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(REVISED)

File Script radio

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MAY 6TH, 1947

NUMBER 32

MB

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry present Fibber McGee and Molly - with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Gene Carroll and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

MB

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: By now you're probably through with your Spring cleaning, and I'll bet your house is a picture. But how's it going to look a couple of months from now? Dirt does tend to come in and spoil your good work, doesn't it? That's why you ought to make sure your home is wax protected, right now. Believe me, a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX works wonders in keeping things shining clean. Polish your floors with JOHNSON'S WAX...and weeks from now they'll still have a mellow, smooth wax luster. The only cleaning they'll need is a light dusting from time to time. That goes for your furniture and woodwork, too, and 100 other things around your home. An occasional shining coat of JOHNSON'S WAX not only gives everything it touches a lovely rich polish...it protects things against dirt and moisture... makes them easy to dust. Why not try this wonderful wax method of housekeeping. Wax makes your housework so much easier...and nothing else gives you such a bright, charming home for so little cost. JOHNSON'S WAX...Paste, Liquid and Cream.

ORCH: BRIDGE UP TO FINISH

WILCOX: WELL, THE HANDY MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE IS AT IT AGAIN. YES, WITH A HAMMER IN HIS HOT LITTLE HAND AND A BRUISE ON HIS FAT LITTLE THUMB, HE'S FIXING A FEW THINGS THAT--

SOUND: FLAP-FLAP-FLAP-FLAP OF RUNAWAY WINDOW SHADE

WILCOX: (STARTLED) WHAT WAS THAT?

FIB: Window shade.

MOL: He's fixing it.

WIL: Oh. WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, THE HANDY MAN IS AT IT AGAIN, AS WE JOIN----

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: SMALL TAP-TAP WITH HAMMER: SHADE RUN UP AND DOWN TWO OR THREE TIMES.

FIB: There. It's fixed now.

MOL: For good?

FIB: For good.

MOL: Good!

FIB: Took me a while to get around to it, but now that I've did it, I -

MOL: PLEASE, MCGEE....not "I'VE DID IT." Say, I have done it.

FIB: Yeah, but you ain't the one that done it. I done it myself, and now that I've did it, I don't---

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Have you taken a peek at your English, lately? It's terrible!

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: Hub? Whaddye mean, my english is terrible? I'm the only guy at the Elks that can spin a cue-ball hard enough to make it change direction in the middle of the - OH, YOU MEAN MY TALKING ENGLISH!

MOL: Yes. Your grammar. You're getting very careless.

FIB: I am?

MOL: Yes. For instance, you know it isn't correct to say "ain't".

FIB: Yeah...but you know what Will Rogers said - A LOT OF PEOPLE THAT AIN'T SAYIN' "AIN'T", AIN'T EATIN'. And I'm eatin', ain't I?

MOL: Just the same, dearie. It's a bad example. Children hear you and repeat what you say. Grown people have to set an example.

FIB: Wel-l-l...maybe you're right, kiddo. I'll watch it after this.

MOL: Good.

FIB: After, all, I studied English in High School, and I ain't the type guy that he forgets everything he ever -

MOL: WATCH IT!

FIB: Eh? Oh. I say, I am not the type of individual, whom, upon graduation, relegates his education to the --

SOUND: SHADE FLIES UP WITH A FLAP-FLAP-FLAP

FIB: DAD-RAT THAT DAD-RATTED WINDOW SHADE!!!! IF THAT AIN'T EXASPERATING! I THOUGHT WHEN I FIXED THAT I DONE A GOOD JOB, BUT THAT'S THE BUMMEST JOB I'VE EVER DID!

MOL: Oh, McGee...that's awful!

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FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY 5-6-47

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: I know it is. The spring don't catch good. And it AIN'T EVER gonna catch good if something ain't done! I shoulda went to the hardware store and brung home a new spring, and if I'd of knew this would of happened that's what I would of did.

(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Will you please repeat that last sentence?

FIB: Sure. I said I should of went...I should have gone to the hardware store and brung ho---er BROUGHT home...My gosh, I am getting kind of sloppy, aren't I? Maybe I better go to night school, this summer. Let 'em learn me good english all over again.

MOL: TEACH YOU!

FIB: Yeah. I certainly am getting careless.

MOL: You don't have to go to night school. I'll keep checking you. And I have a book on correct usage around here someplace. Maybe Lena knows where it is. LENA...OH... LENA!!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

LENA: I think I know igzackly the book you mean, Honey. Isn't that the one that's called "LAY THAT ADVERB DOWN, BABE", or, "WHO THREW THE INFINITIVE IN MRS. MURPHY'S PREDICATE"?

MOL: That's the one, Lena! Mr. McGee wants to read it. He's having a little trouble with his participles.

LENA: Oh the poor man! ~~Have you tried a glass of hot water and lemon juice in the morning, Mr. McGee?~~ My father had trouble with his participles and they finally had to operate.

FIB: What'd they think he had, Lena?

LENA: Three hundred dollars.

MOL: No, what did they operate on him for?

LENA: Two hundred and seventy-five.

FIB: We're gettin' off the subject, Lena. I wanna read this book, because my wife thinks my grammar needs repairing.

LENA: Well, it's awful important to speak good English, Mr. McGee. What if you should want to go to England sometime? You'd feel awful if you just had to point at things you wanted.

MOL: Like the Crown jewels, or something.

LENA: Yes. My brother was going to Ireland once and he studied garlic for six weeks before he went.

FIB: Not GARLIC, Lena. In Ireland they speak GAELIC.

LENA: He knows that now, Mr. McGee...but for six weeks nobody could get close enough to him to tell him.

MOL: Did he like Ireland, Lena?

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LENA: He knows that now, Mr. McGee...but for six weeks nobody could get close enough to him to tell him.

MOL: Did he like Ireland, Lena?

(REVISED) -8-

LENA: Well, he had a pretty rough time in Dublin, honey. You see, he owns a big citrus grove in Arizona, and when they ast him what did he do for a living he told 'em he was an orange man. He raises walnuts now. WELL...I'LL TRY AND FIND YOUR BOOK FOR YOU, HONEY.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I better get this window shade fixed again, Molly. Can't have that thing scarin' the bejunior out of everybody.

SOUND: SHADE UP AND DOWN...TAPS WITH HAMMER...

MOL: I think you'll be glad you brushed up on your grammar dearie. It will help you socially, too.

FIB: WELL BELIEVE ME, BABY, FROM NOW ON, I WATCH MY LANGUAGE. I AIN'T GONNA...I mean, I am not going to permit myself to lapse into vulgarity.

MOL: THAT'S MY BOY...!! I know you can do it if you try.

FIB: Sure I can. I'll bet you anything you wanna bet that I don't say "AIN'T" again today.

MOL: Well, people told me when I married you that I was a born gambler...so I'll just take that wager.

FIB: FIVE BUCKS? FROM THE FIRST ONE THAT SAYS "AIN'T"?

MOL: Five dollars it is! I'm going out and help Lena find that book of grammar. (FADE) You can't get started on this thing too soon.

(2ND REVISION) -9-

FIB: OKAY, TOOTSIE! Ahhhh, there goes a good kid! She thinks I don't know the difference between good grammar and bum grammar. (CHUCKLES) And I don't think I do, either. But, as long as she don't think I don't think I know I think she---

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN, THANK GOODNESS!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. To what must we attribute the honor of this unexpected visitation?

TEE: Well, I was...you feel okay, Mister? You talk kinda funny.

FIB: Perhaps your little ears are unaccustomed to the sound of good grammar and perfect English, Sis. For your information, I have resolved to forego vulgarity in my speech. I'm kiokin' the friction outa my diction.

TEE: Gee, that's dandy, I betcha. My teacher, Miss Yeagley, says that slang may be picheresque, but it is too frequently the refuge of the uneducated.

FIB: She did, eh?

TEE: And she...Hmmm?

FIB: I says, she did, eh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: She said that.

TEE: Said what?

FIB: What you said.

TEE: Who?

(2ND REVISION)-10-

FIB: YOUR TEACHER...MISS YEAGLEY!!

TEE: I know it. That's ezzackly what she said, I betcha. She says literate persons rarely utilize slang.

FIB: Well, your teacher is cookin' on the front burner, Sis. She's hep! Matter of fact, I got a little bet with my wife, Sis, that I'll never say A-I-N-T again. I bet her five bucks.

TEE: I'm pretty good in grammar, too, I betcha. You know the eight parts of speech, Mister?

FIB: Are you kidding, Sis? My gosh, any dumbell knows the eight parts of speech. Lungs, vocal chords, throat, tongue, teeth, lips, cheeks and if you talk like I do, the nose.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Aw, that isn't right, I betcha.

FIB: No?

TEE: No, It's verb, adverb, noun, pronoun, adjective, interjection, conjunction and preposition.

FIB: Hey, maybe I better write those down. Lemme see now... Verse, adverse, noun, ad-noun, injection, confusion, objective and proposition. Thanks very much!

TEE: Don't mention it, Mister. (GIGGLES) Oh boy, are you ever in trouble...I could give you one other little tip that would help you a lot, I betcha. Our teacher told it to us.

FIB: Yeah? Well, spill it, Sis.

TEE: It's a little trick and our teacher says if you learn it real good you won't hardly ever make any mistakes in grammar at all, I betcha.

(2ND REVISION) -11 & 12-

FIB: No kidding? Well geewiz, come on, let's have it. What do I hafta do?

TEE: Well, first you close your mouth real tight---

FIB: (EAGERLY) Yeah, yeah, yeah! And than what?

TEE: That's all - just hold it! ... You can't go wrong. So long, Mister.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (TO SELF) I still think that kid's a midget!

ORCH: "I BELIEVE"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED) -13-

MOL: Getting any value out of that grammar book, McGee?

FIB: Not much. No pictures in it. Just words.

MOL: Well, I suppose it would be just as helpful if I correct you now and then. You won't mind, will you?

FIB: MIND? I SHOULD SAY NOT, BABY! ANY TIME MY ADVERBS COME LOOSE, YOU GIMME A SWIFT BOOT IN THE CONJUNCTION.

MOL: Very well.

FIB: But I say, my dear, I don't suppose one's use of an occasional colloquialism is of sufficient importance to disqualify one?

MOL: ...er...how was that again, dearie?

FIB: I was referring to idiomatic expressions, my dear. The minor variations of language to be heard in geographically separated communities. Constructions typical of definite localities.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Look, sweetheart, let's call the whole thing off!

FIB: NO NO NO...I'm serious about this, kiddo! I realize I've been careless with my language. I'm making a genuine effort.

MOL: Well, all right, but if I'd known what I was getting into, I'd--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

FIB: ENTER!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

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

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

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-14-

DOC: Good day, my dear. And how are you, Smudgepot?

FIB: Smudgepot, sir? I trust you will not take it amiss, Doctor, if I should point out that the use of slang, by a person of education is an indication of deterioration? To an individual of professional eminence, the utterance of gutter expressions is somewhat appalling.

(PAUSE)

DOC: May I sit down?

MOL: Pray do, Doctor.

DOC: I had a patient once, who talked like that. A Professor. He had six university degrees and was shot while playing the piano in a beer garden.

FIB: Well, it was jolly good of you to stop in, Doctor. Molly, leave us have some tea and sandwiches.

MOL: LET US, McGee.

FIB: Yes, leave us have some lettuce sandwiches. And tea.

MOL: Would you like some tea, Doctor? It won't be a bit of trouble.

FIB: Very stimulating, old chap. Quite a tonic, full of tonic acid, you know.

DOC: IT'S TANNIC ACID, AND WILL YOU PLEASE STOP YAMMERING LIKE A STOCK-COMPANY ENGLISHMAN? Molly, I have seen this tenderized ham strike more poses than a Gus Sun acrobat, but this one has me baffled. Who does he think he is today Lord Eager Beaverbrook?

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FIB: Oh come now, my good physician! Surely when one makes a conscious effort to improve oneself, leave us give him a little credit.

DOC: What were those last words again?

FIB: I SAID "LEAVE US GIVE HIM A LITTLE CREDIT".

MOL: You shouldn't say "leave us", McGee.

DOC: Oh, YES HE SHOULD. AND I THINK I WILL. GOOD DAY, MY DEAR.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I say something wrong?

MOL: Yes, pet. "LEAVE US" do this or that, is not correct. It should be LET US...or ALLOW US...or PERMIT US.

FIB: Oh. Well anyway, I haven't said that certain word.

MOL: You mean...?

FIB: A-I-N-T.

MOL: I know, and I'm proud of you, McGee. If everybody was as--

SOUND: RUNAWAY SHADE...FLAP-FLAP-FLAP

FIB: DAD RAT THE DADRATTED WINDOW SHADE! IF THAT ISN'T THE MOST EXASPERATING THING! I THOUGHT I HAD THAT FIXED. I DONE IT FOUR TIMES, AND--

MOL: You DID it four times.

FIB: Yeah...I did it four times and if anybody thinks I'm gonna spend all my time messin' around with a screwdriver and a hammer, tryin' to--

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, Molly...Hello, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

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FIB: Good day, my boy.

WIL: The door was closed, so I walked right in.

MOL: Yes, we'd have left it open, but you might have thought we were out.

FIB: That's the silliest conversation I ever heard...and I heard plenty of 'em in 12 years.

MOL: Anything on your mind, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Not a thing, Molly. Not a thing.

FIB: Nice of you to stop in, my boy. Have a cigar?

WIL: No thanks, pal. I've got one.

FIB: Got two? Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner. Well, what do you think of the crisis in Indo-China, old chap? Do you think the territorial aims of the provincial government will predominate the military spearhead, or is it your opinion that certain powers will subsidize a mandate? Or nyether?

WIL: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

MOL: He's just exercising his English, Mr. Wilcox. This is be-kind-to-participles week around here.

FIB: Decided I was talking much too sloppy, Junior.

WIL: Well, I wish you luck, pal. There's nothing like good grammar to make an impression on people.

MOL: My very words, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Yeah, but you can get into trouble with ordinary words, too.

WIL: How's that?

FIB: Well, remember, Molly...that little town of Bell, Illinois?

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MOL: Yes, I do. Where they had the hat factory.

FIB: Yeah. Made wonderful hats down there. Sold like hotcakes. In fact, they went so fast that everybody used to say that things "went like a hat out of Bell." Ordinary words, but I always got spanked for saying 'em.

WIL: I see what you mean. I've got to be pretty careful with my speech, too, you know. Minute I make a mistake Racine shoots me a telegram that curls my hair.

MOL: So THAT explains it!! I always thought you had a natural wave!

FIB: I don't believe I ever heard you pull any bum grammar, Junior.

WIL: Oh I did once! A long time ago. It was awful! I said something about how "Johnson's Wax in the finest protection that money can buy for floors, furniture and woodwork." And then I said, "IT NOT ONLY IMPARTS A BRILLIANT LUSTRE THAT RESISTS DUST AND DAMPNES, BUT GIVES YOUR HOME AN ATOMSPHERE OF HOSPITALITY AND FRIENDLINESS."

MOL: What was wrong with that?

WIL: Nothing, so far, but listen to this. I said "FOR TIME AND LABOR-SAVING PROTECTION - FOR THE SPARKLING BEAUTY THAT INCREASES THE PRIDE OF POSSESSION AND GIVES NEW VALUES TO YOUR WORLDLY GOODS - USE JOHNSON'S WAX... ALWAYS!!

FIB: Where was the bad grammar, Waxey?

WIL: In the next line. When I said: "USE JOHNSON'S WAX ON YOUR FLOORS, FURNITURE, WOODWORK, LEATHER GOODS, WINDOW SILLS, ENAMELED SURFACES. TO ALWAYS HAVE AN INVITING HOME!!" Get it?

MOL: No.

WIL: I split an infinitive. I said "TO ALWAYS HAVE." Instead of "Always to have," or "to have always."

FIB: Wilcox...This is terrible! I'm surprised at you!

WIL: But Pal, I was only...

FIB: That's enough! The water is under the dam!

MOL: But dearie...he said that was a long time ago and...

FIB: PLEASE, MY DEAR! He has abused our hospitality. Anybody that would split an infinitive would steal the silverware.

WIL: I know. I agree with you, Pal. And you know what I'm gonna do?

MOL: Steal the silverware?

WIL: No - Go Home!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Wasn't that a little harsh, dearie? Splitting an infinitive is not a hanging offense, you know.

FIB: WELL I'M NOT THE TYPE GUY THAT IS TOO QUICK TO ALWAYS CONDEMN A MAN, BUT -

MOL: But you just split one yourself.

FIB: WHAT? I DID? MY GOSH! IS IT THAT EASY? I BEEN TOO HASTY WITH HARLOW.

(2D REVISION) -19-

MOL: I hope he forgives you. Otherwise we'll never see him again...at least till next Tuesday. Pull that shade down again, will you, McGee. It looks terrible.

FIB: Sure.

SOUND: SHADE PULLED DOWN

FIB: Looks like you wouldn't win that bet, eh, kiddo? I haven't said that word.

MOL: No, and mother is proud of you! I never thought you could do it.

FIB: (LAUGHS) OH, MY ENGLISH IS OKAY WHEN I STOP TO THINK. IT USED TO BOTHER ME WHEN I WAS A YOUNG FELLOW, BUT IT NEVER GIVES ME NO TROUBLE NOW.

MOL: Never gives me ANY trouble, McGee.

FIB: You either? Well, it shouldn't bother nobody, if they just--

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh, McGee...it's Mr. Wimple. Come in, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: HIYA, WIMP!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Have a chair, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: No, thank you, Mrs. McGee. I can't sit down.

FIB: Too busy, Wimp?

WIMP: No, too bruised, Mr. McGee. Sweetface..that's my big old wife, Sweetface spanked me this afternoon. I was naughty.

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(2D REVISION) -20-

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wimple..she actually SPANKED YOU?

WIMP: Yes. But I fooled her. (CHUCKLES) I stuck my Bird Book in the back of my britches.

FIB: Your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. After my spanking I found that two blackbirds, a bobolink and a blue jay were badly battered.

MOL: But what brought this all on, Mr. Wimple. What did you do?

WIMP: Oh I guess I WAS a little bit mischievous, Mrs. McGee. (SNICKERS) I never should have put the turtle in her girdle.

FIB: MY GOSH, WIMP..YOU PUT A TURTLE IN HER GIRDLLE?

WIMP: Yes..(CHUCKLES) I didn't know it was the one she was going to wear this morning.

MOL: Where did you get the turtle, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: A friend of mine sent it to me, Mrs. McGee. He borrowed my car for a long trip and several days later I got a package and a letter that said, "DEAR WALLACE: YOUR CAR TURNED TURTLE. TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT. REGARDS, CHARLIE." (CHUCKLES) Wasn't that ridiculous? And when the mailman delivered it, he made a terrible mistake!

FIB: What did he do, Wimp?

WIMP: Well, he was just handing me the package when Sweetface walked in and the mailman said "Maybe your mother would like to sign for it, sonny." Ohhh, that was bad! A pall was cast over the whole room!

(2D REVISION) -21-

MOL: Really, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes - Paul, that's our mailman's name...Well, goodbye now!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "AIN'T WE GOT FUN"

(2ND, REVISION) -24-

FIB: He was probably in military school, Molly.

MOL: Oh.

GALE: I was NOT in skilitary mool! Military school! The tenses I had trouble with were not tents to live in! They were -
FIB: The tent was never built that was fit to live in, La Triv! I remember the trouble we had with them pup tents in the First World War - the Big War!

MOL: Pup tents were the ones where you slept with your head out in the rain and your dogs in the tents, weren't they?

FIB: Yeah, they were -

GALE: PLEASE! I'm not talking about pup tents! I simply meant-

FIB: Don't matter what kind you meant, La Triv - they're all trouble. I mind one time the pole fell in on the mess tent, right at chow time! Of all the messes I've ever saw, that mess in the mess tent was the worst messed-up mess I've ever -

GALE: OH NO, PLEASE! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

MOL: It is?

GALE: Yes! Let me start all over.

MOL: Go ahead, your honor. It'll probably come out the same way - but try it.

FIB: Sure - we'll go along with you, boy. We're game!

GALE: All right. Now. When I was in grammar school some of my English exercises gave me a little trouble.

MOL: Made you sore, did they?

GALE: Did what make me sore?

(2ND. REVISION) -25-

FIB: The exercises you took in English class. What were they setting-up exercises? Maybe you're musclebound, maybe you got a charley horse and don't -

GALE: I DON'T HAVE A CHARLEY-BOUND MUSCLE-HORSE!!.....ER - I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT EXERCISING TANVAS KENTIS - ER, CANVAS TENIS! WHEN I SAID THE PAST FANTIS - THE FAST PANTSLANCE...YOU WERE THE ONE WHO PUPPED OUT THE DRAG TENIS - DRAGGED OUT THE PUP FENCE - SENSE ...I MERELY SAID MY PAST TROUBLE WAS THE TOOCHER FENCES...RENSES...I NEVERYOU WERE...I...(PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes?

GALE: I'd like to know one thing.

MOL: What is it, your honor?

GALE: How did he ever -

SOUND: WINDOW SHADE GOES UP WITH A HELL OF A COMMOTION

MOL: (STARTLED) DADRAT THAT....., DADRATTED SHADE, IF THAT AIN'T THE MOST EXASPERATING THING I EVER --

FIB: YOU SAID THE WORD, MOLLY, YOU SAID "A.I.N.T." Five bucks, please!

MOL: Here you are - and money well spent! WHEW! What a relief!

FIB: You ain't kidding, kiddo! Here's your dough back - it ain't worth the strain!

ORCH: "IT'S DREAMTIME"...FADE FOR

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
5-6-47

-26-

COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, if you have a nice home or apartment, you like to keep it looking its best, don't you? The same with your clothes...you'd never dream of going around in a dress that was soiled and spotty. Then why is it that so many people let their automobiles get dirty and gloomy looking? If it cost a lot of money and required a lot of hard work to keep it clean and shining there might be some excuse for driving around in a dingy-looking car. But with JOHNSON'S CARNU---well, car polishing is really quick and easy. CARNU both cleans and polishes in one quick application---does two jobs at once. There just isn't another car polish that's easier to use. You simply apply CARNU, rubbing only hard enough to loosen the road grime. Let it dry to a white powder..wipe it off..and in no time your car will be spotless, with a bright, shining polish to be proud of. Why not take a tip from millions of other enthusiastic car owners and clean and polish your family bus with quick-polishing JOHNSON'S CARNU this week? CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U. JOHNSON'S CARNU -- a really swell car polish!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

you have a nice home or apartment, you like
looking its best, don't you? The same with your
u'd never dream of going around in a dress
led and spotty. Then why is it that so many
neir automobiles get dirty and gloomy looking?
lot of money and required a lot of hard work
lean and shining there might be some excuse
around in a dingy-looking car. But with
CARNU---well, car polishing is really quick and
both cleans and polishes in one quick
-does two jobs at once. There just isn't
polish that's easier to use. You simply apply
g only hard enough to loosen the road grime.
a white powder..wipe it off...and in no time
be spotless, with a bright, shining polish
f. Why not take a tip from millions of other
car owners and clean and polish your family
k-polishing, JOHNSON'S CARNU this week? CARNU
A-R-N-U. JOHNSON'S CARNU -- a really swell

FADE FOR:

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FIB: You know somethin', Molly - I been checkin' my grammar
against this book, and I'm a very superior guy.

MOL: Good for you.

FIB: Betcha! This book lists 40 common errors that most people
make at some time or other.

MOL: And?

FIB: I got 67 so far that I make every day! I'm way above
the average!!

MOL: Oh fine!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: 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.

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SOUND: (CHIMES)