

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#12

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

December 26, 1944

N.B.C.

On New Year's Day high glee is rampant --
Not even work our joy has dampant!
The weather may be fine for fishes
But we're kept warm by New Year's wishes --
It's nice to know, while gags we're jottin',
Alth'ugh half-gone, we're not forgotten!

m & o

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY !

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry present
Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Mr. Don Quinn, Esq.,
and P. Leslie, with music by the King's Men and Billy
Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: SELECTION...FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
12/26/44

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: During this coming week, your kitchen will probably get a little extra use. So it's a good time to give the floor a protective coat of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. That will make it bright and cheerful, show it off to best advantage when your friends drop in. And it will protect it against the extra wear. If you're not already using GLO-COAT, this will give you a chance to see how easy it really is to use. GLO-COAT is self polishing, needs no rubbing or buffing. It is especially useful on linoleum surfaces, on asphalt and rubber tile -- floors in kitchens, entrance halls, bathrooms. Spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy -- and I guess you know that the regular use of JOHNSON'S GLO COAT will make your linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH...
(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: WHEN AN ORDINARILY GOOD-NATURED HUSBAND STARTS STALKING UP AND DOWN THE LIVING ROOM AND THROWING HIS WEIGHT AROUND LIKE SO MUCH CONFETTI, IT'S A GOOD TIME FOR THE LITTLE WOMAN TO GET OUT OF HIS WAY....UNLESS, OF COURSE, THE LITTLE WOMAN KNOWS HOW TO COPE WITH IT...LIKE MRS. MCGEE OF--
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: DAD-RAT THE DAD-RATTED THING ANYWAY...THE DAD RATTED -

SOUND: THUMP:

FIB: OF ALL THE DIRTY BREAKS!! I COULD FALL IN A DIAMOND MINE AND COME OUT WITH A BUCKET FULL OF BROKEN GLASS!

THUMP:

FIB: WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME! DOGGONE, THE DOGGONE LUCK ANYWAY...OF ALL THE ROTTEN -

THUD:

MOL: McGee! Stop kicking the piano...you have your new shoes on.

THUMP:

MOL: McGee...stop it!

FIB: Welllllllll...

MOL: Heavenly days, there's no use flying into a rage just because you spill a little ink on a letter.

FIB: A LITTLE INK! LOOK AT IT!! SMEARED THE WHOLE PAGE!!! NOW I'LL HAVE TO WRITE THE WHOLE DAD RATTED LETTER OVER AGAIN. CAN'T READ WHAT I WROTE AND DON'T REMEMBER WHAT I SAID! OF ALL THE LOUS-

MOL: McGee!

1

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: WELL, GEE WHIZZ, IT WASN'T JUST SPILLING THE INK. IT'S BEEN ONE OF THEM DAYS! EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG. COULDN'T GET MY PAJAMAS OFF THIS MORNING. CORD WAS IN A HARD KNOT. BUSTED MY SHOELACE. FELL OFF THE PORCH GETTIN' THE MORNING PAPER! STUCK MY FORK IN MY EYE EATING MY WAFFLE.

MOL: I've warned you about eating and reading the paper at the same time, dearie.

FIB: THAT'S ANOTHER THING!...THERE WAS A BIG HOLE TORN CLEAR THROUGH THE MORNING PAPER! IF I EVER LAY HANDS ON THE KNUCKLE-HEAD THAT DID THAT --

MOL: I did that.

FIB: I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN HIS.....eh? You did? YOU TORE A HOLE THROUGH THE MORNING PAPER?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: What for?

MOL: So I could see you. I get awfully lonesome for you at breakfast, dearie. AND FOR GOODNESS SAKES STOP STOMPING AROUND. Beulah has a cake in the oven.

FIB: WELL, IF I HAD THE DAD-RATTED SENSE OF A DAD-RATTED HORSEFLY, I'D...

MOL: McGee. Stop swearing. Heavenly days, you can get more real profanity into a "dad rat" than the average mule skinner has in his whole vocabulary. My goodness, a woman doesn't like to see her own husband ---

FIB: Oh my gosh...hey...you got tears in your eyes!...don't cry, Molly!! Gee, I didn't mean to get so tough...

MOL: Wel-l-l...

FIB: I'm sorry. I gotta nasty temper.

1

(REVISED) -6 & 7-

MOL: (VOICE BREAKS A LITTLE) Yes you have, dearie. You fly off the handle like a ten cent tack hammer. You should learn to control yourself.

FIB: Yeah...I know..I know...but gee...you mustn't cry about it. It ain't that serious. Here..lemme wipe your eyes...there..there...I'm sorry I made you cry.

MOL: I wasn't crying, I was peeling onions in the kitchen. But I don't like to see you get into those tantrums.

FIB: Yes, it is silly. The idea, me goin' all to pieces like a doughnut in a coffee cup...I'M ashamed!

MOL: Oh now, don't worry about it. I wouldn't want you TOO easy going. It would mean you lacked character.

FIB: I know..but my temper's too ragged. I'm about as much fun to live with as a second mortgage. I'M GONNA TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.

MOL: That's nice. Though if all the new leaves you've turned over were made into a bonfire, we could barbecue a rhinoceros.

FIB: THIS TIME I MEAN IT.

MOL: Splendid! Here...go sit down and read this book you started last week.

FIB: What is it?

MOL: The Rover boys in Southern Waters.

FIB: Oh I can't read that. There's a big bully in it named Dan Baxter that gets me too mad. I'll read the paper. And don't cry any more...I'll be a good boy.

MOL: All right, dearie. Shall I turn that light on for you? I don't want you to ruin those merry blue eyes.

FIB: My merry blue eyes will do okay, thanks. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) Ahhh, to think that I should get so upset about little things like a blotted letter. (LAUGHS) Pretty childish when you stop to think about-

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, Alice. Come in, dear.

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. I just wanted to tell Mr. McGee I was sorry.

FIB: Eh? Sorry about what, Alice?

ALICE: About ruining my electric razor.

FIB: RUINING MY ELECTRIC RAZOR!! (RAGES) DOGGONE IT, WHAT IN THE NAME OF -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: (TAKES LONG BREATH) (LAUGHS) Ah forget it, Alice...gee whizz, why get excited over a little electric razor.

ALICE: Well, I'm terribly sorry, Mr. McGee. I'd have it fixed for you only some of the pieces flew out the window into the snow. And when I find 'em in the spring they might be a little rusty.

FIB: Hmmm. Yes...I...er...flew all to pieces eh? (LAUGHS) Musta been quite a sight. Like to of been there when it happened. Like to have been there BEFORE it happened, in fact. (LAUGHS)

MOL: What were you doing with the electric razor, Alice?

ALICE: Shaving a cocoanut.

FIB: SHAVING A COCOANUT!! WELL, I'LL BE A...a...er... (LAUGHS) Well, it was a fine idea, kid. Anything I love to see, it's a nice, clean-shaven cocoanut!

MOL: Is shaving cocoanuts a hobby with you, Alice?

ALICE: No, but it looked so uncouth, Mrs. McGee. You see it was sent to me by a boy in the South Pacific, and I wanted it to look nice.

FIB: A very good reason, Alice. What's a little thing like an 18-buck razor compared to a great romance like yours?

MOL: Is the boy a flier, Alice?

ALICE: Yes, and he's had some exciting experiences over there in the jungles, believe me! One time he was lost for three weeks in a swamp with nothing to eat.

FIB: NOTHING?

ALICE: No, all he had with him was a roll of maps. But they saved his life.

MOL: You mean he studied the maps and found his way home?

ALICE: No, he ate 'em.

FIB: HE ATE THE MAPS? Now wait a minute, Alice, that isn't--

ALICE: OH, BUT HE DID! HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO DIE OF HUNGER, WHEN HE SUDDENLY THOUGHT OF IT. HE HELD THE MAPS UP AND TURNED THEM AROUND BACKWARDS AND ATE 'EM.

MOL: I don't get it, Alice.

ALICE: Creepers, don't you SEE? Maps, backwards, is SPAM! Well, I'm sorry about your razor, Mr. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: ("PARADE OF WOODEN SOLDERS") (APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

MOL: Well, how do you feel now, McGee?

FIB: Great, kiddo, great!

MOL: Your nerves stopped jumping around like a ping-pong ball?

FIB: Yup. Under strict control. Been settin' here readin' the paper as cool as an iceman's shoulder.

MOL: GOOD FOR YOU! Then maybe it's safe to break a little bad news. Er...Beulah smashed your wrist watch.

FIB: Really? I hope she didn't cut her hand on it.

MOL: WHY, MCGEE...YOU'RE MARVELOUS!...YOU LOVED THAT WATCH!!

FIB: Yeah, but it was a lot of trouble, too. Had to wind it every day. Tell Beulah not to worry about it.

MOL: McGee, I can't get over this. There was a time when you'd have screamed with rage.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Yes, I know. That was before I learned self control. I figure you live a lot longer if you don't get too excited about things.

MOL: Yes...or else it just SEEMS longer.

FIB: Well, you'd be surprised how much better I feel already, Molly. Just an hour or so of controlling my temper, and I'm a new man.

MOL: Well, would the new man care if we had lamb stew for dinner?

FIB: (ROARS) LAMB STEW!! AGAIN? ~~DO~~GONE IT, I'VE HAD SO MUCH LAMB STEW LATELY I'M AFRAID TO MAKE A EWE TURN!...I'M GETTING SO DARN SICK OF LAMB STEW... (PAUSE) (LAUGHS) That's how I would of reacted this morning, tootsie. But I'm different now. Sure, let's have lamb stew. Probably very nourishing.

MOL: You give a very convincing imitation of yourself in a bad temper, dearie.

FIB: To think of all the years I been through, makin' a chump of myself flyin' off the handle. When I might of been settin' here, just like this, calmly readin' the paper and--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hiya, Molly...Hiya, Pal. Heard the news?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: What news, Junior?

WIL: Well, it isn't confirmed yet, but I've got it on pretty good authority that the new super-highway goes right thru this block.

MOL: Heavenly days...

FIB: How'll that effect us, Waxey?

WIL: Oh hardly at all...except you'll have to find another place to live. All these houses will be condemned and torn down.

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE!! YOU MEAN WE'RE GONNA BE THROWN OUT OF OUR OWN HOME?

WIL: That's the general idea.

(PAUSE)

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Hear that, Molly? We're bein' tossed out on our clavicles. Boy is that rich! Just get the house almost paid for and BOOM, out we go!! (LAUGHS) Funniest thing I ever heard.

MOL: WELL I'M GLAD YOU'RE SO HAPPY ABOUT IT, MCGEE...PERSONALLY I THINK IT'S AN OUTRAGE...OF ALL THE -

FIB: Ah ah ah ah...Temper! Temper!..(LAUGHS) No use flyin' off the handle over a little thing like that. Time we moved, anyway. Imagine moving into a new house - with an empty hall closet!

WIL: Well, I must say, Pal, you're taking this like a sportsman! Personally, I'd be so darn mad I'd blow up the courthouse.

MOL: NOT A BAD IDEA!! WHERE'S MY HAT? I'LL--

FIB: Now Molly..Now Molly...(LAUGHS) Shucks, Junior, no use gettin' your blood pressure up on account of something you can't do anything about it. Relax and live longer, I always say. Take it easy.

MOL: TAKE IT EASY, HE SAYS!! AND US ABOUT TO BE THROWN OUT IN THE STREET, LUG AND LUGGAGE.

FIB: Aw well...(LAUGHS) Boy, what a day. Stick a fork in my eye, wrist watch busted, electric razor ruined, thrown out of our home. (LAUGHS) Ain't that a panic?

WIL: Fibber, permit me to shake your hand...NO, DON'T GET UP!Ahhh, thank you. And accept my congratulations on rising to a difficult occasion with such savoir faire, such aplomb...such sang froid.

MOL: Is that god?

WIL: IT'S MARVELOUS..... I never knew you could restrain yourself like that, pal. And to think it's all a matter of internal control.

MOL: How else would he do it?

WIL: Well, external circumstances sometimes help. Like a woman I know, who was always in a foul temper. Nerves were ragged...her name was Mimi Perkins and everybody called her Screaming Mimi. And you know what cured her?

FIB: What did, Junior, asked little Fibber, innocently, as if he hadn't heard the answer every week for ten years?

WIL: Johnson's Wax. When she found out how easy Johnson's Wax made her housework, she was a different woman. The very fact that every piece of furniture...all the lampshades, window sills, woodwork and leather things gleamed and sparkled with a new beauty and cleanliness...why, it just DID things for Mimi.

MOL: And Screaming Mimi is now known as Peaceful Perkins, I suppose.

WIL: Changed her whole life. Moved her family from Hell Gate New York, to Lake Placid. And all because Johnson's Wax had smoothed the way.

FIB: Well, that ain't how I do it, Waxey. With me it's just will power. I look myself right in the eye (Which is quite a trick in itself) and say, "Now look, McGee, old man...I say, there's an old Chinese saying you oughtta keep in mind. "FONG GOOEY, SING AH, SING HO, LING GOO!"

MOL: What does that mean?

FIB: I dunno, I don't understand Chinese. Well, thanks for the information anyway, Junior.

WIL: Don't mention it, Pal. As I say, it may be just a rumor, but I thought you ought to know...HEY...Fibber its getting pretty dark to read a newspaper...don't you want me to turn on that light for you?

FIB: NO I DON'T..DOGGONE IT, IF I WANTED THAT LIGHT TURNED ON -- ..(LAUGHS) No thanks, Junior. I'm okay. Perfectly all right.

MOL: Won't you sit down a while, Mr. Wilcox, and enjoy the new era of peace and happiness that has come to our little nest?

WIL: No thanks, Molly. And congratulations on your new outlook, Pal. I guess people were right about you, after all.

FIB: Why - what have they been sayin'?

WIL: They've been saying a guy like you ought to go a long way.

MOL: Isn't that nice!

WIL: Yes, and they say they can hardly wait for him to get started. Well, so long now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: There goes one of the nicest men I know, McGee. He has such wonderful manners, and all.

FIB: Don't let that bowing from the waist fool you, Snooky. That's just his way of sneakin' a peek at the floors and woodwork. (RATTLES PAPER) HEY, THERE'S A PICTURE COMIN' TO THE BIJOU I WANNA SEE.

MOL: What is it?

FIB: "Winged Victory." That army picture. Understand it's not only colossal, but very good. It's got everybody in it but Edwin Booth.

MOL: I'd like to see it too. And you don't know how much good it does me to see you sitting here so calm and contented, McGee. Don't you want me to turn on that light for you?

FIB: No thanks, I'm perfectly all right, thank you. Don't worry about it. I like it this way. (RATTLES PAPER) Only gotta finish Barney Google and Chief Wahoo anyway.

MOL: Well, I'll go see how Beulah is coming along with dinner. Did you tell her about raising her salary two dollars a week?

FIB: My gosh...I forgot all about it. I'd better call her... Oh --

DOOR SLAM:

BEULAH: Somebody about to call for Beulah?

FIB: ~~Forget the whole thing, Beulah.~~ I merely wanted to tell you that I've took the matter up with the War Labor Board and got a confirmation to raise your salary two bucks a week.

BEUL: Well for goodness sake! Thank you evah so much, suh. Who's gonna be heah?

MOL: What do you mean, who's going to be here?

BEUL: (LAUGHS) Well, it been my experience, ma'am, that when folks raises my salary all of a sudden like that, it usually mean they is plannin' some big wing ding whereby I loses my Thursday off or somethin'.

FIB: There's no catch in it, Beulah. You been doin' a good job and we appreciate you, is all.

BEUL: Thank you very much suh. Sho is good news. One mo' raise like that and I kin afford to quit.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, BEULAH ... AREN'T YOU HAPPY HERE?

BEUL: Oh yes 'am. This is the mos' compatible place I ever work. (LAUGHS) Only me and Ira, we may git married.

FIB: Is Ira your current admirer, Beulah?

BEUL: CURRENT! That man is thousand-watt, million volt, direct and alternatin'!

MOL: Alternating?

BEUL: Yas'm. Between me and Lily Robinson. She work for Toopses.

FIB: But you got the inside track, eh?

BEUL: I got the inside track, on the rail, closin' fast and in a photo finish, I win! That Lily, she take a bad picture.

MOL: Has Ira proposed yet, Beulah?

BEUL: (LAUGHS) No, but I know the signs, ma'am. When a gal straighten a man's necktie an' he don't slap her hand away no mo', she might as well start selectin' her torso.

FIB: It's trousseau, Beulah.

BEUL: It's true, so help me, suh!

MOL: Well, we'll hate to lose you, but never let it be said that the McGees ever barricaded the middle aisle.

FIB: Yeah - let us know when it happens, Beulah. We'd like to give you a shower.

BEUL: (GIGGLES) Mist' McGee ... you just tryin' to make me blush!

MOL: He means a GIFT shower, Beulah.

FIB: Better read up on the customs, Beulah. You know, when you get married you gotta wear "something old and something new, something borrowed and something Blue".

MOL: Mr. McGee did, Beulah. He wore an old suit, a new hat, and borrowed two dollats from me for the license.

BEUL: And what was blue, suh?

FIB: Four ~~other~~ ^{of the prettiest} girls in Peoria.

BEUL: FOUR ~~other~~ ^{of the prettiest} GIRLS IN PEORIA.. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)
MAD ABOUT THAT LIL CHARACTER!!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: SELECTION: KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: McGee, dearie...it's getting pretty dark. Don't you want me to turn that light on for you?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I GOTTA TELL....er....
(LAUGHS) No thank you, dear. I'm fine. Perfectly all right. Just readin' the want ads anyway.

MOL: I'm sorry I disturbed you again. You've been so wonderful about not letting things annoy you, I ought to leave you alone.

FIB: Ah, forget it. Nothing bothers me. HEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS WANT AD I JUST CAME ACROSS? (PAPER RATTLE) "WANTED: MAN TO WORK AROUND SMALL FARM WITH SIX COWS AND ONE HORSE WHO CAN DRIVE HALF-TON TRUCK AND HELP WITH HOUSEWORK."

MOL: Well, if they close all the race tracks in the country, there'll be a lot of horses looking for housework.

FIB: Yeah, I guess what they want is a longer morning line at the ammunition factories.

MOL: Speaking of ammunition, dearie, I never told you about your shotgun.

FIB: You mean my new single-barrel 12-gauge? What about it?

MOL: Well, I was trying to get into that old trunk in the attic and the lid was stuck and I didn't have anything to pry it open with, and your shotgun was standing in the corner, and er...well, how far can you bend the barrel of a gun before it's really damaged?

FIB: You mean my new shotgun is...you bent the barrel so....
HOW BAD IS IT BENT?

MOL: Oh not more than two or three inches. It curves UP slightly, now.

FIB: I see. Just bent the barrel two or three inches, eh?

MOL: Yes, but in another way it's better than it was.

FIB: How's that?

MOL: That little bump on the end of the barrel broke off. Now it won't get in your way when you aim.

FIB: That was a SIGHT!!

MOL: It certainly was. It spoiled the looks of the whole gun.

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Oh Molly...you're terrific! My gosh, worrying over bending a gun barrel a mere two or three inches. I'M GONNA LOVE IT THAT WAY. - NOW I CAN SHOOT AROUND CORNERS!

MOL: Really? Then you're not angry with me?

FIB: I'M NOT ANGRY WITH ANYBODY. (LAUGHS) Relax, kiddo. Just as soon as I finish readin' the paper, I'll --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, it 's Doctor Gamble. Hello Doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And a Happy New Year to you, too, Underslung.

FIB: (WITH DIGNITY) Good afternoon, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: DOCTOR GAMELEI! Why this sudden attack of formality? Don't you know me, McGee? I'm your friend. I'm your family physician, -- the magnetic personality with the 12-dollar stethoscope who has to assure you five times a week that a wart on the thumb is not necessarily fatal. Remember?

(PAUSE) RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER

DOC: What is this, Molly? Has little rubber-puss got a grouch on?

FIB: (REACTION)

MOL: (SOTTO VOICE) On the contrary, doctor. He's decided to keep his temper under control after this. And I must admit he's been doing a magnificent job!

DOC: (LOWERS VOICE) No kidding! Well, he's probably lengthening his own life, but the shock will kill a lot of his friends. Not that I believe a word of it, of course. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, and he's one of the oldest dogs that ever sat up and begged for a poke in the nose.

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER) (MCGEE CLEARS THROAT)

MOL: But, Doctor... it's working! EVERYthing has happened today. And he's been as sweet-tempered as an angel about it all.

DOC: He'd better drop in my office and let me tune in on his peristalsis. With him, ten minutes of good nature is pathological. Ordinarily he's just a nasty little scourpuss with the temper of a bilious buffalo.

FIB: REACTION: PAPER RATTLES

MOL: Do give him a credit for trying, Doctor.

DOC: Why not? I've given him credit for everything else, including my valuable services. As a matter of fact, dear, if he keeps this up, it will be very beneficial.

MOL: You mean his health will be better?

DOC: Oh, indubitably. Anger, you know, releases adrenalin into the system. Adrenalin is highly toxic. That's why he's always been such a poisonous little character.

FIB: REACTION

MOL: Oh Doctor...please... He's been SUCH a good boy. Don't spoil it.

DOC: All right. You win. Well I'd better run along before I say something I might regret as if I could.

MOL: Well-1-1, maybe it WOULD be better if nothing happened to bother him.

DOC: I see what you mean. Happy New Year to you, Molly. If you can manage it, living with stupid little Beetlebrain over there.

FIB: (RATTLES PAPER..HUMS)

DOC: I hope little Droopy Drawers won't take it amiss if I make a slight suggestion, in the best interests of his well being?

MOL: What's that, Doctor?

DOC: Getting too dark to read in here. Let me turn on that light! *Shew!*

SOUND: CLICK: LOUD RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER, (THUD OF CHAIR TURNING OVER)

FIB: (SCREAMS) GET YOUR BIG FAT HANDS OFF THAT LIGHT, YOU
NOSEY OLD BONE-SCRAPER!!! CAN'T A GUY READ HIS PAPER
IN PEACE WITHOUT EVERY BUSYBODY IN TOWN BUTTING HIS BIG
BALD HEAD INTO WHAT'S NONE OF HIS BUSINESS??

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: (SHOUTS) ALL I ASK IS A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET AND WHAT
DO I GET? YAMMER, YAMMER, YAMMER.... TURNING ON LIGHTS
ALL OVER THE PLACE...

SOUND: THUDS:

DOC: But, my boy, I was merely...

FIB: YOU WERE MERELY!!! GO MERELY SOMEPLACE ELSE, YOU BIG
LEMONHEAD!! OF ALL THE DAD-RATTED NERVE --

SOUND: THUD:

MOL: McGee....stop kicking the piano!

FIB: I'LL KICK THE DAD-RATTED JUKE BOX ALL OVER THE HOUSE IF
THAT OBSCURE, OBSOLETE, OB-EVERYTHING OLD OBSTETRICIAN
DON'T SCRAM OUTA HERE! (MUSIC) I NEVER SAW SUCH A
DAD-RATTED LOTTA DAD-RATTED.....

ORCH: SNEAK IN OVER: UP AND FADE FOR COMMERCIAL PAGE 27.

ANNCR: Most men, like myself, take a lot of things around the house for granted. Few of us really realize, for example, how much our good wives have done to make our homes attractive -- to keep everything in good running order -- and to take special care of our household things for the duration. Why is it you don't have to spend much money refinishing your floors? Well, because they are probably protected from wear with regular applications of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Why is your dining room table top so beautiful, so rich looking? It's probably polished with that same JOHNSON'S WAX. Then look at the windowsills and venetian blinds -- the woodwork and baseboards -- don't forget that wax protects them too. So you can thank the lady of the house for looking after your interests -- just as she thanks JOHNSON'S WAX for helping her so much in her daily work. Regular waxing really saves work all through the year, makes cleaning easier, as well as makes precious furnishings last longer.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: Ladies and gentlemen, from the JOHNSON WAX PEOPLE, Billy Mills and his orchestra, The King's Men, Alice, Doctor Gamble, Harlow Wilcox, Beulah, us, and the man who slams the door - a very Happy New Year.

FIB: May your '45 really be loaded....Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson Wax Finishes for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)