

file

(REVISED) #35

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday May 31, 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 Le Grand,
Bud Stefan, 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:

FIBBER AND MOLLY
MAY 31, 1949

(REVISED) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I'm sure a lot of things go into the making of a beautiful room -- but one woman gave me a hint about the importance of floors. She said that a beautiful room -- like a lovely picture -- needs a beautiful frame. And there's nothing that frames a room better than the smooth luster of a well-waxed floor. That, of course, is why Johnson's Paste Wax is a steady favorite with fine homemakers today -- just as it was with their mothers and grandmothers. Its value to you isn't just that its hard, tough finish protects your floors -- nor that smoothly-waxed floors are so much easier to clean. No, deeper than that is the fact that Johnson's Paste Wax makes your floors a "border of beauty" for the other things you live with and cherish. I wish you'd try Johnson's Paste Wax -- soon. The shining luster it gives your floors helps make you proud of the home you live in.

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING:

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WILCOX: IN WISTFUL VISTA, THE LAST DAY OF THE MONTH IS WARM, SUNNY AND DELIGHTFUL! IN FACT, AS THE MAN SAID WHEN THE FLORIST'S TRUCK TIPPED OVER AND BURIED HIS WIFE UNDER THREE TONS OF PETUNIAS, "MAY COULDN'T HAVE ENDED PRETTIER!" AND HERE AT NUMBER 79, DISCUSSING THE BALMY WEATHER, ARE--

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Yes, sir, by George, a day like this makes me wanna get outside and DO things! Get out under the sun...under the blue skies...and let the soft breezes caress me!

MOL: Heavenly days...listen to him! But I think you're right dearie.

FIB: You betcha...it's disgusting to stay indoors on a day like this.

MOL: I agree, absolutely!...what shall we do?

FIB: Flip you a quarter to see who takes a nap in the hammock.

MOL: If we were back in Peoria now, we'd be out on the river in a canoe and -

FIB: OUT ON THE - HEY!! THAT'S IT, KIDDO!!! YOU GOT IT!!... THAT'S THE STUFF!!!!!! LET'S GO OUT TO DUGAN'S LAKE AND GET A CANOE!

MOL: Are you serious?

FIB: I AIN'T ROEBUCK! WHADDYE SAY, TOOTSIE? I CAN PADDLE A CANOE AS GOOD AS I EVER DID!

MOL: Well, you never were any Hiawatha with a paddle, sweetheart, but I'll go with you.

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FIB: Great, baby, great!! I'll start gettin' the stuff ready
and -

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT STUFF?

FIB: Oh just the usual canoe stuff. Pillows and a blanket
and suntan oil and my old Mandolin! I better --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh it's Milton from the drug store, McGee. Come on in,
Milton.

MILT: Thanks, Mrs. McGee. Hi, Mister McGee.

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FIB: Hello, Milt. Swell day, ain't it? I and Mrs. McGee are
gonna go out to Dugan's Lake and rent a canoe.

MILT: Well I don't want to delay you, Mr. McGee. All I came
over for was to say goodbye, anyway. I'm going away on a
vacation tomorrow.

FIB: Are you, Milt? Where are you going?

MILT: I'm gonna hitch hike out west and get a job on a dud
ranch.

MOL: You're a little mixed up, Milton. It's DUDE ranch.

MILT: This one's a dud. It belongs to Uncle Ed and it never
made a nickel.

FIB: You like hitch hikin', Milt? I tried it once and
nobody'd pick me up.

MOL: Strange for a man who is all thumbs to fail as a hitch-
hiker.

MILT: Well, I gotta gimmick, Mr. McGee. Two years ago it got
me from Buffalo to Omaha in two days.

MOL: Heavenly days, how do you do that?

MILT: I get a empty five-gallon gasoline can, paint it red, cut
a door in the side of it and pack all my luggage inside.
Everybody stops for a guy that's carrying a can of gas.

FIB: My gosh, that's a wonderful idea, Milt. Don't anybody
ever get sore when they find out you've tricked 'em?

MILT: Only once. The guy that took me to Omaha so quick was the assistant district attorney and I spent five days in the sneezer for vagrancy. Well, I'll send you a postcard. Goodbye, now.

AD LIB GOODEYES

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Nice boy, Milton.

FIB: Yeah ... good kid. A little irresponsible, but my gosh, you got to reach my age practically before you have real good common sense. HEY, BRING A BEDSHEET AND A CLOTHESPOLE KIDDO, AND I'LL RIG UP A SAIL ON THAT CANOE ...

MOL: You do, Captain Bligh, and you'll sail alone!

FIB: YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAIL A BOAT? Migosh, I read a book once that told all about how to ...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Well well well, look who's here! Doctor Gamble. The beloved old physician and sturgeon who is devoting his life to cheering the healthy, healing the sick and overcharging everybody. Hiyah, Blood Count!

MOL: Hello, doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. And good day to you, too, Blabbermouth. I hope I am not intruding.

MOL: We're going out canoeing, doctor. It's such a lovely day.

DOC: You mean, my dear, you are entrusting yourself in a flimsy little canoe with this ham-handed, overweight oaf?

FIB: Look who's crackin' about bein' ham-handed!!! WHO TIPPED OVER THE ROWBOAT LAST TIME WE WENT FISHING? I AIN'T MENTIONING ANY NAMES, BUT I COULD LIFT MY-FOOT AND KICK THE MEDICINE BAG RIGHT OUT OF HIS GREEDY LITTLE HAND!

MOL: McGee, I don't think you ...

DOC: Now wait a minute, Flapjaw. I'll admit I happened to be rowing the boat at the time, but I didn't expect you to give a yell and jump up on my shoulders.

FIB: COULD I HELP IT IF I SAT ON MY FISH HOOK, YOU COLD-HEARTED, UNSYMPATHETIC BUTCHER'S APPRENTICE?

DOC: Yes, you could. You could buy an 85¢ tackle box to keep your hooks in. Incidentally, you still owe me for that forty-dollar rod and reel I lost that day.

FIB: Forty dollar rod and reel ... HAH!!!! YOU MEAN THAT SECOND HAND UMBRELLA HANDLE WITH THE WOODEN SPOOL FASTENED ONTO IT WITH ADHESIVE TAPE? DOCTOR, I COULD CATCH MORE FISH WITH A LONG STRAND OF MACARONI TIED TO A BED SLAT AND BAITED WITH TWO OUNCES OF LINT! If I ever --

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MOL: All right, boys..that's enough..stop it..
FIB: Well, he makes me tired..
DOC: I make him tired. I get so weary talking to you, Loudface,
that I've got bags under my chin. Three of 'em. Count 'em.
OH BY THE WAY, MOLLY..SPEAKING OF BAGS, I'M GOING AWAY
TOMORROW. VACATION IN THE MOUNTAINS.
MOL: Well, I hope you have a wonderful time, Doctor.
FIB: Yeah - don't you like the seashore, Docky?
DOC: Nope. Not since I was mistaken for a battleship, last year.
FIB: Well, it's a fairly natural error, boy. How'd it happen?
DOC: I was just coming out of the water after a swim. Dripping
wet. I grabbed up my towel and started away, and somebody
said GOING IN TO DRY DOC? So this year I go to the
mountains. So long, both of you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "FIVE FOOT TWO"
(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -10 & 11-

FIB: Lemme read this list to you and see if I forgot anything
that we'll need in the canoe, Molly.
MOL: List??
FIB: Yeah. (READS) "Pillows and a blanket and suntan oil
and the portable radio and my fishin' tackle and a
first aid kit and some grub - some cold rootbeer in case
it gets hot - hot coffee in case it gets cold - and my
old mandolin. I better get it outta the hall closet
right now before -
SOUND: DOOR CHIME
MOL: Hold it, dearie - company. COME IN!
SOUND: DOOR OPENS
MOL: Oh, it's Ole, from the Elks Club. Hello, Ole.
OLE: Hello, Mrs. Hello, McGee.
FIB: Hiyah, Ole. What's new at the Elks, boy?
OLE: Since you tore another hole in it - the pool table cover,
McGee. We got a new one today.
FIB: Good! I'll drop in and try it this week, Ole.
OLE: I wish you would, McGee. I wish you would come play every
day.
FIB: Well, thanks, I'll try to.
OLE: Because I won't be there. I'm going on vacation!
MOL: I'll bet you're ready for it, Ole. When do you start -
as soon as the children get out of school?
OLE: Yeah, pretty soon, Mrs. Christina is already through with
high school now. She's finished. Sunday she commences.
FIB: Yeah? Commences what? Commences working?

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OLE: (PATIENTLY) In high school, McGee, you don't commence nothing. When you finish - you just commence. Sunday they have Commence-meet.

MOL: Oh, he means they have their commencement exercises, McGee.

OLE: That's it, Mrs. Only my Christina, she don't need exercises. Muscles she's got like a horse.

FIB: She has, eh? What's she gonna be, a lady wrestler?

OLE: No - Christina wants to be just a housewife. I tell her, if she wants to be a housewife, she should study like her mother - domestic silence.

FIB: You mean domestic science.

OLE: I mean - if Christina learn to keep her mouth shut she make a fine wife, McGee....I go now, my Missus wants some oranges from the market.

MOL: I'll bet your kids eat a lot of oranges, Ole. They're mighty good for them, too.

OLE: Sure, we find oranges is very useful, Mrs.

FIB: Useful, eh?

OLE: Yeah, the last ones we got, they was just full of juice. Very juice-full fruit.

MOL: Well, I hope you have a nice vacation, Ole.

FIB: Yeah, and hey - if I wanta get in touch with you this summer, where'll you be, Ole?

OLE: Well, I tell you, McGee. In my back yard is a hammock - with a newspaper in it.

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FIB: Yeah?

OLE: If you lift up the newspaper - underneath is Ole - flat on my back in the hammock all summer -(HAPPILY) and just donatin' my time! So long, Mrs.!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Ole sounds like he's going to loaf all summer, dearie.

FIB: He knows how, all right - he loafs all winter. But I better think up some more stuff to take on our canoe ride. Maybe I --

MOL: Say, I know one thing we don't want to forget, dearie. A bottle of citronella.

FIB: Aw no! Nosir! I took a bottle of that stuff last year and I couldn't drink half of it! It tastes awful! Why anybody that likes Citronella is -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - hiyah, Pal!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Come in!

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. Hey, you wanta bring your wife and go canoeing with us tonight? At Dugan's Lake? I'm takin' my maadolin.

WIL: Uti...sorry, pal. But I couldn't make it even if you weren't. I'm getting ready to start my vacation tomorrow.

MOL: My, everybody's vacationing!

FIB: Yeah - where you going to spend your vacation, Junior!

WIL: In the beauty spot of the nation, Pal - RACINE, WISCONSIN!

PAUSE

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FIB: My big mouth!

MOL: (BRIGHTLY) Well, if you boys will excuse me, I'll spend the next five minutes sorting the laundry. I can guess the rest of this. (FADING) Have a nice vacation, Mr. Wilcox. We'll miss you

WIL: Thanks, Molly - see you in the fall.

FIB: Yeah, you go ahead, kiddo. I started this, so I'll battle it out alone. I'll be the pigeon that...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: Saved by the bell! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, hello Teeny. Come in, sis, glad to see you!

TEE: You are?? Well I - OHH, HI, MR. WILCOX! (GIGGLES) Oboy, hi!

WIL: Hello, Teeny. I haven't seen you for a long time.

FIB: Sit down, sis. What's new with you?

TEE: My doll house, I got a new doll house, and oboy, is it ever pretty!

WIL: A new doll house? Well, I suppose you know how to keep that doll house looking new, don't you, Teeny?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. My mama told me how.

WIL: Well, good for her. She did, eh?

TEE: She always....HMMM????

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FIB: He said she did, eh?

TEE: Who did?

WIL: Your mother, Teeny.

TEE: Did what?

WIL: Told you how.

TEE: How what?

FIB: How to keep it new looking!

TEE: MY DOLL HOUSE! I KNOW IT! She says there's only one way to keep it new looking. Don't play with it!

WIL: Oh. Well, I was going to suggest that you try...

TEE: My mama always uses Johnson's Paste Wax on her floors. and furniture and woodwork, and I was wondering if I could use it on my doll house.

FIB: Omigosh! Kids, he's got doin' it!!

WIL: Of course you can! On a big house or a little house, Johnson's Paste Wax is the finest....

TEE: She says it not only imparts a mellow gleaming luster to her furniture and woodwork, but it also protects and preserves it against dirt and dust and stuff I spill all over it.

FIB: Hey, what's the deal here between you and...

WIL: That's right, Teeny. Your mother knows that a Johnson Waxed home is a well-kept home! She knows that Johnson's Paste Wax is the finest investment in beauty for her home that -

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

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WIL: Yes, Pal?

FIB: Have you gotta go now? Because I gotta get ready to go canoeing and -

TEE: Yes we do, Mr. McGee! Come, Mr. Waxey - if you are going down to Kremer's Drug Store I'll go with you and one of us can buy the other one a soda. Huh?

WIL: (CHUCKLES) Good idea, Teeny. Here, take my arm, Miss.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Oboy - jackpot! If Willie Toops asks about me, Mr. McGee - tell him I have a prior engagement!

(GIGGLES) Bye now!

FIB: So long, sis. See you this fall, Junior.

WIL: Yeah - happy canoeing, Pal.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (CHUCKLES) She's a cute kid, even if she does act like she's - Hey, Molly!

MOL: (FADING IN) Yes, dearie?

FIB: Let's be ready to leave here about sundown, huh? That way we can be on the lake in time to watch the moon come up and I can play "Harvest Moom" on my mandolin and -

MOL: Say, I've been wondering, dearie. If you play the mandolin, who's going to paddle the canoe?

FIB: Huh? Oh, don't worry - you won't get stuck with the paddling. This time.

MOL: Good.

FIB: We can take turns...I better get my mandolin outta the hall closet right now and tune it up before -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Just a minute, McGee. COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FIB: Well, hiyah, La Triv. Come in, boy.

MOL: Oh, it's his honor, the Mayor. Hello, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Hello, Molly - McGee. -I just dropped in to tell you two I'm taking a little vacation. Leaving tomorrow.

FIB: Yeah? How come, La Triv? The Grand Jury breathing down your neck again, boy?

MOL: McGee! I hope you have a nice rest, Mr. Mayor. And say - that's a lovely new sport coat you've got on! I particularly like the weave.

GALE: Oh this? Well, thanks. I'm rather partial to this sort of material, myself. Any time I go looking for a sport jacket I always pick a herringbone.

FIB: (PAUSE) You - uh - walk into the store nibbling on it, La Triv?

GALE: I beg your pardon?

MOL: I wouldn't think there'd be any nourishment in it, myself.

GALE: Nourishment? In what?

FIB: A herringbone. Migosh, I like to pick a drumstick, myself - or a pork chop bone. But a herringbone, HAH!

GALE: Oh now, wait! Let's not get into any -
MOL: Yes, McGee can sit up all night and pick on a plate of
sparerib bones - but -
FIB: Sure, you oughta try that, boy. I don't make a habit
of gnawing bones in public - but if you hold a napkin
in front of your face you can get away with it. A
herringbone, though -
GALE: Look - that's ridiculous! I meant nothing about eating,
understand? When I said I like a herringbone, I meant -
Here, see the way this material is woven? That's a
herringbone weave!
MOL: You mean they teach those little bitty fish to weave
a sport coat?
FIB: Migosh, what'll they think of next? Do they swim in and
out with the thread in their mouth - or stand on their
tails and knit it with their fins?
GALE: WEETHER NUN - ER NEITHER ONE! NOBODY SAID THEY FIT IT
WITH THEIR NINS - FINS. LOOK -
MOL: Now, now, now, Mr. Mayor - DON'T SHOUT!
FIB: (PEEADING) No, look, La Triv. This is your last visit
here this summer. So tell me one thing, boy and then
let's forget it.

GALE: Gladly.
FIB: Do you like your herringbones kippered or plain...because
a kippered herringbone would be pretty messy to...
GALE: (ROARS) I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FLIPPED HERRING
GROANS...CLIPPED BERRING CONES....KERRING HONES...
PONES...STONES...I DIDN'T SAY I ATE A BISH PHONE...FISHED
AN EIGHT-BONE...~~RECHISEL~~. LOOK, WHEN I SAID I KICKED
A WEARING-BONE HEAVE...A BERRING-HONE WEAVE...HERRING-
BONE GRIEVE...LEAVE...LEAVE???THAT'S IT...I'LL LEAVE!
(GENTLY) Have a nice vacation, Molly. YOU TOO, MCGEE!!!
FIB: Thanks, boy...Here, just go out this door here, La Triv.
GALE: Gladly!!!
MOL: NO MCGEE, THAT'S THE HALL CLOS...
SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSET EFFECT
FIB: Ahhh, my old mandolin! (PLINKS IT)
ORCH AND KING'S MEN... "CRUISIN' DOWN THE RIVER"
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON HOLLOW DOCK...MURMUR OF WAVES...HUM OF

MOSQUITOES...(MALE)

MOL: My it's certainly a lovely evening to go canoeing, McGee.

Where do we rent a boat?

FIB: Right over here at the end of the dock. HEY BUD, HOW ABOUT RENTING US A CANOE?

OLD: (FADE IN) Why sure, kids. Be glad to rent you a... OH HELLO THERE JOHNNY...HELLO, DAUGHTER. Goin' for a canoe ride?

FIB: What did you think we wanted a canoe for? To hide under, in case Russia has the bomb?

MOL: We didn't know you ran the canoe concession out here, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD: Jest fillin' in fer a friend, daughter. I'm goin' outa town tomorrow on a vacation.

FIB: You too?

MOL: Where you going on your vacation, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD: To a summer camp, daughter. Me and Bessie are goin' up to Camp Yacky-Hacky, with a bunch of other teen-agers.

FIB: Hey, wait a minute. You and Bessie and some OTHER teen-ager?

OLD: Yep...Bessie's a hundred and thirteen and I'm a hundred and sixteen. (CHUCKLES) I think a feller oughta be older than his girl and OH YOU WANT A CANOE, EH?

FIB: Yeah, give us a good one, Old Timer...last one I rented out here leaked like a wicked rumor thru a sewing circle.

OLD: Got jest the one for ye, Johnny. Ain't been used sence the Lewis and Clark Expedition and jest been painted an' overhauled. Here she is...

SOUND: THUMP, CLATTER AND SPLASH

FIB: I'll get in and hold it to the dock, Molly...after I'm in hand me my mandolin.

MOL: Here you are, dearie. Thank you, Mister Old Timer.

OLD: Not at all, kids...have a nice paddle. I'll shove ye off. WHOOPS!!!! WAIT A MINUTE...HEY JOHNNY!!!!

FIB: Eh?

OLD: Turn that paddle around...the FAT end goes into the water.

FIB: You mean, like this? (SPLASH) Oh yes...I remember now...mich obliged...Okay, Molly?

MOL: ~~All ashore that's goin' ashore!~~ Shove off, Admiral...

(SPLASHING OF PADDLE)(CALLS) HAVE A NICE SUMMER MR. OLD TIMER...

OLD: (IN DISTANCE..FILTER MIKE) Thanks, Daughter...same to you...

SOUND: SLIGHT SPLASHES AND GURGLES....

MOL: Isn't this wonderful, McGee...so peaceful...so restful...

FIB: Sure is, kiddo. Just like the old days on the river in Peoria, eh?

MOL: Yes. Ahhh, this is really lovely...

SOUND: GURGLE OF WATER .. SLIGHT SPLASHING .. (AT INTERVALS FROM HERE:)

FIB: Been a lot of water under the canoe paddle since them Peoria days, Snooky...

MOL: Yes...but it's gone awfully fast, dearie..

FIB: Yeah...sure has, baby...and you know what? There's something about ridin' in a canoe that makes you think things over...I dunno what it is.

MOL: I do. In a canoe you're close to the water...and when you're on the water....you're on the level...

FIB: Yeah...yeah...yeah...whaddye say we just drift for awhile, Snooky?

SOUND: CLATTER OF PADDLE IN BOAT...GURGLE OF WATER

MOL: Wonderful..

FIB: Great idea of mine, eh? Second greatest idea I ever had.

MOL: The second?

FIB: My greatest one was marrying you.

MOL: Thank you. I'm glad I'm at the head of the list...I'd hate to play second fiddle to a canoe.

FIB: OH HEY....speaking of second fiddles...I play first mandolin in this orchestra...hand it here, willya?

MOL: Sweetheart...on a lovely evening like this, I can't even whip up a protest on the mandolin playing...here....

FIB: Much obliged.....here, take the paddle. Can you reach it?

MOL: I think so. I....OOOPS!

SOUND: SPLASH

MOL: I'm sorry, dearie...it slipped out of my hand...can you reach it?

FIB: My gosh, kiddo...I can't even see it. Gettin' too dark. Which side did you drop it on?

MOL: I don't even know that...

SOUND: SPLASHING

FIB: Well....what do we do now?

MOL: Do what we always do when we lose the paddle on canoe trips, Paddle with the mandolin.

FIB: Okay, but I sure hate to.

MOL: Personally, dearie...I think you paddle with it better' than you play it...

FIB: You're not just sayin' that because you believe it?

MOL: Yes...

FIB: Well...here we go...

SOUND: PADDLING

FIB: (SINGING) CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER...DA DE DA DA DA

K'S MEN: (IN DISTANCE) CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER..ON A SUNDAY...
AFTERNOON ---

MOL: Oh listen to that lovely echo, McGee...SING IT AGAIN.

FIB: (SINGS) WITH ONE YOU LOVE, THE SUN ABOVE, DA DE DA DE DA

K'S MEN: (IN DISTANCE) WITH ONE YOU LOVE, THE SUN ABOVE, WAITING FOR THE MOON----(THEN HUM UNDER)

MOL: That's the most wonderful echo I ever heard..it knows more of the words than you do, McGee...let's just sit here and listen...until maybe September...

SOUND: SPLASHING...K'S MEN REPRISE UP BIG AND FADE

ORCH: "THREE WISHES"
(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER & MOLLY
5/31/49

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Fibber & Molly return in a moment

WILCOX: In addition to beautifying your home, you also save time and money when you beautify your floors with Johnson's Paste Wax. The tough, protective coating adds long life to wood -- saves long hours of cleaning. Just a light stroke of a dust cloth wipes dirt and grime from the brilliant Johnson Paste Wax surface.

And here's the easy new way to polish your waxed floors. Get Johnson's New Beautiflor Electric Polisher. All you do is guide the polisher across the floor. The big, whirling brush does all the buffing for you. You can buy a Johnson's Beautiflor Electric Polisher from your dealer.. or rent one at low cost, if you prefer.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -25-

- TAG -

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - until next September thirteenth, we turn you over to the musical hands of Ken Darby and the King's Men. They've a wonderful Johnson's Wax show lined up for you this summer, called "King For A Night." The King's Men with a guest King every week.

MOL: Their special King next Tuesday night will be Dan Dailey - and don't miss him!

FIB: In the meantime - thanks to all you loyal listeners for another year of faithful attendance.

MOL: And thanks to Johnson's Wax, our favorite sponsor, and to all the people who help us put this show on every week...a pleasant summer to all of you.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: Fibber McGee and Molly will return next September thirteenth. In the meantime, the makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin, and Brantford, Canada - bring you Ken Darby and the King's Men, with their guest King for a night, each week at this time. Next week we greet Dan Dailey! Be with us, won't you.

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

r thirteenth,
en Darby and
on's Wax show
For A Night."
k.
be Dan Dailey-
listeners for
sponsor, and
w on every

ptember
f Johnson's
Rachine,
ou Ken Darby
for a night,
t Dan Dailey!

FIBBER & MOLLY
5/31/49

NETWORK TAG

SOUND: (THREE QUICK BLASTS FROM A CAR HORN) DA -- DA-DA

ANNCR: Rub it on.

SOUND: (THREE MORE) DA -- DA-DA

ANNCR: Wipe it off. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Yes, that's all you do.

It's that easy with Johnson's Carnu. Because one application of Carnu cleans and polishes your car.

First, Carnu cleans the finish. Cuts through traffic tarnish and road film that water can't touch.

Second, Carnu polishes the finish. Makes the whole body sparkle like new.

Tomorrow, ask for Johnson's Wax-Fortified Carnu at your nearest dealer or service station. Cleaning a car can be hard work but Carnu saves you a lot of that work while giving your car a Sunday shine.

Remember, rub it on ...

SOUND: DA -- DA-DA

ANNCR: Wipe it off ..

SOUND: DA -- DA-DA

ANNCR: That's all you do (SLIGHT PAUSE) with Carnu.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

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

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE"

(FIFTEENTH ANN)

TUESDAY, September 13, 1949

5:00:25 - 5
5:31:00 - 5
5:29:00 - 5
5:56:20 - 5
5:58:40 - 5