

2/23/51

(2ND REVISION) -2-

- 1 VOB: THE PET MILK PROGRAM -- WITH FISHER HOOVER AND MOLLY!!
- 2 ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:
- 3 VOB: The First Evaporated Milk - Pet Milk - presents Pitber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick Le Grand, Cliff Arquette, Ken Christy, Herb Vigran - and me, Harry Von Zell, pinch hitting for Harlow "None with a Cold" Wilcox. The show is written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and directed by Max Hutto, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!
- 4 ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WIL:

This is the time of year that pancakes for breakfast are especially inviting, so why don't you enjoy a pancake breakfast tomorrow morning! Make plenty of 'em...and make 'em the delicious, melt-in-your-mouth Sago Milk way! Just use your favorite pancake mix...and instead of ordinary milk, use Sago Milk mixed half-and-half with water. Once you taste pancakes made with Sago Milk, you'll never want to make them the old way again! And with butter and syrup on the table...and Sago Milk handy for your coffee...what a wonderful way to start the day! Right now grocery stores are featuring the everyday items needed for making delicious pancakes. Stores are also featuring Mary Lee Taylor's famous pancake recipes. So help yourself to the recipe...take along some Sago Milk...and give that family of yours a real treat tomorrow morning. Pancakes made with Sago Milk! They sure are good!

WICH SLIDE

1 VON: OR ALL THE DIFFERENT WAYS TO CARRY ON A FRED, MR. MOORE
OF 79 WINDFEL VISTA HAS PROBABLY THE SAFEST. HE DOES
HIS FISHING IN WRITING. IN FACT, HE'S WORKING ON A
NASTY LETTER RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN ----

FISHER MOORE AND MOLLY!!!!

2 (APPLAUSE)

3 (SCREECH) SCRATCH OF PEN, BELLING!

4 FIB: (TO SELF) - "and furthermore, Fred - you dirty chiseler,
I still claim."

5 MOL: (FADING IN) Well, how's the letter coming, dearie? Your
pen running dry? You need another bottle of poison? I
mean ink?

6 FIB: Just about finished, Molly and I really poured it on this
time! This letter'll pin Fred Nitney's ears back so far
he can scratch his shoulder blades with 'em! Listen:
(BUSTLE OF PAPER) -(PAUSE) "MR. FRED NITNEY, Starved Rock,
Illinois...Dear Fred You Rat!"

7 MOL: Very concise.

8 FIB: Yep....You think maybe I oughta start it "MY Dear
Fred"??

9 MOL: No... Too formal...After all, you two have known each
other since you were in vaudeville together.

10 FIB: Sure we have. I ain't got a friend in the world that
I hate like I hate Fred Nitney! I been sore at that
chiseler since 1936! That's why every Valentine's Day
we write and tell each other what rats we are!

- 1 MOL: Well, I'm not one to flout tradition, sweetheart - but -
in this case, if I had a good heavy two-handed flout --
about 3 feet long, I'd flout the daylights--
- 2 FIB: Look, Molly - this is serious stuff with me! I
worked hard on this letter. I worked from a dictionary,
even! I hate that guy so much in this letter, I
scare myself!
- 3 MOL: Well, it's probably mutual, I suppose.
- 4 FIB: No it ain't, either. He feels the same way about me!
Did you see the letter that guy wrote me last Valentine's
Day? There's words in there that I STILL don't know what
he called me.
- 5 MOL: Did you look them up?
- 6 FIB: They ain't IN our dictionary!
- 7 MOL: Well, I think it's ridiculous for two grown men to carry
a grudge for fifteen years. I thought you and Fred
Nitsey were bosom friends.
- 8 FIB: We was! I was the best friend he ever had. We went
clean through vaudeville together!
- 9 MOL: You were clean when you finished, I know.
- 10 FIB: When I remember how, when we were broke, I always
shared his last dollar with him -- how I always bought
gas for his 1922 Hupp every time he loaned it to me --
- 11 MOL: Well, what started this feud anyhow - what are you two
mad about?
- 12 FIB: It's funny you should ask me that, Molly - because I
been tryin' to remember all day! I useta know, but I
forgot.

- 1 MCL: For goodness sake! If you don't even know what you're fighting about --
- 2 FIB: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE???? It's the principle of the thing now! Besides, you gotta admit it musta been somethin' pretty dirty to keep me mad this long! Lame readja some more. "Fred, you rat, I been pretty busy lately, you rat - and I ain't had as much time to hate you as I wanted to, Fred - you dirty rat!"
- 3 MCL: You've really been studying that dictionary, haven't you?
- 4 FIB: Yep. "BUT" I say -- "when you done, you rat - what you done to me, you rat - back in 19, you rat, 36, I swear, you rat --"
- 5 SOUND: DOOR CHING!
- 6 FIB: Whb'a that!
- 7 MCL: I don't know - but I hope it's the Pied Piper! COME IN!
- 8 SOUND: DOOR OPENS
- 9 FIB: Oh, hi, Old Timer.
- 10 MCL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.
- 11 OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS! HEY, I BRING YOUR MAIL IN - I'LL PUT IT IN THE HALL HERE!.....HAPPY VALENTINE'S EVE, KIDS!
- 12 MCL: Thank you, Mr. Old Timer. You sending out valentines this year?
- 13 OLD M: Jist one, daughter. Made it myself. It'sfor Bessie!
- 14 FIB: Yeah? (CHUCKLES) Howja ever met Bessie anyhow, Old Timer?

- 1 OLD M: We met through a introduction at the rassin matches,
Johnny.
- 2 MOL: The wrestling matches?
- 3 OLD M: Yep, I'll never forgit it, daughter. The announcer says-
"INTRODUCIN, IN THIS CORNER, MEATHOOK MARCEL, THE
MILWAUKEE MONSTER!" That was Bessie.
- 4 FIB: Migoosh. Love at first sight, huh?
- 5 OLD M: Yep. I whistled at her - Bessie turned around and
threwed me a wink - and the other rasser reached over
and throwed me Bessie!.....Right into my lap.
- 6 FIB: Well, you know what they say, Old Timer - Romance is like
a busted spring in a sofa - it pops up when you least
expect it. Hey, are you goin' past the mailbox when you
leave here? Because mail this letter to that rat Fred
Hitney, will ya?
- 7 OLD M: Glad to, son - I'm gonna mail Bessie's Valentine here
anyhow. Like to see it, daughter?
- 8 MOL: I'd love to.
- 9 OLD M: I bring it. (BATTLE OF PAPER) I cut it outta red crepe
paper and pasted it onto white lace....it ...uh...here it
is. Pretty?
- 10 MOL: (PAUSE) Yes, it ...uh..it's beautifull
- 11 FIB: Gee whis - a red paper football, with a flat end!
- 12 OLD M: THAT'S A HEART, JUDGY!!
- 13 MOL: Why, of course it is, NoGee.

1 FIB: Ooh...Oh sure - I musta had it upside down - or sideways.
What's the harpoon stickin' thru it for? Bessie a
fisherman?

2 MCL: McGee! That's an arrow!

3 FIB: A narrow what? Ohh, a arrow!

4 OLD M: I...uh...I writ a verse on it too, daughter, if you'd
care to hear it.

5 FIB: Mighah, are you a poet, too?

6 OLD M: Son! Come Valentine's Day, anybody's a poet that thinks
he is. The stuff may not always rhyme - but if it's
read by the right party, it's pure poetry!

7 MCL: Well, isn't that a sweet thought!...Go on, read the
verse for us.

8 OLD M: Well, it says - TO BESSIE:

Roses are red,

Oreeniums are pink;

You think you're a beaut,

But I think you're cute!...So long, kids!

9 SOUND: DOOR SLAM

10 MCL: He's quite a character, isn't he, McGee? Oh (SLIGHT
FADE) Here's the mail he brought in. I almost forgot.

11 FIB: Oh yeah! Anything interesting?

12 MCL: (BESSIE IN) Package for you...Oh, and one letter - it's
from your friend, Fred Ret. Er, Fred Nitney.

1 FIB: Oh, him! Read it to me, kiddo, willya?

2 MEL: (RIPS IT OPEN) Well it says "DEAR FIBBER - MY OLD PAL
AND LONG-LOST FRIEND".

3 FIB: Huh? I wonder what he means by that?

4 MEL: I don't know. He says "I have been a fool, old pal" -

5 FIB: He always was.

6 MEL: - "fighting all these years with the best friend I ever
had. I apologize, old friend, for this silly quarrel,
old pal and -"

7 FIB: YOU SURE THAT'S FROM FRED KITCHEN??? Lemme see that
letter! Migoah, there's money in it, too!

8 MEL: Two one-dollar bills. I was coming to that. He says
"I'm returning the 2 bucks I borrowed from you that
started this silly quarrel and lost me the best friend -"

9 FIB: THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT WE WERE SORE ABOUT! I remember
now! Fred's suitcase was in hock, and I hadda loan him
two bucks to get it out - and just because I was the guy
that hocked it, he refused to pay me back. (TOUCHED)
Geehiz, good old Fred finally admits he was wrong, eh?

- 1 MOL: There's more. (RENTLES LETTER) Says "I worked some night clubs in Havana lately and I'm fat! I had them Cubans send you a box of special Coronas -
- 2 FIB: CIGARS!! Is that what that box - Obey!
- 3 MOL: AND - he says "Please accept this peace offering, Old Pal, and let's never quarrel again. Your everlasting now-found old friend - Fred Ritney, Your Pal." (PAUSE) Well?
- 4 FIB: (TOUCHED) Gee-whis, imagine good old Fred - the best friend I ever had - payin' me back the 2 bucks and sendin' me cigars and - ONIGOSH! I GOTTA STOP THAT LETTER OF MINE!.
- 5 MOL: I told you not to write it. The Old Timer's gone - he's had time to mail it by now and -
- 6 FIB: I GOTTA CATCH HIM! Nigosh, you want Old Fred to think I'm a sorehead? Want him to think I'm a guy that carries a grudge!
- 7 MOL: Ohh how could he get that impression? My goodness -
- 8 SOUND: YAKES DOOR OPEN
- 9 FIB: HEY, OLD TIMER! (RENTLES FEEL) WAIT! DON'T MAIL THAT LETTER! HEY!! DON'T MAIL --
- 10 SOUND: "YOU'RE JUST IN LOVE"
- 11 (APPLAUSE)

SECOND SCENE:

- 1 SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES IN B.G.
- 2 FIB: (OUT OF BREATH)and just as I got here, Molly...
he stuffs the letter in this mailbox...and slams the
lid!
(SLAMS LID)
- 3 MOL: Ooh dear.
- 4 FIB: Didn't the luck, anyhow! If Fred gets that letter now,
maybe he won't even want my friendship, Molly! No's
liable to think I don't like him.
- 5 MOL: Oh, he can't be that thin-skinned, surely. Just a few
hundred names and six pages of invitations to drop
dead.
- 6 FIB: Tip this mailbox lid - maybe I can run my hand in
there and -
- 7 MOL: All right, but be careful...(SPINS MAILBOX LID)
- 8 FIB: (STRAINING) If I can - get my hand in - Ahh, that's
better!
- 9 MOL: Can you reach it? Because -
- 10 FIB: (STRAINING) I can feel somethin' in there, but --
let me get the other arm in - (GRUNTS) doggone box
is too deep to - (GRUNT) Oh-oh! (GRUNTS AGAIN)
- 11 MOL: What's the matter? MOZZIE, WHAT'S WRONG?
- 12 FIB: (STRAINS) My arm's caught! Stuck! (STRAINS HARD)
BOTH ARMS!
- 13 MOL: OH NO!
- 14 FIB: (PANICS) MOLLY! I'M CAUGHT!! UP TO THE SHOULDERS!
CAN'T GET MY ARMS OUT!! HELP ME!!

- 1 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! Now, now, take it easy, Doc - be calm! Don't skin your nose up. Maybe we can work them out one at a time and - Wait! There's Doctor Gwable! DOCTOR! DOCTOR GWABLE! OVER HERE!
- 2 FIB: I don't need a doctor, I need a mechanic! Get me a mechan- Oh hi, Doc.
- 3 MOL: Hello, Doctor - I'm so glad to see you.
- 4 DOC: Thank you, Molly. (SHEGIEE SANGHER) Well, well, well - this time we have our hands caught in a mailbox, I see.
- 5 FIB: Never mind the diagnosis, Patback. How do I get loose?
- 6 DOC: How did you get caught?
- 7 MOL: He mailed a letter, Doctor - and now he wants it back. It's to an old friend.
- 8 FIB: Fred Nitney, from Starved Rock, Illinois.
- 9 MOL: Telling him how McGee hates him - but Fred fouled up the whole operation by sending him a present. McGee likes him now. He wants to tear up the letter.
- 10 FIB: (YELLS) WELL, COME ON, DOC. DON'T STAND THERE, YOU BIG HUNKUM! GET ME OUTTA HERE!! COME ON, BATTLEHEAD GET ME LOOSE!
- 11 DOC: You'll be all right, spout-mouth, just take it easy. Let's see now, how did I get the bowling ball off your thumb that time?
- 12 MOL: Oh, Doctor.

- 1 DOC: Oh yes. How did I get the sidewalk grating off his
wrist last year?
- 2 FIB: Saved it off.
- 3 DOC: And the time you got your nose caught in the wringer -
- 4 MOL: Took the rollers off. And the time he got his feet
stuck in the new asphalt paving, we used an air hammer
to -
- 5 DOC: Well, this should be fairly simple. Let's go down to
the house and see what tools we can find, Molly. Maybe
if we loosen the lid a little and grease his arms....
- 6 MOL: All right. (FADING) We'll hurry dearie - you relax.
- 7 DOC: (FADING) Yes - don't go away, McGee.
- 8 FIB: Okay, I'll wait. I don't know how I get into situations
like this, but by George -
- 9 CLIFF: Situations like what, sir?

- 1 FIB: Hah! Oh, I didn't hear you cussin', bud. (FORCED LAUGH)
I - uh - I kinda got my hands caught in this mailbox.
- 2 CLIFF: REALLY? That IS an odd situation, isn't it?
- 3 FIB: Yeah I mailed a letter to a friend of mine and then
decided I should ought to of not - so I reached in the
box for it and singo! Stuck! (EMBARRASSED) Silly, ain't
it?
- 4 CLIFF: (CHUCKLES) You indeed, that IS a ridiculous predicament,
sir. Let us see if I can work your hands loose. (CLIFF
BIX BATTLES) No - they're really in there, aren't they?
- 5 FIB: I need a crowbar or somethin'. You a mechanic by any
chance?
- 6 CLIFF: No sir, I'm a pickpocket by trade, sir. Where do you
carry your wallet?
- 7 FIB: In my left hip pocket and - YOU'RE A WHAT??

- 1 CLIFF: The left hip pocket. (PATS FIB'S HIP) Ah! there it is!
A nice fat one!
- 2 FIB: HERE OUT THAT OUT! COME BACK HERE! GIVE ME WALLET!
- 3 CLIFF: Sorry I can't stay and chat sir. (PADING) Three dollars...
three twenty-five...three twenty-six....
- 4 FIB: HELP! THIEF! HELP!
- 5 INCL: BRIDGE
- 6 SOUND: THUNDER ON PAIL BOX
- 7 MCL: McGee - stop kicking the mailbox! That's government
property.
- 8 FIB: Well geehia - Hey, where's Doc?
- 9 MCL: He got an emergency call from the hospital, but don't you
worry, mother will get your hands loose. I hope. How do
you work this crowbar?
- 10 FIB: That's a monkey wrench, Mally. The crowbar is this --

- 1 VON: (FADING IN) Gosh, there you are, Mrs. McGee! And Mr. McGee!
- 2 MCL: Why yes, we are sir, but -
- 3 VON: Harlow Wilcox asked me to stop by your house - so I did - but you weren't home.
- 4 FID: Well now, that's odd, bud. We were there a couple hours ago. We musta stopped out.
- 5 VON: You know - I figured that! Oh - uh - we met one time, you know - I'm Harry Von Zell.
- 6 MCL: I THOUGHT you looked familiar. Nice to see you, Mr. Von Zell.
- 7 FID: Oh sure....I remember. I'd shake hands with you, Harry, but I got both hands caught in a mailbox.
- 8 VON: Let's see. Well, I'll be darned! (CHUCKLES) You have, at that! That's what Harlow said - "Anything for a laugh, with this McGee", Harlow said. How'd you ever figure this one out, Felt?
- 9 MCL: It wasn't easy, believe me. Where is Mr. Wilcox? At home?
- 10 VON: Yes, he's kind of knocked out with a cold, Mrs. McGee. He asked me to bring you a message but - well, I - well, frankly I forgot what it was. Have you any idea what he--
- 11 FID: Maybe we can give you a clue, bud. Was it anything about F.....K.....??
- 12 VON: (THOUGHTFUL) F.....K.....?? GOSH, Felt! Sure, that's it. Felt - uh -
- 13 MCL: MILK???

- 1 VCH: That's it! Fat Evaporated Milk! Wonderful stuff, Harlow said! Why, do you know that Harlow told me - confidentially of course - he told me that the Fat people just take good sweet whole milk, and evaporate it till it's double-rich!
- 2 FIB: He wants that kept confidential????
- 3 VCH: That's the feeling I got, talking to him. Harlow told me that when you use Fat Milk in cooking, you get all the good milk minerals - and that rich delicious flavor besides! AND vitamin D! Too!
- 4 MCL: You know, I hate to disillusion you, but that's not as big a secret as you seem to -.
- 5 VCH: And, look - Fat Milk actually costs less money than any other form of milk! Harlow said. IMAGINE THAT! If the general public ever found THAT out - if they found out that Fat Milk actually saves them money - Well, you can see what would happen. There might not be enough of it for people like us - friends of Harlow's and -.
- 6 FIB: Look. Harry, boy.
- 7 VCH: Yes, Pal? Oh, I nearly forgot! There was one other thing I was supposed to say to you.

- 1 MCL: What's that?
- 2 VOW: So long, kids. (POUNCE'S PAIR)
- 3 FIB: (BATTLE ROY) Drogone it, I got my hands IN here - why
can't I.
- 4 MCL: Why don't we just forget the letter and go home and - No,
we can't do that.
- 5 FIB: HEY LOOK WHO'S COMING - OLE! He's handy with tools!
He oughta be able to -.
- 6 MCL: Hello, Ole - are we glad to see you!
- 7 FIB: Yeah!
- 8 OLE: Well, hello, missus. Hello, McGee. I can't stop to
visit with you this time. (FADING) I got to get to work
at the Elks Club and -.

1 FIB: HEY, WAIT!

2 MCL: OLE, PLEASE! WAIT A MINUTE.

3 OLE: (FADES IN) Oh, you got trouble, sisus? I shouldn't
have to ask that when I see who's with you.

4 MCL: He's got his hands caught, Ole - in the mailbox.

5 FIB: Yeah - tryin' to get a letter I mailed, out.

6 OLE: Mailed out where?

7 FIB: Out of the mailbox.

8 OLE: Whose letter is it?

9 FIB: It's mine.

10 OLE: Then go home and wait for it, McGee. If you got letter
comin', just wait, it comes. I got to go to work and -

11 MCL: No, no, Ole - it isn't addressed to him, it -

12 FIB: No, it's a letter I wrote to my best friend - tellin'
him how I hate him, only I shouldn't of wrote it because
after all we've went through together, I and him - ours
is the type friendship that the kind of letter I wrote
is liable, that if he gets it, to be right back where
we started.

13 OLE: (FAUSE) Well, I'll figure that out later, McGee. Had
me the crowbar, sisus. You know mail boxes is old stuff
to me. I was once mailmen in Sweden.

14 MCL: You were?

15 OLE: Sure - we deliver mail in all kinds of weather.
Sometimes it rains big rain in Sweden - but we put on
rutter clothes - you know -

- 1 FIB: Raincoats?
- 2 CLF: No, it don't rain coats, it just rains rain in Sweden, McGee.
- 3 FIB: Oh.
- 4 CLF: I gotta drive little cart to deliver the mail. I have hitched to it those little mules with the horns, like Santa Claus use to -.
- 5 WCL: Reindeer.
- 6 CLF: No, it just rains rain in Sweden, Missus. We could always tell when the rain is coming, though. They have big birds in the trees that squeak and make noise -.
- 7 FIB: Rain crows?
- 8 CLF: No, it just -.
- 9 FIB: I KNOW, IT JUST RAINS RAIN IN SWEDEN! Look, Cle, get no loose will ya? Don't pinch my hands now!
- 10 ~~WCL: CAR WHEELS IN WITH SOUND OF BRAKES - DOOR OPENS FAST: REINDEER.~~
- 11 CLF: Don't be a baby! I know what I'm doing! Pull, while I hold this up!

- 1 NOLA: HEAVENLY DAYS, WHAT'S TIME -
- 2 FID: HUH, WHAT DOES HE -
- 3 SPO: ALL RIGHT, DON'T MOVE, YOU GUYS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
- 4 NOLA: WHAT?
- 5 OLE: Oh-Oh! Cop!
- 6 FID: WAIT A MINUTE -
- 7 SPO: PIPE DOWN, YOU!. AND GET YOUR HAND OUT OF THAT MAILBOX!
- 8 FID: Get my hand out, he says!
- 9 NOLA: His hand is stuck! Now look Officer, he was only trying
to get a letter back, out of here!
- 10 SPO: Sure, sure - and you were helping him.
- 11 NOLA: Of course I was!
- 12 SPO: Yeah? And what were YOU doin', Mister?
- 13 OLE: Hey! Oh, I got nothin' to do with it, Officer - I was
just doatin' my time!

14 JOHN AND KING'S MEN: "SO LONG"

ATLANTA

THIRD SCENE

- 1 FIB: You took your good old time about gettin' here, La Trivial!
We been sittin' in this Post Office office for 2 hours
and...
- 2 GALE: Please, McGee! Quiet a minute! What's this all about,
Inspector?
- 3 INSP: Well, they were apparently trying to rob a mailbox, Mr.
Nayor.
- 4 MOL: That's ridiculous!
- 5 INSP: They claimed to know you, so --
- 6 FIB: I'LL TELL IT, INSPECTOR! I'LL TELL IT! I've told this
story 8 times already! I know it by heart!
- 7 INSP: Go ahead. I'm a little sick of hearing it myself.
- 8 GALE: He's sick of it! I got work to do and --
- 9 FIB: Now look, La Triv - it's a very simple, open-and-shut
case.
- 10 MOL: Yes, he opened the mailbox, put his hand in it, and shut
it.
- 11 FIB: Exactly! I mailed a letter! Then I changed my mind!
I didn't WANT it mailed! So I was tryin' to get my
letter back outta the mailbox!
- 12 MOL: And I was trying to get my husband back out of the
mailbox.

1 GALE: I see. And you, Ole?

2 OLE: You know, Mr. Mayor - the more I think about it - the more I wonder what the son of a b--- I WAS doin' there!

3 GALE: Well, Inspector, these people are all friends of mine, Heaven help me! I can at least assure you that they are perfectly honest.

4 FIB: Certainly! Kigosh, it's possible to be a friend of La Trivia's, and still be honest - ain't it, La Triv?

5 GALE: Uh...yes. Very nicely put, McGee.

6 INSP: Well, your say-so is good enough for me on these people, Mr. Mayor. Hand me the letter, Miss Egan....Thank you. Is this the letter you wanted, McGee?

7 FIB: THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! Give it! Boyoboy!

8 INSP: Don't grab! Just sign these affidavits here and it's yours.

9 SOUND: SCRATCH OF FIB, BEHIND:

10 WOL: Thank you, Inspector. I know it was a silly thing to do, but -

11 FIB: There you are! Give that letter! Boy, am I glad to get my hands on this baby! This saves a life-long friendship, La Triv!

12 GALE: I'm so happy for you.

13 FIB: I'll tear this letter in a million - WAIT A MINUTE!

14 INSP: How what?

15 FIB: THIS STAMP HAS BEEN CANCELLED! They got no right to cancel the stamp, because they didn't deliver the letter.

16 INSP: WHAT?

1 MOL: Oh, McGee, don't start -

2 FIB: (CALMLY) According to postal law, Molly, this letter can
go all the way to Fred Nitony for 3¢. But - it ain't
goin' to Fred Nitony. I'm tearin' it up! So according
to law -

3 GALT: McGee. As you know, I am an attorney. May I give you
some good sound legal advice? Free of charge?

4 FIB: Sure, Lo Triv. What's your advice?

5 GALT: GO HOME!!

6 FIB: Okay, come on, Molly!

7 GALT: SHUSH!

8 MOL: Woof! I'm glad to get home, McGee.

9 FIB: Yeah, so too kiddo. It was worth the trouble, though -
to keep that nasty letter from goin' out to Good Old Fred.

10 MOL: Well, I'm glad that stilly mess is over. The idea of two
grown men writing insulting letters to each other over a
foolish little two-dollar loan -

11 FIB: Well, that's all behind us now, tootsie. Any guy that's
man enough to admit I'm right - when I probably ain't -
and sends me a box of two-bit cigars to prove it - that's
a friendship that's bound to last.

12 MOL: Mr-Hax.

13 FIB: Look at that box of cigars, Molly. Straight from Havana,
Cuba!

1 MCL: They do look pretty. If they smell as good as they look -
What's the name say - "Ouy Feskes Corons."

2 FIB: Yep - some imported brand. Fred knows I like Corons
and -

3 MCL: Who is Ouy Feskes - that's a name from history, isn't it?

4 FIB: I think so. Hand me a match, willya? Thanks.

5 MCL: Was it Ouy Feskes who brought tobacco to England?

6 FIB: So, that was an Irishman - Irish Duke, Sir Walter Rilly.

7 SOUND: SQUATCHES MATCH... PUFF... PUFF

8 FIB: Ahhh! Got that wrong, kiddo? Imagine me being sore at
the best friend I ever had? Good Old Fred Witney!
(PUFF PUFF) I'll never say another unkind word about
that boy as long as I -

9 SOUND: BOM!

10 MCL: SCREAMS

11 FIB: (YELPS) IT EXPLODED! A LOADED CIGAR! MY, THAT DIRTY
BAT! HAND ME MY FOUNTAIN PEN! GEMME SOME PAPER! THAT
DIRTY, DOUBLE CROSSING --

12 CRUL: "IT IS NO SECRET".... PAIR FIB:
(AFFLAURS)

1. **VON:** Fibber and Molly return in a moment -- You often hear people say ... "It costs a lot to raise a baby". But remember this, it costs less to raise a baby on **FET Evaporated Milk!** That's true because **FET Milk** costs less generally, than any other form of milk --yet no milk is more beneficial to babies. In **FET Milk** you can be sure your baby gets the milk minerals and vitamin D needed for building sound teeth and bones and for making sure steady growth...and **FET Milk** the first evaporated milk is always safe -- always easy for baby to digest -- and always the same uniform richness. For years doctors have recommended **FET Milk** for babies who need to have milk from a bottle. Ask your doctor about **FET Milk** for your baby.

2. **CHEER:** CHEER UP AND FAIR

1 SOUND: SECTION OF FIB. NEWS

2 FIB: (TO SELF) ... "and Fred, you dirty rat, I got a great paltroon to poke you right in the nose! Furthermore--"

3 MOL: Wait a minute! A great what?

4 FIB: "Paltroon". English word.

5 MOL: I know, but I don't think it means --

6 FIB: (PATIENTLY) I got the dictionary right here, ictale, take a look. Says "POLTROON" - a crown. C...H...A...Y...K...N." SO- I got a great paltroon to poke that guy right in the -

7 MOL: No, NoNo.

8 FIB: Oh, Goodnight.

9 MOL: Goodnight, all.

10 SOUND: THEME.....FIBER FIB

11 VON: The First Evaporated Milk - Fat Milk - brings you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

12 SOUND: THEME UP AND BOARD FIBER FIB

MEMORANDUM

1. VERNE: Almost everyone has a relative who is somewhat of a problem because he isn't like the rest of the family. And next Saturday morning you're going to hear about Sally Carter's problem-relative...in Pet Milk's Story of the Week on the Mary Lee Taylor program. Be sure to tune in for...."Uncle Charlie". Along with this wonderful story, you'll hear the recipe for a mighty wonderful dessert -- Mary Lee Taylor's CHERRY CREAM PIE. It's just about the most popular dessert ever to come from the Pet Milk Kitchen -- so don't miss it. Next Saturday morning, turn your dial to NBC for Pet Milk's Mary Lee Taylor.