

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Bill Danah

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1942 (14)

December 29, 1942

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00 P. M.

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(REVISED) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn  
with music by Billy Mills Orchestra, and the King's Men.  
The show opens with.." High Time".

ORCHESTRA: "HIGH TIME"...FADE FOR:

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM FWT NBC  
DECEMBER 29, 1942

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I'd like to tell you today about an interesting protective use for wax that has been stimulated by the war. You all know that some metals -- like chromium, nickel, tin -- have had to be restricted in their use; that certain things both for the armed services and for civilians, which used to be plated with these metals are now made of unplated iron, and that iron rusts. Here was a neat problem: How to help protect these products from corrosion without painting or plating them. Sometimes a coating of oil has been used for this purpose -- but tests showed that a coating of wax has two advantages -- it is dry, it is more permanent. So the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX developed special wax finishes for this important purpose -- and these finishes are now in use by many manufacturers of kitchenware, tools, ordnance parts, small hardware, many things. Of course, lots of you people have used JOHNSON'S WAX for years for the protection of metal objects around your homes -- chromium-ware, fishing rods, guns, andirons, automobiles. Any manufacturers wanting further information about these special wax finishes for metals, may write to S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin -- or Brantford, Canada.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: ON A MEATLESS DAY, TWO FOR DINNER IS COMPANY AND THREE IS A CALAMITY. SO, THE IMPENDING VISIT TO WISTFUL VISTA OF THEIR OLD FRIEND GILDERSLEEVE IS VIEWED WITH MIXED FEELINGS OF CHEERFULNESS AND FEARFULNESS BY...

----FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!----

APPLAUSE

MOL: Now, McGee...I want you to promise me one thing.

FIB: What?

MOL: Promise?

FIB: No.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Because the last time I made you a blind promise, I wound up standin' on the dining room table for two hours in your evening dress while you fixed the hem. I wanna know what I'M gettin' into.

MOL: It's about Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: OHHHHHH! OH, NO YOU DON'T! I MAKE NO BLANKET COMMITMENTS WHERE THAT BIG OAF IS CONCERNED! NO SIR!

MOL: Oh but McGee...

FIB: DON'T OH-BUT-MCGEE ME, BABY! THAT BIG EXTROVERT WOULD SELL HIS GRANDMOTHER DOWN THE RIVER FOR TWO "A" COUPONS. I WOULDN'T TRUST GILDERSLEEVE AS FAR AS I COULD THROW LA GUARDIA, WITH HIS HELMET ON!

MOL: But this is nothing at all. I just want you not to get into arguments with him while he's here. I merely want you to keep in mind that he's our guest.

FIB: HE MAY BE YOUR GUEST, BUT HE AIN'T MINE. I DIDN'T INVITE HIM. AND HOW HE KNEW WE HAD A BEEF ROAST IN THE HOUSE, I'LL NEVER KNOW. I'LL BET HE..Hey..ain't this a meatless day?

MOL: Yes, but get that happy look out of your eyes. We had macaroni last night so I could serve the beef roast tonight.

FIB: Oh, we did, did we! To think I been starvin' myself to the verge of perversicous anaemia for the benefit of that big timber wolf. YOU EVER SEE HIM EAT? HIS IDEA OF A HORS D'OEERVE IS A THICK STEAK SMOTHERED IN PORK CHOPS.

MOL: Oh don't be silly..we've had him to dinner before. I'll admit he's a hearty eater, but his table manners are beautiful.

FIB: Yeah? He's no fool! You'll notice when he holds your chair for you, you wind up so far from the table you can't reach anything!

MOL: Well, I simply demand, McGee, that you act like a host tonight. This is your home and you should have enough pride to swallow your little prejudices.

FIB: That's about all I'll get a chance to swallow with that hyena around. Well...Okay. I'll be nice.

MOL: Oh good. Now I want you to run down to the grocery for me. I need another can of peas.

FIB: Aw I don't wanna run clear down there just to feed Gildersleeve. Gimme the phone..I'll call 'em up.

MOL: All right. Here.

FIB: Thanks! (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE MARKET ON THE... OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: I'll bet A.T.&T. drops ten points every Tuesday.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS EH? YOUR FATHER? OH, GOT TIRED OF THE OLD SKUNK, EH?

MOL: A fine way to talk about her Father!

FIB: Oh she loves him. He got tired of her old skunk coat and gave her a new caracul. HAD A NICE CHRISTMAS EH, MYRT? WHAT SAY, MYRT? WHO? OUR UNCLE DENNIS?

MOL: Heavenly days. What hap---

FIB: HE GOT WHAT, MYRT? PINCHED FOR PARKIN' PARALLEL TO THE CURB?

MOL: That's ridiculous! That's the proper way to park.

FIB: Yeah, but he wasn't in a car. WELL, WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW, MYRT? EH?

MOL: Nothing, I hope.

FIB: WELL, WE CERTAINLY WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR, MYRT. YEAH. WHAT SAY, MYRT? WHO? YOUR COUSIN CECIL? THEY SHOT HIM IN THE BACK?

MOL: Good heavens...WHO DID?

FIB: The butcher...Didn't want the other customers to see him buyin' lamb chops so they shot him in the back way. WELL, HOW'S EVERYTHING ELSE, MYRT? TIS EH?

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee...Skip it! Hang up.

FIB: WELL, NEVER MIND MY CALL TO THE MARKET, MYRT. I'LL PROBABLY.. EH? WHO, MYRT? YOUR HALF SISTER? VISITING YOU FOR THE HOLIDAYS?

MOL: I didn't know she had a half sister.

FIB: It's the one who used to work for the Magician. He sawed her in two. WELL, HAPPY NEW YEAR, MYRT! SO LONG. (CLICK) *what myrt is she hanging up*

MOL: (SIGHS) To think of the phone company stringing up thousands of miles of wire, chopping down forest after forest, and laying cables across oceans, just for stuff like that!

FIB: Well - Myrt's a good kid. Must get awful tiresome, settin' at a switchboard all day, tryin' to thank up wrong numbers to give people, when you...

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh that must be Mr. Gildersleeve. NOW REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, MCGEE.....NO ARGUMENTS!

FIB: Don't worry. I'll treat the old puffball like he had two coffee plantations, three sugar refineries, a tire factory and five cousins in the O.P.A.

MOL: That won't be necessary..get up off your knees.

FIB: Okay. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MILLS: Hi Mom. Hello, Skimp.

MOL: Oh, it's Billy Mills. Come on in, Mr. Mills.

FIB: Greetings, William, my boy. What B's have you got in your bonnet besides Bach, Beethoven and Brahms?

MILLS: Berlin, Bing and Boogie Woogie.

MOL: Have a nice Christmas, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: Gorgeous, Mom. Just wanted to stop in and thank your old man for the wonderful Christmas present.

FIB: Well, glad you liked it, William.

MILLS: I really did, Skimp. Always wanted a nice pearl necklace.

MOL: PEARL NECKLACE!

FIB: Oh my gosh! I MUSTA GOT THE LABELS ON THE WRONG PACKAGES! YOU GOT MOLLY'S!

MOL: I WONDERED what I was supposed to do with that box of golf balls, McGee. All I know about golf you could put in your eye, and to see you play, I think you did.

FIB: Gee, I'M sorry, Billy. Bring back the necklace and we'll exchange. If you don't mind.

MILLS: Glad to, Skimp. Rather have the golf balls anyway. I can BUY pearls.

MOL: McGee's awfully careless, Mr. Mills. But he hasn't been quite himself since he learned that Mr. Gildersleeve is coming for dinner tonight.

FIB: Who would be?

MILLS: OLD THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE! Well well! Look. It's too cold to sleep in the park tonight. Better come over and stay with us.

MOL: What do you mean, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: Gildersleeve. He'll eat you out of house and home. I'LL TELL GLADYS TO PUT UP A COUPLE OF COTS!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hmm. You see, Molly? Gildersleeve's appetite is notorious! He told me once he was the despair of his kindergarten teacher.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Every time they read about Mary havin' a little lamb, he'd sit there all afternoon with a glassy look in his eye. That mugg would be illiterate today, if some genius hadn't invented alphabet soup! He did his homework with a spoon.

MOL: Oh you exaggerate, McGee.

FIB: Yeah?

MOL: Yes. Mr. Gildersleeve is a big man. He's very active. He needs a lot of food. AND YOU COULD LEARN ONE THING FROM HIM.

FIB: What's that?

MOL: He's always well-groomed. His clothes are always pressed and he always has a haircut and a shave.

FIB: AND YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE HE SPENDS TWO HOURS A DAY IN THE BARBER SHOP. AND YOU KNOW WHY HE DOES THAT? BECAUSE HE LOVES TO SIT IN A CHAIR WITH A NAPKIN AROUND HIS NECK. THERE'S A GUY THAT...

DOORBELL:

MOL: Now this MUST be him. Now remember. None of your bickering.

FIB: Don't worry. We won't bicker a single bick. I'll be so refined you could sell me for 42 cents a gallon. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL, AT LAST! WELCOME BACK TO WISTFUL VISTA!

FIB: HIYAH, THROCKY, OLD MAN! COME ON IN!

DOOR SLAM:

HAL: HELLO, FOLKS.. WHAT'S COOKING? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO!"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My it's nice to see you sitting here again, Mr. Gildersleeve

HAL: Well, it's nice to be here, Mrs. McGee....with you and my little chum. You haven't changed a bit, McGee.

FIB: Haven't eh?

HAL: Not a bit. I even recognize that necktie. My it washes beautifully, doesn't it?

MOL: You haven't changed much either, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Oh I think he has, Molly. He looks kinda..er....more SETTLED DOWN, kinda.

HAL: You think so, little chum?

FIB: Yes I do, Throcky. You've settled down at least three or four inches.

HAL: IS THAT SO! WHY YOU LITTLE..ER.....(LAUGHS) Ah, there we go again! Remember those wonderful arguments we used to have, McGee?

MOL: Let's not go into that again, boys. Tuck your sugar cards into the lampshade there, and let's have just sweetness and light.

FIB: Oh we werent gonna argue were we, Throcky. After all, you're our guest!

HAL: Thank you, McGee....and it was mighty nice of you to invite me.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, INVITE YOU? YOU INVITED YOURSEL-...

MOL: MCGEE! Give Mr. Gildersleeve a cigar.

FIB: Eh? Oh sure.....here, Gildy, old man. Have a heater.

HAL: Thank you.

FIB: Take two..you get a big mouth.

HAL: No thanks, I'll just ... WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

FIB: Ah...just kiddin'.

MOL: Are you in town on a little vacation, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: I still have some business interests in Wistful Vista, <sup>Mrs</sup> McGee.

MOL: If you mean that 25¢-a-week suit club, Mr. Gildersleeve, the man left town.

FIB: Yeah ... I was in there for 7.75 myself, Throcky. Had a swell suit all picked out, too. Kind of a worsted -

HAL: We all got worsted on that deal, little chum. (LAUGHS) But I came here to consult my business connections about this new Victory Tax.

MOL: Oh I read something about that in the papers, Mr. Gildersleeve. Do you understand it?

HAL: Oh yes .... it's quite simple.

FIB: If you do, it'd have to be.

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE....BY-GEORGE -

MOL: Boys!

FIB: Your cigar's out, Gildy .... here .... have a match.

HAL: No thanks. I like it better this way. It was getting to be a question of who went out first. Me or the cigar. (LAUGHS)

MOL: What about this new tax, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Well, beginning January first, 5% of all salaries and wages will be withheld at the source.

FIB: That's kinda arbitrary, aint it? I dont remember votin' for any such tax as that.

MOL: You didn't vote for Pearl Harbor either, dearie. Go on, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Well, as a matter of fact, the Victory Tax will be LESS than five percent. Because it's based on your income in EXCESS of \$624.

FIB: You mean we get taxed the five percent instead of buying War Bonds?

HAL: I SHOULD SAY NOT MCGEE! WE'VE GOT TO BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN EVER! When you buy a War Bond, that money is still YOURS. You get it back with interest. Personally, I'M going to pare my expenses to the bone, so I can buy more bonds, and if necessary Uncle Sam can have the bone, too.

FIB: That's usin' the old head, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Thank you. I think....WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU LITTLE WORM?

FIB: WHY YOU BIG --

MOL: BOYS...BOYS...STOP IT! McGee..remember your promise.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Okay. Much obliged for explain' the Victory Tax, Gildy, old Genius!

HAL: Think nothing of it, McGee. It's really quite simple. You've got the best investment in the world when you LOAN the government money by buying War Bonds. Just as the Canadians are doing with their Victory Bonds and War Savings stamps. And a five percent TAX additional is a pretty cheap price to pay to support a country where a five percent tax is a pretty cheap price to pay for living in it, if I make myself clear. (LAUGHS) My goodness, I didn't mean to give a lecture.

MOL: That's all right, Mr. Gildersleeve. The more you talk the hungrier you'll be, and dinner will be ready in just a little while.

HAL: Oh don't go to any trouble, Mrs. McGee..I'M a very light eater.

FIB: (LAUGHS) OH YEAH.??? LIGHT EATER, MY CLAVICLE!

MOL: Now, McGee, don't start -

HAL: What do you mean, McGee?

FIB: I know you're dainty appetite, Gildersleeve! You peck at your food like a bird. Or is a vulture an animal?

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE...I -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Come in!

DOORBELL:

WIL: Hello, folks. I hope I'm not intrud- WELL, HELLO THERE, THROCKMORTON! GLAD TO SEE YOU!

HAL: Harlow, my boy! You're looking very well.

MOL: Won't you join us for dinner, Mr. Wilcox?

(2nd Revision) -14-

WIL: Thanks, Molly, but I just stopped in to wish you all Good Health and Prosperity for the New Year.

HAL: As I remember it, my boy, in the old days you used to come in and say a few kind things about Johnson's Wax.

-15-

WIL: <sup>yes, but</sup> I think so. After all, when I wish people Good Health and Prosperity, it IMPLIES the use of Johnson's Wax. Because Joynson's Wax is a pretty important Health measure in the Home because it seals surfaces against dust and dirt and dampness, and gives a feeling of cheerful brightness that's pretty valuable in times like these.

FIB: You can see now why it isn't necessary to mention anything about Johnson's Wax, can't you, Gildy?

HAL: Certainly. Entirely superfluous.

WIL: I thought so too. And as for Prosperity, if you're healthy and cheerful, you've gone a long way toward Prosperity, so I know that when I simply wish my friends a Happy New Year, I know I'm selling Johnson's Wax at the same time because after all how can you be happy if your home isn't clean and healthy, isn't that true, of course it is. NICE TO HAVE SEEN YOU, THROCKMORTON. SO LONG FOLKS.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days, we didn't even get a chance to say "the same to him."

HAL: Same old Harlow, isn't he?

FIB: Sure is. Only slightly more so. Have another cigar, Gildy?

HAL: No thanks, McGee....Have one of mine. They're made of tobacco.

FIB: Thanks, I believe I....WHADDYE MEAN, MADE OF TOBACCO?  
WHADDYE THINK MINE ARE MADE OF?

HAL: Well, frankly....

MOL: DON'T ANSWER THAT, MR. GILDERSLEEVE! It will only lead to bloodshed. And now if you boys will excuse me a few minutes I'll go see how the roast is coming along....(FADE OUT)

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FIB: Well, it sure is nice to see you again, Gildy, old man.  
HAL: Thanks, little chum. It's nice to see you, too. My goodness, I often think of the old days when you used to run over and borrow my lawn mower and -  
FIB: WHADDAYE MEAN BORROW YOUR LAWN MOWER! THAT WAS MY LAWN MOWER. I USED TO COME OVER AND TRY TO GET IT BACK FOR A DAY OR SO.  
HAL: WHY, YOU PETTY LARCENY LITTLE NEIGHBORHOOD NUISANCE, I PAID 38 DOLLARS FOR THAT LAWN MOWER!  
FIB: YOU NEVER HAD 38 BUCKS OF YOUR OWN, YOU BIG RHINO! THAT WAS MY LAWN MOWER AND YOU KNEW IT, I YOU EVER KNEW ANYTHING, WHICH I DOUBT!  
HAL: ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF A DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE MOLLUSK?  
FIB: IF THE BOOT FITS, YOU OVERFED --- what's a mollusk?  
HAL: A mollusk? Why..er..I...I think it's a snail, or an oyster or something. Got a dictionary?  
FIB: Yeah...right over there on the table...that's it...you wanna look it up or you want me to?  
HAL: I'll do it. I'm nearest...Come on - you look over my shoulder. I don't want you to think I'm cheating.  
FIB: Oh don't be silly, Gildy...I can trust you. Go ahead, look it up.  
HAL: All right...now let me see. "M"- "M"- "M"--Mollusk..mollusk...ah here it is. A class of animals comprising most of the shellfish. Snails, clams, oysters, slugs, cuttlefish---  
FIB: Sayyyy, that's pretty interesting, isn't it? Show any pictures?

HAL: No. No pictures. But it says mollusks also include the whelk.  
FIB: WHAT? THEY DO? SOOOO, YOU'RE CALLIN' ME A WHELK, ARE YOU? BROTHER, I DON'T TAKE THAT FROM YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE! TAKE OFF THAT MISERABLY-TAILORED COAT AND I'LL DRIBBLE YOU AROUND THE ROOM LIKE A BASKETBALL!  
HAL: WHO'LL DRIBBLE WHO? WHY YOU PATHETIC LITTLE UNDRAFTED DRIP, I'LL TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF AND HIT YOU IN THE FACE WITH IT!  
FIB: YOU COULDN'T HIT THE WALL OF A PHONE BOOTH WITH A BALL BAT, YOU FLABBY OLD FUMBLEBUM!  
HAL: WAIT AND SEE, YOU BLITHERING LITTLE BOLL WEEVIL. COME AND GET IT.  
FIB: PUT UP YOUR BIG FAT HANDS!!...OKAY,...YOU ASKED FOR IT!!...  
SOUND: GRUNTS...STRAINING  
MOL: (FADE IN) HERE, HERE, HERE!!...WHAT GOES ON HERE?  
HAL: Oh..er...hello, Mrs. McGee....  
FIB: Hiyah, Molly. Look, Gildy...I didn't quite get that last step. Now when your partner goes...TA DE DAAAA..with the left foot, what do you do?  
HAL: It's very simple, McGee...one step to the side...then across...and return....Let me lead you a minute....ready?  
FIB: Ready...  
HAL: (HUMS A RHUMBA).....There! See?  
FIB: Much obliged, Gildy. I think I got it now...I simply wasn't gettin' my hips into it.  
MOL: Well, I'M certainly glad you got McGee interested in dancing, Mr. Gildersleeve. I never could. Now put yqr coats on and come to dinner..both of you.

HAL: No. No pictures. But it says mollusks also include the  
whelk.

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gettin' my hips into it.

MOL: Well, I'M certainly glad you got McGee interested in dancing,  
Mr. Gildersleeve. I never could. Now put your coats on and  
come to dinner..both of you.

FIB: Dinner, eh? COME ON, GILDY OLD MAN!!!!

HAL: RIGHT-O...LITTLE CHUM!!....LEAD ON, MRS. MCGEE.!!!

MOL: Right this way, Mr. Gildersleeve, if you don't remember.  
(FADE OUT) (LAUGHS) My it's nice to see you and McGee so  
friendly again. (ALL LAUGH) I was afraid for a while  
that it would be the same old snarling and snapping, but  
I guess as we get older.....

ORK: "I LIKE A BALALATKA" KING'S MEN:

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

-19-

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES...SILVER, ETC. CONTINUE UNDER:

HAL: So, as I understand it, the 5% Victory Tax starting January first goes to help pay the terrific and mounting costs of the war. And believe me, that's no small.....

MOL: Potatoés, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: No small potatoes...er...what? Oh, no thank you, Mrs. McGee. In addition, the sale of War Bonds becomes increasingly important because that money underwrites our financial security -- as individuals and as a nation, AFTER the war. If the costs of post-war living aren't regulated, we'll be in a pretty -

FIB: Pickle, Gildy?

HAL: Yes...er...No! No thanks. IF AS I SAY..INFLATIONARY TENDENCIES AREN'T CONTROLLED, WE'LL BE IN A TERRIBLE...

MOL: Jam?

HAL: Exactly! Eh? I mean no...no thank you. I have some. SO YOU SEE, WITH THE NEW VICTORY TAX, IT BECOMES INCREZSINGLY IMPORTANT THAT WE BUY EVEN MORE WAR BONDS TO BAC UP OUR OWN INVESTMENTS. IN GAMBLING PARLANCE THAT'S KNOWN AS "COPPERING YOUR BET". WHAT YOU GET BACK ON YOUR INVESTMENT IS PURE.....

FIB: Gravy?

HAL: Yes. I mean no. I have plenty thank you. SO YOU CAN READILY SEE THAT EACH AND EVERY CITIZEN CAN PLAY A....

MOL: A hot role, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Er ..no thank you. PLAY A VERY IMPORTANT PART IN THE WAR EFFORT. THAT'S WHY I SAY, LET'S ...

MOL: Let's all take our coffee in the living room.

HAL: YES..LET'S ALL TAKE OUR COFFEE IN THE.. er..yes...let's.

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-20-

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES,SCRAPE OF CHAIRS...SLIGHT CONFUSION. CLINK OF SILVER AND DISHES AT INTERVALS TO CONCLUSION

FIB: Gildersleeve...you've made a bum out of me.

HAL: I have, little chum? How so? Not that you weren't splendid material to work with, if it's true.

FIB: I was tellin' Molly what a terror you were at the table. I told her you had a appetite like a starving python, and you let me down. You didn't eat five good bites!

MOL: Was the beef tough, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: My dear, that beef was as tender as a chorus girl's glance at Tommy Manville coming in the door. It was just me. I WARNED you I was a very light eater.

FIB: Yeah? Don't gimme that marmalade, Throcky. I've seen you eat, and it's a sight to behold. I've seen headwaiters turn pale when you picked up a menu. You've given more bus-boys more fallen arches.....

MOL: ~~Maybe Mr. Gildersleeve doesn't feel well, McGee.~~

HAL: ~~PLEASE, MRS. MCGEE...PLEASE! I feel splendid. AND IT WAS A WONDERFUL DINNER. I MUST GIVE BIRDIE, MY COOK, YOUR RECIPE FOR THOSE CINNAMON ROLLS.~~

FIB: ~~What do you know about those cinnamon rolls..you didn't eat any of 'em.~~

HAL: ~~No. But I watched you wolf nine of them, little chum. That's enough recommendation for me. My goodness, I didn't even~~

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN..!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Abigail, Uppington...come in darling!

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UPP: Thank you, my deah..and good evening, Mr. McGee, and -  
MR. GILDERSLEEVE...WHY HOW SPLENDID!

HAL: Abigail, my pet, this is an unexpected pleasure.

FIB: For me, it's neither unexpected or a pleas----

MOL: MCGEE! You haven't said good evening to Abigail..

FIB: Hiya, Uppy. I'd ask you to have a cup of coffee, but you  
know how conditions are. As long as the Japs are in Java, we  
can't get any Java outa the ja---

HAL: BE QUIET, A MINUTE, LITTLE CHUM. I want to talk to Abigail.  
My you're looking well, my dear.

MOL: Doesn't she, Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: Who wouldn't look well in 8 million bucks worth of furs?  
One more mink in that pile and she'd have to breathe thru a  
periscope!

UPP: (LAUGHS MERRILY) OHHH MR. MCGEE! HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU  
HOW WITTY YOU ARE?

FIB: Eh? Why..er...why no, Uppy.

UPP: (SHARPLY) THEN WHAT EVAH GAVE YOU THE IDEA? (ASIDE) Mr.  
Gildersleeve, you're looking simply too too marvelous! Will  
you be in Wistful Vista lon?

MOL: He's going back to Summerfield tomorrow, Abigail.

UPP: Oh I'M so soddy, really. There is a Benefit ball for the  
Naval Auxiliary tomorrow evening and I did SO hope you could  
go. I happen to have three seats.

FIB: ~~Three seats!~~ Gee, does Ripley know?

UPP: PLEASE, MR. MCGEE! I shan't stay Mrs. McGee...I see you're  
having your coffee and I have already received my usual  
allotment of insults from Little Beaver.

MOL: Oh now, Abigail..do stay and have a slug of coffee,

UPP: Thank you no, my deah..I must be going..MR! GILDERSLEEVE, I  
CAWNT TELL YOU HOW NICE IT IS TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

HAL: Abigail, my flower, that goes doubled in spades, vulnerable,  
with me. (LAUGHS) If you ever come to Summerfield, be sure to  
look me up.

UPP: Mr. Gildersleeve..the last thing I learned in finishing  
school, was to look men up BEFORE I visited them. Preferably  
in Dunn and Bradstreet.

FIB: Ever look me up, Uppy?

UPP: I never had occasion to, Mr. McGee. You are happily married,  
and I am unhappily forced to confess that to me you are a  
colossal non-entity.

FIB: Gee...you don't just say that because you admire me, do you?

MOL: Somehow I didn't get that out of it, McGee. WELL, HAPPY NEW  
YEAR, ABIGAIL.

CHORUS OF HAPPY NEW YEARS TO:

DOOR SLAM:

HAL: Mrs. McGee...I don't like to eat and run, but I should be  
getting along, too. Thank you for a delightful evening. And  
a lovely dinner.

FIB: LOVELY DINNER!...YOU ONLY ATE ONE PICKLE AND A DAB OF MASHED  
POTATOES.

MOL: I'M really disappointed, Mr. Gildersleeve. After the way  
McGee built you up and all..MCGEE, GET MR. GILDERSLEEVE'S HAT

FIB: He didn't have a hat.

HAL: I DID TOO HAVE A HAT!

FIB: YOU DID NOT!

HAL: I DID TOO! I HAD A GRAY HOMBURG WITH A BLACK BAND AND...

FIB: I TELL YOU YOU NEVER HAD A HAT WHEN YOU COME IN! YOU EVEN HAD  
SNOW IN YOUR HAIR.

MOL: Now wait a minute boys...I didn't see your hat either, Mr. Gildersleeve. Where did you go before you came here?

HAL: Well...now let me think...I...er..I left the railroad station ...then I went to the...er...barber shop..then the...er..no.. I couldn't have left it there..maybe I -

TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it...(CLICK) HELLO. EH. WHO? OH YEAH..YEAH HE'S HERE...EH. WHERE? OH.. I SEE. YEAH, I'LL TELL HIM! THANKS. GOODBYE. (CLICK)

MOL: You'll tell who what, McGee?

FIB: I'LL TELL GILDERSLEEVE, THE WET SMACK OF ALL TIME...THE DOUBLE-DEALIN' DINNER GUEST..THE SMALL TIME, SUSPICIOUS...

HAL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, YOU LITTLE....

MOL: Now stop it...both of you. Who called, McGee?

FIB: The restaurant in the railroad station. Gildersleeve left his hat there.

MOL: IN THE RESTAURANT?

FIB: YES...IT SEEMS HE HAD DINNER THERE JUST BEFORE HE CAME HERE.

HAL: Now wait a minute, little chum..I can explain everything. You see, with everybody being short of this and that, I thought....

MOL: WHY OF ALL THE...DON'T YOU "LITTLE CHUM" US, YOU BIG PALOOKA!

FIB: Molly...please!

MOL: OF ALL THE OUTRAGEOUS, MISERABLE, LOWDOWN TRICKS TO PULL ON AN UNSUSPECTING HOSTESS, MR. THROCKMORTON GILDERSLEEVE, I NEVER...

HAL: Now just a minute...

FIB: Molly, wait a minute...he --

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE, <sup>my mistake</sup> IS IT? AND ME SLAVING ALL DAY OVER A HOT OVEN TRYING TO ... WHY YOU GREAT BIG ...

(INTRO MUSIC:"UNTIL I LIVE AGAIN")

FIB: Molly ... remember my promise ...

MOL: THAT WAS YOURS! ... NOT MINE! ... I MADE NO PROMISES! ... NOW LOOK HERE, MR. FROG-GLUTTON P. GILDERSLEEVE... IF I EVER SO MUCH AS ...

ORK: FAST INTO "UNTIL I LIVE AGAIN ... UP AND FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
DECEMBER 29, 1942

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: They tell us that more and more things are going to be rationed during the coming year. But must we wait for that before we start saving? No, of course not. It's up to all of us to save in all ways we can -- even things that seem too small to mention -- like putting lids back on containers securely. Be sure to do that next time you use your JOHNSON'S WAX, paste, cream or liquid. It prevents evaporation and helps keep the wax in perfect condition. And when you're applying the wax to your floors, furniture and woodwork, put it on thin -- not only for economy's sake but because a thin coat gives you a better job, and is easier to polish out. And don't forget the 100 extra, labor-saving uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX in your home.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -26-

*Feb*  
MOL: *well it was nice having like eleven* TAG GAG  
WELL, THIS WAS THE LAST ONE FOR 1942, EVERYBODY.

WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!!

FIB: YES, HAPPY NEW YEAR, FOLKS. AND MAY 1943 BRING YOU ALL RENEWED HOPE.

MOL: NEVER MIND HOPE! WILL THEY RENEW MCGEE?

FIB: EH? OH MY GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! GOOD NIGHT!

MOL: GOOD NIGHT ALL!

ORCH: UP

WIL: Hal Peary, as the Great Gildersleeve, appeared on this program thru the courtesy of the Kraft Cheese Company. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight. This program has reached you from Hollywood....This is the NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)