

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#11

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, November 22, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:35 — 6:31:30 — :55

6:43:15 — 6:44:05 — :50

6:57:10 — 6:58:00 — :50

6:58:40 — 6:59:20 — :40

3:15

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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 C. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, 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 MCGEE AND MOLLY
JOHNSON & SON
NOV. 22, 1949

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Two weeks ago we first announced the big news!
Johnson's Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent. At
last there's a self polishing floor wax that does not
streak nor leave ugly spots when you wipe up spilled things.
...does not wipe off nor lose its shine when you mop it.
Since that first announcement, thousands have asked: "Can
I get the New Glo-Coat now -- at my dealer's?"
The answer is YES. Every dealer is now completely stocked
with the New Water-Repellent Glo-Coat. You'll find it in
the same familiar yellow container with the bright red
band. All you have to do is look for the name Glo-Coat to
be sure of getting the one self polishing floor wax that is
positively water-repellent. It looks just the same on
the outside -- but what a wonderful improvement inside!
Don't wait to give your floors this new protection.
Tomorrow get Johnson's New Water-Repellent Glo-Coat. It's
at your dealer's now in the ^{regular} familiar Glo-Coat package.

ORCH: BRIDGE

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: DUE TO AN ERROR MADE BY A LATE-FOR-A-DATE STENOGRAPHER
IN TYPING OUT THE GOVERNOR'S ANNUAL PROCLAMATION, TODAY
IS THANKSGIVING IN WISTFUL VISTA. BUT THE SQUIRE OF
NUMBER 79 IS IN NO MOOD FOR IT. HE JUST GOT HIS TAX
BILL AND HE THINKS THIS IS A DAY FOR VULTURES, NOT
TURKEYS. LISTEN TO HIM, AS WE MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: LOOKA THIS BILL, WILLYA? A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOUR
BUCKS AND 68 CENTS TAXES...ON REAL ESTATE AND PROPERTY
WE ALREADY OWN!! IS THAT ROBBERY OR AIN'T IT?

MOL: It ain't. I mean, it isn't. That's four dollars less
than we paid last year.

FIB: MY GOSH, IT OUGHTTA BE LESS!! IT OUGHTTA BE A LOT LESS.
THINK OF THE DEPRECIATION! THINK OF THE WEAR AND TEAR!
THINK OF THE ----

MOL: Think of my eardrums, and stop shouting.

FIB: Well, gee whizz -

MOL: Look, sweetheart. You're a fine broth of a boy, but
you woke up this morning full of croutons. Calm down,
relax.

FIB: Baby, I woke up this morning full of gladness. I could hardly shave for laughing. I sang in the shower! I loved humanity! I was Happy Old McGee, the Smiling Elk! And then what happened? I get a tax bill for A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOUR DOLLARS AND 68 CENTS! FOR WHAT? I ASK YOU...FOR WHAT?

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: You're awfully cute when your eyes flash fire like that, but I don't want you to scorch your eyelashes. Will you listen to mother a minute?

FIB: Sure, but I warn you, I'm in a very unreasonable mood!

MOL: Yes, I know. But after all, this IS Thanksgiving, and -

FIB: Thanksgiving...PTAH...!! Thanksgiving was all very well for an ignorant pilgrim. What taxes did HE have on a ^{old home made} dirty little log cabin and a rusty blunderbuss?

MOL: Well, as long as you're so upset about expenses, you don't have to take me out for Thanksgiving dinner, like you promised. I'll fix something at home.

FIB: Gee...you will?

MOL: Certainly, I'd LOVE to do it. What do I care if I just got a new permanent and a facial, and spent my months allowance on a new hat, and haven't got anything in the house to eat except some cabbage and a half a dozen weeners!?

FIB: How we fixed for mustard?

MOL: Our last drop of mustard went to the dry cleaners yesterday on your blue necktie.

FIB: Then we better eat out. I can't eat weeners without mustard.

MOL: Well, all right, but remember, I fought to stay home.

FIB: I know, kiddo, but taxes are gonna ruin us anyway, so we might as well go to the poorhouse in a taxicab. ^{My god, we} ~~Get~~ ~~your hat and~~

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Well, heavenly days. Happy Thanksgiving, Doctor. McGee, it's Doctor Gamble!

DOC: Hello, my dear. And a happy Thanksgiving to you, too. Turkeyface.

FIB: Thank you, Stuffingbelt. And don't blather about Thanksgiving to me. I ain't in any mood for it.

DOC: Sonny, did I ever tell you about the time my aunt's cat fell in the vat of dill pickles?

MOL: No you didn't, Doctor.

FIB: What's that got to do with me?
DOC: Nothing, except that you are the sourest puss I have seen since then.
MOL: He's a little upset over his tax bill, doctor.
FIB: A LITTLE UPSET! YOU KNOW WHAT MY TAX BILL WAS, FATSO? A HUNDRED TWENTY FOUR DOLLARS AND 68 CENTS.!!
DOC: Mine was two hundred and ten. For the same size house.
FIB: YEAH, BUT YOU GOT A GRAVEL DRIVEWAY!!!
DOC: Look, Schnook....
FIB: Yeh?
DOC: Must you always be beefing about something? You're a chronic complainer! You have the warm, human, emotional soul of a slag heap. By the way, Molly, speaking of slag heaps, I'll have to eat my Thanksgiving dinner at the hospital. May I drop in here afterward for a cup of your coffee?
MOL: Why Doctor, we'd LOVE to have you do that, except that McGee's taking me out to dinner. Where are we going, McGee?
FIB: Gus's. You can get a table d'dote dinner there ala carte for two bucks a throw.
DOC: A table d'hote dinner, ala carte. What'll they think of' next?
MOL: I've never been there, myself. Is it nice?
FIB: NICE! Why my gosh, they even got a sextet of five fiddle players up on the balcony. Playin' the violin on cellos.

DOC: And, the music is free. Strauss is on the house. Have fun, Children.
FIB: FUN!! WITH A TAX BILL HANGIN' OVER ME FOR A HUNDRED TWENT--
MOL: Please, McGee...please.
DOC: One word of advice, Grouch-bag.
FIB: Yeah?
DOC: I am an expert more or less, on contagious diseases. According to my researches, one of the most infectious things in existence is a smile. It will hurt a little at first, but try one, son- maybe you can start an epidemic. So long, Molly.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM
ORCH: "EYE EYE BABY"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

FIB: A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR SIXTY-EIGHT TAXES ON THIS HOUSE! THE DIRTY Highbinders!! What do them bandits want - blood?

MOL: No, I think they want money, McGee. The bill says --

FIB: (SARCASTIC) Maybe they're just confused down there at City Hall. Maybe they think I wanta BUY this house. Maybe they don't know I already bought it, and paid for it with my own sweat and tears!

MOL: Yes - sweat, tears and a lucky raffle ticket, don't forget. As a matter of fact, McGee, this house only cost us two dollars, you know.

FIB: Hey, that's right! Migosh, this is even worse of a swindle than I thought, Molly! \$124.68 taxes on a \$2 house!! That's ridiculous! It's outrageous! It's unconstitutional!

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: It's Ole - from the Elks Club. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

OLE: Hello, McGee - hello, Mrs. Happy Thanksgiving.

MOL: Thank you, Ole, and the same to you.

FIB: What's happy about it?

OLE: (PAUSE) Look - I don't know what's eatin' you today, McGee -- but I know today what Ole's eatin' - turkey!... I win a turkey last week in the raffle - a 30 pound turkey!

FIB Migosh, Ole...30 pounder?

OLE: That's what they say it weighs at the raffle. And I believe it too...the bones alone must weight 28 pounds.

MOL: My goodness, your wife must be planning quite a dinner, Ole. Are you having some friends over?

OLE: No friends, Mrs....Just relatives...my sister-in-law, Julia...she's spending her vacation at our house. She's got good job in the city...she's a governess...And I wish she'd go home and do it.

FIB: A governess? Migosh, married a governor, eh? Which governor did she latch onto, because...

MOL: Oh no, McGee, no. A governess is a lady who...uh... well, she stays with a family and takes care of the children.

FIB: Ohhhh...a sitter?

OLE: You said something there, McGee! Since she comes two weeks ago, she don't stop sitting all day...in my easy chair.

MOL: Where does your sister-in-law work, Ole?

OLE: She works for an Irish family in the City, Mrs. I had a big idea yesterday, if it worked she goes home..but it don't come out good.

FIB: Yeah? What didja do, give her a hotfoot? Why doncha try somethin' subtle..like throwin' her trunks out the window, with her in 'em? That oughta...

MOL: No, McGee, listen.
OLE: What I did, Mrs., I call her up on the phone from Elks Club and I change my voice with Irish dialect. "Hallo," I say, "Julia," I say, "This is your boss, Mr. John J. O'Malley".
FIB: Yon Yay O'Malley?
OLE: Sure. "Julia, " I say, "We just can't get along without you, so will you please wash up your vacation in Wistful Vista and come back on the job.".....It don't work.
FIB: Awww, well somebody musta tipped her off! Maybe one of the kids told her it was you. Say, how many kids have you got at your house, anyhow, Ole? I know two of them, but aren't there more, because -
OLE: Oh sure - me and the missus, we got three kids now, McGee - and we got another one on the way.
MOL: Oh, that's wonderful! I didn't know that, Ole. Another youngster on the way!
OLE: Yeah - my oldest boy, Lars - he's on the way from Chicago. I go meet his train now. So long, Mrs.!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: What was I doin when Ole came in here? Seems to me I was sore about something and - OHH, THAT DADRATED POCKET-PICKIN', PURSE SNATCHIN' TAX DEPARTMENT! I'LL SAY I'M SORE!!

MOL: Oh, McGee - now don't get all worked up -
FIB: Boy, does this tax thing burn me up! Get your hat, kiddo! I'm goin' down to that City Hall and -
MOL: The City Hall, sweetheart, is closed today. This is Thanksgiving - remember? A day of smiles and sweetness and light! A day of joy and gratitude for our blessings!
FIB: Well, it shows what dirty cowards those guys are! Pickin' a legal holiday for me to open my tax bill that came yesterday on! They knew I'd -

DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - Hi, Pal! Happy Thanksgiving, kids!
MOL: And the same to yourself, Mr. Wilcox! Nice to see you.
FIB: "Happy Thanksgiving," he says! Sure it's a happy Thanksgiving for him! Has he seen our tax bill?
WIL: Well, when I say Happy Thanksgiving today, I'm not kidding, kids! I've got plenty to be thankful for!
MOL: We all have, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Yeah? With them tax bandits loose, terrorizing innocent people with their big bills and -
WIL: Yes indeed, because with Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat - the new Water Repellant Glocoat - I can really talk turkey to housewives these days!
FIB: Aaagh - cranberry sauce! Look, with conditions like they are --

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WIL: Because here at last, kids, is a self polishing floor wax that is positively water repellent! A wax that stays on...and stays bright....even after repeated damp moppings!

MOL: Is it gravy repellent, too, Mr. Wilcox? Because lots of people will spill gravy today and...

WIL: Absolutely, Molly!! With Johnson's New Water and Gravy Repellent Gloccoat on your floors and linoleum, you can wipe spilled things up with a damp cloth...or mop them up if you like...but you DON'T WIPE THE WAX OFF YOUR FLOORS!

FIB: I'd like to wipe out that tax crowd, because...

WIL: Because Gloccoat stays on...and stays bright...longer... Not days longer...but weeks, longer! So Johnson's new Water-Repellent Gloccoat...

FIB: HEY, HEY, HEY, Look, Waxey!

WIL: Sorry Pal, but I gotta get going. My aunt is having 18 relatives over to her house tonight for a duck dinner and I'm trying to think of a way.

MOL: A way to what???

WIL: Duck dinner! So long, kids...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: How can that guy talk about food, when the whole tax structure of the nation is tumbling down around his ears? The whole world in a turmoil and Wilcox goes right on making a living.

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MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, McGee! Forget it till tomorrow, at least. This isn't going to wreck our world economy, dearie.

FIB: Well, it's the principle of the thing, Molly! \$124.68 on a house that I only got an investment of 2 bucks in! It's outrageous! It's exuberant, that's what it is!

MOL: Exorbitant.

FIB: I'm glad you agree with me! It - it - why, this thing amounts to government conjugation of property, Molly! This could grow to - Where you goin'?

MOL: Up to get dressed. It's nearly time to leave - if we're going to Gus' for dinner. (FADING) You'd better get shaved and

FIB: Okay, Tootsie. In a minute. AHHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! And steady as a rock! She knows the whole world is in a mess! Russia with the atom bomb - the pool table at the Elks with a hole tore in the cloth - and me with a tax bill for 125 bucks! But is she worried? No sir, when she gets hungry, she just -

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES)

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FIB: Oh, it's you, Teeny. Well come in, if you wanta,...but I warn you. I'm in a rotten humor!

TEE: Oh, that's okay, mister. Happy Thanksgiving, anyhow.

FIB: Well....Happy Thanksgiving. I'm sore, sis! Understand? I'm steamed up like a clam dinner! If I was running this town there'd be no taxes...I'm against taxes...anyhow!

TEE: Gee, Mister! Our teacher was too, yesterday, I betcha.

FIB: She was, eh?

TEE: She was the...Hm?

FIB: I says she was, eh?

TEE: Who was?

FIB: Your teacher.

TEE: Was what?

FIB: Against taxes!

TEE: When?

FIB: Yesterday!

TEE: I know it! Willie Toops put 'em in her chair. They were ~~only~~ thumb taxes...only it wasn't her thumb that...

FIB: No, no, no, SKIP IT!

TEE: Okay. Hey, mister...we had a wunnerful play at school yesterday, I betcha. Pilgrims and Indians! I was a beautiful Pilgrim maiden and...

FIB: Well, that's fine, sis. Now, you run along and...

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TEE: Oh, I got time, mister - I'm in no hurry. I'll act it for you! I'll act the WHOLE play with all the parts and -

FIB: NO! ABSOLUTELY NO!

TEE: Okay, just the last scene - the big scene! I - the beautiful Pilgrim maiden - am tied to a stake, see - and the savage redskins - which they're the kindergarten kids with water colors on their face - are gonna sculpture me.

FIB: Gonna what??

TEE: Sculpture me, cut off my sculp with a Willie-hawk.

FIB: Tomahawk.

TEE: Tommy didn't have one, so we had to use Willie's.

FIB: Very uninteresting. Now look -

TEE: Sooooo - Willie come sneaking through the forest *with* his trusty bow and arrow - only Willie fell down - and the arrow flew out of his hand and shot the principal behind the potted-palm, and the principal screamed and jumped on our teacher's foot, and she let go of the rope that holds the curtain up, and the curtain fell down and knocked one of the savage redskins into the front row in the school superintendent's lap and broke his glasses and now we got a new rule at our school - no more plays! So long, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

ORCH AND KINGS' MEN: "THE LAST MILE HOME"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -17-

SOUND: CLATTER OF DINING ROOM: IN B.G. UNDER

MOL: My goodness, this IS good food, McGee. I'm certainly glad you insisted we have our Thanksgiving dinner out.

FIB: Well, you know me, kiddo. You're a lulu in the kitchen, but now and then I get hungry for a good restaurant cooked meal. But, as I was telling you. When I et at the training table in my baseball days --

GUS: (FADE IN) Well, Mr and Mrs. McGee. Is everything all right?

MOL: Just fine, Gus, thank you. This is a wonderful dinner.

FIB: It oughtta be. Two bucks a throw!!

GUS: (LAUGHS) Well, I be back pretty quick. (FADES) Anything you want, you spik up.

SOUND: CLATTER OF DISHES: OVER

FIB: Okay, Gus.

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MOL: What were you saying about your baseball days, McGee?

FIB: Oh yeah. Well, we didn't get meals like this when I was in training.

MOL: What did you play, first base?

FIB: I was a pitcher. Manager of the team saw me standing around one day and says YOU PITCH, don't you, Shorty? I says sure. How did you know? Well, he says, you're small and you got big ears and little pitchers have big ears, so go get into a uniform and let's see what you got. So, as relief pitcher, I travelled all over with the team.

MOL: Southpaw?

FIB: No, Maw, mostly around the Middle West. I wish I would of stayed a baseball player. Baseball players don't get whammed with hundred and twenty five dollar tax bills. A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOUR DOLLARS AND --

MOL: Hush, deerie...HUSH...People are looking.

FIB: LET 'EM LOOK. BY GEORGE, ONE OF THESE DAYS ISN'T THAT LA TRIVIA SETTIN' AT THE TABLE BEHIND THE POST THERE?

MOL: One of these days it probably is.

FIB: SURE IT IS...HEY, LA TRIVIA!

MOL: Oh why didn't you let the man finish his dinner in...
OH HELLO, YOUR HONOR. NICE TO SEE YOU.

GALE: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, McGee.

FIB: La Trivia. You're just the guy I wanted to see! Set down!

GALE: Well, for just a moment. (SCRAPE OF CHAIR..) BUT PLEASE STOP WAVING THAT PIECE OF PAPER IN MY FACE!.....

MOL: That's no ordinary piece of paper, Mr. Mayor. That's a Declaration of War.

FIB: LOOKA THIS TAX BILL, LA TRIVIA! I WANNA PROTEST! BY GEORGE.....

MOL: McGee...please keep your voice down to a bellow, Mr. Mayor, may I apologise for breaking into your Thanksgiving with this silly tax business?

GALE: That's quite all right, Molly. As Mayor of this city, it is my duty to listen to the protests of citizens at any time of the night or day, or on holidays. HOLIDAYS!.....PFAHHH! I haven't had a decent holiday since Doctor Gamble took my appendix out.

FIB: Well, as the nurse said when she pulled the string outa the candle end told the patient to get outa bed, "THERE'S NO WICK FOR THE RESTED!" Eh, La Triv? (CHUCKLES)

GALE: Who was the patient?

MOL: And why were they using candles? Fuse blown out?

FIB: Of course not. That was just a kind of a gag saying I was merely -

GALE: Good day, Molly. (FADE) Nice to have seen you.

GALE: And if you'll permit me to correct you, McGee. The saying is NOT "no wick for the rested". It's "No rest for the wicked".

MOL: That's right.

FIB: I KNOW THAT, DOGGONE IT. IT WAS JUST A JOKE!

GALE: A joke? I don't see anything funny in a nurse yanking a patient out of bed. Was it one of Gamble's cases?

FIB: NO IT WASN'T. IT WASN'T A CASE AT ALL. ALL I SAID WAS -

MOL: They don't use candles in Doctor Gamble's hospital, Mr. Mayor. It must have been some isolated little hospital, because -

FIB: IT...WAS NOT A HORSEALATED LITTLE ICE-PAIL...HOSCANDLE... LOOK, LA TRIV...WHEN YOU SAID -

GALE: I'm sorry, I'd like to stay and hear more about the way those nurses handle their patients, but ---

FIB: I WASN'T NURSING ABOUT THE KID AND THE PANDLE...ER...THE PATIENT AND THE KINDLE...CANDLE...ALL I SAYS WAS...THIS WHOLE STING THARTED...THING STARTED...YOU SAID I WAS...YOU WERE THE ONE WHO...I WAS MERELY...I...WE...(PAUSE) La Trivia.

GALE: Yes, McGee?

FIB: Gonna be in your office tomorrow?

GALE: Are you coming in?

FIB: Yes.

GALE: No. Good day, Molly. (FADE) Nice to have seen you.

MOL: Dearie, I must say this was no occasion to take up the matter of your tax bill with the Mayor. This is Thanksgiving.

FIB: Yeah! A fine Thanksgiving! With bankruptcy breathing down my neck!

GUS: Excuse me please. Mr. McGee...you don't look happy about something? Is something the matter with dinner maybe?

MOL: No Gus. It was a beautiful dinner. Just lovely.

GUS: Good! How's about some nice desserts?

FIB: No thanks, Gus. I'M too upset.

MOL: ~~I'm not upset, Gus, but I would be if I ate dessert.~~

GUS: What's upsetting you, Mr. McGee? Is it anything I can do something about it?

FIB: I'M afraid not, Gus. Just take a look at this tax bill. A HUNDRED TWENTY FOUR DOLLARS AND SIXTY EIGHT CENTS!!!! ON A HOUSE WE ALREADY OWN.!!

GUS: Good gracious...you own a house? Isn't that wonderful?

FIB: Wonderful? What's -

GUS: Me, I'M trying to find a house for my wife and kids, but so far we're just living in a trailer.

MOL: Really, Gus...how many children have you?

GUS: Only 7, but they're very noisy. Seems like eight or nine, sometimes...(CHUCKLES) It's must be very nice, having a house, I think.

FIB: Yeah, but my gosh, Gus, a hundred and twent-

GUS: I never forget when I get my citizenship, the judge says, Gus, he says, why you wanna be a United States Citizen? So I say, Judge, I say, for a big judge, you ask very silly questions. I wanna be United States citizen because over here nobody is saying, Gus, your papa was shoemaker, so you gotta be shoemaker. Here everybody can do what he wants to do, ~~if he can do it~~. My kid is good as anybody else's kids.

FIB: That's all very well, but -

GUS: When we come from old country in little freight boat, we see Statues of Liberty holding up a lamp. My wife, she gets tears. She says, Gus, that lamp is shining for peoples like us. We work hard here, we pay taxes with gladness, so that lamp is stay lit for other peoples. For us, Mr. McGee, is 365 Thanksgivings every year. (PAUSE) No dessert?

MOL: No thank you, Gus. No dessert.

FIB: Me either, Gus. Just gimme the check.

GUS: Is no check today, Mr. McGee, for my friends. I start this business with help from people like you. You are good to me. Everybody is good to me. Thanksgiving is from me to you. Thank you for coming in.

SCRAPE OF CHAIRS...SLIGHT DISH RATTLE...

MJL: Well thank you very much, Gus. It was delightful.

FIB: Yeah...thanks, Gus. See you next week...come on, Molly...

SLIGHT RESTAURANT SOUNDS TO DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE..SOUND AND MUSIC OUT..

TRAFFIC IN..

MJL: Now then, what were we talking about, McGee?

FIB: This tax Bill. A hundred and twenty four dollars and sixty eight cents! It's ridiculous.

MJL: Oh I don't --

FIB: FOR A SWELL LITTLE HOUSE LIKE OURS? MY GOSH, IT OUGHTTA BE AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED...(MUSIC IN) I'M GONNA SEE THE ASSESSOR TOMORROW, AND SEE IF ---

ORCH: "HAPPY TIME"...FADE FOR ---

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
11-22-49

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment --

It's ~~still~~ the biggest news in floor care! It's the most important development in self polishing floor waxes ~~of~~ the past 15 years.

Johnson's New Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent. It does not show ugly streaks or spots when you wipe up spilled things ... stays on ... stays bright ... even after repeated damp moppings.

Now you don't have to re-wax your whole floor every time you spill something on it. Now you don't kill the shine on ~~a~~ ^{your bright} freshly waxed floor first time you mop it. Now you can get the new self polishing floor wax that's positively water-repellent. It's Johnson's New Glo-Coat! Protect your floors from wear and water. Give yourself new freedom from floor care drudgery. Tomorrow -- first thing -- get Johnson's New Water-Repellent Glo-Coat. It's at your dealer's -- in the familiar yellow container with the bright red band.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE FOR:

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
November 22, 1949

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CANADIAN

NETWORK CUT-IN: CBL, Toronto to feed all Canadian stations

CUT-IN-CLOSING TAG (TIMING: 39 seconds - 102 words)

NBC HOLLYWOOD TRAFFIC TO SUPPLY TIME CUE

ANNCR: Here's news that solves a big Christmas problem for Canadian men. The famous Johnson's Wax Beautiflor Electric Polisher, regularly priced at \$59, is now being offered by Canadian dealers for only \$49.50 -- during the Christmas season only.

That means this is the ideal Christmas to give your wife a present she'll appreciate for years to come. For the Beautiflor takes all the work out of floor polishing. Its big whirling brush polishes waxed floors to lustrous beauty while you merely guide.

Save money; give happiness. Have a Johnson Beautiflor Polisher wrapped up for Christmas -- tomorrow!

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TAG

FIB: Well, it was a pretty good Thanksgiving at that, Snooky. And I'm gonna reform. Everybody thinks I'm a boor, and I'm gonna stop bein' one.

MOL: Oh you're not a boor, dearie. Your manners are not so bad.

FIB: I ain't talkin about manners. I'm talkin' about the way I boor everybody to death with my complaints!

MOL: Oh. That!

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAY OFF & 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

T

ALTERNATE TAG

-26A-

MOL: Well, that was a nice fibfish for a Thanksgiving Day, McGee. Gus serves a fine meal, doesn't he?

FIB: I'll say. I never walked in there yet that I didn't waddle out. I think I'll get all his customers together and organize a P T A.

MOL: P T A? Parent Teachers' Association?

FIB: Nope... "Protruding Tummies of America". I'm so full... I...

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Oh..Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

MUSIC: 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)

-dc-

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
11/22/49

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TAG COMMERCIAL:

ANNCR: Don't spend hours cleaning and polishing your furniture for Thanksgiving. Get your furniture sparkling clean and shining bright with one application of Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax. It's the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy.

In fact, Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly...polishes so quickly...that using it's almost as easy as dusting. A few strokes with a cloth gets furniture clean...a few more and it's polished to gleaming brightness. And Johnson's Cream Wax contains no sticky oils to catch dust. This week, speed Thanksgiving cleaning with the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy! Get Johnson's Cream Wax!

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS (2BEAT PAUSE) ON NBC.
(CHIMES)

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