

Master

3/4/41

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Here's
"Blondie"...presented by Camel -- the slower-burning
cigarette that gives you more flavor, more mildness,
more coolness and less nicotine in the smoke --
twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average
of the four other largest-selling brands tested.

MUSIC: (THEME)

"BLONDIE" -A-
2/24/41

DAGWOOD: (CALLING OUT) Blondie!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) What is it, dear?

DAGWOOD: I just remembered something. Tomorrow's Mr. Dither's birthday. And I haven't bought him a present yet.

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious...Mr. Dither's having another birthday! How old is he getting to be, anyway?

DAGWOOD: Well, he says he's around forty. He's sort of shy about discussing his age.

BLONDIE: Humph...shy by ten or fifteen years.

DAGWOOD: Maybe he was born very old. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Let's see, now...how about a couple of nice book-ends?

DAGWOOD: Book-ends...hmm...I don't know. Mr. Dithers is a pretty busy man. I don't think he'd have time to read even the ends of two books.

BLONDIE: I've got it! A carton of Camels!

DAGWOOD: That's right!...a carton of Camels! Gee...I'll certainly make a hit with Mr. Dithers if I give him Camels.

GOODWIN: I'll say you will, Dagwood! Smokers everywhere go for Camels. For the smoke of Camels...the slower-burning cigarette...brings you extra flavor, extra mildness, and extra coolness. Yes, and there's also less nicotine in the smoke of Camels.

"BLONDIE" -B-
2/24/41

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

GOODWIN: And slower-burning Camels also give you extra smoking. There's even more economy...and lots of convenience, too... when you get Camels by the carton. So start enjoying the slower-burning cigarette with the extras. Get a carton of Camels.

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. It's Saturday morning, and -- say, what's that Dagwood's chasing around in the Bumstead living room? It looks like a chicken! (SOUND OF CHICKEN SQUAWKING) It sounds like a chicken. Yes, it is a chicken!

(SQUAWKS FROM CHICKEN)

DAGWOOD: Now come here, Clara! Stop running away from me. I won't hurt you...(SOTTO) Hmmm -- maybe I can catch her with this wastepaper basket.

(RATTLE OF WASTEPAPER BASKET)

DAGWOOD: Now I'll just sneak up on you very slowly and slip this over you --

(LOW CLUCKS FROM CHICKEN)

DAGWOOD: Don't get excited now, Clara...One...Two...Three!

(RATTLE OF BASKET ON FLOOR)

(DAGWOOD FALLS TO FLOOR)

(CHICKEN SQUAWKS)

(FLAPPING OF WINGS)

DAGWOOD: ^{What happened?} (YELLS) Bloooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Yes, Dagwood -- what is it?

DAGWOOD: Clara got loose in the living room. Come on down and help me catch her.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

(CHICKEN CLUCKING)

DAGWOOD: You're more trouble than you're worth, Clara. But you're going to make very good eating tonight. ~~Yes, sir, you're going to be the prize-winning chicken. Retrospect~~ at the Amateur Chef's Club Contest.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What's the trouble, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Why, er --

(CHICKEN SQUAWKS)

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness! How in the world did the chicken get on the chandelier?

DAGWOOD: Well, I tried to catch Clara with this wastebasket and she just zoomed up there.

BLONDIE: Why on earth did you let her loose?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, you know tonight's the night of the Amateur Chef's Club contest, and I thought -- well --

BLONDIE: I see. You were going to take her outside and -- and -- ?

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah!

BLONDIE: You've certainly fed Clara pretty well all week. Goodness, the things you've given her to eat. Corn, three or four different kinds of breakfast food -- why, that chicken has eaten better than we have.

DAGWOOD: I wanted her to be nice and fat.

BLONDIE: Well, goodness knows she's that.

(CHICKEN SQUAWKING)

DAGWOOD: Sh! -- She's probably sensitive about her weight.

BLONDIE: Well, you've certainly pampered her.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'll bet there aren't many chickens that have eaten a whole box full of vitamin tablets. She ought to be pretty good as chicken tetrazzini, don't you think?

(FEW NOISES FROM THE CHICKEN)

BLONDIE: → Oh she heard you. Is that what you're going to fix for the Chef's Club Contest?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I found out that Chicken Tetrazzini is Victor Marnay's favorite dish.

BLONDIE: Victor Marnay?

DAGWOOD: He's the famous New York Chef who's going to judge the contest.

(CHICKEN SQUAWKS)

BLONDIE: *Keep quiet Clara!*
Oh -- what happens if you win the contest? Do they make
you president of the society?

DAGWOOD: No, honorary president. That's better. You get the title
and a gavel for meetings, but you don't have to do any
work.

BLONDIE: Well, you won't get the title, or a gavel either, unless
you catch Clara.

DAGWOOD: I'll just sneak up and grab her off that chandelier.

BLONDIE: Pretend you don't see her -- she's watching you.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll be casual about it. (WHISTLES AIMLESSLY)

* (CHICKEN CLUCKS SUSPICIOUSLY)

BLONDIE: You're almost under her, Dagwood. Just reach up quick and grab her.

DAGWOOD: Okay! *Here goes!*

(WILD CLUCKING AND FLAPPING OF WINGS)

DAGWOOD: She got away! Grab her, Blondie!

BLONDIE: She's too fast for me!

DAGWOOD: I'll get her!

BLONDIE: My goodness, she's certainly hard to catch. Clara's a long way from being chicken Tetrizzini!

(SQUAWKING, ETC.)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie and Dagwood ^{have} finally caught Clara, ~~the chicken~~
~~Dagwood has been fattening up for the Amateur Chef's Club~~
~~contest,~~ and put her in a box in the back yard. At the moment, Blondie and Dagwood are standing in the kitchen. Dagwood has a hatchet in his hand.

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess I might just as well go out and get it over with.

BLONDIE: I guess so.

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- when we have chicken, honey -- how do you go about -- you know -- how do you do it?

BLONDIE: I always buy the chicken already dressed and cleaned.

DAGWOOD: You do, hunh?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.

DAGWOOD: You haven't had any experience at this sort of thing?

BLONDIE: No.

~~DAGWOOD: Oh.~~

DAGWOOD: Oh. Well, there's no use just standing here...I guess.

BLONDIE: No, I guess not.

DAGWOOD: Now stop rushing me, Blondie.

BLONDIE: For goodness sake -- I didn't say anything.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm sensitive about this. I've been treating Clara like -- well, practically like a daughter for a whole week.

BLONDIE: I know just how you feel, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But I can't fix Chicken Tetrizzini without using Clara.

BLONDIE: All right, dear -- anything you say.

DAGWOOD: Er -- you wouldn't like to do this for me, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Me?

DAGWOOD: After all, I'm the one who's been feeding her all this time.

BLONDIE: No, I wouldn't.

DAGWOOD: I didn't think you would. Hm -- Oh, well. (PAUSE)
I don't suppose we have any chloroform in the house?

BLONDIE: No, I'm afraid we haven't.

DAGWOOD: You know something, Blondie?

BLONDIE: What, dear?

DAGWOOD: I'm just tender-hearted, that's all.

BLONDIE: So am I.

DAGWOOD: This is awful. What am I going to do!?

BLONDIE: Well, I guess the Amateur Chef's Club contest isn't too awfully important, is it, dear?

DAGWOOD: Well, no-o-o-o, but I'd still like to win it. There's a lot of prestige attached to it. It's one of those things, honey. Like your bridge club.

DITHERS: (OFF) Dagwood -- Blondie!

BLONDIE: Why -- there's Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) In the kitchen, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Well, Bumstead, how are you coming with your entry for the contest?

BLONDIE: We seem to have struck a snag.

DITHERS: That's too bad, but you're wasting your time anyway, Bumstead. It's in the bag for me. By the way -- can you two meet me at the station at three o'clock?

BLONDIE: At the station?

DITHERS: Well, you see, Victor Marnay's train gets in at three and I've been elected to meet him, but I thought it would look better if several of us showed up.

DAGWOOD: Oh. Well, I guess we could be there.

BLONDIE: What dish are you fixing for the contest, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, I've got something up my sleeves that I'm sure Victor Marnay will like. You see -- (LAUGHS) -- it happens to be his favorite.

BLONDIE: What is it?

DITHERS: Chicken Tetrizzini!

DAGWOOD: That sounds swell, but I don't know if he'll like that as much as what I'm going to -- what're you cooking?

DITHERS: Chicken Tetrizzini. I noticed in an article of Marnay's that he liked it more than anything else.

DAGWOOD: You can't do that! I'm cooking Chicken Tetrizzini!

DITHERS: Oh, no, you're not!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, I am!

DITHERS: Do you want to bet?

BLONDIE: Goodness -- why can't you both cook the same thing? What difference does it make?

DITHERS: There's a club rule that members must post the name of the dish they're going to cook, and I noticed that Dagwood hadn't put down anything.

DAGWOOD: I was going to keep it a secret -- and besides, I forgot.

DITHERS: It's too late now, Dagwood. I'm cooking the Tetrizzini.

DAGWOOD: But what'll I cook?

DITHERS: How about stewed tripe?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

DITHERS: Well, I'll have to be running along now. (FADES)

Don't forget we're meeting Marnay at the station at three

Dagwood:
Blondie: *o'clock, analyze Mr. Dithers.*
Dithers: *three o'clock!*

DAGWOOD: Now what am I going to do?

BLONDIE: Don't worry, Dagwood. We'll think of something.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- maybe I could do an omelet, instead of Chicken Tetrizzini.

BLONDIE: An omelet?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Maybe I could get Clara to lay an egg a couple of minutes before Victor Marnay comes to judge my cooking. It'd be the **fresh**est omelet in the world..

MUSIC:

(RATTLING OF POTS AND PANS)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- what's happening here? (CALLS) Bloooooondie!
Oh, Bloooooondie!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What is it, dear?

DAGWOOD: I've decided to make an apple pie ^{Oh is that all?} but look what's

Blondie: ~~happened.~~ Part of the crust is stuck to the rolling pin,
and the rest of it is stuck to ~~the board~~ ^{me}. It doesn't ~~look~~ ^{seem to be}
~~working out right,~~ ^{right to go}

BLONDIE: You probably need a little more flour, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes -- why didn't I think of that...

BLONDIE: Are you sure it's all right if I tell you what to do,
Dagwood? I mean, you're supposed to be baking this pie
all by yourself, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes-s-s, but a few hints wouldn't hurt anything...
Should I sprinkle a couple of cups of flour on this dough?

BLONDIE: Oh, I wouldn't say more than a half a cup.

DAGWOOD: Hmrrrrrr -- a half a cup...You know, it's pretty hard to win
the contest on a pastry. No one's done it yet at the
Amateur Chef's Club.

BLONDIE: That's all right, dear. Think how much better it will be
when you win it.

DAGWOOD: Do you think I've got a chance?

BLONDIE: Well, there's nothing better than a good apple pie.

DAGWOOD: Unless it's a sandwich. I suggested at one of our meetings
that we admit sandwiches ~~into the competition~~, but they
voted me down. Unanimously.

BLONDIE: No wonder, Dagwood. That's your specialty. They wouldn't have a chance.

DAGWOOD: Now it doesn't look as though I have a chance...I knew Victor Marnay liked Chicken Tetrazzini, but I'm not sure about apple pie. He may hate it...Well, let's see now...

BLONDIE: Look, Dagwood -- you should roll up the dough like this...

DAGWOOD: Oh, I see...

BLONDIE: And put it back in the bowl. Then you sprinkle the flour on a little bit at a time, and work it in with your fingers -- like this.

DAGWOOD: Go right ahead, honey. I could do that myself, but I'd rather have you show me.

BLONDIE: You can light the oven, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Yes, sir -- I'll show them that Dagwood Bumstead can bake a sensational pie...Say, honey -- would you mind lighting the oven. It sort of explodes every time I try it.

Blondie: Oh Dagwood.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON OVEN DOOR OPENING)

DAGWOOD: Hey, look -- honey -- I think the pie's all done now.

BLONDIE: Yes, you can take it out now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gee, it looks wonderful. I never knew I could bake such a good looking pie

~~BLONDIE: Neither did I, dear.~~

~~DAGWOOD:~~ (I guess I'm just naturally talented in the kitchen...Well, I better take it out.

(RATTLE OF WIRE SHELF IN OVEN)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Ouch! Hey, I burned myself! Gosh, that's hot in there!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- did you burn yourself badly?

DAGWOOD: I guess not -- I'm all right.

BLONDIE: Here -- take this pot holder and get it out. Now be careful you don't touch the top of the oven, either. That's hot, too

DAGWOOD: ^{J.Y.S.} Okay..

(RATTLE OF PIE TIN IN OVEN)

BLONDIE: That's it...I'll close the oven door.

(OVEN DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Gee, what a lovely pie. And to think I made it all myself. I can hardly believe it.

BLONDIE: Neither can I.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: It's so good looking. Why I couldn't make a better pie myself, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What do I do with it now?

BLONDIE: Put it out on the back porch to cool off...You'd better hurry now, Dagwood -- we've got to meet that train ~~that~~

~~Mr. Murphy is coming in on it~~ in just a few minutes.

Dagwood: I don't suppose I could dig a little out of there to taste without spoiling it?
~~DAGWOOD: Okay.~~
Blondie: No. I don't suppose you could.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: ^{He didn't suppose so.} Just put it out here anywhere, hunh?

BLONDIE: Yes -- that's right.

DAGWOOD: Gee -- who would have thought that I was practically a genius at baking pies?...There.

(RATTLE...DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Come on, dear -- we've got to hurry. Mr. Dithers is probably down at the station already.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. He'll be trying to impress Victor Marnay -- I know his tactics. But ~~we've got to find out if~~ ^{if Marnay} he likes apple pie. ~~If he does,~~ we haven't got much to worry about.

BLONDIE: We'll find out, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: My pie will be probably the only pastry in the contest. And if it's as good as it smells, I can't lose!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON TRAIN PULLING INTO STATION)

DAGWOOD: Do you know what Victor Marnay looks like, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Of course I do -- I've seen lots of pictures of him tasting soup.

DAGWOOD: So have I, but I don't know if I'd recognize him without a ladle in front of his face.

BLONDIE: He'll be getting off the train in a minute.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I know what I'll say to him.

BLONDIE: What, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I'll say, "Oh, Mr. Marnay -- who was that ladle I seen you with." (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: I wouldn't, dear -- really I wouldn't.

DAGWOOD: You don't think he'd laugh?

BLONDIE: No, dear.

DITHERS: Say -- that looks like Marnay there -- getting off the train.
~~Come on -- let's go, and welcome him.~~

(FOOTSTEPS)

DAGWOOD: He doesn't look much like his pie --

DITHERS: (GREAT CHARM) Well, Mr. Mar ---

MAN: (COMING UP) Well, well, well -- hello there, Uncle George.
I'm certainly glad to see you after all these years. Say --
you're looking pretty chipper for a man seventy years old.

DITHERS: Who's seventy years old?

MAN: You are, and don't try to get out of it, you old dog! (TURNS)
Well, well -- I'm certainly pleased to meet you, Cousin
Ferdinand.

DAGWOOD: I'm very glad to meet you, too, and -- hey, who're you
talking to?

MAN: And I suppose this is Cousin Elsie. My, my -- just as
lovely as I thought you'd be, too. You don't mind if I
kiss my new relative, do you, Cousin Ferdinand?

(KISS)

BLONDIE: Just a minute -- please! We don't know you!

MAN: Ah, but you will -- you will.

DAGWOOD: Get away from my wife!

Man: Now see how Uncle George.

DITHERS: I'm not your Uncle George! You've got the wrong people.

MAN: I have?

DAGWOOD: You certainly have.

MAN: What do you know?...Well, it's been nice meeting you,
anyway -- particularly you, Cousin Elsie. Yes, sir -
you're lovelier than I had dreamed.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye! Goodbye!

MAN: Well, goodbye... (FADING)
Dagwood: I don't like that fellow.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, I thought you knew Victor Marnay.

~~DITHERS: How did I know that man was just a screwball? Marnay must
be around here somewhere.~~

MARNAY: Pardon me -- did I hear someone mention my name?

DITHERS: Well, what do you want?

MARNAY: I'm looking for --

DITHERS: We haven't seen him. Goodbye. Beat it. Scram!

BLONDIE: Just a minute -- are you Victor Marnay?

MARNAY: Why yes. I'm Victor Marnay.

DITHERS: Taaaaaah!

BLONDIE: We've been looking for you. I'm Mrs. Bumstead, and this is
my husband, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: How do you do, Mr. Marnay.

MARNAY: It's a pleasure to meet you. I imagine you're from the
Amateur Chef's Club.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's right, Mr. Marnay.

DITHERS: (COUGHS FOR ATTENTION) Oh -- uh:-- Dagwood...

BLONDIE: Mr. Marnay, I wonder if I could ask you just one question.

MARNAY: Why of course.

BLONDIE: Do you like apple pie?

MARNAY: Mrs. Bumstead, I love it.

DAGWOOD: That's good.

DITHERS: (COUGHS LOUDLY) Oh -- Blondie...

MARNAY: Who is the man with the cough?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes -- we forgot all about him. Mr. Marnay, this is Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: How do you do, Mr. Marnay. May I welcome you to our little town?

MARNAY: Must you?

DITHERS: Er -- uh -- (LAUGHS) That's very good. I'm sorry about mistaking you a moment ago. I thought you were another nincompoop who was --

MARNAY: You thought I was a nincompoop?

DITHERS: You don't understand me.

MARNAY: No, I don't.

Dagwood: You see Mr. Marnay, he thought another nincompoop was you.
~~DITHERS: You see, some idiot just walked up and I thought you were a Marnay. What?~~

Dithers: Bumstead!
~~no, I didn't, what I meant was --~~

BLONDIE: It was just a mistake, Mr. Marnay.

MARNAY: Well, in that case...

DITHERS: Mr. Marnay, my car is right over this way. I'll take you to my house and make you comfortable.

MARNAY: Are Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead coming along?

BLONDIE: No, I don't believe so.

DITHERS: I don't think so, either. Well, come along with me, Mr. Marnay.

DAGWOOD: I'll see you tonight, Mr. Marnay.

MARNAY: Goodbye...(FADING)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- we found out one thing. Mr. Marnay loves apple pie! And what's more, I've ~~got~~ ^{loves} a sneaking suspicion that he likes American cooking.

MUSIC:

~~(COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING)~~

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- shall ~~we~~ go out and look at my pie?

BLONDIE: Yes -- ~~sure~~. *Why not?*

DAGWOOD: I'm pretty sure we made a good impression on Mr. Marnay. He seemed to be pretty nice.

BLONDIE: I should think he'd get a little tired of eating all the time. I know I would.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll go out on the porch and get the pie.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: I wonder if -- my gosh, the pie's gone! (YELLS)
Bloooooondie! Come ^{out} here!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, it's gone! It's disappeared! It's vanished!
I've been sabotaged!

BUM: (GROANS FROM OFF)

BLONDIE: (STARTLED) What was that?

DAGWOOD: Look -- there's a tramp -- Sitting over there on the corner of the porch.

BUM: (GROANS)

DAGWOOD: What's the matter with you?

BUM: I've got a stomach ache.

BLONDIE: Goodness! Did you eat all that pie?

BUM: All but the pan.

DAGWOOD: That pie was for a contest! My entire reputation as an amateur chef rested on it.

BUM: I'm sorry, Buddy -- I didn't know about that. To me it was just two pieces of crust bursting with apple. I couldn't resist.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, what are you going to do now?

BUM: I'll be glad to testify for you at the contest. I've eaten off some of the finest back steps in the country.

DAGWOOD: That's no help, I guess...Was the pie good?

BUM: ~~Buddy,~~ it was sensational. I was only going to take one piece, but it was so good I decided to trim off another slice. One thing led to another and -- well, here's the empty pie pan.

DAGWOOD: Thanks.

BUM: I guess I'd better be going. Say, you don't happen to have a dime, do you?

DAGWOOD: I suppose now you want a cup of coffee to go with it!

BUM: No. I want to get a bicarbonate of soda. (FADING)

DAGWOOD: That's the last straw! Why do all these things happen to me? Why does Fate always roll an eight-ball in front of me? Why am I always the fall guy?...It's not fair! It's an outrage!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- please -- don't shout.

DAGWOOD: I can't help it! First we had trouble with the chicken, and then I found out I couldn't cook the dish I wanted, and now this has to happen. It's a conspiracy!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- please, dear -- just calm down...I'm sure we can think of something else that will be just as good.

DAGWOOD: No we can't. It's too late for that. Blondie -- what am I going to do?

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, what are you going to do? Dagwood will have to fix some dish for the Amateur Chef's Club contest, but there's not much time left now.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE" 18-A
2/24/41

GOODWIN: Before we see how Dagwood makes out, let's shift the scene for a moment to --

SOUND: FADE IN FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...STREET NOISES

GOODWIN: ...the window of a well-known clothing store on New York's fashionable Madison Avenue. A group of passers-by has stopped to look at two Army uniforms. One is the old style worn during the last war. The other is the new type now being used. Listen! Those two uniforms are actually talking to each other.

FIRST VOICE: (YOUNG...SMART-ALECKY) Well, old-timer...big crowd out front. For a couple of Army officer's uniforms in a store window we're doing fine.

SECOND VOICE: (LATE FORTIES..POMPOUS) Don't over-estimate your importance, young man. You're just the new style Army uniform. Most people look at me. They want to see how smartly the boys dressed twenty years or so ago.

FIRST VOICE: Say, people are interested in me. They like my shiny brass buttons.

SECOND VOICE: My dark buttons had their points.

FIRST VOICE: Yeah! And, besides, my new long pants are better. No headaches over breeches and puttees in today's Army. My pockets are good and roomy, too.

SECOND VOICE: So are mine. At least, they were good enough to carry many a package of Camels.

FIRST VOICE: Camels!

SECOND VOICE: Such youth! Why, Camels were by far the favorite in the A.E.F.

"BLONDIE" 18-B
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FIRST VOICE: (SOBER...MORE FRIENDLY) Well, at least we can agree on Camels. The Army men I know carry Camels, too.

GOODWIN: Camel is right! The slower-burning cigarette still gets first call with men in the Army...and out of it, too. For the smoke of slower-burning Camels gives you extra flavor, extra mildness, extra coolness, and less nicotine.

SECOND VOICE: (~~FILTER~~) Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested ...less than any of them...according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: Yes, and there's extra smoking in Camels, too. So next time, try slower-burning Camels. The smoke's the thing! And Camel's the smoke!

GOODWIN: While Dagwood is sitting home muttering about the injustices misfortune has meted out to him, Blondie is at the butcher shop, trying to get something that Dagwood can fix as his entry in the Amateur Chef's Club Contest...

BLONDIE: Let me see now...Do you have any turkeys, Mr. Schwartz?

SCHWARTZ: Turkeys? No, I'm afraid not, Mrs. Bumstead...We have some very nice calves liver, though.

BLONDIE: How's your veal this afternoon?

SCHWARTZ: Hmmmmmm -- not so good, ma'am...But we have some nice calves liver.

BLONDIE: Well, let me think -- there must be something...Do you have any game? Like rabbit or pheasant or quail -- or are all those things out of season?

SCHWARTZ: They could be.

~~BLONDIE: You don't have any at all.~~

~~SCHWARTZ: No, Mrs. Bumstead...but we have some nice calves liver.~~

BLONDIE: ~~(In a hurry)...some nice calves liver~~ Yes, I know. You see, Mr. Bumstead wants something different for the Amateur Chef's Club contest tonight.

SCHWARTZ: Oh, I see.

BLONDIE: I suppose he could fix oysters Rockefeller.

SCHWARTZ: Yes, that would be nice. Only I haven't got any oysters.

BLONDIE: Mr. Schwartz, do you have any fish -- perch, or bass, or --

SCHWARTZ: No...Could I make a suggestion?

BLONDIE: All right.

SCHWARTZ: We have some very extra-special calves liver.

BLONDIE: Is that all you have?

SCHWARTZ: Well, Mrs. Bumstead -- it's Saturday and almost everyone has ordered for Sunday dinner. Everything else has gone because of the contest. I'll be frank with you. All I have left is -- some very nice calves liver.

BLONDIE: (AGAIN WITH HIM) -- some very nice calves liver...All right, Mr. Schwartz -- I'll have some calves liver. About two pounds.

SCHWARTZ: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead -- right away.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) But honey, I can't fix calves liver! What would everyone say.

BLONDIE: What's the matter with it?

DAGWOOD: It's ~~too low brow.~~ *too low brow.*

BLONDIE: But it's very good. Oh, I know it doesn't sound as unusual as Chicken Tetrizzini, or crepes suzettes, or frog's legs Newburg, or lobster thermidor, or breast of guinea hen en casserole --

DAGWOOD: It certainly doesn't.

BLONDIE: But it's very good, Dagwood. And what's more I'll bet that no one has ever tried it at your club meetings.

DAGWOOD: No, but calves liver, honey -- gee, Victor Marnay isn't used to anything like that.

BLONDIE: That's just the point. He might like it.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- he might. And he might not.

BLONDIE: You know how good you are at fixing fried onions, Dagwood.

Dag: And with a little bacon you'd have a wonderful dish.

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess there's nothing else to do. I might as well take the liver and face them with it.

BLONDIE: That's it, Dagwood. And don't you apologize for it, either. There's nothing better -- and it doesn't take long to fix it. When Victor Marnay starts coming down the line, you can put it on and have it ready just as it gets to you.

DAGWOOD: Liver and bacon and onions. Okay -- but it's still ^{not} very *fray*,
~~know~~ --

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HUM OF VOICES)

DITHERS: (COME UP) And one of our rules, Mr. Marnay, is that no member may speak to the guest of the evening until the judging is over...Just to keep everything fair and impartial.

MARNAY: Very wise suggestion, indeed.

DITHERS: Now here's the next dish, Mr. Marnay.

MARNAY: Hmm -- lobster. Let me see...

DITHERS: Mr. Collins is very proud of his lobster sauce.

MARNAY: Yes -- very good. Excellent.

DITHERS: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH) I probably shouldn't say this, but I suppose you're prejudiced in favor of Chicken Tetrizzini.

MARNAY: That's what I understand.

DITHERS: Yes...yes -- I bet your pardon?

MARNAY: Everywhere I go I get Chicken Tetrizzini, Chicken Tetrizzini, Chicken Tetrizzini.

DITHERS: But I thought you liked it.

MARNAY: I do, but a person gets tired of the same thing...by the way, who fixed the Tetrizzini here?

DITHERS: I did.

MARNAY: It was very good.

DITHERS: Thank you.

MARNAY: Say -- what's that smell? A wonderful aroma.

DITHERS: Perhaps it's this next dish. I believe it's a fish mousse with Normandy sauce.

MARNAY: I don't think so, but I'll try this.

(RATTLE OF FORK...ON PLATE)

DITHERS: This is Mr. Bradford's specialty.

MARNAY: Indeed. I would say the sauce could stand a tiny bit more cayenne and not quite so much lemon juice...What is that smell?

DITHERS: I ~~guess~~ ^{imagine} it's the next dish here. Mr. Bumstead's. Good heaven's, what is it?

DAGWOOD: Liver and bacon and onions. (LAUGHS)

MARNAY: Ah -- what an aroma.

DAGWOOD: ~~Here's~~ ^{Jim says} Mr. Marnay, I was going to prepare --

DITHERS: Mr. Bumstead -- remember the rules. No talking to the judge.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, I forgot. ^{I was just going to tell Mr. Marnay...}

MARNAY: I'll try a little of this...

(RATTLE OF KNIFE AND FORK)

MARNAY: A little bit of liver -- some bacon -- hmm, nice and crisp -- and some onions...Well, we'll see. (PAUSE) Hmmm...Hmmm-mmm...
Mmmmmmmmm!...Is this Mr. Bumstead's specialty?

DITHERS: I don't believe so.

MARNAY: It should be! It's wonderful!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

MARNAY: Yes, indeed. Mr. Dithers -- would you do me a favor?

DITHERS: Why of course, Mr. Marnay.

MARNAY: Bring me a large plate, a chair, a knife and fork and a napkin. I think I'll sit right down and eat the rest of this before it gets cold.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) Well, honey, you were right. Mr. Marnay sat down and finished up my liver and bacon and onions, and then gave me the first prize. (LAUGHS) Isn't that wonderful?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, Dagwood -- I'm so proud of you.

DAGWOOD: He said that too many Amateur Chefs forgot that there is other fine cooking outside of French -- and that's American cooking.

BLONDIE: But what about Mr. Dithers' Chicken Tetrizzini?

DAGWOOD: Well, he got the second prize for it. That makes him an honorary vice-president -- but of course I'm honorary president so.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I'm so proud of you. Sometimes I think you're the smartest man in the world.

DAGWOOD: You do, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear, I do.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You know, Blondie, you might be right. Maybe I am!

MUSIC:

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GOODWIN: NICE WORK DAGWOOD. WITH BLONDIES HELP YOU TURNED OUT TO BE A PRETTY GOOD CHEF. AFTER ALL. AND FOLKS TUNE IN AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT MONDAY NIGHT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO DAGWOOD WHEN, "BLONDIE CURES A COLD."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects. This is Bill Goodwin saying good night for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

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