

(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM EST

6:30:35 - 6:31:25 - :50

6:42:20 - 6:43:05 - :45

6:56:35 - 6:57:20 - :45

6:58:45 - 6:59:20 - :35

2:55

Will General log  
F. W.

(REVISED) -2-

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, Bud Stefan, Dick Le Grand,  
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  
Oct. 4, 1949

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Tonight I'm going to make just three short statements about Johnson's new Glo-Coat -- the marvellous self polishing floor wax that outsells any other brand by more than two to one. First -- Johnson's new Glo-Coat is so quick and easy to use. No polishing at all -- you just spread it on ... let it dry ... watch it shine. Second -- Glo-Coat is good for floors and linoleum. It covers them with a hard, protective coating that reduces wear, makes cleaning far easier. Third -- you've never seen a floor polish that gives such a rich, lustrous shine as you can get now from Johnson's new Glo-Coat. It's really bright -- in fact, almost twice as bright now as before -- without polishing. Remember--just those three things ...ease ... protection ... shine .... and you'll remember Glo-Coat next time you visit your dealer's. Ask for Glo-Coat -- G-L-O-C-O-A-T -- in the familiar yellow container with the bright red band.

ORCH: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: SIGNS OF AUTUMN ARE IN THE AIR IN WISTFUL VISTA. ALONG OAK STREET, THE MAPLES AND POPLARS ARE TURNING A DEEP MAHOGANY. PEOPLE ARE TAKING DOWN THEIR SCREENS AND RETURNING LONG-BORROWED LAWNMOWERS. EVEN MR. MCGEE THE ORIGINAL FALL GUY OF NUMBER 79, FEELS THE CALL OF AUTUMN, AS WE JOIN -----

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Boyoboy, what a beautiful day! You been outside today, Molly?

MOL: Not since 7:30, when I hung your socks on the line. Why?

FIB: Ahh, it's a great day to be alive, kiddo! The sweet smell of wood smoke on the breeze - the crisp, bracing zing of Fall in the air! The sad faces on the Good Humor Men! You know what I'm gonna do today, tootsie?

MOL: What?

FIB: Take a nap! I'm gonna stretch out on the davenport here and catch me a -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Migosh, I never saw it fail! People around this town must be psychic! Just lemme mention that I'm gonna take a COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

BOY: This number 79?

FIB: Right.

BOY: Wistful Vista?

FIB: Right.

BOY: You Mr. and Mrs?

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MOL: Right!  
BOY: Fibber McGee?  
FIB: Right.  
BOY: Package.  
FIB: Okay.  
BOY: From the Bon Ton.  
MOL: Department Store??  
BOY: Right.  
FIB: Where is it?  
BOY: 14th and Oak.  
MOL: No, the package!  
BOY: Oh....Here.  
FIB: Oh.  
BOY: Sign first.  
FIB: Where?  
BOY: Here.  
FIB: Pencil?  
BOY: Here.  
FIB: Thanks...(SCRATCH PENCIL).....There.  
BOY: Thanks...(RATTLE OF PACKAGE).....Here.  
FIB: Thanks... (JINGLE OF COIN).....There!  
DOOR SLAM:  
FIB: What's in the package, Molly? Whadja buy from the Bon Ton?  
MOL: Me? I didn't order anything, McGee. I thought you did.  
FIB: Not me. Open it up - maybe somebody sent us a present.  
UNWRAPPING SOUNDS: BONG-G-G-G!!!

MOL: It looks like a big brass urn....or some kind of -  
FIB: Here's a ticket in it. Wait a minute - 'Mr. and Mrs. F. McGee, 79 Wistful Vista - One Modern Antique Brass Umbrella Stand - ~~\$4.50~~<sup>13.50</sup>!" Hey, it's charged to our account.  
MOL: My goodness, it's a horrible looking thing, isn't it?  
FIB: You said it! Too big for an umbrella stand anyhow. Migosh, this thing is big enough to hold TEN umbrellas!  
MOL: Well, they're supposed to hold several, McGee. Anyhow, the store just made a mistake, dearie. Call them up and -  
FIB: Mistake, my clavicle! I'm onto them big business operations, kiddo! They probably got stuck with a bunch of these things and they're sendin' 'em to everybody with a charge account and - Hand me the phone.  
MOL: Here you are.  
FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) Hello, Operator, gimme the Bon Ton Department StoOOOOHHHH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?  
MOL: Heavenly days! Myrtle!!  
FIB: Yep....HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT?...TIS, EH...WHAT SAY, MYRT?...YOUR NEPHEW?...THE QUARTERBACK?...A 90 YARD RUN, EH?  
MOL: Good for him! Where did he start from, McGee?  
FIB: The cigar store. He give a customer two-bits too much change, and had to run 90 yards after the guy to get the quarter back. WHAT SAY, MYRT?...OKAY, I'LL GO DOWN THERE.  
(CLICK) Line's busy, Molly.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY  
October 4, 1949

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MOL: Well, relax - we can call them later and -

FIB: No sir! Not while they got \$~~47.50~~<sup>13.50</sup> charged to my account that don't belong thre, I don't relax! Get your hat!

MOL: But dearie, there's no hurry about --

FIB: I'm gonna take this silly lookin' hunk of Chinatown brass down there and stick the head of the umbrella stand department's head in it! Unless he's bigger than I am, of course, in which case -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Hold it, dearie - COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, it's the Old Timer, McGee. Hello, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD M: Hello there, kids! Hi, daughter! Hi, Johnny!

FIB: Hi, Old Timer. We're kind of busy now -

OLD M: Hey, Johnny - whatcha doin' with the tall brass? Bucket?

FIB: This? We're gonna take it back to the Bon Ton, Old Timer. We don't want it.

OLD M: If you don't want it - whyja buy it, Johnny?

MOL: We didn't buy it, Mr. Old Timer. The store sent it out by mistake.

FIB: Yep, it's a bad case of inefficiency --

(2ND REVISION) - 8 -

OLD M: It don't look like a case, Johnny - it looks more like a tall brass bucket. Make a good umbrella stand if -

FIB: Dadrat it, it IS an umbrella stand! I'm tryin' to tell you we didn't order it, see?

OLD M: Is that so? Say, I had a very interesting experience along that line myself one time, kids. Yessir, I was walkin' down the street with a feller named Cravvenlooper Zebulon H. Cravvenlooper - when all at once somethin' happened that changed my entire life! (PAUSE) I wish I could remember what it was.

FIB: Well, your loss of memory is our gain. We gotta take this thing downtown now - the store sent it out by error.

OLD M: By error, eh? That's a strange way to deliver a tall bras bucket that looks like an umbrella stand. I useta deliver messages that way, but -

MOL: What way??

OLD M: By error, daughter. Take a bow and error, tie a message onto it - shoot the arrer into the air - it falls to earth I dunno where....James Whitcomb Riley.

FIB: That's Longfellow!

OLD M: How's that, Johnny?

FIB: It's Longfellow!

OLD M: S'Long fellow! S'Long to you too, daughter.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE, GOODBYE".

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

FIB: Now here's the situation, sis. See this thing here?

SOUND: BONGGG-G-G-G-G!

GIRL: Well, sir, I will say it's a very pretty garbage can.  
Did you buy it here at the Bon Ton?

MOL: We didn't buy it. That's just the point.

FIB: AND IT AIN'T A GARBAGE CAN! It's an umbrella stand.

GIRL: Is it really? I'm from California, so I never saw one  
before. How does it work?

MOL: Well, instead of leaving your umbrella open on the front  
porch to dry out, you quickly fold it up, and stick it in  
this umbrella stand, dripping wet. If you like moldy  
umbrellas, this is a very handy device.

GIRL: What would you like me to do about it, madam?

FIB: MADAM WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU TAKE IT BACK, AND GIVE US  
A CREDIT SLIP FOR IT, THAT'S WHAT MADAM WOULD LIKE.  
AIN'T IT, MADAM?

MOL: Madam would be only too pleased.

GIRL: I'm afraid I couldn't help you, sir. This was not  
purchased from my department. Have you tried household  
appliances?

FIB: WE'VE TRIED HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES, BRIC A BRAC, SPORTING  
GOODS, PATIO FURNITURE, HARDWARE, COSMETICS, BOOKS AND  
LINGERIE. NOW WHERE DO WE GO?

GIRL: Frankly, Sir, I don't --

P.A. VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE. WILL A MAINTENANCE MAN PLEASE COME AT  
ONCE TO THE PICTURE FRAME DEPARTMENT? WHISTLER'S MOTHER  
IS LOOSE AGAIN. THANK YOU.

MOL: I wonder whatever became of Whistler's father?

FIB: Oh, don't you know? He's the guy that sits in the third  
row at wrestling matches and hollers "BREAK IT OFF"! Well,  
sis, - what's your advice?

GIRL: My advice, sir, is, keep the umbrella stand and pay for it.

FIB: Aww--come on Molly, let's try somebody else! We'll never  
- OH WAIT, MCGEE.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Here comes a floor walker. Maybe he can tell us.--

FIB: Yeah. HEY, BUD! YOU WITH THE CARNATION! COMMERE!

MAN: (FADING IN) Were you by any chance addressing me in that  
tone of voice, Mac?

FIB: You catch on very quick, bud. Look, I got a beef - which  
way is the complaint department?

MAN: How should I know?

MOL: Well, you're a floor walker, aren't you?

FIB: Certainly he is - he's got a carnation on.

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MAN: Look Mac - there seems to be a common misapprehension among certain of the lower classes, that only a floorwalker has the right to wear a carnation. I am a bricklayer! I'm on my way to a wedding! I LIKE to wear carnations to weddings! See?

FIB: Oh...well, I'm sorry, bud. I got a complaint to make here and I thought maybe you could tell me where to go.

MAN: Ohhh brother! Could I tell you where to go!!

MOL: Come on, McGee - this isn't doing any good. What we ought to do is -

WIL: Hey, where you going, Pal? Hiyah, Molly.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior.

WIL: What you got there, Pal? It's very handsome, but what is it?

MOL: It's an umbrella stand. Set it down, McGee! (BONG-g-g-g)

WIL: Why carry it around? Make the store deliver it.

FIB: THEY DID DELIVER IT!

WIL: Oh. Wrong size?

MOL: No, wrong customer.

WIL: Oh.

FIB: Look, Junior...this was delivered to us by the Bon Ton. We didn't order it. We don't want it. We're trying to return it. Where should we go?

WIL: I'd go see the General Manager, kids. He'll take care of it. His name is Charlie Wood.

FIB: Friend of yours, Junior?

(2ND REVISION) -12&13-

WIL: Very good friend, Pal. I saw him just yesterday. Passed him on the way home from the golf course and raced him for a couple of miles. Cop pinched both of us. Let me go, but Charlie Wood had to pay a fine.

FIB: How much did they fine Wood?

WIL: Pal, I was hoping you'd ask me that!

MOL: Why?

WIL: Because fine wood is my specialty. Fine wood floors - and, of course, linoleum.

MOL: Nice throw...clear in from left field!

FIB: I might of knew what -

WIL: Of course you KNOW what I always advocate for linoleum. Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat. The New Glocoat with the New Glow...that shines as it dries. - in 20 minutes or less - with no rubbing or buffing.

FIB: But if you had a big brass umbrella stand that -

WIL: It's really amazing what Johnson's Glocoat - the new Glocoat with the new Glow, does for linoleum. Brings out the color, makes it sparkle with new life and gives it a tough coat of scuff-and-footprint resisting polish. Just pour a little out, spread it around and let it dry to a wonderful, glistening -

FIB: HEY...WAXEY...HEY!!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

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MOL: What did you say the general manager's name was here?  
WIL: It's George K. Perkins.  
FIB: I thought you says it was Charlie Wood.  
WIL: Let's look at it from my angle, Pal. How would it sound if I said a cop pinched us and let me go but Perkins had to pay a fine. You'd say, "How much did they fine Perkins?" "FINE WOOD" gives me a break, but "fine Perkins" - gee whiz. Well, I've got to be going.  
MOL: What's your hurry, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Got to meet my cousin, Bernice. She sings in a night club and I play the violin for her. Pick up a little extra dough that way.  
MOL: Well, we'd like to come and hear you, Mr. Wilcox. I didn't even know you played the violin.  
WIL: Oh yes. Bern ~~stalls~~<sup>roams</sup> around among the tables and sings while I play her accompaniment.  
FIB: You mean --  
WIL: Yeah..I fiddle while Bern roams. See you later, kids.  
MOL: That's the worst joke I've heard since, "How much did they fine Wood", and that was only 90 seconds ago.  
FIB: Well, skip that, baby! I'm gettin' a little annoyed with this umbrella stand thing. I got my dandruff up now. I'M GONNA MAKE SOMEBODY GIMME A CREDIT SLIP FOR THIS DADRATTED THING (BONG-g-g-g!) IF IT TAKES ME ALL..HEY, here comes a guy that knows everybody. HEY, LA TRIVIA...C'MERE A MINUTE!

(2ND REVISION) -15-

MOL: Oh, it's the Mayor...hello, Mr. Mayor, Your Honor.  
GALE: (FADING IN) Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. What's the trouble?  
FIB: Look, La Triv. See this umbrella stand? (BONG-g-g-g)  
GALE: How could anyone help seeing it? It stands out like a neon-lighted tombstone. Are you buying it, by any chance?  
MOL: On the contrary, Mr. Mayor...we are trying to UN-buy it. The Bon Ton delivered it to us this morning by mistake. We're trying to return it, but nobody will take it.  
FIB: What you shopping for, La Triv? A refillable ballot box?  
GALE: No, I'm looking at mining equipment. When I was out West this summer, we stumbled onto some iron ore. We think maybe -  
MOL: Just a minute, Mr. Mayor. Iron or what?  
FIB: Maybe he means iron or steal. Like the old gag, what do your folks do, they're in the iron and steel business, mama irons and papa steals, but don't let us interrupt, La Trivia. Iron or what?  
GALE: Just iron ore, McGee. Don't you know what ORE is?  
MOL: Certainly. "Or" is a conjunction.  
GALE: Not in this case. In this case -  
FIB: A preposition, eh? Well, I always say if you can use it as a conjunction, you can use it as a preposition. Unless the subjunctive refers to a dangling predicate. Lots of grammar experts don't agree with this, but -

GALE: Look, McGee! I'm talking about IRON ORE. DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT O.R.E is?

MOL: Certainly. That's Oregon.

FIB: So you spent the summer in Oregon, eh, La Triv? Mighty  
handsome place. I was up in Gold Beach, Oregon once  
fishin' for trout, but all I got was a fifty pound  
salmon, so -

GALE: NO, NO, NO... I DID NOT SPEND THE SAMMER IN SUMMIGAN --  
I MEAN, I DIDN'T GO ISHING IN FOREGON...FISHING IN  
SALMAGON...I SAID I --

MOL: Please, please, please!!... Mr. Mayor. You're attracting  
attention. Let's not scream at each other.

GALE: I'm sorry. But I was only trying to say that when we  
stumbled onto some iron ore this summer -

FIB: You still haven't said iron or WHAT, La Triv. Don't be  
so mysterious. Was it gold?

MOL: Maybe it was uranium, and the government has asked him  
to keep quiet about it, eh, Mr. Mayor?

FIB: Then, he shouldn't of brung the subject up. He should  
of just said he discovered iron.

GALE: (SCREAMS) THAT'S WHAT I DID SAY....I SAID I STUMBLED  
OVER SOME OREN IRE....I MEAN SOME ORNERLY SHIRE.....  
LOOK...WHEN YOU SAID THAT OR WAS A CONNIPTION.....  
CONJUNCTION...IN OREGON WAS.....JUST BECAUSE I WAS A  
SALMON....YOU WERE AN IRON PREPOSITION...NOBODY EVER  
SAID IRON WAS ORE....YOU WERE JUST....I DIDN'T.....  
WE ALL SAID.....IT WAS....I.....YOU.....(PAUSE).....  
McGEE.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: Why did you say you were here?

MOL: We're trying to get the Bon Ton to take this umbrella  
stand back, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: This umbrella what?

FIB: Stand back.

GALE: STAND BACK YOURSELVES! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.....

SOUND: BONGGGGGGGGG.....RUNNING FOOTSTEPS INTO  
KING'S MEN: "BUSY DOIN' NOTHIN"  
(APPLAUSE)



THIRD SPOT

FIB: Daggone it, this thing is gettin' me down, Molly! This dadratted hunk of brass is harder to get took back than a' poke in the jaw!

MOL: Well, let's keep walking, dearie. The complaint department is around here somewhere and maybe they'll -

P. A. VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE! USERS OD OUR CHECKROOM SERVICE, ATTENTION! WILL THE PARTY WHO CHECKED THE SHOEBOX FULL OF LIEDERKRANTZ CHEESE THIS MORNING, KINDLY COME BACK AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN?

MOL: Well, I suppose they have their troubles, too, dearie. Running a big department store is - OH, LOOK, MCGEE, THERE DOCTOR CAMBLE! YOO HOO, DOCTOR!

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello, there, my dear. Hello mouseface.

FIB: Hiyah, Butcher's Apprentice. What are you doing in here - shoplifting again?

DOC: Yes, I was planning to steal a big brass umbrella stand but I see you're sneaking out with the last one.

FIB: I'M sorry you saw us with it, Lance-a-Lot. We were gonna give it to you for Christmas. You could turn it upside down and stand on it when a tall patient wanted a cinder took out of his eye.

MOL: The Bon Ton delivered it to us by mistake, Doctor. We're trying to return it. And the way they've been refusing it, you'd think it was full of rattlesnakes.

FIB: Lemme set it down a minute - it's heavy!

SOUND: BONG-g-g-g-g!

DOC: Quiet, Clumsy. You sound like the door-man of a Hindu temple. By the way, why don't you keep it and use it for a humidor?

MOL: A humidor?

FIB: How would I keep cigars in this thing? It's 27 inches deep.

DOC: Well, for the kind of cigars you smoke, you could put a layer of them in the bottom of it, fill it up with wet cement, let it set for 2 weeks and then take it out to Dugan's Lake and drop it out of a boat. It'll ruin the fishing for the next 300 years, but your neighbors can breathe again.

FIB: OH YEAH?? WELL FOR YOUR INFORMATION, KIDNEY CARVER --

MOL: Boys, boys, boys - that's enough. It's all very jolly, I know, but we've work to do, McGee. You doing some shopping Doctor?

DOC: Nope. I always walk thru the Bon Ton on my way to my office. It's a short cut from the hospital. I've been doing it so many years now, I get notices of meetings from the Floorwalkers Association. It seems that -

P. A. VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE. IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE STORE?

MOL: Heavenly days...they're calling for a doctor, Doctor.  
You'd better...

P. A. VOICE: IF THERE IS A DOCTOR IN THE STORE, WILL HE PLEASE COME  
TO THE BOTTOM OF THE FOURTH FLOOR MOVING STAIRWAY?  
A LADY HAS COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION. SHE HAS BEEN  
TRYING TO COME DOWN ON AN "UP" ESCALATOR SINCE EARLY  
THIS MORNING. THANK YOU.

DOC: Well, that's for me, children. (FADE OUT) See you  
later.

FIB: Old Doc'll revive her, all right! He'll bring her to -  
and drink one of 'em himself. Hey, here's the complaint  
department, kiddo!

MOL: Good! <sup>but</sup> HEY, YOU! WE GOT A COMPLAINT TO MAKE, BUD!

CLERK: ~~That's no surprise to me, mister. What's your story?~~

MOL: Well, you see, sir, the Bon Ton delivered us an  
umbrella stand...

FIB: This one right here!

BOONNGGGG!!!!

MOL: And we're bringing it back, because -

CLERK: What's the matter with it? It looks all right to me.

FIB: Nothing's the matter with it, bud. We just --

CLERK: Then why return it?

MOL: Because we don't WANT it! You-see -

CLERK: Why don't you want it? You people got something against  
umbrella stands? Do you realize that umbrella stands are  
traditional? That some of the finest homes --

FIB: Look, Buster! We didn't ask for this umbrella stand in  
the first place! The store sent it out, but WE DIDN'T  
ORDER IT! WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING WE DIDN'T ORDER! Is  
that clear?

CLERK: Why - yes. Yes, that seems like a fair attitude.

MOL: Good.

CLERK: I'll take care of it - just sign this form here, sir.

FIB: Swell! .. Okay, there you are.

MOL: Thank goodness! Now, we're all set, are we?

CLERK: All square - yes. We sent the umbrella stand out without  
a purchase order -- and now you've just signed a purchase  
order, so it's all yours.

FIB: WHAT?

CLERK: (FADING) Oh yes, madam -- step down to this next window  
here and --

FIB: (ROARS) WAIT A MINUTE! COME BACK HERE! (BONGG!) CALL  
THE MANAGER! (BONGG!) WHERE'S THE MANAGER'S OFFICE?  
(BONGGG)

MOL: McGEHEE, STOP BANGING THAT THING!

FIB: I WANTA SEE THE MANAGER! (BONNGGG!) I'LL WRECK THIS  
JOINT! I'LL -

ORCH: BRIGHT, BRISK BRIDGE (BRIEF)

FIB: ...and if you ran this store right, Perkins, this  
couldn't happen - and furthermore, I'm tired of lugging  
this dadratted thing around! (BONNGGG!)

MOL: You told the man that, McGee. Quit banging it on his  
desk.

PERK: Yes. If you'll just be seated, Mr. McGee - I'm sure we  
can straighten out this - shall we say, "misunderstanding"?

MOL: Let's go farther than that. Let's say, "mess."

PERK: Exactly. Now we have all the affected personnel gathered  
here, and we shall clear our records! Mr. Finniford -  
have you corrected the sales slip?

FINNIF: All clear, Chief!

PERK: Mr. Scramble? Shipping Department?

SCRAM: All clear, Chief!

PERK: Mr. Debitson? Accounting?

DEBIT: All clear, Chief!

PERK: Mr. Blintz? Employes' Cafeteria?

BLINTZ: All clear, Chief!

HITCHHIKE

ANNCR: The fastest wax-polish money can buy! That's Johnson's  
Cream Furniture Wax - the time-saving wax polish that  
keeps furniture bright and glistening almost without  
effort. For Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly...  
dries so quickly...polishes so quickly that using it is  
almost as easy as dusting. A few strokes with a cloth  
do the cleaning. A few more bring out a bright, satin-  
smooth polish. And Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax contains  
no sticky oils to catch dust. Tomorrow - start using  
Johnson's Cream Wax. It's the fastest wax polish money  
can buy!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

ANNCR: Listen to, Songs by Morton Downey, returning tonight on  
N.B.C.  
(CHIMES)

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PERK: Excellent! (CLEARS THROAT) Ladies and gentlemen - Mr. and Mrs. McGee! On behalf of this great organization, the Bon Ton Department Store - whose motto is "The Customer Is Always Right, If He Can Prove It" - I want to express our sincere sorrow for this slight inconvenience.

FIB: "Slight inconvenience", he says! Migosh, I --

MOL: Hush, McGee - listen!

PERK: Our most valued asset, dear Mr. and Mrs. McGee, is your continued good will, and I am sure I speak for each and every member of this vast organization when I say that your happiness is our greatest wish - to serve you is our only aim - in short, when I say, and I quote:

"The Bon Ton help - from A to Z,  
Is at your service - my dear McGees!"

APPLAUSE

PERK: Thank you, Bon Ton Employees! And now, Mr. McGee, the merchandise will be returned to stock - your bill has been destroyed - and this will not happen again.

FIB: Well, thanks, bud. I guess everything is okay now. Come on, Molly.

MOL: You know something, dearie?

FIB: What's that?

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MOL: We've been carrying that umbrella stand around so long that - well, I've fallen completely in love with it!

FIB: Huh?

MOL: Mr. Perkins - would you mind charging that to our account, and sending it out tomorrow? Thank you.

BOOOONNNNGGGGG!!!

ORCH: "THERE'S A MILE BETWEEN THE S's IN SMILES"...FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE

FIBBER AND MOLLY  
OCTOBER 4, 1949

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX:

*Fibber & Molly will return in a moment*  
There are three major reasons why Johnson's new Glo-Coat is the world's most popular floor polish...why it outsells any other self polishing floor wax by more than two to one. First - Glo-Coat is easy to use. Just spread it on... let it dry...watch it shine. No polishing...Glo-Coat polishes itself as it dries. Second -- Glo-Coat protects floors and linoleum - makes them easier to clean. Dirt doesn't grind in - whisks off at a touch. Third - you've never seen a floor polish that gives such a rich, lustrous shine as you'll get with the new Glo-Coat. It now shines almost twice as brightly as before - without polishing. Yes -- you'll have brighter floors...longer-wearing floors ...with less work if you protect them with Johnson's new Glo-Coat -- G-L-O-C-O-A-T. At your dealer's.

ORCH: MUSIC UP: FADE FOR:

MB

TAG

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MOL: Well, I certainly accomplished one thing today, anyhow, McGee. I found out your little secret!

FIB: You did? Which one?

MOL: About you joining the National Guard. Why didn't you tell me?

FIB: ME? Join the National --

MOL: I think it's wonderful! The way men like you - just ordinary citizens - can train as soldiers in their spare time, and be ready to defend our country in any emergency!

FIB: Yeah, but --

MOL: The very strength of the National Guard stands as a warning to any would-be war-maker -- and nobody picks a fight with the fellow with the biggest muscles, dearie.

FIB: Yeah, but gee whiz, kiddo - I didn't join the National Guard. I'm over age. A little. What gave you that idea?

MOL: Why, when we left the President of the Bon Ton, I distinctly heard him say something about "that N.G. Fibber McGee!"

FIB: Oh...Oh, that. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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 time...Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

(SWITCH TO HITCH)

-26-

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FIBBER AND MOLLY  
10/4/1949

HITCHHIKE

ANNCR: The fastest wax-polish money can buy! That's Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax - the time-saving wax polish that keeps furniture bright and glistening almost without effort. For Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly...dries so quickly....polishes so quickly that using it is almost as easy as dusting. A few strokes with a cloth do the cleaning. A few more bring out a bright, satin-smooth polish. And Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax contains no sticky oils to catch dust. Tomorrow - start using Johnson's Cream Wax. It's the fastest wax polish money can buy!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

ANNCR: Listen to, Songs by Morton Downey, returning tonight on N.B.C.

(CHIMES)

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WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

WITNESSES: THE JOHNSON

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Tuesday, October 11, 1949

6:30:35

6:44:30

6:57:10

6:58:45