

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

File
(REVISED)

#17

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

JANUARY 25, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 P.M. EST

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

ORCH: THEME FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing
Glocoat 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:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: There's something you can't help seeing...when you polish a floor with Johnson's Paste Wax. And that's the exceptionally bright luster that it gives your floors. And when you step back and look at that rich, polished surface...you understand why more women use Johnson's Paste Wax than all other types of Paste Wax combined. So it's natural to insist on getting genuine Johnson's Paste Wax...when you go shopping! Not only because of the glossy finish it gives to wood surfaces, but because Johnson's Paste Wax also protects your floors. It forms a hard shield over the surface that dirt can't get through...and that's very easy to clean. Just a stroke or two of a dry cloth or mop zips the dirt off that dry, hard surface.

Next time, ask for Johnson's Paste Wax. Be sure you get genuine Johnson's...the wax that more women use than all other paste waxes combined. No other wax can bring beauty to your home in exactly the same way.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

WILCOX:

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IT'S A FORTUNATE HOUSEWIFE WHOSE HUSBAND IS HANDY WITH TOOLS ... TAKE MRS. MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, FOR INSTANCE - WHEN HER WASHING MACHINE BROKE DOWN YESTERDAY, MR. MCGEE WENT RIGHT TO WORK ON IT. AND HERE THEY ARE NOW, GETTING READY TO TAKE THEIR LAUNDRY DOWNTOWN TO WASH IT, AS WE JOIN -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL:

The laundry bundle is in the front hall, McGee. Did you bring your sport shirt down out of the bedroom?

FIB:

No, I can wear that shirt again, Molly. It's only the collar and cuffs that need washin' - no use to wash a whole shirt, when it's just the collar and cuffs that - I'll go get it.

MOL:

FIB:

Okay. Doggone it, I still can't understand why our washing machine don't work perfect now. I fixed it myself!

MOL:

Yes you did, Lover. And I'll admit that when I turn it on now it doesn't throw soapy water all over the basement like it used to.

FIB:

Naturally. When I fix something

MOL:

And it doesn't growl and slap me in the face with a wet shirt, like yesterday.

FIB:

Good. All I done was to

MOL:

In fact, it doesn't do ANYTHING -- including run! It just sits there! Put the laundry in the car, while I -

FIB: Where is this place we're takin' it to again, Molly? And why don't they come pick it up? Most laundries come and-

MOL: This is a place where we do our own laundry, Dearie. The Sudsomat. They furnish the washing machines and soap - and we furnish the soiled clothes and thirty cents for each bundle.

FIB: No kidding? They charge by the bundle? Well, let's not be chumps then! Let's take a bigger bundle! Let's go first class!! Jerk the slip covers off the davenport - take the drapes down - I'll roll up the rug and -

MOL: No, no. A bundle, sweetheart, is whatever you can put in the machine at one time. That bundle in the hall is about three bundles in the Sudsomat and -- What are you smiling at?

FIB: The laundry. I never noticed the resemblance before, but don't that laundry bag look like Doc Gamble in a hospital smock?

MOL: (CHUCKLES) Oh no - If Doctor Gamble heard that, he'd -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's Mayor La Trivia. Hello, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Hi, La Triv.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee - McGee. Good day, Dr. Gamb -- Oh, that's your laundry, isn't it?

FIB: See, Molly? I told you!!

MOL: Yes, we're just taking it downtown to wash it, Mr. Mayor. At the Sudsomat.

GALE: A very good idea! I did my own laundry for three years, during the war, you know. In the Coast Guard.

FIB: That's right - you WERE in the Coast Guard, weren't you La Triv?

MOL: Himself here tried to get into the Air Force, Mr. Mayor. But he didn't have twenty-twenty vision.

FIB: No, I couldn't see a twenty foot wall twenty feet away. The medical examiner told me to go home and eat a lot of carrots. I says, will that fix up my vision? And he says, "NO, but it'll get rid of a lotta carrots and I hate 'em!"

MOL: You ever see any of your old shipmates, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Very rarely. But oddly enough I had a communication from the Coast Guard just this morning.

FIB: What'd they say, kid? Somebody go behind your back and make you a Rear Admiral?

MOL: An important message was it, Mr. Mayor?

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GALE: Well, it was about establishing an Interfaith Academy Chapel at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut. Dedicated to all Coast Guard heroes who gave their lives in War and Peace, and it was authorized by Act of Congress in July of 1947.

FIB: Well, that'll be a fine memorial, La Triv!

MOL: What did they want you to do about it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Donate a small sum toward it. Which I will, of course. You see, ever since the Coast Guard was founded in 1790, it has been without a chapel for religious worship. It's been forced to use gymnasiums, theatres, mess halls and other buildings badly equipped for such services.

FIB: Well, it's about time they got one, La Triv. They've sure earned it!

MOL: Indeed they have, Mr. Mayor! Any group of men who have been on their toes as long as our Coast Guard, deserves a decent place to get down on their knees!

FIB: For a cause like that, La Triv, I might even toss a couple bucks on the tambourine myself. Deductible, I presume?

GALE: Yes, it is.

MOL: We'll mail it today, Mr. Mayor...I've got to stop at the Drug Store anyway..

FIB: Me, too. So do I.

MOL: What for?

FIB: (CHUCKLES) That's a secret, Kiddo. Surprise. Hey, did you see much action in the Coast Guard, La Triv.

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
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GALE: Yes. I was in the Mariannas, on the invasion at Lingayan Gulf and at the support Landings at Zamboanga.

MOL: Ever see any submarines, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Yes. I did. I was up in the crow's nest one day with a pair of binocu--

FIB: UP IN THE WHAT?

GALE: The crow's nest. I was on watch that day and --

MOL: My goodness, and I thought you boys kept those boats so spic and span!! Imagine a bird building its nest right there on the -

GALE: Wait a minute. When a sailor refers to a crow's nest, he--

FIB: DON'T THEY EVER HOLD AN INSPECTION ON THEM COAST GUARD TUBS, LA TRIV? My gosh when I was in the Army - in 1917 - in the BIG war - if an officer had found a crow's nest in our barracks, we'd of --

GALE: (LOUDLY) I TELL YOU THIS WAS NOT A NEAL ROW'S CREST... I MEAN A REAL ---

MOL: Now now now, don't be so angry, Mr. Mayor...we have nothing against crows. I think they're cute.

FIB: Sure...they may steal a little corn now and then, but my gosh, don't we all? All we meant was --

GALE: Look! Will you wait a minute? Will you listen to me?
Will you give me a chance?

MOL: Why certainly, Mr. Mayor. Now you be quiet, McGee.
And give His Honor a chance to tell us why he should
be robbing birds nests when we had a war on.

FIB: Oh there was no harm in that, kiddo. Just a boyish
prank. Put a sailor suit on a lad and first thing
you know, he's shinnying up a tree and ---

GALE: I DID NOT TRINNY UP A SHE ... I TELL YOU THIS BIRD'S
CROW ... THIS CROW'S MAST WAS ON THE BIRD I MEAN
ON BOARD A CROW ... A SHIP THEY CALL THE BIRDS NEST A
SEAGULL -- LOOKWHEN I SAID I WAS A CROW IN
A NEST, I GAVE YOU THE -- YOU GAVE ME THE BIRD
I WAS THE GULL -- YOU WERE THE ONE WHO I DIDN'T
..... YOU SAID IWE.....(PAUSE)

McGee!

FIB: Yes?

GALE: You like boats? Sailboats?

MOL: Oh he just loves 'em, don't you, McGee?

FIB: Yes I do, La Triv. Why?

GALE: Well, when the weather opens up, you can help me haul
my new catboat out to Dugan's Lake, McGee. I can load
the spars and sails on my car and you can take the hull
with you.

FIB: Take what, La Triv?

GALE: THE HULL WITH YOU! Good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "I GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Got my package wrapped, Kremer?
KREM: Yes. Here you are, McGee. That'll be fifty cents.
FIB: Better charge it. I got nothin' smaller'n a twenty.
KREM: I can change a twenty.
FIB: Yeah, but I don't wanna take all your change. Better just charge it.
KREM: I have plenty of change. Rather have larger bills.
FIB: Me, too. Better just charge it.
KREM: (SHARPLY) NO!
FIB: Okay. Here you are.
KREM: This is a dollar bill.
FIB: So what? I only owe you fifty cents.
KREM: You said you had nothing smaller than a twenty.
FIB: A dollar bill ain't smaller'n a twenty. Exactly the same size. Ever notice?
KREM: Arrrrghh!!
SOUND: CASH REGISTER .. OPEN AND CLOSE
KREM: Here.
FIB: Thanks. HEY, MOLLY ... YOU READY?
MOL: (FADE IN) Yes, I've been waiting for you, McGee. Hello, Mr. Kremer.
KREM: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Got everything you want?
MOL: No, but I never expect to have, so I just smile bravely and carry on. I see you're having a special sale on peanut brittle. Five cents a pound.

FIB: My gosh, five cents a pound! How can you make a profit sellin' peanut brittle for that price, Kremer?
KREMER: I got a deal with the dentist upstairs. He makes up any loss. Well, come in again, folks.
MOL: Thanks, Mr. Kremer. Let's go, McGee. I'm anxious to get the laundry taken care of. By the way, what did you buy in here?
FIB: Who, me? Oh, just a little item to prove to myself that I ain't a complete chump, is all. You see, every year, I put off buyin' Christmas cards until two days before Christmas, and - HEY, THERE'S DOC GAMBLE!!! HIYAH, Tonsil-Trapper.
DOC: Well, hello, there, Crumble-Brain. Hello, Molly.
MOL: Hello, Doctor.
FIB: What you doing in here, Fatso? Tryin' to find out from Kremer what's good for a headache? Well, he'll tell you, boy! Kremer knows more about medicine in five minutes than you'll know if you carry that silly little black bag around the rest of your mis-spent life!
MOL: Now, McGee, that's not a very nice --
D&G: Look, Wind-Jammer, there is no one whose low opinion I value more highly than yours.
FIB: Thank you, Doctor!

DOC: I hope you will retain your contemptuous attitude toward my professional ability. And next time you wake up at three A.M. suffering from gluttony and lobster ala mode, please forget that you know me. In fact, let's make it retroactive. Let's pretend we never met!

MOL: Oh he couldn't do that, Doctor. You're one of his favorite people.

FIB: Absolutely, Medicine Hat. I dunno how I'd ever get along without you, and believe me, I've made a strenuous effort.

DOC: You're sweet! Incidentally, - you bowling tonight? I wouldn't have been reminded of it, except that somehow you always make me think of alleys and gutters.

FIB: Sure, I'm bowling, Pulse Pincher. See you there about 7:30.

DOC: Okay, Eggface. Can I drop you anywhere now?

MOL: No, Doctor. We're just taking some laundry down to the Sudsomat, and we have the car outside. Thank you, anyway.

DOC: Not at all...good by now....

FIB: Ahh, good old Doc.!! I couldn't be fonder of him if he was human! WELL, ON TO THE SUDSOMAT.!! SHALL WE GO, KIDDO?

MOL: What can we lose - except a few buttons off your shirts?

~~ORCH: BRIDGE: "THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES" - FADE FOR:~~

~~SOUND: WASHING MACHINES IN B.G.~~

FIB: Well, my gosh...so THIS is the Sudsomat...

MOL: What did you think it was?

FIB: Always thought they sold electric utilities in here. And I always felt kinda sorry for 'em, because every time I looked in the window it seemed like they had the same old stock of washing machines.

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello there. What can we do for you?

MOL: MR. WILCOX.!!

FIB: JUNIOR!

WIL: Well - Hiyah, Pal. Hello, Molly.

FIB: Hey, does whatchamacallit...you know...Racine - do they know you run this joint in your spare time?

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WIL: Oh I don't really. This is my cousin's outfit.
Big Shrinker Wilcox. Had to go out of town, and I told
him I'd take it over for the day. Got some laundry you
want to do?

MOL: Yes, we have, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Why'd you think we come in here, Juney - to blow soap
bubbles?

WIL: Ever used our facilities before - or any like them?

MOL: Wel-l-l, no, but -

FIB: I don't suppose it takes a mechanical genius to dump a
armful of clothes in a tub and turn the switch, Junior.
Or is there more to it than that?

WIL: Oh it's quite an operation, Pal. Here..I've got a folder
here that you ought to look at. Here...read this Molly.

MOL: All right.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Read it out loud. So Fibber can hear it.

MOL: Are you sure this is the -

FIB: Go on, read it, kiddo!

MOL: Well, I...Well, all right. It says. - "A CLEAN HOME IS
A BRIGHT HOME AND A HAPPY HOME - "

FIB: That's a rich little nugget of sales promotion!
How obvious can you get?

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MOL: (READS) "AND WHEN POLISHING FURNITURE SO THAT IT SPARKLES
WITH A GLEAMING, PROTECTIVE LUSTER, REMEMBER THAT JOHNSON'S
PASTE WAX CAN BE USED ON ALL WOOD SURFACES, LIGHT AND DARK!"

FIB: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH -

WIL: Quiet, Pal! Go on, Molly.

MOL: All right. It says; "JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX IS THE BEST
POSSIBLE WAY TO BEAUTIFY AND PROTECT WOOD FLOORS, LINOLEUM,
FURNITURE, AND WOODWORK. THERE IS NO FINER PASTE WAX THAN
JOHNSON'S...USE IT WHEREVER THERE ARE HEAVY TRAFFIC SPOTS
AND BUSY DOORWAYS. JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX IS...."

FIB: HEY HEY HEY ... LOOK - WAXEY!!

MOL: Yes, pal?

FIB: What has this got to do with how this Sudsomat works?

WIL: Nothing. You don't need any folder to explain that. Just
pay me thirty cents a machine for as many machines as
you want to use, and go wash your duds...Nothing to it!

FIB: THEN WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF MAKING MOLLY READ THAT STUFF
ABOUT PASTE WAX?

WIL: Well, I wrote the copy for that folder and I wanted to see
how it sounded. Molly reads so well, and my secretary has
a voice like a dissipated hoot owl. So-I just --

SOUND: TELEPHONE

WIL: Excuse me. (RECEIVER UP) WISTFUL VISTA SUDSOMAT. WE'RE ALL IN A LATHER TO SERVE YOU!

FIB: Oh, brother!

MOL: Hush, dearie!

WIL: WHAT WAS THAT, MADAM? CERTAINLY YOU CAN WASH AN AFGHAN HERE. WHY SHOULDN'T YOU? OH, THE LAST TIME YOU TRIED IT, HE BIT YOU? WELL, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER JUST TURN THE HOSE ON HIM. DON'T MENTION IT. (RECEIVER UP) Well, kids, you wanna get at it?

MOL: Yes, I think I'll need two machines, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Take number four and number six, Molly. You can pay me on your way out. Soappowder on the shelf there. (FADE) Call me if you need anything!

FIB: Okay, Junior! Seems to easy, Molly. Gonna ruinyou wimmin, making this stuff like this too simple. It used to be that when a --

MOL: Oh, don't talk so much McGee..Help me dump a load in this machine...

SOUND: MACHINE OPEN..SMALL SOUNDS OF LAUNDRY BEING DUMPED...
CLOSE MACHINE

FIB: Where do I turn it on? Oh here, I guess...

SOUND: CLICK - MACHINE STARTS HUMMING

FIB: Whadda we do now?

MOL: Nothing..just wait. The machine washes.. the clothes and wrings them almost dry.

FIB: YOU MEAN IT DON'T SEW BUTTONS BACK ON OR MONOGRAM YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS? Gee whiz, I don't see --

OLD T: (FADE IN) OH HELLO THERE, JOHNNY...HELLO, DAUGHTER!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer. Getting some laundry done?

OLD: Yes, jest dropped in to rench out some of my dainties.

FIB: I thought your land lady took care of your laundry for you, Old Timer.

OLD T: Well, ordinary, she does, Johnny. But me and her ain't on speakin' terms these days. Had us a misunderstanding.

MOL: What about?

OLD T: My cigars.

FIB: She don't approve of your smoking cigars?

OLD T: I DON'T APPROVE OF HER SMOKIN' MY CIGARS! Can't turn my back but what she grabs a handful o' stogies. When did she ever buy ME a cigar? Only once. She passed a box of coronas around the day Clarence laid his egg.

FIB: CLARENCE: LAID AN EGG?

MOL: Who's Clarence?

OLD T: Landlady's Canary. We call her CLARICE now, but up to then we thought it was Clarence. Ahh, love, your magic spell is everywhere! Meantime, whilst we're havin' this misunderstanding, I rench out my own dainties.

FIB: Well, I hope you straighten things out soon, Old Timer.

OLD T: Oh we will, Johnny. We will! Hazel ain't unreasonable. Fine woman, really. Widder woman, you know. Husband got shot in a holdup.

MOL: Innocent bystander, I presume.

OLD T: Nope. Guilty burglar. Had a record that would of wore out three phonograph needles.

FIB: Well, this is all very interesting, Old Timer...but we better get back to our laundry. We stand here long enough somebody's gonna bust out with the Old Iron and Steel Joke.

MOL: What was that, McGee?

OLD: That's the one daughter, where one feller says to tother feller, what does your father do? And tother feller says my family's in the iron and steal business - mama irons while papa steals. That the one, Johnny?

FIB: That's the one.

OLD: Heh heh heh...AND PRETTY GOOD, TOO, JOHNNY. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!

MOL: What do you mean, that isn't the way you heered it? You just told -

OLD: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYY", he says, "THESE BAD SNOWSTORMS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY IS KINDA FRIGHTENING, AIN'T THEY?" "FRIGHTENING!" says tother feller, "THEY SAY CALIFORNIA WAS SO SCARED IT TURNED WHITE OVERNIGHT!" Well, see you later, kids.... gotta finish renching out my dainties!

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN: "SKYBALL PAINT"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: WHIRR OF MACHINES IN B.G. ... FADE BEHIND:

FIB: Boy, look at our clothes whirl around in that machine, Molly! Hey, you don't think flingin' my shorts around like that will bag the seat, do you?

MOL: If you don't - this won't, dearie, believe me!

FIB: It's no wonder clothes come out of there so clean, though. After a beating like that, anybody'd come clean. How can you tell when they're done?

MOL: It's all automatic. When it's finished, it shuts itself off.

FIB: I know some public speakers could use a gadget like that! But as I was sayin' to Kremer in the Drug Store today -

MOL: Say, what was it you bought at Kremer's, anyhow? You started to tell me, but -

FIB: Oh. (CHUCKLES) It wasn't anything important, really. Just something for the next holiday.

MOL: The next holiday?

FIB: Yep. You know how I always run around at the last minute, buying stuff for holidays. Hunt for firecrackers July 3rd, try to buy a squirting carnation for my lapel the day before April Fools, all stuff like that there. So I makes me a vow that the next holiday that comes along I'M gonna be ready with a - HEY, LOOK...AIN'T THAT WALLY WIMPLE THAT JUST COME IN?

MOL: Yes, I believe it is. YOO HOO..Mr. Wimple! Hello there!

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp!

WIMP: Hello, folks!

MOL: Come in to do the family laundry, Mr. Wimple? I thought you had a washing machine at home.

WIMP: Oh we have, Mrs. McGee. But I sort of like to come in here and do it myself now and then. It reminds me of when I was.....a batchelor. (CHUCKLES) Sort of "washful thinking," you might say.

FIB: By the way, Wimp, how is old..I mean how is the...er... your -

WIMP: You mean..Sweetiface - my big old wife?

MOL: Yes..is she well, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh she's fine, thank you. But then, Sweetiface is always in fine condition. She's quite an athlete, you know.

FIB: Yeah, so I've heard, Wimp. What's her favorite sport?

WIMP: Twisting my neck. OH, YOU MEAN, ATHLETICS! Well, she just LOVES trapeze work. We have one in the attic you know. She fell off it yesterday and almost broke her back! One of the ropes broke.

MOL: My goodness! Was the rope badly worn or something?

WIMP: NO...(CHUCKLES) It was mice, I think. They can chew thru a half-inch rope so it looks just like it had been cut with a jackknife. Like this one here. (SNICKERS)

FIB: Wimp, one of these days she's gonna nail you for one of them pranks and they'll have to scrape you off the wall with a butter spreader!

WIMP: Oh, I know it so well, Mr. McGee....but I guess I just like to live dangerously.

MOL: If you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Wimple.....your marriage is a very strange one. How did you ever happen to meet your wife?

WIMP: Well, it was at a masked ball, Mrs. McGee. I was made up as Captain Kidd and she was made up as Cinderella and she said HELLO, KIDD, and I said HELLO, CINDY, and I told her I'd take her home, and when we took off our masks at midnight we looked at each other and blamed it on the punch. (LAUGHS) We found out later it was merely ginger ale and grapefruit juice. I guess I was just punch-drunk. Well, I'll see you later, folks....

FIB: Okay, Wimp! Hey, Molly..you know what? This old sweater I got on needs washing....I think I'll toss it in with the rest of the laundry.

SOUND: MACHINE SHUT OFF AND OPEN

MOL: NO NO NO..MCGEE..DON'T DO THAT! THAT'S A WOOL SWEATER! IT'LL SHRINK TO NOTHING!!

FIB: I hope it does....it's stretched so much now I keep catchin' my heel in the hem!

SOUND: MACHINE CLOSE .. POWER ON AGAIN

MOL: Oh dear..I'm afraid you've ruined that sweater, McGee.

FIB: So what..it was almost wore out anyway. Kremer at the drug store even made a nasty comment when -

MOL: SAY..YOU NEVER DID TELL ME WHAT YOU BOUGHT IN THERE:

FIB: I didn't?

MOL: No. You said it was for a holiday. What holiday?

FIB: Easter.

MOL: What did you get for Easter?

FIB: Easter egg dyes. Purple, green, red, orange, brown and blue.

MOL: Oh wonderful. Let's see 'em.

FIB: Okay. They're right here in the pocket of my sweater - (FAUSE) Oh my gosh..STOP THE WASHING MACHINE!! QUICK!! GRAB THAT SWEATER!! TAKE IT OUT!! QUICK!!

MOL: OH DEAR!! WHICH MACHINE IS OURS?THIS ONE??

FIB: YEAH..NO!! NO, THIS ONE..I THINK..NO..THAT ONE!! THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!! SHUT 'EM ALL OFF....EASTER EGG DYES....OH MY GOSH....

MOL: OH, MY LAUNDRY!! OH MY!!

ORCH: IN OVER DIALOGUE .. "TOO MUCH LOVE"..... FADE FOR:

Fibber & Molly
Closing commercial - Jan. 25, 1949

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WILCOX: When you want to give your floors a beautiful polish... the thing that counts most is the kind of wax you use. And --- of course -- that's why more women use Johnson's Paste Wax than all other types of paste wax combined.

Now, if you also want to get that beautiful Johnson finish quickly and easily... there's another Johnson product you should have. It's Johnson's Beautiflor Electric Polisher. All you do is flip the switch... and guide this light, easy-to-use polisher across the floor. In a few seconds, the whole waxed surface shines brilliantly. There's no effort ...no special care required. Even a child can operate it. The big whirling brush does all the work.

Ask your Johnson Dealer about the Johnson Beautiflor Electric Polisher. Buy one this week. Or, if you prefer, rent one by the day.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

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TAG

FIB: Gee, I'm sorry I got them Easter egg dyes in the laundry, kiddo.

MOL: Don't worry about it, sweetheart. Besides, I think those green and orange pillowcases are rather attractive. And you'll be the talk of the Elks Club with your lavender hankies!

FIB: I'll say I will! And now we got no laundry and no Easter egg dyes. As the doctor says when he stuck the hypo in the guy's arm, "THIS IS ALL IN VEIN!" (LAUGHS)
Get it, Molly? In vein? It's a pun on the -

MOL: 'TAINT FUNNY, McGEE!

FIB: I know. I was just smiling thru, Loveboat. Goodnite.

MOL: Goodnite, all!

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCCAT, Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

ORCH: THEME SWELL AND FADE FOR HITCH-HIKE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY SHOW
1/25/49

COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: A direct question to the ladies: Why don't you polish your book case more often? Does it take too much time... too much trouble? Well, now you can clean and polish that bookcase in less than 90 seconds! Just use Johnson's Cream Wax. It makes the job practically as easy as dusting.

Johnson's Cream Wax is the fastest wax polish you can buy. It cleans so quickly....dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly, that you brighten up furniture in a few seconds. Here's the reason: Johnson's Cream Wax not only cleans in a moment. It dries in a moment. So you can polish it immediately! And ... it dries to a hard finish. There's no sticky oil when you finish ... to catch and hold dust. Tomorrow, clean and polish your furniture practically as easily as you'd dust it. Just a few quick strokes with your cloth turns the trick. Get Johnson's Cream Wax ... it's the fastest wax polish you can buy.

ORCH: MUSIC SWELL:

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE A

FOR
JOHNSON'S

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1949