

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

WRITER:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY -- #230

DON QUINN

NBC - RED

Tuesday 1-2-40

6:30 - 7:00 PM

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FIB: FOLKS, THE PROGRAM ORIGINALLY CANCELLED FOR THIS TIME WILL NOW BE HEARD!

WIL: (LAUGHS) And here it is! THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORK: THEME:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly, with Jimmy Shields and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "Love is Sweeping the Country."

ORK: "LOVE IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY".....FADE FOR:

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JANUARY 2, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: There's one problem that faces everybody at this time of the year -- how to remember to write "1940" instead of "1939"! Well, here's something you might try. Get a pencil and paper and write this sentence twenty times: "During 1940 I will not scrub my linoleum!" When you've finished with that one, write this sentence just once: "During 1940 I will keep my linoleum bright and spotless with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT!" Then, if you haven't any GLO-COAT in your house, order some from your dealer right away -- and start the year with a cheerful, colorful kitchen floor. GLO-COAT will save you many hours of work during 1940. It does away with tiresome floor scrubbing, and is so easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing with GLO-COAT. You simply apply it to your clean floor, and in 20 minutes it dries all by itself, leaving a beautiful, gleaming surface. A GLO-COATED floor is easy to keep clean, too, because spots and stains quickly wipe up with a damp cloth. What's more, GLO-COAT will make your linoleum last longer -- and will keep your kitchen a pleasanter place to work in. All these benefits are yours when you use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

WIL: IT'S A FEARFUL AND A WONDERFUL THING WHAT A SET OF CHRISTMAS-GIFT CARPENTER'S TOOLS WILL DO FOR A GUY WHO ORDINARILY COULDN'T SPLIT A SHINGLE OR POUND A NAIL THROUGH A SPONGE CAKE! FOR INSTANCE, HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ONE WITH A SAW IN HIS HAND AND THE OTHER WITH APPREHENSION IN HER EYE, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: This is a wonderful set o' tools you gimme for Christmas, Molly. I'm just itchin' to fix somethin'.

MOL: Well, just scratch yourself and put that saw away.

~~FIB: What do you mean, put it away?~~

~~MOL: You've never fixed anything in your life that was any good afterward.~~

FIB: ~~I know, but I never had a good set o' tools like this before~~  
*Molly*  
HEY...ain't that dining room table a little wobbly? Ain't one leg shorter'n the others?

MOL: No, dearie...no..no..no..it's all right...It's wonderful. Perfectly solid. I never saw a table as substantial! Just forget it.

FIB: Hm...I'll bet if I sawed the three other legs off even it'd take the wobble out of it.

MOL: Please, McGee...you tried that once with a coffee table...remember?

FIB: I did?

MOL: Yes, and the legs got shorter'n shorter till we had to use it for a serving tray.

FIB: Shucks, what'dja gimme ~~for~~ *these tools* for if you didn't want me to use 'em. It's like givin' a kid a new drum and then tellin' him to be quiet because pappa's got a headache.

THING WHAT A SET OF  
S WILL DO FOR A GUY WHO  
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~~set o' tools like this before.~~

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once with a coffee table...

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if you didn't want me to use  
new drum and then tellin' him  
t a headache.

MOL: Oh, for Heaven's sake...you don't have to FIX things, do  
you? Why don't you MAKE something?

FIB: What'll I make?

MOL: Make a book case..BUILD A DOGHOUSE...MAKE ANYTHING!

FIB: Awwwww, dog houses is kid stuff. I should waste these  
wonderful tools on a mutt mansion!

SOUND: HAMMERING:

MOL: MCGEE...STOP THAT! YOU'RE MAKING BIG DENTS IN THAT CHAIR!

FIB: The arm is loose. I was just hammerin' it tight. See how  
it is now? You couldn't pull it loose with a -

SOUND: SCREECH OF NAILS...WOOD CRACKING:

MOL: Oh dear...now see what you did!

FIB: GOOD....Now I can take the chair down in the basement and  
really work on it!

MOL: MCGEE...I WON'T LET YOU DO IT.

FIB: Aw, dad rat it...there ye go, Molly. Where would Rembrandt  
have been if his wife had complained about his paints  
always smellin' up the house?

MOL: Nevertheless...you'll have to use your constructive genius  
on something besides ~~the house~~ <sup>our promise</sup>.

FIB: Okay okay okay...I'll build a doghouse. What kinda dogs  
you like?

MOL: Wel-l-l-l, I think Pomeranians are cute. Or Pekineses.

FIB: Aw fer the..You call them dogs? Why, they're so small a  
mamma flea won't let the baby fleas go out and play because  
they might get Pomeranians on 'em! ~~the house~~ <sup>I like</sup>

a man's dog...Ma ~~the house~~ <sup>I like</sup>. Maybe a  
Irish setter, or a wolfhound...or a bugle.

MOL: BEAGLE.

FIB: Wel-l-l.....

p

MOL: McGee

FIB: Berna

FIB: Okay,

FIB: the 1

MOL: (SIGH)

FIB: Thank

FIB: LUMBE

FIB: every

FIB: Eve?

MOL: Heave

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FIB: HELL

FIB: ~~HELL~~

FIB: No, ~~HELL~~

FIB: RIGH

MOL: Well

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FIB: Gloc

MOL: Gloc

FIB: Gloc

FIB: So h

FIB: and

SOUND: KNOO

MOL: McGee...I don't care if you get a Saint-Roll-out-the-barrel-Bernard. It's your doghouse and your dog.

FIB: Okay, Molly. ~~Call it~~. Now lesee...first I gotta call the lumber company and order some lumber. Hand me the *phone*.

MOL: (SIGHS) All right...

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA LUMBER COMP...Oh, is that you, Myrt? Fibber McGee.. How's every little thing, Myrt? Tis, eh? Whadya do New Year's Eve? Oh now, Myrt...you didn't really!

MOL: Heavenly Days...now what?

FIB: WHAT SAY, MYRT? ALL DRUNK, EH? WHAT? THE NEIGHBORS CALLED THE POLICE? Oh, boy!

MOL: Disgraceful!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Whaddye know about that, Molly? They were gonna have a party at Myrt's house but they found the root beer was all drunk. Everything was so quiet the neighbors got worried and called the police. ~~Wistful Vista~~

HELLO, LUMBER COMPANY? FIBBER MCGEE...79 WISTFUL VISTA. ~~SEND ME SOME LUMBER~~ *I want to build one with a guest room*

*No, a* ~~DOGHOUSE~~ *for a dog.* I'M BUILDIN' A DOGHOUSE. ~~SEND ME SOME LUMBER~~ *and one*

I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU, BUT GET IT RIGHT OUT HERE. Okay, thanks. (CLICK)

MOL: Well, thank goodness....You're really gonna do something constructive!

FIB: I'll say I am. This is gonna be the doghouse of doghouses... A canine Taj Mahal! ~~build one~~ *I'm gonna* build one with a guest room in case Glocoat wants to have a friend over for the weekend.

MOL: Glocoat?

FIB: Glocoat. That's what I'm gonna call the dog. Get the idea? So he won't scratch. I hate a mutt that has to keep rubbing and buffing himself all the time. Now let's se....

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: p

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, hello there little girl.

TEE: Hiyah, Mister. Whatcha doin'?

FIB: Who, me?

TEE: Whoja think -- Pinocchio?

FIB: Don't be impertinent!

TEE: Well gee, I ... Hmrrrrrr?

FIB: I SAYS DON'T BE SO FRESH!

TEE: You said impertinent first.

FIB: So what? What's the difference?

TEE: Well, (GIGGLES) You'd sound awful silly, I betcha, if you asked the groceryman for a dozen impertinent eggs.

FIB: Now, that's kinda far-fetched sis.

TEE: Not from our grocery. It's right around the corner. Hey, whereja get the tools, Mister? Hmrrrr? Whereja get 'em?

Hmrrrrrr?

FIB: Santa Claus brung 'em.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Oh, yeahhhhhhh?

FIB: AHM. Listen, sis, I'm very busy today....what was it you wanted?

TEE: Wanna buy a poem?

FIB: A poem? Who wrote it?

TEE: I did, I betcha. I write dandy poetry.

FIB: You mean POETRY. Not poetry.

TEE: What's the difference?

FIB: You'd know if you ever tried to fricassee a sonnet. But let's hear the poem. ~~I might as well tell you now~~

~~cramped, class, it's a doghouse~~

TEE: Okay, mister. Can I have some music to go with it?  
 FIB: No. Read it raw.  
 TEE: All righty.

TEE: (READS POEM)

- THE SOUL OF A WOMAN -  
 'T WAS THE END OF 1939  
 IN CHARLIE'S JOINT -- ON DOWN THE LINE.  
 AN OLD MAN SAT WITH A CALLOW YOUTH,  
 AND SPOKE THESE WORDS OF BITTER TRUTH:  
 "It's New Year's Eve, my boy", he said,  
 "Old '39 will soon be dead,  
 "And with it, a custom of my day -  
 " - A charming thing, but now passe.  
 "I'm sure that all you college nippers  
 "Have heard of drinking wine from slippers?"  
 THE KID SAT UP. "You said it, Doc!  
 "I can hardly wait till 12 o'clock.  
 "Maybe I'm a playboy and a chump,  
 "But I'd like to sip from a pretty pump!"  
 "DON'T BE A FOOL!" THE OLD MAN SNEERED.  
 "THAT'S JUST THE ATTITUDE I FEARED!  
 "YOU'LL DROWN YOURSELF RIGHT THROUGH THE NOSE --  
 "CAUSE SLIPPERS NOW AIN'T GOT NO TOES!"  
 ---The end, wanna buy it, Mister?

FIB: No!

TEE: Okay!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORK: "OH JOHNNY" - MILLS

APPLAUSE:

TEE: TITLE: "MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS"

When every new year comes around  
 Folks say I always can be found  
 With pen and paper on the table  
 Making up some peachy resolutions the  
 Very best that I am EVERRR able.

FIB: You got a poetic charley-horse in that last line sis -  
 it limps

TEE: (AHEM) Don't be impertinent (AHEM) To continue.

I write down TEN things I must do  
 To start the year all bright and new  
 Then tear them up, as is my custom

'Cause I know darrrrrrn well  
 I'm gonna bust 'em - The end.  
 Wanna buy it, mister?

FIB: NOPE. I'll give it to you.

TEE: Okay. So long!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: ("OH JOHNNY")

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Look, Molly...here's where I'm gonna build the doghouse. Right <sup>here at</sup> ~~the~~ the corner of the garage ~~hobby~~.....I'm gonna build it with a BIG LIVING ROOM, a sleepin' room, a dining room -

MOL: A DINING ROOM.....FOR A DOG?

FIB: Certainly.....And he's gonna get plenty to eat too. You know the old sayin': "IT TAKES A HEP O' LIVER TO MAKE A DOG A HOME" (LAUGHS) Don't yet get it, Molly? Takes a heap o' liver, to -

MOL: T'AIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't? Oh well - dumb animals...dumb jokes...Here...take one end o' this tape measure, ~~will you please~~ <sup>and</sup>.....

OUND: TIN HORN BLOWING

WHEE: WHOOPEEEEE...HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY!!! ~~WAHOO!!!~~ ~~WAHOO!!!~~ ~~WAHOO!!!~~.....YIPEEE!!!.

FIB: The same to you grandma...but ain't you a little late? This is the second of January.

WHEE: So what, SONNY? "BETTER LATE THAN SOBER" IS WHAT I ALWAYS SAY. WHOPEEEEEEE...WHAT DO YOU ALWAYS SAY?

FIB: I always say "AGE BEFORE BEAUTY". But you're the first one I ever seen that got it.

WHEE: (LAUGHS) THAT WAS A SNAPPY ONE, SKIPPY.

FIB: I thought so.

WHEE: HERE'S A TOAST TO NEW YEAR, FRIENDS MAY ALL YOUR -

FIB: HEY, LOOK OUT GRANDMA! ~~YOU BURNED~~ YOUR CIGARETTE. <sup>- It's burning -</sup>

WHEE: WHAT SAY? Oh! OUCH! DAGGONE IT. I BURNED THE TOAST -- Oh well -----!

HORN: ~~WAHOO!!!~~ ~~WAHOO!!!~~ ~~WAHOO!!!~~ HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY!!!.....WAHOO!  
Yipeeeeeeeeeee.....

FIB: Well! I knew 1940 would introduce a lotta new wrinkles, but I didn't expect 'em to walk into our own back yard!

MOL: Come on, McGee....get busy. The doghouse, remember?

FIB: Oh yes. Well, in the first place,

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello there, Molly. <sup>Wilcox</sup>

~~MOL: Oh, Harlow, Mr. Wilcox.~~

~~FIB: Harlow Harlow.~~

WIL: What goes on?

MOL: McGee's ~~gonna~~ build a doghouse.

~~FIB: And McGee's gonna build a doghouse, isn't it?~~

WIL: ~~Oh, right.~~ What kind of a dog have you got?

MOL: He hasn't got one yet.

FIB: I ain't quite decided.

WIL: I think you ought to have a good hunting dog. Would you be interested in a pointer?

FIB: Boy -- I sure would! Know anybody that's got a good one for sale, Harlow?

WIL: I'll give you one, free.

MOL: Oh, how wonderful!

WIL: ~~Don't~~ don't forget to use Johnson's Glocoat on your kitchen linoleum. Because when a dog tracks dirt in, it can easily be wiped up with a damp cloth. And his claws won't scratch a floor that's Glocoat-protected.

FIB: That's a good idea!

WIL: And you KNOW how easy it is to apply Johnson's Glocoat. Just pour a few drops on the floor...spread it around and it dries to a beautiful gleaming luster in 20 minutes or less.

MOL: We'll certainly do that, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: When can I see the dog, Harlow?

WIL: What dog?

FIB: I thought you were gonna give us a pointer.

WIL: I just did. USE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT. That's the finest pointer I could give anybody. Well, so long, folks!

FIB: Well, I'll be a series of dashes!

MOL: ~~He sneaked that on in just like he did all through the show.~~

FIB: ~~Yes... still dealing lam off the bottom of the house!~~

MOL: ~~You know, McGee... I think you're going about building this doghouse the wrong way. How do you know what size to make it until you decide what kind of a dog you're getting?~~

FIB: ~~Oh, I got through that.~~ I'm gonna get a huntin' dog like one I had once named Mat.

MOL: Mat? I suppose you called him Mat because he was always laying in front of the door.

FIB: No, his real name was Man About Town. But I just used his initials. M.A.T. Well sir, Mat was the <sup>smartest</sup> ~~most intelligent~~ pooch I ever seen. Uncanny, sometimes. Used to set in the wings of the theatre when I was playin' vaudeville and watch my act.

MOL: He was not only smart but courageous. ~~What kind of a dog was he?~~

FIB: ~~I used to work an elephant act. But I give it up in 1932 when the Democrats...~~ Well sir, one day in the middle of my act who should come walkin' out on the stage but Mat. He just stood there, stiff as a board, nose pointin' out into the audience, tail out straight like a ramroad.

MOL: WHAT did the audience do? Put his hat on and go home?

FIB: No sir. But just then a guy in the third row stood up and gimme a Bronx cheer. A raspberry. Imagine a dog sensing that.

MOL: What do you mean, sensin' that?

FIB: Don't you get it? He was a huntin' dog and he KNEW I was gonna get that bird! Another time when I was up in the woods...

MOL: Wait a minute McGee... ~~this dog is like my dog for a while.~~

FIB: Look who's comin' around the house.

FIB: Oh Oh! Mrs. Uppington, the Quick Trick in Clubs!

MOL: Shhhhh. Quiet. OH HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON. SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: How DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE...AND MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

UPP: I just thought I'd stop by and give you my best wishes. Stop me if you've heard it, but HAPPY NEW YEAR! (LAUGHS)

FIB: Thanks, Uppy, and to coin a phrase, "THE SAME TO YOU!"

MOL: And if I may phrase a coin; "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

UPP: Oh how delightful... (LAUGHS) Phrase a coin. (LAUGHS)

FIB: How'd you celebrate <sup>New Year's Eve</sup> ~~Sunday~~ night, Uppy?

UPP: Well, my young nephew, Fotheringill Uppington was home from college and he took me to the most delightful place. I don't quite remembah the name of it. I think he said we were going to a place called Tom and Jerry's for some Jack and Charlies.

MOL: ~~I think you've got that in reverse gear, Mrs. Uppington.~~ But McGee and I had a wonderful time too. We had a wrongside table at a night club.

FIB: RINGSIDE, Molly. There was nothin' wrong with that table. In fact we were so close to the orchestra, I let the clarinet player cool my coffee. Did you have a good time, Uppy?

UPP: Oh my deah..I MUST have had, (LAUGHS) My nephew told me the next morning he never heard anyone play the snare drum like I did. (LAUGHS) ~~he said I was a dog and he was a bird.~~

~~Just that is a good Uppy?~~

MOL: He's a very famous drummer, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Really? A DRUMMAH? Well, I'm sure I don't know what a traveling salesman has to do with music. But then, there were so MANY things about that night I don't understand. (LAUGHS) But what ARE you doing out here with this set of tools and the-tape measure?

FIB: Gonna build a doghouse, Uppy.

UPP: Really building a doghouse! ---you must be quite a "Barkitect." (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Or am I just being a silly girl? (LAUGHS)

MOL: I don't think we'll have to wait for a Gallup Poll on that, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: You better watch out, Uppy. You're in danger of losing your social dignity. After all you gotta keep up the aristocratic tradition of Wistful Vista, you know.

UPP: Oh THANK YOU, Mr. McGee...That's SO sweet of you! Do you REALLY consider me an aristocrat?

MOL: Certainly he does, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: In fact, Uppy. I've heard it said you were so artistocratic, you suffer from Blue Toothbrush.

UPP: Blue toothb..er..I..er..AHEM. Well..er..SO YOU ARE BUILDING A DOG HOUSE. Are you familiar with the care and handling of dogs?

FIB: Who, me? Shucks, Uppy. I been a judge of dog shows ever since I was chin-high to a chow! I used to get more applause than any dog in the place! Had to take a bow at the end of every show. I was really a wow. BOW-WOW MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: BOW-WOW MCGEE..THE BIGGEST BREEDER OF BARKIN' BRUTES THAT EVER BUSTED A BISCUIT FOR A BOSTON BULL: BADLY BITTEN BY BIG BUNCHES OF BAD BLOODHOUNDS BUT BRAVELY BREAKIN' 'EM TO BEG FOR BONES AND BE BENEVOLENT' BODYGUARDS TO BOUNCING BABIES: WITH A BROAD BACKGROUND OF BAMBOOZLING BANDYLEGGED BIRDDOGS, BOARHOUNDS, AND BEAGLES WITH BITS OF BEEFSTEAK AND BRILLIANT BRAINWORK, AND BAGGIN' A BUILD-UP AS THE BRIGHTEST BOY OF THE BEAST-BOSSERS FROM THE BOUNDING BILLOWS OF BIMINI BAY --

BUT LET'S HAVE A SONG, FOLKS...WHADDYE SAY?

ORK: "WHEN DAY IS DONE" -- SHIELDS....

APPLAUSE

SOUND: SAWING: CLATTER OF WOOD

FIB: Hey Molly...did you see this lumber they sent out?

Beautiful stuff, ain't it?

MOL: I suppose so. But isn't it rather expensive?

FIB: Whatcha mean, expensive? It's just ordinary lumber.

MOL: Well the bill said it was Golden oak. Isn't that a little fancy for a doghouse? GOLDEN OAK! It seems to me Silver Maple would have been just as good.

FIB: I suppose for a huntin' dog, I shoulda got Birds'eye maple. Oh well...

SAWING: CLATTER OF WOOD:

FIB: Dad rat it...looka that now!

MOL: What?

FIB: I've sawed this 2 x 4 off three times and it's STILL too short!

MOL: Well...keep trying dearie. But what's all this metal grill-work for?

FIB: Eh? Oh that. I'm gonna build a fire-escape on one side of the doghouse.

MOL: A FIRE-ESCAPE. What do you expect your airdale to do - smoke in bed?

FIB: No, but -

HAL: (FADE IN) AH THERE, FRIENDS. (LAUGHS) HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

MOL: Oh thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve! And the same to you!

FIB: And many of 'em, Gildy old pal, old pal!

HAL: Thank you, McGee...I'm glad to see the New Year start so auspiciously.

FIB: Whatcha mean, what's so suspicious about buildin' a doghouse.

HAL: I didn't say SUSPICIOUS...I said AUSPICIOUS. That means under good omens.

FIB: Oh oh yes. AUSPICI...er...Good ome...er...Oh yes, I see.

MOL: My my it's nice to start into 1940 with you two boys friends again. After all, we ARE next door neighbors and it's MUCH better to be on friendly terms, isn't it?

HAL: Oh it certainly is, Mrs. McGee...definitely. I guess McGee and I just got off on the wrong foot, didn't we McGee?

FIB: The wrong foot is right, Gildersleeve. We was playin' double hopscotch on our own bunions! (LAUGHS) Hand me that hammer, will you?

HAL: Certainly...here. You say you're building a doghouse, McGee?

MOL: Yes he is, Mr. Gildersleeve. I gave him this set of carpenter's tools for Christmas, and he couldn't WAIT TO GET STARTED ON SOMETHING.

HAL: Well, as I always say, Mrs. McGee --

SOUND: HAMMERING

MOL: What, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: I said it seems to me that -

SOUND: LOUDER HAMMERING

MOL: MCGEE...STOP THAT HAMMERING A MINUTE, MR. GILDERSLEEVE IS TRYING TO TALK!

SOUND: HAMMERING:

FIB: What say, Molly?

SOUND: HAMMERING:

MOL: I SAID STOP THAT HAMMERING: I CAN'T HEAR WHAT MR. GILDERSLEEVE IS SAYING.

SOUND: HAMMERING:

FIB: YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK LOUDER...I CAN'T HEAR YOU ON ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT DAD RATTED HAMMERING.

HAL: WELL YOU'RE DOING THE HAMMERING!

FIB: Eh? Oh, I guess I was at that ... What was you sayin', Gildy?

HAL: I er ... I .. (LAUGHS) Well, I don't remember now. (LAUGHS) ~~You drove everything out of my head with the hammering.~~

FIB: ~~I did eh? (LAUGHS) Well, there was a time when I did a --~~

MOL: ~~MC GEE ... don't bring up the past.~~

FIB: ~~Okay.~~

HAL: How about letting me help you with this doghouse, McGee?

I just LOVE to do this sort of thing. I come from a long line of cabinet workers myself.

FIB: Is that so? Politicians or carpenters?

HAL: Carpenters. My great grandfather made the first wooden leg in the state. You should have seen the handcarved muscles in the calf! (LAUGHS) Here let me go to work...Wait till I take my coat off...

MOL: Oh isn't it nice to have Mr. Gildersleeve helping you, McGee?

FIB: It's great. We oughtta get it done in TWICE the time, now.

HAL: I think so myself. Now ~~let me see ... I'll nail this piece of wood~~

MEL: (FADE IN) Excuse me, please, but is this the reside-(HIC) Is this the resid - (HIC) What is the name of the occupa-(HIC) The occup - (HIC) Say, who lives heré?

MOL: This is the McGee residence, why?

MEL: I'M in charge of the (HIC) I'm employed by the governme-(HIC) The Governme - (HIC) The gover (HIC) I'm the census taker.

HAL: The census taker, McGee...my starting a little early this year aren't you my boy?

FIB: ~~Anyway, you'll have to come back later. I can't let the government interfere with my buildin' a doghouse. Housing conditions are too serious.~~

MOL: Anyway, why start here, Mr. Census Taker?

MEL: Maybe I'd better elucid - (HIC) Elucid - (HIC) Let me explain. I have to get a head start on the other canvassers-(HIC) On the other census takers, because we're tallying probosi - (HIC) TALLYING PROBOSCI - (HIC) We're counting noses. And the house down the street is the resid - (HIC) is the resid - (HIC) Well, Jimmie Durante lives there.

Good day!

SOUND: HAMMERING!

MOL: Well, I better go in and start dinner, McGee...you go ahead with your work.

FIB: Okay, Molly.

MOL: And I can't tell you how pleased I am to see you and Mr. Gilderlseeve so congenial once more.

HAL: Well, Mrs. McGee...the New Year you know. (LAUGHS) Like to start off with a slean clate, er ... a clean slate. (LAUGHS) ~~Don't worry about us!~~ Well, McGee...what do I do first...

FIB: Just trim off them timbers there, ~~where they're marked,~~ Gildy. Know how to use a cross-cut saw?

HAL: WHY CERTAINLY I DO. GIVE ME THAT SAW.

FIB: Hey wait a minute...you right handed?

HAL: What? Why yes...I am ... why?

FIB: I just wondered. That's a left-handed saw.

HAL: Oh. It is? Well, I may be a little clumsy at first, but I'll catch onto it. LET'S GO! HEIGH HO HEIGH HO...ET'S OFF TO WORK WE GO...DA DA DE DA DA DA!

FIB: DA DE DA DA DA ... HEIGH HO....

HAL: HEIGH HO...

SOUND: SINGING INTO TREMENDOUS HAMMERING AND SAWING...FADE OUT...

FIB: Well, Gildy old man...~~we're just about done~~...beautiful *job*, ain't it?

HAL: Certainly is, McGee...maybe we better go into business together. (LAUGHS) You've got the tools and I've got the brai- .. er ... WELL..WHAT DO WE DO NOW...PUT THE ROOF ON?

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD

FIB: Yep. You hold it while I pound the nails...

HAL: Oh no. You hold it while I pound the nails. You haven't let me pound a nail yet. I LOVE to pound nails, McGee...

FIB: Well, it's my set o' tools ain't it?

HAL: You're just selfish, that's what you are.

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD:

FIB: Well what of it? I know more about this business than you do.

HAL: Oh is that so. I guess I took manual training in High School, didn't I?

FIB: Aw so what? ~~Middle age ain't any time to start learning this business.~~ (LAUGHS) Shucks, they tell me I built my own bassinet when I was eight months old.

HAL: Well I don't care. I wanna pound a nail.

FIB: Aw stop whining.

HAL: I'M NOT WHINING!

FIB: You were too. Shucks, if you wanna build something, why don't you stay in your own yard and --

HAL: NOW YOU LOOK HERE, MCGEE...I CAME OVER HERE TO HELP YOU AND THIS IS ALL THE THANKS I GET. IF YOU WANT TO START

FIB: ~~Oh my gosh - I've missed that chip off my shoulder. No no no - forget it, Gildersleeve. This ain't any time for re-animations. Let's finish the doghouse first.~~

HAL: ~~Well, I'm right.~~ (LAUGHS) I .. I guess I just flew off the handle.

FIB: You fly off the handle so much, Gildersleeve, you oughtta have a pilot's license...(LAUGHS)

HAL: (LAUGHS) .. Pilot's license...(LAUGHS) That's very good... or is it? All right...you pound the nails, McGee...

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD:

HAL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE....YOU FORGOT SOMETHING.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

HAL: The doer. Where's the door?

FIB: Eh?

HAL: THE DOOR, THE DOOR!...HOW'S YOUR DOG GOING TO GET IN AND OUT? ~~OR ARE YOU PLANNING ON A TUNNEL FROM THE FRONT?~~

FIB: Oh my gosh...I forgot to saw a door. Now we gotta take the whole thing apart again.

HAL: No, we haven't. I'll get inside and saw a hole in the front. Lift that roof off again.

FIB: OH NO YE DON'T, GILDERSLEEVE. YOU WANNA HAVE ALL THE FUN. I'LL GET INSIDE AND SAW THE DOOR.

HAL: WELL GEE WHIZ, MCGEE, I ....

FIB: CUT IT OUT GILDERSLEEVE. I GUESS I GOTTA RIGHT TO GET INTO MY OWN DOGHOUSE AIN'T I? HERE, Help me lift this roof off.

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD...THUMP.

FIB: Okay.. hand me the saw.

HAL: HERE YOU ARE, MCGEE..BETTER KNEEL DOWN SO YOU CAN SEE BETTER.

FIB: Not a bad idea... (FADE SLIGHTLY) You lemme know if I'M  
GETTIN' IT EVEN.

HAL: Don't worry, McGee... I'LL SEE THAT EVERYTHING GETS EVEN.  
(LAUGHS)

SOUND: WOOD CLATTER:

FIB: HEY WHAT ARE YE DOIN'? TAKE THAT ROOF OFFA THERE.. (FADE  
WAY DOWN) HEY GILDERSLEEVE...

HAL: (LAUGHS)

SOUND: HAMMERING:

HAL: MY, I CERTAINLY LOVE TO POUND NAILS!... (LAUGHS)

SOUND: THUMPING:

FIB: (MUFFLED) HEY... LEMME OUTA HERE!.. HEY GILDERSLEEVE...  
~~CAN HEAR ALL THE NAILS YOU WANT... LEMME OUT!~~

SOUND: THUMPING:

HAL: OH MCGEE... CAN YOU HEAR ME?

FIB: (MUFFLED) Yes... I hear you, now quit the kiddin' and lemme  
out.

HAL: I JUST REMEMBERED WHAT I CAME OVER HERE FOR, MCGEE.. I HOPE  
YOU HAVE A VERY DOGGY NEW YEAR! (LAUGHS) (FADEOUT LAUGHING)  
HEIGH HO HEIGH HO... IT'S OFF TO WORK I GO... (LAUGHING)...

ORK: "I LIVE THE LIFE I LOVE" - FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.,  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-2-40 Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. But now,  
answer this-- Which wears longer -- wood or stone? Most  
people would say stone, without much hesitation -- and yet  
there are in ancient palaces of Europe, wooden floors that  
are still intact and beautiful, while the stone steps  
outside have worn away during the centuries. In fact, in  
the beautiful, new JOHNSON office building at Racine,  
Wisconsin, there is a section of one of those old floors --  
over 400 years old. It is still in excellent condition --  
and mellow and rich in its beauty -- because all during  
those years it was protected with WAX.

In our American homes we can have beautiful floors with  
much less work than in those olden days. There are easy-to-  
use weighted brushes -- and there is the JOHNSON ELECTRIC  
FLOOR POLISHER that you can rent from your dealer at small  
cost. And every good dealer sells genuine JOHNSON'S WAX,  
in either paste or liquid form. With this famous wax  
polish, you can protect your floors against wear -- give  
them rich beauty -- save yourself hours of housework.  
And what's more, there are over 100 extra uses for genuine  
JOHNSON'S WAX -- such as furniture, woodwork, window-sills,  
lampshades. You will find these labor-saving uses listed  
on the familiar red and yellow JOHNSON'S WAX package.  
Try some tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC... FADE ON CUE

Closing Commercial

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 the JOHNSON ELECTRIC  
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 urs of housework.  
extra uses for genuine  
 woodwork, window-sills,  
 or-saving uses listed  
 ON'S WAX package.

TAG GAG

MOL: Fiberr-r-r-r-r. FIBER-r-r-r-r. McGEE! WHERE ARE YOU?

SOUND: THUMPING

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Here I am, Molly...In the doghouse.

MOL: WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE....COME ON OUT!

FIB: I can't. I'm nailed in. Get the tools and pry me out.

MOL: THERE AREN'T ANY TOOLS HERE.

FIB: What? Dad rat that Gildersleeve!!! Is the show over, Molly?

MOL: Yes it is. Why?

FIB: I just wanted to give out audience greetings.

HAPPY NEW YEAR FOLKS...MAY YOUR 40 BE FAIR AND FAT.

MOL: AND THE SAME FROM ME!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight-all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

(CREDITS...SIGNOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

S. C. Johnson & Son  
 Writer: Leonard L.

6:30-7:00 PM  
 Tuesday - 1/9/40