

# Gildersleeve for Mayor!

BY RICHARD BILEK

*Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve and the Jolly Boys — Judge Horace Hooker, Floyd the barber, Mr. Peavey the druggist, and Police Chief Gates — are obliged to break up their songfest at a rather early hour because of Summerfield Mayor Swindell's 9 p.m. "noise law." Gildy and the others are upset when they discover the Mayor had the law passed because his wife likes to go to sleep at 9 p.m.! The only way to repeal the law, they reason, is to defeat the Mayor in the next election. So the Jolly Boys name their own candidate to oppose Swindell: Gildersleeve. Everyone except Judge Hooker, who is the Mayor's brother-in-law, is in favor of Gildy running for office.*

HOOKER: That's the silliest idea I've ever heard of.

GILDY: (Frustrated) What's so silly about it?

HOOKER: I'll tell you. For one thing, you wouldn't stand a chance against Mayor Swindell. He's been Mayor for the past sixteen years.

GILDY: So?

HOOKER: And another thing. You're not even married. How would that look, an unmarried man for Mayor?

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*Nostalgia Digest* reader and Old Time Radio fan **RICHARD BILEK** of Cicero, Illinois submitted this original radio script based upon the characters from the *Great Gildersleeve* programs. While space does not permit us to reprint his entire script, we're happy to share his story along with selected excerpts from the script. We hope this will enhance your enjoyment of our 50th Anniversary celebration of the Gildersleeve broadcasts.

GILDY: (Angered) Oh, you old windbag. Why don't you blow?

HOOKER: I'm merely trying to tell you that you wouldn't stand a chance against the current Mayor.

GILDY: Oh, is that so? You think you know everything? Just because he's your brother-in-law —

HOOKER: That has nothing to do with it!

GILDY: We'll see, Horace. You old goat!

*So Gildersleeve becomes a candidate for Mayor. He starts his campaign in front of the Summerfield Courthouse where a crowd begins to gather.*

GILDY: (Boastful) So, my fellow citizens, we need a new Mayor in Summerfield, to stop new laws from appearing out of thin air.

HOOKER: Hello, Gildy.

GILDY: Good morning, Hooker. What are you doing here?

HOOKER: I have traffic court today. Tell me, Candidate Gildersleeve, do you have a permit to assemble here?

GILDY: Permit, Judge? Whatever do you mean?

HOOKER: All persons wishing to speak or assemble in, around or near a public place must first have a permit to do so. Where's yours, Gildy?

GILDY: (Laughing) A funny thing, Judge, old friend. It seems I didn't know of this law.

HOOKER: (Smugly) Ignorance of the law is no excuse, Candidate. Now, will you



move along and break up this little gathering, or should I summon the law?

GILDY: (Bravely) You wouldn't dare!

HOOKER: Oh, yes, I would.

GILDY: By George, I believe you would. Okay, folks, run along. I've said what needs to be said.

HOOKER: (Fading away) Remember, Gildy, I'll be watching you.

SFX: Footsteps.

GILDY: (Angry) Why that old goat!

LEILA: (Approaching) Why, hello Throckmorton. What's the matter?

GILDY: Hello, Leila. It's Judge Hooker.

LEILA: What has the Judge done now?

GILDY: He told me I had to have a permit to speak in front of the Courthouse. He even went so far as to say he'd call the law.

LEILA: Why the very idea! I know you and the Judge have had your differences, but I never thought he'd go so far as to call the law.

GILDY: I think he's just sore because I dare to run against his brother-in-law.

LEILA: Well, come along. We'd better get to my house.

GILDY: Your house, Leila? (Giggles) What do you have in mind?

LEILA: Not what you think, Throckmorton. You promised to speak before my womens' club today. Have y'all forgot?

GILDY: Good heavens! Is that today?

LEILA: Yes. Now come along. You don't want to be late.

GILDY: But, Leila . . .

LEILA: Throckmorton! You promised, and a promise is a promise.

GILDY: All right, if I promised. (Sighs) This is gonna be one of my bad days.

*Gildy's on the campaign trail, trying to gather enough votes to get him elected Mayor so he can repeal the 9 p.m. noise law, thus permitting the Jolly Boys to continue their weekly songfests. After a few weeks of campaigning, he is only a few points ahead of Mayor Swindell in the popularity poll. Worried that her uncle will lose the election, Marjorie discusses the situation with Leila Ransom.*

SFX: Knock on door; door opens.

LEILA: Why, Marjorie. What can I do for you.?

MARJ: Hello, Mrs. Ransom. May I come in?

LEILA: Yes, of course. Come right in. What's wrong, Honey?

MARJ: I'm worried about Uncle Mort's chances in the election.

LEILA: I know what you mean. My womens' club, the Daughters of Summerfield, is behind him a hundred percent. But I'm afraid that's just not good enough.

MARJ: Have you any ideas about how we can raise Uncle Mort's popularity? We haven't much time.

LEILA: If we could only get an important

## GILDERSLEEVE FOR MAYOR!

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*election results to the Gildersleeve Campaign Headquarters.*

figure in town to support your Uncle, he'd be sure to win.

MARJ: The only person other than the Mayor with pull in this town is Judge Hooker. He'd never support Unky against his own brother-in-law.

LEILA: Hmmm. I have a plan, Marjorie. You run along home and leave everything to me.

MARJ: What do you have in mind?

LEILA: Never you mind. Just leave everything to Leila. You run along now.

MARJ: Okay. Goodbye. (walking off) And thanks.

SFX: Picks up telephone.

LEILA: Hello, operator. Get me Judge Hooker. Judge? Leila Ransom here. Could you do me a little ole favor? I need some advice that only you can give. Could you come by at, say, seven tonight? Good. See you then. Bye.

*Leila's plan was to invite both Hooker and Gildersleeve to a social evening at her home to discuss the campaign and solicit the Judge's help.*

HOOKEE: Is that why you asked me over, Leila, so you could con me into helping this OVERSTUFFED BABOON with a campaign he hasn't got a chance to win?

GILDY: Who are you calling an OVERSTUFFED BABOON? Anyway, Leila, what makes you think I need help from this stuffed shirt?

HOOKEE: Gildersleeve, I wouldn't help you run for town dog catcher! I'm leaving. Good night, Leila.

SFX: Door slams.

*With no help from Judge Hooker, Gildy continues campaigning until, finally, on election day, Floyd the barber brings*

*-4- Nostalgia Digest*

FLOYD: Folks, could I have your attention? The final results are in.

GILDY: Yes, Floyd? Yes, Floyd?

FLOYD: The winner is . . .

GILDY: Yes, Floyd? Yes, Floyd?

FLOYD: Well, better luck next time, Commish.

GILDY: (Sighs)

PEAVEY: Sorry, Mr. Gildersleeve, you had my vote.

BIRDIE: I voted for you, Mr. Gildersleeve.

GATES: Tough break, Gildersleeve. We were all behind you.

HOOKEE: Well, I for one am GLAD you lost.

GILDY: Oooof! Horace, how can you say such a thing?

HOOKEE: Gildy, I was against your running for Mayor right from the beginning because I didn't want you to go through what my brother-in-law goes through.

GILDY: What do you mean?

HOOKEE: As Mayor, you wouldn't have a moment's peace. You'd have to listen to every crackpot in Summerfield. And you wouldn't get anything accomplished with the Town Council we have.

GILDY: I never gave that much thought. If the Mayor's job is such a headache, why do you want Swindell to stay in office. After all, he IS your brother-in-law.

HOOKEE: Yes, he's my brother-in-law, and I can't stand him! Never could. He deserves that job . . . and all the headaches that go along with it.

GILDY: So you were on my side all along.

HOOKEE: (Humble) Of course I was, Gildy.

GILDY: (Clearing throat) Folks, my concession speech will be brief. I just want

to thank you all — Marjorie, Leroy, Birdie, Floyd, Peavey, and Chief Gates for your support. You, too Leila (giggles). And I want to thank Judge Hooker here for doing everything in his power to make me LOSE the election. You all did what you thought was right, and I'm grateful. Thank you all very much.

SFX: Applause and cheers.

FLOYD: Say, Commish, while I was at City Hall, I heard that the Mayor has repealed the 9 p.m. noise law.

GILDY: Well! Then my campaign wasn't in vain after all.

FLOYD: They say the Mayor is going to have his house soundproofed.

GILDY: I bet that'll cost him a pretty penny.

FLOYD: No, actually, it won't cost him a cent. He's havin' the work done by municipal workers on the town's time.

HOOKER: That's my brother-in-law all right — the bum!

BIRDIE: If that noise law ain't a law no more, then my church choir will be able to sing our praises all evening long —

GATES: That's right Birdie. And the Jolly Boys can sing 'til midnight if we feel like it.

PEAVEY: (Singing) "There's a tavern in the town . . ."

GILDY: Boys, what do you say we all troop down to the Jolly Boys Club right now and celebrate?

GATES: Great idea!

FLOYD: Hey, let's go!

PEAVEY: Say, why not?

GILDY: (Singing) "You're the flower . . ."

BOYS: (Joining in) ". . . of my heart, Sweet Adeline."

ALL: "Sweet Adeline."

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