

#13

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, December 6th, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM FST

6:30:35 - 6:31:40 - 1:05

6:44:00 - 6:45:05 - 1:05

6:57:05 - 6:57:55 - :50

6:58:40 - 6:59:20 - :40

3:40

NM

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

ORCH: THEME ... FADE FOR:

WILCOX: ^{See with repellent}
The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's ~~Self Polishing~~
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson
Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Dick LeGrand, Cliff Arquette
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:

NM

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
DECEMBER 6, 1949

(2ND REVISION) -3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Tonight, I'd like to make one thing clear to everybody. There is only one Glo-Coat. It's the water-repellent new Glo-Coat that's on your dealer's shelves right now. There has been no change in the familiar Glo-Coat container. But wait 'till you find out about the wonderful change inside!

For it is a wonderful thing to be able to cover your floors with a self polishing floor wax that is positively water-repellent. The big thing, from your standpoint, is that it lasts so much longer, without losing its smooth, lustrous shine. Water that's dripped or spilled on it can be wiped right off, without leaving an ugly streak or spot. You can damp-mop Glo-Coat protected floors over and over, without killing the protection or the shine.

You get more for your money now in Johnson's Glo-Coat than ever before. More beauty ... more protection ... more freedom from floor care drudgery. Guaranteed the most economical Self-Polishing wax you can buy. Its protective shine lasts up to four times longer. Get Water-Repellent New Glo-Coat tomorrow!

ORCH: BRIDGE

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WILCOX: IN 1649 A DUTCHMAN NAMED REMBRANDT TOOK SOME OILS, SOME BRUSHES, SOME CANVAS AND SOME TALENT, AND TURNED OUT A LOT OF MASTERPIECES.

SOUND: GONG-g-g-g-g-g!

WILCOX: IN 1949, A FELLOW IN WISTFUL VISTA GOT OUT THE CARD TABLE, LOADED IT DOWN WITH ART MATERIALS AND STARTED TO MAKE HIS OWN CHRISTMAS CARDS.

THE SOUND OF THE GONG WAS SO WE COULD AVOID MENTIONING THE TWO ARTISTS IN THE SAME BREATH. BECAUSE ONE OF THEM IS MR. MCGEE, OF --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: I sure wish I'd of thought of this before, Molly. Looka the money I'd of saved if I'd of made my own Christmas cards every year! HOW'S THIS LOOK, KIDDO? MY FIRST ONE!

MOL: Let me see.....Hmm. Very interesting. Too bad you had to spill that big blob of red paint all over it.

FIB: WHADDYA MEAN, BIG BLOB OF RED PAINT! THAT'S SANTY CLAUS!

MOL: It is? Where's his beard?

FIB: That's the whole idea of the card. He ain't got any beard.

MOL: SANTA CLAUS...WITH NO BEARD?

(REVISED)

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FIB: Certainly. He's just coming outa the barber shop.

The verse is gonna say:

SAINT NICKOLAS HAD HIS BEARD CUT OFF,
AS UP ON THE ROOF HIS REINDEERS TRAMPLE,
BECAUSE HOW CAN A GUY WITH WHISKERS ON
SHOW LITTLE SHAVERS A GOOD ~~GOOD~~ EXAMPLE?

MOL: Ohhh, McGee.....THAT'S CUTE!!

FIB: Shucks, I got a MILLION ideas as good as that. Or better.

MOL: Well, I should HOPE so!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Among your many good ideas, have you got one about how to get
that India Ink out of the rug?

FIB: Oh, I'll clean up here when I get through. I ain't quite
used to handling all this stuff. BUT I'LL LEARN, TOOTSIE..
I'LL LEARN! My gosh, I'll bet Somerset Maugham didn't
learn to paint overnight, either.

MOL: Somerset Maugham is a novelist, dearie. Not a painter.

FIB: OH, GAVE IT UP, EH? COULDN'T STAND THE GAFF! Well, believe
me, I'm stayin' with it! I got tenacity. I got grit.

I got perseverance.

MOL: You have something else too:

FIB: I have?

MOL: Yes, you have a jar of blue paint dripping into your lap.

(REVISED)

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FIB: EH? OH MY GOSH..MUSTA TIPPED IT OVER WITH MY ELBOW..

SOUND: CHAIR SCRAPE, BACK, BOTTLE BACK ON TABLE, CAP ON, ETC.

FIB: Shucks, that was my only jar of blue paint! I'll have to
paint the rest of the reindeer with brown eyes.

MOL: You've been painting reindeer with BLUE eyes?

FIB: Why not?

MOL: A good question. For all I know, reindeer have -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh it's his Honor the Mayor, McGee. Come in, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Thank you, Molly. Hello, McGee. You must be having a circus
with those water colors; you certainly look like a clown!

FIB: If you're referring to the pigment so plentifully permeatin'
my pretty puss, Politico, it is purely a product of my
poster paints and my peculiar pictorial proclivities.

MOL: Are you thru, dearie, or shall I open another can of P's?

FIB: I'm thru. No kiddin', La Triv. This art work is a great
little hobby. It gets your mind offa things.

GALE: I didn't know you ever had yours on anything. But, I agree
that a hobby is a fine thing. My secretary collects stamps.

MOL: Has she a valuable collection, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: She must have. I buy about fifty dollars worth a week and
I can never find one around the office. I think she must be
papering a bedroom with them. If she doesn't like the results
she can always mail the house to some relative.

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FIB: I come by my artistic talent kinda natural, La Triv.
It's hereditary. My Uncle Sycamore was an artist.

GALE: Uncle Sycamore. You had an interesting family tree. A squirrel's idea of heaven, I imagine.

MOL: I didn't know your Uncle Sycamore was an artist, McGee.
Portrait or landscape?

FIB: Mail Pouch Tobacco. Painted it on barns, fences and silos
You got any hobbies, La Triv?

GALE: Yes. She sells.

MOL: You mean SEA SHELLS, don't you, Your Honor?

GALE: No. My housekeeper is always selling raffle tickets for something and I have to buy whatever she sells.

FIB: Be kinda interesting sometime if she sells tickets on some sea shells.

GALE: Well, anytime she sells sea shells, she'll sell the sea shell's to somebody else. Because if she sees that she can sell ME sea shells, she'll sell the -- (PAUSE) Mmmm!

MOL: What's the matter?

GALE: I'll have to change the subject. My bridgework is coming loose. Anyway, I have to be going. I can find my way out, Molly. Don't trouble to --

MOL: OH NO NO NO, MR. MAYOR, NOT THAT DOOR!!!!.

FIB: THAT'S THE HALL CLOS--

DOOR OPEN: AVALANCHE..BELL TINKLE

ORCH: "SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON BECAUSE HER BOYFRIEND HAD THE JAUNDICE"

APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -8-

MOL: How much longer are those Christmas cards going to take, McGee? The way the paint is thrown around in here, it looks like Sherwin had a fight with Williams!

FIB: My dear girl, a true artist is not concerned with such trivial things. When one is creating, one thinks only of putting one's best into one's work. You seen the pot of glue?

MOL: Yes, you're putting your best elbow in it.

FIB: Huh? Oh yes....(CHUCKLES) I felt that awhile ago, but I thought it was just the red paint. Hey, looka this card I just designed for Mort Toops. Not only wishes him a Merry Christmas, but carries a thoughtful little message, too.

MOL: Something sentimental, I suppose, like "go boil your head."

FIB: Here it is. Picture of a fish, see, swimmin' thru a sprig of mistletoe.

MOL: A fish? And Mistletoe?

FIB: Yeah. The verse says:
I HOPE THE FISH I HEREBY SHOW
RECALLS THE FIN I LOANED YOU LAST JULY
AND THOUGH HE SWIMS THROUGH MISTLE TOE
I AIN'T GONNA KISS THAT FIVE GOODBYE.
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
You like it?

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MOL: Well, five dollars is always a nice touch, if you can't get ten. But that's what I'd --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Oh, it's Ole, from the Elks Club - come in, boy!

OLE: Hello, Mrs. Hello, McGee. What's the mess, Mrs?

MOL: Himself here is making his own Christmas cards - heaven help me.

FIB: Yep - personalized, handmade Christmas cards, Ole. None of that run-of-the-mill stuff for me this year. I painted every one of these babies with my own hands.

OLE: Maybe they wouldn't look so messy if you paint 'em with a brush, McGee.

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MOL: Oh well, he did use a brush, Ole. He means --

FIB: Hey, I might not do so bad with just my bare hands, at that, Ole. You've heard of finger painting, haven't you?

OLE: Oh sure, my daughter, Christina, she makes good money with finger painting.

FIB: Yeah? What does she paint?

OLE: What would a finger painter paint, McGee - feet? She paints fingers, of course! She's a ladycurist.

MOL: You mean a manicurist, Ole.

OLE: Me and the missus, we don't like Christina holding hands with the men - she just paints fingers on the ladies.

MOL: Have you done any of your Christmas shopping yet, Ole? What are you going to give your wife this year?

OLE: Well, my missus is always a problem. Every year for Christmas she wants something sensible - but I want to give her foolishness.

FIB: You're right, boy - that's what Christmas is for.

OLE: Sure, but this year though, she changes. This time, she wants foolishness, too. SUCH foolishness!

MOL: (CHUCKLES) What does she want, Ole - a diamond necklace - or a mink.

OLE: No, she drops hints by the kids so they say, "this year Mama wants for Christmas a dyed rabbit."

MOL: Well, now, a dyed rabbit is very nice, I think.

OLE: So, I make a deal with the pet shop - the first rabbit that dies, I give it to my missus Well, I just drop in to say hello, McGee - so goodbye, Mrs.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: It's a good thing I keep on working while I'm talking, or I'd never get finished. I got some beautiful cards here, Molly - if they weren't so messy.

MOL: Mmm-Hmm!

FIB: Take this one for the Mayor, for instance, kind of a symbolic card, see? Picture of a pork barrel with a hand in it.

MOL: Lovely. It's about as subtle as a blackjack.

FIB: I didn't realize I was so loaded with ideas. So productive. So specific.

MOL: Not "specific", dearie - you mean "prolific".

FIB: Oh, I do, eh? (CHUCKLES) I'm afraid you're thinking of that stale movie at the Bijou, my dear - the one that the ad claims, "It's colossal, it's stupendous, it's prolific".

MOL: That's "terrific", McGee.

FIB: Thanks, I think it's a nice card myself. It's got that certain something that--

DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - mind if I come in? Hi, Pal.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Welcome to the McGee Greeting Card and House Wrecking Company.

FIB: Pull up a chair, Junior - if you can find one without any paint on it - and watch an artist at work.

WIL: Thanks, Pal, I'll stand. This is very interesting stuff to me, kids - I used to work in a greeting card place, you know.

MOL: I didn't know that, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Sure. I designed Christmas Cards, Modernistic stuff.

FIB: ~~I was kind of a dilly Dali.~~

FIB: You mean modernistic stuff like a picture of a fried egg draped over a half-moon under a watch with a woman's face, with roller skates for ears, and it says "Onions Are for Love"? That stuff?

Wil: Yes! I was kind of a dilly Dali.

WIL: ~~Something like that, yeah.~~ Matter of fact, I designed a beautiful card for myself this morning, kids.

MOL: Really, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Sure. I just splashed a card with a lot of colors, see - then I drew a picture of Santa Claus carrying an umbrella and a rubber band. Looks terrific!

FIB: That's supposed to mean something?

WIL: Certainly, Pal. Look - take the colors on the card, ~~see -~~ ~~that~~ ^{they} simply stands for the colors that Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat restores to your worn and faded linoleum -

FIB: OHHHH, of all the dirty ways to sneak in a -

WIL: Then the umbrella - that means the new Glocoat is Water-Repellant! Yessir, this great new discovery - Johnson's New Self-Polishing Water-Repellant Glocoat - is the ONE floor wax at last that does not smear and show drab, dull spots when you wipe up spilled things with a damp cloth, or mop it with a damp mop!

MOL: Yes, and you have no idea what that means to a housewife like myself, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: The heck he don't! He's the -

MOL: Hush, McGee! You know - I don't have to wax my floors nearly as often, with the New Glocoat, since it's water-repellant.

WIL: That's right, Molly. Because when you mop up dirt and spilled things, you DON'T MOP UP THE WAX! It stays on - and it stays bright, even after repeated moppings! That's why I drew the rubber band on my card - because your work is a snag when you use the new water-repellant Glocoat, and the -

FIB: Awww for the --

WIL: And the Santa Claus is me, Pal - the way I look to a housewife when she learns how much work she saves with Johnson's new Water-Repellant Glocoat, because it lasts so much longer and -

FIB: Hey, hey, hey, Waxey!

WIL: Yes, Pal?

~~MOL: T.D.~~ How long did you work in that Christmas Card place, ~~Mr. Wilcox~~ ^{Pal}

WIL: About an hour and a half, ~~Molly~~. The fellow who owned the place made a crack about my drawings that I didn't like - so I left.

FIB: Independent, eh? What did he say to you?

WIL: "Wilcox", he said, "You're fired". So I left. Like this, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Look, Sweetheart..why don't YOU give up designing Christmas cards, too? If Mr. Wilcox could do it, you can do it. Just say to yourself; "I CAN GIVE IT UP. I WILL GIVE IT UP. I-" What are you doing with the yardstick?

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: Tryin' to draw a picture of the Shah of Persia - with no curves. Just angles. It's an experiment.

MOL: But why no curves?

FIB: Well, I know I can't draw a straight line with a ruler. I wanted to see if I could draw a ruler with a straight line. You see, my dear, when an artist --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Hold it, kiddo. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, McGee, it's Doctor Gamble! Hello, doctor!

FIB: Hi, Tonsil-Burglar!

DOC: Hello, Molly - and good day to you, Smearface. What are you doing - dyeing Easter Eggs?

MOL: He's painting his own Christmas cards this year, doctor. THIS YEAR? It seems like this has been going on for three hundred years!

FIB: Pull up your stomach and sit down, Microbe Merchant. You're looking at Wistful Vista's answer to Currier and Ives.

DOC: Well, I couldn't think of a nastier answer.

FIB: Thank you, doctor! Praise from you is praise indeed!

MOL: I must have missed a line someplace. But give the boy credit for effort, doctor. You'll have to admit he's trying.

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DOC: ADMIT IT! I ACCUSE him of it! He's VERY trying.

FIB: My gosh, a guy's got to have a hobby, hasn't he? What's your hobby?

DOC: Needlework. Roll up your sleeve and I'll show you.

FIB: Nothin' doin'. You get under my skin without any extra equipment. And whaddye staring at my vest for?

DOC: Just noticing how full it is, Stuffy! Can't button the bottom button any more, can you?

FIB: Weell, geewhiz, I get hungry. I exercise a lot, Doc! A guy that exercises --

MOL: Yes he does, Doctor, he exercises harder with a knife and fork than anybody I know.

DOC: Well, looking at you, goonsborough, and your little round hand painted tummy, has inspired me to a little Christmas poem myself! Maybe you can use it on one of your cards.

FIB: Yeah? You made one up sitting here? Let's hear it, Doc.

MOL: Yes, let's.

DOC: All right --

"Christmas is a time of cheer,

To think of the colorful friends we've got;

Like Little Buckle-Buster here -

He is the rainbow at the end of the pot...."

So long, Molly!

DOOR SLAM:

KING'S MEN AND TEENY: "RUDOLF, THE RED-NOSED REINDEER"

WILCOX: The Kings Men and Little Teeny tell the story of "Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer."

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THIRD SPOT:

MOL: McGee, you're certainly making a shambles of this living room. Paint and ink all over everything!

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP?

FIB: My dear --- did Da Vinci give up? Did Picasso give up? Did.....er....Somerset Maugham give up?

MOL: I told you before, Somerset Maugham is not an artist. He's an author.

FIB: HE'S AN AUTHOR! I'M an author AND an artist. Who wrote that wonderful little Christmas verse:

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
AND ALL THRU THE HOUSE
WE COULD SMELL UNCLE DENNIS
HE WAS SUCH AN OLD SOUSE.

Who wrote that? I did! Five years ago! The night Uncle Dennis came home and --- and looka this card I designed!

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MOL: MmmmmHmmm. But you drew the figure too large. The hands and feet are clear off the page.

FIB: I know it. I done that on purpose. This one is for Old Man MacDonald at the Third National Bank.

MOL: But why did you make the picture so out of proportion?

FIB: I wanted HIM to see how it feels to be overdrawn.

MOL: But dearie..look. How many cards have you finished?

FIB: Well-1-1..only three. It's kinda discouraging at that. But it's going smoother now. I'm getting the knack of +-

SLIGHT CLATTER:

MOL: MCGEE..WATCH IT..THERE GOES THE INK!!!

SOUND: GURGLE GURGLE GURGLE...

MOL: WELL DO SOMETHING, SWEETHEART!!..DON'T JUST SIT THERE AND WATCH IT POUR OUT ONTO THE FLOOR!

FIB: It aint going onto the floor. It's running down my pants into my shoe. All I gotta do is set here till it dries and then I can --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Oh dear...come in!!

DOOR OPEN:

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Fib: Killed timer.
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OLD T: Hello there, Daughter, Hello, Johnny! Whaddy makin' the Christmas cards for - Christmas?

FIB: Well, the way I'm layin' eggs with 'em, I think I'll use 'em for Easter.

MOL: Where's your girl friend, Bessie, Mr. Old Timer...isn't she with you?

OLD T: No, daughter, Bessie's workin' down at the carnival. Me and her had a little fallin' out.

FIB: Had a fight, eh?

OLD T: Nope. A fallin out. Out of the top seat of the Ferris Wheel.

MOL: Heavenly days, was Bessie badly hurt?

OLD T: No, she was delighted, daughter. She fell with her face in the cotton candy and they give her a job as the bearded lady. Bessie's a SWEET kid! Now, anyway.

FIB: Well, you can have a lot of fun at a carnival. I mind one time I was throwing darts at some balloons and a fat lady walked past and ---

OLD T: YES, THEY SHORE ARE FUN! Bessie and me went into the Hall of Mirrors --

MOL: Oh, that Hall of Mirrors!! What those things can do to your shape!

OLD T: You said it, Daughter! Bessie never looked better!

(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: I never quite understood, Old Timer.....is Bessie a Daughter of the Old South, or just and Old Daughter of the South?

MOL: Oh now, McGee, she ---- say --- where did you ever meet her, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD T: Well, daughter, I was judge in a beauty contest, down in Passumchokee, Alabama, and Bessie won it, hands down.

FIB: Hands down, eh?

OLD T: She was scared to raise 'em----the elastic in her bathin' suit bloomers was busted.

MOL: What was the contest?

OLD T: Oh, a bunch o' planters was votin' on the Sugar They'd Most Like To Raise Cane With. They named her Miss Blackstrap of 1914. Incidentally, Johnny, that there paintin' of yours reminds me. Bessie's pappa was a painter.

FIB: He was?

OLD T: Good one, too! I remember one paintin' he done of the whole fam'ly, standin' around a ^{full} moonshine.

MOL: Sounds very effective. What did he call it?

OLD T: "STILL LIFE". Well, I gotta get down to the carnival to see Bessie, kids. So long.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOL: Look dearie....let's call this whole Christmas Card thing off, shall we? You're ruining your clothes and the living room is a sight!

FIB: I know, kiddo...I know...I been kinda clumsy at it, but I'm gettin' the knack of it now and - what's that noise?

SOUND: SLOW GURGLE

MOL: It sounds like something is...OH HEAVENLY DAYS..GRAB THE GLUE, MCGEE...IT'S RUNNING OFF THE TABLE....

FIB: OH MY GOSH..(CLATTER OF CAN) I GOT IT!! OHH WHAT A MESS!! AND LOOK...IT WENT ALL OVER THE CARDS I HAD DONE!! DAD-RAT THE DAD-RATTED--*They're all ruined*

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: Oh dear...come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister. (GIGGLES) Hi, Miz McGee.

FIB: Hello, sis. Run along willya? I'm in enough trouble and--

MOL: Well, don't take it out on Teeny, McGee.

FIB: I ain't takin' it out on her. Just because I make an unholy mess out of tryin' to make my own Christmas Cards--

TEE: Well, gee, I guess if you make your own Christmas Cards you don't wanna see these, Mister. So I'll just--

FIB: HEY..WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

TEE: Who?

FIB: You.

TEE: When?

FIB: Just now!

TEE: About what?

FIB: ABOUT I DON'T WANNA SEE THOSE.....

TEE: That's what I thought. These are just some 10¢ cards that I was trying to sell so I could make some money for Christmas but if you make your own I guess I -
FIB: YOU GOT CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR SALE???? COME HERE, KID, I WANNA KISS YOU!!

TEE: Ohh...(GIGGLES) How many cards you wanna buy, mister?

FIB: How many you got, sis?

TEE: About thirty, I betcha.

FIB: I'LL BUY ALL OF 'EM.

TEE: Oooh! I'll kiss you!! (GIGGLES)

FIB: Alright, Sis. (SMACK) There! Now gimme the cards and I'll give you the dough. BOY ARE THESE BEAUTIFUL... LOOK AT 'EM, MOLLY...SO COLORFUL...SUCH CLEVER VERSES... HOW CAN THEM COMMERCIAL COMPANIES TURN OUT SUCH BEAUTIFUL STUFF SO CHEAP!!! Here, sis. Here's three bucks! and THANK you! (PAUSE) What's the matter?

TEE: Nothing, mister, only I better tell you. The reason they're so cheap is they've been used, and the ones that have got writing on 'em you'll have to erase. If you need any more let me know -- our attic is full of 'em.

~~Oh now!~~ *S'long mister*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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FIB: Well, I'll be a.....Hand me what's left of the glue,
Molly.

MOL: What are you going to do with it?

FIB: Drink it! I've been stuck every other way, I might as
well go the whole hog!!

ORCH: "DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE" FADE FOR:
(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
DECEMBER 6, 1949

(2ND REVISION) -24-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---

Let me remind you again -- there is now a self
polishing floor wax that is positively water-repellent!
It's Johnson's New Glo-Coat.

That means long-wearing protection for your floors ---
freedom from ugly spots or drab streaks caused by water.
Spilled things ... muddy footprints ... melted snow
whisk right off that hard Glo-Coat surface. Glo-Coat
stays on ... stays bright ... even after repeated damp
moppings.

And this wonderful new water-repellent quality means that
Glocoat's protective shine lasts up to four times longer.
That is why Glo-coat is guaranteed to be the most
economical self-polishing wax you can buy. So tomorrow
get the smooth-spreading, self shining floor wax that's
positively water-repellent. No change in the Glo-Coat
package, remember. But what a wonderful difference
inside! Ask for New Water-Repellent Glo-Coat tomorrow!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: Well, McGee, what are you going to do for Christmas cards next year? Make your own again?

FIB: Well, I ain't the type guy that gives up easy, Tootsie. I'm strictly the type guy that he makes up his mind to do something, and I do it.

MOL: So?

FIB: So, about December first, next year, I'm going to the art store, buy a lot of paint and cardboard and brushes --

MOL: OH NO...NOT THAT!!!

FIB: - and paint a big sign for the front door.
"WELCOME, CHRISTMAS CARD SALESMEN!"

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

SIGNOFF:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's ^{new water repellent} ~~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)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
DECEMBER 6, 1949

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Here's a time-saving way to keep your furniture sparkling clean and shining bright with almost no effort. Tomorrow - start using Johnson's Cream Wax -- the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy.

Johnson's Cream Wax cleans so quickly ... dries so quickly ... polishes so quickly that using it's almost as easy as dusting. A few strokes of a cloth do the cleaning. A few more polish your furniture to satiny smoothness. And this wax contains no sticky oils to catch dust.

Tomorrow -- start using the fastest wax furniture polish money can buy. Get Johnson's Cream Wax -- at your dealers.

ORCH: UP FULL TO CLOSE

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED TO THE STARS (2 BEAT PAUSE) ON N.B.C.

(CHIMES)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
DECEMBER 6, 1949

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NETWORK CUT-IN: CBL, TORONTO, TO FEED ALL CANADIAN STATIONS

CUT-IN CLOSING TAG (TIMING: 35 SECONDS - 125 WORDS)

NBC HOLLYWOOD TRAFFIC TO SUPPLY TIME CUE

ANNOR: Are you still wondering what to give for Christmas?
Here's a suggestion for anyone who wants to give a gift
that will last -- not only for Christmas but for years
to come.

Yes, it's the famous Johnson Electric Floor Polisher!
It will take the work out of keeping waxed floors bright
and beautiful. It merely has to be guided -- the big,
whirling brush does the work. It is modern in design,
beautifully colored, easy to carry -- weighing only 11
pounds.

And most important of all...the regular price is \$59.00 --
but for Christmas only the special price of \$49.50 is
being offered by your dealers -- you can save almost
\$10 besides giving the ideal gift that will please!
see your Johnson's Wax dealer tomorrow!

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

But

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, December 13, 1949

*Christmas Seal
For on Tray*

6:30:35

6:42:25

6:56:55

6:58:31

Engineer

NM