

Writers: Don Quinn
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

1943 (21)

February 16, 1943

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

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND 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.

ORCHESTRA: " " FADE FOR:

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JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
DAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JANUARY 16, 1943

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WAXING COMMERCIAL

WIL: It's a brave man these days who will make a prediction. But I'd be willing to bet that within the next few days we will receive a good many letters from listeners making the same suggestion about how to take better care of shoes. And although I've mentioned it to you before, I think it's very timely to remind you again that genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, either paste or liquid, is a wonderful protection for shoes, boots, luggage and all things made of leather. It keeps the leather soft and pliable, moisture-resistant, makes it wear longer, resist scuffing -- and of course, greatly improves its appearance. Keep some JOHNSON'S WAX handy for use as a shoe polish; all the members of your family will have use for it. This is just one of many uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX besides its major uses for protecting floors, furniture and woodwork. WAX is a real help in the battle of conservation -- and its cost is negligible.

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WIL: IT'S ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE PUZZLES THAT A BUSY EXECUTIVE WHO GETS A HALF-A-TON OF MAIL EVERY MORNING NEVER GETS EXCITED ABOUT IT, BUT TO PEOPLE WHO NEVER GET ANYTHING BUT A COUPLE OF CIRCULARS, A FEW BILLS AND AN OCCASIONAL POSTCARD, THE ARRIVAL OF THE MORNING MAIL IS A PRETTY HOT MOMENT. FOR INSTANCE, TAKE --

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! ---

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Gee, I wish that mailman would get here. He's ten minutes late this morning!

MOL: Oh take it easy dearie. The way you watch for the mailman every morning, anybody's think you were selling hay for the Pony Express.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, you never know what you'll get in the mail. You'll remember I got one important letter last week.

MOL: What was that?

FIB: It was confidential, but you'll remember I showed you the return address on the envelope. From the White House.

MOL: Yes and I saw it on your dresser later. It was from the White House Hamburger Hut at 14th and Oak streets. And they said thank you for your patronage but from now on they weren't open on Tuesdays.

FIB: WHADDYE YOU DOIN' READIN' MY MAIL?

MOL: It was addressed to MR. & MRS. Fibber McGee. I'M Mrs. McGee. Remember? I was the girl in the white dress you married way back in 19-----

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...But the mailman ain't got any right to be this late. I gotta good mind to report him to Jim Farley.

MOL: Why not? And if that doesn't get results, you go right over his head to the President - Grover Cleveland.

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FIB: You're kiddin', but I'M serious. I'M a busy man, and when my morning mail is delayed, I -

MOL: Busy doing what?

FIB: Well..I..er,..WELL HOW DO I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING TILL I GET MY MAIL? THAT'S THE VERY POINT I'M TRYIN' TO MAKE.

SOUND: HEAVY CLUMPING FOOTSTEPS (OFF MIKE) FADE IN UP STEPS..

WHISTLE:

FIB: HOT DOG...THERE HE IS NOW! THERE'S THE MAIL!!!

MOL: Sure. A circular from the Bijou Theatre and two blotters from some real estate agent. I can hardly wait. Open the door McGee.

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: LOOK HERE, BUD, IF YOU CAN'T GET THE MAIL HERE ON TIME, I..er.. Oh..excuse me, sis. Thought you were the mailman.

VIRGINIA: I am the mailman.

MOL: Heavenly Days!...A lady mailman! I hope Mr. Underwood isn't ill?

VIRG: No, Madam. Mr. Underwood is now in the Army. I will bring your mail for the duration.

FIB: Well, whaddye know! One of these days this country is gonna have just two classes of people...soldiers and wimmin

MOL: And it wouldn't be a bad idea. Anything for us this morning...mailman...er...postwoman...er...dearie?

VIRG: Here it is, Mrs. McGee. You ARE Mrs. McGee, I presume?

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MOL: You caught me red-handed with my wedding ring on.

FIB: How you like bein' a mailman, sis? As far as you've gone?

VIRG: I like it. Except for the dogs...

MOL: Yes, I imagine your feet do get a little tired by the end of the ---

VIRG: BY DOGS...I MEAN DOGS! ...CANINES! BIG ONES! LITTLE ONES! MEDIUM ONES!...LOUD ONES!...QUIET ONES!...WHITE ONES..BLACK ONES, TAN ONES! AND THEY ALL SNAP AT ME! WHAT IS THERE ABOUT ME THAT MAKES DOGS WANT TO BITE ME?

FIB: Gee, I dunno, sis. But I'll bet if I was a dog -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Okay.

MOL: It isn't you, deaire..all dogs get nervous when they see someone carrying a big package or a big bag. It's the mailsack that gets 'em..not you.

VIRG: That's a comfort...Because I like dogs. BUT I'VE BEEN BARKED AT, SNAPPED AT, RUSHED AT, CHEWED AT, SNARLED AT, JUMPED AT AND GROWLED AT TILL I FEEL LIKE A BURGLAR. Have you got a dog?

FIB: No!

VIRG: Well, I'm in Civil Service. If you want me to stay civil and give you service - don't get a dog!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I wonder what the official title of a lady mailman is - baguette?

MOL: The poor girl..I suppose she'll get used to it. Or the dogs will get to know her better.

FIB: I'M gonna miss old Underwood, the regular mailman. He didn't smoke.

MOL: Maybe this girl doesn't smoke either.

FIB: I know, but who's gonna give her cigars for Christmas that she can give me! What's the mail?

MOL: Here.

FIB: Hmmm. Here's a ad from the Wistful Vista Physical Culture Saloon.

MOL: That's SALON.

FIB: Same thing...bending elbows with a bunch of dumbbells.

MOL: What are they advertising?

FIB: Listen.."COURSE OF TWENTY LESSONS..STARTING FEBRUARY 22nd.
YOU CAN'T BUY TIRES, AND SHOES ARE RATIONED.
LET US TEACH YOU TO WALK ON YOUR HANDS!"

MOL: Any other mail as important as that?

FIB: No I don't -- Hey!

MOL: What?

FIB: The dumb mail-girl left a letter here by mistake. Anybody in the neighborhood named Householder?

MOL: No, I don't think...let me see that letter! Oh this says HOUSEHOLDER, 79 WISTFUL VISTA!

FIB: I know, but we don't know anybody by that name and -

MOL: WHY YOU SILLY, IT MEANS WHOEVER LIVES HERE. THE PEOPLE WHO HOLD THE HOUSE.

FIB: Oh. Well, don't open it. Just forward it to the F H A.

MOL: No, it means us. (PAPER TEARING) It's a Government circular.

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~~MOL: What of it? We haven't done any pleasure driving.~~

FIB: I have.

MOL: WHAT? WHEN?

FIB: I drove the old jalopy clear across town three weeks ago to that used car lot.

~~MOL: But what was just to sell it.~~

FIB: Well, it was a pleasure, believe me! Lemme see that ^{new} Government circular. Hmmm. "UNCLE SAM WANTS WORKERS WITH SPECIAL SKILLS! IF YOU ARE A TACK WELDER, FLANGING PRESS OPERATOR, PLATE HANGER, MIXER OPERATIVE OF EXPLOSIVES, OR OUTSIDE MACHINIST, OR ARE SKILLED IN ANY SIMILAR WORK, PLEASE REPORT TO YOUR NEAREST UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE OFFICE NOW!

MOL: What on earth is a tack wllder? Personally, if I break a tack I just throw it away.

FIB: Probably nobody knows what a tack welder is but another tack welder. The fact remains that the government needs 'em in war production. You hear anything about it on the radio?

MOL: Our radio is out of order, dearie. They're sending a man over to fix it sometime today. They said -

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello there, kids...wanna see somp'n pretty?

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer. Whatcha got?

OLD M: Lookie! *It's for my girl.*

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...A DIAMOND RING! Why, it's beautiful!

FIB: Yeah, it's terrific, Old Timer. But what makes it look so yellow?

OLD M: That's what I asked the fellow in the pawnshop, Johnny. And he says that's on account of there's so many karats in it.

MOL: I suppose that must be it. Are you and your girl really getting engaged?

OLD M: Well, we really got engaged last night, daughter. Bessie was settin' on my lap...in front of the fireplace...and we had the lights turned down kinda low...and I says... Bessie...I says, and she says, Yes, Whitley?

FIB: WHO'S WHITLEY?

OLD M: That's me, Johnny. Anyway that's what I told her my name was. I call her "Olga".

MOL: I thought her name was Bessie.

OLD M: It is. Olga's kind of a nickname I started.

FIB: But why did you tell her your name was Whitley?

OLD M: Well, if you're gonna be NOSEY about it, Johnny...the only engagement ring I could afford was in this here pawnshop and had a inscription into it that says "TO OLGA FROM WHITLEY". (FADE) *well, I just wanted you to see the ring* I'll invite you to the wedding, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: HAPPY GO LUCKY

MOL: I still don't know how you're going to find any plate-hangers or tack-welders or outside machinists for the government if you don't even know what they are, McGee.

FIB: Shucks, I don't have to know what they are. If you were a expert plate-hanger, and you were temporarily clerkin' in a birdstore and you heard somebody say Uncle Sam was hungry for plate-hangers, that's all that's necessary, isn't it? I'M gonna spread the word around, that's all.

Production
AND IF I CAN FIND JUST ONE AND GET HIM WORKIN' AT ^{war} ~~HIS~~ ~~JOB~~, I'LL BE AS PROUD AS A PEWTER PIGEON!

MOL: You mean POTTER pigeon, dearie, Made out of pottery.

FIB: I do not. I mean one of them putter pigeons that putters around on the window sill.

MOL: That isn't putt~~er~~ in the windows...that's PUTTY. AND WHO EVER HEARD OF A PUTTY PIGEON?

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY PUTTY PIGEON..

MOL: You said PEWTER.

FIB: WELL WHAT'S PEWTER?

MOL: IT'S A MUG.

FIB: THAT'S WHAT I SAYS! I'LL FEEL LIKE A MUGG IF I DON'T FIND THE GOVERNMENT SOME GOOD TACK WELDERS! *and besides* ~~I'm gonna call up and see where the nearest U.S. Employment Service office is and ask----~~

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it.

FIB: Whoever it is, ask 'em did they ever work as a outside machinist.

MOL: (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKING. WHO?
OH HELLO ABIGAIL DARLING. I WAS WONDERI-....WHAT? (PAUSE)
WHY ISN'T THAT TERRIBLE! BUT I'M SURE MCGEE WOULDN'T
THINK OF DOING SUCH A.....YES, I KNOW ABIGAIL, BUT.....
OH NO, I'M POSITIVE...I.....WELL, YOU TWO MAY HAVE YOUR
LITTLE ARGUMENTS, BUT AFTER ALL, WHEN IT COMES TO DOING
SUCH A CRUEL.....OH NO, ABIGAIL...NO.....OH NO!.....
I'M JUST AS SURE AS I'M STANDING HERE THAT MCGEE HAD
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! YES.....GOODBYE,
ABIGAIL. (CLICK) McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What was the idea of sending Abigail Uppington that
insulting comic Valentine?

FIB: Who, me? I didn't send her any comic Valentine. But I
wish I'd thought of it.

MOL: Well she's simply FURIOUS! ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?

FIB: Molly, I give you my word as I stand here wondering
whether to spend my next coupons for sugar or shoes -
whether to go barefoot or hungry -

~~FIB: I know...she was on her way to a costume party and
somebody stole her mask. WHAT' SAY, MYRT? OKAY, I'LL
CALL LATER. (CLICK) Line's busy.~~

MOL: I wonder who could have sent Abigail that awful valentine,
McGee.

~~FIB: Search me. I haven't even seen one for years. Though
there was a fella in Starved Rock, Illinois... Fred
Nitney, I think it was, who -~~

DOOR OPEN:

WILCOX: Hello, folks...mind if I come in?

MOL: Oh do, Mr. Wilcox..do!

FIB: Do we mind if he comes in! He reminds me of the doctor
who was gonna operate on the dancer for appendicitis.
MIND IF I CUT IN, HE SAYS? Hey, Harlow.

WIL: Yeah?

FIB: Ever do any tack welding or plate-hanging?

WIL: I dunno. What is it?

MOL: We don't know either. But the government wants very
badly to get in touch with tack welders and plate hangers
and...er...what were those other things, McGee?

FIB: Here's the circular..."FLANGING PRESS OPERATORS, MIXER
OPERATIVES OF EXPLOSIVES, OUTSIDE MACHINISTS AND PEOPLE
FAMILIAR WITH SIMILAR SKILLED WORK." Ever do any of
that stuff, Junior?

WIL: Nope. But I got a cousin who's a pretzel-bender, in--
Milwaukee.

MOL: I'M afraid bending pretzels is no great contribution to
the war effort, Mr. Wilcox. Haven't you any special
skills at all?

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WIL: Sure. I'M a whizbang on the subject of preserving things with Johnson's Wax. On how to seal wood and leather and enamel surfaces against dirt and wear and dust and dampness. On how Johnson's Wax not only SAVES things but gives them a new luster and a new beauty...that makes an old chair or cabinet gleam with pride...that makes housework so much easier by

FIB: Yeah yeah yeah!.....buy look,-

WIL: I'LL BET THERE ISN'T A GUY IN THE COUNTRY THAT CAN TELL YOU MORE USES FOR JOHNSON'S WAX IN A HOUSE THAN I CAN! WINDOW SILLS, LAMP SHADES, LUGGAGE, FLOORS, FURNITURE, SHOES...OH, BABY...SHOES! NOW THERE WE GOT SOMETHING? DID YOU KNOW ---

MOL: MR. WILCOX!

WIL: Yeah?

MOL: One more question. DID YOU SEND MRS. UPPINGTON A COMIC VALENTINE?

WIL: Certainly not. I never send anybody comic valentines. I think they're brutal. Did she get one?

FIB: She got one, Junior. AND SHE THOUGHT I SENT IT. She was ready to come raging over here and beat my skull in with my own clavicle!

MOL: I talked to her on the phone and she was really loaded for moose, Mr. Wilcox. I'M afraid I didn't succeed in convincing her that McGee didn't send that valentine.

WIL: You haven't convinced me, either.

FIB: OH YEAH? YOU REALLY THINK I'M THE TYPE OF A GUY THAT DELIBERATELY HURTS PEOPLE'S FEELINGS BY SENDING 'EM INSULTING VALENTINES?

(PAUSE)

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WIL: Suppose I meet somebody who's a tack welder? Or one of those other specialists. What then?

MOL: Tell him to report right away to the nearest U. S. Employment Service office so they can -

FIB: WILCOX, YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION!

WIL: What question was that, pal?

FIB: DO YOU THINK I'M THE TYPE GUY TO SEND PEOPLE COMIC VALENTINES?

WIL: Frankly, pal, I think you're not only the comic valentine type, but the squirting-flower-in-the-coat-lapel type, the chewing-gum-on-the-doorknob-type, the ^{leak-through-the-telescope-and-get-a-black-eye} ~~let-me-take-your-picture-and-the-cloth-snake-jumps-out~~ type and last, but not least, the bomb-that-goes-off-when-you-start-your car type. AND I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I FIND ANY PLATE HANGERS.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Mr. Wilcox has a very low opinion of your wit and humor, McGee.

FIB: Imagine that? And me that hasn't had a buttonhole flower that squirts water for years. Wonder where I could get one? I'll bet...

MOL: NO NO NO. STOP IT. First thing I know you'll start pulling chairs out from under people as they go to sit down.

FIB: I WILL NOT. THAT'S SOMETHING EVEN I DON'T THINK IS FUNNY. AND YOU KNOW WHY?

MOL: Why?

FIB: BECAUSE THE LAST TIME I DID THAT TO A GUY, HE SLUGGED ME. ^{Ever hear} Remember me speaking of Fred Nitney of Starved Rock, Illinois? Well sir....hey hand me my cigar box will you?

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: BOX OPEN...MUSIC BOX LOUD...OUT WITH LID SLAM:

FIB: As I was sayin', this Fred Nitney --

MOL: McGee, I wish you'd let that musical humidor run down.
I'M getting tired of it.

FIB: Me too. I just keep it wound up as a health measure.
I'M gettin' so I smoke a lot less because I hate to open
that box. But about this Fred Nitney. One day we were --

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, for goodness --

FIB: WELL I'LL BE A...!!! HI, LA TRIVIA!

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.
(APPLAUSE)

MOL: ISN'T THIS NICE! MAYOR LA TRIVIA.

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee...but it isn't MAYOR La Trivia any
more, you know...it's just plain Coastguardsman La Trivia.

MOL: Well, you certainly look wonderful in your sailor suit.

FIB: MOLLY! PLEASE! Not Sailor Suit! That sounds sissy.
They call 'em costumes.

GALE: WE CALL THEM NO SUCH THING, MCGEE. THEY'RE UNIFORMS.

FIB: Oh, yeah...uniforms.

MOL: My goodness, they just take wonderful care of you. You
look simply grand.

GALE: I feel fine, Mrs. McGee. I'm on ^{leave}~~furlough~~ with a bunch of
Coastguardsmen who have just completed a course in
Japanese anatomy at Guadalcanal.

FIB: Took off a little weight, didn't you, La Trivia?

GALE: Oh, I've taken it off in some places and added it in
others, McGee. I have two inches more around the chest
and three inches less around the --

MOL: WON'T YOU SIT DOWN, MR. LA TRIVIA?

GALE: Thank you.

MOL: Well now tell us all about it. How are they feeding you,
Mr. La Trivia!

GALE: Splendidly...splendidly, Mrs. McGee. I hope you and
McGee can come and visit our base one of these days.
Southern Section Training Base at San Clemente, California.
We're very proud of it. Our Commanding Officer,
Lieutenant Howard Schebley, is really turning out sailors
there. Think you can pay us a visit?

MOL: Oh, I'd love to! Wouldn't you, McGee?

FIB: Sure. Fact is, La Trivia, I might be gettin' down that
way any day now myself. Bein' a government man, myself.

GALE: YOU...A GOVERNMENT MAN?

MOL: Tell Mr. La Trivia all ab at your government work, McGee,
and LOUD - because it's news to me, too.

FIB: Whaddye mean, news to you! Tell you how it is, La Trivia.
The Government notified me just today, by mail, that they
want me to locate a lot of tack welders for 'em. You
know what a tack welder is, of course.

GALE: Certainly.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: YOU DO?

GALE: Why, yes. Don't you?

FIB: Well..er..no. The government didn't ask me to train 'em.
 All I gotta do is FINE 'em.

MOL: What on earth IS a tack welder, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: I may be wrong, Mrs. McGee, but I think it's a welder who simply tacks pieces of metal together by welding, temporarily, until they can be permanently welded together.

FIB: Well, whaddye know. How'd you learn all that stuff, La Trivia?

GALE: The Navy gives you a pretty complete education, McGee, And the Coast Guard joins the Navy in wartime, and fights wherever the Navy and Marines fight. As I was saying just the other day to my executive officer, Chief Lanciaux --

FIB: CHIEF LANCIAUX! What is he -- an Indian?

GALE: No. In the Coast Guard, CHIEF means Chief Petty Officer. You see...

MOL: Excuse me, Mr. La Trivia...but how long will you be in town? How long a furlong have you got?

FIB: You don't mean a furlong, Molly. A furlong is a horse.

GALE: A furlong is NOT a horse, McGee. It's a distance.

MOL: You mean furlong is quite a ways...like a fur piece.

FIB: I TELL YOU A FURLONG IS A HORSE. YOU'VE SEEN IT ON RACING PROGRAMS. "THIS RACE IS FOR SEVEN FURLONGS." That means there's seven horses in the race.

GALE: Oh, don't be ridiculous, McGee. A furlong is 220 yards, or one eighth of a mile.

FIB: A LIKELY STORY!!! WHO EVER HEARD OF A HORSE AN EIGHTH OF A MILE LONG.

MOL: Stop arguing, McGee. You haven't seen all the horses in the world. If Mr. La Trivia says there are horses that long, I believe him.

GALE: BUT I DIDN'T SAY THAT. I MERELY SAID -

FIB: OH, TRYIN TO BACK OUT OF IT, EH? NOW LOOK, LA TRIVIA -

GALE: I'M NOT TRYING TO BACK OUT OF ANYTHING. I JUST SAID THAT A FURLONG WAS AN EIGHTH OF A MILE.

MOL: WELL IF THAT ISN'T A LONG HORSE I NEVER SAW ONE!

GALE: BUT I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A HORSE. I'M NOT THAT STUPID, BY A LONG SHOT.

FIB: A HORSE AN EIGHTH OF A MILE LONG WOULDN'T BE ANY LONG SHOT, LA TRIVIA, HE'D BE A SURE THING. HE'D BE HALF WAY AROUND THE TRACK BEFORE THE OTHER NAGS --

GALE: (SHOUTS) BUT I TELL YOU I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT HORSES!!! I MERELY SAID THAT A FURLONG WAS AN EIGHTH OF A...I MEAN A FURLONG WAS WHEN A SERVICE MAN ----...HOW COULD A HORSE BE....A FURLONG IS A....ONE EIGHTH OF A SAILOR WOULD----(PAUSE) Oh, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: (SOFTLY) As long as you're a government man, please use your influence to send me to Tunisia, or New Guinea, or someplace. (SHOUTS) WHERE A MAN CAN SEE WHAT HE'S FIGHTING! GOODBYE!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "HAPPY GO LUCKY." ---- KING'S MEN.

(WIL: The King's Men sing ^{Phil The Fluters Ball} ~~the title song from the picture,~~ "Happy Go Lucky!")

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

-20-

FIB: Hey did you say there was supposed to be a guy comin' over to fix this radio today, Molly?

MOL: Yes, but don't get impatient, dearie. Everybody's short of help these days.

FIB: That's no excuse. A government man like me oughtta get priority on radio repairs. With me busy rounding up ^{skilled workers} ~~plate-hangers and tack welders and outside machinists~~, for war production, you'd think -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Maybe that's him now. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

IMP: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.

FIB: OH HIYAH, WIMP.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple. How are you today?

IMP: Oh I feel just peachy, Mrs. McGee. But then, I should. I've just finished my setting up exercises.

FIB: SETTING UP EXERCISES?

IMP: Yes, I've been setting up in the attic waiting for Sweetieface to go out shopping. (SNICKERS) She hunted all over the house for me and couldn't find me. She never thought of looking up the chimney.

MOL: What were you hiding for, Mr. Wimple?

IMP: Oh Sweetieface was mad at me. Somebody sent her an awfully nasty valentine and she thought I did it.

FIB: Who did send it?

IMP: (SNIGGERS) I did.

MOL: Why Mr. Wimple...that was mean! I HOPE IT WASN'T YOU WHO SENT ONE TO MRS. UPPINGTON!

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WIMP: Oh no, Mrs. McGee...I wouldn't do anything like that. I'M very fond of Mrs. Uppington.

MOL: You mean you think more of her than you do of your own wife?

WIMP: At times, yes.

FIB: What times?

WIMP: Oh times like ~~from~~ when Sweetieface and I were married up till now.

MOL: How are you getting along with your body building exercises, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Just wonderfully, Mrs. McGee. Sweetieface says if I keep it up, I'M going to look like that man on the back of the magazines.

FIB: YOU MEAN CHARLES ATLAS?

WIMP: Yes, Sweetieface considers me an Atlas even now.

MOL: She does?

WIMP: Yes..she tried to shove me into the top shelf of the bookcase this morning.

MOL: I don't know how you stand it, Mr. Wimple. I really don't. The way that woman treats you. She's a horrible woman.

WIMP: You mustn't talk about Sweetieface like that, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Aw nobody can hear us.

WIMP: You sure?

FIB: Sure.

WIMP: All right...then let's ALL talk about her like that.

MOL: Look, Mr. Wimple -- why don't you leave home and get a job as...as...what were some of those jobs, McGee?

FIB: He ain't had any training in 'em, Molly. These are skilled labor jobs. You ever have any experience in plate--hanging, Wimp?

WIMP: OH YES INDEEDY. JUST THIS MORNING SWEETFACE HUNG A PLACE ON ME THAT ALMOST --

MOL: No no no....That's one of the jobs that's needed in war production, Mr. Wimple. You see...OH DO YOU HAVE TO GO?

WIMP: I'M afraid so, Mrs. McGee. Sweetface is due home any minute now to start dinner and I left the gas turned on in the kitchen. The house is simply FULL of gas fumes.

FIB: HEY SHE'S LIABLE TO BLOW HERSELF TO PIECES!

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Yes!!! Well goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You know, McGee...

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Sometimes I think that Wallace and Sweetface aren't happy together.

FIB: Oh it's just your imagination. If I ever saw two perfectly mated people --

DOORBELL:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MAN: You call for a radio repairman?

FIB: Oh yeah...right in here, bud.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Here's the radio right here. I turned it on yesterday and nothing happened. And I hate to miss Vic and Sade if I can possibly -

CLANK: OF TOOLS

MAN: Nothing serious wrong, lady. (CLINK AND CLATTER) THERE YOU ARE. IT'S WORKING NOW. Two dollars please.

FIB: Here you are, Bud. Fast work. You must be an expert radio man. Been doin' this stuff long?

MAN: No, I'M just helping my brother-in-law out. I always worked as a tack welder myself. But my brother-in-law got sick a year or so ago and I been helping him out ever since. He don't need me now, but I just go along and -

MOL: What was the matter with the radio...in case it happens again?

MAN: In case it happens again, lady, stick the plug back in the wall socket. Call me any time.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well for goodness sakes...two dollars for sticking the plug back in the wall socket!

FIB: WHAT A GYP! THAT GUY'S GOT NO BUSINESS IN THE RADIO REPAIR BUSINESS. HE OUGHTTA GO BACK TO HIS TACK WELDING WHERE...

(PAUSE) DID I SAY TACK WELDING? HEY! HE'S A TACK WELDER! HE'S ONE OF THOSE GUYS! ONE SIDE, MOLLY!!

DOOR OPEN: FAST FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH AND DOWN STREET:

FIB: (FADING OUT OVER FOOTSTEPS) HEY BUD!...COME BACK HERE!

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU...HEY TACK WELDER....HEY BUD!

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

IL: Is the linoleum on your floors wearing as well as you expected? Have you done anything to give it extra protection right now? Do you realize that you can make linoleum actually wear 6 to 10 times longer by protecting it regularly with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT? If your program for taking better care of the things you have doesn't include GLO-COAT on your linoleum floors, you're missing an important and very easy way to practise conservation. SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT takes very little work, because it polishes itself without rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry. It protects linoleum surfaces against wear of all kinds -- against minor scratches, scuffing, and color-fading. GLO-COAT makes floor surfaces sparkle with beauty, and that's important, too, because it makes your kitchen a pleasanter room to work in.

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NO FOOLING, THE GOVERNMENT DOES NEED SKILLED WORKERS IN THE LINES WE'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT. I'LL REPEAT 'EM AGAIN. TACK WELDERS, FLANGING PRESS OPERATORS, PLATE HANGERS, MIXER OPERATORS OF EXPLOSIVES, OUTSIDE MACHINISTS AND PEOPLE WITH SIMILAR SKILLS. IF YOU CAN DO ANY OF THESE THINGS, AND AREN'T IN WAR PRODUCTION WORK AT THIS TIME, DO YOUR COUNTRY A GOOD TURN AND REPORT TO YOUR NEAREST U.S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE OFFICE...SKILLED WORKERS IN CANADA CHECK WITH YOUR GOVERNMENTAL EMPLOYMENT OFFICES.

MOL: DON'T FORGET...IT'S YOUR SONS OF TOIL THAT'LL HELP PUT THOSE NAZIS UNDER TONS OF SOIL!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: APPLAUSE

WIL: The characters of the Old Timer and Wallace Wimple, heard on this program were played by Bill Thompson. 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)