

4/27/42

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT
7:30 - 8:00 PM, PWT

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

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(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

WILCOX: Got a Camel handy? Lean back and light it up -- you'll enjoy the Blondie program more. Did you ever wonder why a Camel tastes good any time? It has a flavor that's always full and rich -- extra flavor, we call it. And you can enjoy that wonderful flavor, too, because Camels have smooth extra mildness. Just notice the way your Camel burns more slowly -- that means cooler smoking and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Reason behind that is costlier tobaccos, blended in the years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending. If you haven't tried Camels, get a pack tonight. You'll see what a difference matchless blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, it looks as though Blondie is in for another battle with Mayor Snipe. The elections for Mayor of the town are coming up in a week, and Blondie, as Chairman of the Woman's Club Civic Reform Committee, is calling on Mayor Snipe. She's just stepped into his office in the city hall...

~~SNIFE: How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead? How do you do?~~

~~BLONDIE: How do you do, Mayor Snipe?~~

~~SNIFE: Please sit down.~~

~~BLONDIE: Thank you.~~

SNIFE: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, what can I do for you? I'm always happy to do anything I can to promote the welfare of our little town.'

BLONDIE: Especially so close to election time?

SNIFE: WHAT? Oh -- heh -- hoh.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Mayor, I'm here representing the Womans' Club Civic Reform Committee.

SNIFE: Oh, yes, I've had troub--er--you've talked to me before in that capacity. A fine organization -- very fine, indeed. ~~Ah yes -- a fine organization~~ -- I'm counting on your support in the coming election.

BLONDIE: Mayor Snipe, we want to know who you're going to appoint as Police Chief if you're re-elected.

~~SNIFE: Well -- uh -- I plan to reappoint Chief Oliver.~~

~~BLONDIE: That's what we're afraid of.~~

SNIFE: Well, Chief ^{MURRAY} ~~Oliver~~ has done a very creditable job, Mrs. Bumstead. I believe I can say this without fear of contradiction.

BLONDIE: You can't say it to the Woman's Club without fear of contradiction. We believe that Chief ^{MURRAY}~~Oliver~~ hasn't done much to help the town, and on the contrary, has done it a lot of harm.

SNIPER: (COUGHS) Mrs. Bumstead, that is a serious accusation. Can you give me an example?

BLONDIE: Well, for one thing, he's been selling honorary memberships in the police force, complete with badge, for twenty-five dollars.

SNIPER: Now, Mrs. Bumstead, aren't you over-exaggerating this? Chief ^{MURRAY}~~Oliver~~ has the right to bestow honorary memberships in the police force to a few deserving citizens. ~~And the twenty-five dollars is to cover the price of the badge, and so forth.~~

BLONDIE: Just what does the "and so forth" consist of? The badges only cost three dollars.

~~SNIPER: Er -- well -- I guess there are certain miscellaneous expenses --~~

BLONDIE: Well, we don't like it, Mayor Snipe. Those badges seem to make their owners immune to arrest. They drive fast through school zones, park by fire hydrants, and break one law after another, but because they're honorary members of the police force, they're never arrested. That's dangerous!

SNIPER: I'll look into this, Mrs. Bumstead, but I can assure you there are only a few honorary policemen.

BLONDIE: ~~There are~~ a hundred and twenty-three.

SNIPER: (COUGHS) Er -- at any rate, they're all deserving members of our community.

BLONDIE: Anyone with twenty-five dollars can be an honorary policeman. And there are several other things, too. All Chief ^{MURRAY'S} ~~Oliver's~~ relatives and friends ride to work in the city police cars, on city gasoline, and city tires. And we're quite sure that the Chief has switched the new tires on one of the police cars to his own personal car!

SNIPE: You don't say so!

BLONDIE: I just did say so!!! Mayor Snipe, we don't want a man like that to be our Chief of Police. And if you can't promise us you'll appoint someone else, the Woman's Club will start working against your re-election. We're good and mad about this.

SNIPE: Mrs. Bumstead, I can't change my considered judgment ~~every time a group of housewives starts poking around in city affairs.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Then you still plan to reappoint Chief Oliver?~~

SNIPE: ~~Yes, I do.~~ I've thought the matter over carefully and I'm sure the voters have the utmost confidence in my judgment.

BLONDIE: We'll see about that.

SNIPE: I'm not a bit worried about my ^{being} ~~election~~ ^{ed}, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, you'd better start worrying right away. The Woman's Club will get a candidate to run against you, and beat you. Mayor Snipe, ^{Something tells me} when the election is over, you're going to be out of a job!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Booooooooooooooooondie! Oh, Booooooooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: In the living room, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, honey. What are we having for dinner?

BLONDIE: Steak and onions.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- that sounds wonderful!

BLONDIE: Sit down a minute, Dagwood. There's something I want to talk to you about.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'd like mine medium rare.

BLONDIE: It's not about the steak, Dagwood, how would you like to be mayor?

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: Mayor. Mayor of this city!

DAGWOOD: ME!!?

BLONDIE: Certainly! I was just wondering what you'd do if you were mayor of our town. You know, you've often said you could do a better job than Mayor Snipe.

DAGWOOD: Well, I could! I'd wake this town up if I were the Mayor. I'd get a few things done around here! I'd throw out a lot of those loafers Mayor Snipe has appointed!

BLONDIE: You'd really like to be mayor, wouldn't you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Boy -- would I! Just let me get my hands on that gavel and stand back and watch the sparks fly! I'd show you what a real mayor would do! Now, about that steak --

BLONDIE: That's fine, dear. Because the Woman's Club put your name up as a reform candidate to run against Mayor Snipe in the elections, and I accepted for you!

DAGWOOD: That's swell! ^{I'd like a lot of onion --} ~~I'll show them that a Bumstead is~~ -----
what?!

BLONDIE: You're going to run for office against Mayor Snipe!

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

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DAGWOOD: I can't run for mayor, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Why not? The Woman's Club is going to get your name on the ballot as the reform candidate, and we're all going to work to get you elected.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, I don't want to be Mayor!

BLONDIE: You just got through saying how much you would.

DAGWOOD: I was just sort of talking.

BLONDIE: That's all you have to do to win the election.

DAGWOOD: (PLEADING) ~~Blondie -- please don't make me run for Mayor.~~ I'd rather be just a plain ordinary citizen.

Then I can complain about the way the city is run.. If I'm mayor everyone'll complain about the way I run it. It's more fun to be on the other side.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you've got a ^{civic} duty to our city. ^{Dagwood: Yeah, I guess so.} You're not afraid of Mayor Snipe, are you?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, Blondie, but --

BLONDIE: And you would get rid of Chief ^{MURRAY} ~~Oliver~~ and some of those other people that Mayor Snipe appointed, wouldn't you? You'd be honest, and you'd do a good job, and you'd work hard at being mayor, wouldn't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, sure, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Then why don't you do it, Dagwood? What has Mayor Snipe got that you haven't got?

DAGWOOD: Nothing, except a big stomach.

BLONDIE: Just put yourself in the voters' place. Who would you pick for Mayor -- Dagwood Bumstead or Mayor Snipe!

DAGWOOD: Dagwood Bumstead! But of course, I'm prejudiced --

BLONDIE: That's the spirit, Dagwood! You will accept the challenge, won't you?

DAGWOOD: ~~Now that you put it that way,~~
~~you bet I will, Blondie!~~ I'll show Mayor Snipe! I'll
run for mayor against him!

BLONDIE: Good for you, Dagwood!

~~Blondie:~~

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- what am I getting myself into now???
TAKE IT OUT.

MUSIC:

SNIFE: Now, McGinnis, we've got to make sure that Bumstead
doesn't have a ghost of a chance in this election.

MCGINNIS: That's right, Mayor Snipe. ~~Of course, you don't~~
~~have nothing to worry about in my district -- the boys~~
~~at the sewer pipe factory are all behind you.~~

SNIFE: ~~How far behind me?~~

MCGINNIS: ~~I don't get it.~~

SNIFE: ~~Never mind. Just a little joke.~~ What are we going
to do to stop ^{him} Bumstead?

MCGINNIS: How about a whispering campaign? That's always good.

SNIFE: Yes, that's a good idea. We'll start spreading it
around that Bumstead is a confirmed gambler --
I understand he plays poker --

MCGINNIS: Sure -- for a three cent limit.

SNIFE: Hm -- I don't think that's so good.

MCGINNIS: I've got it -- we'll say he beats his wife and
children. ^{Snipe: Does he? McGinnis: Who cares.}
They got scars all over them.

SNIPER: Yes, that sounds fine, McGinnis.
MCGINNIS: Thanks, Mayor Snipe. ^{Snipe: That's All Right, McGinnis.} And we might try looking
into all the buildings the Dithers Company has put
up and Bumstead has supervised.
SNIPER: Yeah -- suppose we just pass it around that Bumstead
beats his wife and children, and hint that all
buildings he's had anything to do with are going to
be condemned by the city. (CHUCKLES)
That'll do for a start.

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Oh, Dagwood! Where are you?

DAGWOOD: Hello, honey. What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Wait! ~~Will you hear!~~ Have you seen this in the afternoon paper?

~~DAGWOOD: No, what is it?~~

BLONDIE: Listen to this: Quote. "I don't mean to imply that he is a chuckle-headed, jingle-brained nincompoop, or to say that he doesn't know left from right, or right from wrong. All I say is that he is a poker-playing playboy and he ought to be locked up instead of being allowed to run for an office of high public trust!" Unquote.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's pretty funny. Who is it? Anyone we know?

BLONDIE: Yes. You.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) (THEN TAKE) Who, me?

BLONDIE: That's what Mayor Snipe said about you in a speech last night.

DAGWOOD: He can't say that about me! I'll tear him up into confetti! I'll rip him to shreds! I'll sue him!

BLONDIE: It makes me mad, too! Apparently Mayor Snipe has started a campaign to ^{discredit} ~~smear~~ you.

DAGWOOD: ~~I'll smear him!~~ No one's going to drag the name of Bumstead in the mud and get away with it!

BLONDIE: Well, that's what he's doing! We've got to figure out some way to stop him.

DAGWOOD: I'll stop him, Blondie! I'm going to ~~annihilate him!~~
(Phone)
What's he mean, calling me a playboy? I'll make him take that back!

(PHONE RINGS...)

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BLONDIE: I'll see who it is, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: If that's Mayor Snipe, tell him I challenge him to a
duel!

(PICK UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Hello...Yes...Yes, this is Mrs. Bumstead speaking...
What? He most certainly does not!...I should say not!
I don't know where you heard that, but it isn't true at
all...No! Definitely not...You're welcome. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP...)

DAGWOOD: Who was that?

BLONDIE: It was a woman. She said she had heard that you had a
terrible temper and were always beating me and the
children.

DAGWOOD: Who told her that!

BLONDIE: She heard it at her bridge club. Dagwood, we've got
to do something about this. If we don't, Mayor Snipe
will run your name so far into the ground, the people
wouldn't even vote for you for dog-catcher!

DAGWOOD: I don't want to be dog-catcher.

BLONDIE: What you need is a good campaign manager, and I think I
know just the right man to help you.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: No. Harry Sharp, of the Goliath Construction Company.

DAGWOOD: Harry Sharp? But Blondie -- You know what he's like!
He's a double-crosser, he's a chiseler, he's played more
dirty tricks on me than anyone else I can think of!

BLONDIE: That's the point. You know what they say, Dagwood.
"Set a crook to catch a crook" or something like that.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. I see what you mean.

BLONDIE: And Harry Sharp is the only person I know who could bamboozle Mayor Snipe. He's just the right man to run our campaign! From now on, Mayor Snipe had better watch his step!

MUSIC.

(SOUND OF TYPEWRITERS OFF...HUM OF VOICES...)

(PHONE RINGS...)

(PICK UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Bumstead for Mayor headquarters...What?...Tell Mr. Sharp you have them printed and you'll deliver them this afternoon? All right, I'll do that...Thank you -- goodbye.

(HANGS UP...)

(CHAIR MOVES BACK...WALKING ACROSS FLOOR...)

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES, ~~SHUTTING OUT TYPEWRITERS~~.)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie. ^{my old pal} Harry and I were just working out a speech for the campaign.

BLONDIE: That's good.

SHARP: It's for the West Side Mother's Association.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's about beautifying our parks and playgrounds.

SHARP: ^{theats and flowers} With the emphasis on Dagwood Bumstead for Mayor.

BLONDIE: That sounds fine...Oh, Mr. Sharp... the printer just called up and said he has some big stickers all printed for us. I didn't know about that.

SHARP: Oh, yes -- those stickers. You've seen these posters here that Mayor Snipe has stuck up all over town.

(RATTLE OF CARDBOARD...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- the ones that say "Reelect Mayor Snipe."

SHARP: Well, we just ordered some stickers that we'll put on top of these posters. That'll make them read, "You'll regret it if you reelect Mayor Snipe."

BLONDIE: You see, Dagwood -- I told you Mr. Sharp would be a wonderful campaign manager. If it hadn't been for him, we wouldn't have that banner stretching across the street.

DAGWOOD: The one that says, "Vote for Bumstead for Mayor?"

SHARP: That's right, Dagwood. You have to get permission from the city to have a banner stretching across the street. When Mrs. Bumstead tried to get permission, they wouldn't give it to her.

DAGWOOD: But that's illegal!

SHARP: That's politics.

DAGWOOD: How did you get the banner up?

SHARP: I just applied for permission to put a banner that said, "Don't Vote for Bumstead for Mayor." I got permission right away.

DAGWOOD: Holy Smoke! Does that banner outside our headquarters

SHARP: say, "Don't Vote for me for Mayor?"
No, it says "Don't Vote For Bumstead For Mayor."
(KNOCKING ON DOOR...)

SHARP: Uh -- come in!

(DOOR OPENS...)

MCGINNIS: I'm from the city hall. Which one of you is Harry Sharp

SHARP: I am.

MCGINNIS: Listen, when you got permission for that banner, it was supposed to say "Don't Vote for Bumstead."

SHARP: It does say that.

BLONDIE: Yes. I sewed the word "Don't" on the banner myself.

MCGINNIS: Yeah -- where is it?

BLONDIE: Right where it should be. Of course, I sewed it with white thread against the white background and it doesn't show up very well, but it's there.

DAGWOOD: That's a wonderful idea!

MCGINNIS: It's practically invisible!

BLONDIE: (PLEASED) Yes, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Well, if that answers your question, goodbye now.

MCGINNIS: Just a second -- the Mayor wants to know who's been whispering it around that he has alopecia.

SHARP: Why that's an awful thing for anyone to say. Imagine that, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yea -- what is it?

BLONDIE: You tell Mayor Snipe that it was probably started by the same person who said that Mr. Bumstead beat his wife and children.

MCGINNIS: That's a lie! I started that story and I didn't start -- oh. What I meant was that --

DAGWOOD: So you're the one! Get out of here! Get out of here before ^{you want to and can't.} ~~i beat a couple of rumors into your head with a baseball bat!~~

(DOOR SLAMS...)

SHARP: Well, well -- I think we've got Mayor Snipe a little worried.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. What is alopecia?

SHARP: Falling hair -- baldness. Sounds much worse, doesn't it?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Boy, I wonder what Mayor Snipe is doing right now?

SHARP: Nevermind that, Dagwood, you've got to start working on the speech you're making tonight to the West Side Mothers. That's got to be good. ^{Blondie:} ^ We can't let anything happen to spoil it!

MUSIC:...

SNIPE: Well, McGinnis, what did you find out?

MCGINNIS: They've got a "Don't" on that banner across the street, but you can't see it.

SNIPE: Well, there's no need to press the matter. It might look bad for us.

MCGINNIS: There's another thing, Mr. Mayor. ~~You know your posters that say, "Vote for Mayor Snipe"?~~

~~SNIPE: Yes.~~

MCGINNIS: They've pasted ~~a~~ stickers across the top of ~~it~~ ^{YOUR POSTERS} so ~~it~~ they reads, "Don't Vote for Mayor Snipe!"

SNIPE: Why, how dare they stoop to such depths! Making fun of me -- mayor of the town.

MCGINNIS: It's practically treason.

SNIPE: Yeah. By the way, what happened to those stickers we ordered to put up on Bumstead's posters?

MCGINNIS: The printer's just finishing them up.

SNIPE: Good! Now then, Bumstead is making a speech tonight at the West Side Mother's Association. What can we do about that?

MCGINNIS: Leave it to me. Bumstead will not speak to the West Side Mother's tonight.

MUSIC:...

WILCOX: Well, the Bumstead for Mayor campaign has made a little progress, but it looks as though Mayor Snipe is going to checkmate every move that's made from now on. What do you suppose Blondie and Dagwood will do if Mayor Snipe manages to stop the big speech at the West Side Mothers' Association tonight? Well, we'll find out all about that in just a moment.

Ah, Dagwood, will you step over here, please?

DAGWOOD: Sure, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Now get this picture, Dagwood.

MUSIC: (SKATER'S WALTZ)

WILCOX: A soft skater's waltz is playing.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

WILCOX: A hush comes over the crowd as a spotlight focuses down on a small strip of artificial ice. Then suddenly --

MUSIC: (ROLL OF DRUMS)

WILCOX: A figure in tights flashes out onto the ice! It's you Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: I don't think I'd look very good in tights.

WILCOX: You whirl into a spiral, then into an Axel Paulsen -- and finally a butterfly!

DAGWOOD: A spiral axel? A butter Paulsen? How can I do it? I can't even say it!

MUSIC: (FADE OUT)

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WILCOX: What could be simpler? A butterfly is just
an easy little Arabian cartwheel on skates!
All you have to do is fly through the air in a
complete somersault without touching your hands.

DAGWOOD: Oh, is that all?

WILCOX: Sure, Dorothy Lewis, the acrobatic skating star of "Icecapades," does little nip-ups like that every day over at the Boston Copley-Plaza. I don't have to tell you it takes mighty steady nerves to go through her breath-taking performances, day-in and day-out. Reason I brought it up is that Dorothy Lewis has been a Camel smoker for years. She's said:

DOROTHY

LEWIS VOICE: Of course, I smoke Camels! They're so wonderfully mild! And I'm awfully fond of Camel's rich, extra flavor.

WILCOX: Yes, and you'll hear comments pretty much like that from men, too -- men who are under a different kind of nervous tension -- the men in 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. And these days, when we're all under more pressure, and most of us smoking more than we did before, ~~we can~~ ^A take ~~this~~ tip from the service men --

VOICE: (ECHO) ~~For steady smoking -- Camels! Slow-burning means less nicotine in the smoke!~~ ^{Camels are slow burning and mild.}

WILCOX: The smoke of slow~~er~~-burning CAMELS contains less nicotine than that of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them according to independent

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

scientific tests of the smoke itself! Get a pack of Camels tonight. Your first puff will convince you that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette, with extra flavor and extra mildness. And remember -- your dealer is featuring cartons of Camels to mail to service men. Get Camels for yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it's early that evening, and here, rehearsing his speech for the West Side Mothers, is that champion of good government, that defender of the people's rights, the reform candidate for mayor -- Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: And do I hear anyone say "What has the Snipe administration given the West Side playgrounds?" (FALSETTO) Yes, what? (NORMAL VOICE) All right, lady, I'll tell you what. ^{SHARP: You tell it's her, Dag.}
given the playground your children use just one -- and only one -- teeter-totter. It's not even a good teeter-totter. I tried it today. I got my -- It's full of splinters! That means ^{RIPS} ~~tears~~ in your children's clothes, and --

SHARP: Just a moment, Dagwood, excuse me. Now the speech is going along beautifully. But when you give them that line about the teeter-totter being full of splinters, wait for a laugh.

DAGWOOD: They'll laugh, ~~huh?~~
^{Dagwood: Do they have to?}

SHARP: Sure. [^] Then sock them in the teeth with the next lines. Go ahead now. "It's full of splinters!"

DAGWOOD: That means tears, ^{SHARP: TEARS. IT'S spelled the same way. IT MEANS something in your children's clothes and mending else.}
^{Dagwood: Something else in your children's clothes?} the clothes, and buying new clothes. It all costs money!

That's what the Snipe administration has given you -- bills for clothes you shouldn't have to buy! ^{Snipe: Now give it to 'em.} That's the thanks you get for voting for Mayor Snipe! You would have been better off if he hadn't given the playground anything!

SHARP: Now here they'll applaud. ^{-I hope.} You take a drink of water --

DAGWOOD: Suppose I'm not thirsty.

SHARP: Pretend to take a drink -- then look around the crowd with a triumphant smile.

DAGWOOD: Triumphant, eh?

(DOOR OPENS)

SHARP: Come in, Mrs. Bumstead. We were just rehearsing Dagwood's speech again.

BLONDIE: What I heard in the other room sounded very good.

SHARP: You're biased.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah -- I'm really going to tell them a few things, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's good, Dagwood. ~~Where are you now?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'm just about to discuss the Chief of Police.~~

~~BLONDIE: He's the main reason we started all this. Mayor Snipe isn't really so bad. He's a politician, but I believe he does think about the best interests of the city. He just doesn't think hard enough. It's Chief Oliver who's the root of all the evil.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'm about to chop the root up.~~

BLONDIE: ~~That's right, Dagwood.~~ By the way, what's the first part of your speech about? I haven't heard that yet.

SHARP: ~~Oh, beautifying the parks, the flowers that ought to be planted along the edges of the walks, and so forth. Typical stuff for mothers.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah~~ -- it starts out like this, "In the last election, Mayor Snipe promised you there would be roses blooming in your parks, but where are the roses now?"

SHARP: ~~I'd it a second.~~
You don't think that sounds a little corny, do you?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Mr. Sharp. I'd like there to be roses in our parks, and I'm sure the West Side Mothers would, too.

SHARP: That's a load off my mind.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm all ready for them, Blondie. I know my speech, and I'm really going to give it to them.

SHARP: That's the fighting spirit, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: West Side Mothers Association -- make way for Dagwood Bumstead -- our next Mayor!

MUSIC:

MCGINNIS: Get back in the doorway, Mayor Snipe. Bumstead or his wife might see you.

SNIPE: (CHUCKLES) I guess they've found out their meeting's been called off, McGinnis.

MCGINNIS: See that woman they're talking to now? She's one of my workers. She's telling the Bumstead's they can address a meeting down in my district. It's the old come-on.

SNIPE: Have you got a meeting for him to address?

MCGINNIS: Have I got a meeting! He can talk to the boys who're getting of the shift at the sewer-pipe factory.

SNIPE: (CHUCKLES) I take it they're not a good audience.

MCGINNIS: (CHUCKLES) Well, they'd be more interested in a wrestling match. I'll be there myself to heckle. I'll stay on the outside of the crowd so he won't recognize me.

SNIPE: Look -- the Bumstead's are leaving now.

BLONDIE: (WAY OFF) All right -- we'll be there. We won't disappoint you. Goodbye.

(CAR DOOR CLOSING OFF)

MCGINNIS: Keep back in the doorway, Mayor Snipe.

SNIPE: Okay, McGinnis.

(CAR STARTS OFF...COMES UP...AND FADES)

SNIPER: Well, there they go. They've stepped right into the trap.

MCGINNIS: I'd better be starting off myself. I want to be on hand when Bumstead tries to talk to the boys at the sewer pipe factory. It's going to be murder!

MUSIC

(MURMURING OF CROWD)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, there seems to be quite a crowd collecting. I guess that nice woman was right. We'll have a good audience.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, But Blondie -- they're all men.

SHARP: The muscular type.

DAGWOOD: And the only speech I've got is for the West Side Mothers. Holy Smoke -- why didn't I think of that before!

SHARP: I guess we were ^{I wonder} trying to figure out how Mayor Snipe got that meeting called off. He must have been behind it somehow.

BLONDIE: ^{Look.} That ought to make you fighting mad, Dagwood. You can just get up and tell these men a few things about Mayor Snipe and Chief ^{MURRAY.} ~~Oliver.~~

DAGWOOD: But I've got to start my speech in the beginning. If I start it any other way, I'll get balled up. Besides, it's for the West Side and we're on the East Side now.

VOICE: (OFF A BIT) How about the speech? When do we get the speech?

MCGINNIS: (OFF A BIT) Come on, Bumstead -- let's hear what you've got to say. Get up on your feet!

(MURMUR)

BLONDIE: Well, I guess you'd better start, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: They look a little tough.

SHARP: Don't take anything from them. They can't scare me.

DAGWOOD: They can't scare you, eh?

SHARP: That's right.

BLONDIE: Go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, okay.

VOICE: (OFF A BIT) He's getting up, fellas.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Fellow voters, and friends...

MCGINNIS: You haven't got a friend in the world!

(LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Just pretend you didn't hear him and go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (PROJECTING) In the last election, Mayor Snipe...

VOICE: Who cares about the last election? Get to this one.

DAGWOOD: In the last election, Mayor Snipe promised you there would be roses blooming in your parks, but where are they now?

(LAUGHTER)

MCGINNIS: Never mind ~~the~~ roses in the park. We're interested in Rose O'Day.

VOICE: Yeah -- where is Rose O'Day?

DAGWOOD: Who's Rose O'Day?

VOICE: She's my skin-a-ma-rinka-dinka-boom-de-le-ay!

MCGINNIS: A fine speech! Why don't you say something, Bumstead?
Come on -- speak up!

DAGWOOD: Gee, the natives are hostile around here.

SHARP: Go on to the middle part of the speech, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Tell them about the splinters?

BLONDIE: Tell them about Chief ^{MURRAY} Oliver.

DAGWOOD: Okay. (PROJECTING) Now I'd like to tell you a few
things about Chief ^{MURRAY} Oliver.

MCGINNIS: Louder!

DAGWOOD: Now I'd like to tell you a few things about Chief ^{MURRAY} Oliver.
Is that better?

VOICE: No -- we can still hear you!
(LAUGHS)

VOICE: What about Chief Oliver? What were you going to tell us about him?

DAGWOOD: I'm going to tell you plenty about him! Mayor Snipe appointed Chief Oliver and ever since he did we've had trouble in the police department.

MCGINNIS: Be careful what you say about Chief ^{MURRAY}~~Oliver~~. He's a friend of mine.

VOICE: A fine speech! If you can't talk, why don't you sit down?

MCGINNIS: Yeah, sit down!
~~Dagwood!~~ Now? McGinnis: Yeah, now.
DAGWOOD: Harry, what am I going to do?

SHARP: I think we'd better scram. I don't think you're getting over.

BLONDIE: Neither do I, but I'm going to do something about it. They can't heckle you like that and get away with it, Dagwood. I'll talk to them. You sit down for a moment, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Blondie. I don't mind if I do.

MCGINNIS: What's the matter, Bumstead? Are you quitting?

BLONDIE: (PROJECTING) He's not quitting, but I'm going to say a few things to you.

VOICE: Hey, not bad!

(ADMIRING WHISTLES)

BLONDIE: Thank you

MCGINNIS: What is this, anyway? Is a woman going to tell us how to vote for Mayor? Sit down! Sit down!

BLONDIE: Well, well -- a gentleman in the crowd.

(LAUGHTER)

BLONDIE: He looks like Mr. McGinnis, too. Mr. McGinnis, in case you don't know, is supposed to be the political boss of this district. He tells all of you how to vote, and since he's for Mayor Snipe, I guess you'll all have to vote for Mayor Snipe, whether you want to or not.

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) That's telling 'em, Blondie.

VOICE: We vote for whoever we darn well please!

BLONDIE: That's more like it...I suppose most of you have got a ticket for parking or something at one time or another, haven't you? Let's see how many of you have. Put your hands up...That's what I thought. And how many of you have wondered why other cars can be parked by a fire hydrant all day and never get a ticket.

VOICE: Lady, if you know the answer to that, I'd like to know, too.

BLONDIE: Thanks -- I'll be glad to tell you. ^{Dagwood: Tell them about the} The owners of those ^{TEETER-} other cars have a little more money than most of you, and ^{TOTTER.} for twenty-five dollars, Chief ^{MURRAY} Oliver makes them honorary members of the police force. He sees that they don't get arrested, but all of you do! It's just too bad we don't all have an extra twenty-five dollars. Then we could all get away with breaking the law, and Chief Oliver could retire for life -- if he didn't get run over by one of his honorary policemen first.

MURMUR
(LAUGHTER)

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) ^{Do you want a drink of water, dear?} That's wonderful, Blondie.

BLONDIE: ^{Not now.} Personally, we'd like to see Chief Oliver retired for life -- by request.

(LAUGHTER)

MCGINNIS: Just a minute, Mrs. Bumstead. ~~I've got something I'd like to say.~~

BLONDIE: ~~If it's about the honorary policemen, we'd like to hear it from you. After all, you're one -- you paid your twenty-five dollars.~~

MCGINNIS: Listen, men -- I happened to be looking over that list of honorary policemen the other day, and I can tell you that there's a member of the Bumstead family on it. ~~What do you think about that?~~

(MURMUR OF CROWD...)

MCGINNIS: Well, what about it, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: That's right. My Woman's Club ~~chipped in and we bought an honorary membership in the police force for a member of my family.~~ We wanted to find out if they only sold those memberships to persons of high standing in our town. Well, we found out! We bought the honorary membership in the name of Elmer Bumstead -- one of our five puppies!

(LAUGHTER)

BLONDIE: ~~It may have lowered our dog's social standing, but it raised the level of intelligence of the honorary members of the police force!~~

(LAUGHTER)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- is Elmer an honorary cop?

VOICE: Is that the truth?

BLONDIE: You bet it's the truth! Now how do you men feel about voting for a man who'll keep Chief ^{MURRAY} ~~Oliver~~ in his job?

(BOOS AND HISSES)

DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) I'm as good as elected now.
VOICE: I'm not going to vote for Snipe!
DAGWOOD: See? I told you.
BLONDIE: And who are you going to vote for?
VOICE: You!
BLONDIE: No! Vote for my husband! He's going to put roses in the parks.
DAGWOOD: Yeah, fellas -- I'm the one who's running for --
VOICE: The heck with him! I'm voting for you, lady. What do the rest of you guys say?

(AD LIBS OF ASSENT...CHEERS..."MRS. BUMSTEAD FOR
MAYOR!"...ETC...)

SHARP: Holy smoke! Listen to that!
DAGWOOD: My gosh, Blondie -- they're going to vote for you!
BLONDIE: Oh, dear. Dagwood, what am I going to do?

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, how will the citizens of the Bumstead's town vote when they go to the polls next week and choose their mayor for the next four years. One thing sure, it's going to be a close election and Blondie and Dagwood will fight Mayor Snipe every inch of the way. Don't forget to listen in next week when "Blondie Goes After the Votes."

Say, Blondie, I wonder why it is that women who do things are so often Camel smokers?

BLONDIE: Well, there are a lot of them, Mr. Wilcox -- famous designers like Lilly Dache, Clare Potter, and Leslie Morris -- women athletes, fliers, distinguished hostesses...Maybe they like Camels for the same reason I do -- because of their grand flavor and extra mildness -- and because their guests appreciate them so.

WILCOX: The point, is ladies, to try Camels. You'll like 'em, too!

Say, Dagwood, can I sell you an interest in a pursuit plane or a medium tank?

DAGWOOD: Oh, you mean a War Bond! Blondie and I are getting to be pretty big stockholders in fighting planes. I buy War stamps every pay day-- and our stack of bonds is growing!

WILCOX: That's the ticket! Buy a War bond or stamps every pay day. It's an investment in victory! 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 tells Dagwood What's Cooking.

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WILCOX: 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 times and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

WILCOX: Here's the latest news on the Camel Caravans which are now entertaining the boys in camps. The Southern Camel Caravan which to date has entertained more than five hundred thousand service men, resumes its schedule this week. The opening performance tonight is at Camp Crowder, Missouri. The Eastern Camel Caravan, which has played to over sixty service camps so far, continues to operate in the vicinity of New York, including an appearance at Manhattan Beach Coast Guard Station, New York, on Friday, April 24.

The Mid-West Camel Caravan will give its one hundredth performance at Camp Livingstone, Louisiana, this week. This unit will be at Camp Livingstone for three days this week, beginning on Thursday.

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:

Does the word "dime" appear anywhere on our ten-cent piece? Look at the dime in your pocket -- you'll see on the back that it says -- One Dime. The fellow at your tobacco counter will say the same thing when you ask the price of that big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Try a package tonight -- George Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. It's America's biggest value in smoking tobacco!