

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

Trouble with Grammar

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CAST:

HARLOW WILCOX:

MCGEE:

MOLLY:

LENA:

TEENY:

DOC GAMBLE (Arthur Q. Bryan)

Mr. WIMPLE (Bill Thompson)

MAYOR LATRIVIA: (Gale Gordon)

SFX: Shade Flap Hammering Door Open/ Close Doorbell Knocking Pull shade down
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HARLOW WILCOX: The Johnson's Wax Program with Fibber McGee & Molly.

(MUSIC)

HARLOW WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's wax products for home industry presents Fibber McGee and Molly, with guests Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Gene Carol and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, music by the King's Men and Bill's Orchestra.

(MUSIC)

HARLOW WILCOX: By now you're probably through with spring cleaning, now that your house is a picture. But how is it going to look a couple of months from now? Dirt does tend to come in and spoil your good work, doesn't it? Well, that's why you ought to make sure your home is wax protected right now. Believe me, a coat of Johnson's wax works wonders in keeping things shining clean Polish your floors with Johnson's Wax, and weeks from now they'll still have a mellow smooth wax luster. The only cleaning they'll need is a light dusting from time to time. That goes for your furniture and woodwork too, and a hundred other things around your home. An occasional shining coat of Johnson's Wax not only gives everything it touches a lovely bright polish, it protects things against dirt and moisture, makes them easy to dust. Why not this wonderful wax method of housekeeping? Wax makes your housework so much easier and nothing else gives you such a bright charming home for so little cost. Johnson's Wax. Paste, liquid or cream.

(MUSIC)

HARLOW WILCOX: Well, the handyman about the house is at it again. Yes, with a hammer in his hot little hand, and a bruise on his fat little thumb, he's fixing a few things...

(SFX: SHADE FLAP)

HARLOW WILCOX: What was that?

MCGEE: Window shade.

MOLLY: He's fixing it.

HARLOW WILCOX: Oh. As I was saying, the handyman is at it again as we join Fibber McGee and Molly.

(SFX: HAMMERING)

MCGEE: (humming to himself) Ah. There. It's fixed now.

(SFX: TESTING SHADE)

MOLLY: For good?

MCGEE: For good.

MOLLY: Good.

MCGEE: Took me a while to get around to it but now that I did it I...

MOLLY: Please now, McGee. Not, "I did it," say, "I have done it."

MCGEE: Yeah, but you ain't the one who done it. I done it myself, and now that I did it, I don't...

MOLLY: McGee.

MCGEE: Huh?

MOLLY: Have you taken a peek at your English lately? It's terrible.

MCGEE: What do you mean, my English is terrible? I'm the only guy at the Elk's Club that can spin a cue ball hard enough to make it change direction in the middle... Oh. Oh, you mean my talkin' English.

MOLLY: Why sure. Your grammar, you're getting very careless.

MCGEE: I am?

MOLLY: Sure. Fore instance, you know it isn't correct to say "Ain't."

MCGEE: Yeah, but you know what Will Rodgers said. "A lot of people that ain't sayin' ain't, ain't eatin'." And I'm eatin', ain't I?

MOLLY: Just the same dear, it's a bad example. Children hear you and repeat what you say. You know, grown people have to set an example.

MCGEE: Well, maybe you're right, kiddo. I'll watch it after this.

MOLLY: Good.

MCGEE: After all, I studied English in High School and I ain't the type of guy who forgets everything that he ever...

MOLLY: watch it, now.

MCGEE: Oh. Oh. Oh. I say, I'm not the type of individual whom upon graduation relegates his education...

(SFX: WINDOW SHADE FLAPS)

Dad rat that Dad Ratted window shade! If that ain't exasperating. I thought when I fixed that I done a good job, but that's the bumest job I ever did.

MOLLY: Oh, McGee, that's awful.

MCGEE: I know it is. The spring don't catch good. It ain't never gonna catch good if something ain't done. Shouda went to the Hardware store and brung home a new spring. And if I had knew this was a happened that's what I woulda did.

MOLLY: McGee.

MCGEE: huh?

MOLLY: Would you please repeat that sentence?

MCGEE: Sure. I said, I shoulda went to the ... I shoulda *gone* to the hardware store and brung home.. brought home...

MOLLY: (Laughs)

MCGEE: My gosh, I *are* getting kinda sloppy, aren't I? Maybe I better go to night school this summer. Let 'em learn me good English all over again.

MOLLY: Teach you.

MCGEE: Yeah, I certainly am gettin careless.

MOLLY: You don't have to go to night school. I'll keep checking you.

MCGEE: Oh.

MOLLY: And I have a book on correct usage around here someplace. Maybe Lena knows where it is. Lena! Oh, Lena!

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

LENA: I think I know exactly the book you mean, honey. Isn't that the one called, "Lay that adverb down, babe." or, "Who threw the infinitive in Mrs. Murphy's predicate?"

MOLLY: That's the one, Lena. Mr. McGee wants to read it. He's having a little trouble with his participles.

LENA: Oh, the poor man. You know, my father had trouble with his participles and they finally had to operate.

MCGEE: What'd they think he had, Lena?

LENA: Three hundred dollars.

MOLLY: No, what did they operate on him for?

LENA: Two hundred and seventy five.

MCGEE: Now, we're gettin' off the subject, Lena, I want to read this book because my wife thinks my grammar needs rebearing.

LENA: Well, it's awful important to speak good English, Mr. McGee. What if you should want to go to England sometime? Gosh, you'd feel awful if you just had to point at things you wanted.

MOLLY: Like the crown jewels, or something.

LENA: Yes. You know, my brother was going to Ireland once and he studied Garlic for six weeks before he did.

MCGEE: Not *Garlic*, Lena, in Ireland they speak *Gaelic*.

LENA: He knows that now, Mr. McGee. But you know, for six weeks nobody could get close enough to him to tell him.

MOLLY: Did, uh... did he like Ireland, Lena?

LENA: Well, he had a pretty rough time in Dublin, honey. You see, he owns a big citrus grove in Arizona, and when they asked him what did he do for a living, he told them he was an Orange Man. He raises walnuts now. Well, I'll try and find your book for you, honey.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

MCGEE: Well, I'd better get this window shade fixed again, Molly, I can't have that thing scaring the bejunior out of everybody.

(SFX: KNOCKING)

MOLLY: I think you'll be glad you brushed up on your grammar, dearie. It'll help you socially, too.

MCGEE: Well, believe me, baby. From now on I watch my language. I ain't gonna... I mean, I ain't... I mean...I'm not going to permit myself ever again to lapse into vulgarity.

MOLLY: That's my boy. I know you can do it if you try.

MCGEE: Ah, sure I can. I'll bet you anything you want to bet that I don't say "ain't" again today.

MOLLY: Well, people told me when I married you that I was a born gambler, so I'll just take that wager.

MCGEE: Good. Five bucks, huh? From the first one that says "ain't."

MOLLY: Five dollars it is.

MCGEE: Yeah.

MOLLY: I'm going out and help Lena find that book of grammar. You can't get started on this thing too soon, you know.

MCGEE: O.K., tootsie.

(SHE EXITS)

MCGEE: Ah, there goes a good kid. She thinks I don't know the difference between good grammar and bum grammar. Ha ha ha ha. And I don't think I do either. As long as she don't think I don't think I know I think what she thinks I don't...

(SFX: DOORBELL)

MCGEE: Come in, thank goodness.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

TEENY: Hi, mister.

MCGEE: Oh, Hello there, Teeny

TEENY: (giggles)

MCGEE: To what, my dear, must we attribute the honor of this unexpected visitation?

TEENY: Well I was... you feel OK, Mister? You talk kinda funny.

MCGEE: (chuckles) Well, perhaps your little ears aren't accustomed to the sound of perfect grammar and good English, sis. For your information, I have resolved to forgo vulgarity in my speech. I'm kicking the friction out of my diction.

TEENY: Gee, that's dandy, I betcha. My teacher, Miss Yankley, says that slang may be picturesque, but it's too quickly a reference of the uneducated.

MCGEE: Well... eh... oh. She did, eh?

TEENY: And she... Hm?

MCGEE: I said, "She did, eh?"

TEENY: Did what?

MCGEE: She said that.

TEENY: Said what?

MCGEE: (getting flustered) What you said!

TEENY: Who?

MCGEE: Your teacher, Miss Yankley.

TEENY: I am not. That's exactly what she said, I betcha. She says learned persons rarely use slang.

MCGEE: That's right, that's right./ Your teacher's cookin on the front burner now, sis. She's hep. As a matter of fact, I got a little bet on with my wife, sis, that I'll never say "A-I-N-T" again. I bet her five bucks.

TEENY: I'm pretty good in grammar, too, I betcha.

MCGEE: Yeah?

TEENY: You know the eight parts of speech, mister?

MCGEE: (chuckling) Oh-ho, are you kidding, sis? Ha-ha. That's elementary. My gosh,. Any dumbbell knows the eight parts of speech. Lungs, vocal chords, throat, tongue, teeth, lips, cheeks, and if you talk like I do, the nose.

TEENY: Oh, that isn't right, I betcha.

MCGEE: No?

TEENY: No. It's verb, adverb, noun, pronoun, adjective, interjection, conjunction and preposition.

MCGEE: (laughs) Hey, maybe I'd better write those down. Let me see now. Verse, adverse, noun, adnoun, injection, confusion, objective and proposition. Thanks very much.

TEENY: Aw, don't mention it, mister. (giggle) Oh, boy, are you ever in trouble.

MCGEE: Yeah?

TEENY: I could give you one other tip that would help you a lot, too, I betcha.

MCGEE: Yeah?

TEENY: Our teacher told it to us.

MCGEE: Well, spill it, sis, spill it.

TEENY: It's a little trick, and our teacher says if you learn it really good you won't hardly ever make any mistakes in grammar at all, I betcha.

MCGEE: No kiddin? Well, gee whiz, come on, let's have it. What do I have to do?

TEENY: (giggle)

MCGEE: Huh?

TEENY: Well, first you close your mouth real tight.

MCGEE: Yeah, yeah, yeah. And then what?

TEENY: That's all. Just hold it. (giggles) Can't go wrong. So long, mister.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

(MUSIC)

HARLOW WILCOX: Billy Mills and his orchestra with "I believe"

(MUSIC ENDS)

MOLLY: Well, are you getting any value off that grammar book I gave you, McGee?

MCGEE: Not much. NO pictures in it. Huh. Just words.

MOLLY: Well I suppose it would be just as helpful if I corrected you now and then. You won't mind, will ya?

MCGEE: Mind? I should say not, baby. Anytime my adverbs come loose, you just give me a swift boot in the conjunction.

MOLLY: (laughs) Very well.

MCGEE: But, I say, my dear, I don't suppose one's use of an occasional colloquialism is of sufficient importance to disqualify one?

MOLLY: How's that again, dearie?

MCGEE: I was referring to idiomatic expressions, my dear. The minor variations of language to be heard in geographically separated communities, constructions typical of definite localities.

MOLLY: Look, sweetheart, let's call the whole thing off, will ya.

MCGEE: No, no. I'm serious about this, kiddo. I realize I've been careless with my language. I'm making a genuine effort.

MOLLY: Well, alright. But if I'd know what I was getting into, I'd

(SFX: DOORBELL)

MCGEE: Enter.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

MOLLY: Oh, Dr. Gamble, McGee. Hello, Doctor.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

DOC GAMBLE: Good day, my dear. And how are you, smudgepot?

MCGEE: Smudgepot, sir? I trust you will not take it amiss, Doctor, if I should point out the use of slang by a person of education is an indication of deterioration. To an individual of professional eminence, the utterance of gutter expressions is somewhat appalling.

DOC GAMBLE: May I sit down.

MOLLY: Pray do, Doctor.

DOC GAMBLE: I had a patient, once, who talked like that—a professor. He had six university degrees and was shot playing the piano in the beer garden.

MCGEE: Well, it was jolly good of you to stop by, Governor. Molly, leave us have some tea and sandwiches.

MOLLY: "Let us," McGee.

MCGEE: Yes, leave us have some lettuce sandwiches. And a spot of tea, too.

MOLLY: Would you like some tea, Doctor. It won't be a bit of trouble.

MCGEE: Very stimulating, old chap. Quite a tonic. Full of tonic acid, you know.

DOC GAMBLE: It's "Tannic acid." And will you please stop yammering like a stock company Englishman? Molly, I have seen this tenderized ham strike more poses than a Gus Sun acrobat. But this one has me baffled. Who does he think he is today, Lord Eager Beaverbrook?

MCGEE: Oh, come now, my good Medical.

MOLLY: (laughs)

MCGEE: Surely, when one makes a conscious effort to improve oneself, leave us give a little credit to him.

DOC GAMBLE: What were those last words again?

MCGEE: I said, "Leave us give to him a little credit."

MOLLY: You shouldn't say, "Leave us," McGee.

DOC GAMBLE: Oh yes he should. And I think I will. Good day.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

MCGEE: I say something wrong?

MOLLY: Yes, pet. "Leave us do this or that," is not correct.

MCGEE: Huh?

MOLLY: It should be, "let us," or, "allow us," or, "permit us."

MCGEE: Oh. I see. Well anyway I haven't said that certain word.

MOLLY: You mean...

MCGEE: A-I-N-T.

MOLLY: (laughs) I know. And I'm proud of you McGee. If everybody...

(SFX: WINDOW BLIND FLAPS)

MCGEE: Dad-rat, that Dad-ratted window shade. If that *isn't* the most exasperating thing. I thought I had that fixed. I done it four times and I...

MOLLY: You *did* it four times.

MCGEE: Yeah, I did it four times. And if anybody thinks I'm gonna spend all my time messing around with a screwdriver and a hammer trying to fix it, then...

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

HARLOW WILCOX: Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

MCGEE: Good day, my boy.

HARLOW WILCOX: The door was closed, so I walked right in.

MOLLY: Uh, we'd have left it open, but you might have thought we were out.

MCGEE: That's the silliest conversation I ever heard. And I've heard plenty of them in twelve years.

MOLLY: Anything on your mind, Mr. Wilcox.

HARLOW WILCOX: Not a thing, Molly, Not a thing.

MCGEE: Nice of you to stop in, my boy. Have a cigar.

HARLOW WILCOX: Well, thanks, pal, I've got one.

MCGEE: You got two? Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner. Well, what do you think of the crisis in Indochina, old chap? Do you think the territorial aims of the provincial government will predominate the military spearhead? Or is it your opinion that certain powers will subsidize a mandate? Or neither?

HARLOW WILCOX: What are you talking about?

MOLLY: He's just exercising his English, Mr. Wilcox. This is "be kind to participles" week around here.

MCGEE: I decided I was talking much too sloppy.

HARLOW WILCOX: Well, I wish you luck, pal. There's nothing like good grammar to make an impression on people.

MOLLY: My very words, Mr. Wilcox.

MCGEE: Yeah, but you can get into trouble with ordinary words, too.

HARLOW WILCOX: How's that?

MCGEE: Well, remember Molly? Remember that little town of Belle, back in Illinois.

MOLLY: Belle?

MCGEE: Yes.

MOLLY: Belle, Illinois. Oh sure I do. Where they have the hat factory.

MCGEE: Yeah. Made wonderful hats down there. Sold like hotcakes. In fact, they went so fast that everybody used to say that things went like a "Hat outta Belle." Ordinary words, but I always got spanked for sayin 'em.

HARLOW WILCOX: I see what you mean. Well, I've got to be pretty careful with my speech, too, you know. Minute I make a mistake, Racine shoots me a telegram that curls my hair.

MOLLY: So that explains it. I always thought you had a natural wave, Mr. Wilcox.

MCGEE: I don't believe I ever heard you pull any bum grammar, junior.

HARLOW WILCOX: Oh, I did once. Long time ago. It was awful.

MCGEE: Mm-hm?

HARLOW WILCOX: I said something about how Johnson's Wax was the finest protection that money can buy for floors, furniture and woodwork.

MCGEE: Nothing wrong with that.

HARLOW WILCOX: No. And then I said, "It not only imparts a brilliant luster that resists dust and dampness, but gives your home and atmosphere of hospitality and friendliness."

MOLLY: What was wrong with that?

HARLOW WILCOX: Nothing so far. But listen to this.

MCGEE: Mm-Hm.

HARLOW WILCOX: I said, "for time and labor saving protection, for the sparkling beauty that increases the pride of possession and gives new values to your worldly goods, use Johnson's Wax. Always."

MCGEE: Where was the bad grammar?

HARLOW WILCOX: In the next line.

MCGEE: Oh.

HARLOW WILCOX: When I said, "Use Johnson's Wax on your floors, furniture, woodwork, leather goods, window sills, and ammo services, to always have an inviting home." Get it?

MOLLY: No.

HARLOW WILCOX: I split an infinitive.

MCGEE: Noooo.

HARLOW WILCOX: I said, "to always have," instead of, "always to have," or, "to have always."

MCGEE: Oh! Waxy, this is terrible. I'm surprised at you.

HARLOW WILCOX: But pal, I was only...

MCGEE: That's enough! That's enough. The water is under the dam.

MOLLY: Dearie, he said that was a long time ago.

MCGEE: Please, my dear. He has abused our hospitality. Anybody that would split an infinitive would steal the silverware.

HARLOW WILCOX: (down) I know. I agree with you, pal. And you know what I'm gonna do?

MOLLY: Steal the silverware?

HARLOW WILCOX: No. Go home.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

MOLLY: Wasn't that a little harsh, dearie? Splitting an infinitive is not a hanging offense, you know.

MCGEE: Well, I'm not the type of guy that is too quick to always condemn a man. I ...

MOLLY: Yeah, but you just split one yourself.

MCGEE: What? I did? My Gosh, is it that easy? I been too hasty with Harlow, I guess.

MOLLY: Well I hope he forgives you.

MCGEE: Yeah.

MOLLY: Otherwise we'll never see him again. At least, till next Tuesday. Pull that shade down again, will you, McGee?

MCGEE: Sure.

MOLLY: It looks terrible.

MCGEE: Sure.

(SFX: PULLS SHADE DOWN)

MCGEE: Well, it looks like you wouldn't win that bet, eh, Kiddo? I haven't said that word.

MOLLY: Nah. Mother's proud of you. I never thought you could do it.

MCGEE: He, he. Well my English is O.K. when I stop to think. It used to bother me when I was a young fella, but it never gives me no trouble now

MOLLY: Never give me ANY trouble, McGee.

MCGEE: You either? Well it shouldn't bother nobody if they just stop to...

(SFX: DOORBELL)

MOLLY: Come in.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

MOLLY: Oh, McGee, it's Mr. Wimple. Come in, Mr. Wimple.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

MCGEE: Hi, Whimp.

WIMPLE: Hello, folks.

MOLLY: Have a chair, Mr. Wimple.

WIMPLE: No thank you, Mrs. McGee, I can't sit down.

MCGEE: Too busy, Whimp?

WIMPLE: NO. Too bruised, Mr. McGee. Sweetieface—that's my big old wife—Sweetieface spanked me this afternoon. I was naughty.

MOLLY: Heavenly days, Mr. Wimple, she actually spanked you?

WIMPLE: Yes. But I fooled her. (chuckles) I stuck my bird book in the back of my britches.

MCGEE: Your *what*, Whimp?

WIMPLE: My bird book. After my spanking, I found that two blackbirds, a bobolink and a blue jay were badly battered.

MOLLY: What brought this all on, Mr. Wimple. What did you do?

WIMPLE: Oh, I guess I was a bit mischievous, Mrs. McGee.

MCGEE: Yeah?

WIMPLE: (chuckles) I... I never should have put that turtle in her girdle.

MCGEE: My gosh, Whimp, you put a turtle in her girdle?

WIMPLE: Yes. (chuckles) I didn't know it was the one she was going to wear this morning.

MOLLY: (chuckles) Where'd you get the turtle, Mr. Wimple?

WIMPLE: Well, a friend of mine sent it to me, Mrs. McGee. He borrowed my car for a long trip and several days later I got a package and a letter that said, "Dear, Wallace. Your car turned turtle. Take good care of it. Regards, Charlie." (chuckles) Wasn't that ridiculous? And when the mailman delivered it, he made a terrible mistake.

MCGEE: What did *he* do, Whimp?

WIMPLE: Well, he was just handing me the package when Sweetieface walked in, and the mailman said, "Maybe your mother would like to sign for it, sonny."

MCGEE: Ohhh.

WIMPLE: Oh, that was bad.

MCGEE: (under) That was bad.

WIMPLE: A pall was cast over the whole room.

MOLLY: Really, Mr. Wimple?

WIMPLE: Yes. Paul. That's our mailman's name. Goodbye.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

(MUSIC)

HARLOW WILCOX: The King's Men and "Ain't we got fun?"

MCGEE: Hey, Molly.

MOLLY: Yes, dearie.

MCGEE: There's still a lot of things about grammar and English that I don't understand.

MOLLY: Such as what?

MCGEE: Well I'm writin' a letter to the House Committee of the Elk's Club, see?

MOLLY: Yes?

MCGEE: I'm puttin' in a complaint because last Wednesday and last Thursday while I was sleeping in a chair, somebody give me a hotfoot. Both days.

MOLLY: So?

MCGEE: Well, I don't know if I should say "Somebody give me two hotfoots," or "two hotfeet."

MOLLY: Well, that's simple, dearie. Just say, "Wednesday I was given a hotfoot, also Thursday."

MCGEE: Oh, good, that's the way I'll...

(SFX: DOORBELL)

MOLLY: Come in.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

MOLLY: Oh, it's Mayor LeTrivia. Good day, your Honor.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Good day, Molly. Hello, McGee.

MCGEE: How do you do, Mr. Mayor? Decent of you to stop by, you know? One is always glad to welcome one's old friends when one's old friends drop in... on one.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: (not sure what to make of that.) Ah, how true.

MOLLY: If himself seems a bit stuffy today, Mr. Mayor, don't worry about it. He's improving on his English.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Really? That's very interesting. McGee.

MCGEE: Yeah? And I can do it, too. Lot's of dumber guys than I am have learned theirselves grammar.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Taught themselves, McGee.

MCGEE: How can they have taught themselves if they hadn't learned theirselves first?

MOLLY: Very good point, dearie.

MCGEE: As a matter of fact, I and Molly have got a little bet on it, Triv. Five bucks from the first one that says A-I-N-T.

MOLLY: (chuckles)

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Well, I wish you both luck. I remember I had a little trouble in school with English myself.

MCGEE: You did, LeTriv?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Yes. Somehow or other I couldn't seem to keep my tenses straight.

MOLLY: Your *what*, Mr. Mayor?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: My tenses.

MCGEE: (laughs) Oh, you don't mean *tenses*, boy you mean tense. Tent is singular, you see, plural is Tents.

MOLLY: (chuckles) Yeah. No wonder you had trouble with your English if you went around talking that way.

MCGEE: (chuckles) Yeah, I suppose you read bookses, smoked pipeses and drank cokeses all day.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: I beg your pardon? I merely said that I had...

MOLLY: Say, what are you doing with a tent in school anyway, Your Honor? Playing Indian?

MCGEE: He was probably in military school, Molly.

MOLLY: Oh.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: I was *not* in scilitary mool.

MCGEE: Hm?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Eh, military school. The tenses I had trouble with were not tents to live in. They were...

MCGEE: A tent was never built to live in, LeTriv. I remember the trouble we had with them pup tentses in the First World War. The Big War.

MOLLY: (chuckles) Pup tents were the ones where you stuck your head out in the rain and your dogs in the tents, weren't they?

MCGEE: Yeah, they were so small...

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Please, please. I'm not talking about pup tents. I simply meant...

MCGEE: Don't matter what kind you meant, LeTriv, they're all trouble. I mind one time the pole fell down on the mess tent. Right at chow time, the pole fell down in on the mess tent. Of all the messes I've ever saw, that mess in the mess tent was the worst messed up mess I ever...

MAYOR LATRIVIA: No, no, no, please. Please. This is ridiculous.

MOLLY: It is?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Yes. Let me start all over.

MOLLY: Go ahead, your Honor. It'll probably come out the same way, but try it.

MCGEE: Sure, we'll go along with you, boy. We're game.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: All right. Now, when I was in Grammar School, some of my English exercises gave me a little trouble.

MOLLY: Made you sore, did they?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Did *what* make me sore?

MCGEE: The exercises you took in English. What were they, settin' up exercises? Maybe you're muscle bound, maybe you got a charley horse, maybe...

MAYOR LATRIVIA: I don't have a charley bound muscle horse!

MCGEE: Huh?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: (getting flustered) I didn't say anything about exercising tanvas kents,

MOLLY: Well you said...

MAYOR LATRIVIA: (running over) ...eh, canvas tents. WHEN I SAID THE FIRST TENSE... THE PAST TENSE...

MCGEE: You said that...

MAYOR LATRIVIA: YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO PUP DOWN IN THE DRAG TENT... DRAG DOWN IN THE PUP PENTS! TENTS! TENSE! I MERELY SAID MY PAST TROUBLE WAS A TWOSHER PENSE...PENTS... TENTS... I NEVER.... YOU... ULP... (pause. Calming way down.) McGee?

MCGEE: Yes?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: I'd like to know one thing.

MOLLY: What is it, your Honor?

MAYOR LATRIVIA: How did he ever get...

(SFX: SHADE FLAPPING UP.)

MOLLY: Dad rat, that dad ratted shade. If that ain't the most exasperating...

MCGEE: Molly!

MOLLY: What?

MCGEE: You said the word, Molly.

MOLLY: Ohhhh.

MCGEE: You said A-I-N-T. Five bucks, please.

MOLLY: Here you are and money well spent.

MCGEE: Huh?

MOLLY: Oh, what a relief.

MCGEE: (laughs) You ain't kiddin', kiddo. Here's your dough back. It ain't worth the strain.

MAYOR LATRIVIA: Ain't it the truth.

(MUSIC)

HARLOW WILCOX: You know, if you have a nice home or apartment, you like to keep it looking it's best, don't you? The same with your clothes. You'd never dream of going around in a dress that was soiled and spotty. Then why is it that so many people let their automobiles get dirty and gloomy looking? Now if it cost a lot of money and required a lot of hard work to keep it clean and shining, there might be some excuse for driving around in a dingy looking car. But with "Johnson's Car Nu," well, car polishing is really quick and easy. "Car Nu" both polishes and clean in one quick application. Does two jobs at once. There just isn't any other car polish that's easier to use. You simply apply "Car Nu" rubbing only hard enough to loosen the road grime. Let it dry to a white powder, wipe it off, and in no time will your car be spotless with a bright shining polish to be proud of. Why not take a tip from millions of other enthusiastic car owners, and clean and polish your family bus with the quick polishing "Johnson's Car Nu" this week. "Car Nu" is spelled C-A-R-N-U. "Johnson's Car Nu." A really swell car polish.

(MUSIC SWELLS AND FADES)

MCGEE: You know somethin', Molly? I been checking my grammar against this book. And I'm a very superior guy.

MOLLY: Well, good for you.

MCGEE: You betcha. This book lists forty common errors that most people make at some time or other.

MOLLY: And?

MCGEE: I got sixty seven that *I* make every *day*. I'm way *above* the average.

MOLLY: Well, fine.

MCGEE: Good night.

MOLLY: Good night, all.

(MUSIC)

HARLOW WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's wax products, for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Good night.

HARLOW WILCOX: This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

(MUSIC FADES)