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R.W.

*file*  
#35  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

June 1, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PDST

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne  
We'll miss you just as much  
As Johnson's Wax would miss its shine

We wish that on our network  
You'd remain an all-year resident  
For on your show there's no one  
Who is going to run for president!

(It isn't just your better jokes...  
The fact is that we like you folks!)

(REVISED)

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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 - by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - is produced  
and directed by Frank Pitman, with music by the  
King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
McGee - 6/1/48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you ever noticed that no matter how carefully you wash your car it still doesn't look as clean and bright as when it was new? That's because water will not clean a car. It won't remove that greasy surface film built up by bugs, tree sap, tar, oil and exhaust fumes. But... Johnson's Carnu will. It cuts through that film in no time at all! Carnu does the job the quick, easy way. Here's how it works. Carnu is wax-fortified and contains powerful cleansing ingredients. Apply Johnson's Carnu... the cleaning ingredients quickly dissolve stubborn, dulling film. Even the gummiest, stickiest grime disappears after just a bit of rubbing. Carnu then dries to a white powder. Wipe that powder off and, almost like magic, your car is polished sparkling bright. Carnu cleans and polishes at the same time. One application is all it takes to give your car a really professional showroom shine. ~~There's just no sense in driving around in a dirty, shabby looking automobile when it's so easy to drive one you can be proud of.~~ Ask your dealer for Johnson's Carnu. With Carnu it takes less time and less effort to bring out the beauty of your car.

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

ORCH: BRIDGE

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST DARING SPECULATORS HAVE NEVER SEEN WALL STREET, A STOCK TICKET, NOR A CUSTOMER'S MAN. SOME OF THEM JUST STAND AT THE FRONT WINDOW AND SPECULATE ON WHAT THEIR HUSBANDS ARE SO EXCITED ABOUT AS THEY COME HURRYING UP THE FRONT WALK. IN THIS CASE, IT'S SPECULATOR MOLLY MCGEE, AND HOME-COMING FIBBER, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Look at him, running up the walk! I wonder what it is this time? Nobody's chasing him, so he must be --

DOOR BURSTS OPEN:

FIB: HEY, MOLLY! MOLLY! HEY, MOLLY, WHERE ARE YOU?

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: I'm right here, McGee. Sit down and catch your breath. You're wheezing like a pawnshop accordion.

FIB: I'll say I am! Look, I was comin' past Joe's Coke and Smoke Shop a while ago, and --

MOL: Joe's Coke and Smoke Shop? Isn't that where people go to vote on election day, <sup>FIB: Yep.</sup> and where they stand around the rest of the year complaining about who they voted for?

FIB: Yeah. Anyway, as I was walkin' past Joe's Coke and Smoke, what do I hear bein' played on the juke box, but "Four Leaf Clover"!

MOL: Well, you mustn't be too hard on Joe for that. Maybe the needle got stuck back in 1917, or thereabouts.

FIB: AHAAA, THAT'S THE VERY POINT! "FOUR LEAF CLOVER" MUST BE ANYWAY THIRTY YEARS OLD! LOOK AT "LITTLE WHITE LIES"! LOOK AT "BABY FACE"! ALL OLD SONGS THAT HAVE BEEN REVIVED AND ALL MAKIN' A TIDY LITTLE FORTUNE FOR SOMEBODY! AND I'M GONNA CUT MYSELF IN 'ON THAT DOUGH, SNOOKY!

MOL: How? Write a song to be revived in 1978?

FIB: Better than that! Listen. (IMPRESSIVELY) I happen to have already wrote a song that was mighty popular back in 1916! A novelty number.

MOL: YOU wrote it? That WAS a novelty!

FIB: Yep. And I think the time is ripe to revive it - right now! Put it on the market - sweep the country with it!

MOL: What's the name of this big hit you're going to sweep the country with.

FIB: I named it for me. It's called "FIBBER'S TUNE".

MOL: Very modest of you.

FIB: I'll go get my mandolin and play it for you. I gotta have some kind of accompaniment when I sing, though - I never could sing Acapulco.

MOL: Never could sing what?

FIB: Acapulco. That's a musical term meaning "No accompaniment". It's from the Italian. "Aca" - meaning "you're on", and "pulco" - meaning "your own".

Acapulco - "you're on your own". See?

MOL: (ADMIRINGLY) Darling, how on earth do you learn all these things? I didn't know you knew a word of Italian - and here you know TWO of them!

FIB: (MODESTLY) I know three. "Spumoni".

MOL: What does that mean?

FIB: I dunno - but it's an Italian word. HEY, I'LL RUN UPSTAIRS AND GET MY OLD MANDOLIN! I'M ANXIOUS TO START REVIVIN' THIS SONG AND --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Just a minute, Beethoven! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee. Hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiya, Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello there, kids! Whatcha doin'?

MOL: We were just discussing an old song hit of McGee's Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: It's a song I'm gonna revive and make some dough on, Old Timer. Lotta money in popular music these days!

OLD M: You ain't tellin' me, Johnny! I used to be a song writer myself. Used to write 'em and peddle 'em in Deadpan Alley.

MOL: You mean Tin Pan Alley.

OLD M: Dead Pan, daughter. That's what they all gimme when I sung my songs fer 'em. Back in 19 hunnert 'n one, I wrote a dandy, kids. I called it "I ALWAYS LAY AN EGG WHEN I TRY THE TURKEY TROT!"

FIB: Sounds like it mighta been a big seller.

(2ND REVISION) 7 & 8

OLD M: Nope. It jst laid there like a rusty car-track, Johnny. ~  
Course we didn't have any joop boxes, er raddio, er  
crooners, in them days. How many copies of a song can  
ye sell by havin' it sang by a singin' waiter with  
adnoids and a walrus mustache that strains out all the  
best lyrics?

MOL: What was your biggest hit, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Well, daughter, I think my biggest hit was a campaign  
song I writ when Grover Cleveland run fer President.  
Went like this: (SINGS) "I'M LOOKIN' OVER - A MAN  
NAMED GROVER - THAT I OVERLOOKED BEFORE!" ....  
DA DA-DI DA-DA DE - a- da da.....

FIB: Sounds familiar. Probably taken from one of the classics.

OLD M: But I give it up, kids. All the songs I wrote had to be  
sung loud - so you could hear 'em over a brass band or  
the rattle of beer steins. Nowadays songs are all wrote  
fer soft-voiced 'little fellers to gulp into a microphone  
that makes 'em all sound like Caruso! WHERE'D THIS  
CROSBY FELLER BE TODAY IF HE'D HAD TO SING "THROW 'EM  
DOWN, MCCLUSKY" TO THE THIRD BALCONY WITHOUT A  
MICROPHONE?

MOL: I don't know where Crosby would be, but McClusky would  
be way up on the Hit Parade!

(REVISED) -9-

OLD M: HEHEHEH, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, DAUGHTER, BUT THAT AIN'T THE  
WAY I HEERED IT! THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO  
TOTHER FELLER, "SAAAYYYY," HE SAYS, "MODERN MEDICINE IS  
REALLY GOIN' PLACES! THEY JIST CURED MY UNCLE OF STEALIN'  
HORSES!" "ZAT SO?" SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "HOW'D THEY DO  
IT? SY-COLOGY?"..."NOPE", SAYS FIRST FELLER, "THEY GIVE  
HIM SHOTS, THREE OF 'EM IN THE SEAT OF THE PANTS!"  
Heheheh - well, see you in October, kids. So long!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "FELLA WITH AN UMBRELLA"

APPLAUSE

FIB: And you can see right away that a song like this one can't miss, kiddo! (STRUMS) I predict it'll catch on like kissin' on a hayride! Here -- lemme sing it for you. (STRUMS MANDOLIN) "OHHHHH, PEANUTS --- How do you like it so far?"

MOL: Welll - maybe it'll grow on me, dearie.

FIB: Sure it will! Wait'll you hear 'em sing it on the radio this afternoon, over WWIS! You'll --

MOL: On the radio? My goodness, those quiz shows'll do anything won't they?

FIB: No no, didn't I tell you? Every afternoon the King's Men sing a bunch of songs wrote by local songwriters like me that they draw out of a hat, see?

MOL: How could they draw you out of a hat - OH! They draw the songs out of a hat!

FIB: Yep. When the guy reaches into that hat this afternoon there'll be a hundred song titles in there - and by an odd coincidence, every one of the song titles will be "Fibber's Tune" - by Fibber McGee!

MOL: Heavenly days! How did you ever arrange that?

FIB: That is a trade secret, my dear --

MOL: Oh.

FIB: And the fact that the guy who holds the hat for the King's Men to draw out of, happens to owe me four bucks has nothin' to do with it!

MOL: I see. Pure coincidence.

FIB: Yep. When you got a talent for writing AND a talent for shooting angles, like I got, tootsie - plus a natural musical talent and a talent for --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Hold it, Talent - that's probably Arthur Godfrey..COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh, it's the Weather Man, McGee! Hello, Mr. Williams.

GALE: Good afternoon, Mrs. McGee....And - Well, what's the mandolin for, McGee? If you're thinking of becoming a wandering minstrel, I'll drive you to the edge of town!

FIB: No - I was just running over an old song I wrote, Foggy. (STRUMS MANDOLIN)

MOL: And keep a tight grip on your hat, Mr. Williams - because at the drop of one, he'll sing for you.

FIB: Yep, you're lookin' at the author of that dynamite song hit of 1916 - which I'm about to revive and make a fortune outta - entitled "Fibber's Tune", Foggy!

GALE: Really? Well, that's a foolish enough title to become moderately successful, McGee!

FIB: Thank you.

(2ND REVISION) -12-

GALE: I suppose everyone tries his hand at song writing sooner or later. I once tried it myself. I was running a weather station at the North Pole all alone at the time, and took up song writing to keep myself company.

MOL: That's a good way to keep yourself without company, too. What were some of your songs, Mr. Williams?

FIB: Yeah, maybe we've heard 'em, Foggy.

GALE: Well, I wrote one that the Eskimo women used to sing when their husbands went out whale hunting. I called it, "Blubber, Come Back to Me."

FIB: Sounds vaguely familiar.

GALE: But I think my best song was one I wrote about a young Eskimo lad who came into camp one day and drank all the alcohol out of our thermometers.

MOL: Really? What did you call the song?

GALE: ...."Denature Boy".

FIB: Oh, brother! No wonder you were alone up there!

MOL: Were you really all by yourself, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Yes. My only companion was a young penguin that hung around my camp.

MOL: A penguin? Those are the little birds that always wear Tuxedos, aren't they?

(2ND REVISION) -13-

GALE: Uh - yes....He was a great help to me, this penguin. (DRAMATIC) I shall never forget the time my supply ship failed to arrive! That little penguin found me almost dead from starvation and saved my life!

FIB: Saved your life? Migosh, he musta been smart!

GALE: No - but he certainly was delicious!....Good day, probably!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hey, Foggy bailed out of here so fast I didn't even get to sing my song for him!

MOL: Mm-hmmm! And he thinks the North Pole was a narrow escape!

FIB: Oh well, he can hear it this summer on every juke box and radio set in the country.

MOL: Maybe he'll stay in the city.

FIB: Even so, he can't escape it! Hey, listen to it again! (STRUMS) "Ohhh, peanuts --"

DOOR CHIME

MOL: Looks like your song hit is starting to ring the bell, dearie.

FIB: Yeah, somebody else I can try it out on! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - hi, Pal!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox - come in!

FIB: Hi, Junior. Pull up a chair and listen to the greatest 1916 song hit that ever hit the -

WIL: (IGNORES HIM) Gee, I've had a swell afternoon kids! I was over at the club taking a swim and I ran into a friend of mine who just bought a new car!

FIB: Well, that's fine, Junior, but --

WIL: Said he took it out on the road over the weekend and got it all grimy and dusty. He was pretty discouraged about losing that beautiful showroom shine it had, till I told him how easily he could get it back with Johnson's Carnu!

MOL: Ohh, is he eager today!

WIL: When I explained how Carnu does what water can't do - it dissolves the greasy film that makes dirt and grime stick to your car - and how easily the dust and grease and traffic tarnish comes off with Carnu, he was delighted!

FIB: (STRUMS) "Ohhh, Peanuts....."

WIL: And when I told him it was just a simple ~~one-operation~~ job - that you just rub Carnu on, let it dry to a white powder, and then wipe it off - and all the dirt comes with it, leaving your car bright and gleaming again, he was so tickled ---

FIB: (WHANGS MANDOLIN) "Ohhh, peanuts....."

WIL: Hey, is that your mandolin, Pal? Why don't you put some strings on it? It doesn't make any noise.

MOL: Doesn't make any noise????

WIL: You keep banging on it, but I can't hear - (PAUSE) Ohhh! (CHUCKLES) You know what? I got through swimming this afternoon and forgot to take my ear plugs out! (CHUCKLES) Isn't that silly? There, now I can hear. Were you saying something, Pal?

FIB: I was trying to say, Junior - that I am about to revive one of the big song hits of 1916. A little ditty entitled "Fibber's Tune", which I wrote myself and -

WIL: That's great Pal, but look - lemme tell you about Johnson's Carnu. You've got a car and -

MOL: YOU JUST TOLD US ABOUT CARNU, MR. WILCOX!

FIB: Certainly! You met a guy at the club and -

WIL: Did I tell you that? Geewhiz, kids, I had these ear plugs in and didn't hear it! Thought I'd forgot to mention it! Oh well -

FIB: (PATIENTLY) Harlow, Old Boy. Sit down there, willya? Relax. (STRUMS) You're gonna hear a revival of the greatest song hit you ever heard! Sung by the composer himself!

(REVISED)

-16-

WIL: Okay, Composer. Lemme do one thing first.  
MOL: What, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Put my ear plugs back in. I don't wanta lose 'em and -  
FIB: AWW FER - LOOK, WAXEY! I GOT A TL FOR YOU! You've put  
in all the plugs you're going to this season! Go home  
and come back in October!  
WIL: Thanks, Pal. Happy summertime, kids!  
MOL: Same to you, Mr. Wilcox.

DOOR SIAM

FIB: Migosh, try and find anybody around this neighborhood  
with any musical appreciation! Hey, how do you like the  
song by now, Molly? Is it growing on you yet?  
MOL: I'm not quite sure, dearie. I'll think it over while  
I'm upstairs sorting the laundry. (FADING) You keep  
singing it to yourself, and maybe you'll get tired  
of it before -  
FIB: Okay, kiddo!...AHHH, there goes a good kid! She didn't  
realize when she married me that she was gettin' into  
the big dough. She thought I'd be an old man before I  
hit the jackpot. But here we are on the road to riches  
and I'm still only - (PAUSE) OOOO, DON'T TIME FLY!  
I didn't realize -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, Mister! (GIGGLES)

mc

(2ND REVISION) -17-

FIB: Hivah, sis - glad to see you! Here, toss the torso in  
a chair and take the tension off your metatarsals,  
Teeny!  
TEE: Well, I - HM????  
FIB: I says aren't you out of school a little early this  
afternoon, sis?  
TEE: Sure - me and Willie Toops got out early for a reward,  
I betcha. On account of we got a hundred in history  
today for doin' our homework right.  
FIB: You did, eh?  
TEE: And our teacher - HM?  
FIB: I says you did, eh?  
TEE: Who did?  
FIB: You and Willie Toops.  
TEE: Did what?  
FIB: Got a hundred.  
TEE: Where?  
FIB: In history.  
TEE: When?  
FIB: Today!!  
TEE: Why?  
FIB: FOR DOING YOUR HOMEWORK RIGHT!!  
TEE: I know it. (GIGGLES) Hey, watcha doon with the guitar,  
mister? Hm? You gonna be a cowboy star this summer?  
Hm? Are you?



(2nd REVISION) -18-

FIB: No, no, and this isn't a guitar, Teeny - it's a mandolin...As a matter of fact, though, I WAS in a Western picture one time, years ago.

TEE: Gee, really, mister? Didja ride a horse and play a guitar?

FIB: Nooo - It was just a small part - I rode a Shetland pony and played a ukelele...But as long as you asked about this mandolin I'll play something for you. (STRUMS)

TEE: Oh boy! Music!

FIB: Yep, I'll sing you a littla song I wrote myself, back in 1916, sis - it's gonna be a big hit this summer. The King's Men are singing it on the air and you'll hear it on juke boxes - radios - merry-go-rounds - sheet music-

TEE: Will my mama be able to get the music and play it on our piano, mister? Hm? Will she? On our piano?

FIB: Sure she will!

TEE: Mama can't play the piano.

FIB: Well, she can have somebody play it for her.

TEE: We haven't got a piano.

FIB: Okay, skip it! Here's how it goes:  
(STRUMS) OHHH, PEANUTS GO WITH POPCORN -  
SUNRISE GOES WITH DEW - (STRUM)  
DOUGHNUTS GO WITH COFFEE -  
AND I WANNA GO WITH YOU!!" (STRUM) Ohhhh -- How do you like it so far?

TEE: OHHHHHHHh -- Lemme outta here!

DOOR SLAM:

(2ND REVISION) -19-20-

FIB: Cute kid! But she never answered me --- or <sup>did</sup> ~~maybe~~ she did!

MOL: (FADING IN FAST) McGee, do you know what time it is? Quick, turn on the radio - it's time for the King's Men!

CLICK OF SWITCH

ANNCR: (FADING IN) - bring you at this time, that popular singing group, the King's Men, with a series of songs by amateur composers!

FIB: This is it, kiddo - I hope they don't butch it up!

ANNCR: The opening number has been drawn out of the hat and it's-- "Fibber's Tune" - by a Mr. Fibber McGee!!

KING'S MEN: "FIBBER'S SONG"

R

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -21

FIB: (PROUDLY) Well, whattaya think of the song now, Kiddo?  
MOL: Why, that sounded wonderful, McGee! I'll have to admit I like it!  
FIB: CERTAINLY! EVERYBODY WILL LIKE IT!! YOU'RE GONNA HEAR "FIBBER'S TUNE" ON EVERY RADIO PROGRAM IN THE COUNTRY - EXCEPT MAYBE "WE THE PEOPLE" AND KALTENBORN. AND I'LL BET I COULD GET KALTENBORN TO DISCUSS IT, IN TERMS OF WORLD PEACE!  
MOL: Sounds wonderful, dearie, but just what radio program do you think you can get it on? And how?  
FIB: That's a cinch, baby! Who's got a musical show that will be sponsored by Johnson's Wax this summer, every Monday and Wednesday morning at consult your local newspaper for the exact time? Who?  
MOL: You mean - Fred Waring?  
FIB: Natch! Hand me the phone!  
MOL: Here...And take a little more cord - it's a long distance call.

DOOR CHIME

(REVISED) -22-

FIB: Aw, interruptions, interruptions! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh McGee, it's Doctor Gamble! Do come in, Doctor!  
DOC: Thank you, my dear. And good day to you, Wetwash.  
FIB: Hi, Lance-A-Lot! Is it true you lost your satchel last week and three patients got well before you could find it?  
MOL: MCGEE! I wish you wouldn't talk that way to the good doctor. A man of his professional standing is entitled to a little respect.  
DOC: But not as little as I get from him!  
FIB: If he did a little more professional standing, and a little less professional sitting, his experience would be wider and his pistol pockets narrower!  
DOC: Not to change what seems to you to be such an enjoyable subject, Scuttlebutt - may I ask how you intend to take the swelling out of that banjo?  
MOL: That's not a banjo, Doctor - that's a mandolin. He's been playing an old song he wants to revive.  
DOC: His mandolin playing is a strange way to revive anything! What is this beggar's opera you're promoting, Bucklewart?  
FIB: It's called "Fibber's <sup>TUNE</sup> ~~song~~", Tone-Deaf. Wrote it myself.  
MOL: He says it was very popular back in 1916, Doctor.  
DOC: So was Russia.  
FIB: Lemme dash off a few bars for you, Docky - you'll love it! (STRUMS MANDOLIN) *Altk, peanuts -*

(REVISED) -23-

DOC: Look, my boy - ours has been a long and stormy friendship - let's not strain it! I know your voice - and I don't mind saying that I've heard better singing done by a pigeon on a stool under a hot light at the police station! So it -

TELEPHONE

DOC: I'll get it. (CLICK) McGee's residence. Gamble speaking. Who? Oh yes, Mrs. Kladderhatch!

MOL: Her again.

DOC: How's that, Mrs. Kladderhatch?...Your husband? Lost his nose in a <sup>McGee</sup> ~~Union~~ election argument? I'll be right over!

HANGUP

FIB: Migosh, Doc - lost his nose??

DOC: Yes, he was counting the votes when the fight started. Saved most of the "yesses", but lost all of his "noes".... Have a nice summer, kids - I'll miss you!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ahh, dear old Doc! I'd put in a good word for him any time--if I could think of a good word that wouldn't get me arrested and - Hey, let's get goin' here! Hand me the phone....Thanks. (CLICK) Hello, Operator - gimme Fred Waring, in New York....Yeah, THE NEW YORK.

MOL: If it won't make you too jealous, McGee tell him I think he's wonderful.

FIB: Okay. Boy, when Fred and I get this song revived we'll - OKAY OPERATOR, PUT HIM ON! HELLO, FRED? FIBBER MCGEE!.... NO, MCGEE -- MOLLY'S HUSBAND!...YEAH!...YEAH! LOOK - I WANTA HELP YOU OUT FRED!

(2ND REVISION) -24-

MOL: You want to help HIM out? Like Dewey wants to help Truman out!

FIB: LOOK, FRED. I GOT A SONG I'M PROMOTIN'. I WROTE IT MYSELF IN 1916 AND CONFIDENTIALLY IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S A REVIVAL AND HOTTER'N A PISTOL! LISTEN TO THIS, FREDDIE. (STRUMS) WHADDYE MEAN, YOU DON'T LIKE IT? I AIN'T SUNG ANY OF IT YET. THAT WAS MY MANDOLIN!

MOL: Sing it Acapulco!

FIB: READY, FREDDIE? HERE SHE GOES! (STRUMS)

"OH, PEANUTS GO WITH POPCORN -

SUNRISE GOES WITH DEW - (STRUM)

DOUGHNUTS GO WITH COFFEE -

AND I WANNA GO WITH YOU!" (STRUM)

OH, HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

(JIGGLES HOOK - RECEIVER UP)

Musta been cut off - I'll call him back later.

MOL: Well, it's very difficult to interpret a fine musical selection over the phone, dearie. Why don't you mail him a copy?

(REVISED) -25-

FIB: I'm gonna. And I'm gonna ask him to feature it on his first show for the ~~show~~ <sup>Johnson Folks</sup> next Monday morning! (PAUSE) If he likes it. (WORRIED) You don't think he hung up because he didn't like it, do you?

MOL: Oh, don't be ridiculous? How could anybody dislike it!

FIB: A frightening question! Anyhow, it sounded great when the King's Men sang it. It couldn't of got very bad in 10 minutes.

MOL: Look, you say you wrote this song?

FIB: Yep.

MOL: And you say it was very big in 1916?

FIB: Biggest song I ever handled. 16 pages! Had to cut it down to get anybody to look at it.

MOL: I see. And it was very popular?

FIB: Very!

MOL: With whom?

FIB: With me! I liked it better'n any song I ever wrote! Funny I never could sell it.

MOL: (YOU MEAN IT NEVER WAS PUBLISHED?)

FIB: Nope - but now that I've revived it, we'll make -

MOL: Tell me one thing - how can you REVIVE a song that was never published?

FIB: AH-HA! YOU PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE BIG TALKIN' POINT, KIDDO!! THAT'S IT! THIS IS THE FIRST SONG EVER WROTE THAT WAS REVIVED BEFORE ANYBODY EVER HEARD OF IT! WHAT A NOVELTY! WHAT A - Here, lemme run over it again for you!

MOL: Please do! I'll help you!

STRUMS MANDOLIN

(2ND REVISION) -26-

FIB & MOL: (SINGS) OHHH, PEANUTS GO WITH POPCORN  
SUNRISE GOES WITH DEW,  
DOUGHNUTS GO WITH COFFEE  
AND I WANNA GO WITH YOU!  
BACON GOES WITH HENFRUIT,  
CARROTS GO WITH STEW,  
FIB: (SOLO) I'M GOING ON VACATION  
FIB & MOL: AND I'M GONNA GO WITH YOU!  
ORCH: "WHEN YOU'RE SMILING".....FADE FOR:  
(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
JUNE 1, 1948  
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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WILCOX: There's nothing tough or tiresome about polishing your car if you use Johnson's Wax-Fortified Carnu. As a matter of fact -- with Carnu, it's really quite simple and easy to make your car bright and shiny. You merely apply Carnu with a dry cloth ... rub just a bit to loosen road dirt and grime ... and then let dry to a white powder. Wipe off the white powder and presto! Your car is polished. You see, Johnson's Carnu does two jobs at once. It cleans and at the same time it polishes to a bright, shining luster. The secret is that Carnu dissolves that sticky traffic film built up by bugs, tree sap, oil and exhaust fumes. Water alone won't remove that greasy road grime, but Carnu will ... quickly and easily. No aching elbows...no aching backs. Car beauty comes easily when you use Johnson's Wax-Fortified Carnu. Try ~~Carnu~~<sup>IT</sup> and see for yourself. ~~See how quickly and easily it does the job. See how clean and shining your car can be.~~ Yes, sir. You show me a man who has used Johnson's Carnu and I'll show you a man who has found the easy way to bring out the beauty of his car.

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

ORCH: BUMPER . . . . FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -28-

-TAG-

MOL: Well, it's about that time of the year again, dearie.  
FIB: Yep. Fred Waring takes over for the Johnson people next week. Every Monday and Wednesday morning all summer.  
MOL: That's wonderful! And it's been another happy season for us too, hasn't it?  
FIB: Swell!  
MOL: With all our good friends, who keep listening to us! Honestly, I don't know what we'd do without them, McGee!  
FIB: I do - but I don't like to think about it. I wish there was some way we could say thanks to everybody who's been so nice to us all year.  
MOL: You know what I think they'd like us to say by this time?  
FIB: You mean -- ?  
MOL: Yes.  
FIB: Oh. Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all.  
ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF  
WILCOX: Fibber McGee and Molly will be back October 5th. In the meantime the makers of Johnson's Wax Products bring you Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians every Monday and Wednesday morning. Consult your local newspaper for the correct time, and tune in next Monday morning, won't you? This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight.  
ANNCR: THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.  
CHIMES: