

Leslie

(REVISED)

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#30

"FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

APRIL 23, 1946

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry present "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" -- with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie. The music by the Kings Men and Billy Mill's Orchestral.

CLOS: "WHO CARES" ... FADE FOR

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C. C.: "WHO CARES" ... FADE FOR

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY NBC
APRIL 23, 1946

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Well, how goes the Spring cleaning? I'll wager your house is clean as a whistle and simply beautiful. In fact, I'll go one step further and say that if you gave your floors and furniture a few finishing touches with JOHNSON'S WAX, you've got one of the most beautiful homes in town. That's not just flattery, either. Wax polishing really does make a wonderful difference. Take your floors, for instance. How beautifully they respond to a protective coat of JOHNSON'S WAX! ~~Nothing else~~ ^{It} ~~could~~ give them that mellow wax polish sheen. JOHNSON'S WAX does wonders for all kinds of furniture, too. Chairs and sideboards and radios glow and sparkle beautifully. Your table tops take on a lovely satin smooth lustre that adds immeasurably to their good looks. And beauty isn't the whole story, either. A waxed home is far easier to keep lovely. An occasional quick dusting is all that's needed to have things always bright and sparkling. Why don't you highlight the beauty of your nice clean home right now with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX - Paste, Liquid or Cream?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

WIL: IF YOU WANT TO LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD, HERE ARE
A FEW BASIC RULES TO FOLLOW:

- a. Never try to beat railroad trains to crossings.
- b. Don't try to breathe under water.
- c. Avoid falling off tall buildings.

THESE RULES SHOULD KEEP YOU IN REASONABLE HEALTH, BUT IF
YOU REALLY WANT TO GET TECHNICAL ABOUT IT, READ THE
LITTLE BOOK JUST BROUGHT HOME BY MR. MCGEE, OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: What on earth are you reading, McGee? I haven't seen you
so interested in anything since you had your thumb caught
in a bowling ball.

FIB: Oh this is really fascinating, Molly. It's a book on how
to live to be a hundred and fifty.

MOL: Heavenly days...a hundred and fifty! I didn't know
ANYTHING lived to that age. Except redwood trees,
elephants and radio jokes.

FIB: According to this guy, it's a cinch! You just gotta go
primitive, that's all. Wear fewer clothes...breathe more
air, eat simple things and MOST OF ALL....DON'T GET
EXCITED.

MOL: Who's excited? I think it's very dull.

FIB: Well, by George, I've only been reading this book for an
hour and a half and I feel five years younger already.
I feel like I could leap clear across the room.

MOL: Well, naturally. You're sitting on my knitting needles.

FIB: Eh? Oh. Hah hah. AHEM. Well, anyway, I'M gonna live up
to what this book says - and see what happens. We got any
goat's milk?

MOL: Dearie, fantastic as it may seem, we haven't a drop of
goat's milk in the house.

FIB: Any turtle eggs?

MOL: Now let me think...turtle eggs...turtle eggs...Hmmm.

McGee, I'm sorry to say that even if I had known that
turtles laid eggs, which I didn't, - I probably would
have forgotten to order any, which I did, even if the
milkman was silly enough to carry them, which he is.

FIB: Oh well...it isn't your fault, baby. How about figs?
We got any figs?

MOL: We have some fig newtons. You can scrape the cookie part
off and eat the fillings.

FIB: GREAT, GREAT!! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE! Now lemme see.

MOL: Incidentally, Methuselah, what is the name of that book?

FIB: Eh? Oh. It's called: "BE MIDDLE-AGED AT A HUNDRED"

MOL: Who wrote it?

FIB: Fella named Young. Will B. Young. Here's his picture in
front of the book. Looka that physique, willya?

MOL: He looks strong enough to fight his weight in tigers...
And stupid enough to try it!

FIB: Yeah, but looka that chest expansion! He has to have pleats on his necktie!

MOL: You think you'll ever look like that, heaven forbid?

FIB: Why not? I'M muscular, but I'm just not developed yet. Now, my dear, if you'll excuse me, I must do some exercises.

MOL: Such as what, said she, trying to remember where she put the liniment?

FIB: Well, the book says "A SIMPLE EXERCISE FOR THE NOVICE IS OPEN THE WINDOW WIDE, REMOVE OR LOOSEN CLOTHING, SIT ON THE KNEES AND PRACTICE HOLDING STOMACH IN."

MOL: Why don't you start with something even simpler?

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Try sitting on your stomach and holding your knees in.

FIB: Well, according to the book--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Put your biceps back in your arms, dearie...we've got company. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mrs. Carstairs...do come in!

CARST: How do you do, my dear...Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Hey, you know where I can get any goat's milk?

FIB: Yeah, but looka that chest expansion! He has to have pleats on his necktie!

MOL: You think you'll ever look like that, heaven forbid?

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SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mrs. Carstairs...do come in!

CARST: How do you do, my dear...Good day, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Carsty. Hey, you know where I can get any goat's milk?

CARST: I have always heard, Mr. McGee, that one of the most reliable places is from a goat.

MOL: That sounds very reasonable, I'm sure.

FIB: Reason I inquired, Carsty, is I'm starting a new health program. I got a book on how to live to be a hundred and fifty.

CARST: I think it's a very hazardous idea, Mr. McGee. One of my great great grandfathers lived to be a hundred and three, and do you know what happened?

MOL: Was he drafted, Millicent?

CARST: No, my dear. But at his 103rd birthday party, they had to make such a big cake to put all those candles on, that the dining table collapsed and killed him.

FIB: My gosh, I'll remember that. Make a note, Molly - on my hundred and fiftieth birthday - no cake!

MOL: Excuse me while I run out and turn off the oven.

CARST: MUST you have goat's milk, Mr. McGee. And if so, why?

FIB: Goat's milk, Carsty, has nutritional elements which are lacking in ordinary cow ^{milk} juice. According to the book, anyway.

MOL: I think it's over-rated, McGee.

FIB: Why do you?

MOL: I've seen goats that were only six years old, and they had beards a foot long. That's growing old pretty fast.

CARST: But you must remember, my dear, that Mr. McGee will probably not eat any tin cans. Or will he?

FIB: I EAT NOTHING BUT SIMPLE, NATURAL FOODS, CARSTY. FIGS, DATES, BANANAS, TURTLE EGGS AND GRASS.

MOL: Heavenly days...GRASS!

FIB: Certainly. Science has discovered that ordinary dried grass has got practically all the vitamins there is.

CARST: Are you permitted a dandelion or two for dessert, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Bring your lawn mower over some day, Millicent, and we'll have lunch with McGee.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...SCOFF IF YOU WANNA! DERIDE ME! BUT BY GEORGE, 50 YEARS FROM NOW, WHEN YOU TWO OLD LADIES ARE BEING PUSHED AROUND IN YOUR WHEEL CHAIRS, I'LL BE WAVING TO YOU FROM THE HANDBALL COURT!

CARST: I'm sorry, Mr. McGee, if I seemed skeptical of your health program. I really wish you every success with it.

FIB: Well...gee..thanks, Carsty!

MOL: You really think it might be good, Millicent?

CARST: Indeed I do, my dear. Particularly the diet of dried grass. I am only sorry he started it too late.

FIB: Too late for what?

CARST: To enter you in the Kentucky Derby. What a thrill it would be to walk down into the Winner's Circle, lift up the floral horseshoe, and say, "WHY, I KNOW THAT HORSE'S NECK!" Well, I must be going. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "ON MORE DREAM"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly, it's workin'. THIS BOOK IS MARVELOUS!

MOL: Is it, dearie? It doesn't seem to me you bulge in any new places.

FIB: Maybe not, but I feel marvelous. I wish I knew where I could get some goat's milk, though. Do you mind if I buy a goat?

MOL: Frankly, dearie...yes. I do.

FIB: How about a camel? According to the book, camel's milk can be used if goat's milk is unobtainable. According to the book, there's a tribe of people in Eastern Asia that lives entirely on camel's milk and wild honey.

MOL: I never heard of milking a camel. Is that why they call it a dromedairy?

FIB: You're thinkin' of a different kind of a dairy. Besides, camels and dromedarys are two different kinds of animals.

MOL: What's the difference?

FIB: One advertises dates and one advertises cigarettes. That's why ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES...MAYOR LA TRIVIA...AND SO EARLY IN THE PROGRAM!

DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, la Trivia, old man. Have a caraway seed? Take two, they're small.

GALE: No thank you. You consider caraway seeds a confection, by any chance?

MOL: He's on a new health program, Mr. Mayor. Raw vegetables, seeds, nuts, and goat's milk if obtainable, which it doesnt seem to be.

FIB: Gonna live to be a hundred and fifty years old by this system La Trivia.

GALE: Why?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, WHY?

MOL: Wouldnt YOU want to live to be a hundred and fifty, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: No. No, I wouldnt.

FIB: Why not?

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GALE: Because by that time the new cars will be available, and I wont be able to buy one out of my pension. Just what is this new system for longevity, McGee.

FIB: It's got nothing to do with longevity, La Triv. This is a system that if you follow it closely, you'll live a lot longer.

GALE: Oh. Pardon me. You know, my grandfather drank a great deal of goat's milk. No one knows how long he would have lived if he hadnt met with an accident at ninety-nine.

MOL: Hevavenly days...NINETY NINE! What happend to the poor old man, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: He was thrown from a polo pony.

FIB: My gosh, heaved off a ~~polo pony~~ ^{horse} at 99!

GALE: It was his own fault, McGee. He'd been up all night, carousing around the night clubs. I warned him, but he said he simply had to do something to forget the pain.

MOL: The pain of what, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: He was teething again. His third set.

FIB: THAT SETTLES IT, BY GEORGE. LOOK, LA TRIVIA. IS IT AGAINST ANY CITY ORDINANCE TO KEEP A GOAT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD?

GALE: Living as I do, McGee, only two blocks from here, if there is no such ordinance, I shall see that one is passed immediately.

MOL: That's what I keep telling him, Your Honor. You'd better just forget that part of your health program, dearie.

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FIB: Well, then, is there any law against my swingin' thru the trees in a leopard skin?

GALE: Yes.

MOL: What law is that?

GALE: Gravity.

FIB: Nobody says anything when Johnny Weissmuller does it.

MOL: Movie actors can get away with such things, dearie.

FIB: WELL I BEEN IN THE MOVIES, HAVENT I?

GALE: Have you, McGee? When was that?

FIB: In 1936. Remember the newsreels of the Legion Parade in Chicago? Well, I was the guy that kept runnin' back and forth across the street, and makin' faces into the camera.

MOL: Fox Movietone News offered him a contract, too, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Did he sign it?

FIB: I MOST CERTAINLY DID NOT! NOBODY CAN MAKE ME STAY AT HOME WHEN THERE'S A PARADE IN TOWN. NOT EVEN FOR 18 BUCKS A MONTH!

GALE: Strange that they should have offered so little to gain so much. Well, I must be getting along...unless....

MOL: Unless what, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Unless you would enjoy involving me in one of your annoying little wordmix-ups.

FIB: Not this week, La Trivia. According to the book, I ain't supposed to get excited. Shortens one's life.

GALE: Yes. I've been on the point of murdering you a number of times. Well, good luck with your health system, McGee. Good day!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What's the matter? What are you looking for?

FIB: My book? Oh, here it is. Now lemme see *how to sleep*

MOL: Mmmmm - Hmmmm -

FIB: It says "OPEN AIR SLEEPING IS PREFERABLE" IF ONE MUST SLEEP INDOORS, OPEN ALL WINDOWS AND DOORS, AND SLEEP ON FLOOR COVERED WITH PINE NEEDLES, OR PLACE FLAT BOARD UNDER MATTRESS". Hey, where do you suppose I could get a hundred pounds of pine needles?

MOL: If you think I'm going to get up twenty times a night to cover you with pine needles, dearie --

FIB: It don't mean cover ME with pine needles. It means cover the FLOOR with pine needles.

MOL: Look, why don't we just sell the house and go live in the woods? We could hibernate all winter, being natural Hibernians.

FIB: How about clothes?

MOL: You could go out and skin a moose and I'd tan your hide for you. That is, I'd--

DOOR OPEN; CLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks.

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiya, Junior. Have a pistachio?

WIL: I used to have, but I shaved it off when I-- oh! A pistachio. No. Thanks.

MOL: Look, McGee...it might be all very well for you to eat just nuts and carrots and caraway seeds, but does the book say to eat them all day long?

FIB: It don't say.

WIL: What book is that, Pal?

MOL: It's a book on how to live a hundred and fifty years, Mr. Wilcox. It's wonderful. He's only had it a few hours and I've aged ten years already.

FIB: It's called "BE MIDDLE-AGED AT A HUNDRED", Junior. Just a few simple rules of health that anybody can follow. Hey, you know anybody that owns a camel?

WIL: No, why? Going to join the Foreign Legion?

MOL: He thinks he has to drink camel's milk or goat's milk, Mr. Wilcox. Like most diets, it's more trouble than it's worth.

WIL: Where'd you get the book, pal?

FIB: Outa Doc Gamble's office. I went up there to see him to get vaccinated and I saw this book on the table. So I borrowed it. What would it be doing in a doctor's office if it was no good?

MOL: That doesn't prove anything. I've seen your cousin Morton in a doctor's office, and he's no good.

WIL: Anyway, I didn't say it was no good, Pal. Might be very worth while. Frankly, I'm in the same business.

FIB: What business, Junior?, inquired fun-loving little Fibber, his blue eyes dancing with mischief, because he knew darn well what the answer was going to be.

WIL: Well, My business is making people live longer and happier. Particularly housewives. The minute they start using Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, they have more leisure, more time for fun and frolic, and consequently more happiness.

MOL: If your little blue eyes are through dancing with mischief, McGee, you can sit this one out.

FIB: I was merely attempting to -

WIL: The reason I say I'm selling longer life is double barreled, folks. I sell longer life to PEOPLE, because it eliminates old fashioned floor scrubbing, and I sell longer life to lincol...linole...

MOL: Linoleum.

WIL: Yes. Because Johnson's Glocoat protects and preserves it against wear and scuffing. It helps restore faded and worn...er...stuff...to it's original bright beauty. No rubbing, no buffing, - it shines as it dries.

FIB: Still having trouble with that word, Waxey?

WIL: What word?

MOL: Linoleum?

WIL: Certainly not. I can say it any time I want to.

FIB: Say it.

WIL: I don't want to.

MOL: Oh come, Mr. Wilcox. You'll simply HAVE to get over that. Remember what happened to McGee? He had to give up a good job selling empysocledias.

WIL: Oh, I'M not worried. It'll come back to me one of these days.

FIB: What will?

WIL: Manole-.....SAY, ABOUT THIS BOOK YOU'RE STUDYING. DOES IT REALLY CLAIM YOU CAN LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD?

MOL: According to the book, Mr. Wilcox, there is a tribe of people in Eastern Asia who all live to be over a hundred.

WIL: Gee.....what do they do for a living?

FIB: I think they sell each other ^{life} insurance, Junior. HEY, DO YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD BUY SOME GOOD FRESH TURTLE EGGS?

WIL: No, I don't, pal. Could you use any goose eggs?

FIB: The book don't say anything about goose eggs, Waxey.
You got some?

WIL: No, but my little nephew brought some home from
school. Four of 'em. In Arithmetic, Spelling,
Geography and Deportment. Let me know if you
want 'em.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I wonder what school his nephew goes to.

MOL: Why?

FIB: I'd like to visit there sometime. Imagine teaching
a goose geography.

MOL: Why not? As I remember it, you laid an egg in
both history and English.

FIB: That's different. I used to copy all my
examinations from the guy in front of me.

Remember him - Webster Foote?

MOL: Oh yes...^{oh}WEB FOOTE! I wonder whatever became--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Came just in time, didn't it?. I dunno where
we'd of gone with that one. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello, folks.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Hello there, Mr. Wimple. Nice to see you.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp. Have a fig? Good for what ails you,
if anything; and if nothing does, it soon will, if
you eat enough of these.

WIMP: No, thank you, Mr. McGee. I'm not eating very much
these days.

MOL: Gaining weight, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, losing teeth, Mrs. McGee. See?

FIB: My gosh, Wimp...you got four teeth missing!

WIMP: Oh they're not missing, Mr. McGee. I know where they
are. They're under the desk in our living room.

MOL: I'll bet you've been having more trouble with Mrs.
Wimple!

WIMP: Well, yes...(LAUGHS) A little, Mrs. McGee. She gave
me a rabbit punch, for Easter.

FIB: What was she sore about, Wimp?

WIMP: Simply because I brought her a big bouquet of flowers,
Mr. McGee.

MOL: Well, that's a pretty silly thing to be annoyed about,
Mr. Wimple. What kind of flowers were they?

WIMP: Lillies. Sweetface was taking a nap when I came in,
so I just tippy-toed over - laid them on her chest
and folded her hands over them. She looked so natural.
When she woke up, she just flew into a rage, believe
me.

FIB: What'd she do, Wimp?

WIMP: She grabbed me and ~~throw~~ me against the ceiling...
down I came...crash!..then she threw me up again.
DOWN I CRASHED! Then she threw me up again.
(PAUSE)

FIB: What happened - you go thru the plaster?

WIMP: No...(CHUCKLES) I landed in the chandelier. Then
I stuck my head over the side of it and stuck my
tongue out at her.

MOL: My goodness...what a brawl! I'll bet that infuriated
her!

WIMP: Oh, it really did! She jumped up on a table and
grabbed my leg, and tried to pull me down, but I
fixed that, all right, all right.

FIB: How, Wimp?

WIMP: I took out a light bulb and stuck my thumb in the
socket. There was a big flash of blue and white
light and Sweetface turned green and purple and landed
across the room in a red and yellow wastebasket. It
was a very pretty effect.

MOL: But how come you didn't get an electric shock yourslef,
Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh I couldn't, Mrs McGee. You see my father and his father
were both street-car motormen. (CHUCKLES) I come from a
long line of non-conductors. Well, goodbye now.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: KING'S MEN -- "EZEKIEL SAW DE WHEEL"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (ON PHONE) You haven't, eh? You got any idea where I might get some? Haven't eh? Okay, thanks anyway. (CLICK)

MOL: What are you trying to get, McGee?

FIB: Goat's milk. Lemme make one more call. (CLICK)
HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME ONDERDONK'S GOLDEN HOLSTEIN AND DON'T KEEP THE BOTTLES ANY LONGER THAN YOU HAVE TO DAIRY. IT'S OUT PAST THE-- EH? OH, HIYA, MYRT!

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? GOT A JOB WITH THE UNITED NATIONS ORGANIZATION, EH? DOING WHAT, MYRT? WELL, THAT MUST KEEP HIM PRETTY BUSY.

MOL: What does he do, McGee?

FIB: Opens the door when the Russians walk out.
WHAT SAY, MYRT? WELL, NEVER MIND...I'LL CALL LATER. (CLICK) Boy, I can't locate any goat's milk any place.

MOL: Well, maybe you--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN; CLOSE;

MOL: Oh, hello there, Doctor Gamble.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Good day, Shortnin' Bred.
Spelled B-R-E-D.

FIB: Hiya, Delivery Boy. I was down to see you for a vaccination this morning, but the nurse says you were busy. Did you put your two heads together and have a consultation with yourself?

MOL: Tell the doctor about borrowing this book, dearie. Unless you think he hasn't missed it, in which case let your conscience be your guide.

FIB: Oh yeah. Look, Doc --

DOC: Yes?

FIB: I was up at your office this morning, but I didn't see you.

DOC: Thank you very much.

MOL: He wants to be vaccinated, Doctor. And he says he wants it where it won't show, in case he ever has to pose in a bathing suit for Charles Atlas. (PAUSE) Now you tell one.

FIB: Hey, by the way, Doc - when I left your office, I picked up a book off your office table.

DOC: Yes, I know. The nurse put it on your bill. Two dollars and a half.

MOL: He didn't think anybody saw him take it, Doctor.

DOC: My nurse not only has eyes in the back of her head, *but* they're better than the ones she has in front.

FIB: WELL YOU GOTTA LOTTA MOXIE, YOU BIG TUMMY-THUMPER. CHARGIN' ME TWO AND A HALF FOR A LITTLE THIN BOOK LIKE THAT.

DOC: Like what? I don't even know what book you stole.

MOL: He just borrowed it, Doctor. He's very conscientious about borrowed books. My goodness, he knows to the exact dollar how much he owes the public library on Anthony Adverse.

FIB: The book, Doctor is called "BE MIDDLE-AGED AT A HUNDRED". It's all about how to live to be a hundred and fifty. Did you realize there's a tribe of people in Eastern Asia who live simply on Wild honey and camel's milk?

DOC: No, but I have a patient who has lived for fifteen years on just nuts and dates.

MOL: Really, Doctor. What does he do?

DOC: He runs an escort bureau.

FIB: No kiddin', Doc. This book says to drink lots of goat's milk. Is goats milk really healthy?

DOC: It must be. I haven't had a goat in my office for years.

MOL: Have you read the book yourself, Doctor?

DOC: Oh yes,

FIB: Like it?

DOC: It's amusing.

MOL: AMUSING!

FIB: LOOK, MY FINE FEATHERED PHYSICIAN AND STURGEON, JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE LOADED TO THE GILLS WITH PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY --

DOC: Professional jealousy has nothing to do with it, my boy. In fact, the book was written by a good friend of mine. Will B. Young. Fine lad. What a physique. Too bad.

MOL: What do you mean, too bad?

DOC: Oh, he died when he was 22. Simply keeled over, while milking a goat. (PAUSE) WHAT'S THE MATTER, MCGEE? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

FIB: Just wondering if you'd join us for dinner, Doc. We're going out for some chili con carne. Aren't we, Molly?

MOL: Are we?

FIB: Yeah.

ORCH: "PIN MARIN"...FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
April 23, 1946

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I hope you finish off your Spring cleaning as I suggested earlier tonight. I mean by waxing your floors and furniture. When you step back and admire that wax-polished beauty you'll certainly be glad you did. And while you're about it, don't forget that JOHNSON'S WAX has a hundred extra uses. All through your home you'll find many things that grow lovelier with every wax application. You'll have picture frames whose richly polished beauty performs miracles for your walls and pictures. Your leather luggage will have a handsome glowing lustre and be protected, too, against scratches and scuffing. You'll have window sills that laugh at sudden showers and ornaments and lampshades that sparkle with new beauty. Yes, all these things and many more when JOHNSON WAXED will add immeasurably to the charm of your home. And remember, the shining beauty of a waxed home reflects your good taste. Be sure to get JOHNSON'S WAX, though -- Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -26-

TAG

SOUND: TYPEWRITER: HUNT & PECK...CARRIAGE RETURN:

MOL: What are you doing now, McGee?

FIB: Writin' a book.

SLOW TYPING:

MOL: About what?

FIB: It's a health book. How a guy can eat anything he wants, stay out as late as he likes and avoid exercise.

MOL: My goodness...what's the name of it?

FIB: "HOW TO BE MIDDLE-AGED AT 35."

MOL: THIRTY-FIVE! WHAT A MEMORY!

FIB: EH? Oh, yeah. GOODNIGHT.

MOL: Goodnight, 'all!

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. Remember! Daylight Saving Time goes into effect in certain areas next week. This may change the time at which "Fibber McGee and Molly" are heard in your community, so please check your local paper for the time at which this program will be heard next Tuesday night and each week thereafter. Goodnight.

ANNGR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)