

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#14

(REVISED)

But

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, December 13, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

*Christmas Seals
7:00 AM Truf*

*6:30:35 — 6:31:40 — 1:05 —
6:42:25 — 6:43:25 — 1:00 —
6:56:55 — 6:57:40 — :45 —
6:58:31 — 6:59:15 — :40 —*

3:20

engineering error lost — 10

3:20

NM

-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, 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
12/13/49

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Again tonight I'm bringing you the great news about Johnson's New Glo-Coat. It's now positively water-repellent. Yes -- at last there's a self polishing floor wax that does not show ugly spots when you wipe up spilled things. Muddy footprints, tracked-in snow just whisk right off its hard, shining surface. Glo-Coat stays on ... stays bright ... even after repeated damp moppings. In fact -- Johnson's Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer. Guaranteed the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy. Glo-Coat is as easy to use as ever -- you get the same lustrous shine without polishing. Protects your floors as always with a tough, lustrous shield that reduces wear, makes cleaning far easier. And now -- Johnson's New Glo-Coat is positively water-repellent! Saves work...saves floors...saves money. Lasts up to four times longer. Tomorrow -- get Johnson's New Glo-Coat -- in the regular Glo-Coat package. No change at all in the container. But what a wonderful difference inside!

ORCH: BRIDGE:

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: IT LOOKS LIKE THE GENTLE HAND OF FAME HAS FINALLY SLAPPED THE EARS OFF MR. MCGEE OF WISTFUL VISTA. WITH HIM RIGHT NOW IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE SO-CALLED "MAN OF THE YEAR BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY", AND WHAT HE HAS JUST NOMINATED MR. MCGEE FOR, YOU WON'T BELIEVE! MRS. MCGEE IS SKEPTICAL ABOUT IT, TOO, BUT LISTEN TO THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN J. WORTHINGTON GRIFT, AND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE

FIB: DIDJA HEAR THAT, MOLLY - DIDJA HEAR WHAT THE MAN SAID?
ME - THE MAN OF THE YEAR!

MOL: Yes, I heard it. What year is that -- the year of the Big Crash?

MAN: Oh no! 1949, naturally, madam.

FIB: Naturally, madam! WOW! THE MAN OF THE YEAR!

MOL: Oh, look, let's face it, McGee -- you're not the type to -

MAN: (HASTILY) As I say, the time is short! Our Man of the Year Book is about to go to press and our Board of Trustees has chosen Mr. McGee from among thousands of men, as Man of the Year from this State!

NM

FIB: The whole State, Molly! Ahh, Fame at last!

MOL: Oh, dear...

FIB: Tell me more, bud! Go on - elaborate!

MAN: Well, we'd like to run your picture in The Book, of course-

FIB: You have my permission, bud. "Fibber McGee, Man of the Year".

MAN: You'll be in with famous men from other states, only one from each state, of course - men like Jimmy Roosevelt, Vice-President Barkley, Grace of Bethlehem Steel -

FIB: Yeah? Women too, huh?

MOL: Oh no, dearie! Grace of Bethlehem Steel is a man.

FIB: She is?

MOL: Yes, and look - I have just one question, Mr. Graft.

MAN: Graft, Mrs. McGee - J. Worthington Graft.

MOL: One question. How much does it cost?

MAN: Cost? Oh please, Mrs. McGee - let's not talk about money!

FIB: No! Migosh, not that!

MAN: The Man of the Year Book, Mrs. McGee, is a non-profit deal!

FIB: Most of my deals are non-profit, bud. If I can just break even once in awhile, I'm happy.

MAN: All we ask our Men of the Year to do is help defray the cost of publishing this great Book - the book which will spread their fame throughout the nation!

FIB: Ahh, "Fibber McGee, Man of the Year!" throughout the nation.

MAN: Wait till you see this beautiful volume, Mr. McGee- Handsomely engraved on genuine simulated parchment-type newspaper stock, and bound in Morocco!

FIB: Morocco, eh?

MAN: Morocco, Indiana. This handsome book --

MOL: HOW...MUCH???

MAN: 25 dollars for developing and processing his photograph, and ten-fifty a copy for the book....

MOL: That's all! Thank you, Mr. Graft, but we're not interested. Now, if you'll excuse us --

FIB: NOT INTERESTED! Oh, now, now -- tut-tut-tut! You're just excited, my dear. After all, when one's husband has just been selected Man of the Year, one should not think of money. Leave us not be sordid.

MOL: But, McGee --

FIB: And speaking of "sordid", have you sordid the laundry today
If you want to go sord the laundry, while I and Grifty
talk -

MOL: OHHHH, I give up! I quit! I'll keep quiet! You go right
ahead!

MAN: Good. Now, if you'll just sign this contract, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Gimme the pen. (SCRATCH OF PEN, BEHIND:) "Fibber..McGee...
Man..of the..Year." There you are, bud.

MAN: Now, the check. I've reserved five copies of The Book for
you, so just sign this check for \$77.50, and I'll be on my
way.

FIB: Okay..\$77.50, eh?..There you are. Now how about the picture?
Will you send a photographer over, or -

MAN: No, I'll just take this picture off the piano here. This'll
do all right.

MOL: That's Uncle Dennis!

MAN: We'll retouch it, madam. Congratulations, Mr. McGee. Goodbye

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Migosh, them high-class book publishers are terrific,
Molly! Imagine takin' a picture of Uncle Dennis and makin'
it look like me, when -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: (MAD) Seventy-seven dollars and - Ohhh! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

DOC: Well, don't get sore about it,..Did I ring too loud or
something?

MOL: Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor Gamble. I'm not mad at you.

DOC: Good. Say, who was the seedy-looking character
in the pin-stripe spats who nearly ran over me on the
porch? Friend of yours, Duckface?

FIB: That, Doctor, was Mr. J. Worthington Grift, noted publisher.
He just dropped in to bring me the good news.

DOC: Good news?

MOL: For seventy-seven dollars and a half, Doctor, himself here
has just been made 1949's Pigeon of the Year!

FIB: It's Man of the Year, Molly!

DOC: Oh no!

FIB: Yep. The Board of Trustees has just chose me Man of the
Year for this whole State, Fatso. Gonna have my name in
the official book. And a picture!

MOL: Of Uncle Dennis.

FIB: The picture'll be okay, Molly. You heard him say they'd
retouch it. They're experts.

DOC: Oh, I loved that picture of Uncle Dennis, Molly! The first
thing the retoucher will have to do is point out that extra
pair of eyes, on his forehead.

MOL: Well, Uncle Dennis always claimed the camera wobbled when
they took it, Doctor.

(REVISED) -9-

FIB: With that guy, kiddo, everything wobbled! When the photographer told him to look at the birdie, he held out for Old Crow.

DOC: Give me the details on this 77.50 story, Molly. Did Little Swindler's Pet here actually bite on the old Book Racket? That's the corniest swindle since --

FIB: Whattya mean - swindle?? I toldja I was chose Man of the Year! You wouldn't happen to be so jealous you can't see straight, would you, Gas Pain?

MOL: Oh, McGee, now don't -

FIB: Well, migosh, just because the only picture he ever had printed was an X-Ray of his kidneys in the medical journal that looked like two lima beans in a tub of lard, he's gotta act like -

MOL: MCGEE, NOW STOP IT!

DOC: Look, Dream Boy - with your genius for involving yourself in messes, you remind me of my brother. He was a bomber pilot, and any time his plane got in a jam, he'd drop a magnesium flare, so he could see to land.

FIB: And I remind you of him?

DOC: Yes, you too, have a flare for getting into trouble. So long, Molly.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "JOHNSON RAG"

APPLAUSE

NM

SECOND SPOT:

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: "FIBBER MCGEE, 1949's MAN OF THE YEAR"! (HAPPY LAUGH)
Boy, this sure upsets all the predictions, don't it?

MOL: If you mean the one in the Peoria High School Annual, that voted you the Man Most Likely To Be Forgotten Before The Ink Dries In The High School Annual, - yes.

FIB: You betcha! And can you imagine Aunt Sarah's face when she gets the news? She always says I'd never amount to anything.

MOL: Oh, she didn't say that, dearie!

FIB: Sure she did!

MOL: Oh no! She merely said that if you ever really made up your mind to BE somebody, that with your brains and persistence, and given a little luck, no matter who tried to stop you, or what obstacles were placed in your path, nothing would happen.

FIB: My gosh, did she really say that? I guess I musta misunderstood her. She's a pretty shrewd judge of character.

MOL: Well, as the lady remarked when she stood on her head to watch television, that's one way to look at it.

FIB: Darn right! Now lemme see, I wonder if I better have Look Magazine send a cameraman out here. Make a great cover picture. I could be settin' in front of the fire *with my great tale.*

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hiyah, Molly. Hiyah, Pal.

(2ND REVISION)-11-

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Good day, my boy. I suppose you dropped in to inquire as to what I attribute my success to?

WIL: What success, Pal?

FIB: They just made me MAN OF THE YEAR FOR 1949, Junior.

WIL: Who did?

MOL: A slick stranger with a fast fountain pen.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Molly seems to think the guy was a gyp artist, Junior, But, wait'll some big corporation makes me chairman of the board at 200 thousand a year! It's awful hard for a woman to shrug her shoulders in a mink coat!

WIL: Tell me more about this, Pal. On what basis was the selection made? Looks, wealth, social position, achievements.....?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Er.....well -

MOL: I guess that answers THAT question! You mean that you were not approached in this matter, Mr. Wilcox? Or aren't you on the sucker lists?

WIL: No, I guess they got me tagged as just an ordinary guy. But say, if there was an award for the PRODUCT of the year, I'll bet I know what it would be.

FIB: I'll bet I do too, but if I mentioned it, everybody would think I just wanted one for nothing, so -

(2ND REVISION) -12-

WIL: No no no....I MEAN JOHNSON'S NEW WATER-REPELLANT GLOCOAT!!

MOL: Well, heavenly days, how did you ever happen to think of --

WIL: - because the new water-repellant Glocoat is the greatest most sensational development in floor protection in many years! To think that now a housewife can wipe up spilled things with a mop or a damp cloth without leaving drab smears and dull spots.

FIB: We better get some for professional use, kiddo. I've heard it said that our dull spots are beginning to show and when --

MOL: Hush dearie, -- let Mr. Wilcox make a living.

WIL: Thanks, Molly. But as a housewife yourself I don't have to tell YOU how much the new self-polishing, water repellent Glocoat means in saving time and work.

MOL: No you don't, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Then why does he, every Tuesday night for the past -

WIL: BECAUSE...WHEN YOU APPLY THE NEW WATER REPELLANT GLOCOAT IT STAYS ON AND IT STAYS BRIGHT! YOU DON'T WIPE UP THE WAX WHEN YOU WIPE UP THE FLOOR. And look, Pal.

FIB: Eh?

WIL: Don't let a little success like this go to your head. Remember, it isn't how you see yourself that counts, it's how others will be seeing you.

MOL: Be what, Mr. Wilcox.

(2ND REVISION) -13 & 14-

WIL: Be seeing you! So long now.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Notice his face when I told him I'd been picked for the Man of the year, Kiddo? Pure jealousy!

MOL: I thought it was pure apathy, myself.

FIB: Nope. Jealousy. I can read that fella like a book.

MOL: Maybe because he's Johnson's best seller.

FIB: Imagine being envious simply because a friend of yours gets to be chose for an honor like Man of the Year? Why, my gosh, if a pal of MINE was that successful, I'd congrat-- (PAUSE)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: You know something? I ain't been congratulated by ANYBODY! Not even you!

MOL: Well, I think you've been the victim of a gold-brick peddle: McGee.

FIB: ~~Thanks.~~ Well, my gosh.

MOL: Now look, why don't we ride downtown and check this thing with the police, dearie. It can't do any harm and --

FIB: (RESIGNED) Oh, if it'll make you any happier, Molly - okay! In fact I'll be glad to prove to you that this is a legitimate deal -- Get your hat and we'll grab a streetcar and --

SOUND: DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

(REVISED) -15-

MOL: Well, for goodness sakes....make room for another fairly prominent citizen, McGee. It's the Mayor! Come on in your honor.

GALE: Thank you. Good day, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Triv. Heard about me?

GALE: Yes, but I didn't believe it.

MOL: You didn't?

GALE: No. When they told me, I said it was impossible. NO ONE could rip the cover on the Elk's pool table every week for seven straight weeks.

FIB: Oh that ain't to what I was referring, La Triv.

GALE: No?

MOL: No. He was referring, in his shy, bashful way to the fact that for only 77 dollars and fifty cents, and a swift sales talk, he was selected as the Man of the Year for this Community for 1949.

FIB: It's a tremendous honor La Trivia...! I get ny name and my picture in a book too, La Triv. The Man of the Year 1949, book. For a guy that's never had his name in anything but the telephone directory that's a pretty big step forward.

GALE: Yes...yes, it is. As I always say, it's better to be a big toad in a little puddle, than --

Fib
MOL:

WHOPS big toad

MB

GALE: I beg your pardon? I didn't say anyone was...

MOL: Personally, I don't think calling a man a toad is particularly flattering, Mr. Mayor, of all the repulsive--

GALE: BUT, PLEASE..I WAS NOT CALLING YOUR HUSBAND A TOAD. I JUST REMARKED THAT IT WAS BETTER TO BE A BIG TOAD IN A LITTLE PUDDLE THAN A --

FIB: Now, just a minute there, son! When you refer to the very city of which you happen to be Mayor of it, as a little puddle..by George, I think that's....

GALE: BUT, THAT WAS JUST PART OF THE --

MOL: If I were you, Mr. Mayor, and I'm glad I'm not, because I look very silly in a high silk hat - I'd forget my being over-looked in the selections and NOT refer to the winner as a dirty little reptile in a mudhole.

FIB: Yes, because a toad could hardly be --

GALE: I WASN'T RE-MUDDING ANYBODY AS A DIRTY MUDDER IN A REPTOLE.. LOOK!! WHEN I SAID IT'S BETTER TO BE A BIG POODLE IN A LITTLE TOADHOLE..A LITTLE PADDLE IN A PUDDLE...A BIG MUDDLE IN A LIDDLE TIDDLE...YOU WERE THE ONE WHO TOAD I SAID -- YOU WEREN'T.....IT WAS....I.....(PAUSE).....McGee.

FIB: Yes, boy?

GALE: When I was just a little toddler, there was a nasty little boy who lived next door. I detested him. In order to ignore him successfully, I would start playing furiously with my toys.

MOL: But, what's that got to do with --

GALE: One of my toys was a little musical top, which I could spin by use of the bellows from the fireplace....

FIB: Yeah, but I don't quite --

GALE: I think that's why, even now, when I meet someone who is being particularly objectionable, I am inclined to revert to my childhood and blow my top. ~~I'm sorry~~. Good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "THE OLD MASTER PAINTER"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: STREETCAR SOUND..DING-DING...FADE BEHIND:

FIB: This seems pretty silly to me, Molly - The "Man of the Year" ridin' ^{rephrased} all the way down to the Police Station, just so he can prove to his own wife that I'm famous. Migosh!

MOL: Well, I'm sorry, dearie, but I still think you've been swindled. Let's just ask the Chief of Police about it and find out!

COND: GALLABAYGANEFFER NEXT! BAYGANEFFER NARMAFRIL!...WAMANOX TRANSFER.....

SOUND: DING-DING

FIB: I don't think you quite grasp what a terrific honor this thing is, Molly.

MOL: I wish I'd grasped that \$77.50 before that grafter Grift grabbed it. Look -- I hope I'm wrong, sweetheart - but, to me this whole deal looks as shady as the North side of a haystack!

FIB: Well, you'll see, kiddo, you'll see. (CHUCKLES) I only wish I'd brought along an apple for you.

MOL: Why an apple?

FIB: So the trip won't be entirely fruitless! (CORNY LAUGH..PAUSE) Migosh, doncha get it, Molly? You says "Why an apple?" and I says --

COND: NEXT STOP, GORFERLASSENMERK! GORFERLASSENMERK NEXT!
CHANGE FOR NERP!

MOL: That's our stop, McGee - Fourteenth Street.

FIB: Yeah, come on. Boy, when that Chief of Police finds out he's talkin' to the "Man of the Year", he'll probably be so impressed he'll wanna gimme a free book of traffic tickets!

SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS...DOORS OPEN, BEHIND:

COND: GORFERLASSENMERK! ALL OUT FOR GORFERLASSENMERK!
NERP CAR....LET 'EM OUT, PLEASE.

MOL: Coming out please. Thank you.

FIB: Watch your step, Molly. That's it.

MOL: Between high steps and tight skirts, I have a time with --

SOUND: CAR DOORS CLOSE...CLANG-CLANG...FADES BEHIND:

COND: (FADING) SARKAMASSATRANVERS NEXT! SARKAMASSATRANVERS!...

FIB: This way, kiddo. Soon as I get you straightened out on this thing, I'll call the papers, endorse a few products and look who's comin' - the Old Timer!

MOL: Oh yes - AND, his girl friend. HELLO, YOU TWO!

OLD M: HELLO THERE, DAUGHTER, HI, JOHNNY! You kids know Bessie doncha? Say hello to the folks, Bessie.

BESS: Hello, you-all. Me and O.T. was jist downt ----

OLD MAN: THAT'S ENOUGH, BESSIE! JIST HELLO, THAT'S ENOUGH!

What'cha doin' down here, kids?

FIB: Well, we're down here on business, Old Timer. Matter of fact, I just been conferred with a great honor! You're lookin' at the new "Man of the Year!"

BESS: Oh, I'm so happy for you, Mrs. McGee! I've been goin' around with the OOLD Man of the year, myself.

OLD MAN: NOW, DON'T GO GITTIN' PERSONAL, BESSIE! I know who you mean!

BESS: Oh, I'm jist teasin' you, O. T. I'm pretty independent, you know, since I had that offer to work in the movies!

FIB: No kidding, really? You in the movies? What did they offer you?

BESS: Three cents a bag for all the popcorn I can sell.

OLD MAN: Bessie knows popcorn, kids - from top to bottom!

MOL: That's the best way to eat it.

OLD MAN: Yep, her brother was in the business. Invented hisself a process for refinin' crankcase drainin's and usin' 'em to butter popcorn with.

FIB: Migosh, I wish I'd of thought of that one! Did he get rich?

BESS: No, he had bad luck, Mr. McGee. Somebody told him popcorn would cure the heecups, so he et a bag.

MOL: Did it work?

BESS: Well, it cured his heecups, but he developed a bad piston knock! Started makin' a full stop at railroad crossin's and the winter mama caught him drinkin' antifreeze, we sold him to the used car dealer, that----

OLD MAN: WHOA, HOLD IT, BESSIE! TAKE IT EASY, BABY! Don't hog the conversation! I'll tell the folks what happened to your brother and --

FIB: Some other time, Old Timer. Some other time! As Man of the Year, I can't stand here gabbing. I got things to do!

MOL: Yes, first of all we're going to see the Chief of Police. *in the City Hall here*

FIB: Yeah, Molly's got some strange idea that I don't deserve this honor, Old Timer. Thinks it's a swindle.

OLD M: Swindle, eh? Is this the deal where a feller comes to the house - tells you you're elected Mr. America - and sells you a bunch of books with yer pitcher in it for five bucks a copy? Pape worked that through the South and -

FIB: Oh no, no - this is entirely different!

MOL: Oh, yes, indeed. This book sells for ten-fifty a copy.

FIB: Sure, and besides I'm not Mr. America - I'm the Man of the Year!

OLD M: Oh, that's different, Johnny. Sounds like a fine deal! Congratulations!

FIB: Thanks.

OLD M: But daughter, don't ever let the boy go fer that 5-dollar deal! It's crooked!!! So long, kids!

BESS: Ta-ta, you all Man of the Year!

MOL: Goodbye, Bessie. Come on, McGee - let's find out about this thing right now!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE BEHIND:

FIB: Good! I wants get started endorsing stuff, Molly. Every minute I lose is -- Hey, bud, is the Chief in, because - oh, are you the Chief of Police?

CHIEF: That's right, mister - what's your problem?

bc

-23--

FIB: No problem, bud - you probably don't know who you're talking to, so I'll introduce us. I'm Fibber McGee, Man of the Year, and this is my wife, Mrs. Man of the Year - er, Mrs. Fibber McGee!

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure; Chief!

CHIEF: Glad to know you, madam. Now if -(PAUSE) Who did you say you are?

FIB: You'll read all about it in the papers. I've just been chose Man of the Year from this section by the Board of Trustees of -

CHIEF: MAN OF THE YEAR?

MOL: You see, Chief - this man came to the house - this Mr. Grift - told my husband they'd picked him Man of the Year, collected \$77.50 and left -

FIB: And my wife thinks there may be something wrong, although personally I been expecting recognition and -

CHIEF: SOMETHING WRONG? WHY THAT CROOK! THAT'S THE ROTTENEST SWINDLE I EVER HEARD OF! THE DIRTY DOG!

MOL: MMMM-hm!

CHIEF: CLANCY! WALKER! STANISLAUS! COMB THE TOWN! THROW UP ROAD BLOCKS! DRAG THAT CROOK IN HERE!

FIB: HEY, JUST A DARN MINUTE! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S CROOKED?

CHIEF: THINK HE'S CROOKED??? THAT RAT TOLD ME I WAS THE MAN OF THE YEAR! HE CHARGED ME NINETY DOLLARS! (FADING) THAT ROBBER!

FIB: You hear that, Molly! Ninety bucks! I saved \$12.50, because I bought it for \$77.50 and - Okay, I'll go quietly!

ORCH: "DEAR HEARTS", ETC.

APPLAUSE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
DECEMBER 13, 1949

-24-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment --
Suppose you spill something on a brightly polished floor.
Or the children track mud or snow all over it.
What happens? Is that lustrous shine ruined? Is there a
streaky, dull blotch where you wiped up the muss?
Not 'f you protect your floors with self polishing,
water-repellent New Glo-Coat. You just whisk spills
and tracks away without leaving ugly marks. Even damp
mopping doesn't kill that lustrous wax sheen. Johnson's
Glo-Coat stays on stays bright up to four times
longer. Guaranteed the most economical self polishing
floor wax money can buy!
Tomorrow -- start using Johnson's Water-Repellent New
Glo-Coat. It's at your dealer's -- in the regular
Glo-Coat container.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

NMI

(REVISED) -25-

TAG

MOL: Don't take off your hat, McGee.
FIB: Why not? I can get it off easy now. My head
has stopped swelling and -
MOL: I didn't mean that. But we forgot to stop at
Kremer's drug store to get some more Christmas Seals.
FIB: Oh my gosh, so you did!
MOL: WE did! And we've GOT to use Christmas Seals, you know.
Everyone should. Because when you stick a Christmas
Seal on your cards and packages, you are giving an extra
gift. The gift of better health to humanity
because you are helping to stamp out tuberculosis.
FIB: Right!! Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF

WILCOX: The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S NEW WATER
REPELLANT 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)

(REVISED) -25-

TAG

MOL: Don't take off your hat, McGee.

FIB: Why not? I can get it off easy now. My head has stopped swelling and -

MOL: I didn't mean that. But we forgot to stop at Kremer's drug store to get some more Christmas Seals.

FIB: Oh my gosh, so you did!

MOL: WE did! And we've GOT to use Christmas Seals, you know. Everyone should. Because when you stick a Christmas Seal on your cards and packages, you are giving an extra gift. The gift of better health to humanity because you are helping to stamp out tuberculosis.

FIB: Right!! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF

WILCOX: The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S NEW WATER REPELLANT 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-

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
DECEMBER 13, 1949

NETWORK TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Men ... here's an answer to your big Christmas problem. Why not give HER a Johnson's Wax Beautiflor Electric Polisher this Christmas? That's a present she'll appreciate and treasure for years to come. For it takes all the work out of one of the hardest jobs women do -- polishing waxed floors. There's no work to it with the Beautiflor Polisher. The big whirling brush does all the work, while you merely walk along and guide. Tomorrow -- see the Beautiflor Polisher, at any dealer's. The full price is only \$44.50. Have one delivered to her - Christmas morning!

Q'CH: MUSIC UP FULL

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

big Christmas problem.

Beautiflor Electric

te and treasure for years

ork out of one of the

ng waxed floors. There's

r Polisher. The big

, while you merely walk

olisher, at any dealer's.

Have one delivered to her -

T PAUSE) ON NBC.

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
DECEMBER 13, 1949

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

CUT-IN CLOSING TAG (TIMING: 35 SECONDS - 116 WORDS)

NBC HOLLYWOOD TRAFFIC TO SUPPLY TIME CUE

ANNCR: Just 10 more shopping days 'til Christmas! If you are still thinking about the gift to give this year -- particularly the men listening -- why not give a famous Johnson Electric Floor Polisher? It's a gift to last for years!

It's light in weight -- modern in design -- its big, whirling brush takes all the work out of polishing waxed floors!

And remember. The regular price of the famous Johnson Electric Floor Polisher is \$59.00! For Christmas selling only your dealer is offering the polisher at \$49.50. Save almost \$10.00. See your dealer tomorrow ... for the gift to last for years -- a famous Johnson Electric Floor Polisher!

NM!

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1949

6:30
6:45