

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#19
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, January 17, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:57 — 6:31:32 — :55

6:43:50 — 6:44:55 — 1:05

6:56:40 — 6:57:21 — :41

6:58:45 — 6:59:15 — :30

3:15

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
JANUARY 17, 1950

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

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, Cliff Arquette, 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:

It's easy to see why Glo-Coat just doesn't dissolve whenever water comes in. When you wipe up spilled things, wash down car or boat, spilled milk or drinks, you don't wipe up the wax. Glo-Coat stays on... even after repeated hand scrubbing. You get more for your money in every drop, because Johnson's Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent. That's why it lasts up to four times longer. And think of the work you save! You don't have to scrub your floors nearly so often! Water Repellent Glo-Coat is still in the regular Glo-Coat package, remember. No change at all in the container -- but what a wonderful difference inside. Get Glo-Coat tomorrow!

ORCH: BRIDGE

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
JANUARY 17, 1950

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment ---
When you put a self polishing floor wax on your floors
and linoleum, you want it to last as long as possible
-- don't you?
Well, listen to this. Because it's water-repellent,
Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat now lasts up to
four times longer.
It's easy to understand why. Glo-Coat just doesn't
dissolve whenever water touches it. When you wipe up
spilled things, tracked-in mud or snow, spilled food
or drinks, you don't wipe up the wax. Glo-Coat stays
on ... stays bright ... even after repeated damp mopping.
You get more for your money in every drop, because
Johnson's Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent.
That's why it lasts up to four times longer. And think
of the work you save! You don't have to do your floors
nearly so often! Water Repellent Glo-Coat is still in
the regular Glo-Coat package, remember. No change at all
in the container -- but what a wonderful difference inside!
Get Glo-Coat tomorrow!

ORCH: BRIDGE

NM

(REVISED)

-4-

WILCOX: VERY OFTEN AROUND THIS TIME WE TAKE YOU TO 79 WISTFUL
VISTA. THIS WEEK, FOR A CHANGE, LET'S ALL GATHER AT 82
WISTFUL VISTA - UNDER THAT BIG DEAD OAK TREE IN THE YARD -
- AND LISTEN TO THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE LOCAL TREE
SURGEON AND THE LADY WHO LIVES ACROSS THE STREET FROM -

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

WOMAN: SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS??? To take that tree down? Ohh,
that's murder!!
MAN: I'm sorry, Mrs. Clammer, but that's the cheapest I can do
it. That's a big tree.
WOMAN: Well, it's got to come out of there, but I can't afford
that kind of money! What am I going to do?
MAN: I don't know - unless you run across some yokel who'll
cut it down just for the firewood in it or something.
WOMAN: Firewood?
MAN: He'd have to be an awful sucker to take on a deal like
that, - a real 18 karat knucklehead, ~~but~~ ---
WOMAN: Hmm, an 18 karat knucklehead! HMMMM---~~YES~~---
ORCH: BRIDGE
SOUND: CHOP...CHOP...CHOP

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(REVISED)

-4-

WILCOX: VERY OFTEN AROUND THIS TIME WE TAKE YOU TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA. THIS WEEK, FOR A CHANGE, LET'S ALL GATHER AT 82 WISTFUL VISTA - UNDER THAT BIG DEAD OAK TREE IN THE YARD - AND LISTEN TO THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE LOCAL TREE SURGEON AND THE LADY WHO LIVES ACROSS THE STREET FROM -

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE

WOMAN: SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS??? To take that tree down? Ohh, that's murder!!

MAN: I'm sorry, Mrs. Clammer, but that's the cheapest I can do it. That's a big tree.

WOMAN: Well, it's got to come out of there, but I can't afford that kind of money! What am I going to do?

MAN: I don't know - unless you run across some yokel who'll cut it down just for the firewood in it or something.

WOMAN: Firewood?

MAN: He'd have to be an awful sucker to take on a deal like that, - a real 18 karat knucklehead, but --

WOMAN: Hmm, an 18 karat knucklehead! HMMMM-----

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: CHOP...CHOP...CHOP

-5-

FIB: Whew! Isn't this a break, Molly? Firewood enough to last all winter - and all I gotta do is cut it down! How'm I doin', kiddo?

MOL: Wonderful, dearie. You've only been at it forty minutes, and you've already chipped the bark in two places.

FIB: Yep. That last smack with the axe jarred a few acorns down out of it, too! Wonder what kind of a tree this is-- spruce?

MOL: Oh no, dearie - you only find acorns in - Ohh, hello, Mrs. Clammer!

CLAM: (FADING IN) Hello, Mrs. McGee - how's your little Tin Woodman coming along?

MOL: Fine, thanks. He's just like lightning with that axe!

CLAM: Really?

MOL: Yes, he never strikes twice in the same place.

FIB: This is a pretty tough hunk of trunk you got here, Clammy. I used to have a top sergeant with a softer bark than this baby. What kinda tree is it?

CLAM: That's oak, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Well, it's oke with me, too, but what kind of tree - Ohh, an oak tree, eh?

CLAM: Yes, and I sort of hate to see that old tree fall, really.

MOL: Well, stick around a few hours - maybe it won't.

NM

CIAM: You've heard all the old legends about it, of course.
How the James Boys rode through here and how Jesse James
was supposed to have buried some bank loot under this tree.

FIB: Heard it? Migosh, I dug up this entire lot one day
lookin' for it!

MOL: Three times.

FIB: I'm thorough. Matter of fact, I took two hundred bucks
out of here on the deal, too!

CIAM: Really? You FOUND two hundred dollars?

MOL: No, he didn't FIND anything - he just spread the story
around the Elks Club and then rushed back here and
rented out shovels.

FIB: Yep - a dollar an hour for the shovels, plus half of all
the fishin' worms they dug up. BUT - this ain't gettin'
the tree cut down. Stand back, kids - here we go again!

CIAM: SMACK...SMACK...SMACK

FIB: WHEW! Any chips fly out of it this time?

MOL: No - just a bluejay and two woodpeckers, dearie.

CIAM: Wouldn't you have better luck, Mr. McGee, if you
turned the axe around and chopped with the edge instead of
the back?

FIB: Huh? Oh. (CHUCKLES) I thought it seemed awful dull
there.

CIAM: Yes, it seems awfully dull here, too. I'll see you
later.

FIB: Okay, Clammy. Hey, when I get this tree cut through,
is there any particular way you want it to fall?

CIAM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes. Down! 'Bye, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Goodbye, Mrs. Clammer. Do you think you'll get this job
finished before dark, McGee? That's an awful small axe
for such a big tree --

FIB: Well, I phoned the hardware store to send over a big saw,
see - and when that gets here, I'll really get goin'!

FIB: I'll - stand back - lemme take another whack at it.

MOL: Careful now - don't strain a muscle and -

FIB: (GRUNTS...CHOP...SNAP OF ELASTIC) OMIGOSH! I BUSTED
SOMETHING! IN MY LEG! MOLLY! I BUSTED A LEGAMENT! OHH!

MOL: Ohh, dear!

FIB: Lemme pull up my pants leg. You see anything? A busted
legament?

MOL: Do your ligaments have brass clips on the end of them?
Because otherwise that was your garter.

FIB: Huh? Oh...Oh yeah...Feels better already. I thought
for--

HERB: Hello, Mr. McGee...It sms - Herber Tappel.

MOL: Oh, hello, Herber.

FIB: Hi, Herb.

HERB: They told me you call dup for a saw, so I rush trite over
here with it. (CLANG OF SAW) Here it is - it's a crow
sout.

FIB: A what sout?

HERB: A crow sout.

FIB: Ohh! Oh yeah, that's the kind I wanted, Herb! - Swell!

MOL: Heavenly days, what a wicked looking thing! I haven't seen so many ugly-looking teeth since Uncle Dennis brought his home in a handkerchief Election Day!

FIB: Thanks for the fast service, Herb. You really got it over here quick.

HERB: Oh, that sokay, Mr. McGee. I was gonna stop flunch on the way, but I decided it was twirly tweet.

MOL: Twirly?

FIB: Tweet?

HERB: Yeah, as I always say, there's no use tweet if you ain't hungry.

MOL: Oh - yes. That's a very good saying, Herbert.

FIB: Yeah - you keep on saying that, boy.

HERB: I'm a little worried, though, losin' my yappetite this way. It was fine a couple hours ago.

MOL: Really? Your appetite was good two hours ago?

HERB: It was terrific! I went out and date scramble deggs and bacon an dorange juice and smuffins.

FIB: Migosh - you ate all that? Alone?

HERB: Oh, no, I had a cuppa coffee with it. I better get back twirk now. It slate. Slong!

FIB: Yeah. Well lemme see now - I wonder which is the best end of this saw to grab it by.

MOL: Off hand, dearie, I'd say grab the end that has a handle on it. Or is that too daring a thought?

FIB: No, but that's the trouble. There's handles on both ends of it, and my arms aren't long enough to - Oh hi, Ole!

MOL: Hello, Ole.

OLE: Hello, Mrs. Well, McGee - what you fixin' to make a jackass out of? Yourself?

FIB: No, I'm gonna cut this tree down for firewood, Ole.

OLE: Well, don't stood there looking at it, McGee. You don't cut down oak tree with eyeballs.

MOL: So far, he don't cut down oak tree, period!

FIB: I used to know all about this stuff, of course. Worked in a lumberyard.

OLE: I was foreman in lumberyard, once.

FIB: Worked out well, but didn't draw cootawcode.

OLE: I cut down redwood, once. Six trees.

FIB: I know Paul Dangan personally, myself.

OLE: He was my cousin.

FIB: When I see a lumberjack -

OLE: I was a lumberjack, too. Best lumberjack.

FIB: Look, if you two lumberjacks don't stop yuckin' and start lumbering, you'll be here all night! Get to work!

FIB: Oh.

MOL: BAN ME...INCO:

MOL: "CRANLEY, JK BUY"

APPLAUSE

(REVISED)

OLE: Well, you shouldn't send boy to do man's job, Mrs. Grab the saw, McGee - I grab other end and show you how real woodman works.

MOL: Oh, good!

FIB: Yeah? Swell, Ole. Which is the best end - I'll take that.

OLE: With a crosscut saw, McGee, is no best end. Only good end is the end you put on a stump while you sit and watch two other fellers work. Come on, lazy - I show you how.

SOUND: CLANG OF SAW

FIB: I used to know all about this stuff, of course. Worked in a lumberyard.

OLE: I was foreman in lumberyard, myself.

FIB: Worked out west, too, cuttin' down cottonwoods.

OLE: I cut down redwoods myself. Big ones.

FIB: I knew Paul Bunyan personally, myself.

OLE: He was my cousin.

FIB: When I was a lumberjack -

OLE: I was a lumberjack, too. Boss lumberjack.

MOL: Look, if you two lumber-jacks don't stop yacking and start lumbering, you'll be here all night! Get to work!

FIB: Oh.

SOUND: SAWING...INTO:

ORCH: "CHARLEY, MY BOY"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED)

SOUND: SAWING: SUSTAIN FOR SIX COUNT. OUT.

FIB: WHEW! This is really work ain't it, Ole?

OLE: It sure is, McGee. I haven't seen a tree down for a long time.

MOL: You mean SAWED a tree down, Ole.

OLE: Thanks, Missus. I told my missus I sawed McGee tear the cover on pool table at Elk's Club and she tells me I mean SEEN. So when I saw, I don't know if I am seeing or sawing.

FIB: Well, it takes time to learn yourself to speak good grammar, Ole. Had quite a time with it myself. As it is, I'm mistook quite frequent for a college guy.

MOL: Not by any other college guy, you aren't. Say, how's your family, Ole? All well?

OLE: Fine, thanks, Missus. All but my wife's brother's little kid, Classy Swanson. He's got little touch of strep.

FIB: Strep! My gosh, that's no fun, Ole. What kinda strep?

OLE: Measles. He strep off his undershirt and under undershirt is measles. Now I can't go home for five days because house is just been guaranteed.

MOL: Quarantined.

OLE: Sure.

FIB: What'd you say the kid's name was Ole? Classy? That's an odd moniker.

OLE: Well, when he was borned, McGee, his papa didn't know what name to put on him. So somebody says, "stick your finger inside telephone book, and where finger hits, you got a name". So pappa's finger points to word "classified." Classified Swanson.

FIB: Very amusing, Ole, but this ain't gettin' this tree sawed down. WANNA TAKE ONE END OF THE SAW WITH OLE, MOLLY? Lot's of fun, and good healthy exercise.

MOL: You're sweet, dearie, but sawing down oak trees is a spectator sport for me. I'll sit here and read True Story Magazine.

FIB: True Story?

MOL: Yes, there's a story here about Wistful Vista and if you boys will cut that tree down first, I'll read it to you.

OLE: Well, come on, McGee....Time's a wastin'.

SOUND: SAWING, SUSTAIN....

MOL: Don't forget, boys, I have more hot coffee and sandwiches here when you get hungry.

SOUND: SAWING OUT

FIB: Hey, I'm hungry right now! I could GNAW this tree down.

OLE: Don't be so eager, Beaver. You just had three sandwiches and four cups coffee. Let's keep working...

FIB: Wel-1-1....Okay.

SOUND: SAWING

MOL: That's it, boys...NOW YOU'RE BITING INTO IT!!! KEEP IT UP!

SOUND: SAWING. CAR MOTOR UP AND IN FAST, OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH, DOOR OPEN

WIL: (FADE IN) HIYAH, MOLLY...HIYAH PAL...HIYAH, OLE!!!

ALL: AD LIB HELLOES:

FIB: You're just in time, Junior. Wanna get for tree sawing? Hey, Ole, let Junior t this saw and --

WIL: Oh no no!!!...No, Pal. Sorry! Can't sta

OLE: I wish I could of thought to say that Mr. got to show McGee my muscles instead of m

MOL: Really in a rush, are you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah, big Johnson Wax sales meeting, Moll problem.

FIB: What's the matter, boy? Needle stuck on

WIL: No, Pal. I'm doing all right. I keep te But there's a little item we've got to ma that sensational new Johnson's Water Repe

OLE: What's the matter with it, Mr. Wilcox! M Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat all the says it works wonders.

MOL: I do too, and I'M so delighted with it th

WIL: OH, OF COURSE YOU ARE -- GEE WHIZZ, IT'S a lot of people don't understand that ALL sold now IS Water repellant. It's the sa container but what's inside of it has got miracle. We gotta make that clear to ever the Glocoat on the dealers shelves right repellant GLOCOAT!

FIB: You're just in time, Junior. Wanna get a merit badge for tree sawing? Hey, Ole, let Junior take my end of this saw and --

WIL: Oh no no!!!...No, Pal. Sorry! Can't stay but a minute.

OLE: I wish I could of thought to say that Mr. Wilcox. But I got to show McGee my muscles instead of my brains.

MOL: Really in a rush, are you, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yeah, big Johnson Wax sales meeting, Molly. We got a problem.

FIB: What's the matter, boy? Needle stuck on your sales record?

WIL: No, Pal. I'm doing all right. I keep telling myself. But there's a little item we've got to make clear about that sensational new Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat.

OLE: What's the matter with it, Mr. Wilcox! My Missus uses Johnson's Water Repellant Glocoat all the time and she says it works wonders.

MOL: I do too, and I'M so delighted with it that I -

WIL: OH, OF COURSE YOU ARE -- GEE WHIZZ, IT'S MARVELOUS! But a lot of people don't understand that ALL the Glocoat being sold now IS Water repellant. It's the same familiar container but what's inside of it has got that built-in miracle. We gotta make that clear to everybody. That all the Glocoat on the dealers shelves right now is the water-repellant GLOCOAT!

FIB: I gotta simple suggestion to take care of that, Junior. Use new containers.

WIL: NOT A CHANCE, PAL...THAT JOHNSON GLOCOAT CONTAINER IS SO FAMILIAR AND SO HONORED ALL OVER THE WORLD THAT CHANGING IT WOULD BE...WELL...LIKE...WHY GEE WHIZ...I.

MOL: Heavenly days...look!...tears in his eyes at the very thought!

WIL: Well, when you've really loved something, you...well, what I mean is, IT'S THE PRODUCT we keep improving, the package stays the same. (FADE) Better get to work, Pal, it's getting pretty late! *per long kids*

OLE: (CALLS) So long, Mr. Waxey.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM; MOTOR IN AND OUT FAST

FIB: Come on, Ole - quit gabbin'! We gotta get this tree sawed down! Migosh, if you're gonna do a job, boy, do it right, because I'll get enough firewood out of this tree to --

OLE: Look, McGee! Out of all this work, maybe you get plenty firewood - but me, I'm just donatin' my time!

SOUND: SAWING, INTO

ORCH: SHORT BRIDGE INFO - SAWING: CRACKLING SOUND

OLE: HERE SHE GOES, MCGEE...WE DONE IT...
FIB: TIMBERRRRR-r-r-r-!
SOUND: TREE CRASHING DOWN
MOL: Congratulations, men!! Nice job, except for one thing.
OLE: What one thing, Missus?
MOL: Oh, nothing important. Except that it fell right across
the road and nobody can get thru till you clear it away.
FIB: My gosh, I guess we HAD better saw a hunk outa the middle
so cars can drive thru, eh Ole?
OLE: Don't say WE, McGee. Say YOU. Already I'm late for MY
dinner. Well, so long, Missus. So long, McGee. Thanks
for helping me with...(PAUSE) What am I saying... I
was helping YOU.
MOL: (CALLS) THANK YOU, OLE...Goodnight.
FIB: Yeah...so long...DESERTER!! Hey, Molly...grab one end
of that saw, willya? Oh - oh, wait a minute - HEY, OLD
TIMER!
OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS - HI, DAUGHTER - HI, JOHNNY!
MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.
FIB: Hey, you wanta help me saw this -
OLD M: I'D LOVE TO, JOHNNY, BUT I CAN'T DO IT!

FIB: Oh, you can't, eh? What's the matter, got hydrophobia -
afraid of a little perspiration?
OLD T: No, Johnny... I just ain't in condition fer it. I ain't
no kid you know. Doc Gamble says NO EXERCISE. I says,
how about a quiet game of Canasta, I says? Okay, he says,
if the other feller does all the shuffling. So I -
MOL: Excuse me, Mister Old Timer. Could it be possible you
don't know HOW to handle a saw?
OLD T: Kids, I was engaged to a lumberman's daughter fer almost
12 years once. Mabel, her name was. Bird's Eye Mabel,
we called her. Used to take her fishin' with me because
she could see a angleworm at ninety paces. I was -
FIB: OKAY OKAY...Stow the gab, Old Timer. I gotta get to work.
This tree is --
OLD T: Hey!!!
MOL: Yes?
OLD T: Ain't this the old Jesse James Oak Tree? The one the boys
was supposed to of rode into town and hid some loot under
it?
MOL: Yes, but that story has been pretty well exploded, Mr.
Old Timer. Himself here dug up about four acres around it,
and you know what he found a couple of hundred of?

OLD T: WHAT, DAUGHTER?

MOL: Roots.

FIB: Yeah, that Jesse James stuff is a lot of mahoola. The Rock Island train robbery was in 1873. When this tree was just a saphead.

MOL: Sapling.

FIB: I meant sapling. I'm just self-conscious, I guess.

OLD T: I dunno' about that, Johnny. This was a pretty old tree. And when I ask Jesse James about it, he says -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE....YOU KNEW JESSE JAMES?

OLD T: Like a brother, daughter! Never ferget the time I and Jesse and Frank held up the bank in Cairo, Illinois. Got thirty six thousand dollars. My share was twelve.

FIB: My gosh, twelve thousand dollars.

OLD T: No. Twelve dollars. All I done was hold the horses. Well, sir OUT THEY COME, BANGIN' AND SHOOTIN' AND HOLLERIN' "LET'S GO, BOYS"! yells Jesse. SO, I LEPS ONTO MY HORSE, DUG IN THE SPURS, AND HE BUCKED ME OFF, RIGHT IN THRU THE WINDOW INTO THE BANK AGAIN. I'D FERGOT TO UNHITCH HIM!

MOL: How did you get out of that one?

OLD T: By quick thinkin', daughter. I slaps my 12 dollars down on the counter and says "I WANNA OPEN A CHRISTMAS SAVINGS ACCOUNT." Another time, me and Jesse - Oh, excuse me, daughter, you can't handle that saw with me in the way, can ye?

MOL: No.. Come on, McGee. Grab the other end.

SOUND: SAWING

OLD T: As I was sayin', another time, me and Jesse was -

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN .. "I SAID MY PAJAMAS AND PUT ON MY PRAYERS!"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: You're sweat, glands, but save your breath. Your turn is coming up. If you see another chimney-sweep, make you see hitch the horse to this tree-top brush pile and drag it out of here.

FIB: Yeah, and the next time somebody talks 'em into shoppin' down white-birds like that I can put 'em up into enough pine-wood to last 'em all winter. 'I'll burn 'em all by George I - Oh, here comes La Travia!

MOL: You and Doctor Campbell, MILD, WELCOME! Welcome to the Green Park, Home and Steel Company.

MOL: (GROANS) If you guys got any smart remarks about how I oughta exist in the branches down here because I've always been a squirrel, I'll be back in the trees with the rest of the squirrels!" save 'em. I'm in no mood.

MOL: I had no such comment in mind, did you, Doctor?

OUT OF APPLAUSE. SAWING....FEW STROKES...OUT

MOL: WHEW! My, that's hard work, McGee. Let me rest a minute.

FIB: Yeah, sit down awhile, kiddo. This job would go a lot faster if you had somebody on the other end of that saw with you. If I hadn't pulled a charley-horse in my back that -

MOL: You're sweet, dearie, but save your breath. Your turn is coming up. If you get another charley-horse, maybe you can hitch them both to this ten-ton brush pile and drag it out of here.

FIB: Yeah, and the next time anybody talks me into choppin' down this big a tree that I can cut it up into enough firewood to last us all winter, I'll burn coal!
By George I - Oh, here comes La Trivia!

MOL: Yes, and Doctor Gamble! HELLO, GENTLEMEN! Welcome to the McGee Fuss, Fume and Fuel Company.

DOC AND
GALE: AD LIB HELLOES

FIB: (SURLY) Hi. If you guys got any smart remarks about how I "oughta go sit in the branches there, because I'm always ~~out on a limb~~ or "hey, son, I climb back in the tree with the rest of the squirrels?" save 'em. I'm in no mood!

GALE: I had no such comment in mind, did you, Doctor?

DOC: Oh, not at all, Mr. Mayor! Just because McGee here happens to get into more stupid, ridiculous, impossible messes than any human being we know, is no reason for anyone to claim that he's a human being!

FIB: Thank you, doctor.

GALE: Too bad it had to come down, isn't it? The city hates to lose this historic old Jesse James tree, McGee.

FIB: They don't hafta lose it, La Triv! THEY CAN HAVE IT!

GALE: As a matter of fact, McGee, I asked the street department to send a removal crew out here to haul it away. They'll be along soon.

MOL: Oh, thank goodness!

FIB: I don't know why the city wants it. There's enough dead wood in the administration as it is. NOTHING personal, LaTriv.

GALE: Thank you. You know, this whole thing reminds me of a very amusing incident that occurred during my youth.

DOC: Really, La Trivia?

GALE: Well, it happened one day when I was a boy. I was out in the woods with my sister, Bea - my cousin Lee, and me. We had discovered the tree, and

MOL: Oh, no!

DOC: And the bees from Lee's tree joined the bees from Bea's tree - so fast Bea's bees and Lee's bees and the bees from the tree that touched to - (PAUSE) What that thing, McGee?

GALE: Yes, we had a few yew trees on our property and one of them died. My brother, Hugh, went out with an axe to chop down the dead tree.

FIB: If his axe was as dull as your stories, I --

MOL: McGee. HELP ME GET IT OUT OF HERE, LA TRIV! (GRUNTS)

FIB: Go ahead, La Triv - I'm fascinated.

GALE: Uh...Thank you. Well, I followed him and called out "Yoo-Hoo, Hugh, did you hew the yew?" "Don't stew," replied Hugh, "I'll hew the yew, but this yew is such a huge yew - and so few yews are this hue of blue that I hesitate to hew such a true-blue yew". Well, sir - if you knew Hugh like I know you, you'd know why Hugh couldn't hew through the yew. I'm through! (CHUCKLES) Isn't that amusing?

PAUSE

DOC: Ohh yes - yes indeed! Very good! (HOLLOW LAUGH)

FIB: Hmm!

DOC: Reminds me of a similar occurrence, La Trivia. Happened to my sister, Bea - my cousin Lee, and me. We three discovered bee trees, see -

MOL: Ohh no!

DOC: And the bees from Lee's bee tree joined the bees from Bea's bee tree - so that Bea's bees and Lee's bees and the bees from the tree that belonged to - (PAUSE) What's that thing, McGee?

FIB: Huh? What thing?

MOL: Where, Doctor?

DOC: In that hollow place in the ^{tree}trunk - over there! Looks like an old iron box, or --

FIB: OMIGOSH! HELP ME GET IT OUT OF HERE, LA TRIV! (GRUNTS) IT'S THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE!

MOL: THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE???

DOC: THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE?

GALE: THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE??

VOICE: (WAY OFF) THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE! HEY, THEY FOUND THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE!

OTHER VOICES: (WAY OFF) (FADING IN) THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE!...THEY FOUND THE TREASURE! THE JESSE JAMES TREASURE! HEY, THE TREASURE....(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS IN OVER:)

MUSIC: BRIDGE IN OVER ABOVE ("WE'RE IN THE MOMEY"? "HAPPY DAYS"?)

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR IN BG

GALE: All right, ladies and gentlemen - please stand back!

GALE: Give us a little room here, please. That's it.

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR, DOWN

MOL: You heard the Mayor - now stand back! (UNDER BREATH) Hurry up, McGee - get that box open - I'm dying to see what --

FIB: (CLANKING NOISES) I can't get it open, Molly! The padlock is all rusty! HEY, HAS ANYBODY IN THE CROWD GOT A SLEDGE HAMMER?

MAN: Here you are, sir - I have one.

(REVISED)

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FIB: Thanks, bud - you always carry a sledge hammer?
MAN: Naturally, sir - I am the motion picture critic for the
New Yorker Magazine.
GALE: All right, McGee - open it up! I'm impatient, too!
DOC: Yes, get it open, Butterfingers!
FIB: Okay, okay. (GRUNT)
SOUND: CLANK...CLANK AGAIN.....RATTLE OF LID OFF
VOICES: (EXCITED) What is it? Money? HOW MUCH? WHAT'S IN IT?
MOL: Look, McGee! An envelope - a big envelope!
GALE: (EXCITED) Yes - addressed to Frank James!
DOC: Great scott!
FIB: Boyoboy, I'll bet it's full of thousand buck bills!
Hurry up, kiddo - rip it open! Quick!
SOUND: TEARING ENVELOPE
MOL: Let's see -
FIB: Quick - what's in it?
MOL: A note. It says - "Dear Frank - I took the dough with me.
Meet me in Saint Louis. - Your brother, Jesse"
SOUND: CROWD GROANS INTO:
ORCH: "A DREAM IS A WISH, ETC."
(APPLAUSE)

(END REVISION)

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
JANUARY 17, 1950

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---
Here's what one woman writes about Johnson's Water-
Repellent Glo-Coat. She says: "When I polish my
floors and linoleum, I want them to stay polished --
at least long enough to say 'Jack Robinson'.
I use Glo-Coat because I don't believe any other self
polishing floor wax lasts so long, or gives such good
protection. And splashed water or tracked-in mud *don't*
~~don't~~ ruin that Glo-Coat shine. You just whisk them
off with a cloth or mop."
The lady is right. Water-Repellent Glo-Coat -- the
regular Glo-Coat you get at any dealer's in the familiar
Glo-Coat package -- now lasts up to four times longer.
And it's positively water-repellent. It saves work,
it saves floors, it saves time and money when you buy
the best. Get Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat.
The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent
ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(SWELL TO MUSIC)

T A G

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, millions of individuals and families in Europe are still in desperate need of food and clothing.

MOL: --and the best way in which you, as private citizens, can help relieve them is thru "CARE" - a non-profit organization made up of 26 top welfare agencies. Care packages can be sent for as little as five dollars and fifty cents up to ten dollars - and the more of them the better.

FIB: Simply send your money to "CARE," New York City. Or in Canada to 73 Albert Street, Ottawa. You will get a signed receipt from the recipient.

MOL: Don't forget, there are ruthless forces in the world which make their greatest strides in countries which are hungry and desperate. With CARE we can help stop them.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellent Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
JANUARY 17, 1950

NETWORK TAG

ANNCR: When you polish your furniture, do you get a shine that stays bright and glistening for weeks and weeks? Or do you get a "fade-out" shine? One that turns smeary and foggy overnight?

Recent tests of leading cream furniture polishes brought out an important fact. Of all polishes tested, Johnson's Cream Wax was the only polish whose shine comes from wax instead of oils. A wax shine lasts. Oil turns foggy and smeary when exposed to air.

Don't be satisfied with a "fade-out" shine. Use Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED TO THE STARS (2 BEAT PAUSE) ON N.B.C.

(CHIMES)