

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#11

ALLOCATION WAR BONDS

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1943

N B C

(REVISED)

-2-

WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM! - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Car-Nu and Johnson's
Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly,
written by Don Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy
Mills' Orchestra.

ORCHESTRA: "THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES" - FADE FOR

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In our audience tonight, I'm sure there are many business and industrial executives relaxing a bit from a busy day. The greatly increased responsibility of these men in War production is known to all of us. Their jobs are as important, as vital as any. Nearly every large manufacturer is engaged in some part of war work, directly or indirectly. The last time I went through the JOHNSON'S WAX laboratories and plant I was surprised to learn in how many places there is a need now, greater than ever before, for protective wax finishes and coatings. Special finishes have been developed for ^{protection against} waterproofing, weatherproofing, rustproofing -- for planes, ships, automobiles, trucks, trains -- for metals, wood, rubber and leather. Even special paints containing wax have been perfected. So in many ways the protective uses of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS have been extended into manufacturing and industrial plants throughout the country. Any manufacturer having a protective finishing problem related to War production is invited to discuss this problem with S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, or S.C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., Brantford, Canada.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: WE'D LIKE TO PRESENT SEVERAL INTERESTING FIGURES TONIGHT: 1, THOSE IN THE STUBS OF OUR HERO'S CHECK BOOK, AND 2 --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Heavenly days. McGee, this check book of yours is simply a mess!

FIB: If you're talkin' about that counter check for 18¢, that was made out to the Public Liberry. I kept "The Rover Boys on the Mississippi" six days too long.

MOL: There is no counter check listed here for 18¢.

FIB: Come to think of it, I guess I forgot to enter it. How much I got in my account, accordin' to the stubs?

MOL: According to the stubs, dearie, \$16,482.08.

FIB: Gee, honest? How much I got according to the bank statement?

MOL: You're overdrawn, a dollar ten.

FIB: Hmmm. Most likely the correct balance is somewhere between those two figures.

MOL: Probably. Being overdrawn won't help your credit any, you know.

FIB: WELL, NO BANK HAS GOT ANY RIGHT TO DEPERJIZE A MAN'S FINANCL L STANDING WITH A MISTAKE LIKE THAT. HAND ME THE PHONE.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE 14TH NATIONAL BANK A† WISTFUL MYRT! IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Navigator to pilot. You're off your course.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR BROTHER? IN THE GUARDHOUSE, EH? WELL, HE SHOULDN'T
OF SHOT IT OFF WITHOUT ORDERS.

MOL: His rifle, McGee?

FIB: No - his mouth. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY, ^{come to em} PUT ME THROUGH, AS
~~WE SAY OVAH THEAH.~~ (PAUSE) HELLO, 14TH NATIONAL? GIMME
MACKENZIE, THE HEAD CASHIER. EH? WHADDYE MEAN, HE'S OUT
TO LUNCH? THAT GUY DON'T EAT LUNCH. THEY JUST TOSS HIM
SOME FISH FOOD ONCE A WEEK.

MOL: Better be nice to the bank, McGee.

FIB: Why should I be ni-- HELLO, WHO IS THIS? WELL, LOOK,
ONDERDONK, THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE, AND YOU MADE A MISTAKE
IN MY BANK BALANCE. YOUR FIGURES DON'T CHECK WITH MINE.

MOL: Lot of fuss about a mere sixteen thousand.

FIB: WHAT SAY, ONDERDONK? YEAH...ACCORDING TO YOUR STATEMENT
I'M OVERDREW ONE DOLLAR AND TEN CENTS. EH? I THOUGHT SO!
OKAY. (ASIDE) He says there's a note on his desk about
it. They caught the mistake.

MOL: These are strange times we're living in, dearie. When a
bank admits being wrong.

FIB: Well, they got no right to...HELLO, ONDERDONK? WHAT'S THE
CORRECTED BALANCE? EH? (LAUGHS) WELL, I KNEW YOU WERE
WAY OFF. OKAY. THANKS, ONDERDONK. (CLICK) Talk about
me not bein' able to add!

MOL: What is your balance?

FIB: I'm overdrawn ten dollars and one cent.

MOL: Oh, fine! You'll have to stop going in there to swipe
pen points till you make it up.

FIB: I never went in there to --

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Who's that, I wonder?

FIB: Lemme peek. Oh oh! Sig Wellington, from the Bijou Theatre.

MOL: Well, let him in. I think he's very nice.

FIB: You think he's nice because he bows and kisses your hand.
One of these days you'll find your ring finger missing.

MOL: Mr. Wellington is a very cultivated man, McGee.

FIB: And I wish I'd been running the cultivator when they did it.
One of these days, I'm --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Now be nice, McGee. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, good day, Mr. Wellington. What a pleasant surprise!

WELL: Good day, Mrs. McGee. I trust the occasion finds you in
good health.

FIB: He trusts the occasion finds her in good health. He thinks
he's a regular Chesterfield and he sounds like he rolls his
own..

MOL: Don't criticize, McGee. Remember, you're not any Sir Walter
O'Reilly, yourself.

FIB: Good manners never got Sir Walter anyplace, anyway. The
last time he bowed, they parted his neck with an axe.

WELL: However, and notwithstanding - may I sit down? Thank you.
Notwithstanding, I think my wife, Cynthia, summed it up
very well when she said "GOOD MANNERS ARE THE OUTWARD SYMBOL
OF AN INWARD HUMILI--"

MOL: Tea?

WELL: No, thank you. With cream and sugar.

FIB: Well, what is it you wanted, Wellington? I'm very busy today, goin' over a lotta bank statements.

MOL: That won't take you long, dearie. You've got less balance than a summer resort card table.

WELL: In that case, I feel that my arrival is singularly apro- shall we say - po?

FIB: Whaddye say we do?

MOL: Why, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: Tell me, has Mr. McGee signed the book in the lobby of the Bijou Theatre, Clean Entertainment for the Entire Family, Bargain Rates for Service Men, Our Ushers do not Accept Tips while the Lights are On, for the weekly prize drawing?

MOL: Why, we're both registered.

FIB: Now don't tell me we won a prize, Wellington. That I couldn't stand. I been signed up for Keno, Beano, Screeno and free china ever since De Mille discovered the bathtub. And all I ever won you could stick under your eyelid and still go on repairing watches.

WELL: In that case, my dear fellow, it gives me unbounded pleasure...except that my pleasure is bounded on four sides by the wish that someone else had won - to apprise you that last night your name was drawn for the third prize. Of SIXTY DOLLARS.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...SIXTY DOLLARS!! Won't the bank be pleased!

FIB: My gosh...sixty smackers! (LAUGHS) You know, Wellington, before you came in I was tellin' Molly what a great guy you were. Square shooter. "NOW YOU TAKE WELLINGTON", I says. "WHO'S WELLINGTON?" she says. "WHO'S WELLINGTON!" I yells. "WHY, HE'S THE FINEST, UPSTANDINGEST--"

MOL: You've got that a little wrong, dearie. You simply told me to take Wellington. Period.

FIB: Well, I meant --

WELL: Come come, let us conclude this affair amicably, my friends. (CLEARS THROAT) MR. MCGEE, ON BEHALF OF THE BIJOU THEATRE, SIGMUND LAFAYETTE WELLINGTON, MANAGER, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU, ONE OF OUR PATRONS OF LONG STANDING IN THE LOBBY, WITH THE SUM OF SIXTY DOLLARS IN CASH, WHICH I...(PAUSE) WHICH I...ER... SEEM TO HAVE LEFT ON MY DESK AT THE THEATRE.

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: Oh my gosh! I'll run down there with you, Wellington, and save you a--

WELL: UNNECESSARY, MY DEAR FELLOW. I shall send it over here immediately by Miss Crenshaw, my secre.

MOL: Tarry?

WELL: I'd like to, but I can't, my dear. And I assure you, Miss Crenshaw will be right over. Pip pip, Mrs. McGee, and a pip of a pip to you, Pop!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "AMERICAN PATROL"

APPLAUSE:

(REVISED) 9 & 10

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Oh, boy..sixty bucks, right out of the blue sky! You know what I'm gonna do with it, Molly?

MOL: What?

FIB: FIRST THING WE'RE GONNA DO WHEN THE WEATHER OPENS UP IS LOAD UP THE CAR AND HIT THE GRIT FOR YELLOWSTONE PARK. I'll bet--

MOL: Load up what car?

FIB: One of them new post-war jobs I been readin' about in a Science magazine at the barber shop. Made outa soybeans.

MOL: You better take that sixty dollars and buy War Bonds, McGee.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, BUY WAR BONDS? THE WAR'S PRACTICALLY OVER. DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS?

MOL: Yes, I do. And from all I can see, the fighting may be going on for a long, long time.

FIB: Aw, you're just an alarmist, Molly. *Still got the war* ~~You can't say I --~~

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in, General Eisenhower!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

VIRG: How do you do. Is Mr. McGee here?

FIB: I'm him, sis. And if it's Christmas cards you're selling, we don't need any. I make my own.

MOL: You'll need a few, McGee. Some of the cards we got last year have the names engraved on them. You can't erase them.

VIRG: I am not selling Christmas cards, Mrs. McGee. I am Miss Crenshaw from Mr. Wellington's office. He sent you this money.

(REVISED) -11-

FIB: OH SURE SURE SURE...THANKS, SIS!

~~VIRG:~~ Will you please sign this receipt?

MOL: You sign, McGee...I'll count the money.

FIB: Okay. (PAUSE) Is this your usual form?

VIRG: No, I'm usually twelve pounds heavier, but since the shortage of butter--

FIB: No, I meant this receipt. Oh, well...Sig wouldn't ask me to sign anything wrong...Here you are, sis.

MOL: MCGEE, THERE'S ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS HERE!

FIB: WHAT? -HE SAYS THE PRIZE WAS SIXTY BUCKS!

VIRG: It was sixty dollars, sir. But he deducted ten dollars for repairing the screen. He said you got excited one night and tried to save Hopalong Cassidy's life by throwing your umbrella at a cattle rustler. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why, that dirty...ONLY FIFTY BUCKS!

MOL: You can still buy two bonds at 18.75, McGee. And stamps with the rest.

FIB: WHAT GOOD'S THAT GONNA DO ANYBODY? Thirty-seven fifty.

MOL: Multiplied by ^{hundred} ~~forty~~ million people, that's a ^{billions} ~~billion~~ and ^{and a half} ~~half~~. Or are you trading in your citizenship for a soybean convertible?

FIB: I'M AS GOOD A CITIZEN AS ANYBODY! JUST BECAUSE I PLAN FOR THE FUTURE --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, Doctor Gamble. Hello, Doctor.
DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, short, stout and nervous.
FIB: LOOK WHO'S CALLIN' SOMEBODY STOUT! You've ruined more scales than a locker-room tenor. Hey, look, Doc. FIFTY BUCKS!
DOC: Very pretty, McGee! Your life savings, I presume.
MOL: He won it in a drawing at the Bijou Theatre, Doctor. I want him to buy war bonds, but he's going to use it for a down payment on a post-war car made out of lima beans.
FIB: SOY BEANS.
MOL: Yes, according to McGee, everybody will be raising their own trucks in their own truck gardens. Just toss in a bean, and BOOM, up comes a Buick.
FIB: OKAY, OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA! DERIDE ME! BUT NOW THAT THE WAR IS ABOUT OVER --
DOC: Now that the war is what?
MOL: About over, he says.
FIB: Certainly. One of these days Germany will fall apart like a wet doughnut, and then --
DOC: McGEE, YOU TALK LIKE A NINNY!
FIB: WHO TALKS LIKE A NANNY? I RESENT --
MOL: He said "ninny", McGee.
FIB: Oh. That's different. Go ahead, Doc.

m

DOC: I knew that "Information, Please" had never pleaded for your services, but I didn't think you were stupid enough to think the war was anywhere near over.
FIB: What's the matter with you, Doc? Don't you read the papers? Can't you see Germany's about ready to fold up? And after Germany, we can bomb the bejunior outa Tokyo!
MOL: He's really a military expert, Doctor. He was wounded in France in the last war, you know. Cut himself peeling potatoes.
DOC: Which side were you fighting on, McGee?
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHICH SIDE? AMERICAN, OF COURSE!
DOC: Then WHY DON'T YOU STAY ON OUR SIDE? ~~YOU'RE TALKING PURE, UNADULTERATED GERMAN PROPOGANDA.~~ IF A FEW MILLION PEOPLE OF YOUR TYPE READ A HAPPY HEADLINE AND START SITTING BACK ON THEIR UNRATED BRITCHES, POSTERITY WILL BE DOING GOOSE-STEPS FOR THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS! THEY OUGHT TO MAKE A CAMPAIGN RIBBON OUT OF A SHOE STRING FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU -- WITH A BUTTON THAT SAYS..."HE WANTED TO FIGHT THE WAR ON THIS!" FAT HEAD!!!
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
FIB: I'm afraid Doc's working too hard. Gets excited about things. I'm gonna ask him to go to Yellowstone with us next summer. Do him good to get away.
MOL: You'd better get that new car, first. The one made out of jelly beans.
FIB: IT'S SOYBEANS.
MOL: Oh, yes. Soybeans.

r

FIB: Boy, they're sure doing wonderful things with that stuff.
One of these days, we'll just sit in a chair and press a soybean button in the wall, and the roof will fold back and we'll hop into our soybean coolyhopter --

MOL: You don't mean coolyhopter. You mean hollycoopter.

FIB: That don't sound right, either. It's crolly-heapter... creelyhop.... ANYWAY, THEY'LL ALL BE MADE OUTA SOYBEANS. Remember way back when Farmer Rusk in Chicago.....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. What you lookin' so happy about?

WIL: I found it for you!!

MOL: Found what, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: That little dog with the blue eyes.

MOL: Where'd you find it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, I went to a night club last night, and when I came out, I was feeling no pain, see, and there was this little dog with the blue eyes, following me home. I just laughed and thought nothing of it.

FIB: Yeah?

WIL: So this morning when I went out of the house, there it was on the porch. I went back in and took some aspirin, but when I came out again, it was still there. Gee, I wish you'd take it, pal.

FIB: No thanks, Junior, not now. You...er....you sure you feel all right now?

WIL: IT'S A REAL DOG, I TELL YOU!

MOL: Yes, yes...of course it is. Don't you worry about it.

FIB: You need to get away from things for a while, too, Junior. How about going with us to Yellowstone Park this summer. We can take turns driving.

WIL: Driving what? You haven't got a car, and I haven't enough gas.

MOL: He's getting a post-war automobile, Mr. Wilcox. Made out of ~~lime~~ beans.

FIB: SOY BEANS.

MOL: What'll they make motor boats out of? Navy beans?

WIL: I don't know what either of you are talking about, but there won't be any new cars or any travel next summer for me, or you either. You know what I'm telling my customers?

MOL: We know what you've been telling them for ten years, Mr. Wilcox. Is there any difference?

WIL: Wel-l-l, yes...a slight one. I'm telling them this war may be on for a long time yet, so as long as they can't travel, they might as well protect their luggage by giving it a Johnson Wax treatment before they stow it away.

MOL: McGee says that by next-summer ---

WIL: AND I ALSO TELL THEM, that with household help so hard to get, they can save themselves hours of housework and time and trouble by waxing their lampshades and window sills and floors and woodwork with Johnson's Wax. You sure you don't want that blue-eyed dog?

FIB: NO..WE DON'T, JUNIOR.. AND FURTHERMORE, I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY SUCH A THING AS A BLUE-EYED DOG.

MOL: Neither do I.

WIL: Well, okay. So long! (DOOR OPEN - DOG BARKS) Come on, Blue Eyes!

DOOR SLAM:

Ransley

FIB: Junior must have been showing ~~the sales manager~~ the town last night. And, hey --

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Mark him down to go with us to Yellowstone next summer. He'll go, when he sees how things shape up.

MOL: That's us, and Doctor Gamble, and Mr. Wilcox. If you invite many more people, you'd better get a trailer too, made out of string beans.

FIB: IT'S SOY BEANS, I TELL YOU. STRING BEANS ARE NO GOOD FOR--

DOOR OPEN

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee...hello, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Oh, hello, Alice dear.

FIB: Hiya, Alice.

MOL: Did we wake you up?

ALICE: Oh no, my dear. I just woke up with a start because I just thought what to get you for Christmas, so I ran downstairs to tell you, but it wouldn't be fair to tell you, so I guess I'll go back to bed.

MOL: Oh now, Alice, you mustn't get us anything.

FIB: Now, Molly...the kid ought to know her own mind, shouldn't she? Gee whizz, nice thoughts like that oughtta be encouraged. Whatcha gettin' us, Alice?

ALICE: Well, I might as well tell you. I'm getting you what I'm giving everybody else this year. A War Bond. Were there any phone calls for me?

MOL: Yes, Oswald called. And so did Arthur and Kenneth, and... er...who else, McGee?

FIB: Fella named Nitney. I was wondering if he was any relation of a guy I was in vaudeville with named Fred Nitney, from Starved Rock, Illinois.

ALICE: I don't think so, Mr. McGee. This is Abercrombie Nitney and he's strictly from Hunger, Oklahoma.

FIB: Odd name, though. Don't hear it very often.

MOL: About once a week, on an average.

ALICE: This man is a man that he's the athletic director at the airplane plant, and he's always wanting me to join the girl's wrestling team. They say I'm the pin-down girl of the year.

FIB: Steer clear of those athletic guys, Alice. Those musclebound Romeos think they're showin' you a wonderful evening if they can lift the dining room table with their teeth.

ALICE: Well, I always say that a young girl can't be too careful about what fellows she goes out with and I guess I never told you but I was terribly disappointed in love once, about three years ago.

MOL: You were?

ALICE: Yes. He shot himself.

FIB: HE SHOT HIMSELF!!
ALICE: Yes, with a little brownie camera, and when he sent me a print I was terribly disappointed. He was lying down with a tree on top of him and I don't like a fellow which he's always clowning around.
MOL: Lying down with a tree on top of him!
FIB: Maybe he was leaning against a tree and you were holding the picture sideways.
ALICE: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES..MAYBE I WAS!! MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO SEND HIS RING BACK, AFTER ALL! WELL, goodbye now!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: "SERVICE MEDLEY" KING'S MEN.

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

FIB: I wish you'd take this soy bean stuff serious, Molly. I'm telling you, it's the coming thing. In the post war world---

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes.....COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: Well, I'll be a ---

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...MAYOR LA TRIVIA!!

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

APPLAUSE

MOL: It's awfully nice to see you again, Mr. La Trivia!

GALE: Thanks. It's nice to see you again.

FIB: And you really look salty in the Coast Guard uniform, kid. Look like a combination of Flash Gordon, Superman and Brian Donlevy.

MOL: And healthy, too! Why don't YOU join the Coast Guard, McGee? Don't you get tired of holding your chest in your lap?

GALE: I'm afraid he's a little over age, Mrs. McGee. It's pretty strenuous.

FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, LA TRIVIA. I could take it. I got as much wind now as I had when I was twenty.

MOL: More.

FIB: AHEM. Gonna be in town long, La Trivia?

GALE: No, McGee. In fact, I hope to be shipped out any day now. This is more or less of a fareweM visit. Probably won't see you again for the duration.

MOL: Oh, I'M sorry.

FIB: Whaddye mean, shipped out? Who's gonna guard the coast if the Coast Guard goes away?

GALE: We don't ALL go away, McGee. But don't forget, in wartime the Coast Guard is in the first line of duty. We take the Marines and the army where they're needed and put them ashore. What have you been doing, McGee?

FIB: Personally, I been workin' on some post war plans, on account of this thing is gonna be over any day now and -

GALE: OH DON'T TALK NONSENSE, MCGEE. NOBODY KNOWS HOW LONG IT'S GONNA LAST.

MOL: That's what everybody's been telling him, Mr. La Trivia.

FIB: NOW DON'T YOU GO GIVIN' ME THAT EXPERT BUSINESS, LA TRIVIA. JUST BECAUSE YOU SPENT A FEW HOURS HANGIN' OVER THE RAIL OF A P-T BOAT... .

MOL: What's a P-T Boat?

FIB: That's a boat that was donated by the Parent-Teachers association, ain't it, La Trivia?

GALE: No. P.T. stands for Patrol-Torpedo. Light draft and very speedy. Those are the boats they say can do sixty knots an hour on wet grass. Don't even need water. Just a little humidity.

MOL: How many did the Parents and Teachers donate?

FIB: I dunno. I suppose about -

GALE: THEY DIDN'T DONATE ANY! At least I don't think they did.

MOL: Did you ever inquire?

GALE: Well, no. I don't go around making silly inquiries like that.

FIB: WHAT'S SO SILLY ABOUT THE PARENT TEACHERS DONATIN' BOATS TO THE NAVY, LA TRIVIA? HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY APPRECIATION?

GALE: OF COURSE I HAVE! OR I WOULD HAVE IF I WAS SURE THE PARENT TEACHERS ASSOCIATION HAD DONATED ANY...Oh this is ridiculous!

MOL: I don't know why, Mr. La Trivia. I think it's a mighty fine thing to do, myself.

FIB: I can't understand your attitude, La Trivia. Surely you musta had parents.

MOL: And teachers.

GALE: OF COURSE I DID. I MERELY STATED THAT P.T. DOESN'T STAND FOR PARENT TEACHERS!

FIB: The heck it don't! My sister belongs to 'em, and I'll bet they'd be PRETTY burned up if they knew how you Coast Guard guys felt about their generosity, La Trivia! Wait'll I tell my sister!

GALE: (GETTING MAD) I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THEIR GENEROSITY. I ONLY SAID THAT A PATROL-TEACHER...I MEAN A PARENT-TORPEDO ... ER...YOU SAID THAT P-T STOOD FOR ONE THING AND I SAID IT STOOD FOR ANOTHER. WHY SHOULD A VESSEL DONATE A TEACHER...ER..A PARENT...OH WHY DO I LET YOU GET ME INTO THESE THINGS!!!

MOL: Why do you let US get you in. We didn't get you in.

FIB: You enlisted, and you know it.

GALE: I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT MY ENLISTMENT!

MOL: Why not? It's nothing to be ashamed of.

GALE: (YELLS) I'M NOT ASHAMED OF IT. I'M PROUD OF IT! I LOVE IT!!! I MERELY CAME IN HERE TO SAY GOODBYE, AND YOU
(PAUSE) Excuse me. You dropped something, McGee..

FIB: Eh? Oh, thanks. Just a flock of dough I won at the Bijou theatre, La Trivia.

MOL: Fifty dollars.

GALE: WELL WELL WELL!! There must be a power that watches over me. Hand it here, McGee.

FIB: Eh? Hand what where?

GALE: The fifty. I'll take it.

MOL: YOU'LL take it?

FIB: What's the idea, La Trivia?

GALE: Come come, McGee...don't pretend you don't remember.

MOL: Remember what, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: Our wager, Mrs. McGee. This is December 7th. Two years ago today your husband, bet me fifty dollars the war would be over in two years..

FIB: Oh my gosh...

MOL: I remember that, McGee. Pay off, dearie....

GALE: Thank you.

FIB: Well, gee whizz...my gosh, draggin' that matter up after all this time --

MOL: If you're going to sea, Mr. La Trivia, what do you need money for?

GALE: A VERY GOOD QUESTION, Mrs. McGee. I DON'T need it. Look, will you do something for me?

MOL: What's that, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: Take this money and buy war bonds in my name. When I come back, after the war, I can use it, Otherwise, I can't think of a better Christmas present for Uncle Sam. Oh by the way, McGee...try one of these will you?

MOL: What is it?

GALE: It's a sample concentrated sea biscuit a friend of mine is experimenting with. If it's a success, he'll give the formula to the government. Try it, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CRUNCH, CRUNCH...

FIB: PHAGHHHHHHH!! UHHHH.....PTAHHHHH!! PHOOEY!!

GALE: You don't like it?

FIB: IT'S AWFUL!!

MOI: What's it made of, Mr. La Trivia?

GALE: Soy beans.

FIB: Oh pshaw!!

ORCH: "NATIONAL EMBLEM" -- FADE FOR

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Spending as much time as I do in kitchens, I certainly take my hat off to linoleum manufacturers. They've really made a big contribution toward keeping our homes cheerful and bright. Naturally, they are interested in having your linoleum give the best service possible. If you asked the company that made your linoleum how to take care of it, you know what they'd say, don't you?

First, don't scrub it. Continuous scrubbing wears linoleum out prematurely, breaks it down. Linoleum makers recommend that you protect your linoleum, printed, inlaid or plain, with a floor polish like Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. Then it will wear 6 to 10 times longer--- The tough film of Glo-Coat takes all the wear-- the surface underneath is safe. The beauty of the linoleum is preserved, and colors sparkle. And all of this is yours with practically no work, because Johnson's Glo-Coat is so easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing, you simply apply and let dry. Remember the name -- Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -27-

TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THIS IS DECEMBER 7TH. IT ISN'T A DAY WE'RE GOING TO CELEBRATE, BUT IT'S A DAY WE'RE GOING TO REMEMBER.

OUR BATTLESHIPS AT PEARL HARBOR HAVE STOPPED BURNING. BUT WE HAVEN'T, SO LET'S BUY WAR BONDS AND MORE WAR BONDS THIS WEEK AND EVERY WEEK UNTIL UNCLE SAM SAYS "THAT'S ENOUGH". AND UNTIL HE SAYS IT, IT WON'T BE.

MOL: WE'VE GOT A RESPONSIBILITY THIS CHRISTMAS, TOO. A RESPONSIBILITY TO ALL OUR BROTHERS AND SONS AND FATHERS IN SERVICE. IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO GIVE THIS CHRISTMAS A PURPOSE. AND THAT PURPOSE IS VICTORY AND SECURITY. SO GIVE BONDS THIS YEAR, "THE PRESENT WITH A FUTURE."

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The appearance of Navy personnel on this program does not constitute an endorsement of our product. The character of Mr. Wellington, on this program, was played by Ransom Sherman.

This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight. This program has come to you from Hollywood.
THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

END
OF
REEL