

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED) #21

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

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,
Elvia Allman, Herb Vigran, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The
script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Production by
Frank Pittman
"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" The Men and Billy Mills!

for

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:
JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, January 31, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:41 — 6:31:39 — :58
6:45:25 — 6:46:25 — 1:00
6:56:40 — 6:57:25 — :45
6:58:30 — 6:59:15 — :45
3:28

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31st, 1950

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TIMING: 1 (REVISED) 50 woi-2-

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,
Elvia Allman, Herb Vigran, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The fine
script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Production by
Frank Pittman and Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills
Orchestra.

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

... that this aristocrat of waxes. And
wise granddaughters today know that nothing has ever been
discovered that gives floors such brilliant luster in
exactly the same way -- as Johnson's Fast Wax.

Whether your home is a stately old mansion or a bright
new homegrown cottage, you can make it brighter and
more beautiful -- and make your floor care easier for
months to come -- by giving your floors a protective
coating of polished wax. And the wax to get is
Johnson's Fast Wax. Ask for it at your dealer's.

ORCH: BRIDGE

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31st, 1950

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TIMING: 1 min (REVISED) 60 sec-2-

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, Elvia Allman, Herb Vigran, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Production by Frank Pittman and Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

More than sixty years ago, that there is no better than this - aristocrat of wax. And your granddaughters today know that nothing has ever been discovered that gives floors such brilliant luster in exactly the same way -- as Johnson's Paste Wax.

Whether your home is a stately old mansion or a bright new honeymoon cottage, you can make it brighter and more beautiful -- and make your floors more easier for you to care for -- by giving your floors a protective coating of polished wax. And the wax to get is Johnson's Paste Wax. Ask for it at your dealer's.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31st, 1950

OPENING COMMERCIAL

TIMING: 1 min

OPENING CANADIAN CUT-IN

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in

CANADIAN CUT - IN: TORONTO, ONTARIO Some things never change.

The way of a child with a well-loved home.

CUT - IN OPENING COMMERCIAL

MIRRO QUE: That's why there are graceful

CANADIAN NETWORK hardwood floors have never

CANADIAN AMERICAN polish but Johnson's Paste

more than sixty years ago,

protection for wood than the

wise granddaughters today know

discovered that gives floors

exactly the same way -- as

More than that, there's

Whether your home is a stately

new honeymoon cottage, you

is being brighter and

more beautiful -- and make

months to come -- by giving

coating of polished wax.

Johnson's Paste Wax. Ask

ORCH: BRIDGE! But set now! I

a limited time only.

Tomorrow, save 33 1/3 %

ever used on your floors

Wax in a giant size can

H.C.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31st, 1950

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

TIMING: 1 minute - 160 words.

OPENING CANADIAN CUT-IN

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment ----

Some things never change. The way of a man with a maid.
The way of a child with a doll. The way of a woman with
a well-loved home.

MUSIC CUE: That's why there are gracious old homes today whose fine

hardwood floors have never known the touch of any floor
polish but Johnson's Paste Wax. Grandmother discovered,
more than sixty years ago, that there is no better
protection for wood than this aristocrat of waxes. And
wise granddaughters today know that nothing has ever been
discovered that gives floors such brilliant luster in
exactly the same way -- as Johnson's Paste Wax.

Whether your home is a stately old mansion or a bright
new honeymoon cottage, you can make it brighter and
more beautiful -- and make your floor care easier for
months to come -- by giving your floors a protective
coating of polished wax. And the wax to get is
Johnson's Paste Wax. Ask for it at your dealer's.

ORCH: BRIDGE But act now! I repeat -- this offer is for
a limited time only.

Tomorrow, save 33 1/3 % on the finest paste wax you
ever used on your floors. Get Johnson's New Paste
Wax in a giant size can -- from your dealer.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31, 1950

(REHEARSAL) - 3A -

OPENING CANADIAN CUT-IN

CANADIAN CUT - IN: TORONTO, ONTARIO (CBL) TAKES AND FEEDS CBC
NETWORK

CUT - IN OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC CUE: ORCHESTRA THEME UP AND FADE AT 9:30 - 34 EST

CANADIAN NETWORK ANNCR CUT - IN (TIMING: 1 minute - 160 words.)

WIL: Well, I just
GAL: CANADIAN ANNCR: Homemakers. Have you heard about Johnson's New Paste
Wax? Here's something new and wonderful in floor
protection. A new paste wax that gives a new kind of
tough, long-lasting protection. And also a far
brighter shine with far less polishing.
FIB: (RAPIDLY) Ahhh... that's great...
KEL: More than that, there's new economy for you in
Johnson's New Paste Wax. For this wonderful new wax
is being offered in new, giant size cans -- for a
limited time only. You can get a big, one and one-
third pound can for the regular price of a one pound
can. Or a giant, two and two-thirds pound can for the
regular price of a two-pound can. That's a real
saving! But act now! I repeat -- this offer is for
a limited time only.
FIB: What did you say?
GAL: I turned down an invitation to go sleigh riding and stay at
home. There's much to be said for staying at home.
Tomorrow, save 33 1/3 % on the finest paste wax you
ever used on your floors. Get Johnson's New Paste
Wax in a giant size can -- from your dealer.

WILCOX: ON A CRISP WINTER EVENING - LIKE TONIGHT - THERE'S NOTHING LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED SLEIGH RIDE! (SLEIGH BELLS AND CRUNCH OF HOOPS, BEHIND;) A THICK CARPET OF SNOW ON THE GROUND - A TEAM OF HORSES - AN OPEN SLEIGH - A BUNCH OF JOLLY FRIENDS RIDING THROUGH THE -

FIB: AWWW, cut out the corny speeches, Junior! Sit down - you're rocking the sleigh!

WIL: Well, I just -

GALE & DOC: DOWN IN FRONT! SIT DOWN, HARLOW - YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FOOT!

WIL: Oh, excuse me, Doc. Move over, somebody.

THE: There's plenty of room here, Mr. Wilcox - next to Mayor La Trivia. I can sit on your lap, I betcha. (GIGGLES)

FIB: (HAPPILY) Ahhh, this is great, ain't it, Molly? (SLAP OF REINS) COME ON, BOY! GET UP, THERE! You warm enough, kiddo?

MOL: Wonderful dearie. Snug as a thug in the job - to corn a phrase, HOW'S EVERYBODY RIDING BACK THERE? HAVING FUN?

AD LIB ASSENTS

GALE: Yes, this is - very interesting, Molly. I haven't enjoyed myself so much since...well...since last night.

FIB: What did you do last night that was so much fun, La Triv?

GALE: I turned down an invitation to go sleigh riding and stayed home. There's much to be said for it!

THE: What makes your coat pockets bag out like that, Mr. DOC: (CHUCKLES) Well, our Mayor is too soft for this rugged outdoor stuff, children. He prefers indoor sports.

MOL: I married one myself.

DOC: Ahhh, I love the out-of-doors! The sharp crisp air - the snow in my face - the sound of - HEY GIVE ME SOME OF THAT LAP ROBE, LA TRIVIA! YOU WANT ME TO FREEZE TO DEATH?

GALE: Now, now - don't be a robe hog, Doctor.

WIL: Geewhiz, Doc - you've already got that laprobe wrapped around you twice.

FIB: Oh now, you're exaggerating, Junior.

DOC: Sure he is.

FIB: The lap robe was never made that would go twice around that big bale of beef.

MOL: Oh McGee, now don't start chipping at the Doctor's beef.

FIB: Well, those guys kill me - griping about the cold back there under 18 blankets and robes. Look at me up here bustin' the breeze, with nothin' on but my mackinaw!

MOL: And three sweaters.

WIL: And fur mittens up to his armpits.

GALE: And hip boots over 3 pair of socks over his shoes.

DOC: Besides being wrapped from his chin to his hips in a 3-inch layer of blubber!

FIB: Well, I keep warm, don't I?

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
1/31/50

(2ND REVISION)

-6-

TEE: What makes your coat pockets bag out like that, Mr. McGee? Sandwiches?

FIB: Hot water bottles. (SLAP OF REINS...JINGLE OF BELLS)
HUP, BOY! LET'S GO THERE!

MOL: SAY MCGEE! IS OLE STILL BACK THERE? I haven't heard a peep out of Ole for an hour.

OLE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Sure, I'm havin' wonderful time, Mrs. - just catchin' myself a little nap.

FIB: Well, speak up, boy...say somethin'. We thought we'd lost you.

OLE: Look, McGee...there's plenty talkin' goin' on without openin' my big Swedish puss. I sleep.

DOC: Keep covered good, Ole. Lots of colds going around.

OLE: Don't worry, Doc...nobody's gonna catch cold on this sleigh...with so much hot air around. You just button up your satchel.

HERB: (OFF) HEY MR. MCGEE! MR. MCGEE, WAY TUP! HOLE DEVERYTHING!

FIB: Who's that, Molly? Can you see?

MOL: Somebody chasing us. It sounds a little like...

HERB: (FADING ALONGSIDE) Hi, Mr. McGee...It sme - Herber Tappel!

FIB: Oh, hi, Herb. Whoa Jake! Whod! Wanna ride

DOC: (STOPS HORSES)

FIB: Yep, he works over at -

TEE: OBOY, IT'S SNOWIN' SOME MORE! HEY, LOOKIT THE SNOW, EVERYBODY!

SOUND: GUST OF WIND!

-dc-

(REVISÉ) -6- -7-

HERB: No Thanks, ~~But~~ I'm workin tonight, Mrs. McGee. Take a ninventory at the store. I just stop twork tweest.

MOL: Oh...Oooh - you stopped work! makes it?

HERB: Tweet - yes, mam. Jeet yet, you two??

FIB: I missed that one completely, Herber. Gimme that again.

HERB: I was stalkin' about dinner - and I just wondered if yate yet.

MOL: Ohh, - we have a lot of sandwiches in the back of the sleigh there, Herber. We're going to ride out in the country and back.

HERB: I was gonna take my girl slay ridin' Sunday - but we changed our mind. We went downtown to see that Turkey shackter.

FIB: Turkey what?

MOL: Shackter, McGee. What's a shackter, Herber?

HERB: Not a shackter, mam - this was a picture with that Turkey shackter in it - you know, that Turhan Bey? From Turkey.

FIB: OH!

HERB: I gotta ^{be gone now} ~~hop off here~~ - see you slater! Slong!!

MOL: Goodbye, Herber!

FIB: (SLAP OF REINS) (JINGLE BELLS) GET UP, THERE! HO, BOY!

DOC: Interesting accent that boy has, McGee. Seems to be suffering from hung-over syllables.

FIB: Yep, he works over at -

TEE: OBOY, IT'S SNOWIN' SOME MORE! HEY, LOOKIT THE SNOW, EVERYBODY!

SOUND: GUST OF WIND!

GALE: Yes...a little windy, too! as the wind blow, mister?

TEE: Hey, what makes the wind blow like that, Mr. McGee? Hm?

TEE: What makes the wind blow? What makes it? So while he's

FIB: Well, it's a long story, sis - the nose with a handfull

TEE: Obby - a story! Tell it to me, mister! bird, see?

FIB: Well, climb up on the seat here, between I and Mrs. McGee,

FIB: sis. That's it. Now look - you see that big dark cloud

up there? The one the moon is just slidin' back of?

TEE: Where? Ohh - that big cumulo-nimbus? Sure, why? the

FIB: The big what?ack

TEE: Cumulo-nimbus. Our teacher says cumulo-nimbus clouds

FIB: are often caused by convection of air currents and there

is usually precipitation at their base. What makes the

wind blow, mister? bend - the snow flies - and the roofs

FIB: Uh...well, you see, there's a great big castle up there

in that cloud - that uh, that nimbolo-omibus cloud there

FIB: - and The Weather Giant lives in that castle. His name

is Lew Frost! feathers yanked out - you can be pretty

TEE: Jack Frost, gonna have wind... like that story?

FIB: Jack Frost is his son, sis!

MOL: Nice catch, dearie.

FIB: Yep, Old Man Frost sits up there on his castle porch and

all he does is sleep all day long, and when Old Man Frost

sleeps - boy, does he snore!

TEE: Obby! (GIGGLES) What makes the wind blow, mister?

FIB: I'm comin' to that. Now, the elves and BOYS! WHOA!

the pixies love to tease Old Man Frost - So while he's

DOC: sleepin' they tickle him under the nose with a handfull

of feathers out of the tail of a woofus bird, see?

TEE: A woofus bird?

FIB: Yep - when Old Man Frost snores easy - like this -

(GENTLE SNORE) then the gentle breezes blow across the

land, and the green grass waves and the leaves on the

TEE: trees wave back. Goodness now!

TEE: Awwwwww..... BELLS AND

FIB: BUT - when those little pixies tickle Old Man Frost with

A FEATHER - he snorts - like this (SNORT) and when he

snorts, the trees bend - the snow flies - and the roofs

come off of barns for miles around!

TEE: Oh BOY!

FIB: So remember, Teeny - any time you see a woofus bird go

by with his tail feathers yanked out - you can be pretty

sure we're gonna have wind....like that story?

TEE: One question.

FIB: Shoot.

FEE: AD SPOT What's a woofus bird? Where do you find 'em?
 FIB: Well - uh - HERE'S YOUR HOUSE, SIS! WHOA, BOYS! WHOA!!
 (JINGLE OF BELLS)
 DOC: I can answer that, Teeny. A woofus bird usually sits on
 the front end of a sleigh with his pockets full of hot
 water bottles.
 GALE: Yes, and the reason he doesn't mind the pixies grabbing
 a handful of feathers is because he has more long tales
 left than his friends can stand anyhow. Goodbye, Teeny.
 FEE: Thanks, everybody! Goodbye now!

AD LIB GOODBYES INTO SLEIGH BELLS AND

F. b. *Who you guys think you're kiddin'?*
 ORCH: ALL THE BERS

(APPLAUSE)

one is mine. And don't think I haven't been loving it!
 GALE: The other one is mine, Wilcox. Thank you very much.
 WIL: Doggone it, I THOUGHT I was more ticklish than that. Where
 are MY feet? Oh, here they are... with my old vaudeville
 FIB: Are you still with us, Ole?
 OLE: (OFF) Sure, Missus. Having wonderful time, too! Haven't been
 on sleigh ride since I was young man in Sweden. That's how
 I meet my wife..on sleigh ride.
 FIB: No kiddin', Ole? Well, that's a very romantic way to propose.
 OLE: That was just it. I didn't propose. She just thought I did.
 I only say, "Well, Christina," I say, "for big sleigh like
 this we got to have two harness." And she say, "You think
 double harness better than single harness?" And I say,
 "Sure". And she say, "OH, OLE..YOU'RE SO SWEET!" And next
 thing I know I have to sell one horse to pay for honeymoon!

SECOND SPOT Well, it just goes to show, Ole --- that, Oh excuse me,

SOUND: OUT OF APPLAUSE WITH JINGLE BELLS, HOOFS, ETC...

MOL: It's a wonderful sleigh ride, McGee. But everybody's so quiet.
 FIB: Yeah, maybe we better call the roll again. Snow's comin' down
 so thick I can't see who's with us and who aint. Hey, King's
 Men - you all right. Clammer. YOU, a dance girl, in 1942?

AD LIB ANSWERS no, dear. NINETEEN 49. Last summer. I worked in one

FIB: Well save your voices, fellas - we want you to sing later.
 MOL: And besides, we haven't written any dialogue for you.
 FIB: HEY, HARLOW YOU STILL THERE? EVERYTHING OKAY?
 WIL: (OFF) Sure, Pal. Except my feet are numb. Took my shoes off
 and I'M trying to rub some life back into 'em.
 FIB: You may be rubbing ONE of your feet, Harlow, but the other
 one is mine. And don't think I haven't been loving it!
 GALE: The other one is mine, Wilcox. Thank you very much.
 WIL: Doggone it, I THOUGHT I was more ticklish than that. Where
 are MY feet? Oh, here they are... with my old vaudeville
 FIB: Are you still with us, Ole?
 MOL: Are you still with us, Ole?
 OLE: (OFF) Sure, Missus. Having wonderful time, too! Haven't been
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 "Sure". And she say, "OH, OLE..YOU'RE SO SWEET!" And next
 thing I know I have to sell one horse to pay for honeymoon!

(REVISED) -12-

DOC: Well, it just goes to show, Ole --- that, Oh excuse me, Mrs. Clammer...am I taking all the blanket again?

CLAM: Oh, that's all right, Doctor. I don't mind. I'm very warm blooded. I used to be a dance hall girl in Alaska. Back in the days of '49.

MOL: Heavenly days, Mrs. Clammer. YOU, a dance girl, in 1849?

CLAM: Oh no, dear. NINETEEN 49. Last summer. I worked in one of those ten-cents-a-dance places in Skagway.

WIL: A Taxi dancer, Mrs. Clammer?

CLAM: Yes, but I got a bad case of Jaundice and when the boys in the stag line started calling me the Yellow Taxi, I quit.

FIB: Used to do a little professional dancing myself, Clammy.

GALE: Yes, we know, McGee. But now that vaudeville is dead, let us not speak ill of it.

OLE: What kind of dancing you do, McGee? Concentric?

MOL: EXCENTRIC, Ole. EX, meaning he doesn't do it any more.

CLAM: No, I done a soft-shoe dance, Ole, with my old vaudeville pardner, Fred Nitney. "MCGEE AND NITNEY...Songs, Dances and Funny Sayings: A clean act for the Whole Family."

FIB: Really, Mr. McGee...won't you sing something for us?

CLAM: Really, Mr. McGee...won't you sing something for us?

CHORUS OF PROTESTS.

GALE: Being new in the neighborhood, you obviously haven't heard him sing, Mrs. Clammer. He has a voice like a dry fan belt.

(REVISED) -13-

DOC: Personally, I think it sounds more like a 9-year-old vacuum cleaner picking up hairpins.

WIL: I never thought of it like that. It always reminded me of a flag of surrender being raised on a rusty pulley.

OLE: I think you was all wrong. Everybody at Elks Club says --

FIB: AW NEVER MIND WHAT EVERYBODY AT THE ELKS CLUB SAYS..... GIDDAP THERE!!! GIT' ALONG WITH YA.....!!

SOUND: JINGLE UP AND HOOFS FADE DOWN FOR: SUSTAIN SOUND FOR SIX COUNT:

MOL: Snowing quite a bit harder, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Yeah, but that's a good thing. Harder it snows the warmer it gets.

CLAM: I think that's very interesting, Mr. McGee. My husband always said --

MOL: By the way, Mrs. Clammer, I don't think we've met your husband. Is he out of town, or something?

CLAM: Something, Yes, Mrs. McGee. One evening in April of 1938 he went out for some cigars. I haven't heard from him since...well, YES, I have, too. In 1942 I had a postcard from him, from Lake Titicaca, South America.

FIB: What did he say, Mrs. Clammer?

GALE: He said, "GOT ON WRONG STREET CAR. LOVE, ALBERT." Oh, Albert was always a bit of a scatterbrain - ever since he got his head caught in a corn-shredder when he was a boy.

MOL: BUT MR. WILCOX...WAXEY!

OLE: You, Molly?

WIL: You know, one of our Johnson Wax salesman disappeared rather mysteriously in 1943. He was selling Johnson's Paste Wax at the time.

FIB: Maybe he spilled some on himself and rubbed himself out. GIDDAP THERE!

MOL: Ever hear from him, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, we did. Quite a bit later. He was one of our best salesmen. Sold more Johnson's Paste Wax than anybody in the organization.

DOC: Would you care to amplify that statement, son, or would you rather start working for somebody else next week?

WIL: Well, when I say he was the best salesman for Johnson's Paste Wax we had, I mean he had a gift for presenting the paste wax story. Gee, when he started telling housewives how Johnson's Paste Wax was the finest, most economical protection money could buy for floors, furniture and woodwork...and how it beautifies and protects against dust and dampness and fingerprints, well...he was just irresistible!

FIB: Wish I could say the same for you, Junior. But I've had so much practice resisting you, that -

WIL: BELIEVE ME...when that fellow got thru talking you could just picture your home glistening and gleaming with hospitality and cleanliness...you could just see your valued possessions shining with that protective wax finish that only Johnson's Paste Wax can give, why you,

MOL: BUT MR. WILCOX...WAXEY!

WIL: Yes, Molly?

MOL: WHAT BECAME OF THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED in 1943?

WIL: Oh didn't I tell you? He'd been drafted. Well, I gotta get off here, kids...I'm almost home. NICE SLEIGH RIDE,

MOL: PAL....SO LONG, EVERYBODY!!!

AD LIB GOODBYES.

FIB: That's him all right...old Sell-it-and-run Wilcox!

FIB: EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT, BACK THERE?

CHORUS OF ASSENTS:

OLE: Where was we, McGee? It's so snowing I can't see where is anything.

FIB: Ah, who cares where we are. We're all having fun.

DOC: Just the same, McGee, I think it's about time we were turning around and going back. I have three operations in the morning. And I don't want to spend two hours leaning over a ^{hot} fever patient, thawing out.

GALE: I've got to get home too, McGee. I have to address the Parent Teachers Association tomorrow and I must work on my speech.

MOL: What are you going to say, Mr. Mayor? ...OH...OVER

GALE: I don't know, Mrs. Clammer. I have to explain why the hot lunches the city serves in the public schools are not so hot.

FIB: Yeah, I heard about a coupla kids the other day got 98 in malnutrition. By George, La Trivia, if your administration don't...Mr. Old Timer...hop on...

GALE: STOP THE SLEIGH!!! UGH....!! (CRACK OF WHIP, HOOFS, BELLS)

FIB: WHOA!!.. (HOOFS OUT) Yes, boy? (2ND REVISION) -17 & 18-

GALE: I am leaving the sleigh ride, right now. I don't care for your insulting remarks, Old Timer. I think we're

DOC: Oh now, Mr. Mayor. My goodness it's anybody's guess.

GALE: It's been very enjoyable until now, but the snow is falling so heavily that appearances are too deceiving.

FIB: Whaddye mean, La Trivia? He was skatin' out on Dugan's

GALE: I mean it's a little disconcerting to look up toward the drivers seat and see two horses and three horses necks! Goodnight, everybody!

SOUND: AD LIB GOODNIGHTS...WIND HOWL....

FIB: My gosh, they're droppin' off like flies, well, I guess we better be startin' back...GIDDAP YOU...GET ON THERE, YOU CRONEATS!

SOUND: HOOFS UP WITH JINGLE BELLS.....

MOL: HOLD IT, MCGEE...STOP THE HORSES.....

FIB: EH? WHOAAA THERE...WHOAAA...What's the matter, Molly?

MOL: Somebody's waving at us...see, thru the snow there?

FIB: I can't see a dad ratted thing in this....OH...OVER THERE? HEY...WHO IS IT?

OLD: (FADE IN) It's me, Mister. I'm lost in this storm and...OH..HELLO, JOHNNY...HELLO, DAUGHTER....

EVERYBODY AD LIB HELLOS.

OLD: How about a ride, kids?

MOL: Certainly, Mr. Old Timer...hop on..

FIB: GIDDAP, THERE...MUSH....!:(CRACK OF WHIP..HOOFS, BELLS)

OLD: Which way you kids goin'?

DOC: That's a very good question, Old Timer. I think we're going forward, but in this snow it's anybody's guess.

CLAM: What on earth are you doing out walking in this weather, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD: Well, me and my girl Bessie was skatin' out on Dugan's Lake. Bessie says to me, "WHAT'S THAT SIGN SAY OUT IN THE MIDDLE THERE, O.T.?" and I says, I DUNNO, BESS.... CAN'T SEE MUCH THRU THIS SNOWSTORM, I says..SKATE OVER THERE AND SEE." Well sir, she did and it musta said something kinda riskay, because Bessie give kind of a little squeal and never come back. Went home, I guess.

FIB: We better ~~to go~~ home too, I guess. You wanna go home, Molly?

MOL: If you do, dearie. If you wanna go home, I wanna go home with you.

KINGS MEN: "I WANNA GO HOME WITH YOU"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Aw, pize down, you big Witch Doctor.

SOUND: WIND HOWL

OLD M: HEY, JOHNNY - WHO'S DRIVIN' THIS CONTRAFTION???

FIB: I am! Why?

OLD M: You're drivin' around in a circle, Johnny! This is the third time we druv through this snowstorm.

(REVISED)

-20-
-19-

SOUND: SLEIGH BELLS JINGLE AND OCCASIONAL HOWL OF WIND, BEHIND:

FIB: WOW! Look at that snow come-down, Molly!

MOL: This is terrible, McGee! I can't even see the road any more!

FIB: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I know where I am, McGee. I'm under the seat, in a blanket. Where you are - who cares?

MOL: Well, I care where he is - he's all I've got left. In fact, he's all I started out with.

FIB: They are? Who's drivin' the sleigh?

MOL: I am. And here, you can have it back. HOW IS IT BACK

THESE? EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT? YOU OKAY, MRS. CLAMMER?

CLAM: (TEETH CHATTER) F-f-f-f- fi-fine!

FIB: Turn off the rivet gun, Clammy - we can't hear you. Migosh, what a snow! Are the horses still out there, Molly - I can't see 'em.

DOC: My goodness, how did you ever keep from it? Why don't you climb down and feel your way forward along the tongue of the sleigh, McGee? If you bump into

FIB: something soft and get a fast mouthful of horseshoes - which you richly deserve - they're out there.

FIB: Aw, pipe down, you big Witch Doctor.

SOUND: WIND HOWLS! They've stopped! COME ON, HUP BOY! GET UP!

OLD M: HEY, JOHNNY - WHO'S DRIVIN' THIS CONTRAPTION???

FIB: I am! Why? idiot - the snowdrifts are up to their necks.

OLD M: You're drivin' around in a circle, Johnny! This is the third time we druv through this snowstorm.

(REVISED)

-20-

MOL: It's the same snowstorm, Mr. Old Timer. You've heard of

SOUND: "The Winter of the Big Snow," haven't you? Well, this

OLD M: Is it! Well, for thinkin', kids. Letme think a minute.

FIB: You said it! Hey--Anybody know where we are? a bonfire

OLE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I know where I am, McGee. I'm under the seat, in a blanket. Where you are - who cares?

MOL: Well, I care where he is - he's all I've got left. In fact, he's all I started out with. would they please come

DOC: MCGEE, YOU FATHEAD! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'VE GOTTEN US

FIB: LOST? IN THIS BLIZZARD???? As you guys! We gotta figure

OLD M: I'm ashamed of you Johnny! Why, when I was your age I

MOL: lived for a whole winter in a ee-gloo in Alaska, smack in

DOC: the middle of a thousand miles of snow, and I never got

FIB: lost, once! A light? A search party?

MOL: My goodness, how did you ever keep from it? HERE IT IS - A

OLD M: Simple, daughter, I never left the ee-gloo! If Johnny

DOC: here had stayed in his ee-gloo--! Thank heavens! Shelter!

FIB: AW, PIPE DOWN, WILL YA? I GOT TROUBLE ENOUGH WITHOUT

(SLAP OF REINS) COME ON, GET UP THERE! HUP, BOY!!!

MOL: What's the matter now?

FIB: The horses! They've stopped! COME ON, HUP BOY! GET UP

THERE! anybody, Lowbucket!

DOC: Stop it! you idiot - the snowdrifts are up to their necks.

SOUND: FLOUNDERING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH SNOW, BEHIND:

(REVISED) -21-

FIB: ~~OMIGOSH~~ We're stuck! This is awful! Break in! Etc.

SOUND: WIND HOWLS the door somebody - they must be in bed!

OLD M: This calls for thinkin' kids. Lemme think a minute.

DOC: Look, why don't we chop up the sleigh - make us a bonfire -

MOL: send up smoke signals -- Noo. Nobody around here can

FIB: read smoke language. WE'RE FREEZING!

ORE: We could take five-cent piece Call up Lost and Found

SOUND: Department and tell 'em we're lost, would they please come

FIB: found us - only who's got a telephone? We can pay for the

FIB: Look, don't strain your brains you guys! We gotta figure

MOL: out -al now, McGee - don't cut yourself!

MOL: McGEE! LOOK AT OVER THERE! I SAW SOMETHING OVER THAT WAY!

DOC: What was it, Molly? W UP

FIB: What, kiddo? A light? A search party? at last!

MOL: No - I thought for a minute I saw - YES, THERE IT IS - A

SOUND: BUILDING OF SOME KIND! SEE IT??

DOC: Yes, I see it - looks like a barn! Thank heavens! Shelter!

FIB: Obey, saved! Come on, Ole! Let's investigate! You guard

FIB: the girls, Doc - you're too fat to waddle through this

MOL: snow anyhow. Like a nice little farmhouse, doesn't it?

DOC: Yes, you break a train - you're built more like a snowplow

OLD M: than anybody. Lowbucket! Darken' the inside of a cistern.

MOL: We'll all get! You might get lost, McGee! er sleigh ride

SOUND: FLOUNDERING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH SNOW, BEHIND: FIND A
LIGHT SWITCH, STUPID - BEFORE WE ALL FALL OVER EACH OTHER!

(REVISED) -22-

AD LIBS: It's a farmhouse!....No lights! We can break in! Etc.

CLAM: Knock on the door somebody - they must be in bed!

SOUND: HAMMERING ON DOOR, BEHIND:

DOC: HELLO, IN THERE!

MOL: ANYBODY HOME?

FIB: OPEN UP, DADRAT IT, WE'RE FREEZING!

CLAM: HELLO!!! OH MY, THEY MUST BE OUT.

SOUND: WIND HOWLS.

FIB: I'll bust a window. We gotta get in! We can pay for the

SOUND: damage - we'll split it six ways!

MOL: Careful now, McGee - don't cut yourself!

CLAM: Oh, let him out himself, if he want to.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...WINDOW UP

FIB: There! Help me in the (SCUFFLING) Ahhh, at last!

APPLAUSE (FADING) Hammer on the front door, so I can find it inside.

SOUND: HAMMERING...DOOR OPENS

CLAM: Ahh, will I be glad to get out of this wind!

MOL: Me, too. I don't think I'll ever thaw out!

FIB: Come in, kids - boy does it feel good in here!

MOL: My, this looks like a nice little farmhouse, doesn't it?

IF I could see it.

OLD M: Turn on a light, Johnny. Darken' the inside of a cistern.

DOC: It's warm, anyhow. If I ever go on another sleigh ride

with you, McGee - it'll be in the summer time. FIND A
LIGHT SWITCH, STUPID - BEFORE WE ALL FALL OVER EACH OTHER!

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31, 1950

(REVISED) - 23 -

FIB: I'm fumblin' for one, Doc - how do I know where the
lights are! My gosh, I --

CIAM:COX: Strike a match somebody.

OLE: Who can get to matches with these clothes on, Mrs.?

MOL: I've got a match somewhere - wait - here. (STRIKES MATCH)

FIB: That's better - hey, here's a door here - oughta be a
light switch inside there, maybe. Lemme open it and -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS; CLOSET EFFECT

OL: EVERYBODY YELPS

FIB: GROANS

MOL: (HAPPILY) HEAVENLY DAYS, WE'RE HOME! (CLICK OF SWITCH)
Come on out to the kitchen, I'll make some coffee!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE
asp -- the big whirling brush does all the buffing
for you. All you do is guide the polisher across the
floor. You can buy a Beautiflor Electric Polisher
from your Johnson dealer -- or rent one at low cost,
if you prefer.

For brighter floors, get Johnson's Paste Wax tomorrow--
at your dealer's. Ask about the Johnson Beautiflor
Electric Polisher -- while you're there.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31, 1950

- 24 -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - TIMING: 50 seconds - 135 words.

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ----

If you want floors in your home that really gleam,
take this tip from more than three generations of
experienced homemakers. Keep your floors bright
and shining with Johnson's Paste Wax. No other wax
can bring such lustrous beauty to your floors --
in exactly the same way.

And remember -- there's an easy way to polish your
waxed floors. Ask your dealer about Johnson's New
Beautiflor Electric Polisher. It's wonderful to
use -- the big whirling brush does all the buffing
for you. All you do is guide the polisher across the
floor. You can buy a Beautiflor Electric Polisher
from your Johnson dealer -- or rent one at low cost,
if you prefer.

For brighter floors, get Johnson's Paste Wax tomorrow--
at your dealer's. Ask about the Johnson Beautiflor
Electric Polisher -- while you're there.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
January 31, 1950

SOUND: CLINK OF CUPS AND SILVER:

SECTIONAL CUT-IN: TORONTO, ONTARIO (CBL) TAKES AND FEEDS CBC NETWORK

CUT-IN CLOSING COMMERCIAL (NBC Hollywood traffic to supply time cues)

CUE FROM WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in just a minute.

CANADIAN NETWORK ANNCR CUT-IN (TIMING: 50 seconds - 136 words)

CANADIAN ANNCR: When you go to the store tomorrow, remember the big news you heard. There's a new floor wax on sale

FIB: Another cigar, Doc?
DCC: Another... gives a brighter shine with far less polishing. It's Johnson's New Paste Wax.

FIB: Well, who else wants anything? OH! Wait a minute...
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
FIB: (CALLS) MORE SHREDDED WHEAT, OSCAR?
SOUND: HORSE WHINNY
FIB: Okay.
MOL: Good nite, all!
ORCH: PLAYOFF
TAG OFF:
WIL: Save a third. Find out about this superb new wax. Ask your dealer for Johnson's New Paste Wax in the giant size can -- tomorrow.

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TAG:

SOUND: CLINK OF CUPS AND SILVER:

MOL: My this has been a lot of fun, hasn't it. More coffee, Mrs. Clammer?

OLAM: No thank you, dear. Three cups of coffee and I can't stay awake.

MOL: Ole?

OLE: No thanks, Missus. Even now I gurgle every time I move.

FIB: Another cigar, Doc?

DCC: Another! I haven't even been able to light this first one. What are they made of...wallpaper scrapings?

FIB: Well, who else wants anything? OH! Wait a minute...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: (CALLS) MORE SHREDDED WHEAT, OSCAR?

SOUND: HORSE WHINNY

FIB: Okay. (DOOR CLOSE) Goodnight.

MOL: Good nite, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

ORCH: TAG OFF:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellant Gloccoat, 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)

TAG:

CLINK OF CUPS AND SILVER:

My this has been a lot of fun, hasn't it. More coffee,
Mrs. Clammer?

No thank you, dear. Three cups of coffee and I can't stay
awake.

Ole? and turns foggy and cloudy -- one that fades

No thanks, Missus. Even now I gurgle every time I move.

Another cigar, Doc? or not you use Johnson's Cream Wax

Another! I haven't even been able to light this first
one. What are they made of...wallpaper scrapings? whose

Well, who else wants anything? OH! Wait a minute...

DOOR OPEN

(CALLS) MORE SHREDDED WHEAT, OSCAR? old "fade-out" shine

HORSE WHINNY get from oil that catches dust -- turns

Okay. (DOOR CLOSE) Goodnight. the cream furniture polish

Good bite, all! for weeks and weeks instead of just a

PLAYOFF Johnson's Cream Wax.

TAG OFF:

The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellant
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)

WRITERS: DON QUIRK
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
1-31-50

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNOR: When you polish your furniture, do you get a hard, dry,
long-lasting shine? Or a sticky, oily shine that catches
dust and turns foggy and cloudy -- one that fades
overnight?
That depends on whether or not you use Johnson's Cream Wax
on your furniture. For recent tests show that Johnson's
Cream Wax is the only leading cream furniture polish whose
shine comes from wax instead of oils. A wax shine that
lasts.
Next time you buy furniture polish, avoid "fade-out" shine
-- the shine you get from oil that catches dust -- turns
foggy and cloudy overnight. Get the cream furniture polish
whose shine lasts for weeks and weeks instead of just a
day. Get Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL 6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

ANNOR: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS.....ON NBC
6:30:38 (CHIMES) 58
6:47:50 - 6:48:25 135
6:50:35 - 6:57:05 150
6:58:25 - 6:59:15 140

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