

file

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

#25

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 22, 1949

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 and Johnson's Self-
Polishing Glocoat, present Fibber McGee and
Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur
Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand and me, Harlow Wilcox.
The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie....
Music by the King's Men and Billy Mill's
Orchestra!

OROH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY.
MARCH 22ND, 1949.

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Look at your piano tonight. Or your dining room table. You'll see smudges or finger prints that weren't there yesterday. No dust cloth can take those smudges off. But there is a cream wax, that will not only clean your furniture ... it will polish it to a high luster. And quickly! The fact is, Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly that using it is practically as easy as dusting. With Johnson's Cream Wax you can clean ... and then beautifully polish a dining room table in less than two minutes. That's because Johnson's Cream Wax cleans and dries so rapidly ... it's immediately ready for polishing. And remember ... Johnson's Cream Wax contains no sticky oil to trap dust. Starting tomorrow, use Johnson's ... the Cream Wax that cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly. The Cream Wax that makes cleaning and polishing furniture practically as easy as dusting. That's Johnson's Cream Wax ... the fastest wax furniture polish you can buy.

MUSIC: ORCH: ... BRIDGE TO OPENING:

-SR-

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: IN THESE DAYS OF MASS PRODUCTION AND BARGAIN DRESS SHOPS, LOTS OF WOMEN HAVE NEVER LEARNED HOW TO SEW A SEAM - OR SO IT WOULD SEEM. BUT THERE'S A GAL AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WHO WAS BROUGHT UP TO SEE EYE-TO-EYE WITH A NEEDLE AND WHO ALWAYS KNOWS WHERE THE BODICE IS BURIED. YES, IT'S MOLLY McGEE, OF --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: SEWING MACHINE, INTERMITTENTLY:

FIB: (OVER) Hey, kiddo, whaddye makin'?

SOUND: SEWING MACHINE CONTINUE:

FIB: HEY..TOOTSIE!! WHAT GOES WITH THE THROBBIN' BOBBIN'?

SOUND: SEWING MACHINE, UP AND OUT:

MOL: Speaking to me, dearie?

FIB: Yeah. Let the sewing machine cool off for a minute. My gosh, I haven't heard a Singer take so much abuse since Hope started ribbing Crosby! Whaddye makin'?

MOL: A new dress. And WATCH THOSE PATTERNS, DEARIE!! Don't mess them up. I have them all laid out the way I want them.

FIB: Oh..Okay.

MOL: If you change them around I'm liable to wind up with a gownless evening strap with a drooping placket and five sleeves.

FIB: Look, dreamboat, why do you have to stab your pretty little lunch-hooks full o' needle holes? The Bon Ton still sells dresses.

-SR-

(REVISED)

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MOL: I WANT to make a dress, dearie. Besides, at the Bon Ton I'd have to wait for a fitting and I need a new dress this afternoon.

FIB: THIS AFTERNOON? WHAT FOR? Is the fleet in, or something?

MOL: No, the new President is dropping in, and -

FIB: HARRY TRUMAN? DROPPING IN HERE? MY GOSH, WE GOTTA GET THE PIANO TUNED! IS MARGARET COMING TOO? I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D --

MOL: No, no, no! Not President Truman. The new President of our Ladies' Club. Mrs. Armadell.

FIB: Mrs. Armadell. Ain't that the haughty old potato sack that always looks like she was bluffin' her way thru a reception with a busted-garter?

MOL: I don't think that's a very fair description, McGee. I've never met her myself but Mrs. Armadell is VERY important socially in Wistful Vista.

FIB: Is that a fact! Well, curl my pinky and dunk me a crumpet! But what's so important about her stoppin' in here?

MOL: Because, dearie, Mrs. Armadell is about to appoint somebody to be a delegate to the ladies club convention in Chicago...(MODESTLY) and...it might be me!

FIB: YOU?...GOTTA GO TO CHICAGO? WITHOUT ME? OH. NO!!!

MOL: Oh it's just for three days. Personally I don't care too much about going - but it's considered quite an honor to be selected as a delegate. Now then...will you do something for me?

(REVISED)

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FIB: Sure. I'll go with you.

MOL: I didn't mean that. I want you to go up in the attic and get my dress form.

FIB: Your....er.....dress form?

MOL: Yes. I'm about ready to start fitting this dress.

FIB: But the dress form is...er...well, it ain't in very good shape, kiddo. Kinda chopped up. Fulla holes. Comin' all apart.

MOL: MY DRESS FORM? WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT? WHY SHOULD IT BE ALL CHOPPED UP?

FIB: Well, you know that last rainy spell we had? Well, I got kinda bored, see, so I thought I'd brush up on the old knife-throwing act I had in vaudeville. Me and Fred Nitney. Well, sir, the best target I could think of...for my knife throwin' act -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...I HOPE THAT ISN'T MRS. ARMADELL ALREADY! Peek out the window McGee, and see who it is.

FIB: Okay...(PAUSE) Hey, has Mrs. Armadell got gray whiskers and wear a ~~button~~^{NAVY} button in her buttonhole?

MOL: Not that I know of.

FIB: Then it's the Old Timer. COME ON IN, OLD TIMER!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh hello, there, Mr. Old Timer.

-SR-

OLD T: HELLO, DAUGHTER...HELLO, JOHNNY...Hey, what's goin' on here? Looks like you're havin' a taffeta pull! Heh..Heh!

FIB: No, Molly's runnin' up a new dress, Old Timer.

OLD T: Good fer you, daughter. Shore like to see a woman make her own clothes. Mamma made all us kidses clothes. My sister wore made-over flour-sacks all thru high school even.

MOL: Flour sacks?

OLD T: Yup. Come a windy day once and from then on my sister was knowed as Madame XXX.

FIB: She make your clothes, too?

OLD T: Nope. I inherited mine from papa. Peculiar thing about them pants of papa's, too. I had to bust into a run to get 'em past a saloon. They'd turn in, automatic. (SIGHS) Ahh, I'm kinda tired today, kids. Ben baby settin' all mornin'.

MOL: Whose baby?

OLD T: My sister's. He's eleven year old and ornery as a bee-stung mule. Sister's too little to handle him and his ole man is on the road, so I have to go over now'n then and sit on him. I'm the best baby sitter they ever had, on account o' I got such sharp hips.

FIB: He finally decided to behave himself, eh?

OLD T: Well, I finally rocked him to sleep, Johnny. Took a rock as big as my head, but I done it. Now I'm almost too tired to take my piano lesson.

MOL: PIANO? DO YOU PLAY THE PIANO?

OLD T: Wellllll, not yet daughter. Got off to a wrong start with my lessons, and I'm jest now beginnin' to get the hang of it.

FIB: What were you doing wrong?

OLD T: I was tryin' to play by ear. But it gimme such a headache I had to start usin' my hands. Well, see you later, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: About that dress form. You say it's no good because you used it to practice your knife throwing act?

FIB: Yeah, I'm sorry, baby. If I'd of knew you were....

MOL: Oh that's all right, dearie. You'll do just as well. You're just about my height and I can correct the measurements as I go along.

FIB: YOU MEAN...ME?.....I GOTTA STAND HERE AND WEAR A DRESS WHILE YOU.....

MOL: Hush...You demonstrated your knife throwing. Now I'm going to show you my pin throwing act...!!!

FIB: But my gosh, what if... ..

MOL: HUSH....TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND HOLD UP YOUR ARMS....

FIB: (GROANS)

ORCH: "~~SUNFLOWER~~" You WAS (APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

(REVISED)

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FIB: Gee whiz, Molly...(GRUNT) You got this material pinned around me so tight I can't breathe. You got me gaspin' like a fresh-caught flounder!

MOL: I HAVE to pin it tight, McGee. You're a lot thicker around the waist than I am, you know.

FIB: I ought to of put on a girdle. Couple o' guys at the Elks wear 'em.

MOL: HOLD STILL!...(PAUSE)..do they?

FIB: Yeah...only they don't call 'em girdles. They call 'em pot-holders.

MOL: MmmHmmm.

FIB: I asked one guy why he wore a girdle and he says it was for morale; says it helped him keep a stiff upper lap.

MOL: Mm-Hm - Hold your arms up - I want to pin the sides higher. That's it.

FIB: Doggone it I wish you weren't goin' to that convention, kiddo. I suppose you'll have a nice trip - but gee, you know how I am with you gone, Molly. Miserable! (GIGGLES)

MOL: (PAUSE...SHARPLY) How was that again??

FIB: I says I'm miserable when you're away someplace havin' fun and I'm home by myself! (GIGGLES) It makes me unhappy just thinkin' about it! (BIG LOUD GIGGLE)

MOL: You certainly don't sound very unhappy.

FIB: Well, you're ticklin' me! (GIGGLES INTO:)

SOUND: DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS:

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MOL: Oh, McGee, it's Doctor Gamble! Nice to see you, Doctor!

FIB: Well, if it ain't the Prince of Splints! Hiyah, Fatsy!

DOC: Hello, Molly - and good day to - OH NO! What are you made up for, Sack Shape - a masquerade "Miss Gruesome of 1949?"

MOL: I'm working on a dress for myself; Doctor. He's my dummy.

DOC: You never spoke a truer word, my dear. Although how you can use McGee for a model, for a dress for you, is beyond me. If you fit that thing to his misshapen contours, it'll come off looking like a pillow case full of basketballs.

FIB: Awww, stop tryin', Bustlebucket, stop tryin! My contours are just as shapen as yours, anyhow. Hey, incidentally, what're you doin' out walkin' around, Measle-Bait? I thought you were supposed to be sick.

MOL: Yes, how do you feel, Doctor? Are you all well now?

DOC: I feel wonderful, Molly! A week's rest in bed was just what I needed. (PROUDLY) I - uh - I managed to drop a little weight while I was sick, if you'll notice, kids.

FIB: Yeah, that's swell, Doc! I could tell it right away, too!

DOC: (PLEASED) Could you really?

FIB: Sure I could. You must have dropped about forty pounds -- from your chest down onto your stomach!

-JW-

(2ND REVISION) -11-

MOL: Oh McGee, now stop it! Say, if you don't mind, Doctor, I wish you'd keep an eye on himself here next week. I'm going to Chicago for a few days to a Ladies Club Convention.

FIB: Yeah, how do you like that, Fatso? Leavin' me all alone for three whole days! What'll I do?

DOC: Set fire to the house, probably. But don't worry Molly, I'll keep him busy---in fact he can help me with an operation tomorrow. I'm to demonstrate a new surgery technique at the hospital.

FIB: Gee and I can help you, Doc? What can I do. Hand you the tools?

DOC: No, all you have to do is just lie still. I'll do the rest. So long, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character, McGee? And he's nobody's fool, either.

FIB: No, he's everybody's. Nothin' exclusive about Doc. Hey, let's get on with this dress, willya?

MOL: Yes, let's see now,...

FIB: I wish you weren't goin' away, kiddo - I get so dad'ratted lonesome when you and I are seperated! Unless I'm the one that's out of town, of course! In that case - what's the matter?

MOL: Oh, I can't get this neckline right, McGee. I'm trying for a sort of dreamy drape, but so far it's more of a dropstitch droop...Turn around, and let's see the back of it.

-JW-

(2ND REVISION)
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FIB: (SLIGHT FADE) Like this?

MOL: Yes, it looks sort of - Hmmm, that's strange! I don't remember pinning a bustle into this dress, McGee. It -- Ohh, excuse me, for a minute, I thought that was----

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly --

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox! Come in.

WIL: Hi, Pal, how's everyth---Hey! Is that a dress you've got on, Pal?

FIB: It ain't a Mack Sennett bathing suit, Junior!

MOL: He's just modeling it for me, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Molly's leaving for Chicago.

WIL: I don't blame her! One look at you in that outfit, Pal, and I'd scream too! What's the gag, kids?

MOL: I'm making myself a new dress, Mr. Wilcox. I expect to go to the Ladies Club Convention in Chicago next week, to represent the Wistful Vista Branch. It's quite a nice honor.

WIL: Swell! That's wonderful, Molly. You were no doubt selected because you're the type of woman that Wistful Vista is proud of. The type of woman for which the women's Clubs of this country have become famous. You're charming, industrious, intelligent ----

-JW-

MOL: Ohhhh, Mr. Wilcox!!!

WIL: -- the type of woman who always knows all the answers.

FIB: Sure she knows all the answers. She's heard most of 'em from me, at one time or other.

WIL: Molly is a perfect example of the type of woman who'd never think of trying to run a household without Johnson's Cream Wax, for instance - because she knows how Cream Wax helps her to keep her home beautiful! She knows how Cream Wax cleans as it wax-polishes her light-colored woodwork, and white kitchen equipment!

MOL: How did we get away out there???

WIL: Molly knows that Cream Wax is different because it polishes with wax instead of oil, and consequently dust can't cling to it. With just a light dusting, a Johnson Cream Waxed finish stays bright for months!

FIB: Yeah, but...

WIL: Just like thousands of other smart American housewives, Molly has learned how Cream Wax gives a rich mellow luster to her furniture and woodwork - how it keeps her refrigerator gleaming and her -

FIB: HYE, HEY, HEY LOOK, WAXEY!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: You know Chicago, Junior. What do you think makes that town so popular?

WIL: Oh, that's simple, Pal. The location. People flock there because it's located in such a great spot.

MOL: Oh - you mean on the Lake, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Lake? I never noticed the Lake, Molly. But just think - Chicago's only 60 miles from Racine!

FIB: Oh fer the -

WIL: What a spot! Have fun, Molly. So long, Pal.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: "Have fun" he says! A happy carefree chuckle and he's on his merry way! And why shouldn't he be happy? His wife is stayin' home with him!

MOL: Mmm-hmm. Let me move this pin here a little - the hem is sagging again.

FIB: But what about me? Three dreary days all by myself. Three days of lonely wandering. From the Elks to the bowling alley and back to the Elks.

MOL: Oh dear! I wish you wouldn't feel so badly about this thing, McGee, but it IS an honor and I really SHOULD go if Mrs. Armadell asks me because - - -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh, dear - another interruption! Don't sit down now, McGee - You're full of pins.

(2ND REVISIIN) -17-

FIB: Dadrat.it, why don't people leave us alone! If I hafta stand here in this taffeta toga much longer I'll --
COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's the janitor from the Elks, McGee. Come in, Ole.

FIB: I shoulda got this dress off first...doggone it! I don't want - Hi, Ole.

OLE: Hello, McGee - hello, Mrs. I just come by on my lunch hour -

FIB: You see, I'm helpin' Mrs. McGee make a dress, Ole. This dress here, see? That's how come I got a dress on, see? I'm helpin' her make it. You ever help your wife make a dress, Ole?

(REVISED) -18-

OLE: I'm no cover girl McGee - just a janitor. I come by to bring you a message. I don't hafta come, you know, I'm on my own time, McGee.

MOL: Well, that's very nice of you, Ole. I'm sure Mr. McGee will pay you for your time, if -

OLE: I don't expect pay when I do errand for McGee, Mrs. I know when I start, I'm ^{JUST} donatin' my time.

FIB: Good - what's the message? Let's have it!

OLE: You ask me to tell you when the last numbers coming up on the Elks punchboard. I watch the punchboard and -

FIB: Yeah? It's comin' up, huh? Help me get this dress off, Molly, I gotta rush down there! The last punch wins a radio! You shoulda phoned me, Oley, somebody'll punch it before I can -

OLE: Don't bust your buttons, McGee. Nobody's gonna punch it.

MOL: Are you sure they won't, Ole?

OLE: Sure, I'm sure. I watch the board and punch the last number myself.

FIB: WHAT? You won the radio?

OLE: Sure, but don't get excited, McGee. The Elk's have that punch-board so long the radio is just a crystal set.

MOL: Well, thanks for comin over to tell McGee, Ole. It was very thoughtful of you.

FIB: Thoughtful my clavicle!!! He stole my idea, and took the last punch, himself!

OLE: Anybody steals ideas from you, McGee, is only petty larceny and I apologise to all the Larsons for saying so.

(2ND REVISION) -19-

FIB: Well I still think it was a dirty trick to -
OLE: I don't hafta come over and tell you, McGee, you know.
I'm makin' no money on my lunch hour. I'm just donatin'
my time!
MOL: Yes, he is, McGee, and -
OLE: I'll go out the side door, Mrs. I save time -
MOL: OH NO, NOT THAT DOOR, OLE --
FIB: NO, THAT'S THE HALL CLOS --
SOUND: DOOR OPENS..HALL CLOSET EFFECT..BELL TINKLE
FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days.
ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "~~YOU WAS~~" *Sun Flower*

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -20-

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Hey, Molly...how much longer do I have to keep this dress
on? I sure feel silly standin' here with my pants legs
rolled up and this dress -
MOL: Not much longer dearie...I've got the hem just about
right now...but the sleeves still need a little something.
FIB: They must be leg-of-mutton sleeves...I never felt so
sheepish in my *Life*
MOL: MCGEE...STOP DROPPING CIGAR ASHES ON IT! Here...use an
ash tray. Besides, Mrs. Armadell will be here any time
now and...
SOUND: DOOR CHIME
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...MAYBE THAT'S...Oh well....COME IN!
SOUND: DOOR OPENS
FIB: Relax, kiddo. It's just La Trivia. HIYAH, LA TRIV.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.
GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, Mc.....Well! That's a very
pretty dress you have on, McGee. Did the Elks run out of
women for their Wednesday Square dance?
FIB: AW CUT IT OUT, WILLYA? I'm just modeling this thing for
Molly because her dressmaker's form is no good. It's a
wreck.
GALE: Well, I've never met Molly's dressmaker - but if her
form is any more of a wreck than yours -- OHH, you mean
her dress form. Her dummy.

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MOL: Yes, I may go to Chicago for a few days, Mr. Mayor, and I'm whipping myself up a new frock. Say, does Miss Tremayne ever make any of her own clothes? She always looks so nice.

GALE: Oh yes, in fact, she used to make all her own clothes, when she was just starting out on the stage. A young actress has to save money wherever she can, of course.

FIB: You said it! Where did Fifi save her moeny, La Triv - in a makeup ~~can~~ - piggy bank - top of her stocking?

GALE: No, I suppose -

FIB: I knew a juvenile one time who useta paste twenty-dollar bills under his toupee. He got so rich playin' romantic leads that he wore a size twelve hat and finally -

MOL: McGee, hold still! I want to put another pin in here...

GALE: Anyway - as I was saying - Fifi had rather hard going in those early days. She really had to economize on everything. On trains, for instance, she usually took an upper berth because it was lower.

(PAUSE)

FIB: What was that again, La Triv?

GALE: I said Fifi often bought an upper because it was lower.

MOL: You mean the lower berth was higher?

GALE: Higher than the upper berth, yes.

FIB: Now wait a minute, La Triv. I ain't any Einstein at arithmetic, so you better break this down for me. Which was lower, the lower or the upper?

(SECOND REVISION) -22-

GALE: The upper was lower.

MOL: Well, if the uppers are lower, why do they use those little ladders to get into the uppers?

GALE: Why, because they're higher than the lowers.

FIB: You said the lowers were higher.

GALE: NOT HIGHER, NO...I MEANT THEY WERE MORE.

MOL: More what?

FIB: More higher, he means. How much more higher than the uppers are the lowers, La Triv. Because...the lowers are always...

GALE: OH STOP IT!!! YOU'RE DELIBERATELY TRYING TO CONFUSE THE ISSUE. I MERELY STATED THAT MISS TREMAYNE...

MOL: Now now now, relax, Mr. Mayor...Let's not shriek at each other. Let's argue this out quietly.

GALE: Very well.

FIB: Why certainly. We've all travelled on trains. And we all know we got two kinds of berths in a train. Uppers and lowers. People who are on their uppers can't ride on the lowers because the lowers are higher than the uppers. RIGHT?

GALE: Yes, but.....

MOL: So Miss Tremayne could just as well have had a lower because if the uppers were lower than the lowers, then the lowers would be higher than the uppers and the upper would then BE the lower because---

(2ND REVISION)-23-

GALE: (YELLS) I DIDN'T SAY FIFI LOWERED A HIGHER UPPER! HIRED
A LOWER HEEPER.....I MEAN---WHEN I SAID THE HOOPERS WERE
LIPPER THAN A LOWER PEEPER...IF SHE CLIMBED AN UPPER
LADDER INTO A LOWER DIPPED...POPPED UP IN A LOPER
SNIPPER...HAD THE PIP IN A LOOPING POPPER...PUP...DIP...
OOOOPS!!...I...YOU DIDN'T...WE WERE...(FANTS) McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: Can you move around all right in that skirt?

FIB: Sure, why?

GALE: I just wanted to know if you could circulate all right.
You know that yesterday was the first day of Spring?

MOL: It was at that, wasn't it?

FIB: So what, La Triv?

GALE: Well, it affects me like it does a tree. If the sap
can circulate sufficiently, the tree leaves. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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FIB: I'll bet he meant something by that.

MOL: I'll bet he did, too. Now look, dearie...I'm almost thru.
Will you promise to stand still and not burn a hole in
that dress with your cigar if I run upstairs and get my
pinking shears?

FIB: Sure sure sure...anything you say if you'll just get
me outa this thing.

MOL: Well, it's almost finished dearie. (FADE) Now don't
jump around and I'll be right back.

FIB: TAKE YOUR TIME, KIDDO AND HURRY! Ahh, there goes a good
kid. I sure hope she don't go to that convention in
Chicago. When she's away all I ever eat is coffee and
doughnuts. And I get the heartburn so bad you could fry
an egg on my chest! But if she wants to go - and I don't
think she does -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

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

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WOMAN: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. I am Mrs. Armadell.

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, Mrs. Armadell. But you're a trifle mistaken -

WOMAN: I have come, Mrs. McGee, to ask you to represent our
Ladies Club at - OOOO! IS THAT A CIGAR YOU'RE SMOKING??

FIB: What does it smell like - a cinnamon stick?

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WOMAN: (HORRIFIED) OHH, THIS IS DREADFUL! SMOKING CIGARS! A
SHORT HAIRCUT! TENNIS SHOES!

FIB: Yeah, but look -

WOMAN: WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME?? Ooo! PLEASE JUST FORGET
THAT I CALLED, MRS. MCGEE! GOOD DAY!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM - LOUD

FIB: Well, whaddaye know! She thought I was my wife! (CHUCKLES)
HEY, MOLLY! I JUST FIXED THINGS FOR YOU, KIDDO! YOU DON'T
HAFTA GO TO CHICAGO AFTER ALL!!

ORCH: "SOMEONE TO LOVE".....FADE FOR:
(APPLAUSE)

-26-

Fibber and Molly
Closing Commercial - March 22, 1949

WILCOX: You won't use a dust cloth so often ... once you try
Johnson's Cream Wax. For you'll find that this wax
furniture polish cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly
... polishes so quickly that using it is practically as
easy as dusting.

Tomorrow, tell your dealer you want Johnson's Cream Wax.
The first chair you clean and polish will reveal the
truth ... Johnson's Cream Wax is the fastest wax polish
you can buy.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(REVISED) -27-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, the Red Cross Drive for funds is now on. It is your money which is needed to fight floods, famines and other disasters all over the world. So please give as generously as you can when you are called on.

MOL: Remember the symbol of the Red Cross - and let's help keep it four-armed.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, Racine, Wisconsin, and Brantford Canada, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this same time. Be with us again next week, won't you?....Goodnight.

SWITCH TO HITCH

-28-

Fibber and Molly
Tag Commercial - March 22, 1949

LAING: The kitchens of today can be more beautiful in 1949. Because this year, there's a better, brighter, self-polishing floor wax. It's 1949 Glo-Coat. Yes, bright as it's always been, this year Glo-Coat is brighter than ever ... better than any.

Try 1949 Glo-Coat on your linoleum this week. Notice its brighter, cleaner luster. Notice how evenly it spreads ... The protective wax finish remains ... even after repeated damp mopping.

Get the self-polishing floor wax that's brighter than ever ... better than any. 1949 Glo-Coat.

ORCH: UP TO FINISH:

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C., the National Broadcasting Company.
(CHIMES)