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RW

file
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

March 23, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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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, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie....Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

~~(COMMERCIAL PAGE 3)~~

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FIBBER & MOLLY
3-23-48

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

Fibber + Molly join us in a moment.
WILCOX: The easiest and best way to make a waxed floor look its shining best, is to buff it with an electric polisher... and...if you don't have one -- here's good news. Once again the famous Johnson's Electric Polisher is available in nearly every neighborhood. You can rent one at a surprisingly low cost. The Johnson's Electric Polisher takes all the work out of buffing. You merely flick a switch and guide it across the floor. You'll be surprised at how quickly you can polish every floor in your home...polish them to such a hard, gleaming luster that just an occasional light dusting will keep them bright and clean. You know, of course, that there's no finer wax for your floors than genuine Johnson's Paste Wax. Now, try the easiest and best way to buff Johnson's Paste Wax to a protective, mellow beauty. Rent a Johnson's Electric Polisher from a dealer in your neighborhood ... or, if you prefer to own one...the price is \$44.50. Use it with genuine Johnson's Paste Wax...They're a perfect team for bringing out the beauty of your floors.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: WISTFUL VISTA'S ANNUAL CONTEST ON "I LIKE TO PATRONIZE MY NEIGHBORHOOD MERCHANTS BECAUSE - " IS OVER. AND GUESS WHO KNOCKED OUT A PRIZE-WINNING LETTER. THE NOTIFICATION HAS JUST ARRIVED IN THE MORNING MAIL AND - NOPE. IT WASN'T HIM. IT WAS HER! -- of ---

FIBBER MOGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: (EXCITED) MOGEE!...MOGEE, I WON...I WON!! ISN'T THAT EXCITING?? I WON A PRIZE...IMAGINE!!!! THE FIRST CONTEST I EVER WON...

FIB: Gee, that's wonderful, kiddo. Congratulations. We'll sell the electric refrigerator, because we already got one. We'll keep the car and sell our old one. You keep the mink coat, and I'll learn to fly the airplane...we can take the trip to Honolulu while they paint the house and refurnish the living room and --

MOL: MOGEE...WAIT A MINUTE!!!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I didn't win all that stuff. I just won a --

FIB: WHADDYEMEAN, "ALL THAT STUFF"? Why that's hardly anything in a contest these days. And if Ralph Edwards thinks he's gonna renig on all them promises --

MOL: THIS WAS NOT "TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES". This was the annual Wistful Vista "I Like to Patronize My Neighborhood Merchant Because in 25 words or less."

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FIB: Ohhhh, THAT! What's the first prize in that vacant lottery? A trip by motor scooter thru the fish hatchery?

MOL: I should say not. Listen to my award. It says: "THIS LETTER ENTITLES YOU, AS WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE WOMEN'S DIVISION, TO AN ORIGINAL EASTER CREATION BY HENRI, WISTFUL VISTA'S LEADING COUTOURIER." Isn't that marvelous?

FIB: Who's Henri - and what does he mean, "an original Easter creation?" What's he gonna do - lay a purple egg?

MOL: For your information, sweetheart, the word "COUTOURIER" means "fashion designer."

FIB: Oh,

MOL: It's from the French words "COOTOO", meaning dressmaker, and "REEAY," meaning "we'll sew some sequins on it for another seven hundred dollars."

FIB: Ohhh, THAT Henri!!!

MOL: Yes - isn't it wonderful?...A special Easter dress created just for me, by Henri himself! I think I'll tell him I want a ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams, the Weather Man, McGee. Hello, Mr. Williams.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee.

(2ND REVISION) -6-

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy, Old Man? What's the weather forecast? Light flurries of sunshine, followed by Wednesday and Thursday and unsettled bills on the first of the month?

GALE: McGee, I'm afraid you take the science of meterology rather lightly.

MOL: He does, Mr. Williams. He says he can look at an almanac and tell what the weather is going to be better than depending on you people.

FIB: I can too. I'm part Indian, you know.

GALE: Really? What part?

FIB: The part that sits around the fire.

MOL: Are Indians good weather prophets, Mr. Williams?

GALE: Yes, indeed! Some Indian tribes have uncanny powers of weather forecasting. I spent three years with the Camelback Indians of Western Arizona and I am still mystified. Every year when they performed their rain dance, it rained within 24 hours.

FIB: That's easy explained. They waited for a rainy day, and then held the dance the day before.

(REVISED) -7-

MOL: Oh I don't know, McGee. Some things aren't so easily explained. Now, I'm not superstitious, but I went to a St. Valentine's Dance once, and the next day I got 12 Valentines! DID THE INDIANS MAKE YOU A MEMBER OF THE TRIBE, MR. WILLIAMS?

GALE: After I had studied very hard and learned all their dances, Mrs. McGee. Then they adopted me and gave me the name of "MAH-NAH-HO-DIN-DIN-MALA-KIL-VEN-ALLO-MAH-NAH-TAH. FLAH."

FIB: Meaning what?

GALE: "Clumsy".

MOL: Show us how they did the Rain Dance, Mr. Williams. Will you?

GALE: I'd be glad to, Mrs. McGee, but I can't dance it without a tom-tom.

FIB: Well, that's easy fixed...here...I'll drum on the radio cabinet...All set? GO!

SOUND: STEADY TOM-TOM BEAT...

GALE: Hi-Yeee!(STOMP STOMP) Hi-yeeeeeee! ... (STOMP STOMP) Etc. etc...

MOL: (OVER) Isn't that beautiful! So that is the Rain Dance! I never would have --

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF THUNDER...LIGHTNING...RAIN EFFECT

TOM-TOM OUT

FIB: MY GOSH!...LISTEN TO THAT ... RAIN!!!

(2ND REVISION) -8-

GALE: I'm sorry, I'm ^{a little} ~~trifle~~ out of practice and I guess I overdid it a trifle. I'd better get home and phone the Bureau what happened. I'm afraid I might have exceeded my authority. (DOOR OPEN: RAIN UP) Good day.

DOOR SLAM: RAIN OUT

MOL: Wasn't that the most amazing thing you ever saw, McGee? He did the rain dance and it rained.

FIB: Oh, I dunno. My cousin Looie learned to fox-trot one night and on the way home he got bit by a fox. So you see if---HEY, IF WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THIS DRESSMAKER'S, WE BETTER SLIP INTO IT, KIDDO!

MOL: WE? Are you going with me?

FIB: Certainly. You think I'm gonna have some monkey try to palm off a bolt of burlap of my wife that just won first prize in the women's division? Come on, get your hat.

MOL: I'm so glad you're coming with me because you have such good taste. In other people's clothes. (FADES) I'll be right with you, dearie!

FIB: ~~GOOD TO MEET~~ ^{Okay} Tootsie! (TO HIMSELF) Ahh, there goes a good kid! Imagine her blinkin' around in a real Paris creation. I'll bet she'll ---

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Now who in the ---COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, Teeny. Can't talk to you very long. I and Mrs. McGee are going shopping.

TEE: Okay, Mister. Boy, did you hear the cloudburst, Mister?

FIB: Hear it! I played the accompaniment for it.
TEE: Well, it was sure a --Hum?
FIB: Skip it.
TEE: Okay.
TEE: My daddy said it was raining cats and dogs for a few minutes, but I ran right outdoors but I couldn't see any. !
Looked to me like just ordinary old rain.
FIB: (LAUGHS) It did, eh?
TEE: Boy, it was so---Hummm?
FIB: I says it did, eh?
TEE: Did what?
FIB: Looked like just ordinary rain.
TEE: Whom to?
FIB: To you.

TEE: When?
FIB: WHEN IT STARTED TO RAIN SO HARD A FEW MINUTES AGO.
TEE: I know it. Gee, I hope it clears up for Measter, Ister.
FIB: Eh?
TEE: I said I hope it clears up for Easter, Mister.
FIB: Oh.
TEE: Hm?
FIB: I said oh. You got big plans for Easter, sis?
TEE: I sure have, I betcha. First thing in the morning I'm going to feed Susie some carrots and lettuce.
FIB: Who?
TEE: Susie.
FIB: Oh, your pet rabbit, eh?
TEE: No, Susie is my lil sister. She hates vegetables. Then, after Sunday School I'm gonna take my paint box and creep into my daddy's bedroom and paint him all red and green and orange and everything. I hope I can do it without waking him up, I hope.
FIB: That seems like kind of a messy trick to play on your Father on Easter Sunday, sis. What's the idea?
TEE: Well, Mister, I just got thinkin' it over. He's awful good to me.
FIB: Yes, but even so, I --

TEE: So I just thought to myself, Teeny, I thought,
why don't you paint your daddy some pretty colors so
he'll look nice for Easter? He's been such a good egg!
Well, it's stopped raining now, Mister. So long.

DOOR SIAM:

ORCH: "SATURDAY DATE"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

TRAFFIC...FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK

MOL: Come on, McGee - here's Henri's. My goodness, I'm so
anxious to get in there.

FIB: ~~McGee~~^{Henry}, he can't be doing much business - he's only got
one dress in the window! Down at the Bon Ton they got
fifty of 'em. OH HIYAH, OLD TIMER!!

OLD M: Hello there, kids. Hey, whatcha doin' downtown?

MOL: I'm getting a new dress for Easter, Mr. Old Timer. I
suppose you'll be out Sunday morning to join the Easter
Parade?

OLD M: Oohhh, I sure will, daughter. I loove parades. Steam
cally-opes tootlin', fellers with red coats and boat-hooks
and elephants, it sure brings back memories. Used to be
with a circus, you know, 'till my feet got burned too bad.

MOL: How did your feet get burned?

OLD M: Used to shoot me out of a cannon and one day they used
too much gunpowder.

FIB: You mean they fired you, then you quit?

OLD M: Son, it was no jokin' matter. I had a feelin' somethin'
was wrong, that sultry afternoon in Fort Wayne, Indiana,
in July, 1889. I crawled down into the cannon while the
crowds cheered...then I heered the feller pourin' in the
gunpowder...the scratch of a match...and BOOOOOOOM!

MOL: Yes...

(2ND REVISION) -13-

OLD M: Next thing I knew I was eight thousand feet over Cleveland, Ohio, headed Nor', Nor-East, with my shoes burned off and three friends back in my dressin' room, waitin' to play pinochle. (PAUSE) AND SPEAKIN' OF PARADES, I USED TO CARRY THE FRONT OF THE BASS DRUM, TOO. But I had to give that up, too hard on my ears.

MOL: Yes, they're pretty noisy all right.

OLD M: Oh, the noise didn't bother me. But the feller that walked behind and PLAYED the drum had such long arms he like to beat my ears off.

FIB: You should of stayed in bed and pounded your own ear.
(CHUCKLES)

OLD M: HEHEHEHEH. That's pretty good, Johnny, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY," He says, "SEEN MY WIFE LATELY? SHE'S HAD HER FACE LIFTED." "IS THAT SO." Says tother feller, "NOW WHO'D EVER STEAL A THING LIKE THAT?"
(LAUGHS) Well, so long, kids!

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

MOL: Well, let's go in and order my Easter creation, dearie.
I'm SO impatient. I wonder what Henri will want to make for me. Come on!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

(2ND REVISION) -14&15-

FIB: Wow....what a shep...Some stuff! Is this an extra thick carpet or is this joint built on quicksand? I'm in it up to my ankles!

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Look....(LOWERS VOICE) Mrs. McDonald and those other women over there. What are they staring at me for? Is my slip showing or something?

FIB: Nope...and even if it was, and you were wearing army boots you'd still look better than any of them biddies. Look at 'em whispering. Talk abouts cats. I'm glad I ain't carryin' a can of salmon. I'll bet they're----

GIRL: (FADE IN) Ahhh bon jour, madame et monsieur. You are pair'ops weeshing an appointment weeth the grrreat Henri - no?

FIB: Look, sis. It's been 30 years since I was in France, and my parlay Francay has lost some of it's Voo. Let's keep it in broken English, shall we?

GIRL: (LAUGHS) Ahh, monsieur is please to make the joke. Your 'esband, Madame, il est tres jolie!

(REVISED) -16-

MOL: You ought to see him at a party with mayonnaise in his hair, trying to flip a spoon into a water glass. I'd like to see Henri, please. Tell him Mister and Mrs. Fibber McGee want to see him.

FIB: Yeah...my wife won the contest, sis. Henri is gonna whip her up something for Easter.

GIRL: Ooooooooooooh, Madame McGee.!! Mais oui, Madame. Henri has been expect you! He is at the moment, in conference, but --- I will tell him you are here and....

DOOR OPENS:

WIL: Well, I'M sorry you didn't like the idea, Henri. I thought it was a pretty clever stunt, myself. DOOR CLOSSES:

MOL: McGee, look - it's Mr. Wilcox! Hello, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Oh yeah! Hi, Junior!!

WIL: Well, ~~hey~~ what are you two doing down here?

FIB: I brought Molly down to have a dress designed for Easter, Junior, What's your excuse, ~~boy?~~

WIL: Oh, I had a great idea for Henri, Pal - but he can't see it. And he's supposed to pride himself on being original!

MOL: Well, maybe he likes to think them up himself, Mr. Wilcox. Say - you don't mean you're designing dresses for him?

(2ND REVISION)-17-

WIL: No - I just had an idea for a material, Molly -- one of those prints that are so popular for Spring. I figure it would be wonderful for hostess gowns particularly, and I'd call it the "Hospitality Print."

FIB: Sounds good, Junior. Weave us a yard or two.

WIL: It would be a series of tiny scenes, you see. First a print of a housewife, looking dejected - sort of downcast, with a section of dingy looking linoleum at her feet

FIB: Ohhhh....

WIL: Then a picture of a can of Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat and words "No Rubbing - No Buffing"...Then along the side of the gown would be the same housewife smiling and the same linoleum, but with a high, glistening, Glocoat shine on it! The sort of beautiful new look, that only Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat can give your linoleum so easily. It would be swell on a glazed chintz.

MOL: But Mr. Wilcox -

(2ND REVISION) -18-

WIL: I figure he could line the gown in a contrasting color, see- with a design of Cans of Glocoat rampant on a field of gleaming faces, indicating the happiness that Glocoat brings and the warm hospitality which would give the print its name. Along the hem he could embroider "Harlow Wilcox. Representative," and maybe my phone number - nothing vulgar, you understand, just a small hand-worked signature that--

FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY, WAXEY! LOOK!

WIL: Yes Pal?

FIB: Do me a favor, will you?

WIL: I'd like to, Pal, but I've gotta go.

FIB: That's it.

WIL: Oh. So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: I wonder when we'll see Henri, McGee. My goodness, I haven't been so nervous since graduation! You know, the women in this town are just scared to death of him!

FIB: Ah, Ptah! No frilly little minuet-dancin' ruffle duster is gonna scare us, kiddo! What's to be scared about?

(REVISED) -19-

MOL: They say he's terribly temperamental! If he doesn't like a customer he-

GIRL: (FADE IN) M'sieu Henri will see you now, Madame. Please to step this way.

DOOR OPEN:

GIRL: ANNOUNCING M'SIEU AND MADAME ~~MC GEE~~ ~~MC GEE~~!
ENTREZ, S'IL*VOUS PLAIT!

DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: Well, heavenly days...so YOU'RE HENRI!

FIB: You know this guy, Molly?

MOL: I should...remember the night we went to the Western movie and the man next to me spilled his popcorn all over us? Well, this is him!

HENRI: And you're Miz McGee.....well, it's sure a small world! Howdy, McGee. Set down. Nice lookin' suit you got on there.

FIB: Like this suit, Henry? January clearance sale at the Bon Ton. 35 bucks with two vests. I wear out a lot of vests because I'm an Elk and my Elk's tooth swings back and forth like a pendulum. How do you like the six buttons on the cuff?

HENRI: That's real tricky. I sure like the way that coat drapes, too.

FIB: Well, I'm kinda fussy about how my coats hang around the chest, Hank. Not a bad lookin' pair o' pants you got on there either. Them reverse pleats?

(2nd REVISION) -20-

HENRI: Yup. I always wear reverse pleats. Git thick in the waist around my age and pleats kinda soften up the outline. You wear a belt of galluses?

FIB: Galluses.

HENRI: Me, too. Pants hang better.

MOL: (CLEARS THROAT) I .. er.....

FIB: I like that button-down shirt collar you got on there, too, Hank.

HENRI: Thanks. It's mighty comfortable. Oh excuse me, Miz McGee...here's a magazine you kin read while we talk.

MOL: I DON'T WANT TO READ A MAGAZINE....I CAME DOWN HERE TO GET A DRESS DESIGNED.....REMEMBER?

FIB: Oh my gosh...she did at that, Henri!

HENRI: Oh, sure! NOW THEN, MIZ MCGEE....I'M gonna design you somethin' real pretty. (CALLS) ELOISE!! GIT ME A BOLT OF THAT BENGALINE AND WHATEVER ELSE IS LAYIN' AROUND OUT THERE EXCEPT MRS. MACDONALD, AND DRAG THAT DRESS FORM IN HERE. AND HANG UP MY BERET, WILLYA?

GIRL: Oui, Henri! (FADING) Bengaline..and whatever else is..

HENRI: Well, now lemme see folks...take a look at these patterns. Here's one I done fer Miz MacDonald she's the president of the bank's wife, and she was real tickled with it.

MOL: Liked it, did she?

HENRI: No, she hated it. Tickled her so much she kep' laughin' in church. Kind of fuzzy material.

S

(2nd REVISION) -21-

FIB: Hank, I think I and you are gonna get along. Now here's my idea for a dress for my wife. Suppose we take a few yards of decollette, sweep it-up to the shoulder in sort of a percale bodice, with a line gusset to offset the ~~dirndle~~

MOL: McGee, I don't think I -

HENRI: Well now, McGee....I sure would consider that idea a long time before I threw it out. MABEL!!.....MY PINCUSHION.... Okay, Miz McGee....take off your coat...Now let me see here --- I think maybe a nice suit, full skirt with a fitted jacket and a small peplum.....

ORCH: KINGS MEN: "ZIP-A-DE-DOO-DAH"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Billy Mills orchestra and the King's Men salute the Academy Award Winning "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah".

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THIRD SPOT:

(REVISED) -22-

HENRI: Now then, Miz McGee...we'll jest pin it up a little higher on the left shoulder...drape it a little more around the left hip..there we are! ... Take a look into the mirror.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Why...why that's beautiful, Henri...SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL!
AND ALL WITH A HANDFUL OF CLOTH AND A MOUTHFUL OF PINS!

FIB: That's gonna make a mighty handsome suit, Henri.

HENRI: Well, thanks folks...glad you like it. ELOISE!...
TAKE MIZ MCGEE'S MEASUREMENTS...SHOW HER THE BEST
LININGS AND BUTTONS IN THE PLACE...You jest trot along
to the fittin room with Eloise, Miz McGee...

MOL: All right, thank you. (FADE) Lead on, Eloise...

FIB: Boy you sure know your stuff, Hank, old man. Where'd
you pick it up? You really from Paris?

HENRI: Twice. Born in Paris, Illinois and run me a ^{tailor} tailor
shop in Paris France after 1919. Lost my discharge
papers so I had to grow me a beard, git me an accent
and hide behind a dress form. Then I found I had a
talent fer it, and here I am. Doin' so good I could
afford to throw away the accent. I was -

DOOR OPEN:

DOC: Hello, Henri, I was just...Oh Hello, McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, Doc. What you doing here?

(2ND REVISION) -23-

DOC: I always go thru Henri's shop on my way to the hospital.
It's a short cut. Out the back of the post office, thru
Joe's Coke and Smoke, thru Henri's place, around the
filling station and there I am. How's it, Henri?

HENRI: Jest swell, Doc. Have a chair and roll yourself a
cigarette. Here's the makins.

DOC: Haven't got time, thanks..

FIB: How's business with you, Bag Britches. I understand
you worked some miraculous cures at the hospital last
month by takin' a week off?

DOC: That's a lie and you know it! Those people would have
gotten well anyhow...Say, what are you doing in here?

FIB: I'm gonna have Henri make Molly an outfit for Easter.

DOC: Say, that's pretty expensive, isn't it?

FIB: The best is none too good for my wife, Doctor. Expense
is no object. It's only money, that's what I always say.

(REVISED)

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DOC: Oh, brother, listen to little string-saver! Rhinestone Jim Brady. You don't impress me, Pinch-Nickel. I happen to know you're so tightfisted you didn't buy gloves all winter. You got out your golf clubs and used the mittens off your driver and your brassie.

HENRI: Oh, now Doctor--

FIB: Let him talk, ~~Zank~~. He ain't what you might call a swift man with a buck himself. The taxi drivers around town call him "NO-TIP GAMBLE, THE MAN WITH THE EVEN CHANGE".

HENRI: I don't believe that, McGee.

DOC: Thanks pardner....I'll look forward to seeing Molly in the Easter Parade, Henri. Followed at five paces by our little Lucius Booby in that pinstripe awning he uses for a sport coat. The one with the belted back, that ought to be belted right back to the sweatshop it came from.

FIB: Now let's not get started on clothes again, Fatso. Incidentally, what do you do in a couple of weeks from now when Ringling Brothers start on the road, and want their tents back?

DOC: Well, I just----

DOOR OPEN

MOL: I guess everything is all set, Henri, and thank you very much. Come on, McGee, let's go to the - OH HELLO, DOCTOR GAMBLE.

(2ND REVISION) -25-

DOC: Hello, my dear. Can I give you a lift as far as the front door?

MOL: No thank you, Doctor, I just want to -

TELEPHONE

HENRI: Excuse me, folks. (RECEIVER UP) HENRI SPEAKIN'. (A (PAUSE) Well, now, Miz MacDonald, that's kind of an embarrassin' question for me to ask. It ain't ethical.

FIB: Mrs. MacDonald!!! She's one of them wimmin that wasa whispering about you when you came in, Molly.

DOC: She probably wants to know if Henri has any material that will make her complexion look like Molly's. She has an epidermis that looks like it had been sprayed for fruit flies.

HENRI: (IN PHONE) Well, now you jest hold the phone, Miz MacDonald. Hey, Miz McGee. Miz MacDonald wants to know who made that dress you got on. She'll gimme five hundred dollars to make her one jest like it. Don't tell me if you don't wanna.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Tell him, kiddo.

MOL: I made it myself, Henri. When we needed slip covers for the davenport, McGee ordered too much material, so I used what was left for a dress.

R

(2ND REVISION) -26-

HENRI: Thanks. (IN PHONE) HELLO, MIZ MACDONALD? THAT MODEL WAS AN ORIGINAL SOFY AND CAN'T BE DUPLICATED. SORRY, MIZ MACDONALD. (RECEIVER UP) I'LL HAVE YOUR OUTFIT READY FOR EASTER, MIZ MCGEE.

FIB: Hey, Doc! You want to get in the Easter Parade with us? Molly can wear her new creation and you and I'll walk behind her carryin' the davenport.

~~HENRI: Hey, McGee. Wait for Henri!~~

ORCH: "HAUNTED HEART" FADE FOR:

NBC, Hollywood to network
WGL, Fort Wayne - local
WHIZ, Zanesville - local
WTTM, Trenton - local
NBC, New York - sectional (including Canada)
WSOC, Charlotte - sectional

McGee - 3/23/48

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: *→ Fabben + Molly return in a moment.*
A friend of mine... a business man, who doesn't have much to do with housekeeping, helped his wife wax some furniture the other day. He told me about it later. He said, "You know, it's amazing how much satisfaction I got out of putting Johnson's Paste Wax on that table, and then buffing it to a beautiful, shining luster". Well, I know just how he felt. It is a very satisfying experience. You start out with a dull ordinary looking table, and after a little buffing, you have a table glowing and gleaming with a rich, warm, mellow glow. Then, too, it's good to know that the furniture and floors you wax with genuine Johnson's Wax will stay beautiful. That shining film of tough wax will protect them and make them easy to keep clean. A quick wipe with a dry cloth will remove all dust and dirt and spilled things, ^{and} ~~Yes, friends,~~ ~~your furniture and floors will be beautifully protected...~~ you'll have added reasons to be proud of your home if you bring out all its beauty with genuine Johnson's Paste Wax.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER - FADE FOR:

-27- 3/23

TAG

FIB: Ladies and Gentlemen, you probably know that the song
"Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" won an "Oscar" during the recent
Motion Picture Academy Awards.

MOL: Ken Darby and our own King's Men featured it in Walt
Disney's "Song Of The South", and we're very proud that
tonight they sang the same arrangement ~~which added so to~~ *that has made for*
~~its success.~~ *The picture.*

FIB: Yeah. It's a swell arrangement if you can get it. And
we got it! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products, Racine, Wisconsin,
bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time.
Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you? Goodnight?

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 30th 1948

6:30 - 7

PR