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(REVISED)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

DECEMBER 30, 1947

6:30 - 7 PM PST

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
12-30-47

-3-

COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Not long ago, I described a floor that had been polished with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, as having a "happy shine." A friend of mine questioned the phrase, saying ... floors are neither "happy" nor "sad," and therefore, the phrase wasn't a good one. <sup>Well,</sup> I wonder! Think of it in terms of how the lady of the house feels. There was a time when tiresome scurbbing dulled linoleum and no one was happy about it ... least of all, the person who did the work. Not so, with Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. No indeed! You just apply and let dry. There's no rubbing or buffing. No hard work at all. You'll be happy just looking at the bright, warm luster Johnson's Glo-Coat will quickly and easily give your linoleum and other floors. That shining, glossy coat will protect them ... make them last years longer. And you'll be happy at how easy they are to keep clean and lovely. I really believe the phrase, "happy shine" is one you will use after you use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat to bring out the beauty of your home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -  
Shine up the right side -  
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BRIDGE

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-4-

WILCOX: MRS. MOLLY MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA HAS AN AUNT WHO IS RICHER THAN A DOUBLE CHOCOLATE MALTED, BUT ABOUT AS OPEN-HANDED AS IF SHE WERE CARRYING A PINT OF LOOSE DIAMONDS. HOWEVER, THIS CHRISTMAS SHE REALLY LOOSENEED UP TO THE EXTENT OF -- WELL, LISTEN TO ---

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Ahhh, good old Aunt Sarah, bless her steel-plated <sup>old</sup> heart! Imagine her doing a thing like this for us.

MOL: I always told you Aunt Sarah's heart was in the right place, McGee.

FIB: A thing being in the right place aint necessarily always good, Tootsie. I walked into a bear trap once that was in EXACTLY the right place to catch a bear. But, as I so often say, Life is Like a Jar of Peanut Butter.

MOL: Why?

FIB: I dunno. - I'm no philosopher.

MOL: Well, anyway, I think it was pret-ty sweet of Aunt Sarah to send us each a ten dollar gift certificate on the Bon Ton Department store. Pret-ty thoughtful!

FIB: Yeah? I've put more thought than that into scratching my elbow. However, I'll admit old Sarah Driscoll has softened up a little. She thinks more of a buck than a game warden in April. Hey, whatcha gonna do with yours?

MOL: Save it. Till I really want something. How about you?

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FIB: I'm gonna go down to the Bon Ton and blow my ten bucks on the silliest, foolishhest, uselessest gimmick I can find in the joint!

MOL: I see. And when does this shopping expedition get under way?

FIB: RIGHT NOW! I had to go out anyway. Might as well drop in on the Bon Ton at the same time.

MOL: I know. You forgot to mail the last of our Christmas cards!

FIB: Nope. Those are all took care of. I mailed the last of the cards to the people we forgot that thought of us at the last minute and sent us cards too late for us to send them cards before Christmas - yesterday.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Would you mind running over that again? With a little more punctuation?

FIB: I said I mailed--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Tell me later. No, forget it entirely.  
COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Well, my gosh...if it ain't the weather man.  
HIYA, FOGGY!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Williams. Do come in.

DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Did I, by any chance, leave my overshoes here yesterday?

FIB: No, you didn't, Foggy. I had to go over on your back porch and get 'em. Here they are.

GALE: Thank you. Our forecasts indicate bad weather coming.

MOL: By the way, Mr. Williams, does your office send up those weather balloons with all the instruments strapped onto them?



(REVISED) -7-

GALE: Oh yes. Every morning. As a matter of fact, I was a pioneer in weather balloo<sup>NING</sup>ens. I sent up the first balloon equipped with weather instruments and short-wave radio. I stood on the ground and listened to the results with headphones. It was amazing!

FIB: My gosh, I'll bet it was, Foggy! What'dja hear?

GALE: 13 minutes of "Ma Perkins" and a few bars of "Carmen Lombardo."

MOL: I don't want to ask a government official to betray any information, Mr. Williams, but (LOWERS VOICE) do you think we'll have an early spring?

GALE: No, Mrs. McGee. I think this will be a long, hard winter.

FIB: Is that from instruments?

GALE: That prediction is a result of my observations of nature, McGee. I have noticed that when we have a long hard winter the rabbit's fur is ~~longer~~<sup>heavier</sup>, the bark on the ~~shagbark~~ hickery tree is thicker, and you wait longer for a streetcar.

MOL: But why do you think THIS will be a long hard winter?

GALE: My wife's brother. Every fall until now he has come to visit us with two extra shirts and a pocket comb. This time he brought a trunk, a portable phonograph, and the first lesson of a correspondence course. Yes, it looks like a long, hard winter. Well, good day, probably.

DOOR SLAM:

(2ND REVISION) -8-

FIB: HEY, YOU GONNA GO DOWN TO THE BON TON WITH ME?

MOL: Yes, I guess I will, McGee. Although I don't know why you have to spend your gift certificate so quickly.

FIB: I'm afraid Aunt Sarah will reconsider and stop payment on it. And this is the first year she hasn't sent me them corny wool socks that she knits. You know...them green and orange ones that never fit?

MOL: Oh, I wouldn't say NEVER, McGee. That isn't fair to Aunt Sarah.

FIB: WHEN DID ANY SOCKS SHE EVER KNITTED FOR ME EVER FIT?

MOL: I can tell you exactly. Remember the green ones she sent in 1939 and the orange ones she sent in 1945?

FIB: Sure, but --

MOL: The left hand one of the green pair and the right hand one of the orange pair fit you perfectly.

FIB: Yeah...in sixteen years she sent me one pair that fit. One green sock and one orange. Pull up my pants and I looked like a traffic signal! WELL, THIS YEAR, BY GEORGE, I'M GONNA BUY SOMETHING SO DOGGONE FRIVOLOUS --

DOOR CHIME:



(REVISED) -9-

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Old Timer!

MOL: Hello, there, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Hello there kids. Hey, you know sump'n? Tomorrow night's New Year's Eve. You kids gonna go out and scat around any?

FIB: Old Timer, I'll tell you how it is with us on New Year's eve. We gave up fightin' our way thru a bunch of yokels with more dollars then sense to pay forty bucks to sit at a table the size of a milkin' stool next to the kitchen door of a mink-lined mess hall..

MOL: Where at midnight you put on paper caps and link arms with a bunch of people you wouldn't associate with in the daytime and sing "SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT" and in that case they certainly should...

FIB: Then everybody yells "Happy New Year" with tears running down into their ginger ale, and by that time you got a headache and your wife has lost her gloves, and the waiter brings you a check he's been carrying around for six weeks waitin' for pigeon like you....

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MOL: Then you wait thirty minutes for the checkroom girl to find your coat that's hanging in plain sight but she's angry because you only tipped her a dollar, and go outside to find that the parking lot boys have been listening to your car radio and your battery's dead, and so is 1947 and so are you....So --

FIB: We're staying home.

OLD T: Well, everybody to his own taste, Johnny. I'm gonna have my fun while I'm still too old to have any regrets. I like the excitement of New Year's Eve...crowds yellin', wimmin' cryin', fenders crunchin', and the happy cries of the pickpockets. Yes sir, I'M GONNA SWING IT, THIS YEAR.

FIB: Good for you.

OLD T: Oh, by the way, Johnny. Kin I borrow the loan of your watch? It's fer a party, New Year's Eve.

MOL: His watch?

OLD T: Yes...it's a watch party. We're gonna watch the Old Year sneak out like it was ashamed of itself, like it oughtta be...and the New Year creep in like it was scared to death - and you can't blame it. Ahhhh, good old 1947. The Year of the Three Trains.

FIB: What Three Trains?

OLD T: The Freedom Train, the Friendship Train, and six inches more on the gal's skirts and THEY'D o' had 'em.

MOL: You don't care for the New Look, Mr. Old Timer.



(REVISED) -11-

OLD T: What's new about it, Daughter? It's old stuff to me.  
In my time, I've seen calves appear and disappear like  
a herd o' cattle passin' a picket fence.

FIB: Personally, them new long skirts kinda embarrass me.  
Looks like they're losin' 'em. Whenever I meet a woman  
with her skirt down to her ankles I expect her to scream.  
OOOOOOOh! grab her skirt and duck for a doorway.

OLD T: He heh heh, that's pretty Good Johnny, but that ain't the  
way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller says to  
tother feller, "SAYYYY,!" he says, "THESE NEW SKIRTS ARE  
GONNA MAKE IT TOUGH FER A YOUNG FELLER TO PICK A GIRL,  
AIN'T THEY?" "HOW SO?" says the TOTHER FELLER, "WELL,"  
says the first feller, "UP TO NOW, IF A BOY WANTED TO KNOW  
IF HIS GIRL WAS KNOCKNEED, HE JEST HAD TO LOOK, NOW HE'S  
GOTTA LISTEN!" Heh heh. Well, Happy New Year, kids!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "THERE 'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -12-

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MOL: Well, this is an awfully big store, McGee. You'll  
certainly find something here for your gift certificate  
that you've got no earthly use for. I'm sure you don't  
want to spend it wisely.

FIB: Nope. I'm gonna get something foolish and extravagant,  
if it takes me all day. I'm gonna go through this store  
like a snapshot of Gregory Peck thru a girl's dormitory.  
Now lemme see.....

JESS: Hoddy, folks....was there something I could do for you?

MOL: Oh thank you very much. Are you a clerk?

JESS: Yes ma'am. Here at the store. At home I'm a floorwalker.  
Wife's got a new baby.

FIB: Well, here's our problem, dad. You see, I got a gift  
certificate for ten bu- (PAUSE) hey, ain't you the guy  
that used to deliver our groceries?

JESS: Yes sir. I quit the grocery business last week.

FIB: Why? If it's any of our business, which it isn't, so  
don't tell us if you wanna be rude.

JESS: Well, you see my brother took cold and it turned into  
pneumonia and they took him to the hospital.

MOL: Oh, that's too bad.

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(REVISED) -13-

JESS: Yes, for two weeks there he jest kinda hovered between Life and The Saturday Evening Post. Then they brought him home.

FIB: And you quit the grocery so's you could stay home and look after him, eh?

JESS: No, that was in Oregon, in 1936.

MOL: 1936? My goodness, what's your brother getting sick in 1936 got to do with your quitting the grocery store last week?

JESS: Well, ma'am, the way I look at it, when a feller wants to quit a job, one excuse is as good as another. Was there something I could show you folks?

FIB: Nope...just prowling around, ~~Karl~~, old man. Got a ten dollar gift certificate to spend, when I find something I don't particularly need.

JESS: Well, we got eight floors full of stuff WE don't need - I'll be glad to sell you any part of it. Just call me if you--

P.A.SYSTEM: ATTENTION PLEASE. CALLING WILL. WILL, WHERE ARE YOU?  
OH, WILL!!

MOL: What on earth was that?

JESS: Oh, that's jest our Will Call department, Mrs. McGee. But as I was sayin', if there's anything I can do, jest look me up (FADE) I'll be around...

(REVISED) -14-

MOL: McGee...look!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: The new electric stove..with the little window in the oven so you can peek in and see what's cooking. Isn't that sweet?

FIB: What's new about that? We got a glass window on our oven at home.

MOL: But this one has a little steel venetian blind on the inside. What do you suppose that's for?

FIB: I dunno. I suppose that's for bashful women that wanna cook a rump roast or something. Hey, let's go over here into the sporting goods section. I might go for a new fly rod.

MOL: I don't know why you should want a fly rod. You can't even hit 'em with a folded newspaper.

WALKING EFFECT:

MOL: Doesn't seem' to be many clerks around does there? Or customers either.

FIB: Not much like the week before Christmas. Boy, the pushing around I took in here then! If I could of inhaled thru my feet I could of vacuumed the whole store! See anything in here for ten dollars?

MOL: No. I don't. OH YES...THERE'S AN ARCHERY SET. EXACTLY TEN DOLLARS!



FIB: Nope. No archery for me, kiddo. I been scared of bows and arrows since I was 13 years old.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Us Kids were playing William Tell and I put an apple on another kid's head...You remember a tow-headed kid in Peoria named Hardy? Harry Hardy?

MOL: Oh, of course I do! You boys used to call him "Fool" Hardy.

FIB: FOOL HARDY!.....THAT'S THE GUY.....!! Anyway, I put an apple on his head, walked back forty paces. Turned around and strung my bow. Fool Hardy stood there like a rock. He had a lot of faith in my marksmanship.

MOL: He had a very accurate nickname, too. So what happened?

FIB: I wet my finger and held it up to test the wind. Then I notches an arrow...draws it back to the hilt, and whang!!

MOL: (BARELY BREATHING) Heavenly days!! ....and then what did-

WIL: (FADE IN FAST) Well, hello there folks...hello, Molly. Hiyah, Pal!

FIB: Hey, where did you pop up from, Omaha?

MOL: Yes, we didn't see you around here a minute ago, Mr. Wilcox

WIL: No, I was behind the counter. Down on the floor. On my hands and knees. Have you noticed the linoleum floor in here?

MOL: Not particularly, Mr. Wilcox. But it's very handsome, now that you mention it. New, is it?

WIL: NEW!! THIS LINOLEUM IS SIX YEARS OLD. IMAGINE IT LOOKING AS GOOD AS THIS AFTER BEING TRAMPED ON BY ALL THOSE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS THIS YEAR, AND OTHER YEARS... TRACKING IN DUST AND SLUSH AND RAIN AND DIRT?

FIB: "I wonder how they keep it looking so bright and gleaming," said little Fibber, the fun-loving McGee, his bright blue eyes twinkling with mischief as he sneaked a sly look at his contract.

MOL: I'll bet I know!!

WIL: I'll bet every good housekeeper knows, Molly. Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat! The linoleum protection that makes dust and dirt so easy to wipe up. That's so easy to apply. And so quick to dry to a mirror-like polish! Why if Johnson's Glocoat can give even a busy store such an air of quiet quality, don't you suppose -

FIB: Look...Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Far be it from me to get between a man's bread and a man's butter, but enough is enough.

WIL: Okay. Say how did you kids make out for Christmas?

MOL: Oh, we had a wonderful Christmas, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah, and HEY...WHAT A SURPRISE WE GOT FROM MOLLY'S AUNT SARAH!



MOL: You've heard of us speak of my Aunt Sara Driscoll,  
Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Is she the one that's so --

FIB: You said it! That babe is so tightfisted her manicurist  
has to use a fluoroscope.

MOL: But not this year....She sent us each a ten dollar gift  
certificate on the Bon Ton, Mr. Wilcox. I'm saving mine.

FIB: Not me! I'M shootin' the wad, as of today! Before she  
asks for it back and sends me some more of them corny  
socks.

WIL: OH IS SHE THE ONE WHO KNITS YOU THOSE HORRIBLE WOOL  
SOCKS, PAL?

MOL: That's Aunt Sarah, Mr. Wilcox. The very one!!

FIB: You seen them things, Juney? In the first place they  
don't fit, and in the second place the colors are awful.

MOL: They do look a bit like a prairie fire, as seen thru  
the bottom of an iodine bottle.

FIB: So I'M gonna blow my ten buck certificate before the  
old moose changes her mind. Got any ideas of what I  
can get for a sawbuck, Omaha?

WIL: Well, I'd suggest you go into the annex, Pal.  
That's three aisles over and to the left. I saw  
a sign in there that said, "THIS DEPARTMENT CLOSING  
OUT. BUY NOW! DIRT CHEAP!"

MOL: Oh wonderful!...What are they selling?

WIL: Dirt....Well, Happy New Year folks. See you around!

FIB: Same to you, boy! Now lemme see, Molly....

MOL: Just a minute, McGee. You were telling me about when you  
were 13 and put an apple on little Fool Hardy's head and  
took your bow and arrow and --

P.A. VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE: WILL THE HEAD SHIPPING CLERK PLEASE  
REPORT TO THE LOADING PLATFORM. THREE OF OUR DRIVERS  
ARE LOADED. THANK YOU!

FIB: Well, this ain't getting my ten buck gift certificate  
spent. Let's go over into the hardware department and  
I'll see if --

MAN: (FADING IN) See anything you like Mr. McGee? We got  
some awful fine tools here. Here's a socket wrench -  
in case any of your sockets git loose.



(REVISED) -19-

FIB: No thanks. Is this your department, too, Bud? I thought you were up in the front of the store.

MAN: Kinda short on help today - seems like. Short on customers, too. ... Say, I got somethin' over in sporting goods that might interest you, <sup>Mr.</sup> McGee. Got a good price on it, too!

FIB: Okay, what is it? I might take it off your hands, if -

MAN: It's one of them collapsible 16-man rubber life rafts. Jist the thing for duck-huntin' with a large party of -

MOL: OH NO! NO thank you! We have one!

FIB: Yep, I got one, bud. Picked it up at the Surplus store. Although it would be handy to have a spare one, in case -

MOL: No no, McGee! We'll just look around some more, sir. We'll call you if we find anything we want!

MAN: Well, I'm always glad to help. (FADING) Hoddy, Doctor Gamble - somethin' I can do for you?

DOC: (OFF) No thanks, Karl - I'm just cutting through to the office.

MOL: Oh, Hello, Doctor!

DOC: Well, Hi, Molly. Where's - oh, there you are, Beetlepuss. Haven't seen you since Christmas.

FIB: (SARCASTIC) Yes, it's been a wonderful week for us, too, Baggy. Let's have more weeks like it, this coming year, shall we?

MOL: McGee, don't talk to the Doctor like that! Did you have a nice Christmas, Doctor?

dk

(REVISED) -20-

( ) DOC: Wonderful, Molly. And before I forget it - and I'd like to forget it as soon as possible - I want to thank little Droopsnoot here for his lovely Christmas necktie. Thanks for the Christmas necktie, Droopsnoot.

FIB: That's okay, Baitbucket.

DOC: It was a necktie, wasn't it? That's how they diagnosed it at the man's counter here.

FIB: Well, certainly it's a necktie, you big bag of duffle! What did you think it was?

DOC: We had quite an interesting discussion about that, my boy. My housekeeper - who spent some time in the Orient - thought it was the sash off an East Mongolian witch-doctors ceremonial robes -- but I thought it looked more like the bellyband off a Brazilian llama-buster's Sunday saddle.

MOL: I'm surprised you didn't know what it was right away, Doctor. You sent McGee one just like it last Christmas.

FIB: He sent me the SAME ONE last Christmas! And he knows it, too.

MOL: Oh no! You didn't send the same necktie back to him!

FIB: Certainly! He's not gonna leave me stuck with a monstrosity like that!

DOC: Well, you can't say I didn't try, my boy. And you can't say I won't try again next year, too....What brings you down here today, Molly? You're not still Christmas shopping?

dk



(REVISED) -21-

MOL: I guess you might call it that, at that, Doctor. Aunt Sarah sent McGee a gift certificate this year - and he's down here trying to spend it.

FIB: I'm lookin' for something I've always wanted and couldn't afford, Doc. Somethin' unnecessary. Just some silly, useless, expensive luxury.

DOC: Oh, well you'll find it all right. Molly's had a thing like that for years.

FIB: She has? What?

DOC: You!!!!.....Happy New Year, Kids.

ORCH. AND KING'S MEN: "WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' NEW YEAR'S EVE?"

(APPLAUSE)

dk

THIRD SPOT

-22-

FIB: Geewhiz, for a great big department store like this, Molly, they haven't got anything that I really want for ~~that comes out to ten bucks even, like my gift certificate~~ ~~saye~~.

MOL: Don't get discouraged, dearie..we still have two more floors left to look on...this is only the sixth, you know.

FIB: Doggone it, that plastic riveter's helmet, with the extra sections that bolt on to cover knots on your head woulda been swell, but--

MOL: Oh, McGee, look who's here! Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Yeah...hiya, Wimp!

WIMP: ...Hello, folks. Are you exchanging something, too?

MOL: No, just shopping around, Mr. Wimple. You down here to exchange some presents?

WIMP: No, but Sweetface is - Sweetface - that's my big old wife. She came down to exchange a whole lot of little bitty gifts that she can't use for one big gift that she CAN use.

FIB: That's a woman for you. Exchanging all her presents, is she?

WIMP: No - she's exchanging all MY presents, Mr. McGee... She told me to wait here and not DARE leave till she got back - and then she went upstairs to the exchange desk.

MOL: Waiting for people gets awfully tiresome, doesn't it?

WIMP: Oh, it certainly does, and I'm getting pretty annoyed with her, too. Believe me! If she doesn't show up in exactly ~~five~~ five minutes, I'm going home without her! I'll show her!



FIB: THAT'S THE STUFF, WIMP! GOOD FOR YOU! How long you  
been waiting?

WIMP: .....Since Friday morning.

MOL: Well, then I think giving her another ~~forty~~ five minutes  
is completely fair, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Yes, you can afford to be generous, Wimp. Remember,  
women are the weaker sex.

(PAUSE)

WIMP: How was that again, Mr. McGee?

MOL: He just remarked that women are the weaker sex, Mr.  
Wimple.

WIMP: Oh - oh, yes. (SNICKERS) One thing I like about  
Mr. McGee....he's always joking.

FIB: Taken your Christmas tree down yet, Wimp?

WIMP: No, we always burn ours in the fireplace on New Years  
Eve, Mr. McGee. I cut the tree up into short pieces and  
build a fire, and at twelve o'clock they light it and all  
of Sweetface's relatives sit around the fire and drink  
a toast to the New Year, and have a gay time.

FIB: HER RELATIVES DO! WHERE ARE YOU ALL THIS TIME, WIMP?

WIMP: Oh, I peek down at them thru the banisters, in my  
Doctor Denton pajamas.

MOL: YOU MEAN THEY DON'T EVEN LET YOU JOIN IN THE FESTIVITIES?

WIMP: No.

FIB: BY GEORGE, THAT'S AN OUTRAGE!

WIMP: Oh, no. No it isn't, Mr. McGee. I have more fun than  
any of them. (SNICKERS) In nine years they have never  
discovered who loosens the corks in the champagne two  
days before, and who clogs up the chimney so everybody  
gets to coughing, and who puts all the forty-five  
caliber cartridges into the fireplace under the logs.  
(SNICKERS)

FIB: MY GOSH, WIMP, YOU'RE LIABLE TO KNOCK OFF THE WHOLE MOB  
SOME NIGHT!

WIMP: (SNICKERS) ...Yes. What a happy new year that will be, ~~GOODBYE~~,  
folks!

FIB: ~~Come on, Molly.~~ OH, HEY, MOLLY, LOOK! BOY, ARE THESE  
BEAUTIFUL!.. AND GET A LOAD OF THE PRICE! FIVE PAIRS  
FOR TEN DOLLARS!

MOL: But sweetheart, those are wool socks. I thought  
you were tired of--

FIB: I HAVEN'T GOT ANY SOCKS LIKE THESE, BABY! LOOK AT  
THOSE PLAIDS! LOOK AT THAT WEAVE!!

JESS: Found something you like, McGee? Finally?

MOL: He seems to like these socks, although just why  
he--

FIB: GIMME FIVE PAIR OF THESE, DAD! AND HERE'S MY  
GIFT CERTIFICATE!

MAN: Well, I must say you made a wise purchase, McGee.  
Ordinarily we sell them socks at four dollars a pair.



FIB: WHAT'D I TELL YOU, MOLLY? DO I KNOW A BARGAIN OR  
AM I A CHUMP?

MOL: Yes.

MAN: You know these aren't regular machine-knit socks,  
McGee. These are special knit by hand exclusive  
for the Bon Ton.

FIB: Somebody in Scotland, I suppose.

MAN: No, it's an old lady in Peoria. Driscoll, her name is.  
Sarah Driscoll. They say she don't have to do it for  
a livin', either. Say she's rolling in money. Why,  
one of our salesmen-- (PAUSE) Well, imagine that!  
They walked right off without even takin' their  
sales slip!

ORCH: "THE STARS WILL REMEMBER" - FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: A year and a day from now, we'll be greeting another  
new year. On that day, your home can be more beautiful  
than it is tonight if, during the year, you have  
polished your floors, furniture and woodwork with  
genuine Johnson's Wax. Regular use of Johnson's Wax  
brings out the beauty of your home. It's true that  
Johnson's Wax adds richness and warmth as well as gloss  
to fine things. The next 367 days will work less  
hardship on your floors and furniture because, if  
they're waxed, they're protected. Then too, housework  
is easier, because dust and dirt vanish from waxed  
surfaces with a quick wipe or a light dusting. And,  
speaking of making things easier, attention all snow-  
shovelers! Snow and slush won't stick to your shovel-  
blade if it is waxed with Johnson's Wax. Your shovel  
will stay light and clean without pounding or scraping.  
Yes, You can even make snow-shoveling easier with genuine  
Johnson's Wax.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side  
Shine up the right side  
Bring out the beauty of the home!"

ORCH: BUMPER...FADE FOR:



(REVISED) -27-

TAG

FIB: Molly, you didn't say a word all they way home. You tired?

MOL: No.

FIB: Feel ill?

MOL: No. I feel fine.

FIB: You ain't mad because I bought them socks?

MOL: No.

FIB: Well, my gosh...what IS the matter?

MOL: I'm worried. Whatever happened to little "Fool" Hardy back there in Peoria with the apple on his head when you drew back the bow string and WHANGGGGG!?

FIB: The string busted. Then the bell rang and recess was over

MOL: Oh.

FIB: That all?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Okay. Goodnight.

MOL: And a happy new year to all of you from everybody in Racine and Wistful Vista!....Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of ~~Johnson~~ Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and wishing you all a happy and prosperous new year...Join us again next Tuesday night....Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C..THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

CHIMES

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE"  
FOR  
JOHNSON

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