

(REVISED)

8723

#1

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

THE JOHNSON'S WAX 15TH ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER

MC GEE AND MOLLY

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

(FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY SHOW)

TUESDAY, September 13, 1949

5 - 6 PM PST

5:00:25 - 5:01:20 - 1:55

5:31:00 - 5:32:00 - 1:00

5:29:00 Station Break

5:56:20 - 5:57:20 - 1:00

5:58:40 - 5:59:15 - :35

3:20

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX 15TH ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER  
MC GEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

ORCH: THE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
9/13/49

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Tonight, in a special, full-hour anniversary broadcast, -- written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, Fibber McGee and Molly come back on the air in the United States and Canada to begin their fifteenth continuous year of broadcasting under the sponsorship of Johnson's Wax.

Naturally, at a time like this, the sponsors of this program look back through the years ... with gratitude to Fibber and Molly for radio's finest family program ... and with even greater gratitude to you millions of friendly listeners. Because it is your appreciation of Fibber and Molly's wholesome radio entertainment and your confidence in Johnson Wax products that have made the programs possible. 15 continuous years of broadcasting under the same sponsorship. During the next few weeks, you will see special anniversary displays in the stores of dealers who handle Johnson's Wax products. We hope these displays will remind you that your dealer, too, is responsible for these programs ... and that it is his support, as well as your own, which makes it possible for the makers of Johnson's Wax to bring you this program.

ORCH: TAG

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WILCOX: IN THE YEAR 19 HUNDRED AND 35, A NEW RADIO PROGRAM WAS BORN. IT WAS REVIEWED IN VARIETY, THE BIBLE OF SHOW BUSINESS IN PART AS FOLLOWS, AND I QUOTE:

"Bit hard to pass on Fibber McGee's first reporter major radio effort. The script limitations in the hampered the duo from ever getting under way. Commercial talk was handled by Harlow Wilcox who killed a few quips due to premature laughs.

(HMM!)

Nary a real out-and-out laugh in the lot and as it stands, the program demands swifter pacing, punchier lines and more of --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE:

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(REVISED)

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FIB: Fifteen years...!! My gosh! It don't seem possible.  
MOL: Fifteen years ago it didn't even seem probable.  
FIB: Boy, the stuff we've done in fifteen years.....  
MOL: Remember the show back in 1936 when you were a reporter on the paper and went out to get an interview with the Governor's wife?  
FIB: Yeah, I got printers ink in my blood, kiddo. That's why I have to be so careful shaving. Ruins the towels.  
MOL: I never did know what happened to that story, McGee.  
FIB: Didn't I ever tell you what happened about that? That was a wild goose chase. I couldn't get a story - the Governor's wife was gone when I got to the house.  
MOL: Out of town, was she?  
FIB: Well, that's one answer. It takes a natural born reporter to know when a story is out the window, because  
MOL: Come in!  
FIB: Well, I'll be an Uncle's Monkey if it ain't His Honor the Mayor!!! HIYAH, LA TRIV!  
MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.  
GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.

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FIB: Yep, she's just left. She run away with the chauffeur.  
MOL: I see. She ran away with the chauffeur, so you didn't get any story.  
FIB: That's right. A waste of time.  
MOL: Well, what did the Governor have to say about it? Did you talk to him?  
FIB: How could I talk to him? They shot him before they left.  
MOL: Heavenly days! Why didn't you get a story from the neighbors? Didn't they have any statements to make?  
FIB: I'll say they didn't! They wouldn't even come out - on account of the lion.  
MOL: The lion?  
FIB: The one that got away from the circus. Prowlin' around the neighborhood. He ate two cooks and a gardener before I got there....Oh well, that's the breaks. It takes a natural born reporter to know when a story is out the window, because  
DOOR CHIME  
MOL: Come in!  
DOOR OPEN  
FIB: Well, I'll be an Uncle's Monkey if it ain't His Honor the Mayor!!! HIYAH, LA TRIV!  
MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. there'd be a lot of volunteers. Now, go  
GALE: Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.  
MOL: Yes, do, Mr. Mayor. Let's give him a chance. McGee.

FIB: La Trivia, as the guy says when he seen a good windy corner to build his optical shop on, "this is a site for sore eyes!"

GALE: Thank you. You're looking very well yourself, McGee. And you too, Molly. Have a pleasant summer?

MOL: Yes, indeed, thank you. And you?

GALE: Yes. I had a very interesting summer. I was an amateur member of a scientific expedition in Colorado. We were searching for dinosaur eggs.

FIB: DINAH SHORE EGGS? ARE YOU KIDDIN', LA TRIV? WHY, WE'VE KNOWN HER FOR YEARS AND SHE NEVER LAID AN EGG IN HER LIFE!

MOL: Certainly not. She's simply wonderful?

GALE: I don't understand. Who is?

FIB: Dinah Shore.

GALE: I'm afraid there's a little misconception here. I was referring to a big, ugly prehistoric monster - I AM NOT NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE, LA TRIV...!! When you talk about friends of ours, just keep a civil tongue between your teeth.

FIB: You wanna talk about her? You a --

MOL: Dinah Shore is not big, OR ugly, OR prehistoric, OR --

GALE: I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT DINAH SHORE! I SAID DINOSAUR...

FIB: It isn't SAUR, La Triv. It's SHORE...AS IN SHORE PATROL. And in her case, there'd be a lot of volunteers. Now, go on, La Triv.

MOL: Yes, do, Mr. Mayor. Let's give him a chance, McGee.

FIB: Okay. We won't interrupt again unless it's necessary, boy.

MOL: No. So you go right ahead.

FIB: You betcha. Dull as it is, we wanna hear about it.

MOL: Absolutely.

(PAUSE)

GALE: Now?

FIB: Sure.

GALE: Very well. The expedition had heard rumors from wandering cowboys and Indians that dinosaur tracks had been discovered in a certain remote canyon in northern Colorado, so -

FIB: You could of discounted them rumors right off the bat, La Triv. That kid don't have to hide up any remote canyon, even to try out a new hillbilly number.

GALE: OH, PLEASE NOW!! LOOK!! I ADMIT THAT DINAH SHORE IS LOVELY AND A FINE GIRL AND AN EXCELLENT SINGER. I AM NOT TALKING ABOUT HER. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

MOL: No. It isn't.

FIB: Why don't you wanna talk about her? You got something against her? You tone deaf or something?

MOL: We've always considered you one of the greatest gentlemen we knew, Mr. Mayor. So when you refer to Dinah Shore as an ugly monster and state that she is a million years old and has to hide in a gully to rehearse -

FIB: ...and accuse her of laying eggs all over Colorado -

GALE: (BLOWS UP) I DIDN'T SAY SHE WAS A MUGGLY EGGSTER..I MEAN I NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT DINAH CANYON HIDING A HILLBILLY IN A...BECAUSE I SAID I WAS HELPING TO LOOK FOR DINAH TRACK SHORES...YOU GOT SHORE WHEN I SAID...I MEAN SORE... JUST BECAUSE AN UGLY MONSTER LIKE ME...I MEAN LIKE A SHINA DOOR...I DON'T KNOW WHAT I...YOU SAID I...I DIDN'T MEAN... YOU WERE THE ONE WHO...WE...SHE ALWAYS...IT'S...I...YOU... (PANTS) (PAUSE) McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: Is it true that you've been on the air for Johnson's Wax for 15 years?

MOL: Perfectly true, your Honor.

FIB: You been hearin' us all that time, kid?

GALE: No, frankly, I couldn't stand you so long.

MOL: You couldn't stand him what?

GALE: So long!!

DOOR OPEN: (RUNT)

GALE: OH!! I beg your pardon, young lady .... I didn't know you were there.

DINAH: Oh, that's all right. Is this the McGee residence?

GALE: Yes, madam, but mark my words - you won't like it!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well heavenly days, McGee..look who it tis...DINAH SHORE...

APPLAUSE

FIB: Hiyah, Dinah, we were just talking about you to Mayer

La Trivia.

DINAH: Was THAT Mayor La Trivia I met going out?

MOL: That was himself all right, Dinah. And a very nice man, too.

DINAH: I thought he seemed a little annoyed about something. But I just dropped in to congratulate you on the last 15 years and wish you good luck for the next fifteen.

FIB: Well, thanks, Dinah. And in honor of you dropping in on our honor, I'm gonna lead the band in a special arrangement I wrote personally. It's called, "Kiss Me Again" and --

MOL: NO, MCGEE..NO! PLEASE! Let's ask Dinah to sing, instead. Would you, Dinah?

DINAH: I'd love to, Molly. I've had a nice rest this summer and I just couldn't wait to get back to work for Oxydol.

FIB: Where'd you spend the summer, Dinah?

DINAH: Out in Colorado. It was a lot of fun taking my music up into some remote canyon and practicing some hillbilly numbers. Though, confidentially - I really laid an egg with a couple of them.

(PAUSE)

DINAH: What's the matter? Did I say something?

FIB: No, you're all right, kid - it just happens we OWE LA TRIVIA AN APOLOGY.

MOL: Yes, I guess we do, dearie. Go ahead - sing something, please, Dinah.

ORCH. & DINAH SHORE: "I'M IN LOVE WITH A WONDERFUL GUY"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Boy, can that kid sing! Next time the Elks Club throws a smoker I'm gonna see if she'll bat out a few numbers for us and -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Company, McGee. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee, look who's here!

FIB: Huh? Oh, hi, bud - something you wanted?

ROBT: Hello, Fibber. I'm Young.

FIB: Yeah? So were we once, bud. You spend 15 years on the air and you'll get over that.

MOL: OH NO, MCGEE, IT'S ROBERT YOUNG! THE ACTOR!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Omigosh, Robert Young - him!! Bob - old boy - glad to see you! This is my wife, Molly! Molly, this is Robert Young!

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

ROBT: Hello, Molly. I came over here just to congratulate you two on your anniversary! 15 years! Just think of it!

FIB: Do we have to?

ROBT: I think it's wonderful. I've just started with my show, you know. For General Foods.

MOL: Yes, we hear you every Thursday. "FATHER KNOWS BEST."  
Lots of luck with it, Mr. Young.

ROBT: Thanks - gee, I certainly envy you two, having the same show on the same network - for 15 years.

MOL: Well, it does have its compensations, all right. Starting today, NBC lets us use the regular employee's washroom.

FIB: Yeah, it was a little unhandy goin' across the street to the fillin' station to wash our hands every day.

ROBT: I've got something to look forward to, all right. And say, I want you two to know that I heard your very first show - April 16th, 1935.

MOL: My goodness, McGee - he remembers the exact date!

ROBT: Yes, that was the day I bought my first radio - and yours was the first program I heard.

FIB: Great. You loved it, of course?

ROBT: Yes, it was a beautiful set. I remember when you got your house, too - 79 Wistful Vista. You won it in a raffle on August 26, 1935.

FIB: Migosh, how do you remember THAT date so well?

ROBT: It was right after that show that I SOLD my radio.

FIB: Oh....I'd almost forgot that show. Remember, Molly?

MOL: Indeed I do! They called the lucky number on the house - I shouted "McGee, we Won!"; - You fainted - and the

FIB: orchestra played "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart."

MOL: The girl looks familiar but the man - do we

know a tall dark man with curly hair and a bold look?

ROBT: (CHUCKLES) That's the way it went, all right. It was pretty easy to solve your housing problems in those days, wasn't it?

FIB: Yeah, it was easy to finish a radio show, too. If you didn't have a joke to finish with, just throw in a groan, a body fall, and a band number.

MOL: (CHUCKLES) That's right.

FIB: And you know something? There are times even now, along toward the end of certain programs, where I begin to feel a little like falling down.

ROBT: I can believe it. But after fifteen years, brother, you've earned your smelling salts! Lots of luck with the next fifteen! Goodnight.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

APPLAUSE

MOL: Heavenly days, imagine Robert Young coming to see us, McGee.

FIB: Well, it pays a guy like Bob to keep in touch with influential friends like me, kiddo. Hey, I wonder if this would be a good time to run over that number I arranged for the band, because -

MOL: No, wait McGee - there's somebody comin' up the walk.

FIB: Who is it?

MOL: Search me. The girl looks familiar but the man - do we know a tall dark man with curly hair and a bold look?

FIB: Has he got a deep freeze under his arm? He might be our congressman. Or, he might be --

MOL: EASY DEARIE....Here they are.

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: HEY...IT'S ALICE FAYE.....HIYAH, ALICE!!!!

MOL: Hello, Alice!

ALICE: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber.

APPLAUSE

PHIL: I'm Harris.

FIB: Hiyah, Harris. We don't want any tweeds today. Run along and -

PHIL: I'm PHIL Harris!

MOL: Oh of course! You're married to Miss Faye. You're on her radio show Sunday night. You start again next Sunday don't you?

PHIL: NOW YOU'VE TAGGED ME, BABE! PHIL HARRIS, THE SUNDAY NIGHT FLASH. IT MAY NOT BE SCRIPTURE, BUT IT KEEPS 'EM OFF THE STREETS. (LAUGHS)

ALICE: Phil! Not so loud, please.

PHIL: That's all right, Alice. I can't help it if I'm a kind of a domineering character.

ALICE: We just stopped by to give you our best wishes on your 15th anniversary. That's a long time on anybody's program.

FIB: It's a longer time to be off a program.

PHIL: Anything personal in that remark, Shorty?

FIB: What do you think?

PHIL: I don't think there is. I been gainfully employed right along. "Gainfully employed". That means I been workin' regular.

ALICE: They know what it means, Phil.

MOL: Won't you sign our guest book while you're here, Alice?

ALICE: I'll be glad to.

PHIL: WAIT A MINUTE THERE, ALICE. YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D SIGN NOTHIN' TILL I LOOKED IT OVER.

ALICE: But Phil...it takes you so long to read things.

FIB: This is just a guest book, Phil. See? Look.

PHIL: Hand it here a minute. (PAUSE) AHAAAA....I THOUGHT SO!!  
WHAT'S THIS WORD HERE?

ALICE: "Book". The other word is "Guest."

PHIL: Well, all right. You can sign it Alice. Leave a lot of room for me. I print big.

MOL: Here's a pen, Alice.

ALICE: Thank you.

PHIL: SO YOU KIDS BEEN IN THE KILOCIRCLES FOR FIFTEEN ANNUMS, EH? WELL, THAT'S GREAT. WE WILL BE, ONE OF THESE YEARS. REXALL IS PRETTY HAPPY WITH US.

ALICE: What makes you say that, Phil?

PHIL: I HEARD 'EM TALKIN' BABY. I HEARD ONE OF THE EXECUTIVES SAY THEY BETTER HANG ON TO HARRIS. HE SAID I WAS THE ONLY DRUG ON THE MARKET THEY WASN'T ALREADY HANDLIN. Well, come on Alice. Goodnight folks...and good luck to you.

AD LIB GOODNIGHTS.....DOOR SLAM...APPLAUSE

MOL: Isn't this exciting, McGee? All these famous stars dropping in to see us!

FIB: Yep. And hasn't that Alice Faye beautiful hair?

MOL: Lovely...Say, I wonder if she touches it up. It's a beautiful blonde shade, but...

DOOR OPENS

COMO: Hi, kids! Congratulations!

FIB: Well, migosh! PERRY COMO!

APPLAUSE

COMO: Hi, Fibber. How are you Molly?

MOL: Wonderful, Perry! It's so nice to see you again.

FIB: Yeah, we haven't seen you since you left Wistful Vista around 1937. How're you makin' out, boy...you still singin'?

COMO: Yes, I'm still at it. I don't claim ALL the credit for

MOL: Of course he is, McGee! Why, Perry is one of the...  
example for my neighbors.



FIB: Great, boy, great! Still with Ted Weems, are you?  
You stick with it, son, and one of these days you'll be  
in the big time. Makin' records, or even singin' on your  
own show, maybe!

COMO: (CHUCKLES) Thanks a lot, Fibber. As a matter of fact,  
I do have a little show on Thursday nights now - on NBC -  
the Chesterfield Supper Club.

FIB: Swell! We'll come over there and eat with you some night.

COMO: But I didn't stop in to tell you about that - I just came  
to congratulate you both on your long and happy career.

MOL: Thank you, Perry.

COMO: And to sing you a song. Fibber, this is a bit on the  
sentimental side, so get a little closer to Molly and  
hold her hand. Just make like you were singing this to  
her yourself. It's called, "Give Me Your Hand."

ORCH. AND PERRY COMO: "GIVE ME YOUR HAND"  
(APPLAUSE)

MOL: My, that was beautiful! You know, McGee - some of our  
old friends and neighbors have become pret-ty famous  
since they left Wistful Vista. (LAUGHS)

FIB: I'll say. (MODESTLY) I don't claim ALL the credit for  
it, of course, but I always made it a point to set an  
example for my neighbors..

MOL: Yes - and they made a point of ignoring it. You take the  
water commissioner of Summerfield, for instance -  
Throckmorton F. Gildersleeve -

FIB: YOU take him - I never could.

MOL: Well, he has a very funny show on NBC Wednesday nights  
for Kraft foods. (CHUCKLES) Remember the time you and he  
climbed into the bathtub with your clothes on?

FIB: Yeah. (CHUCKLES) You mean the time I found the watch  
downtown?

MOL: That was it. It was in 1940, I believe. We tried to  
find the owner, but.....

ORCH: SNEAKS UNDER WITH SHORT BRIDGE

FIB: Well, nobody's claimed this watch so far, Molly. Looks  
like it's mine, all right.

MOL: Not for thirty days, McGee. After all, you can't -  
MCGEE! STOP TAPPING ON THAT CRYSTAL!

FIB: Aw, this don't hurt it, it's an unbustable crystal, so -

SOUND: SMALL GLASS CRASH

FIB: Well, migosh, I'd of swore this crystal was unbustable!  
I don't see why it----

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

HAL: AH, THERE, LITTLE CHUM. HELLO THERE, MRS MCGEE. (LAUGHS)

MOLLY: Well, Mr. Gildersleeve. Come right in.  
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: What's the idea bustin' right in the door, you unmannerly oaf? Why don't you ring the door bell?

HAL: Because this is from a 1940 script, sonny boy, and that door chime didn't appear on your show until 1941.

FIB: Oh. Oh yeah. Well, anyway, I can't talk to you right now, Gildy. I'm fixin' a valua....

HAL: What's this I hear about you finding a valuable watch, McGee?

MOL: Indeed we did...at 14th and Oak this morning. A new watch. Gift wrapped and everything. We've been advertising for the owner all day. Show it to him McGee.

FIB: See, Gildy?

HAL: Hmmm. The crystal's broken! And look, McGee, one of the hands is bent.

FIB: ~~QUIT PROUDLY WITH MY WIFE, GILDERSLEEVE! IF SHE SAYS~~

FIB: It is? Which one?

HAL: The second hand.

FIB: The second hand from the right or the second hand from the left?

HAL: JUST THE SECOND HAND, YOU DUMBELL. That little tiny hand. Here, let me straighten it out - I've got a steadier hand than you have.

FIB: OH YEAH? Your hand shakes like a grass skirt at a stag party. I'll do this myself. Lend me your boy scout knife - I was always a whiz at fixin' watches.

MOL: (PROUDLY) McGee is part Swiss, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: He is. Why don't you use him to bait a mousetrap with?

FIB: Aw cut it out! Can't you see I'm doin' a delicate job here?

HAL: WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE! THIS IS NO PLACE TO DO A JOB LIKE THAT. TAKE IT OUT ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE SO YOU CAN KEEP TRACK OF THE PARTS.

FIB: Good idea!

MOL: Look, boys, if you're afraid of being part of the works, why don't you go sit in the bathtub and take it apart?

FIB: OH MY GOODNESS. (LAUGHS) WHAT A SILLY IDEA!

FIB: IT IS NOT A SILLY IDEA!

MOL: It is too!

HAL: IT IS NOT!

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FIB: QUIT ARGUIN' WITH MY WIFE, GILDERSLEEVE! IF SHE SAYS  
TO GO SIT IN THE BATHTUB, THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GO. OPEN  
THE DOOR.

HAL: All right. (LAUGHS) This ought to be fun!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Climb in, Gildy. And sit in the front end, will you?  
It makes me dizzy to ride backwards.

SOUND: CLATTER OF CLIMBING INTO TUB

MOL: All right, boys, here's the watch - and the Boy Scout  
knife - and two hairpins. Have fun!

HAL: I hope to goodness this isn't a violation of the  
Taft-Hartley Act.

FIB: Whatcha mean, Gildy?

HAL: Laying off the hands and closing down the works without  
two weeks notice. (LAUGHS) Get it folks? I said -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: I didn't say it!

MOL: You would have, if you'd thought of it first.

FIB: Now let's see - I take this thing here and OOOOOOOOOPS!

SOUND: BUZZ AND PING

HAL: (LAUGHS) What's this?

FIB: Search me. All I done was to pry up on the face of it.

HAL: How?

FIB: Like this....I just....oohps!

SOUND: WHIZZ...BURR...TINKLE AND POP

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MOL: Heavenly days! That beautiful watch!

HAL: My goodness, I haven't seen so many flying springs since  
they blew up the mattress factory! (LAUGHS) Isn't this fun,  
though?

FIB: Quit jigglin', Gildersleeve, and get your foot outta my  
pocket! Now let's see, if I unscrew this little.

SOUND: BUZZ...WHANGGG...TINY CLATTER OF PARTS

HAL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) WELL, I'M GLAD THIS ISN'T MY WATCH!!

FIB: Hey, you know what we been doin' wrong, Gildersleeve? We  
been startin' on the wrong side. We oughta took the back  
off first.

HAL: Oh goody! Let's try it..I like to see the springs jump out!

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: Here, Molly. You hold the back cover, willya?

MOL: Certainly. I'd get in there with you, but it looks a bit  
crowded and..OHH! HEAVENLY DAYS! MCGEE!

FIB: What's the matter?

MOL: LOOK! THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION INSIDE THE BACK HERE!

HAL: WHAT?

FIB: THERE IS?

HAL: (LAUGHS) IMAGINE THAT! WHAT'S THE POOR SAP'S NAME???

MOL: Listen..the inscription says: "Happy New Year from the Boys  
at the Factory to our Beloved Boss, Throckmorton P:  
Gildersleeve."

HAL: OHHHHHH!

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FIB: (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

ORCH: TAG

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: And in 1937, a Mr. William Randolph (or Billy) ~~Mills~~ of Flint, Michigan picked up a little stick and started directing the music for these Tuesday nights. Put the blame where you like for these fifteen years... Here's one man who'll face whatever music there is ... and right now it's ... "So In Love".

ORCH: "SO IN LOVE"

(PAUSE)

WIL: Fibber and Molly and their guests return in just a moment -- so stay tuned to your NBC station for the second half of our 15th anniversary program.

(30 SECOND PAUSE FOR STATION BREAK)

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DUNNE: I love every one of them. You know, I (REVISED)

ORCH: HIT THEME...FADE UNDER:

WILCOX: THIS IS THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY ON NBC FOR JOHNSON'S WAX. IN FIFTEEN YEARS THEY HAVE ACQUIRED SOME BITTER CRITICS AND A LOT OF ENTHUSIASTIC LISTENERS. AMONG THE LATTER IS A BEAUTIFUL DISTINGUISHED AND BELOVED LADY OF MOTION PICTURES. SHE AND THE MCGEES HAVE BEEN EACH OTHER'S DEVOTED FANS FOR MANY YEARS. (GAVEL) I WOULD NOW LIKE TO CALL TO ORDER THE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - IRENE DUNNE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY. MISS IRENE DUNNE!

(APPLAUSE)

DUNNE: THANK YOU. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MR. WILCOX WAS QUITE CORRECT IN SAYING THAT I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AN ARDENT FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY LISTENER, MAYBE NOT FOR THEIR ENTIRE FIFTEEN YEARS, BUT FOR QUITE A FEW OF THEM. I LIKE THEIR PROGRAM NOT ONLY FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR THE FACT THAT I KNOW MY FAMILY AND MY FRIENDS CAN LISTEN TO IT REGULARLY WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST FEAR OF ANYTHING OFFENSIVE BEING SAID... TO MY KNOWLEDGE THEY HAVE NEVER ABUSED THE PRIVILEGE OF USING OUR GOOD AMERICAN AIR TO VISIT US IN OUR HOMES. CONGRATULATIONS MOLLY! AND YOU TOO, FIBBER!

FIB: Well, thanks sis. ~~alor!~~ To show you my heart's in the right

MOL: Yes, thank you, Miss Dunne - Those are awfully kind words.

WIL: ~~Y. So thanks. Let me handle it by myself this week.~~

DUNNE: I mean every one of them! You know, I suppose everyone has a favorite character on your program, Molly - and I think my favorite is the little girl who lives down the street, Teeny. Is she here tonight?

TEE: No, she couldn't come, Miss Dunne -

MOL: I MEAN - she couldn't come, Miss Dunne. There wasn't room on the program for her tonight.

DUNNE: (CHUCKLES) Well, she's my pet, Molly. I hope that little girl never grows up.

MOL: Thanks, Miss Dunne. I hope she doesn't either - but if she ever does, I hope she'll be like you!

FIB: Come and see us again sometime, sis.

DUNNE: Thanks very much, bud! Goodnight!

ORCH: TAG

APPLAUSE

FIB: Nice kids. Hey, Molly, I think I'll take the band through that special arrangement of "KISS ME AGAIN" I wrote for tonight. Right now, before somebody else drops in and -

WIL: (FADING IN) Hold it a minute, will you, Pal? This is the time of night when I usually slip in with a brief message about - The Product.

MOL: Ahhhhhh - The Product!

FIB: Ahh fer - Okay, Junior! To show you my heart's in the right place, I'll even help you.

WIL: No. No thanks, Pal. Let me handle it by myself this week.

FIB: Think you can?

WIL: What do you mean, do I think I can? Look, Pal...you can learn quite a bit about selling in fifteen years.

FIB: Yes...you can. But DID you?

WIL: I think so. Why when I started on this show, I had no confidence at all.

MOL: Really, Mr. Wilcox? Heavenly days, you always SEEMED so confident.

WIL: That was just a bluff, Molly. Why I used to come out and say something like...(TIMIDLY) "WE ALL KNOW HOW PARTICULAR A WOMAN CAN BE ABOUT HER HOUSE".

FIB: That's a fairly safe statement, Junior.

WIL: That's what I mean...no dynamics. Gee whiz, ANYBODY can step up to a mike and say (SOFTLY) "MILLIONS OF WOMEN HAVE TESTED GLOCOAT IN THEIR OWN HOMES...AND HAVE FOUND NOTHING ELSE GIVES THEM QUITE THE SAME BRILLIANT RESULTS WITH SO LITTLE EFFORT..."

FIB: Yeah but what I was gettin' at is...

WIL: BUT NOW I HAVE CONFIDENCE! I'VE HAD EXPERIENCE...! AND I HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WHAT I'M SAYING IS THE GOSPEL TRUTH. SO...I WALK RIGHT OUT AND SAY IN A FIRM VOICE... (REALLY GIVES) "ACTUALLY GLOCOAT TAKES ALL THE HARD WORK OUT OF KEEPING LINOLEUM AND VARNISHED WOOD FLOORS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL....."

MOL: Yes, but we were just...

WIL: I KNOW THAT WHEN I SAY (HIT IT HARD) "IT'S SELF POLISHING  
...SPREAD IT ON, LET IT DRY...WATCH IT SHINE."...IT HAS  
THE RING OF TRUTH....

FIB: The ring of truth he says! It has the clang of a .....

WIL: AND MOST IMPORTANT IS THE SHINE YOU GET WITH THE NEW  
GLOCOAT. ALMOST TWICE AS BRIGHT NOW AS BEFORE...WITHOUT  
POLISHING. ASK FOR IT TOMORROW...AT YOUR DEALERS!! See  
how confident that sounds, Pal? See how I...

FIB: Waxey. Hey, Waxey!

WIL: Yeah? I was just explaining what I've learned in fifteen  
years. What have YOU learned?

MOL: Not a thing, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: If we had, we'd never try to butt in after you once get  
started. It's like a caterpillar standin' on the tracks  
tryin' to stop the 20th Century Limited with a petal off  
a geranium, Where you goin' Junior?

WIL: Over to the mike....I've got an announcement to make.  
Excuse me. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: IN ABOUT 1937, THERE  
WAS A YOUNG BOY IN NEW YORK GOING TO MANHATTAN COLLEGE.  
HE WAS A SHY, BREATHLESS LAD. WELL NOT TOO BREATHLESS.  
HE HAD ENOUGH BREATH TO SING AND HE SANG VERY WELL. IN  
FACT HE SANG SO WELL, THAT HE GOT A JOB ON A TOP RADIO  
SHOW. HE ALSO TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE A FAMOUS COMEDIAN  
WITH A SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW OF HIS OWN. THIS NEW DAY THAT  
D'VNED WAS NAMED DENNIS. DENNIS DAY, PALMOLIVE'S SINGING  
STAR, AND HERE HE IS!!!!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Dennis, it's wonderful of you to come over and see us.  
FIB: Yeah, much obliged, kid.  
DAY: Oh that's all right folks. Anyway, it wasn't my idea. NBC suggested I do it. Or else.  
MOL: Or else what?  
DAY: They didn't say - but the suggestion was written on a pink slip. Well, what shall I do?  
FIB: Oh just say that we've been wonderful for fifteen years and you never missed a show we ever did, and you certainly wish us many more happy years for Johnson's Wax. Something like that.  
DAY: Oh, no jokes?  
MOL: Certainly we have some jokes for you, Dennis. McGee, show Dennis the jokes.  
FIB: Here, kid. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Handle 'em easy. They're dynamite!  
(PAUSE)  
DAY: Oh boy, Well, congratulations, folks.. You've been wonderful for fifteen years and-I never missed a show you ever did and I certainly wish you many more happy years on the air for.....for whom?  
MOL: Johnson's Wax.  
DAY: Yeah. Good night now...  
SOUND: DOOR OPEN  
FIB: HEY HEY HEY .... WAIT A MINUTE...YOU DIDN'T READ THE STUFF WE WROTE FOR YOU.

DAY: Well, I wanted to take it with me. I never had any material like this before. You know, I have my own show on Saturday night over NEC for Colgate. I can use this stuff. This is just what I need!!  
MOL: Well, we're very glad you like it, Dennis.  
DAY: Yeah. On my show everybody laughs all the time and you can't hear the lines. I need some stuff like this to quiet everybody down. Well, thanks very much and -  
FIB: YOU MEAN YOU AIN'T EVEN GONNA SING?  
DAY: Oh, you want me to sing, too?  
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, TOO? What else have you done?  
MOL: McGee, that's no way to talk to a guest who was nice enough to drop in and wish us well.  
DAY: It wasn't my idea. NEC suggested...  
FIB: Yeah, we know. Look, kid...how'd you like to sing one of Molly's favorites? "I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN?"  
MOL: Oh I'd love that, Dennis. Will you?  
DAY: Sure. And this is because I want to. Not because NEC sugge-  
FIB: Yeah...we know. Go ahead, son! And thanks very much!!  
DAY: Thank you.  
ORCH: INTRO: DENNIS DAY: "I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN"  
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: THRUOUT HISTORY, THE INITIALS W. W. HAVE HAD GREAT SIGNIFICANCE. WORLD WAR ONE AND WORLD WAR TWO, WOODROW WILSON. WALTER WINCHELL. WILLIE THE WEEPER. THEN IN ABOUT 1941 A NEW NAME - ANOTHER W. W. TOTTERED ACROSS THE WISTFUL VISTA HORIZON. WALLACE WIMPLE WAS THE NAME, AND HE CAME IN LIKE THIS...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FIB: Well, I'll be a... IT'S WALLY WIMPLE...HIYAH, WIMP!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, folks...

FIB: You're just in time, Wimp. This is our Fifteenth anniversary on NBC for Johnson's Wax and I got a musical arrangement of KISS ME AGAIN I made, and I thought I'd have the orches...

WIMP: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. McGee, but I simply won't have time.

FIB: That's too bad, Wimp.

MOL: MmmHmmm!

WIMP: I just came in to congratulate you. In fact, I was walking thru the woods with my bird-book, and -

FIB: Your what, Wimp?

WIMP: My Bird Book. Somebody told me they'd seen a big-billed Blue-Breasted Brazilian Barn Booby out near Dugan's Lake and as I was walking along, an idea for a poem came to me.

FIB: A poem, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes. About your 15th anniversary. Would you like to hear it? I can do it from memory. A capella, as it were.

MOL: Oh we'd love to hear it, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: All righty. It goes:

HERE'S LUCK TO MR. AND MRS. MCGEE

FOR THEIR FIFTEEN YEARS ON NBC

FOR THEIR HOMELY PHILOSOPHY AND WHOLESOME CRACKS

ABOUT THIS AND THAT AND JOHNSON'S WAX

WE ALL ENJOY THIS TUESDAY NIGHTER

BECAUSE IT MAKES OUR HOMES AND LIVES MUCH BRIGHTER

SINCE 1935, ANNO DOMINI

YOU'VE IMPROVED YOUR CORN TILL IT TASTES LIKE HOMINY!

Goodbye now!

DOOR SIAM

(APPLAUSE)



MOL: Isn't he a nice little man, McGee? Say, he didn't mention Mrs. Wimple. I wonder if -

FIB: Sweetieface? He probably feels like my mother did when I was a little kid. She used to look at me and say, "I hate to bring this up." But anyhow -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: It's your turn to say, "come in," McGee. I got the last one.

FIB: Okay, kiddo. Relax. I'M rested. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

BENDIX: Is this the residence of Fibber McGee and Molly?

MOL: Yes, it is.

FIB: What can we do for you, bud?

BENDIX: Well, my name is Bendix, and -

MOL: Not WILLIAM BENDIX! Yes, it is! McGee, it's himself. WILLIAM BENDIX!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Hiyah, Bill. Old man. Nice of you to drop in. I suppose you bring a message of greetings and good cheer on our fifteenth anniversary?

BENDIX: Leave us just say I bring a message.

MOL: What do you mean, Mr. Bendix?

BENDIX: Look. You're nice folks and I don't wanna get tough. But here's the situation. You been on the air for fifteen years for one sponsor.

FIB: Yes, and by increasing his business by seventeen million for the fiscal year of -

MOL: McGee! Go on, Mr. Bendix.

BENDIX: So you been happy with one sponsor. You been happy with just one network. No skipping around. You sit around all week. Saturday you say, "LET'S DO ANOTHER SHOW NEXT TUESDAY." Tuesday you do it. Then you sit around the rest of the week again.

FIB: Look, bud, this may all be true, but if so, what of it?

BENDIX: Just this. This is the revoltin' development: WHO'S LEADIN' THE LIFE OF RILEY - ME OR YOU?

MOL: Heavenly days...we're infringing!

BENDIX: Well, there's no hard feelings. I was just confused. I only hope I can do it myself. So congratulations and good luck!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: TAG AND APPLAUSE

ORCH: "THANKS FOR THE MEMORY" FADE UNDER

WILCOX: BACK IN ABOUT 19 ?? THERE WAS A PRIZE FIGHTER IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, NAMED PACKY EAST. PACKY GOT A LITTLE TIRED OF PUNCHING UP PEOPLE AND THOUGHT HE'D LIKE TO TRY IT ON SOME JOKES. SO PACKY EAST PACKED UP AND WENT WEST AND HERE HE IS, - STILL WITH THE FAST FOOTWORK AND STILL WEARING A RUBBER MOUTHPIECE ON DATES BECAUSE HE STILL GETS SLAPPED AROUND A LITTLE -

\* BOB HOPE!!!

APPLAUSE:

HOPE: THANKS, HARLOW. HELLO EVERYBODY. THIS IS BOB (You Keep The Chairs Polished and I'll Keep the Teeth Polished and We'll All be Able to Sit Down and Eat for a Few More Years I Hope) HOPE.

FIRST, - CONGRATULATIONS, FIBBER AND MOLLY. FIFTEEN YEARS IS A LONG TIME WITH ONE SPONSOR. I ONLY KNOW ONE OTHER COMIC WHO HAS HAD THE AIR THAT LONG. MY COUSIN, BERT, WHO OPERATES THE SKIRT-BLOWING MACHINE IN THE FUN HOUSE AT CONEY. 22 YEARS OF IT. AND NEVER HAD A SLACK SEASON.

UP UNTIL LATELY WE'VE HAD TWO KINDS OF RADIO. P.M. and A.M. I NEVER KNEW UNTIL TONIGHT THAT IT MEANT "FIBBER MCGEE" -- "AND MOLLY".

NOW HERE COMES TELEVISION. AND AS THE INVENTOR OF TELEVISION - OH YES, I DID! I INVENTED TELEVISION WAY BACK IN 1926. WE HAD A CRYSTAL SET AT HOME AND ONE NIGHT THE CRYSTAL BROKE.

(MORE)

HOPE:  
(CONT.)

I SUBSTITUTED MY UNCLE'S EXTRA GLASS EYE, AND THE RHYTHM BOYS NEVER LOOKED BETTER. UNTIL CROSBY LEFT THEM. CROSBY. A SIX LETTER WORD MEANING WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT TURNS TO GOLD IN HIS POCKET.

I JUST MENTIONED HIM BECAUSE HE'S BEEN ON THE RADIO LONGER THAN FIBBER AND MOLLY. OR MAYBE IT JUST SEEMS LONGER.

ANYWAY, MAYBE WE'D BETTER JOKE ABOUT RADIO WHILE WE CAN. WE DON'T HAVE TO BE PRETTY IN RADIO. BUT WHEN TELEVISION GETS US THE BIGGEST FACTOR IN OUR SUCCESS WILL BE MAX.

BUT SERIOUSLY - I LOVE THAT "BUT SERIOUSLY". IT ALWAYS MAKES ME THINK OF A NIGHT CLUB COMEDIAN WHO HASN'T HAD A LAUGH IN 22 MINUTES AND THEN SAYS "BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS.." WHAT DO I MEAN A NIGHT CLUB COMEDIAN? MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHO'S LIABLE TO BE ONE HIMSELF, NEXT FALL?

BUT SERIOUSLY FIBBER AND MOLLY, - I DO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR 15 YEARS WITH JOHNSON'S WAX AND NBC. IT'S NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT, AND YOU GOT IT!

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Hope.

FIB: Thank you, Robert. Drop around any week and we'll split a Tuesday with you.

HOPE: Give me a couple of days to read the fine print and I'll sign that. Good luck to you both and may you continue to keep them grinning from year to year!

ORCH: TAG OFF

APPLAUSE

MS

(REVISED)

-36-

WILCOX:

THERE OUGHT TO BE A BIG FAT WORD SAID RIGHT HERE ABOUT FOUR MEN WHO JOINED THIS WEENIE ROAST IN ABOUT THE YEAR 1940 (?) THEY HAVE MADE A SOLID NAME FOR THEMSELVES, BOTH WITH US AND WITH THE WORK THEY HAVE DONE IN WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL PICTURES. ONE OF THE NATION'S TOP-SINGING GROUPS....WHO HAVE FURTHER DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES BY PRESENTING A SERIES OF FINE MUSICAL PROGRAMS THIS SUMMER FOR JOHNSON'S WAX DURING FIBBER AND MOLLY'S ABSENCE. HERE THEY ARE - AMERICA'S FOUR MOST SINGERS, THE KING'S MEN, WITH A MEDLEY OF OLD FAVORITES...

ORCH:

MEDLEY...KING'S MEN.

(APPLAUSE)

MOL:

Aren't those King's Men wonderful, McGee?

FIB:

Yeah, but I'd of had my way, they'd have played my number in that spot. My "Kiss Me Again" number. The one I made the arrangement for. You know the part where I take the coda and run an arpeggio up to a glissando? Then I let the trumpets take the vibrato and slap right into a brassy fortissimo? You know that part?

MOL:

No, but I always say, if you can't whistle it, it'll never be popular.

FIB:

Well, this arrangement of mine is -

SOUND:

DOOR CHIME

FIB:

Come in.

SOUND:

DOOR OPEN

(REVISED) -37-

MOL:

Oh, for goodness sakes...McGee...it's Ole, the janitor from the Elks Club! Hello, Ole, nice to see you.

OLE:

Hello, Missus.

FIB:

Hiyah, Ole.

OLE:

Hello, McGee. I just pass by and see the commotion. What's wrong?

MOL:

Nothing's wrong, Ole. We're just celebrating an anniversary.

OLE:

Well, congratulations, Missus. How long you are married?

FIB:

31 years. But this ain't for that. I mean that ain't what we're celebratin'. This is on account of we been on the air for Johnson's Wax for 15 years. Consecutive.

OLE:

That's too bad, McGee.

MOL:

TOO BAD...WHY is it too bad Ole?

OLE:

Wasting all those years. I know all about it. Every Tuesday night we listen to Johnson's Wax...on network. For fifteen years every Tuesday night. My Christina, she's 14 years old. You was on the air before she was born. She thinks you are National Institution like Grand Canyon, Redwood Trees and yin rummy.

FIB:

Boy, if you've listened every Tuesday night all these years, you've really accounted for a few hours.

OLE:

That's all right, McGee. I have to listen anyway, because my wife listens and we only got one radio. So every Tuesday nite for half hour I know I'm just donatin' my time!! So long McGee. Goodnite, Missus!

SOUND:

DOOR SLAM

ORCH:

TAG

APPLAUSE

NM

WILCOX: When the Fibber McGee and Molly program was young - say about 1936 - a versatile youth named Bill Thompson joined the cast as a sort of utility actor. In his non-professional hours he is well known as a fighter against juvenile delinquency - although on the Fibber McGee and Molly program he himself goes under many an alias. He has been variously known as Nick De Popolis, Horatio K. Boomer, Pravda, Flanagan the Cop, Wallace Wimple, and not least, but one of the first - as the Old Timer!

APPLAUSE

OLD M: HELLO THERE, KIDS! HI, DAUGHTER! HI, JOHNNY!

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Old Timer - nice to see you again.

FIB: Hi, Old Timer - whatcha been doin'?

OLD M: I was jist downtown, Johnny - to see Doc Gamble, but he was out on a call.

MOL: Are you ill, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Well, I don't feel so good daughter. I got myself a cold.

MOL: Well, you'd better take some medicine for it, Mr. Old Timer. A cold is not to be sneezed at, you know.

OLD M: I got me a jug of Grandmaw's private remedy for it, daughter. Recipe has been in our family fer generations. Handed down from mother to daughter, daughter to daughter - daughter to son - son to uncle - uncle to sister - sister to cousin - cousin to aunt - aunt to nephew - and nephew gave it back to Grandmaw, who was so sick of hearing about the darn thing she tore it up!

FIB: I don't blame her. How did you ever catch a cold in this weather?

OLD M: I didn't, Johnny. Caught it last winter - out at Dugan's Lake. Me and Poppa chopped a hole in the ice and I did me a little fishing.

FIB: Yeah? What did you fish for?

OLD M: ....Poppa.....Well, I gotta run along, kids - goin' to see a friend of mine this afternoon. Gonna be his pallbearer.

MOL: Pallbearer? Heavenly Days - what happened?

OLD M: He was an inventor, daughter. Invented hisself a novelty - necktie out of rawhide. Went out in the rain with it. Sun come out later, dried the rawhide and strangled him. We seen him gittin' red in the face and pointin' to the necktie but we thought he was blushin' and askin' our opinion of it. We just stood there, smilin' and noddin' at him till the pore feller was gone. Well, SO LONG KIDS!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Now, dadrat it, if we can have a few minutes peace and quiet I'm gonna run the band through my "KISS ME AGAIN" arrangement! I better hurry before we get interrupted again.

MOL: Go ahead, dearie. I'll hold my ears - I mean I'll hold the door.

FIB: Sit right there and relax, snooky - the boys and I'll make musical history with this thing! READY FELLAS?

TAP OF BATON

FIB: ONE and a TWO and a THREE...DOWNBEAT!

ORCH: MCGEE ARRANGEMENT OF "KISS ME AGAIN"  
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: (PROUDLY) How was it, kiddo? Was it sharp and clear? Was it distinct?

MOL: Yes it certainly did!!! I mean it certainly WAS. Where in the world did you learn so much about music, McGee?

FIB: Me? Aw, I studied music for years, Molly! With some great teachers, too. Why, when I was just a kid I studied piano for a long, long time under the famous professor Ware! LONG UNDER WARE MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: LONG UNDER WARE MCGEE, THE MIGHTY MUCK-A-MUCK OF THE METRONOME, MAKIN MUGGS OF THE MEDIOCRE MUSICAL MUTTS MUDDLIN' THROUGH A MONOTONOUS MESS O' MEDLEYS, MAKIN' MILLIONS MARVEL AT THE MINOR MELODIES MADE INTO MAGNIFICENT MASTERPIECES BY THE MIRACULOUS MOVEMENTS OF MY MAGIC MITTS. MIFFIN' MANY A MAESTRO AS I MODULATED FROM MARCH MILITAIRE TO MINUET IN G - AND THAT'S THE STORY OF LONG UNDER WARE MCGEE, AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS ON NBC!.....BONG-BONG-BONG! GOODNIGHT!  
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY 15TH ANNIVERSARY  
Special Closing Commercial  
Sept. 13, 1949

ANNOR: Fifteen years is a long time -- in radio. But it's a short time in the history of Johnson waxes and polishes.

For it has been over sixty years since the name "Johnson" was first associated with the wax products which have since brought new brightness, new freedom from household drudgery, to more than three generations of homemakers.

During that time, Johnson waxes have grown in popularity to the point that today they far outsell any other brand of wax products.

The makers of Johnson's Waxes look upon your preference for their products as a trust that they deeply appreciate - and intend to keep. So you can be sure that every Johnson product today is the finest the leading manufacturer of waxes and polishes knows how to produce.

And you can be sure, also, that the Johnson Wax Laboratories will never cease their efforts to improve these fine products so that you may always find the best wax polishes in the familiar Johnson container with the bright red band.

(2ND REVISION)

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TAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF KIDDING AROUND TONIGHT ABOUT OUR FIFTEEN YEARS ON NBC FOR JOHNSON'S WAX. BUT WE'RE NOT SELLING IT SHORT. WE'RE PRETTY PROUD OF IT.

MOL: AND WE'RE ALSO PRETTY GRATEFUL TO YOU MILLIONS OF LISTENERS OUT THERE WHO HAVE BEEN SO FAITHFUL TO US ALL THESE YEARS. AND ALSO TO THE FAMOUS RADIO AND PICTURE STARS WHO SO GENEROUSLY DROPPED IN ON US TONIGHT.

FIB: NEXT WEEK WE START OUR REGULAR SERIES OF RADIO SHOWS, BUT WE'RE REPRENCHING A LITTLE. IT'LL ONLY BE A HALF HOUR. My Gosh, Molly...fifteen years. You can use a lot of awful jokes in that time.

MOL: I beg your pardon?

FIB: I says you can use up an awful lot of jokes in that time.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah. GOODNIGHT.

MOL: Goodnight, All!

ORCH: PLAY OFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: THE makers of Johnson's Wax Products, Racine, Wisconsin, and Brentford, Canada, and all of us on the program wish to thank all the people who so generously dropped in to congratulate Fibber and Molly on their 15th anniversary. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

VISION)

-43-

EN A LOT OF KIDDING AROUND  
ON NBC FOR JOHNSON'S WAX.  
WE'RE PRETTY PROUD OF IT.  
YOU MILLIONS OF LISTENERS  
FUL TO US ALL THESE YEARS.  
PICTURE STARS WHO SO  
HT.  
ERIES OF RADIO SHOWS,  
IT'LL ONLY BE A HALF  
years. You can use a lot

ot of jokes in that time.

acts, Racine, Wisconsin,  
f us on the program wish  
enerously dropped in to  
their 15th anniversary.  
ght, won't you?

Fibber McGee and Molly  
Carnu Tag - Sept. 13, 1949

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ANNCR: Rub it on....wipe it off ... that's all you do ... with  
Carnu. Yes, it's that easy to give your car a showroom  
shine with Johnson's Carnu ..the wax-fortified car polish.  
that cleans and polishes in one application.

Carnu cleans as you rub it on ... cuts grime and film  
water won't touch.

Carnu polishes as you wipe it off ... makes your car  
shine like new.

Ask at your dealer's or service station for Johnson's  
wax-fortified Carnu tomorrow -- and give your car a  
Sunday shine. Remember ... rub it on ... wipe it off ....  
that's all you do with Carnu.

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER

Tuesday, September 20, 1949

5:30:4  
5:46:0  
5:56:4  
5:59:4