

# COPY

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY  
INCORPORATED

# ✓ ✓

Mrs MORDO  
~~Mr. Clark~~

I'm returning herewith script of Blondie  
Blue Network, August 11.

Connie Boland

51454 2021

AUG 2 1944

8/2/44

"Dusty"

Please phone me your approval or comments on the attached script scheduled for August 11. This is an old CAMEL script which we are going to repeat on the Super Suds program.

J. J. Torney

51454 2022

"BLONDIE"  
Produced By  
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY  
For Camel Cigarettes  
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
Winston Salem, N.C.

(REVISED)

*as Broadcast*



"BLONDIE GETS A PORKER"

CBS-Studio "C"  
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1943

Broadcast: 4:30 - 5:00 PM. PWT  
Repeat 7:30 - 8:00 PM. PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

J.C. DITHERS.....	HANLEY STAFFORD
ALEXANDER.....	TOMMY COOK
COOKIE .....	LEONE LEDOUX
PIG.....	MEL BLANC
WOODLEY.....	ED McDONALD
SCHULTZ.....	HANS CONRIED <i>Harry Long</i>
DRIVER.....	FRANK NELSON
ANNOUNCER.....	HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....	BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute).....	PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH KIKE.....	FRED SHIELDS

51454 2023

SOUND EFFECTS

- House Door
- Walking along street
- Phone
- Light traffic
- Motor Bus
- Rattle of tire iron
- Bus door opens...closes
- Packing box
- Creaking of hinges on box
- Ducks and chickens

*Supervised*  
*for story only!*  
*August 11<sup>th</sup> - Blue.*

*Scripts #4*

*Previously approved script for Aug 11 will be used on Aug 13 opening CBS show.*

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1943

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

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WILCOX: Ah ... ah ... ah ... Don't touch that dial ...  
listen to "Blondie" ... presented by Camel ...

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS ... C-A-M-E-L-S)

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WILCOX: If you're looking for a fresh cigarette, remember Camels  
stay fresh because they're packed to go around the  
world! Yes, Camels have to stay cool smoking, and slow  
burning anywhere because they're first with men in all  
the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard,  
according to actual sales records. The Camel pack keeps  
your Camel cigarettes fresh, too, rich in flavor and  
extra mild, the way you like 'em. Yes, Camels preserve  
for you the goodness of costlier tobaccos -- because  
Camels are packed to go around the world.

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

---

WILCOX: Camels! If there's ever a time when your store is  
temporarily out of Camels, remember, we're making more  
Camels now than ever before -- but Camels are first in  
the service -- and the service comes first!

MUSIC: (CURTAIN.....HOLD FOR....)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the  
Bumstoads of Shady Lane Avenue!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME.....FADE UNDER)

WILCOX: Well, this is county-fair-week in the Bumstoads'  
town, and Alexander has spent a busy morning by  
himself at the fairgrounds. It's apparently been a  
profitable morning, because here he is, early in the  
afternoon, walking up the Bumstead front steps,  
leading a small pig on a leash.

ALEXANDER: Come on, Lulu.

(PIG SOUNDS)

WILCOX: He ties the leash to the front door knob, opens the  
door and goes in.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: (NOT TOO LOUD) Oh, Mom! Oh, Pop! .... Gee, what's  
happened to my family?....Well, I know how to get  
a little attention. (YELLS) ~~Bloooooooooooooooooondie!~~  
Oh, Bloooooooooooooooooondie!!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Good grief!!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) My gosh, Blondie...could that have been me??

BLONDIE: No, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, of course not.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mom....Hello, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Was that you calling Blondie that way??

ALEXANDER: Well, I wanted to get a little action, It worked fine.

BLONDIE: Alexander, I'm surprised you're back so soon.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, so am I..You see, I...uh...I...

DAGWOOD: Ran out of money??

ALEXANDER: That, too....But I brought home a ~~p...p...p...er...~~  
a problem.

DAGWOOD: What kind of a problem...vegetable, mineral, or  
animal??

ALEXANDER: Um..uh...ask me later, Pop...Remember the time you  
and Mom took me to the movies and we saw The Three  
Little Pigs??

BLONDIE: I remember, Alexander. *Everytime I look at my ration  
book, I remember, Alexander* ~~It was very funny.~~

ALEXANDER: Those certainly were cute little pigs, weren't they??

DAGWOOD: Yeah, they sure were.

ALEXANDER: Nice, clean, friendly little pigs.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. You know, I wanted to have a little piggy  
when I was a kid. ~~but my father wouldn't let me.~~  
Gee, I sure thought he was ~~cruel.~~

BLONDIE: ~~What are we talking about pigs for??...How was the  
fair, Alexander??~~

ALEXANDER: Just a minute, Mom...Pop, you wouldn't be cruel like  
that, would you??

DAGWOOD: Of course not.

ALEXANDER: *I'm glad to hear you say that, pop* ~~I'm glad to hear you say that. Just a second.~~ *Just a second.*

(DOOR OPENS...)

ALEXANDER: Come on in, Lulu.

(PIG SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Yeow!! It's a pig!

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead...take that animal out in the  
back yard!

ALEXANDER: But Mom, she's very clean. Alvin and I just washed her!

BLONDIE: Where??

ALEXANDER: In Mr. Fuddle's bathtub...We even used Mrs. Fuddle's bath salts.

BLONDIE: Take that animal out in the back yard!

ALEXANDER: She's all right, Mom. Here...just smell her.

BLONDIE: *How can I keep from smelling her.*  
I will not smell that pig...Take that animal out in the back yard!

ALEXANDER: *wait*  
Wait, Mom. Let's have a vote on this....What do you say, Pop??

DAGWOOD: Well, she's pretty cute, and I think.....

BLONDIE: Dagwood!!

DAGWOOD: (QUICKLY) I think the same as your mother.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, I thought you wore the pants in this family.

DAGWOOD: I thought so too....years ago....But one day your mother pointed her finger at me and said.....

BLONDIE: Take that animal out in the back yard!

DAGWOOD: Hanh??

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom....Come on, Lulu:

BLONDIE: *Alexander*  
(PIG SOUNDS)  
How in the world did you ever get that little pig??

ALEXANDER: Well, Mom, it was a pretty complicated transaction...  
You see, I went to the fair and...

BLONDIE: Don't stop here in the living room with that pig.  
Keep right on moving!

DAGWOOD: How did you get her??



ALEXANDER: Well, first I invested a dime and won a kowpie doll. Then I sold it for fifty cents to a man who wanted to take it home and tell his wife he'd won it. Then I took another chance for a dime and won another doll and sold it back to the man I won it from for ten cents.

BLONDIE: You can't make money that way.

ALEXANDER: I found that out....Then I started throwing baseballs at some wooden milk bottles.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah....they call that spilling the milk. What did you win??

ALEXANDER: Three cigars.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear!

ALEXANDER: But I sold them, too, and I had fifty cents again.

*well* So I took a chance for fifty cents *at* guessing the number of beans in a glass jar and that's how I won Lulu.

DAGWOOD: Hely smoke..you parlayed a dime into a pig..How many beans were there in the jar??

ALEXANDER: Twenty-three thousand, five hundred and ninety seven.

BLONDIE: Goodness. And how many did you guess?

ALEXANDER: I guessed twenty-three thousand, five hundred and eighty-four.

DAGWOOD: How did you happen to guess that number??

ALEXANDER: Well, it just looked like twenty-three thousand, five hundred and eighty-four beans.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I see.

ALEXANDER: I wonder how I could have overlooked the extra  
thirteen beans.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Now, <sup>Alexander</sup> take Lulu right outside and tie her up in the  
back yard.

(PIG SOUNDS)

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom... Come on, Lulu. Gee, they're treating  
you like a pig.

BLONDIE: The idea of a pig in our house!

ALEXANDER: <sup>Come on Lulu - gee, they're treating you</sup>  
But look... she's just a little pig.

BLONDIE: <sup>like a pig</sup>  
I don't care... a pig is a pig. I don't mind you <sup>bringing</sup>  
bring dogs and cats in the house, but don't bring  
Lulu!

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR....)

DAGWOOD: Oh..oh. That sounds like a very unfriendly knock.

(DOOR OPENS....)

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Woodley.

WOODLEY: Nyah-h-h!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?? You want to borrow some  
bicarbonate of soda??

WOODLEY: I want to talk to you about the new member of your  
family...Lulu Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh...you mean the cute little <sup>porky?</sup> porker??

WOODLEY: No, I mean that big, disgusting hog! It's just too  
much living next door to the Bumsteads and a pig.  
One of you will have to go.

DAGWOOD: Now just a minute, Woodley. <sup>remember</sup> there's a war on!

WOODLEY: Get that pig out of this neighborhood or I'm going to start another war, and you're going to be the first casualty!

DAGWOOD: Now hold on, Woodley...you <sup>can't</sup> win me over with flattery.

WOODLEY: I believe you've heard about the zoning laws, haven't you??

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but how about ~~that time you had chickens in your back yard.~~

WOODLEY: That was different.

DAGWOOD: What was different about it??

WOODLEY: ~~They were my chickens...The law says no pigs, and~~ If you don't get rid of that animal, I'm going to call the police and have them lock you both up in the same cell.

DAGWOOD: Aw, Herb...be reasonable.

WOODLEY: As a matter of fact, I think I'll call them anyway. The idea appeals to me. (DIRTY LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: You've got a gruesome sense of humor.

WOODLEY: Both of you locked up in the same cell. (LAUGHS)  
Of course it's a dirty trick to play on the pig.

DAGWOOD: I resent that!

WOODLEY: So would the pig.

DAGWOOD: ~~Now, please, Herb, old boy, you've got to...got to...~~  
(GETS AN IDEA AND LAUGHS)

WOODLEY: What's funny....besides your face.

*Now wait a minute, Herb*  
DAGWOOD: ~~I just thought of something...~~ If you call the police, *if*  
*you call the police.* I'll give the pig to your wife for a pet. Harriet  
would love it.

WOODLEY: Dagwood! You wouldn't do that!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes I would! (LAUGHS) Oh, boy...you know how  
she goes crazy over cute little animals, *lil rabbits*

WOODLEY: (SHUDDERS) ~~It took me two months to get rid of her~~  
~~pet-rabbit.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~And if I gave her Lulu, she'd probably let her sleep~~  
~~in your bed.~~

WOODLEY: No, no, Dagwood...please.

DAGWOOD: I think I'll just give Lulu to her anyway. It  
appeals to my sense of humor. (LAUGHS)

WOODLEY: Dagwood...let's compromise. I won't say anything  
about the pig, if you'll promise not to give it to  
Harriet.

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know. It would be lots of fun.

WOODLEY: Dagwood, old pal...you wouldn't want me to shoot  
myself, would you?...Would you?.....Well, would  
you??

DAGWOOD: I'm thinking it over...All right, Herb...it's a deal.

WOODLEY: Thank you, Dagwood. Thank you from the bottom <sup>of</sup> my  
heart.

DAGWOOD: But the next time you come over, try to be a little  
more polite.

WOODLEY: Oh, I will ... I will.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Boy, I sure fixed him!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwooooooooooooood! Come upstairs right away!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie: *honey!*

(GOES UP THE STAIRS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, that pig has got to go! It got into the *our* house, and right now it's in our bedroom.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, you mustn't get upset by a little thing like that. All animals have to be trained, and.....

BLONDIE: (FIRMLY) You may be interested to know that Lulu has just made a hearty meal out of your best bedroom slippers.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie....you mustn't get upset by ~~a little~~.... What??? That's an outrage! I won't stand for that sort of monkey business! That pig must go, and that's final!

BLONDIE: You ~~are so~~ right!

MUSIC:

(WALKING ALONG STREET)

DAGWOOD: (HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

(PIG SOUNDS.....)

DAGWOOD: *you're a lulu* Oh, be quiet! And stop squirming around under my arm. *ooh, I'm ticklish - my my...* I wish I knew someone I could give you to.

WILCOX: (OFF A BIT) Hello there, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: The answer to my prayers....Oh, hello, Harlow, old boy.

WILCOX: (COMING UP) Well, well...who's your relative??

DAGWOOD: Well, she looks a little like my Uncle Louie.

(PIG SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: She sounds like Uncle Louie, too.

WILCOX: You know, Dagwood...I was hoping you were somebody else.

DAGWOOD: I don't know why I should be somebody else. I never have been.

WILCOX: Well, I was hoping you'd be someone who was looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke. Then I'd invite you to have a Camel.

DAGWOOD: Just a minute. I'd love to listen to this, but I can't do it holding this pig. Here, <sup>Harlow</sup> you hold her for a moment.

WILCOX: Well, I don't know...I've never held a pig before.

DAGWOOD: There you are...that's it...Now go right ahead.

WILCOX: <sup>oh good, well</sup> Where was I?

DAGWOOD: Camels.

WILCOX: Oh, yes...that's right. Camels.

DAGWOOD: As if you'd forgotten.

WILCOX: I was saying that Camels won't go flat, no matter how many you smoke. They've got more flavor...extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up, pack after pack.

DAGWOOD: That's for me!

(PIG SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Poor Lulu. She'll never have the enjoyment of smoking a good fresh Camel.

WILCOX: And she'll never know that Camels stay fresh, stay cool smoking and slow burning....because they're packed to go around the world! But others can enjoy Camels. That's why I'd like to get everybody to try out Camels in his T-Zone...."T" for taste and throat ...anybody's own proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

DAGWOOD: Harlow, that was masterful. You've made me want to go down to the drug store and get a carton of Camels right now. So long!

WILCOX: Hey...wait! What about this animal?? What about Lulu??

DAGWOOD: I don't want her. Do whatever you want to with her... (FADES) So long, Wilcox!

WILCOX: Hey! Hey! Holy smoke..he left me here holding the pig!!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHING) *It was very funny, too. Harlow* And he stood there yelling at the top of his voice with Lulu <sup>under</sup> ~~in~~ his arms.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm glad you got rid of that pig. But what are we going to tell Alexander??

DAGWOOD: Well, we'll just tell him that..uh..well, we'll say that..uh..

BLONDIE: But that would be lying.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right...hey, how did you know??

BLONDIE: I can always tell when you're about to tell a fib, and <sup>you</sup> just keep that in mind..Why don't you tell Alexander you had to give the pig away and give him a dollar?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll just leave it up to you, dear.

BLONDIE: No, you handle it, Dagwood. You're his father.

DAGWOOD: You tell him. You're his mother.

COOKIE: I'll tell him. I'm his sister.

BLONDIE: Cookie, I'll be <sup>so</sup> glad when you're a little older and can handle some of the situations that keep cropping up in this household.

COOKIE: I'll tell Alexander, but....

BLONDIE: But what??

COOKIE: You've got to get me a pig, too.

BLONDIE: Now you can't have one.

COOKIE: But I want one.

BLONDIE: Why??

COOKIE: (PAUSE..THEN) I don't know...I just want one.

DAGWOOD: Just like her mother.

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Did I say something?

BLONDIE: You most certainly did, and I want you to know....

(STARTS TO LAUGH)....that I...I...(BREAKS DOWN AND LAUGHS) I guess I say the same thing about you when Alexander does something odd.

(DOOR CLOSSES OFF...)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Oh, Mom! Oh, Pop!



BLONDIE: In here, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Look what I've got! Harlow Wilcox <sup>just</sup> gave me another pig!!!

(PIG SOUNDS)

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. I don't know who that is calling us up, but I'll bet I know what it's about.

DAGWOOD: You take it, Blondie, and deny everything.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Hello,.....Oh...Hello..Mr. Smith...(CUTS IN SHARPLY)  
Now just a minute, Mr. Smith. This is Mrs. Bumstead you're speaking to, not Mr. Bumstead...so please be a little more careful of your language....Well, that's better....What??....Yes..uh..my son did bring a pig home...Yes, we know about the zoning laws, <sup>what!</sup> Get the pig out tonight? Now, Mr. Smith I never complained when you had that parrot that used to whistle at me and say, "Hello, babe!".....The police?...Well, all right, but I should think you could...But I should think you could.....Well, all right. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: The pig has to go, hanh??

BLONDIE: Tonight, <sup>near Dagwood</sup> A..Where can you take that pig that will be out of the residential district??

DAGWOOD: <sup>out of the residential district, I mean see</sup> Gee, Blondie, I can only think of one place to hide Lulu, but when I think of what might happen tomorrow it makes me shudder:

BLONDIE: Where could you put her??

DAGWOOD: Whoooooa! Maybe I'd better not.

BLONDIE: Where, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: *Well, I was thinking -*  
~~In~~ the offices of the J.C. Dithers Construction  
Company!

*Blondie:* *That's fine -- get going.*

MUSIC: (DOWN AND HOLD UNDER....)

---

DAGWOOD: *oh*  
~~Gee~~, I put that pig here in the office last night,  
but now I can't find it anywhere.

MUSIC: (THE TROMBONE SAYS, "BUMSTEAD! COME INTO MY OFFICE!")

---

DITHERS: (OFF A BIT) Bumstead! Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C.... (TO HIMSELF) Gee, I wonder if Lulu could ~~have~~  
*wondered into* ~~be in~~ Mr. Dithers' office. No, no....that would be  
too horrible.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Close the door, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: It's a nice morning, isn't it. J.C.

DITHERS: Yes, it's a Lulu.

DAGWOOD: You are so right!

DITHERS: (SNIFFS THE AIR) Tell me, Dagwood...have you  
noticed a sort of a tang in the air?

DAGWOOD: (SNIFFS) Well, I wouldn't *exactly* call it that.

DITHERS: It's sort of invigorating. It smells like a nice  
fresh morning...on the farm.

DAGWOOD: I know just what you mean.

(PIG SOUNDS...JUST SNORTING...NO SQUEALING...)

DITHERS: What was that? Have you got something in your  
throat??

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) Yeah...it's my heart.

DITHERS: <sup>Well, spit it out -</sup>  
^ Try not to do it again. You sound like a pig.

DAGWOOD: I think you've got <sup>a little</sup> something there.

(PIG SOUNDS...MORE SNORTING...)

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS AGAIN)  
DITHERS: Bumstead! <sup>what's the matter</sup> You sound like a <sup>refugee from</sup> barnyard!  
DAGWOOD: I'm very sorry, J. C.  
DITHERS: What did you have for dinner last night?  
DAGWOOD: Pigs' knuckles.  
DITHERS: I ~~don't~~ <sup>don't</sup> know they ~~had any after-effects~~ <sup>were repeaters</sup>....I could swear  
their was a pig right in this room.  
DAGWOOD: So could I...I'd even be willing to make a little bet  
on it.  
DITHERS: Well, let's get down to business. We've had another  
communique from Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson,  
and McGonigle.  
DAGWOOD: I wish they'd change their name.  
DITHERS: Yes, it's hard to be serious with them. They've looked  
over our estimate and they think it's too high.  
DAGWOOD: Let's tell them we've looked over our estimate,  
too, and we think it's too low.  
DITHERS: Yes. That firm would haggle over the prices of things  
in a dime store. They'd want something off for cash.  
(PIG SOUNDS.....)  
DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead--if you have to do that, couldn't you  
pitch it a little higher and play it in <sup>a different</sup> another key?  
DAGWOOD: Yes, sir. *I could try -*  
DITHERS: And take your feet out from under my desk. They're  
rubbing against my pants leg.  
DAGWOOD: Oh, <sup>excuse</sup> sorry, Mr. Dithers.  
DITHERS: They're still rubbing against me. It's very <sup>affectionate</sup> thoughtful  
of you, but I don't need my shins scratched...Take your  
feet away before I kick them away.

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DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, it must be your imagination.

DITHERS: Then I'm going to give my imagination a good swift kick.

(SOUND OF KICKING PIG, WHATEVER THAT IS...PIG SQUEALS.....)

DITHERS: Great suffering humanity!

(THE PIG SOUNDS SUBSIDE...)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers--you certainly have a vivid imagination.

DITHERS: There is a pig under my desk! ~~Now~~ How did that get in here?

DAGWOOD: That's an interesting question. I better get back to my desk.

DITHERS: Bumstead! What do you know about this walking pork chop?

DAGWOOD: Why, J. C.--how could you think that--

DITHERS: Never mind that. I want the truth.

DAGWOOD: <sup>the truth</sup> I better get back to my desk.

DITHERS: Explain this immediately, unless you want my fingers *wrapped* around your T-Zone.

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers, I plead not *guilty*, but it's just a formality. I did it.

(PIG SOUNDS...)

DITHERS: Fine...Now do something about this *quint* pig.

DAGWOOD: What shall I do with her?

DITHERS: I don't care what you do with *it* her! Put her between two *pieces* of bread!.....But get her out of here.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll tie her up outside *your* the office.

DITHERS: Then I'll listen to your explanation.. I want to be fair about this before I ~~throttle you~~ *run your finger through the pencil sharpener*.

MUSIC: (SHORT BRIDGE)

ALEXANDER: Hey, Mom--look. There's Lulu. Tied up right outside Mr. Dithers' office.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's good, Alexander. We'll just untie her and take her over to Mr. Schultz at the meat market.

ALEXANDER: Okay--I brought along the collar and the leash. But aren't we going to go in and see Pop and Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: No, dear. They're inside--I think I hear <sup>their</sup> ~~they're~~ voices --but they're probably having a business conference.

DITHERS: (INSIDE) <sup>stumble</sup> Oh, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (INSIDE) <sup>Wait -- stop that</sup> Now, J. C. -- ~~control~~ yourself!

ALEXANDER: It sounds as though Mr. Dithers is giving Pop the business..... Gosh!

BLONDIE: Well, don't you worry about Pop--he can take care of himself, and we'll take care of the pig!

MUSIC: (ANOTHER SHORT BRIDGE)

DAGWOOD: (FADE IN) And Alexander wanted me to give Lulu to you as <sup>little</sup> a present.

DITHERS: Well, why didn't you say that in the first place?

DAGWOOD: I didn't think of it then.

DITHERS: What?

DAGWOOD: I mean, I had to sort of cool you off first with some other stories.

DITHERS: This all seems <sup>so</sup> ~~to~~ unreal to me. A pig in the office of the president of the J. C. Dithers Construction Company. I can hardly believe it really happened. What would Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and <sup>the end man</sup> ~~McGenie~~ say?

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't suppose it would add to our prestige.  
DITHERS: I can't believe that there were four live ham<sup>bones</sup> running  
around this office, <sup>go out</sup>...Bring the pig in again.  
DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll be right back -  
DITHERS: <sup>and put your hat on so I'll know you -</sup>  
(DOOR OPENS....)  
DAGWOOD: My gosh, J. C.--it's gone!  
DITHERS: Gone? What happened to it? That pig certainly didn't  
evaporate.  
DAGWOOD: The rope's still there, but there's no Lulu on the end  
of it.  
DITHERS: Dagwood--Dagwood, old boy--do you suppose there really  
wasn't any pig in the first place? That it was all our  
imagination? (PRACTICALLY SOBS) Oh, why do these  
things <sup>always have to</sup> happen to me!!

MUSIC:

(LIGHT TRAFFIC OFF....)

BLONDIE: Well, here's Mr. Schultz's butcher shop. Just lead  
Lulu right in, Alexander.  
ALEXANDER: Gosh, I feel awful about this...Okay, Lulu--come on.  
(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES....)  
SCHULTZ: (IS HUMMING "RIGHT IN DER FEUHRER'S FACE")  
BLONDIE: Good morning, Mr. Schultz.  
SCHULTZ: (STOPS HUMMING TO SING LOUD) Right in der feuhrer's  
face! Good morning, Mrs. Boomstead....Hello Alexander.  
ALEXANDER: Hi-ya, Mr. Schultz.  
SCHULTZ: Mrs. Boomstead, I can't <sup>understand</sup> understand it. It's a lovely  
morning, Hitler (Pfui!) is taking a beating, and I ain't  
got no meat.

BLONDIE: You should be singing, "I've Got Plenty of Nothing."  
SCHULTZ: You are so right!  
BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Schultz, I've got a little pig.  
SCHULTZ: You don't said it. Mrs. Schultz is worried about that, *also*  
*too*.  
BLONDIE: (PUZZLED) Uh--uh, worried about what?  
SCHULTZ: She says she's getting a little big around the waist.  
BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Mr. Schultz.....!  
SCHULTZ: But on her it's becoming.  
ALEXANDER: You don't get it, Mr. Schultz. Mom said we had a  
little pig.  
SCHULTZ: Oh, a little pig! Well, is it a big little pig, or a  
little little pig?  
ALEXANDER: It's a medium sized little pig....It's right here.  
Isn't it cute?  
(PIG SOUNDS.....)  
SCHULTZ: It would be much cuter on a platter with an apple in  
its mouth.  
BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Schultz, that's sort of what we came to see  
you about.  
SCHULTZ: You want me to fix it for you?  
BLONDIE: Oh, no, no, no! We--wouldn't--want to do that.  
ALEXANDER: *That* ~~It~~ would be like eating a personal friend.  
BLONDIE: We thought we might be able to sell it to you.  
SCHULTZ: (SIGHS DEEPLY) I'd love to buy her, but I'll give you  
three reasons why I can't.  
BLONDIE: What are they?  
SCHULTZ: O.F.A.....~~I couldn't touch it.~~  
BLONDIE: Oh, I see.  
SCHULTZ: That must be a new one.



BLONDIE: I beg your pardon?  
SCHULTZ: The O. I. C.....I haven't <sup>never</sup> heard about that yet.  
BLONDIE: No, no, Mr. Schultz. I just said, Oh, I see.  
SCHULTZ: Oh, I see.  
ALEXANDER: Well, getting back to the pig -- you couldn't buy Lulu  
hunh?  
SCHULTZ: No. I'd be glad to explain <sup>about the O.P.A.</sup> ~~it to you~~ if you have two  
or three hours.  
BLONDIE: No, thank you. But if we can't sell her, and can't  
keep her, and don't want to give her away, what can we  
do?  
SCHULTZ: Maybe you should write to your Congressman.  
BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, I think we'd better go back to the  
Dithers Company and leave Lulu right where we got her.

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Dagwood, I can't get that pig off my mind. I can't keep  
from thinking about it.  
DAGWOOD: <sup>show</sup> Maybe I'd better open the windows and air out the office.  
DITHERS: No--open the door and take another look.  
DAGWOOD: But I've already looked eleven other times.  
DITHERS: Look again and make it an even dozen.  
DAGWOOD: Okay.  
DITHERS: If that pig has come back, I'll scream.

(DOOR OPENS)

(PIG SOUNDS)

DITHERS: (SCREAMS)

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know about that?

DITHERS: I know absolutely nothing about it, and I'd like to know much less.

(PIG SOUNDS)

DITHERS: Oh stop ~~sneering~~ <sup>sneering</sup> at us! - or I'll barbecue you -

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. -- what are we going to do with Lulu?

DITHERS: You've got to get rid of her. Take her back out to the fair grounds where Alexander got her.

DAGWOOD: <sup>out to the fair grounds</sup>  
^ Okay, will you go with me? We can ride on the Ferris wheel and merry go round.

DITHERS: What do you think I am - in my second childhood?

DAGWOOD: Well-1-1-1-

DITHERS: Don't answer that!

DAGWOOD: <sup>oh boy, you know what else?</sup>  
^ We could eat Cotton Candy and ride in the Tunnel of Love.

DITHERS: <sup>I didn't know you cared</sup>  
Oh, Bumpstead, ~~stop~~ <sup>GO ON TAKE YOUR TWIN AND GET OUT OF HERE.</sup> You two pigs get on out there.

DAGWOOD: <sup>oh come on and go out with me -</sup>  
^ Well, I thought maybe you'd like to see that little side show out there too.

DITHERS: Aw no <sup>oh</sup> too busy.

DAGWOOD: You know, the one with the dancing girls and the Parisienne models. woo woo

DITHERS: You've talked me into it! <sup>what are we waiting for?</sup> ~~Come on, let's go!~~

(WHIZ WHISTLE) (DOOR SLAM)

Music:

DITHERS: ~~I know absolutely nothing about it, and I'd like to know much less.~~

(PIG SOUNDS)

DITHERS: ~~Oh stop <sup>sinking</sup> sneering at us! ~~or else barbecue you~~~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, J.C. -- what are we going to do with Lulu?~~

DITHERS: ~~We've got to get rid of her. We'll take her out to the fair grounds and make a deal with some farmer.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~^ Yeah, but how are we going to get out there?~~

DITHERS: ~~Since this is no longer the age of horsecars, we'll go by bus. There's one that leaves every hour.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah, but won't they put you off if you're carrying a pig?~~

DITHERS: ~~I'd like to see them try it!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~(LOOKING FORWARD TO THE FIGHT) I'd like to see them try it, too. Let's go!~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON BUS....FADE DOWN.....)

DITHERS: ~~See, Dagwood--it was simple.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~<sup>The driver</sup> He never noticed the pig under your coat.~~

DRIVER: (LOUD) For heaven's sakes -- step to the rear of the bus, please! Hey --that means you two school kids!

DITHERS: Don't get tough or I'll strain you through your fare box

DAGWOOD: No, no, Mr. Dithers. ~~Be nice~~

DRIVER: What's that, Buster?

DAGWOOD: He's just kidding.

DITHERS: I paid my fare, and I don't want any snappy comebacks from you, ~~Sterling.~~ ~~sole cake!~~

DAGWOOD: Ch, Mr. Dithers.

(PIG SQUEALS....)

DRIVER: Have you got a pig under your coat?!

DITHERS: What did you think it was--a kangaroo?

DRIVER: (LOUD) Sorry, folks, but I've got to stop the bus.  
DAGWOOD: That did it!

(BUS COMES TO A STOP.....)

DRIVER: All right, Buster -- you can't bring a pig in this bus.

DITHERS: Oh, no? Well, this is a pig and it's on the bus.  
Laugh that off.

DRIVER: Heh-heh. Now scram.

DAGWOOD: Maybe we'd better get off, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Nothing doing....There's no law against having a pig  
in this bus. I happen to know.

DRIVER: Then you'll have to pay an extra fare for it.

DAGWOOD: I've got a nickel.

DRIVER: I want it from the guy with the red <sup>puss</sup> face.

DITHERS: I won't pay it. The pig is under four years old and it  
rides free.

DRIVER: Oh, it's the principle of the thing, eh?

DITHERS: It's not the principle of the thing -- it's the money.

(RATTLE OF TIRE IRON....)

DRIVER: Okay, Buster...then I'll just have to take this tire iron  
and put a marcel in your thick skull.

DITHERS: Oh....Open the door and let me out. I'd rather not ride  
in a bus driven by a <sup>embarrassing imbecile</sup> obvious imbecile -- <sup>jackass</sup>.

(BUS DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood.  
DRIVER: ~~Hit the road~~  
DAGWOOD: Yeah. Goodbye, driver. Remember--I didn't say anything  
about you.  
DRIVER: ~~Get out of here and let that be a lesson to you -~~  
(BUS DOOR SLAMS)

(BUS STARTS UP AND DRIVES AWAY....)

DITHERS: Well, ~~that'll teach him a lesson.~~

DAGWOOD: It'll teach us one, too.

(PIG SOUNDS.....)

DAGWOOD: ~~New how are we going to get to the fairgrounds.~~

DITHERS: ~~We'll walk. What do you think your feet were made of?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~To put on a desk.~~

DITHERS: ~~And your head was made to keep your spine from  
unravelling.....And I'm not kidding. Come on!~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Oh boy its swell to be home again J.C.

DITHERS: Yeah. Put the crate down here Dagwood. It got very  
heavy the last few blocks.

(PACKING BOX)

DAGWOOD: Don't scratch the floor....Oh, Bloooooondie! Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Is that you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Well Mr. Dithers and I got rid of the pig.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful.

DITHERS: Yes, Blondie--no ordinary genius could have done it.  
It had to be J.C. Dithers....Now your troubles are over.

BLONDIE: But what's in that crate?

DAGWOOD: Eggs?

BLONDIE: *Egg* What on earth am I going to do with all those eggs?

DAGWOOD: Well you see they aren't *exactly* eggs yet Blondie --  
we traded the pig in for something wonderful. Wait,  
I'll lift the lid.

(CREAK OF HINGE)  
DAGWOOD: *Full of chickens.*  
BLONDIE: (ROOSTER CROW)

BLONDIE: Dagwood that's a rooster and Roosters don't lay eggs.

DAGWOOD: I know Blondie, but I got him to keep the hens awake  
so they'll get an early start.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!

MUSIC: (GAG CURTAIN)

WILCOX: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Lieutenant Elton Hoyt, II, of Mentor, Ohio, and the entire crew of his Flying Fortress "Battlin' Bobbies," who took part in the raid over Schweinfurt, Bavaria. With one engine ablaze, and another knocked out, the Fortress was attacked by swarms of enemy fighters. Lieutenant Hoyt pretended to go into a tailspin, while his gunners shot down three Nazi planes. Then, hedge-hopping back, they met and shot up a Junkers-fifty-two, and finally, by throwing out everything movable in the plane, including parachutes, were able to reach England safely. We salute you and your crew members, Lieutenant Elton Hoyt, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to our men overseas....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

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WILCOX: Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men.

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WILCOX: Also folks be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio shows each week - Thursday, "Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante", Friday, the Comedy Quiz - Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and next Monday -- "Blondie", that famous comic-strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME.....FADE FOR)



WILCOX: Next week we have a special treat for all you "Blondie" fans.....so be sure to tell all your friends about it. Next Monday night a famous movie star is coming through town in the interest of the Third War Loan and she's going to be the Bumstead's house guest. This glamorous person is none other than Dorothy Lamour.

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: You can imagine what effect Dorothy Lamour will have on Dagwood and Mr. Dithers when they meet her in person. One look at her and their ears will light up!.....So don't miss next week's show.....when "BLONDIE ENTERTAINS DOROTHY LAMOUR"

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WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

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WILCOX: Remember, for yourself, for that fellow in the service, get ~~that~~ the cigarette that stays fresh -- cool smoking and slow burning -- get Camels -- they stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

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WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes. First in the service.

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe smoker, do you want to spend only ten cents for your tobacco -- and still get up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every package? Well, get a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Yes, and a two and a quarter ounce package of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco, for only one dime. Get a great big package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow -- it's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.