ^{Keep going.} All he can do is appoint honorary policemen at twenty-five bucks apiece! That's an outrage! It's an injustice! It's not fair!

(BAND STARTS UP PLAYING "THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT")

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Hey, I'm not through yet! Stop the music!
I haven't finished my speech yet! Hey!

(CHEERS)

MUSIC: (UP)

WILCOX: And now to the Bumstead home on Shady Lane Avenue.
It's late in the evening and Dagwood and his campaign
manager, Harry Sharp, have just come in. Blondie's
been waiting up for them...

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, how did your speech go over tonight?

DAGWOOD: Like a ripe tomato.

SHARP: We weren't very popular in the district where we were
speaking, Mrs. Bumstead. It was pretty solid Snipe
territory.

DAGWOOD: Those tomatoes weren't very solid. I got more damage
from the near misses than the direct hits.

SHARP: (SIGHS) Yeah.'

BLONDIE: Did you have trouble, too, Mr. Sharp?

SHARP: I'm afraid so. I was speaking over in the third ward,
and I got hit by an egg. Two yolks.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's too bad. I haven't had any trouble at all.
Most of my audiences have been very enthusiastic.

DAGWOOD: That's good, Blondie.

SHARP: Mrs. Bumstead, have you completed all the arrangements
for the outing the day after tomorrow?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, Mr. Sharp. It's going to be a wonderful picnic.

SHARP: Well, Dagwood, you'd better spend the day tomorrow out
Good. ~~It'll give Dagwood a chance to meet more of the~~
~~ringing door bells.~~
~~voters, and kiss their babies.~~

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh.

SHARP: Say, Dagwood, what are you doing tomorrow?

DAGWOOD: Oh... Well, I thought I'd just sort of take it easy and
rest up a little, for the picnic the next day.

SHARP: You can't rest up just before election. You ought to
be out ringing doorbells.

DAGWOOD: (INTERESTED) Ringing doorbells? Like Halloween?

SHARP: (SHUDDERS) No-o-o-o!

DAGWOOD: Oh, but I -

BLONDIE: Mr. Sharp means you ought to be going from door to
door, introducing yourself, and asking people to vote
for you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: You've got to do it, Dagwood. There's not much to it.
You just ring the doorbell, and when someone answers
it, you say, "How do you do? I'm Dagwood Bumstead,
the reform candidate for Mayor. I'd appreciate your
support at the election."

SHARP: And you hand them one of your cards. I'll be working
the other side of the street.

DAGWOOD: You know, Harry, I can't understand why you agreed to be
my campaign manager. You were always my toughest
competitor at the Goliath Construction Company.

SHARP: ~~Oh, well, Dagwood, even I have a sense of civic duty. And besides, if I help you get in as Mayor, I won't have any competition. I expect to run the Dithers Company right out of business. We'll start at nine tomorrow morning.~~

MUSIC:

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Gee, there doesn't seem to be anyone home, but I thought I heard someone moving around inside.

(DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

DAGWOOD: Oh!..Er -- good morning. I'm Dagwood Bumstead, the reform candidate for Mayor.

ANNCR: (WHO LIVES HERE...VERY SLEEPY) ^{What's that light? Is there a fire? oh,} Time is it? ^{day light.}

DAGWOOD: Nine thirty.

ANNCR: (GROANS) Middle of the night.

DAGWOOD: Oh, did I wake you up?

ANNCR: Am I 'wake now?

DAGWOOD: You've got your eyes open.

ANNCR: Don't mean a thing. Time is it?

DAGWOOD: Nine thirty...You work at night?

ANNCR: Announcer radio station. Play records all night.

DAGWOOD: Er -- who're you voting for?

ANNCR: Snipe.

DAGWOOD: What for?

ANNCR: Easier to say than Bumstead...Time is it?

DAGWOOD: Nine thirty.

ANNCR: Said that a minute ago.

DAGWOOD: Er -- nine thirty-one.
ANNCR: Middle of night. Well, good night.
DAGWOOD: Good night.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, I'm Dagwood Bumstead, the reform candidate for --
SNIPE: (YELLS) Get off my porch you drivelling nincompoop!
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- Mayor Snipe!
SNIPE: I'm voting for myself, and if you have an ounce of sense, you'll vote for me, too!

MUSIC:

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: They're not going to catch me this time -- I'll just say, "Good morning, Madame. Who are you voting for? Dagwood Bumstead? That's fine -- here's my card." Then I go on to the next house.

(DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: Well?
DAGWOOD: Good morning, Madame. Who are you voting -- ?
WOMAN: We don't want any.
DAGWOOD: I'm Not Selling Anything.
WOMAN: Then what did you knock on my door for?
DAGWOOD: I was just wondering who you were voting for for Mayor, hanh?

WOMAN: I'm voting for Mayor Snipe. Who else would I vote for?

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- haven't you heard anything about this other fellow? I understand he'd make a swell Mayor. You know -- Dagwood Bumstead.

WOMAN: That jerk!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

WOMAN: I wouldn't vote for him if he was the only one on the ballot! What experience has he had -- answer me that?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, no experience, but --

WOMAN: ~~You see? No one but a fathead would vote for a man who didn't have any experience.~~ Who're you going to vote for?

DAGWOOD: Well, I thought I'd vote for me -- I mean, I'd vote for Dagwood Bumstead.

WOMAN: Are you kidding?

DAGWOOD: Er, no. What's the matter with Bumstead?

WOMAN: He's a helpless nincompoop! He's just barely out of his adolescence.

DAGWOOD: Oh. But he's honest! Bumstead is honest!

WOMAN: So is a three-months old baby, but who wants a three-months old baby for Mayor? On second thought, I'd rather have the baby for Mayor.

DAGWOOD: ^{I see what you mean.} I don't suppose you're going to the Bumstead for Mayor picnic and outing tomorrow, are you?

WOMAN: Oh, sure I am.

DAGWOOD: But voting for Mayor Snipe --

WOMAN: The way I look at it, it's a free meal...Well, I've got to get back to my dishes. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: A fine thing!

(GOING DOWN PORCH STEPS...CAR HONKS)

SHARP: (OFF) Hey, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Harry.

SHARP: Come on, get in the car... (COMING UP) How's it been going?

Dagwood: Thanks. (Door closes)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'm not sure I ought to vote for myself, after all.

SHARP: Now what's wrong?

DAGWOOD: Maybe I wouldn't be a good mayor. I'm so young and inexperienced.

(DOOR CLOSES...MOTOR STARTS)

SHARP: Good grief...Listen, Dagwood -- I see this as the first stepping stone in a great career. First, you're just Dagwood Bumstead, the plain and simple Mayor of our town. But you do wonderful things for the town -- you make it into a model community.

DAGWOOD: I do, huh?

SHARP: Sure. Then Life pays a visit to our town and its progressive Mayor, Dagwood Bumstead. Reader's Digest has an article about you!

DAGWOOD: (INTERESTED) Yeah?

SHARP: They're saying, "Dagwood Bumstead -- for Governor!" You don't want to leave our town, but the people demand it. The name of Bumstead electrifies the voters! You're elected -- governor!

DAGWOOD: (AWED) Gee -- Governor Bumstead!

SHARP: You're a national figure! The people demand you run for Senator!

DAGWOOD: (ENTHUSIASTIC) How can I refuse them?

SHARP: ^{You can't.}
You're swept into office on a wave of public
enthusiasm! And you've hardly been seated in the
Senate when the nation begins talking about you as a
candidate for (WHISPERS) -- ~~President.~~
I know - Vice President. SHARP: No, President!
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Think of that!

SHARP: Now, Dagwood -- with a future like that ahead of you,
are you going to give up and let a pipsqueak like
Mayor Snipe beat you?

DAGWOOD: No! I'll show Mayor Snipe! I'll run him into the
ground! He hasn't got a chance against Senator Bumstead!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Don't turn the radio off yet, Dagwood. They're
supposed to make an announcement about the picnic.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

ANNCR: (FILTER) Attention voters! You are cordially invited
to attend the Bumstead for Mayor free picnic and outing
at Winkle's Grove this afternoon. Come and bring the
whole family and have a swell time, but if you can't
come, don't forget to vote for Dagwood Bumstead for
Mayor.

DAGWOOD: ^{There's me.}
This is a paid political announcement, and does not
necessarily reflect the sentiments of this station.

SHARP: We ought to have a pretty good crowd -- it's a swell day.

ANNCR: And now a recorded jam session with Sweet William Artzt
and his Musical Upstartzt.

DAGWOOD: I'll turn it off now.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm going to go to Winkle's Grove with Mrs. McButter and Harriet Woodley now. We'll be there ahead of the crowd to make sure that everything's ready.

SHARP: That's fine, Mrs. Bumstead. I'll go in one of the busses and do a little electioneering.

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Sharp.

SHARP: How are you going out, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I think I'll drive our car out to Winkle's Grove. Just so we're sure of a way of getting back.

SHARP: When you get there, don't forget to kiss the babies.

DAGWOOD: I tried that today and got slugged in the eye with a teething ring.

SHARP: Well, disarm the baby first.

BLONDIE: ~~Mr. Sharp -- what are we going to do about the write-in campaign Mayor Snipe has started?~~

SHARP: ~~I don't know -- I haven't been able to figure out an answer.~~

BLONDIE: ~~He's been trying to split up our vote by telling people that if they won't vote for him to write in any other name, but not to vote for Dagwood. Oh, goodness! Look at the time! I should have left five minutes ago!~~

DAGWOOD: You better hurry, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Get the door open, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: Where's my handbag? I left it around here somewhere.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)"

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) I've got the door open, Blondie! Hurry up!

BLONDIE: Oh, here it is. Goodbye, Mr. Sharp, I'll see you at Winkle's Grove.

SHARP: (FADING) All right, Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) Come on, Blondie, you're going to be late.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, be sure you get to Winkle's Grove in plenty of time. Don't forget your cards, and put on that nice new bow tie I bought you -- the blue polka dot one -- and be pleasant and smile at everybody, and thank them for coming, and don't get into any arguments, and don't say anything about Mayor Snipe that he could sue you for, and please be sure you're there in plenty of time. Now will you remember all that?

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah?~~ Oh, sure, Blondie. Goodbye, Blondie.

BLONDIE: See you at Winkle's Grove! Goodbye --

(WHIZZZZZZZ!!!)

MUSIC: (SEGUE TO "HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN TONIGHT," FADES AS
BAND GOES PAST)

SHARP: (COMING UP) Mrs. Bumstead -- have you seen Dagwood anywhere?

BLONDIE: No, I haven't, Mr. Sharp. No one else seems to have seen him, either.

SHARP: Good grief! He should have been here an hour ago! He's got speeches to make -- what are we going to do?

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose I can make the speeches. I don't know what I'll say, but I'll say something. Here -- take these two jars of relish over to the hamburger counter.

SHARP: But Mrs. Bumstead -- I'm campaign manager.

BLONDIE: Yes, and I wouldn't trust this relish with anyone else. You can carry these two jars -- I've got to deliver these straws, fifteen pounds of hot dogs, and two big boxes of potato chips...Oh, I wish I knew where Dagwood is!!

MUSIC:

(STARTER GRINDING)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- it won't start. Must be out of gas. Gee, this is the last straw! I'll have to hitch-hike the rest of the way to Winkle's Grove.

(CAR DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'm in luck -- here comes a car.

(CAR COMING UP OFF)

DAGWOOD: I'll just wave at them.

(CAR COMING UP)

DAGWOOD: (YELLING) Hey, stop a minute! I'm Dagwood Bumstead, the reform candidate for Mayor and I --

(BUT THE CAR WHIZZES PAST THE REFORM CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR)

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! They just waved back at me!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE...DIES DOWN AS:)

BLONDIE: (PROJECTING) You see, this is the last chance you'll have for four years to get rid of those men in city hall, so that's why I suggest you take advantage of your opportunity by voting for Mr. Bumstead for Mayor. Now I'm not going to keep you any longer. I understand there are still plenty of hamburgers, and no matter who you vote for, you're welcome to them. Thank you.

(CHEERS...THEN MURMUR OF CROWD)

SHARP: (COMING UP) Mrs. Bumstead -- we need you right away over at the headquarters tent.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, I wish I knew where Dagwood was.~~ What is it this time?

SHARP: One of the kids got into some poison ivy, there are two little girls who are lost, and there's a mother who broke her baby's bottle and wants to know if you can find her another bottle and let her boil some milk. The baby's yelling.

BLONDIE: Is that all?

SHARP: No, there's more, but I didn't want to discourage you completely.

BLONDIE: I wish I knew where Dagwood was.

SHARP: Yeah, he's supposed to make another speech in fifteen minutes over at the pavillion.

BLONDIE: Well, if I can take care of everything else in fifteen minutes, I'll be over there to make the speech.

(SIGHS) Why doesn't that man get here!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR OFF)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, Mister! Stop! Wait a minute! Hey-y-y-y-y!
Stop a second! Please stop!
(SCREECH OF BRAKES...CAR COMES TO STOP)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- what a break...Thanks, for stopping.

SNIPE: Well, well -- I can hardly believe my eyes.

DAGWOOD: Could you drive me to -- oh -- er -- hello, Mayor Snipe.

SNIPE: Yes, sir, it's Dagwood Bumstead, the reform candidate
for Mayor.

DAGWOOD: (WEAK LAUGH) Yeah, that's me. You see, I ran out of
gas and I've been trying to hitch-hike to the picnic
at Winkle's Grove.

SNIPE: Oh, that's too bad. What a pity.

DAGWOOD: I feel sorry for myself, too.

SNIPE: The picnic at Winkle's Grove. You're going north, then?

DAGWOOD: (EXPECTANTLY) I sure am.

SNIPE: Well, Bumstead, give my regards to the Eskimos!
(CAR STARTS UP AND DRIVES OFF)

MUSIC:

WOMAN: (COMING UP) Oh, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Yes?

WOMAN: I wanted to thank you for the fine time I've had this
afternoon.

BLONDIE: I'm glad you enjoyed it.

SHARP: We tried to make it a lot of fun for all good
Bumstead-for-Mayor supporters, didn't we, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: We tried to make it a lot of fun for everyone.

WOMAN: Frankly, I just came out here because it was free.
I planned to vote the Snipe ticket.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess you're entitled to your own opinions.
I'm just sorry you didn't meet Mr. Bumstead. I'm sure
you'd like him.

WOMAN: Oh, that's all right -- I didn't want to meet him.
I don't think he'd make a good Mayor, anyway.

BLONDIE: (CONTROLLING HERSELF AND STILL POLITE) Well, it was
nice of you to come, anyway.

WOMAN: I just wanted to tell you I'm not going to vote for
Mayor Snipe.

~~BLONDIE: (PLEASED) Oh...~~

~~SHARP: That's fine! We'll appreciate it if you can get a lot
more people to not vote for Mayor Snipe.~~

BLONDIE: Then you are going to vote for my husband?

WOMAN: No, I'm voting for you.

(HONKING OF CAR OFF)

WOMAN: Well, that's my husband honking for me...Thank you again.

(FADING...YELLS) Stop honking, Wilbur! I heard you!

SHARP: Well, can I drive you home, Mrs. Bumstead? I don't
think Dagwood will show up. We're just about the last
people here and it's going to be dark in a little bit.

BLONDIE: I guess you'd better.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bloooooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: That's Dagwood now!

SHARP: Look -- here he comes! A fine time to show up.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwood, what happened to you? Where were you?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP...TIRED) I was walking. I ran out
of gas. My feet are killing me.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood....

SHARP: There were a lot of people here, and you weren't around to meet them. You didn't make any friends today.

DAGWOOD: But I didn't make any enemies.

SHARP: That's not much consolation. Nobody's going to vote for a guy they've never even seen.

DAGWOOD: I'm still not giving up. I want to be Senator!

BLONDIE: That's the spirit, Dagwood. We've still got a chance to beat Mayor Snipe -- and a pretty good chance, too!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it doesn't ^{look} ~~sound that way~~ to me, Blondie, ^{AS THOUGH DAGWOOD} ~~but~~ ^{HAS MUCH OF} ~~we'll see how the election really comes out in just a~~ ^{A CHANCE,}
moment..... Say, Dagwood, got a minute?

DAGWOOD: Huh? Oh, sure, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Let's say that at 0-three-fifteen you're heading into
Zone five on your way to Q.M. in a B-24. There's a
ceiling of fifteen hundred and a top of cloud at five
thousand -- you're following me?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, sure, I'm in a Q.M. at B-24, on top of a
cloud -- what am I doing?

WILCOX: That's the lingo of the pilots who ferry the big bombers
to the warfronts. Means that at quarter past three
you're on your way in a heavy bomber to a certain
secret airport.

DAGWOOD: That's what I thought -- didn't I?

WILCOX: You see, the business of delivering bombers is a
serious, scientific job, undertaken only by men who
have had careful, exacting training. Goes without
saying that these men have to have steady nerves. We've
talked to a lot of these bomber ferry pilots and were
pleased to find out that Camel is their favorite
cigarette. For example, one pilot from Washington,
whose name is censored, has said --

VOICE: You bet I smoke Camels! They're extra mild -- and
that Camel flavor really hits the spot!

WILCOX: And you hear the same thing from men in all the 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. That's something to remember these days, when we're all under war-time strain, and many of us smoking more. Take this tip from fellows under real tension!

VOICE: (ECHO) Camels are slow burning and mild.

WILCOX: Yes, the smoke of slow-burning Camels contains less nicotine than that of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Get a pack of Camels tonight. Compare the extra flavor and mildness of Camels -- and remember, it's the matchless blending of costlier tobaccos that makes such good taste possible. Send along a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service, too. He'll like 'em as much as you will!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, election day is almost over. Blondie and Dagwood have voted, had their pictures taken, and now they're sitting home with Harry Sharp, the campaign manager, listening to the election returns coming over the radio... The first returns are just coming in...

ANNCR: (FILTER) Here are the first returns from the fourth precinct. Just a moment now, I'll check these figures.

DAGWOOD: How do we stand in the fourth precinct?

SHARP: Pretty good, I think, Dagwood. I live there, you know.

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h-h -- let's listen.

ANNCR: The voting has apparently been rather light and the returns are incomplete, but so far it's Mayor Shipe, five votes -- Dagwood Bumstead, eight votes --

DAGWOOD: Yipppee! I'm beating him!

ANNCR: And a write-in candidate, Harry Sharp, fifteen votes.

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Sharp --!

DAGWOOD: What's the idea? You're ahead of me!

SHARP: Well, you know -- my relatives.

ANNCR: We haven't heard from the fifth precinct yet, but incomplete returns from the sixth give Dagwood Bumstead forty-three votes and Mayor Shipe, two hundred and seventeen.

DAGWOOD: I won't concede the election yet.

ANNCR: Apparently there are a great many write-in names on the ballots. George Speivin, John Barrymore, Ulysses S. Grant, ~~J. Addison Sims of Seattle~~, Pocahontas, Seabiscuit, ~~Katherine Cornett~~, Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, to name a few of the better known ones. It'll take a little time to tabulate these and so we'll give you the totals later. In the meantime, more music.

(CLICK)

ABLONDIE: Let's wait for a while before we turn it on again...

Dagwood, stop biting your ~~nails~~.

DAGWOOD: Oh yeah --

BLONDIE: If you want to do something to relax yourself, why don't you go out in the kitchen and make yourself one of your sandwiches.

DAGWOOD: That's a good idea. You want one, Harry?

SHARP: No, thanks. I've got indigestion.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, would you like me to -- Blondie, stop chewing your handkerchief.

BLONDIE: I can't help it -- I'm nervous! Too!

MUSIC:

ANNCR: (FILTER) And the totals up to the present time are, Mayor Snipe, Two thousand, two hundred and four, Dagwood Bumstead, three hundred and eleven.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! I'm not doing very well.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid not, dear.

SHARP: Well, it was a good fight while it lasted.

ANNCR: I've just been handed a couple of notes. Here's the first one -- from Mayor Snipe's headquarters. Mayor Snipe has just conceded his own election...Here's another. There's quite a write-in vote piling up for Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: For me? They're voting for me?

SHARP: Sh-h-h-h.

ANNCR: The third precinct, normally a Snipe stronghold, gave Mrs. Bumstead four hundred and thirty-two votes, with many ballots still uncounted. That's all for now. We'll be back later with more returns. In the meantime, keep tuned --

(CLICK...)

BLONDIE: Well, what do you know about that?

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- you're leading me!But come to think about it, you made more speeches and met more people than I did. No wonder you're getting more votes than I am.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Dagwood. I don't know what to do about it.

DAGWOOD: Well, I might as well concede my defeat. Snipe's got it all sewed up right now.

SHARP: I'm afraid so.

DAgwood: maybe I could still run for Senator? SHARP: No. DAgwood: Congressman? SHARP: No. BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, you ought to send Mayor Snipe a congratulatory telegram. DAgwood: Not any public? SHARP: I think you'd better forget about politics.

DAGWOOD: Must I?

BLONDIE: Certainly. Go ahead Dagwood.

SHARP: That's all right Mrs. Bumstead -- I sent it already.

BLONDIE: Oh? What did you say?

SHARP: Oh, just the usual thing. "Congratulations on your splendid victory and am charging fraud in twenty-two out of the twenty-eight precincts." Signed Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh.

MUSIC: (HOLD UNDER)

BLONDIE: I'm so sleepy.

SHARP:
DAGWOOD: So am I, Mrs. Bumstead.

Dagwood:
~~SHARP:~~

(SNORES)

SHARP:

BLONDIE: Apparently ^{our Reform candidate} ~~Mr. Sharp~~ is sleepy, too.

Blondie:

~~Dagwood:~~ Wake up, ^{Dagwood.} ~~hurry.~~

Dagwood:

~~SHARP:~~ Hunh? Oh -- ~~excuse me. I must have dozed off.~~ I WASN'T sleeping. I WAS JUST RESTING my eyelids.

BLONDIE: ~~The music's stopped.~~ We ought to have some more returns.

Turn ^{on the radio} ~~it up a little~~ Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey. ^(click) You know, I didn't really want to be mayor anyway.

SHARP: Listen.

ANNCR: (FILTER -- TO HIMSELF) Well, I'm glad this is over. (UP)
Here is the name of the next mayor of our town. An unprecedented write-in vote gave a decisive plurality to Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead.

BLONDIE: What?

SHARP: Mrs. Bumstead -- you won!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

~~BLONDIE: That can't be right. There must be some mistake.~~

ANNCR: Yes, our next mayor, who will take office in two weeks, is Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead. That's Mrs. Bumstead, not Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: You don't need to rub it in.

ANNCR: The news of Mrs. Bumstead's election came as a shock to Mayor Snipe, and brought the victory celebration at the Snipe headquarters to an abrupt and dismal ending. When told of his defeat, Mayor said, quote, "I am stunned, but if this is true, I wish to extend my hearty congratulations to Mrs. Bumstead with my best wishes for a successful term in office. Has anyone got an aspirin?" Unquote.

(CLICK)

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- you're it! You're mayor!

SHARP: My congratulations, Mrs. Bumstead. ^{IF THERE'S ANY CONSTRUCTION}
^{WORK TO BE DONE, THE GOLIATH--}

BLONDIE: But I don't want to be mayor! I've got a family to
look after. A husband, two children, and six dogs.
Meals to cook, dishes to wash, and dusting and
cleaning and -- I haven't time! I can't be mayor!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you are mayor. You just got elected!

(PHONE STARTS TO RING)

SHARP: There's the phone. It's probably one of the reporters.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: There's someone at the front door.

(BUZZER)

DAGWOOD: And someone at the back door, too!

(MORE KNOCKING ON DOOR)

(BUZZING)

SHARP: They're reporters all right, Mrs. Bumstead. You'd
better see them.

BLONDIE: But this is so sudden -- I mean, I didn't expect
anything like this would happen. What am I going to
say? What'll I tell them? Dagwood -- what am I
going to do???

MUSIC:

SHARPE: (A BEATEN MAN) Sit down, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead. Sit
down.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mayor Snipe.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, thanks. Nice morning, isn't it?

SNIPE: That depends...Well, Mrs. Bumstead, in less than two weeks, these hallowed walls I've grown to love will be yours, and I'll have to surrender my gavel to you.

(BANGS GAVEL A COUPLE OF TIMES)

SNIPE: Ah, me. (SIGHS) Well, all good things come to an end.

BLONDIE: I'll let you keep your gavel, Mayor Snipe, whether or not I take office.

SNIPE: Whether or not you take office?

DAGWOOD: We have sort of a proposition to make to you, Mayor Snipe

SNIPE: Well -- uh -- go right ahead.

BLONDIE: You know, Mayor Snipe, the main reason we ran against you was that we and a lot of other people didn't like some of your political appointees.

SNIPE: Er -- yes, you made that very clear in your election speeches, Mrs. Bumstead. Too clear.

BLONDIE: We've always felt that you were honest, but that some of the people you had appointed weren't.

DAGWOOD: Like Chief Murray, for instance.

~~BLONDIE: Yes. Now you'd like to remain the mayor of our town wouldn't you, Mayor Snipe.~~

~~SNIPE: Oh, yes, indeed! Very much, but I don't see how --~~

BLONDIE: Well, since I won the election on a write-in vote, I can refuse the office, you know.

DAGWOOD: And it would go to you, Mayor Snipe.

BLONDIE: Now, I'll decline the office if you'll appoint these people to these jobs. Here they are -- you can look them over.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

SNIPE: This is a very unusual proposition, Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's been an unusual election.

~~SNIPE: Very well, I will make the change you suggest regarding Chief Murray but these next two men you want me to change --~~

BLONDIE: Now, Mayor Snipe, Mr. Bumstead and I made up this list after talking with as many honest and impartial people as we could find. We chose these men strictly on the basis of their ability.

SNIPE: But I can't get rid of Johnson and Brown. They're old party workers of mine.

DAGWOOD: They may work for you and your party, but they don't do any work for the city. They're just loafers!

BLONDIE: And down here on our list -- look right here. Three names in a row, and they all belong to your party. But they're good men. That's why we picked them. Now if you agree to our suggestions, there'll be a lot less politics in the city hall, but a lot more ~~improvements in the city. What do you say, Mayor Snipe?~~

SNIPE: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, couldn't we compromise and --

BLONDIE: No, indeed.

DAGWOOD: Take it or leave it.

SNIPE: (SIGHS) I'll take it, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Congratulations!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, congratulations. It looks as though we're going to be proud of you after all.

BLONDIE: We'll run along now. You'll probably want to study that list over.

SNIFE: Yes -- thank you, Mrs. Bumstead. (SIGHS) But I won't be able to face any of my old friends in the party any more.

DAGWOOD: That's an improvement already.

BLONDIE: And you will be able to face the voters...Goodbye.

(AD LIB GOODBYES..)

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, I guess I won't be Mayor after all, but I'd really rather be a housewife.

DAGWOOD: I'm sort of glad too, Blondie. If you were mayor, that would make me sort of a Cinderella man. Just think -- if I ever did anything you didn't like, you could fine me for contempt of court or something.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) That's right -- I suppose I could.

DAGWOOD: You'd have an awful hold over me.

BLONDIE: Hmmmmmm -- I wonder if I haven't been a little hasty?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Here's a tip about next week's show. As you know, Cookie is growing up and she needs a room of her own, so it looks as though the Bumsteads will need a bigger house. Dagwood is interested in a small farm... Alexander wants a place where he can build a club house for his friends and Blondie just wants a house where there will be a maximum of space with a minimum of house work. I'm afraid it's going to be quite a problem so why don't you drop around next week at the same time and help the Bumsteads while "Blondie Looks For A New Home."

(ALMOST A WHISPER) All right, Dagwood, Where's the stuff?

DAGWOOD: Honest, Mr. Wilcox, I don't know what you're talking about! We haven't got any guns or shells or anything down in the cellar here.

WILCOX: What's that in the corner?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Aw, those are just old newspapers!

WILCOX: I'd say a couple of hundred pounds. Enough for about a hundred and fifty containers for seventy-five millimeter shells.

DAGWOOD: Gee, honest?

WILCOX: And over there?

DAGWOOD: Oh, some old copper screens, old water faucets, a couple of iron pipes, and a furnace grating. You don't want that!

WILCOX: No, but the government does! It may look like junk to you, Dagwood, but to the government it's good metal and the war factories need every bit of it, in your cellar and everybody's cellar! When you get together at least

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

a hundred pounds, you can call the town scrap collection center. You can even make money out of it, if you want, by calling a junk dealer who sells to the government at fixed prices. Remember, everybody! The war factories need scrap of all kinds -- paper, rubber, iron, copper, and aluminum. Help to beat Hitler and the Japs by cleaning out your attic or your cellar -- tonight!

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. "Babies will be babies," says Dagwood, in tomorrow's cartoon, until he finds out that Cookie-trouble can work more ways than one. 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 quiz show, "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. Be sure to check your local newspaper for time and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

MUSIC: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELL'S ARE COMING")

WILCOX:

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

Tonight the Pacific Coast Camel Caravan, which last year entertained over sixty thousand men stationed on the West Coast, begins another tour of these camps with its opening performance at Camp Haan, California. The Southern Camel Caravan, which has been giving performances to the boys in camps since last August, will be at Fort Sill for three days starting tonight. The Eastern Camel Caravan to date has given well over one hundred performances. Next Wednesday, April twenty-ninth, this Caravan will give a special performance at Erie, Pennsylvania and Thursday the boys at Fort Niagara, New York will get a chance to see this unit of the Camel Caravan. The Mid-West Camel Caravan, which has already played to over one hundred thousand service men, will appear at Camp Polk, Louisiana, tomorrow night. Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNCR: Remember this, pipe-smokers, when you're buying tobacco. Every package must carry the blue Government stamp, telling how many ounces it ^{weighs.} ~~contains.~~ Look on the revenue stamp on the top of a package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It says: two and a quarter ounces. Yes, every big blue package of George Washington holds a full measure of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco -- and it costs just one dime. Get a package of George Washington tonight -- you'll agree that it's America's biggest value in smoking tobacco.