

Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
On
"Victory Parade"

3:30-4P
Sunday - 7/12/42

(2ND REVISION)

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WILCOX: THE VICTORY PARADE PRESENTS...THE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SHOW...AND NOW, SPEAKING FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, MR. LIONEL BARRYMORE!

BARRYMORE: Well, my friends...today the Victory Parade travels to Wistful Vista - a typical American community that's mighty familiar to everyone who listens to the radio. And Wistful Vista itself is a pretty accurate reflection of thousands of other communities in the United States, today. For the people of Wistful Vista are vitally concerned with winning the war - by gathering and conserving materials of war - by purchasing just as many war bonds as they can - by working hard and efficiently in the local factories - and by keeping uppermost in their minds - 24 hours a day - the fact that we have a two-fisted job on our hands to put down the enemies of our nation.

The people of Wistful Vista mix their labor with good American laughter...and that's another benefit of democracy - laughter. They don't laugh in Germany or Italy or Japan. For only free men can laugh and be happy. So, let's settle back in our chairs now and listen to Fibber McGee and Molly and all their friends...

WILCOX: Thank you, Mr. Barrymore. Ladies and Gentlemen - Fibber McGee and Molly...written by Don Quinn...with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra.

ORCH: McGEE THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: THEY TELL US THAT "VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD" ...
WHICH SEEMS A VERY LOW RATE OF PAY. BUT THE MASTER OF
79 WISTFUL VISTA GOT HIMSELF A STREAK OF VIRTUE WHICH
REALLY PAID OFF. GOING THRU THE HOUSE, LOOKING FOR SCRAP
METAL AND RUBBER FOR THE GOVERNMENT, GUESS WHAT HE FOUND?
NO, DON'T GUESS. JUST LISTEN TO --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: But I'm telling you, Molly, it's a GENUINE FIVE-DOLLAR
GOLDPIECE! Listen!

SOUND: (RING OF COIN ON TABLE OR MARBLE)

FIB: Hear that?

MOL: Hmmm!

FIB: What's the matter...don't you WANT me to have a
five-dollar gold piece?

MOL: I have no objections, dearie. But Uncle Sam doesn't like
to have people have gold money, and Alcatraz is full of
people that Uncle Sam don't like.

FIB: Well, I ain't gonna keep it. The bank'll gimme face value
for it.

MOL: A dollar seventy-nine?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, A DOLLAR 79? IT'S WORTH FIVE BUCKS!

MOL: Oh, you mean they'll give you the face value OF THE COIN.
Incidentally, where did you stumble onto this nest egg?

FIB: I found it when I was up in the attic lookin' for scrap
rubber and old metal to turn in to the government.

MOL: Did you find any rubber?

FIB: Sure I did. I got a mat off the old scales outa the
bathroom, and some overshoes and that pair of rubber pants
I wore the time I tried to reduce...

MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh, I remember that! I'll never forget how...

FIB: (HASTILY) Never mind that now. I was just gonna tell you..

MOL: (STILL LAUGHING) The morning you first put those rubber
pants on, you were -

FIB: Molly, PLEASE!!..my rubber pants ain't the subject of
this discussion!

MOL: (LAUGHING) No, but I was just remembering how tight they
were and how you wiggled and -

FIB: MOLLY! PLEASE! Somebody might be listening.

MOL: Oh, all right. You'd better give me that coin, though,
for safe keeping.

FIB: No, I'll keep it in my pocket.

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What's that just under the edge of the davenport?

FIB: Under which edge of the dav...OH MY GOSH!!! LOOK!!!

(FADE OFF AND ON) ANOTHER FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE!!!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE? I WONDER IF --

MOL: We had a new garbage man this morning...I wonder if he could have been a fairy princess in disguise.

FIB: Who ever saw a fairy princess with a handlebar mustache?
HEY DO YOU SUPPOSE SOME RICH FRIEND OF OURS HAS HID GOLD PIECES ALL OVER THE HOUSE FOR US?

MOL: No.

FIB: Why?

MOL: For three reasons. One -- We have no rich friends.

FIB: What's the other two reasons?

MOL: If we haven't got any rich friends the other two reasons don't matter... I wonder if...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Come in.

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: HELLO, THERE KIDS!! I WAS JUST ... what's the matter, daughter?

MOL: We're a little excited, Mr. Old Timer...somebody's been scattering five dollar gold pieces around this house.

OLD M: Leave me see one of 'em Johnny.

FIB: Here.

OLD M: HMMMMM. 5 dollar gold piece all right. Not only real, but genuine! (SIGHS) Minds me of the time when I was a Broadway playboy, kids...scatterin' gold pieces far 'n wide.

MOL: Were you a rich man at one time, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Papa was, daughter. He was such a big man, he hadda have two seats on the stock exchange. I was just a spoiled kid... winin' and dinin' all the big actresses...biggest ones I could find, anyway, and--

FIB: They kinda liked their actresses big in them days didn't they, Old Timer.

OLD M: And you know why, Johnny? We used to drink champagne outa actresses' slippers, then...and the bigger the actress the bigger the slipper, generally speakin'.

MOL: Then came the open-toed shoe and ruined everything.

OLD M: You ain't fakin' the bass on that, daughter! I mind one time I was playin' poker with Rhinestono Jim Brady, and--

FIB: You mean DIAMOND Jim Brady.

OLD M: It was Rhinestone Jim Brady, after he played poker with me, Johnny. Oh I was quite a kid. Out till eleven or 12 every night...smokin' cigareet after cigareet. Then papa lost all his money.

MOL: How?

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OLD M: Bad luck, Daughter...made his fortune in sockets for buggy whips....then he seen the horseless carriage comin' along, so he founded the International Auto Crank Company...then come the self starter...so he put all his money into makin' mantles for gas lights, then come the electric light...so papa got out and put his money into a big buttonhook factory...

FIB: Then came the shoelace.

OLD M: Yep. That ruined papa. BUT...he didn't care...he just laughed and says "WELL...I STARTED ON A SHOE STRING AND I ENDED ON ONE." HE SAYS...heh heh heh!...You'd of loved papa! *Well*

MOL: I'll bet we would

OLD M: Well, see you later kids...be sure and -

MOL: ~~HERE....GIVE US BACK THAT GOLD PIECE!~~

OLD M: Eh? Oh...heh heh heh...scuse me. So long kids! *See you in September*

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: SELECTION:

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT:

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FIB: Hey, Molly...MOLLY....LOOK!!

MOL: Calm yourself, McGee.. calm yourself...what's the matter?

FIB: LOOK...ANOTHER GOLD PIECE!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Yes sir...THAT MAKES FOUR OF 'EM I'VE FOUND...TWENTY BUCKS IN GOLD! If this keeps up, we're gonna be rich before night

MOL: I can't understand it. I'm a pretty good housekeeper and I don't think I'd have overlooked a lot of five dollar gold pieces all these years.

FIB: ~~I dunno, but I ain't one to give foot the hotfats... I mean Fate the hotfoot. If somebody's gonna shower me with mazuma I'll --~~

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Who's that?

MOL: Let me peek...Oh, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Well, don't tell her about me finding all these gold pieces. I'm gonna keep this thing quiet till I see if we're really living in a 7-room goldmine.

MOL: All right but -

CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hello, Abigail.

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee... AND Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Sit down and give your Nylons a new wrinkle.

UPP: Thank you... I will for just a few moments...HEAVENS, ... HOT, ISN'T IT?

MOL: It really is, Abigail. It's been so hot that... er.. McGee, have we got any jokes about "It was so hot that?"

FIB: Well.. lemme think. Oh yes. IT GOT SO HOT THIS MORNING, UPPY, THAT WHEN I WENT OUT IN BACK TO SEE WHAT THE TEMPERATURE WAS, THE THERMOMETER HAD LIFTED THE BACK PORCH A FOOT OFF THE GROUND. How's that, Molly?

MOL: Not so hot, dearie. Did you have a good time at the Country Club dance the other night, Abigail?

UPP: Indeed I did, Mrs. McGee...Simply delightful. Of course, I have ALWAYS loved dawncing. Sometimes I wish I had taken up the ballet.

FIB: People are always telling me I oughtta have mine taken up a little too, Uppy. But when you get to my age, (and you must of, several years ago,) you get so you don't ---

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh.

MOL: I like to dance too, Abigail... Though McGee doesn't care much for it.

UPP: I could tell that...the moment he danced with me. Tell me, Mr. McGee...are you a Portland boy?

FIB: Nope. I'm a Peoria product, Uppy. And if you ever go to Peoria, go down to the corner of Mair and Adams and you'll see a bronze plate on the corner of a building there.

UPP: Your birthplace?

FIB: No...it says "THIS HYDRANT FOR FIRE ONLY." I was born in the house right across the street. Say, that was a cute idea for the country club dance the other night. Makin' everybody turn in a piece of scrap rubber before he could get in.

MOL: Was that your idea, Abigail?

UPP: Why..why yes...how did you know?

MOL: Oh I just guessed. When I saw that big pile of scrap rubber lying in the lobby there I said to myself I'LL BET THAT'S ABIGAIL UPPINGTON!

UPP: (LAUGHS) Really, my deah?...I thought it quait a happy inspiration. We collected 756 pounds.

FIB: ~~Yeah but it started a lotta arguments...Nick Depopolis tried to get his seven kids in on a thirty foot hunk of garden hose.~~

MOL: ~~Yes and the Toops twins got in on a pair of rubber gloves.~~

UPP: Personally I turned in an old girdle and an old tire off my station wagon.

FIB: Too far gone to re-tread. Uppy?

UPP: Yes and the zipper was almost completely... OH YOU MEAN THE TIRE...Yes...I...er...WELL, I must be getting along.

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE UPPY...When we were talkin' about the country club you asked me if I was a Portland boy. Why'dja ask?

UPP: Oh..oh yes, that. I thought perhaps you were from Portland Mr. McGee...because you dawnce like a sack of cement. Good day, Mrs. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: OH SO I DAWNCE LIKE A SACK OF CEMENT, DO I!!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Do I?

(PAUSE)

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FIB: WELL, I BETTER BE GETTIN' BUSY AGAIN, I GUESS....
You get the key to the store-room, Molly?
MOL: It isn't locked, dearie. And I think there's an old
vacuum cleaner in there you can give the government.
FIB: You betcha. That vacuum cleaner will be a great
contribution. YOU KNOW THERE'S ENOUGH COPPER AND
BRASS IN ONE VACUUM CLEANER FOR 110 rifles or 31,000
cartridges?
MOL: No, I didn't. But I know there's enough---

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks.
FIB: Hiyah, Harlow.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. My, you're looking tanned and healthy.
WIL: Yes, I've been spending a lot of time in my Victory
Garden. Here....I brought you a bunch of radishes.
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....what WONDERFUL looking radishes.
FIB: Lemme try one of them....
SOUND: (CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH)
MOL: They sound delicious!
WIL: What's the verdict, Fibber?

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FIB: They're terrific, Harlow. I could eat the whole bunch
myself.
MOL: You do and you'll hear from me.
WIL: If he does, he'll hear from himself. But look, that isn't
what I came over here for today.
FIB: No....? Whadya want, Junior?
WIL: It's about buying United States War bonds. Are you using
ten percent of your income for Bonds?
MOL: No, Mr. Wilcox, but we--
WIL: Well, you should! EVERYONE SHOULD. Ten percent of your
income is little enough when you consider that it's not only
NOT a sacrifice...but a genuine saving.
FIB: Yeah, but look, Harlow. We can't --
WIL: DON'T GIVE ME THAT "WE CAN'T" BUSINESS, FIBBER. AND DON'T
MAKE ME REVISE MY ESTIMATE OF YOU, EITHER. I HAPPEN TO
KNOW THAT YOU'RE A GOOD AMERICAN...^{THAT} THEN YOU BELIEVE HEART
AND SOUL IN WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR, AND THAT YOU DESPISE
THE THINGS WE'RE FIGHTING AGAINST. AND I KNOW THAT IF YOU'VE
GOT A BUCK TO LEND UNCLE SAM YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PASS THE
BUCK TO SOMEBODY ELSE.
MOL: But Mr. Wilcox...McGee and I think that 10 percent -
WIL: MOLLY....LOOK!...ALL OVER THIS COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE JOINING
THE TEN PERCENT CLUB...THEY'RE HAVING TEN PERCENT TAKEN OUT
OF THEIR PAY ENVELOPES...OUT OF THEIR SALARY CHECKS..DEDUCTED
FOR WAR BONDS...AND OTHERS ARE VOLUNTARILY LAYING ASIDE TEN
PERCENT. WE'VE GOT BOYS IN ICELAND...AND EGYPT, IN ENGLAND
IN ASIA..ALL OVER THE WORLD, WHO HAVE LAID ASIDE THEIR JOBS,
THEIR AMBITIONS AND THEIR PRIVATE INTERESTS JUST TO GET A
SMACK AT UNCLE SAM'S ENEMIES. SO DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN'T -

FIB: DOGGONE IT, WILCOX WE AREN'T TELLING YOU WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING.

MOL: No, we've been trying to tell you that we don't think ten percent is enough. We've been laying aside twenty percent.

FIB: -AND IF YOU THINK WE'RE COMIN' DOWN AGAIN TO TEN PERCENT JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN HOLLER LOUDER'N WE CAN, YOU CAN JUST --

WIL: No no no!!...I'M sorry!!...I'M sorry all to pieces. 20 percent eh? Good for you. Have another radish.

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Wilcox....we'll have them for dinner. And thanks for bringing them over.

WIL: Forget it. And remind me to bring you some of mine, when they come up.

FIB: WHAT. YOU MEAN THESE AIN'T YOURS?

WIL: No I got these at the grocery. I wanted to see what a radish looked like before some chef started cutting fancy designs into 'em. Look...they got leaves on 'em! Cute, eh? Well, I'll see you later.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Just a city boy! ~~Never saw a radish except in a dish with some celery and olives. I'll bet he thinks anchovies spend their lives lookin' for little pieces of toast to lie down onto. Why, that big....WHAT'S THE MATTER.~~

MOL: McGee...I didn't want to say anything in front of Mr. Wilcox...but what's that down there by the leg of the bookcase?

FIB: I don't see anyth....OH MY GOSH!!!....ANOTHER GOLDPIECE!!!

MOL: Now I'M getting excited! ~~What on earth do you suppose----~~

FIB: Oh boy oh boy oh boy!.. GOLD ALL OVER THE HOUSE!...IF I'M DREAMING THIS, LEMME GET IT IN THE BANK BEFORE I WAKE UP!!!!

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: DON'T COME IN...THERE'S NOBODY HOME!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: I betcha there is, I betcha.

FIB: Sis, what have I got to do - post a smallpox sign on the door to keep you out? CAN'T YOU TAKE A HINT?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS CAN'T YOU TAKE A HINT?

TEE: I dunno, mister. Gimme one and lessee.

FIB: GO WAN HOME!

(PAUSE)

TEE: Nope. I guess I can't.

FIB: Look...have you heard of anybody in the neighborhood who -

TEE: No, I haven't.

FIB: You haven't what?

TEE: I haven't heard of anybody in the neighborhood.

FIB: YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I WAS GONNA SAY.

TEE: I know it. But I never repeat gossip, mister.

FIB: Oh you don't.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS OH,..YOU DON'T!

TEE: DON'T WHAT?

FIB: DON'T REPEAT GOSSIP.

TEE: Well gee, you're a fine one to tell me that, I betcha. You were gonna ask me something about somebody in the neighborhood and that's gossip, I betcha.

FIB: Yes but nothin' serious. I was just gonna ask you if you'd heard -

TEE: If I heard that ^{old lady} Margie Depopolis was kissing a soldier in her porch swing the other night and he gave her a button off his uniform and she dropped it and it rolled under the porch and hit me and Willie Toops on the head, what about it, mister?

FIB: I thought you didn't repeat gossip.

TEE: That wasn't ^{not} gossip. That's ^{was} a fact. Willie and me saw it with our own eyes. Gee, was that ever a good-looking soldier, though!

FIB: Never mind that. What I wanted to ask you was if you'd heard anything about somebody who -

TEE: Who went swimming in the lake without any bathing suit the other night and somebody stole all his clothes and the policemen had to bring him home in a blanket? I can't talk about that Mister, because Mr. Mills gave me fifty cents to forget the whole thing, and if you think I'M going to stand here mister and listen to all this gossip you're just a big snoop that's what you are!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmmm. Six years old and already she's learned how to put a guy in wrong and make him apologise for it! Heaven help the Senior Class of 1959!

ORK: SELECTION: KING'S MEN. APPLAUSE: a

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Hey, Molly - I've found three more gold pieces! One in the hall closet, one on the cellar stairs and one behind the garage.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...THAT MAKES FORTY DOLLARS!

FIB: YEAH - AND LOOK WHAT ELSE I FOUND BEHIND THE GARAGE!

MOL: What on earth is that dirty old thing?

FIB: It's an old auto battery! AND THERE'S ENOUGH LEAD IN THIS TO SUPPLY THREE, 3-INCH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, YOU REALIZE THAT? I was happier to find this than I was another gold piece.

MOL: It'll probably be more useful, at that.

FIB: Sure it will...you know what I always say:
"THE MORE WE CAN PILE IT UP OVER HERE
THE MORE PILOTS CAN GO UP OVER THERE."
I sent that slogan to Washington.

MOL: And what did Washington say?

FIB: They sent me a form letter that says "WE HAVE NO PAMPHLETS AT PRESENT WHICH DEAL WITH THE ELIMINATION OF POTATO BUGS IN YOUR MINT BED, BUT ARE SENDING UNDER SEPARATE COVER OUR BOOKLET 984-B DEALING WITH PREVENTION OF DRY ROT IN YOUR VIRGINIA CREEPER."

MOL: I couldn't of thought of a better answer myself.

FIB: Well, it made me mad! I never wore a Virginia Creeper in my life!

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Oh Hiyah, La Trivia.

GALE: Hello, McGee...and how do you do, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Just fine, Mr. Mayor. Won't you have a chair and a cold glass of something cold?

GALE: No thank you, Mrs. McGee. I just dropped in to return this book I borrowed. "FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS," by John Bartlett. Thank you very much.

MOL: Well, that isn't ours Mr. Mayor. You must have borrowed it from someone else.

GALE: But I'm sure I...OH OF COURSE I DID. HOW STUPID OF ME! IT BELONGS TO MR. WILCOX. Sorry to have disturbed you.

FIB: If it's a good book, La Trivia, I might read it myself. What's it about?

GALE: Surely you are familiar with Bartlett's Quotations!

MOL: WHY OF COURSE...YOU'VE HEARD OF QUOTELETT'S BARTATIONS.

FIB: OH SURE SURE SURE!...THAT'S THE ONE WHERE THE FELLOW WANTS TO MARRY THE GIRL AND HER FATHER DON'T THINK HE...Oh sure...I enjoyed it a lot. Hear they're gonna make a movie out of it.

GALE: Really? I think parts of it have already been used.

MOL: You know, - I've always pictured Ronald Colman as the hero, Mr. Mayor...don't you think he'd be wonderful?

GALE: Wel-l-l...I...er...

FIB: YES AND IRENE DUNNE AS THE GAL.

GALE: Pardon me, I don't believe either of you are referring to this book. This is merely a compendium of familiar quotations.

FIB: IT SURE IS! A COMPENDIUM IF I EVER READ ONE! Think of Colman as John Bartlett, eatin' a Bartlett pear and givin' Irene them old familiar quotations, like "I LOVE YOU, BABY"...and all stuff like that there.

MOL: Well, thank you anyway, Mr. Mayor. Sorry if you went out of your way with the book.

GALE: Not at all, Mrs. McGee...not at all. It's been worth it, anyway because you have given me a new insight into the book. Every time I glance thru it, I shall be thinking of Ronald Colman and Irene Dunne.

FIB: Well - to really get something out of a book, LaTrivia... you gotta kick it around with some real book-lovers. Let's get together some night for a real litererary evening.. what say?

GALE: OH SPLENDID..SPLENDID!! LET'S MAKE IT TOMORROW NIGHT.. I'LL BRING MY NEW COPY OF THE SUBURBAN DIRECTORY. GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Suburban directory..suburban directory..who wrote that?

MOL: NEVER MIND WHO WROTE IT, MCGEE...TAKE THIS OLD BATTERY AND THE OTHER SCRAP OVER TO THE JUNK YARD... It isn't winning any wars here.

FIB: Aw I ain't through lookin' around yet, Molly. I'll bet there's still a flock of gold pieces around here I ain't found yet. And besides -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee...Hello, Mr. McGee... *hello, hello, hello.*

FIB: HIYAH, WIMP, OLD MAN! What you so happy about?

WIMP: Oh do I look happy, Mr. McGee? I shouldn't, because something terrible happened to Sweetface last night...

(LAUGHS)

MOL: Just try and control your grief over it, Mr. Wimple...

WIMP: (LAUGHING) All righty...

FIB: What happened to your ever-lovin' help-mutt...er... helpmeet, Wimp?

WIMP: It was a hold up, Mr. McGee...Late last night Sweetface was coming past some bushes in a dark part of our street and some ruffian hit her on the head with a piece of lead pipe. (LAUGHS) Oh it was terrible...really!

MOL: A piece of lead pipe! Did they catch the man, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh no...he got clean away, Mrs. McGee...and took the lead pipe with him...it was eight inches long and weighed at least seven pounds Sweetface was out for almost an hour...

FIB: I pity the guy if Sweetface ever catches him.

WIMP: Oh I do, too. She'll probably give him a rabbit punch.

MOL: A rabbit punch? What's that?

WIMP: Oh she often tries it on me. A rabbit punch is where she picks me up by both ears, and slaps me till my nose twitches

FIB: Yeah...and you can't eat anything but lettuce for three days.

WIMP: That's it. Well, I just stopped in to tell you about Sweetface and ask a favor of you.

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE...I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.

MOL: What?

FIB: If Sweetface was unconscious...how did ^{she} you know she got hit with a piece of lead pipe, eight inches long, weighing 7 pounds.

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh she didn't...but I know it. That's the favor I was going to ask...do you mind if I leave it here for a few days?

SOUND: CLANK OF LEAD PIPE ON FLOOR

WIMP: Thank you so much...goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well can you imagine that?

FIB: HEY I GOTTA GET BUSY, MOLLY...THERE MAY BE A THOUSAND BUCKS IN FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECES AROUND HERE I HAVEN'T FOUND YET.

MOL: Well, it's certainly odd that I haven't found any. I've looked in just as many places as --

DOOR BURSTS OPEN:

BILLY MILLS: Hey Mom...HEY SKIMP!

MOL: Heavenly days...Mr. Mills!

FIB: What you so excited about, Billy? Crows been into your garden, eatin' your downbeats?

MILLS: No..but look...remember the other day, Skimp, when we were up in your attic, looking at those old phonograph records?

FIB: Yeah, what about it?

MILLS: Well, I lost my lucky piece..a five-dollar gold piece. Must of lost it in the attic.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Your er...lucky piece eh? Hmmm.

MILLS: Yeah...five dollar gold piece. Had it for fifteen years. Had my birthdate on it. 1916.

MOL: YOUR BIRTHDATE....1916! YOU MEAN YOU'RE ONLY 26 years old?

MILLS: Why - I'm just a kid, Mom...look...haven't even got all my hair yet.

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MILLS...YOU SAY YOU LOST A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE AND THAT --

MILLS: HEY...WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR THERE?...THAT'S IT! THAT'S MY LUCKY PIECE!...

FIB: Baby am I glad to get this back again!

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE!...WAIT A MINUTE!...DID YOU JUST LOSE ONE, BILLY?

MILLS: Sure...why?

MOL: Look, MR. MILLS...MCGEE HAS BEEN FINDING GOLD PIECES ALL OVER THE HOUSE. SHOW HIM MCGEE!

FIB: Yeah....there's something funny about this because...

(PAUSE).....because.....

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT'S THE MATTER? SHOW MR. MILLS ALL THE OTHER FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECES.

FIB: I.....I can't.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Ain't got it.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Hole in my pocket. Musta been finding the same goldpiece all day!

MOL: Oh dear....

ORK: SELECTION: FADE FOR. "Blow, Babyl, Blow"

Ann Ladies & gentlemen - Mr. Lincoln & Barrymore
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BARRYMORE: A few words now to every man with a wife, who is listening. Brother ... what's she worth, anyway? Ever try to figure her out on a dollar and cents basis? Let's see, now ... two laundries done per week. Dishes, three times a day. Meals ... three times most days ... sometimes two on those rare occasions when you ask her out to dinner. Mending the kid's clothes ... practically all the time. Cleaning up the house whenever it needs it. Darning socks ... going shopping ... keeping your clothes in order. Say, brother, what's she worth?

You can't think of her in terms of dollars and cents, can you? Well, listen ...

VOICE: A Polish carpenter in Warsaw felt just that way about his wife.

SECOND VOICE: A Chinese farmer outside of Hong Kong felt that way about his.

THIRD VOICE: A Norwegian fisherman never figured out his on a dollar and cents basis, either.

BARRYMORE: What happened to their wives? You know, if you read your newspapers.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Harry, come to dinner! It's getting cold!

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BARRYMORE: (TURNING OFF) Just a minute, he's listening. (ON FULL) Brother, let's make sure ... let's you and I and all of us make sure ... ~~that~~ nothing like that ever happens to us. We've got to knock out the Axis. We'd like to do it with our own fists ... our own guns. We can't do that ... on account of her and the kids. But there's other work for us to do ... other work that Uncle Sam wants us to keep on doing.

So let's help knock out the Axis with that work. Let's take a dime out of each dollar we earn while working ... and buy War Bonds and Stamps. Let's turn those dimes into bullets ... those dollars into America's tough new tanks and planes. Let's be able to say to ourselves:

VOICE: All my toil and sweat is helping to lick the Axis.

BARRYMORE: There's satisfaction in that, brother. So ... go to your employer and tell him you want to give a dime out of every dollar for War Bonds and Stamps. Every payday, he will set aside ten percent of what you earn. Then, each time it adds up to \$18.75, he'll give you a bond.

Your government will use that money to smash the Axis. Every dollar is a nail in Hitler's coffin ... every Bond a bomb to blow the Jap off this earth. And your money is an investment against that time when peace returns, and the dollars and cents you've put into War Bonds are yours to spend on the girl you couldn't value in dollars and cents.

(APPLAUSE)

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ANNOUNCER: Ladies and Gentlemen - this was the sixth program in this summer series of star performances in the Victory Parade.. a series of your favorite NBC shows, presented in cooperation with your government. They are brought to you to entertain - to inform you of vital government messages - and to provide another radio rallying point in our war against the Axis. This evening, the United States Government wishes to thank the stars, writer, director and featured players and singers who contributed to this program. All have volunteered their talents without remuneration in this series of programs for Unity and for Victory.

Next Sunday, the Victory Parade swings across the continent to New York to bring you that absorbing, thrilling dramatic show, "Mr. District Attorney." So be sure to be listening in again next week at this same time.

This is _____, speaking from Hollywood.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

Tuesday - 9/29/42