

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#16

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, December 27th, 1949

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

6:30:35 - 6:31:30 - :55
6:41:55 - 6:47:55 - 1:00
6:56:50 - 6:57:40 - :50
6:58:40 - 6:59:20 - :40
3:20

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 ~~Wax~~ Water-Repellant 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:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's news! News for the New Year! Johnson's ~~new~~ Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent. And that's news that's going to make 1950 a brighter, easier year for millions of homemakers.

Yes -- at last there's a self polishing floor wax that does not cause ugly spots as you wipe up spilled things. Does not turn drab or milky-gray even after repeated damp mopping. Water...spilled food...tracked in mud or snow just whisk off its hard, shining surface. And each coat of Johnson's Glo-Coat now lasts up to four times longer. You get far more for your money in Glo-Coat...because you have to do your floors far less often.

Tomorrow, start using this wonderful new protection for your floors. Get Johnson's ~~new~~ Water-Repellent Glo-Coat, from your dealer. It's in the regular Glo-Coat container, remember. No change at all in the package -- but what a wonderful difference on your floors!

ORCH: BRIDGE

JP

WILCOX: MOLLY MCGEE HAS AN AUNT, AUNT SARAH, - VERY RICH, VERY LONESOME AND IN BAD HEALTH. SHE HAS ASKED THE MCGEES TO VISIT HER OVER NEW YEAR'S DAY. MOLLY IS GOING IN A SPIRIT OF SYMPATHY AND AFFECTION. MR.MCGEE IS GOING IN A SPIRIT OF "THE OLD GIRL IS LOADED AND SHE CAN'T TAKE IT WITH HER." SO HERE, PACKING FOR THE TRIP, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: Now let me see...I wonder if I'd better take my little electric flatiron with me...

FIB: For what? Crackin' walnuts?

MOL: In case I want to press out a dress or something.

FIB: DO YOUR OWN PRESSING AT AUNT SARAH'S? ARE YOU KIDDING? Why, that house of hers is fuller of servants than Paul Whiteman's riding britches are full o'Paul Whiteman! Hey! What time does the train leave?

MOL: 5:45

FIB: Standard time?

MOL: As standard as that train ever gets. I've seen the engineer and the conductor at the station, synchronizing their sun dials. Sit on this bag for me, dearie, please ...I can't get it shut.

(2ND REVISION) - 5 -

FIB: Okay. You snap the locks.....
SOUND: → CRUNCH OF LEATHER...TWO LOCKS SNAPPING.
MOL: There...are you about ready?
FIB: Practically. I just wonder if I oughtta take this book
with me.
MOL: What is it?
FIB: "The Psychological Pre-Determination of Social
Maladjustments from the Standpoints of Heredity and
Environment." It's a study of economic factors in
conjunction with the materialistic approach to Sub-
Marginal population Areas.
MOL: Heavenly days...!!!
FIB: I thought I might leave it laying around on my night
table. Impress Aunt Sarah. She thinks you married a
dope. WELL...HAND ME THEM TWO NECKTIES, KIDDO.....
Thank....(BAG CLOSING) I'm all packed!

(REVISED) -6-

MOL: Good! I'll see that all the doors and windows are...
OH MY GOODNESS!
FIB: Smatter?
MOL: I JUST REMEMBERED! DIDN'T WE HAVE TICKETS TO ^{That musical} ~~"PANTS OF~~
~~THE SOUTH PACIFIC"~~ AT THE BIJOU FOR TONIGHT!
FIB: IS THIS TUEADAY THE 27th? IT SURE IS!! DOGGONE IT!!
CAN'T WE TAKE A LATER TRAIN?
MOL: No. The train we're taking is as late as a train ever
gets. We'd better give the theatre tickets to somebody.
How about Ole at the Elk's Club? He probably doesn't get
a chance to see many good shows.
FIB: GOOD IDEA, SNOOKY!!! HAND ME THE PHONE...
MOL: Here.
FIB: Thanks. (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE ELK'S
CLUB AT 14th AND OAAAA, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?
MOL: Oh dear...
FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT?
YOUR GRANDMOTHER??... RIGHT TACKLE FOR WHO? OH!!
MOL: Myrt's grandmother is playing football?
FIB: No. She was deep-sea fishin' in Mexico. But she didn't
have the right tackle for swordfish. WHAT SAY, MYRT?
THANKS...LEMME TALK TO HIM. (PAUSE) IS THIS OLE? LOOK,
OLE, THIS IS MCGEE...WHADDYE DOING TONIGHT, KID. WELL, I
GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU.
MOL: McGee, for goodness sakes...

(REVISED)

-7-

FIB: We're goin' outa town, Ole. And I'm leaving a coupla tickets at the Elks Club for you, on our way to the station. Eh? Oh, that's okay, Ole. Hope you enjoy it! See you next week, Ole. (RECEIVER UP)

MOL: I'm glad you did that, dearie. He's such a nice little man, and so -

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) AUTO HORN

FIB: HEY, THERE'S THE TAXI CAB!!!!...GRAB YOUR HAT, BABY... I'LL BRING THE GRIPS!!! DID YOU PUT THE CAT OUT? OH, WE HAVEN'T GOT A CAT... WELL...COME ON!!!

MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE

SOUND: RAILROAD STATION EFFECT...FADE UNDER -

MOL: What did Information say about our train, McGee?

FIB: She just laughed. I asked her did we have time to grab a sandwich and she says we got time to go rabbit hunting and cook the rabbits. She says -

P.A. VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!!! WILL THE PARENTS OF THE TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY IN THE HOPALONG CASSIDY SUIT WHO WAS CHECKED THRU FROM BUFFALO, ~~NEW YORK~~, PLEASE CALL FOR HIM AT WHAT IS LEFT OF THE TRAVELERS AID OFFICE? THANK YOU!

MOL: I just love railroad stations! People going, people coming, people weeping on people's shoulders...for fear they might miss their train and have to stay a while longer...

FIB: Yeah...very dramatic place. Funny thing happened down here last week. Salesman for an optical company lost a briefcase full o' glass eyes on the roadbed.

(2ND REVISION) -8-

MOL: Heavenly days...did somebody find it?

FIB: Yeah..a doctor for the railroad. Says it was the first time in thirty years he'd ever removed eyes from cinders. And the week before that -

P.A.VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE! WILL PASSENGERS WHO HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT ALL SPACE TO WEST COAST HAS BEEN SOLD OUT AND THEN FIND THE TRAIN HALF EMPTY PLEASE REFRAIN FROM INSULTING THE CONDUCTORS. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN TROUBLES. THANK YOU!

MOL: You know, I'd like to -- OH LOOK, MCGEE...THERE'S THE OLD TIMER...AND BESSIE. YOO HOO...MR. OLD TIMER!!

FIB: HIYAH, OLD TIMER...HIYAH, BESSIE...

OLD: Well, hello there Johnny. Hello, Daughter.

BESSIE: Hello, You-all. The reason I say YOU-ALL is I'M from the south.

OLD: THEY KNOW THAT, BESSIE...YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP TELLIN' 'EM!! Bessie's awful proud of bein' a southerner, kids. Her grandpa got gored at Bull Run. DIDN'T HE, BESSIE?

BESS: Yes he did! He was a fine soldier. General Pickett used to walk around his tent all night long. Grandpa --

OLD: I'LL TELL IT, BESSIE....I'LL TELL IT.....

MOL: Oh let Bessie tell it!

FIB: It's her story, aint it?

OLD: Yes, but Bessie strings 'em out too long. She kills more points than a two-bit pencil-sharpener. DON'T YOU, BESSIE?

BESS: If you say so, O.T. Isn't he masterful, folks?

OLD: WELL, SIR, AT THE BATTLE O' BULL RUN, GENERAL PICKETT USED TO WALK AROUND BESSIE GRANDPA'S TENT ALL NIGHT LONG. FINALLY HER GRAMPA SAYS, "HEY, GENERAL, WHAT'S THE IDEA?" and the GENERAL SAYS, "I'M A PICKET AND YOU'RE A NON-UNION SOLDIER!" Heh heh heh! Hey, you kids meetin' somebody down here?

MOL: No, we're going away for a little trip, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Gonna go visit Molly's Aunt Sarah. For New Year's. We're gonna stand around and sing "SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT" while she makes out a new will.

MOL: Oh now, McGee! You KNOW I love Aunt Sarah.

FIB: Me too. There's something about her that appeals to me. Several things...oil wells, Stocks and bonds....

BESSIE: Speakin' of oil, folks...I made a little investment last year in a wildcat well down in Texas.

MOL: Isn't that interesting....- a wildcat well!! Did they strike anything?

OLD: YEP...SIX WILDCATS COME CLIMBIN OUT OF IT. WE SKUN 'EM AND MADE BESSIE A FUR COAT OUT OF 'EM. EH, BESSIE?

BESS: Yes, but I had to quit wearin' it, O. T. My sister's dog kept chasin' me up trees. (LAUGHS) My goodness gracious, I -

OLD: DON'T STRING IT OUT, BESSIE! YOU HAD YOUR LAUGH, Well, so long kids....me and Bessie's got to git over to Gate six. The 5:52 's about due.

FIB: Oh, you goin' away somewhere, too.

BESS: No, we just -

OLD: I'LL TELL IT, BESSIE.

BESS: Yes, O.T.

OLD: WE ALWAYS COME DOWN TO MEET THE 5:52 Kids. ONLY PLACE WE CAN PARK AND KISS EACH OTHER FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES WITHOUT SOME NOSY COP SHINING A SPOTLIGHT ON US. Come on, Bessieso long Kids....

BESSIE: So long, You-all!

STATION NOISES UP AND FADE UNDER-

MOL: Ian't Bessie sweet! And the two of them are so -

P.A.VOICE: YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! TRAIN NUMBER 12, THE CINDER BUCKET, NOW LEAVING ON TRACK 48 FOR FEALING HOLLOW, WHISTLEBURG, MUSTN'T POINT. JOHNSON JUNCTION AND AUNT SARAH'S.....

.....BOARRRRRRRRRRRRRRD!!!

FIB: Come on, Tootsie...that's us!!! Let's go!!!

MOL: Wait for baby.....

ORCH: "1000 VIOLINS"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

-11-

SOUND: OF TRAIN MOVING SLOWLY...WHISTLE, OFF

PORTER: Here you are, folks. This is it...Compartment C.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...SCUFFLE OF FEET, BEHIND:

FIB: Go ahead, Molly...step in.

MOL: Oh, this is nice, McGee. Very modern. A little small, but...

FIB: I'll say it's a little small...Step out now, so I can step in, willya? Thanks. Migosh, whoever laid out this compartment must have designed it for a family of brooms. Whisk-brooms.

MOL: Oh, I think it'll be all right, McGee...as soon as the porter is through in here.

FIB: Yeah, I guess so. You want the tickets now, Porter, or...

PORTER: No sir, the conductor'll be around to get your tickets later. My job is just to make you folks comfortable.

FIB: Well, you can start by getting off my foot and taking your elbow out of my eye!

PORTER: Yessir. I'll put the tags up out of the way here, and then...

SOUND: CLATTER OF BAGS ON RACK

FIB: Don't put the shoebox up there...leave it on the chair here. I got a pair of old sneakers in there and I may get hungry later.

MOL: My goodness, I hope you don't get THAT hungry!

(2ND REVISION) -12 & 13-

FIB: Well, if I hafta walk all the way to the diner, I'll want to change shoes first. These new ones are tight.

PORTER: The dinin' car is right behind this one, sir. If you don't feel like walkin' back there, you can git off the train at the next stop, wait till we start up, and get back on the diner. Of course, you'll have to stay there till we get where you're goin', because we don't back up. Now if they's nothin' else you need...

MOL: No, this'll be fine, Porter...McGee, uh - before he goes...

FIB: Huh? Ohh, yeah. (SOTTO VOCE) Have you got any change, Molly? This is the smallest I've got...see?

MOL: Oh, let's do it big this trip...go ahead... Give him the whole quarter!

FIB: Okay. Here you are, boy...all yours.

PORTER: Thank you kindly, sir! I been wantin' a quarter for a long time, but all my folks keep givin' me them old dirty dollar bills!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I might as well get used to throwin' money away, anyhow... in case Aunt Sarah wants me to take charge of her affairs for her.

MOL: Oh, McGee, Aunt Sarah hasn't had an affair since that second baseman from the Peoria Distillers left the...Ohhh, you mean her business affairs?

FIB: Yep, I could ruin her business...I mean RUN her business like nobody's business. Hey, let's mosey up to the Club Car and see if they'll make us a coupla hot buttered rootbeers.

MOL: Good idea. I want to see some more of the train, anyhow.
~~Hand me my lipstick....~~

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE...CLACKETY-CLACK EFFECT UP FOR BRIDGE AND FADE BEHIND: SHUFFLING LURCHING FOOTSTEPS

MOL: Say, this train has got everything, McGee.

FIB: Yeah! Hey, migosh, look, a barber shop! (EXCITED)
You know what? I think I'll get a shave!

MOL: There's a man already in the chair, dearie. Besides, I wouldn't want a barber fooling around me with a razor on a train this fast. Suppose the train lurched, or something.

FIB: Awww, those guys know their stuff, Molly. I'll bet he hasn't cut anybody since....

MAN: (SCREAMS HORRIBLY.)

FIB: I can shave myself at Aunt Sarah's.

SOUND: WHISTLE AND CLACKETY-CLACK EFFECT UP TO BRIDGE, AND FADE. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES.

FIB: Here we are, Molly - grab a couple of chairs by the door here. That's it.

MOL: Isn't this a beautiful car, McGee? (SOTTO VOCE) Say, is it all right for us to be here? Do we have to be members to sit in the Club Car?

FIB: I dunno - but bluff it out. This is really a snazzy choo-choo, and we -

ANNCR: ATTENTION, PLEASE! THE TRAIN WHICH IS ABOUT TO PASS US ON THE LEFT IS THE WESTBOUND LIMITED FOR CALIFORNIA - "THE PONY EXPRESS"!

SOUND: WHISTLE...HOOFBEATS...WHINNY...FADING WHISTLE.

MOL: That's an odd name for a train. I wonder how they ever happened to name it "The Pony Express".

FIB: I dunno. They probably just got saddled with it somehow. Hey, I wonder if I shoulda left the tickets in our compartment, because the conductor -

WIL: (FADING IN) HELLO THERE, MOLLY! HIYA, PAL!
I've been looking for you ever since I heard you were aboard.

MOL: For heaven's sake - Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Yeah, sit down, Junior! Howja know we were on here?
WIL: Ran into a porter back there - told me about a fellow giving him his first two-bit tip since 1930. Put two and two together. Where you going?
MOL: We're on our way to spend the holidays with Aunt Sarah, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Yeah, Molly's rich aunt Junior. Er -- rich aunt, Junior. May want us to help her write a new will. You goin' someplace, or you just like to ride trains?
WIL: I like to ride this club car, Pal. Get such a bang out of watching the stewards - the fun they have.

BIG LAUGHTER - OFF, BEHIND:

FIB: The stewards?
WIL: Yeah, hear 'em laughing, Pal - they're fracturing themselves!
MOL: Are they telling jokes - or -
WIL: No, one of 'em just spilled a drink. Watch 'em laugh. They're tickled silly because they've got that floor covered with Johnson's ~~new~~ Water Repellant Glocoat.
FIB: Oh no!
WIL: Wiping up spilled things is a picnic!
FIB: This picnic is full of ants, Junior, because you got on here and --

MORE LAUGHTER - OFF

WIL: (CHUCKLES) Look at 'em! They remember how they used to have to coat that floor every few days with wax, but since Johnson's great Water Repellant Glocoat hit the market, their linoleum stays protected three or four times as long.
MOL: That's fine, Mr. Wilcox, but we're on a holiday and -
WIL: Every day's a holiday when you use Johnson's Glocoat! That's because Glocoat is now water-repellant!
MOL: I know, but we're going to -
WIL: Because when those boys wipe up spilled things, they do NOT wipe up the wax! Johnson's Self-Polishing Water Repellant Glocoat stays on and stays bright - much longer!
SOUND: CRASH OF DROPPED GLASS .. OFF .. MORE LAUGHTER .. BEHIND
FIB: Migosh, the way they're spilling water, it better be -
WIL: (HAPPILY) Those guys are havin' all the fun! HEY, LET ME WIPE ONE UP, FELLOWS! (FADING) I'M THE JOHNSON MAN - GIMME A TURN! I WANTA WIPE UP SOMETHIN' ... BECAUSE THE WAX DOES NOT COME OFF!
FIB: (PAUSE) This is supposed to be the Club Car! HEY, STEWARD, GET ME A CLUB! I WANTA BEAT THE BEJUNIOR OUT OF JUNIOR.
MOL: No, McGee. Hush! Let Mr. Wilcox earn a living. For all of us. Besides -

(2ND REVISION) -17-

ANNCR: YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! THE CINDER BUCKET IS NOW PASSING SOME OF THE FINEST SCENERY ON THIS LINE. ON YOUR RIGHT IS MOUNT ARGABRITE - KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST AS THE WORLD'S SMALLEST MOUNTAIN PEAK - HAVING AN ALTITUDE OF 12 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL!

FIB: Migosh, I wish I had that speaker system. I could think up more interesting stuff than that -- like the diesel engines - they got on here for instance.

MOL: Say, just what is a diesel engine, McGee?

FIB: Well, you see, it's a new type of engine, that was invented by a mechanic in Brooklyn. After he got 'em finished, he says to the railroad -- "Look, youse guys," he says, "Dese'll be de greatest engines youse'll ever see!" They flipped a coin to see whether they'd call 'em "dese'll" engines, or "youse'll" engines and Diesel won. Well, let's get back to our compartment, kiddo! The conductor may be lookin' for us, and...

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE...CLACKETY-CLACKETY -- CLACK INTO:

ORCH. & KING'S MEN: FOSTER CARLING'S "WHEN YOU DANCE THE OLD YEAR OUT"
(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -18-

SOUND: TRAIN EFFECT WITH WHISTLE...FADE UNDER:

MOL: Isn't this fun, McGee? This is such a nice little compartment. Everything's so modern.

FIB: Hey...look at this little cubby-hole down here. Says, "Place Shoes Here for Shine".

MOL: What about it?

FIB: If anybody thinks I'm gonna set on the floor here with my feet in that little box, waitin' for the Porter to ---

PA VOICE: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IF YOU WILL GLANCE OUT THE TRAIN WINDOW TO THE SOUTH, YOU WILL NOTICE THAT WE ARE PASSING HISTORIC OLD LAKE PANTSDOWN.

FIB: Lake Pantsdown?

PA VOICE: IT WAS ON THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE PANTSDOWN THAT DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, GENERAL ^{Kemp} ~~MORE~~ ~~WAS~~ WAS ATTACKED BY THE BRITISH AND GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS. OUR NEXT POINT OF INTEREST WILL BE REACHED AT 6:38. THANK YOU.

SOUND: TRAIN UP AND FADE UNDER:

FIB: Gettin' hungry, snooky? Let's go into the dining car and grab off a few vitamins.

MOL: All right. I am rather hungry.

FIB: Not too hungry, I hope. I didn't have a chance to get a check cashed before I left. I only got about four bucks with me.

MOL: Well, that ought to get us an olive and a pot of tea, or maybe a...

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR ..DOOR OPENS

COND: Your tickets, please sir....Tickets.

FIB: You betcha, bud! Got 'em right here....Here you are... still in the envelope.

COND: Thank you, sir. Having a pleasant trip? (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: Oh, it couldn't be nicer, Mr. Conductor....My husband and I were just saying.

COND: Pardon me, madam....I'm afraid there is a slight mistake on these tickets, sir...

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, MISTAKE? I PAID GOOD SOLID CASH FOR THEM TICKETS, BUSTER AND...

COND: I don't doubt that sir, but these are two tickets for the Bijou Theatre in Wistful Vista.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....OUR THEATRE TICKETS! MCGEE...DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU...

FIB: Yeah...I musta left Ole the wrong tickets at the Elk's Club...he's got our railroad tickets...Oh well...Hah, hah! Gimme your fountain pen, bud, and I'll write you a check for the fare. I'M a little short of cash.

COND: I'm sorry, sir. We are not permitted to take personal checks....

FIB: (SARCASTIC) OH, YOU'RE NOT, EH? WELL BY GEORGE...

MOL: McGee, please. The man is merely following instructions. Can't we wire ahead and have the tickets ready for you when we get off, Conductor.

COND: I'm sorry, madam. I'm afraid not. The next stop is at 8:20 tomorrow morning and there will be no way to send a telegram. I'm afraid you'll have to get off the train.

FIB: (LAUGHS HAPPILY) Yeah? I thought you said there wasn't any stops till 8:20 AM tomorrow...That's when we get off anyway. So ha hah!

COND: Well, in an emergency like this we can MAKE a stop. Bring your bags, ... I'll pull the signal cord...

MOL: Well, of all the...

SOUND: LONG WHISTLE...(OR GET PROPER SIGNAL) TRAIN SLOWS DOWN...

COND: This way please, madam...We'll let you off thru the dining car...(FADE) Just follow me...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS..CREAK AND BRAKE HISS AS TRAIN SLOWS DOWN

FIB: Well, if this ain't a lousy break....Here I have to go give Ole our train tickets and-----

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK...WHO'S IN THE DINING CAR...

FIB: Eh? Where? Who?

MOL: It's OLE...and HIS WIFE...HAVING DINNER!

FIB: OH MY GOSH...HIYAH, OLE! SAY, YOU KNOW WHAT I....

(2ND REVISION) -21-

OLE: WELL, HELLO THERE, MCGEE...HELLO, MISSUS...SAY! ME AND MY
MISSUS WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR DONATIN' THESE TICKETS...
WE'RE HAVING A WONDERFUL TRIP! WE ALWAYS WANTED TO TAKE A....

COND: All right, folks, you get off here!! OPEN THE DOOR, STEWARD.

SOUND: CLATTER OF DOOR SLIGHTLY OFF...TRAIN STOPPING

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE, CONDUCTOR...WE CAN --

MOL: It's no use, McGee, come on.

SOUND: STEPS DOWN OFF TRAIN...CLATTER OF DOOR CLOSING...TOOOOT
TOOOOT .. TRAIN STARTS...UP AND AWAY WITH WHISTLE IN DISTANCE

MOL: Well, that was a lovely trip. Brief, but enjoyable. What's
the name of this hamlet, Shakespeare?

FIB: I dunno...but there's a sign over there. Hmmm. Never heard
of this place. North loitering.

MOL: That's NO LOITERING. The name of the station is up there,
"EAST WISTFUL VISTA"!

FIB: East Wistful Vista...my gosh, we're only 12 miles from home!

VOICE: Taxi, mister?

FIB: Yeah Bud! Throw these bags in the back! Get in, Molly...

SOUND: THUD OF BAGS - DOOR SLAM

VOICE: Where to, folks?

FIB: Bijou Theatre, in Wistful Vista, Bud. And make it snappy.
The show starts in 20 minutes

ORCH: "A DREAM IS A WISH YOUR HEART MAKES" FADE FOR:

- 22 -

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
December 27, 1949

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - (136 words - 40 seconds)

WILCOX: Fibber and Molly return in a moment ---
It's new! Really new! And it means new protection for
your floors...new freedom from hard work for you.

Johnson's ~~New~~ Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellent!
It shows no ugly spots when you wipe up spilled things...
stays on...stays bright ... even after repeated damp
mopping. Tracked-in mud or snow just whiek right off its
hard, glistening surface. And it's the most economical
self polishing floor wax you can buy, because now it lasts
up to four times longer! That also means you have to do
your floors far less often.

Tomorrow, start using this floor-saving, money-saving,
work-saving new floor wax. Get Johnson's ~~New~~ Water-
Repellent Glo-Coat. It's in the regular Glo-coat
package, remember. No change at all in the container.
But what a wonderful difference inside!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

H.C.

(2ND REVISION)-23-

FIB: Well, I'm glad we come back, kiddo. That was a good show.
You still want to go to Aunt Sarah's tomorrow?
MOL: Yes I do, dearie. The holiday season is a very sad time for
her, you know. It was just 12 years ago at Christmas time
that she lost her husband. They were shopping at the time.
FIB: What happened to him?
MOL: We don't know. She just lost him. In Macy's basement.
FIB: Oh, goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all.

PLAYOFF

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's 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)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
Dec. 27th, 1949

- 24 -

TAG COMMERCIAL - (98 words - 30 seconds).

ANNCR: Here's news about Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax! Recent
tests show it's the only leading cream furniture polish
that does not contain oil. That means it does not lose
shine and turn smeary overnight as oil polishes do.
Its shine lasts for weeks instead of just a day --
because it's a WAX polish!

In addition, no other polish does so much work -- so fast.
It cleans and polishes in one application! In fact it
cleans so quickly, dries so quickly, polishes so quickly
that using it's almost as easy as dusting. Get some
tomorrow. Get Johnson's Cream Furniture Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL

ANNCR: YOU'RE TUNED FOR THE STARS...(2 beat Pause) ...ON N.B.C.

H.C..