

- 1 WILSON: THE PET MILK PROGRAM -- WITH FISHER MOORE AND MOLLY!
- 2 NOTE: TURN UP AND PAGE FOR:
- 3 WILSON: The First Reapeted Milk - Pet Milk - presents Fisher Moore and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick Le Grand, Myra Marsh, and me, Marlow Wilson. The show is written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and directed by Max Hutto, with music by the Klog's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!
- 4 NOTE: TURN UP AND PAGE FOR:

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION

1 WED: Day after tomorrow in Galveston, Texas, four mighty pretty little girls will be celebrating their 12th birthday. Yes, the famous Sadgett quadruplets of Galveston will be 12 years old on the 1st of February...and what a difference 12 years have made! When Joan, Joyce, Jeanette and Jeraldine were born, they were such tiny delicate babies their parents wondered whether all four would really live. But you should see them now -- happy, healthy, well-developed youngsters who have had, almost from the day of their birth, the nutritional benefits of Pet Milk, the first evaporated milk. And they are still getting Pet Milk. It isn't surprising that the doctor approved Pet Milk for their feeding. After all, Pet Milk is safe ... as safe in its sealed container as if there were no germ of disease in the world. Pet Milk is uniformly rich. Pet Milk is always easy for babies to digest. And everyone at Pet Milk Company is glad and proud to have had some part in making February 1st a very happy birthday for the Sadgetts.

2 THU: OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION

1 WILSON: MR. MOORE OF 79 WINDFALL VILLA IS A MAN WITH MILLIONS OF
2 IDEAS. IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT HE HAS SO MANY, BECAUSE
3 ONLY ABOUT ONE IN A MILLION IS ANY GOOD. LISTEN TO THE
4 ONE HE HAS NOW, AS WE JOIN --

-----FINDS MOORE AND MULLY!!!!

5 ATLASSE

6 FIB: AND THERE I WAS, WALKIN' ALONG, STROVIN' MY OWN BUSINESS -

7 MCL: "WALKIN' OUT OF AN ORANGE-COLORED SKY" --

8 FIB: - WALKIN' OUT OF AN ORANGE-COLORED -- OR...NO. WHEN ALL OF A
9 SUDDEN, I GETS THIS GREAT IDEA!!! ROCKED ME RIGHT BACK ON
10 MY HEELS, WHICH ARE SO SORE DOWN. I WOULD OF FELL OVER
11 BACKWARDS IF I HADN'T OF BEEN LEANING AGAINST THE WINDOW OF
12 THE THIRD NATIONAL BANK.

13 MCL: And why were you leaning against the bank window?

14 FIB: I WAS SORE AT OLD MAN MACDONALD, THE PRESIDENT OF IT.

15 MCL: I DON'T GET IT.

16 FIB: WELL, ON THE WINDOW, IT SAYS "THIRD NATIONAL BANK, ASSETS
17 \$6,000,000.00."

18 MCL: Yes?

FINDING MEXICO AND WILLY

1/30/51

- 1 FIB: Well, I'm just wide enough that when I lean a certain way against the window, I cover up the million, and it says "ASSETS, \$65.", wow! I really cheapen the joint. If I could gain five inches in the hips, I'd throw 'em into bankruptcy.
- 2 MIL: That's wonderful...nobody who ever sees you in a bathing suit would accuse you of having a million-dollar figure, but - wait a minute!....what was the great idea you had?
- 3 FIB: Oh! OH.....THE IDEA.....A SKATING PARTY AT DUGAN'S LAKE.....
- 4 MIL: A skating party at Dugan's Lake. Why, McGee...that IS a good idea! Just cold enough....full moon....OH THAT SHOULD BE FIB!! Have you done anything about it?
- 5 FIB: Certainly. With me, to think is to act. Executive type. Quick decisions. Boom-boom! Flash!!! I rushes over and sees Doc. Gable. Then I calls La Trivia.....Wilcox.....the Old Timer.....and it's a firm deal.....everybody accepted.
- 6 MIL: Everybody is chipping in for the expenses, I presume?
- 7 FIB: Nope. My party, kiddo. I see all these guys, socially speakin' and this is my way to even things up. I got the car fulla groceries...hot dogs...hamburgers, sustanillos, buns, rootbeer - and I got six pounds of butter which I just put in the oven.

1 MCL: YOU PUT BEH POUNDS OF BUTTER IN THE OVEN?

2 FIB: Yeah, but I ain't gonna light the oven till just before
we leave. Then we can have hot-buttered root-beers all
evening, and - MY, I FORGOT TO CALL WALLY WIMPLE....
W-ND ME THE PHONE, WILLNT?

3 MCL: Here.

4 FIB: Thanks. (PICKS UP) Hello, Operator? Give me the
residence of Wallace Wimple at 14th and Grand, is
that you, Myrt?

5 MCL: Oh, dear.....

6 FIB: Now's every little thing, Myrt? Tis, eh? MYRT SLY,
MYRT? YOU GOT FIRED UP YOUR WAY TO WORK THIS
MORNING?

7 MCL: Heavenly says....what did she do?

8 FIB: She put up a terrific boiler.

9 MCL: Did it do any good?

10 FIB: Yeah....the guy blushed, and left the elevator at the
next stop. MYRT SLY, MYRT? Grog, I'll call later.
Thanks Myrt. (PICKS UP) Lemme see now....we'll need
a lotta tickets.....and a couple electric heaters.

11 MCL: And what do we plug the heaters into at Dugan's Lake?

12 FIB: A knot-hole in a tree?

13 MCL: Certainly not....plug 'em into the cigarette lighter
on the dash in the car.

14 MCL: We tried that once and set the car on fire. Operator?

1 FTH: Certainly, but this time I've brought a bucket of sand to
throw on the fire. Oh, I've thought of everything, aiddo.
We are -

2 SOUND: DOOR SHUTS.

3 MOL: COME IN!!!!

4 SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

5 OLD: HI THERE, KIDS.....

6 DOC: Hello, Children.

7 MOL: Well, for goodness sake...Doctor Gueble and the Old
Tiger! COME IN BOTH OF YOU.

8 FTH: Hiya, fellas! Hey Mally...these guys are riding out to
Dagn's lake with us. You all ready to go, gents?

9 DOC: If two suits of red flannels, three sweaters, earmuffs
eftens prep me for this operation, I no be ready as I'll
ever be.

10 OLD: Me too, Johnny. Can't wait to git out on that ice with my
new skates...spins...tairls...figger eights....jump over a
barrel!!..somersaults.....all kinds of funny stuff!

11 MOL: Well!! You must be quite a skater, Mr. Old Tiger.

12 OLD: Who knows, daughter? I'll try anything once.

- 1 MCL: Well, if you boys will excuse me I'd better be making a couple of jugs of hot coffee and getting some blankets and things together.
- 2 FIB: You betcha, kiddo! You get the stuff together and I'll handle the party from there on. Remember how I always used to manage these things back in Florida? Out at Kickapoo Creek?
- 3 DOC: Sure she remembers! Look at her shudder! Look, Leather-head.
- 4 OLD: Shaddy's wact, Doc?
- 5 FIB: He means me, Old Timer. I'm the leather-head.
- 6 OLD: Oh. Scuse me, Doc.
- 7 DOC: Well, I was just going to say that I have misgivings coming to this party.
- 8 FIB: OOOO...BRING HIM ALONG! The sure the warrior. Is Trivia's bringin' a date, too! You want bring Bossie along, Old Timer?

1 OLD: Like to Johnny...but Bessie's in the hospital with a busted
leg. He was skipper of a Mississippi River boat last
month and fell down a gangway. Gets a southern girl, red
very modest.

2 DOC: I never heard of modesty breaking a leg. What happened?

3 OLD: Well sir...she was standin' on the bridge. She'd just
rung the cabin room for reduced speed, and a passenger
wakes up and says, "TADDS ME, CAP'D, BUT YOUR SHIP IS
BLOWING". Bessie grabs at her skirt, dashes for the cabin
and falls down a gangway.

4 WIL: (OFF) HEE...SOMEBODY HELP ME WITH THESE COPPER JUNK...

5 MR. OLD T. AND DOC: I'LL DO IT...JES MR...I'M COMING...I SEE.
HIL. INTO

6 OSCAR: "LULLABY OF BROOKLYN"
(AFFAIRS)

1 SOUND: CRACKLING FIRE:

2 MEL: My, isn't this beautiful out here? Bright moonlight...
the ice just right for skating...and this wonderful fire!

3 FIB: Yeah -- HEY, WILCO...GET SOME MORE WOOD OVER HERE, BOY...
THE FIRE'S DYIN' DOWN... HEY, WIMP!! SHAG YOURSELF
AROUND AND GET SOME WOOD!...HEY, OLE...SHAKE IT UP,
BOY...WE NEED WOOD! Ain't this jolly, Wolly?

4 MEL: Very cheery, dearie.

5 DOC: Has it occurred to you, blithermouth, to go get some
wood yourself? Why don't YOU go out in the woods and
let somebody else sit here on this log and be obnoxious?

6 FIB: WHO ME? WHY I'M THE BEST, DOC. HOW WOULD IT LOOK IF I
DEDICATED MY QUOTE AND WENT DASHING HOME THERE AND
EVERYWHERE?

7 MEL: It would look very pretty.

8 FIB: Well, my gosh, I'm throwin' the party! I picked the
spot! I lit the fire! - I - OH, ATTABOY OLE! KING
THE FIREWOOD RIGHT ON THE FILE TRIP!!!

9 SOUND: LONG SUSTAINED FALL OF WOOD...THREE CRACKS, AT LEAST,
ON THE ICE.

- 1 MEL: Well heavenly days...look at all the wood!
- 2 DOC: You must have gone back to town and chopped down the high school, Ole.
- 3 OLE: Oh, I'm good wood collector, Doctor. These woods is full of wood but most of it is wood that is still trees. So, I look thru woods till I find somebody's cabin with nobody home and stack of firewood on back porch.
- 4 FIB: HEY OLEH, OLEH....YOU STEAL WOOD OFFA SOMEBODY'S BACK PORCH!
- 5 OLE: Please, McDoe...you think I'm a thief? No sir...I just chop off the back porch.
- 6 WIMP: I brought some wood, too, Mr. McDoe.
- 7 MEL: GOOD FOR YOU, MR. WIMP!....just drop it on the pile over there...
- 8 WIMP: All righty...
- 9 SOUND: THREE LIGHT FLICKS OF WOOD - DURI BURN
- 10 DOC: Isn't that wonderful?...two feet of snow and Wallace finds a pencil and two umbrella handles in it.
- 11 MEL: You boys had better sit down here by the fire and relax.
- 12 FIB: YEAH...JUST AS SOON AS YOU GUYS BEING IN A COUPLE MORE LOADS YOU BETTER SET DOWN AND ENJOY YOURSELFS...AFTER ALL WE'RE OUT HERE TO HAVE FUN!
- 13 OLE: I set down and relax right now, McDoe. If you want anymore wood go steal it yourself - I'm just sporting my time.

- 1 WOP: My I wish Sweetface was here...Sweetface...that's my
big old wife.
- 2 MIL: You really wish she was here Mr. Maple?
- 3 WOP: Yes....I'd like to skate out on the lake with her in the
moonlight, hand in hand way out in the middle past that big
sign that says "NO SKATING".
- 4 GLE: What you mean, "No Skating?" That sign says "LARGER, THEN
ICE".
- 5 WOP: (CHUCKLES) I know, but Sweetface never wears her glasses
when she skates. Well, I think, I'll skate a little myself.
....Mr. Wilson seems to be having so much fun out there....
(PAUSE)see you later, folks...
- 6 BOBBI (CHUCK OF HUSKINS PAGE CUT)
- 7 MIL: Bye, Mr. Maple...Come back for a hot dog after while.
I'M the poundmaster.
- 8 BOB: I ought to get out and skate too, but I'M too comfortable...
that's quite a fire you've got here, McGee...for an
amateur pyromaniac.
- 9 FID: SHADDER MEAN, AMATEUR Why my gosh...back in Ferris, I
was ALWAYS in charge of this stuff. Remember, Molly...
them fires I useta build on the shore of Kickapoo Creek?
- 10 MIL: My shore!

- 1 FIB: ...I sure built some hutsies, didn't I?
- 2 MOL: Oh you really did, dearie! I'll never forget the little one you built that night inside of old Tom McVeg's barn because it was so windy outside and the barn was full of hay and was next door to the refinery which was full of gasoline which was the night before you left for Canada which was a very smart move.
- 3 FIB: And a fast one. If I hadn't of left quick in a two-car I'd of been rode outa town in a fire hose.
- 4 OLE: Well, an and the missus -- before she was my missus -- we used to do plenty of skating in old country, Mol.
- 5 MOL: Did you always build big fires, Ole?
- 6 OLE: Missus...when Ole Swanson went courtin', fires was not needed. We raise temperatures -- and eyebrows -- for sixty miles around!
- 7 FIB: I'll bet you never had any skates like I got on, Ole. Odd sizes. Picked 'em up at a rummage sale for a buck and a half. Very cheap.
- 8 OLE: Oh sure. We have cheap skates in Sweden too.
- 9 DOC: Can you do what Harley Wilson is doing out there, Ole? Look. He takes a long run and tries to loop over a pile of crates.
- 10 MOL: Yes and he hasn't made it yet. He'll break his neck.

1 OLE: Oh we and my niece we do all trick stuff like that. I
kneel down on ice and she jump across me. Then she kneel
down and I jump across her. I only miss once..you ever
notice a hole in my niece neck. like point of sharp stick?
Then when we get tired, we row each other back to sleigh.
And nobody wins...always a tie.

2 FIB: Back and neck, eh?

3 OLE: Sure...All the way home in sleigh.

4 DOC: Well, when it's cold...HEY, here comes Barlow! Looks like
he's giving up. COULDN'T YOU NAME IT, SON?

5 ~~SOUND:~~ CRUNCH OF BREAKING ICE

6 WIL: (GASPING) Nope. I give up.

7 FIB: What're you trying to do, Junior...kill yourself?

8 WIL: (SMASHING HAND) No - you see, Pal - I've got three
cases of Fat Evaporated Milk stacked out there- tryin'
to jump over 'em. Keep falling down!

9 WIL: He sees you, Mr. Wilson, but-

10 WIL: Gee whiz, it's no trick at all to jump over a barrel on
ice skates - but Fat Milk is so wonderful I just can't
REI-STAR it.

- 1 FID: JESSE, OF ALL THE -
- 2 WIL: OH, MR. WILCOX!
- 3 OLE: I don't get the connection, Mr. Wilcox. My niece uses
Pet Milk, but she don't use it for japing. We drink it
in coffee.
- 4 WIL: Oh, it's great in coffee, Ole. Does your wife use Pet
Milk for cooking, too?
- 5 OLE: No, for cooking she uses a stove, Mr. Wilcox. It's just
a very small stove, because my niece always likes a
little oven. (PAUSE) Oven - that is. Small one.
- 6 WIL: Yeah, well you see when you use Pet Milk in cooking -
- 7 FID: Hey, Molly, speakin' of cooking - did you call the gas
company about our range?
- 8 OLE: You think you got trouble with your range, Molen - you
ought to see my daughter Katrina.
- 9 WIL: She's the one who married the airline pilot, Ole?
- 10 WIL: Speaking of airline pilots, shows everything they like
good food and --
- 11 FID: Let Ole talk, Junior - he's more interesting.
- 12 WIL: -- and Pet Milk being a longflight product, it is plain
to see that I'm not givin' you any prop-wash when I say-

1 OLE: PLEASE, MR. WILSON, DON'T BE SO RUD TO LADIES! I'm
talking about my daughter Katrina. The one who carries
the airline feller. I go to her house last night and all
over the house it smells like gas --

2 DOC: Speaking of gas, I had a patient the other night that
needed more anesthetic than we had on hand...it seems
he was a radio announcer and spent so much time on the
ether that -

3 WIL: LOOK...MAY I SAY A WORD HERE?

4 HCL: Certainly, Mr. Wilson...what's the word?

5 WIL: Pet.

6 YID: That's a very nice word, Junior and -

7 OLE: EXCUSE ME...MAY I FINISH?

8 HCL: Go ahead, Ole. It smelled like gas at your daughter,
Katrina's house, the one she lives in with her husband
the airline pilot.

9 OLE: Thanks, missus, for the synopsis. Well, I say Katrina,
I say, what smells bad in here, and she say JAPA, my
pilot light's out...and I say IT IS! And she say, no BE
DONE. My pilot lights out for Fort Worth, Texas this
morning, and leaves the gas stove turned on. (CHECKLES)
That's what I -

10 WIL: THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, OLE...oh, bah. GOT TO GET BACK
TO TUNE WIFE AND MEN COOKING...

- 1 OLE: Yes, I think I should... what time is it?
- 2 WIL: It's early. And I'm sure that your wife, like millions of other good cooks, uses Pet Milk to add delicious rich flavor to all her family dishes...
- 3 FID: At our house we don't flavor the dishes, we just flavor the food. Molly says if you can taste the plates --
- 4 WIL: (LOUD) BECAUSE PET MILK WHICH IS JUST GOOD WHOLE MILK CONCENTRATED TO DOUBLE THICKNESS ADDS EXTRA AMOUNTS OF NUTRISHING MILK SUBSTANCES TO YOUR FAVORITE RECIPES AND--
- 5 (PAUSE) Is anybody listening to me?
- 6 WIL: Well then I'm going back and make some more...
- 7 SCENE OF SCENE FOUR CUT:
- 8 DOC: Nice boy. ...who does he work for?
- 9 MOL: The Pet Milk People.
- 10 FID: He used to be a wrestler... kind of a Man about Town. Then he sold some kind of a floor preparation for a while and then -- HEY MOLLY... HOW ABOUT DATING WITH ME?
- 11 MOL: Oh, I'd love to, darlin'...but I can't just yet. I'm the hostess and here comes Mayor La Trivia...
- 12 OLE: Look...he's got a girl...

1 DOC: Quite a dish, too. (WHISTLES) Must have a terrific
patience on - listen to that joni rustic!

2 AS LIZ HELPS TO SEAT

3 GALE: Hello, everybody...Lolly...and gentlemen. (LIZ) and
McGee...I'd like to introduce Miss Gwendolyn Flack. Gwen,
this is Mrs. McGee...

4 MOL: How do you do, I'm sure, Miss Flack.

5 GALE: Mr. Swenson...Mr. McGee...Doctor Gumble...

6 LIZ: Very pleased, Lady.

7 FIB: Hiyah sis.

8 DOC: Miss Flack, your arrival has added a great deal of charm
to this occasion which, except for the gracious presence
of Mrs. McGee was conspicuous by it's absence, and which,
at least for me, augments the beauty of the
evening to a tremendous extent...may I help you put your
skirt on so --

9 GALE: I'LL HELP MISS FLACK WITH HER SEATED, DOCTOR.

10 MOL: She's a very pretty girl, Mr. Myer.

11 GALE: Of course. Miss Flack was chosen Queen of the Salmon Run
at Tillamook, Oregon in 1936. You're running again this
year, aren't you, Gwendolyn?

- 1 GARY: Yes, fighting my way back upstream, as it were.
(GIGGLES)
- 2 GALE: She's not only beautiful, she's talented. You know, nowadays beauty contests are not judged on looks alone. The prizes go to those who are not only pretty... but accomplished.
- 3 DUC: And what is your especial accomplishment, my dear?
- 4 JIM: I'm a blackjack dealer.
- 5 MIL: (HORRIFIED) IS A GAMBLING JOINT?
- 6 GARY: So. In the police station. When the detectives go out on duty, I hand them their blackjacks.
- 7 VID: Come to think of it, I knew a blackjack dealer that dealt blackjack in the back of a stack-stack in Hackensack. Same was Mack Black. Mack Black had dealt blackjack in Hackensack since my back.. Had a knack for pickin' a black jack from the back of the stack, but Mack Black got the sack for a fact when they caught him with a pack of cracked jacks stacked in the back of the stack-stack and - OH MYAR, OLD TIMER...
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?
- 8 OLD: Pickin' myself up, mostly Johnny. Been skatin', but I spent so much time settin' down I feel like Sonja Heine! (LAUGHS) I was...CHEESE! Pretty girl? Who you with, honey?
- 9 GALE: SAME'S WITH ME...!! Miss Flack, my I present a character known to one and all, for want of more imagination on the part of our writers, as the Old Timer!

1 OWEN: Hello.

2 OLD: Uh-ho, lemme help you with your skates and we'll --

3 DOC: I'LL HELP HER!

4 GALE: I'LL HELP HER!!

5 HIL: LET ME...

6 FIL: NO, I'LL HELP YOU WITH YOURS HOLLY....

7 HIL: I WANT I'LL HELP MISS FLACK....

8 GALE: NO LET ME....HERE, OVERHELYN....PUT YOUR FOOT UP...

9 DOC: LET GO MY LEG, LA TRIVIA!!

10 GALE: OH...BECAUSE HE...I THOUGHT I

11 OWEN: HERE I AM CHARLES...OVER HERE....I THOUGHT YOU WERE
HELPING ME -

12 OLD: THAT WAS ME, HONEY. I WAS RIGHT HANDY, SO I -

13 GALE: GET AWAY FROM HER!!....

14 GLE: WHO YOU MOVING, MR MAJESTY.....

15 BELAMI: DOC...GLE...GALE...OWEN...OLD T...AD LIB...FIRE DOWN

16 FIL: Come on, kids....let's you and me get outa this...we
aint skated together yet tonight.....

17 HIL: Wonderful....come on!

18 BOING: CHUNCH CHUNCH CHUNCH OF SKATES...VOICED PAIR IS IN...
19 FIL: Left...right...left right... (MUSIC STARTS) left....
...ahh....this is wonderful...Moonlight on Lake Dagan!!

20 HIL: And you know what I love about it?

21 FIL: What?

1. TITLE: No requitos??

2. LOCATION:

3. SUBJECT: LINE OF SECTOR FROM 200 --

4. SOURCE: AND 300'S END... "SECTOR, BARRIERS"

5. ATTACHED:

- 1 FID: Hey, anybody think we need more wood on that fire?
- 2 OWEN: CHUCK OF YULIPEH'S "NO'S"
- 3 GALE: The fire is going great, McGee....leave it alone...if it gets any hotter it'll make the lake dry up.
- 4 CLD: Make the lake what, Mayor?
- 5 GALE: Dry up.
- 6 CLD: What's the matter, boy....don't you like me?
- 7 GALE: Oh don't be a -
- 8 WIL: Another hot dog, anybody?
- 9 CLD: So thanks, sisus...not for me. Already I have so many dogs I probably chase cats going home.....
- 10 WIL: Hot dog, Miss Flack?
- 11 OWEN: No thank you. I have to watch my figure you know.
- 12 WIMP: That should be easy, Miss Flack...with all these fellows helping you.
- 13 (SILENCE)
- 14 DOC: By the way, Miss Flack.....or may I call you Gwendolyn?
- 15 GALE: YOU CAN CALL HER MISS FLACK!
- 16 FID: Take it easy, guys....let's not have no rough stuff..... this is strictly for fun, you know.....
- 17 OWEN: What were you going to ask me, Doctor?

- 1 DOC: I was just going to ask you, MISS FLACK, if you are elected
Queen of the Saloon Run again, what are your plans?
- 2 GREN: I think I'll go back up the River and poem.
- 3 WIMP: LAUGH II
- 4 GREN: Yes, my jewelry....so I can go to Hollywood.
- 5 MEX: Oh.
- 6 FIB: Give another hot buttered rootbeer, willja Wolly.....
- 7 SUED: CLINK OF GLASSES.....CRACKLE OF FIRE.....
- 8 WIL: Here you are, dearie....Anybody else? - Mr. Wilcox?.....
(LAUGH) (LAUGH) MR. WILCOX?
- 9 WIL: Wh? Oh, I'm sorry.....I was helping Miss Flack take off her
skates.
- 10 GALE: I HELPED HER TAKE THEM OFF A HALF AN HOUR AGO!
- 11 WIL: You did? Well, whadya know!!
- 12 FIB: Hey ain't this fun.....? I sure know how and where to build
a fire don't it I was always the one that was chose to do
this back in Peoria. I pick out the proper place.....I
personally send guys out for firewood....I arrange the -
- 13 WIMP: I would like to propose a toast.
- 14 MEX: ISN'T THAT NICE!! Quiet, everybody, Mr. Wimple wants to
give a toast....here....have some more rootbeer first Mr.
Wimple....
- 15 SUED: CLINK:
- 16 WIMP: Thank you.
- 17 GLE: Go ahead Wimple. Consider yourself plugged in, toastmaster.

- 1 FIB: Shoot, Wimp.
- 2 NIMP: All righty...~~SHIT~~...
 HERE'S TO THE GIRL WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR
 THE ONE THAT'S COOKING HOT DOGS THERE
 WHO NO ONE
 MAY I HAVE THREE
 I THANK THEM;
- 3 GALT: (LAUGHING)
- 4 GALT: Now I would like to make a little toast.
- 5 MEL: Dood. Here's a bun and a long fork, Mr. Mayor...go
 right ahead...
- 6 GALT: No, I mean a toast that we can all drink.
- 7 FIB: You can't DRINK toast, boy...unless you dunk it in
 your footbeer, and then it gets all soggy. I tried it
 a while ago and...
- 8 GALT: NO NO NO...I DIDN'T MEAN ACTUAL TOAST. I MEAN A TOAST.
- 9 MEL: You go right ahead, Mr. Mayor...if you want to eat toast
 while everybody else is making up silly poetry and stuff -
 you -

- 1 GALE: I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A JELLY TOASTED WHILE...LOOK...
WHEN I SAID I WANTED TO HAVE A LITTLE TOAST, I...YOU
DIDN'T...(PAUSE) Oh, no. Let's not get into one of
THOSE things...This is a real toast, folks...
- 2 GALE: CRACKS:
- 3 WIMP: Go on, your honor...(say I have another hot dog, please
Mrs. McGee. Thank you)...
- 4 GALE: TO OUR HOST...FIRSH MOSEL...A GREATLY MISUNDERSTOOD
MIX...
- 5 FIB: Oh phew....
- 6 GALE: TO FIRSH MOSEL...KNOWING TO ALL OF US AS BAR-BUDDY...
LEFT-FOOTED, CLIMBY AND INEPT...NOT CAPABLE, ON OCCASIONS,
OF ARISING TO OCCASIONS LIKE THIS WITH GRACE AND
INTELLIGENCE...OUR HOST, WHO SELECTED THE SITE OF THESE
FESTIVITIES...WHO BUILT THIS MAGNIFICENT FIRE...WHO
IS GIVING US THIS MOST DELICIOUS EVENING. OUR GOOD
FRIEND...FIRSH MO-
- 7 SOUND: LOUD CRACKLES...SCREAMS...YELLS....
- 8 GALE: GALEY, the ice is breaking up...Balls...ETC.ETC.ETC...
- 9 SOUND: CRACKLING INCREASES TO LOUD SPLASH...FOLLOWED BY LITTLE
SPLASHES...COMMENTS FROM DOC, HAZEL, NINE...GLE...
- 10 GALE: VOICES OF SURPRISE...JURKING GASPING...
- 11 WIMP: Oh goodness...I lost my hot dog...
- 12 MEL: McGee...you know what you did? You didn't build the
fire on the shore...YOU BUILT IT ON THE ICE!!

1 FRED: I did? Well, my gosh...how could I tell, under all that snow? But it's a funny thing...now that you mention it...
ALL MY FINEST USED TO DO THAT BACK IN FLORIDA, TOO...
EVERYBODY GETTING OUT HEAT?

2 GRENDA: OF YES, SO THANKS TO YOU, STEVE...HELLO, BOB...

3 GALE: Here, let me help you ashore, Gwendolyn. It's only two feet deep here...so don't worry...

4 GALE: Oh, I'm not worried, Charles. (SPLASH) I'm the Queen of the Saloon Bar...remember? Just tell me -- which way is upstream?

5 GALE: SELECTION...PAGE FOR --

FIBBER HOOPER AND WILLY
Jan. 30, 1951

CLOSING COMMERCIAL --

WILLY: Fibber and Willy return in a moment...

Pet MILK the first evaporated milk, is the first choice of many doctors who want to be sure of giving their baby patients the right start in life. Excellent examples of such babies, in addition to the DeGottis, whom we mentioned earlier are the Patts quadruplets of Brideville, North Carolina -- the Horn quadruplets of Baltimore -- the Collins quadruplets of the Bronx, New York -- the Kaspers of Paterson, New Jersey -- and the Saricofs of New York City. All twenty-four of these famous babies were tiny and delicate at birth. All are sturdy, vigorous youngsters now. All were given Pet Milk shortly after birth -- all are still thriving on this favored form of milk. Your grocer has Pet Milk. How about giving your children the benefits of this soft, easy-to-digest, uniformly rich milk? That's Pet Milk, the first food for millions of happy healthy babies.

TECH: UP AND OVER THE:

1921

- 1 FIB: Boy, it sure feels good to get into some dry clothes, don't it, kiddo?
- 2 MOL: Yes indeed. You know it's amazing how well everybody took it, though, McOoe.
- 3 FIB: Yep.
- 4 MOL: Very philosophically. Nobody blew up at all.
- 5 FIB: Nope - they were just too wet to burn, I guess. (CHUCKLES)
(SINGS) Goodnight.
- 6 MOL: Goodnight, all.
- 7 OVER: THERE... FARE YOU

- 8 WIL: The first evaporated milk - Pet Milk - brings you Fibber McOoe and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again, next Tuesday night, won't you?

9 SIGN: THERE UP AND BOARD FIBBER

FERRIS BUZZARD AND MOLLY

Jan. 9, 1951

REMARKS FOR THE PROGRAM --

WIL: Who usually has the say-so about wedding plans?
The bride? The groom? The bride's family? Well,
whatever usually happens definitely does happen in the
Story of the Week next Saturday evening on Art Link's Mary
Lee Taylor program. Be sure to hear this surprising story --
together with Mary Lee Taylor's famous recipe for Fricassee
with Sausage Patties. Tune in next Saturday evening ear for
the Mary Lee Taylor program on NBC.

WIL: THE END OF THE LINE