

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

#14  
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for  
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

January 1, 1946

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE  
AND MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for  
home and industry present Fibber McGee  
and Molly, written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie,  
with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills'  
orchestra!

ORCHESTRA: FADE FOR: <sup>Sum</sup> "NEW IN THE SKY"

(COMMERCIAL, P. 3, TO COME)



OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: All up and down the country today, friends have been dropping in on other friends, exchanging New Year greetings. It's a proud moment, isn't it, when your guests compliment you on the beauty of your home? You can always count on a compliment like that if you use the wax method of housekeeping. Fact is, it's quite amazing how wax - genuine JOHNSON'S WAX - touches off the real beauty of the lovely things in your home. Waxed floors shine proudly with a new beauty. The wax polish gives a lovely lustre to furniture and woodwork, too, and it brings out the beautiful grain. Picture frames and ornaments and leather articles grow lovelier each time you wax them. You see, JOHNSON WAXED things have a satin-smooth surface that doesn't collect dust, is easy to keep clean. And because of its protective qualities, a coating of wax adds to their length of life. Why not have a lovelier home in 1946 - with JOHNSON'S WAX?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: FOR NON-PROFESSIONALS, THERE ARE THREE DIFFERENT APPROACHES TO TYPEWRITING: HUNT AND PECK, HOPE AND HIT, POKE AND PRAY. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND THE SQUIRE COMBINING THE WORST FEATURES OF EACH, AS WE MEET --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: ~~STOW, LABORIOUS TYPING~~

FIB: I can see why Remington makes guns as well as typewriters. If you don't type any better'n I do, you can shoot yourself.

FIB: Ahhhh, now let's see what I got...(READS) "ONE DAY IN AFRICA, DURING A KANGAROO TRAPPING EXPEDITION..."

MOL: (FADE IN) McGee, have you got time to-- (PAUSE) Oh. Still at that typewriter?

FIB: Yeah...and you know what? I now got two pinkies on each hand! My forefingers are worn down to the second knuckle.

MOL: What are you doing...writing yourself an anonymous letter?

FIB: Nope...writin' out my entry into a contest.

MOL: Oh heavenly days...ANOTHER ONE? What is it this time?

FIB: I'm writin' a story.

MOL: A story?

FIB: Yup.

MOL: Long or short?

FIB: Tall?

MOL: Tall?

FIB: Yup. Tall story contest at the Elk's Club. Hundred bucks, first prize. Entries gotta be in by five o'clock tonight.



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MOL: Well, good for you, dearie! You might as well cash in on that talent as give it away to your friends for free. Your only rival for tall stories is the Empire State building.

FIB: That's what all the guys at the Elk's Club say, too, and they've all got big bets on me to win.

MOL: Well, why not? You're a cinch. Mind if I read what you've written?

FIB: No, go ahead.

MOL: (READS) "TAIL STEERY, BY FIBBER, ONE-HALF, DOLLAR SIGN, TWO SMUDGES, MCGREE."

FIB: Better let me read it. My typing ain't very clean.

MOL: You're not kidding, sweetheart! This looks like you'd gone at the typewriter with four wooden mallets, like a xylophone!

FIB: It says, "TALL STORY, BY FIBBER MCGEE".

MOL: That's fine, dearie...very good!

FIB: Wait'll you hear it. There's more.

MOL: Oh. Excuse me.

FIB: (READS) "ONE DAY IN AFRICA, DURING A KANGAROO TRAPPING EXPEDITION --" (PAUSE)

MOL: Aside from the fact that there are no kangaroos in Africa, I think it's fine. Read the rest of it.

FIB: That's all I got. I can't think of a good yarn.

MOL: Oh, nonsense...you've got a million of them! How about the one you told the milkman this very morning? About how you used to drive a milk wagon and your horse was so smart he not only knew all the customers but used to read the newspapers to see if anybody new had moved into the neighborhood?

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FIB: They don't want true stories.

MOL: Oh. Oh, I see.

FIB: Besides, there's something about writin' 'em down on paper that defeats me. They don't look reasonable. I think I better start over...

SOUND: PAPER RIPPED OUT OF TYPEWRITER: FEED NEW SHEET IN:

TYPING

FIB: (SLOWLY) "ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS...DEEP SEA FISHING AT ACAPULCO..." Hey, how do you spell Acapulco?

MOL: Where is it?

FIB: I dunno.

MOL: Make it Havana. You can copy that off your cigar band.

FIB: Good idea. ...DEEP SEA FISHING AT HAVANA, FLORIDA...

MOL: Havana is in Cuba.

FIB: Since when?

MOL: That, I couldn't say, dearie. I only know--

DOOR OPEN:

ALICE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. <sup>oh</sup> ~~Mr. McGee.~~ Am I interrupting your work, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Not at all, Alice. I'm never bothered by minor disturbances.

ALICE: I'm not a minor disturbance, Mr. McGee. I was 21 last October.

MOL: He's writing a tall story for the Elk's Club Contest, Alice.

ALICE: Creepers, isn't that wonderful! Maybe he could even write a novel or a play or something some time.



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FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, I COULD WRITE A PLAY? I got one almost finished, right now, I'm calling it "LIFE WITH MY FATHER".

MOL: There is a play by that name, McGee...Very successful, too.

FIB: WHAT? "LIFE WITH MY FATHER"?

ALICE: No, it's just called "LIFE WITH FATHER".

FIB: Well, how do you like that! Think up an idea, somebody takes it, changes one word, and you got no legal protection whatsoever!

ALICE: I think playwriting is horribly interesting. I go out once in a while with a fellow that he's a playwright. He's kind of a Noel Coward.

FIB: He is, eh?

ALICE: Yes, he'd like to write like Noel, but he's afraid.

FIB: I'LL NEVER FORGET ONE TIME IN NEW YORK, THE THEATRE GUILD COME TO ME AND ASKS ME TO WRITE A SHOW FOR 'EM.

MOL: I suppose Elmer Rice was busy at the time, being thrown at a wedding party.

FIB: WELL SIR, I was kind of a Broadway playboy in them days, which is why they wanted me to write a Broadway play, I suppose...

ALICE: Well, natch.

FIB: ~~I DIDN'T WANNA BE TIED DOWN, BUT...~~ THEY OFFERED ME A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS AND A TRYOUT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

MOL: Would that be called Capitol gain, McGee?

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FIB: It would of if they'd ever seen it. But I found out just in time that they wanted a play to be called "ALABAMA!" so they could pay me off in Confederate money. So I nixes the deal, see, and they get a kid named Hammerstein to do one called "Oklahoma". I understand it's gonna make expenses, too.

MOL: MAKE EXPENSES!! They sell tickets for it in jewelry stores!

ALICE: Well, I'll let you get to work, Mr. McGee. I've got to get downtown, anyway. I have a luncheon date with Geraldine.

FIB: Who's Geraldine?

ALICE: Oh, Geraldine is the mounted policeman who directs traffic at Fourteenth and Oak Street on the big brown horse's sister. Well...good luck with it, Mr. McGee.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: TWO GUITARS

APPLAUSE:



SOUND: TYPING...SHEET RIPPED OUT:

FIB: Dad rat the dadratted--  
 MOL: Well, how are you coming along with your tall story, McGee?  
 FIB: Terrible. I can't think of anything to write. I had a wonderful start on this one, but it petered out.  
 MOL: What was it?  
 FIB: It was about the time I flew a balloon over Mount Vesuvius during an eruption.  
 MOL: Why, that sounds very interesting! Why didn't you go on with it?  
 FIB: Couldn't. The balloon caught fire in the third line, and I got killed. If I only had more imagination I could win this thing --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mrs. Carstairs! Do come in.  
 CARST: How do you do, my dear. (SOUND OF TYPING) Working on the typewriter, Mr. McGee?  
 FIB: Who, me? No, Carsty, I'm teaching a sea lion to play the 1812 Overture on a police whistle. And if you'll pardon my mentioning it, your skirt is split down the middle.  
 CARST: This, Mr. McGee, is a divided skirt. I have just come from a horseback ride in the park.  
 MOL: Oh, I've seen you <sup>RIDING</sup> doing it, Millicent, and I must say you have a wonderful seat on a horse.

FIB: (LAUGHS) She's got the --  
 MOL: MCGEE!!  
 FIB: Okay. You quite an equestrianian, Carsty?  
 CARST: I rather fancy that I am, Mr. McGee. I have taken several blue ribbons at horse shows.  
 FIB: Judges near sighted? Or were you whinnying at the time?  
 MOL: McGee, don't be rude!  
 CARST: Oh, I know he's just joking, my dear. As a matter of fact, Mr. McGee, when Roy Rogers had his last rodeo at Madison Square Garden he made me a splendid offer.  
 MOL: My goodness, did he really, Millicent? What was his offer?  
 CARST: Ten dollars for my hat. He said it frightened Trigger.  
 FIB: Used to be quite a horseman myself, Carsty. Had quite a string of polo ponies at one time.  
 CARST: Really? What happened to them?  
 MOL: The string broke.  
 FIB: I even used to ride bareback in a circus. Funny thing happened in connection with that, recently. I happened to be in Indianapolis. You know Indianapolis, Carsty?  
 CARST: Oh, indeed I do! It was named after one of my ancestors. an Indian who had gone to Annapolis.  
 MOL: Interesting!



FIB: Yeah....I....er....WELL, YOU KNOW THE BIG CIRCLE DOWNTOWN THERE? I was walkin' along there one day and I seen two of the horses from my old circus act, from twenty years ago, They were harnessed to a beer truck. WELL SIR, THE MINUTE THEY SEEN ME THEY STARTED SNORTIN' FOR JOY....THEY TOSSED THEIR HEADS, ARCHED THEIR NECKS AND STARTED GALLOPIN' AROUND THE CIRCLE....ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND.

CARST: Wasn't that delightful!!....I suppose it had been years since they had seen a clown.

FIB: SO WHAT DOES I DO, BUT I THROWS OFF MY OVERCOAT....STEPS OUTA MY SHOES AND LEAPS UP ONTO THEIR BACKS. AND FOR TWENTY MINUTES WE GALLOPPED AROUND THAT CIRCLE, ME JUMPIN' ON AND OFF, TURNIN' TRIPLE SOMERSAULTS, HANDSPRINGS AND FLIP-FLOPS.

MOL: After 20 years, I imagine a lot of your flips were flops.

FIB: BUT....I'D FORGOT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY ROSIN ON MY FEET, AND I SLIPPED ON ONE OF THEIR RUMPS AND WHAMMO!!....EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!

CARST: Were you knocked unconscious, Mr. McGee? I mean more so than usual?

FIB: No, I wasn't, Carsty. I'd flew thru the air right into a Keep Our City Clean box, and the lid fell on me.

MOL: Hasn't himself here had the most facinating experiences, Millicent?

CARST: Simply astounding, my dear. Sometime when you have a free hour, Mr. McGee, I should like to hear more of your circus stories.

FIB: Why sure, Carsty, any time, Shall I give you a ring?

CARST: Under the circumstances, give me three rings.  
Well, good day, my dear.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Why not use that, McGee?

FIB: Eh? Use what?

MOL: Use that circus story as your tall story for the Elk's Club contest?

FIB: Oh my gosh, kiddo...I can't do that!

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Why, those horses may still be living...I wouldn't wanna embarrass 'em ... BOY, THIS IS A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT, YOU KNOW IT? I can't dream up any fantastic stories!

MOL: You'd better, McGee. If all those men at the Elk's have bet big money on you.

FIB: That scares me, too...

MOL: I talked to Mrs. Toops on the phone and she said her husband said all the Elks are betting their teeth on you...

FIB: Oh, my gosh...

MOL: They say you're a three-to-one shot. Or three to one to GET shot, I forget which.

FIB: WELL, DOGGONE IT, I CAN'T THINK OF ANY WILD YARNS. I SET HERE AND STARE AT THIS BLANK PAPER, AND --



DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hiyah, Junior.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Feliz Anyo Nuevo, amigos!

FIB: No thanks, Juney. We haven't used up the old can yet.

MOL: (LAUGHS) No no, McGee...that was Happy New Year, in Spanish. I think. Wasn't it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure. I picked up quite a bit of Spanish when I was deep sea fishing down in Acapulco.

FIB: DEEP SEA FISHING IN ACAPULCO, EH? YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I WANTED TO SEE, JUNEY! How do you spell it?

WIL: (SPELLS) D.E.E.P.....S.E.A.....F.I.S.H.....

MOL: No, he means ACAPULCO.

WIL: Oh! I dunno. I never paid any attention to the spelling. You see I was down there with a bunch of Johnson Wax salesmen.

FIB: I'll bet you were, you eager little beaver! And I'll bet all you sportsmen made an agreement not to talk shop on the whole trip, too, didn't you?

WIL: We sure did, Mac! For five whole days, not a word was said about fishing. All we talked about was Johnson's Wax.

MOL: It's a great topic in the tropics.

WIL:

Yes, we swapped experiences about how we'd sold way over our quotas of Johnson's Wax. How housewives loved it because it gave their homes that immaculate, shining appearance. How it made housekeeping so much easier because dust and dirt can't cling to a Johnson waxed surface....

FIB: I was deep sea fishing down there once, Waxey and -

WIL: And how a proud housekeeper kept finding new uses for Johnson's Wax...floors, furniture, woodwork, picture frames, lampshades, window shades, venetian blinds, luggage, bannisters.....

FIB: We were trolling for tuna, you see, and I had about a half a mile of line out-----

MOL: And with your line, you could spare it!

FIB: Well sir, suddenly I got a bite. I scratches it quick, and then LIKE A FLASH, I REELS IN....IT WAS A TERRIFIC BATTLE.. BUT FINALLY I REACHES OVER THE SIDE WITH A GAFF, AND WHADDYE SUPPOSE I'D CAUGHT! A GUY IN A BATHING SUIT AND WATER WINGS!

MOL: How exasperating!

FIB: Not at all, as it turned out. I thanks the guy on board. And says, I'M SORRY, BUD...I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TUNA. And he says, I AM. I'M A PIANO TUNA. (LAUGHS) Wasn't that amusing -



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WIL: Excuse me, Pal, but I've got to get going. I just stopped in to see how you were coming with your entry for the Elk's Tall Story Contest?

MOL: He's a little discouraged about it, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yeah..I can't seem to think of a thing, Junior.

WIL: WELL, KEEP PITCHING, MAC...AND REMEMBER, THE DEADLINE IS FIVE O'CLOCK!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ain't that awful, Molly? The deadline is five o'clock.

MOL: How much have you got written?

FIB: All I got so far is this...(RATTLES PAPER) "AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS A CABIN BOY ON A TWELVE MASTED SCHOONER BOUND ROUND THE HORN...."

MOL: Bound 'round the horn?

FIB: Yes, I'd got my nose all cut up in a fight and had it all bandaged up.

MOL: Well, what's the story of the 12-masted schooner?

FIB: I'M darned if I know. I just don't seem to be able to make up imaginary stuff....Maybe I better start fresh and--

DOOR CHIME: *My gosh, how can a guy get any work home?*

FIB: COME IN! *Our threshold has been crossed more times today than Southern California's goal line*

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, hello there Doctor Gamble..do come in!

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, Molly. Good afternoon, Gargoyle.

FIB: For a doctor, Arrowsmith, you gotta awful ignorant way of pronouncing gargle. But what can we do for you...break a leg?

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DOC: No, I am a committee of one sent by the more sporting members of the Elk's Club to pick up your story, McGee. Got it ready?

MOL: Oh heavenly days....

FIB: Gee, whizz, Doc...I'm in a spot, no kidding! I haven't been able to think of a thing! My imagination is dryer'n a Kansas tea room.

DOC: You'd better think of something, Bilge-pump. Or I know seven underworld characters, including me, who will tear your head off and throw it in your face. PERSONALLY, I have wagered sixty-five dollars in folding money, four appendectomies, two adhesions and a basal metabolism, on you. GO ON...CONCENTRATE.

MOL: Do what the doctor says, McGee. Concentrate.

DOC: Maybe he doesn't know how to concentrate.

FIB: CERTAINLY I KNOW HOW TO CONCENTRATE! My gosh, I spent six years in India, studying to be a fakir, didn't I?

MOL: Yes, and 40 years in this country.

FIB: ~~That was nothing.~~ Yes sir, I learned how to sit on a board full of nails all day long, and just concentrate.

MOL: Didn't it hurt, McGee?

FIB: Not after I learned the secret of how to do it. Then I could sit on them nails all day and never feel a twinge! And what was the secret, master? Mind over matter? Or a heavy girdle over the derriere?

FIB: It was very simple. Just drive the nails into the board and flatten 'em out. It's only the points that hurt you.

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MOL: Simple, when you know the trick, isn't it?  
DOC: You must show us the Indian rope trick sometime, Faker.  
I'll buy the rope if you'll climb up it and disappear.  
For good. And furthermore.....

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it.  
MOL: I'LL GET IT.  
DOC: I'LL GET IT! (INTO PHONE) HELLO....GAMBLE SPEAKING.  
WHO? OH YES....YES....WELL, I'LL BE OVER THERE AS  
SOON AS I CAN, RAY. IN THE MEANTIME, TAKE TWO FIVE  
GRAIN HEADACHE TABLETS, AND APPLY COLD COMPRESSES.  
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, RAY. YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST  
PERSON WHO'S LOST ONE. GOODBYE. (CLICK)

MOL: Lost what, Doctor?  
DOC: A week-end.. MCGEE....DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? FOUR  
THIRTY! WHERE'S THAT TALL STORY?  
FIB: Oh, my gosh....Doc, I can't.....well, gee whizz, this  
simply isn't my.....  
MOL: McGee....they're all depending on you!  
DOC: Better get with it, Bugface. Or your life won't be  
worth ten cents worth of Hiroshima real estate.  
FIB: WELL DOGGONE IT, I DUNNO WHAT TO DO....(PAUSE) OH,...  
WAIT A MINUTE...YES, I DO, TOO. I KNOW WHAT TO DO.  
DOC: WELL, WRITE IT OUT QUICK, BOY!  
SOUND: SHEET OF PAPER IN TYPEWRITER....FAST HUNT AND PECK.....  
SUSTAIN....RIP SHEET OUT....  
DOC: Hurry up -- Give it here, McGee!  
FIB: Wait a minute!...where's an envelope???

MOL: Here, McGee!  
FIB: Thanks!!! (RATTLE OF PAPER) OKAY DOC....GIVE 'EM THAT!  
DOC: THANKS, SON! I KNEW YOU'D COME THRU! LISTEN IN TO  
W.V.I.S. AT SIX THIRTY.....THEY'LL ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS..  
MOL: I knew he could do it, Doctor!  
DOC: So did I. He's got more tall tales than a herd of  
Giraffes. BYE NOW!!!!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCHESTRA: KING'S MEN "I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER GO TO BED"

APPLAUSE:



THIRD SPOT:

MOL: Well, what are you looking so gloomy about, McGee. You came thru with a tall tale, didn't you?

FIB: No, I didn't. I came thru with mine between my legs.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: I didn't send the Elks a story. I just sent my apologies. Told 'em I just couldn't handle it, that's all.

MOL: Oh heavenly days...and all those people who'd bet on you, too!

FIB: I know, I feel like a dog...but gee whizz, Molly, I just can't sit down at a typewriter and deliberately prevaricate.. Somehow it just didn't seem....er.... HONEST, somehow.....

MOL: Well, cheer up, pet, my goodness, maybe -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia. Do come in, your Honor.

GALE: Thank you, my dear.

DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia.

GALE: I have some news for you folks. Remember Wallace Wimple?

MOL: My goodness yes.....

FIB: Little Wally Wimp? You mean the henpecked little guy that when he was married, Frankenstein gave the bride away?

GALE: That's the lad. I just got word that he's out of the service and will be back in Wistful Vista on the fifteenth of January. It seems that the Navy finally saved up enough points to get rid of him.

THIRD SPOT:

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DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, Mayor La Trivia. Do come in, your Honor.

GALE: Thank you, my dear.

DOOR CLOSE:

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MOL: Well, it'll be nice to see him again.

FIB: Two weeks from today, eh? My gosh, that's.....

GALE: By the way. McGee, did you send the Elks your tall story for the contest?

(PAUSE)

FIB: No. I...I guess I kinda fell down on the assignment, LaTriv. I went into it, real enthusiastic, too. I was gonna whip out a yarn that'd have all the other contestants green with ivy....

MOL: You mean ENVY dearie.....people don't turn green with ivy.

FIB: OH NO? YOU MEAN I NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT THE KID I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH? LITTLE EDDIE CREEPER. THE POOR KID THAT WAS WORKIN' HIS WAY THRU SCHOOL?

GALE: WHAT ABOUT HIM, MCGEE?

FIB: Well, he got so hungry, he'd eat the leaves off the vines on the Chemistry building, just to keep from starving.....

GALE: If he wanted to browse, why didn't he go over to the Library building?

FIB: Bigger leaves on the Chemistry building. It was older. WELL SIR, HE ATE SO MANY OF THEM LEAVES HE STARTED TURNING GREEN WITH IVY, YOU SEE?

MOL: Oh dear.....

GALE: I suppose you're going to tell us he came home one night, potted.

FIB: No, the thing was, La Trivia, he ate so many of them ivy leaves he got a peculiar habit of tryin' to climb the wall of the Chemistry Building. Every spring...right after the rainy season. We found out later his father had been one of the Virginia Creepers. Then kind of a tragic thing happened.

MOL: I know - he was attacked by caterpillars!

FIB: No, one of the Botany professors...I think it was a Botany professor...What's the study of plant life called, La Trivia?

GALE: The National Labor Board.

MOL: No, he means --

FIB: Never mind. Anyway, they discovered there was no nourishment in ivy leaves...and when this kid heard that, he fell right off the wall onto his history notebook. Weakened him so much they had to feed him Vigoro and tie him to a trellis to hold him up for the graduation exercises.

GALE: That's a very interesting...story, McGee. Is that the one you sent the Elk's Club?

MOL: Well...no...it isn't, Your Honor...

FIB: I'll probably have to resign from the Elk's, La Trivia. I wouldn't be able to show up there from now on without gettin' the hotfoot every time I sat down.

MOL: What's a hotfoot?

FIB: Oh, that's where you stick a match in the sole of a guy's shoe without him knowin' it, and light it.

GALE: It's a stupid practical joke, Mrs. McGee - dedicated to the proposition that all men should be cremated equal. But about your entry in the contest, McGee...I certainly hope you--

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MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!...LOOK WHAT TIME IT IS!...TIME FOR THE BROADCAST!! TURN THE RADIO ON, McGEE.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) Not that I wanna hear it, except outa morbid curiosity, but --

GALE: McGee, I'M curious to know just exactly what--

MOL: QUIET, MR. MAYOR...LISTEN!!

P.A. VOICE: ...AND NOW FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER IN THE WISTFUL VISTA ELK'S CLUB ANNUAL TALL STORY CONTEST. THE WINNER, WHO WILL RECEIVE A CHECK FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, IS MR. FIBBER MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA!!

FIB: WHAT? WHY, I DIDN'T--

MOL: HOW ON EARTH--

P.A. VOICE: MR. MCGEE'S PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY CONSISTED SIMPLY OF THIS BRIEF NOTE...AND I QUOTE: "TALL STORY COMMITTEE. GENTLEMEN: I'M SORRY, BUT I JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN AND DELIBERATELY TELL A FALSEHOOD." (LAUGHS) TO ANYONE WHO KNOWS MR. MCGEE, THIS WILL BE RECOGNIZED AS THE MOST FANTASTIC WHOPPER OF ALL TIME! CONGRATULATIONS MR. MCGEE!..AND NOW WE RETURN YOU TO--

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous!

ORCH: "HERE COMES HEAVEN AGAIN"

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In the coming Year, Fibber McGee and Molly will most certainly be making many new friends -- friends who perhaps will be using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on their floors and linoleum for the first time. Any one of our many old friends could tell these ladies what a pleasing experience they have in store. With SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT you can give your floors and linoleum the gleaming lustre of a wax finish with practically no work at all. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing. It is self-polishing, you simply apply and let dry. In 20 minutes come back and you'll find even old linoleum gleaming with a brand-new beauty. It's amazing the difference it makes. And of course, because GLO-COAT protects the surface from wear, new linoleum stays like new, both in bright appearance and in the way it wears. Yes -- our new friends have a pleasant surprise coming when they first use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the coming New Year.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:



TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, when your country is at war, you naturally offer it your money, your services, and, if necessary, your life. But when the war is over, it's every person's privilege...yes, even duty, to think of himself again...his work, and his future.

MOL: The United States Merchant Marine, which made such a wonderful record of work done, and heroic missions accomplished, offers a wonderful opportunity. It wants and NEEDS you experienced officers and men who have been to sea...men with certificates. If you're looking for a job with a great future, write or wire collect to MERCHANT MARINE, WASHINGTON 25, D.C., GIVING YOUR RATING AND ADDRESS.

FIB: And if you've been on a well-earned holiday, we urge you to return to your ship. You won't be the first one who was smart enough to go back on the water after a celebration.  
Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all...and Happy New Year!

PLAYOFF: AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight, and Happy New Year!

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY,

(CHIMES)

*Be with us again next Tuesday night. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the Johnson's Wax people in Racine Wisconsin - Bradford Dethlefs who join us in wishing you a very happy new year. Goodnight!*

Writers: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

For  
Johnson's Wax

NBC - Tuesday

Jan