

8723

WILCOX: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE
THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE (REVISED)

#17

THEME...FADE FOR:

The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellant
Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson,
Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Frank ~~Hemingway~~, ~~Elvis Allman~~,
and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and
Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills!
"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

for

JOHNSON'S WAX

Tuesday, January 3, 1950

6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

6:30:37 — 6:31:31 — :58

6:45:05 — 6:46:25 — 1:20

6:56:55 — 6:57:40 — :41

6:58:40 — 6:59:11 — :31

3:38

(REVISED)

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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 Water-Repellant
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Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills!
Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

ENDING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Here's the biggest news in years for homemakers! Johnsons Glo-Coat is now positively water-repellant! That means wonderful new beauty and protecting for your floors and linoleum - with far less work for you! For now there's a smooth-spreading, quick-drying, self polishing floor wax that does not show ugly streaks or spots when you wipe up spilled things. Tracked-in mud or snow just whisk off its hard, shining surface. Glo-Coat stays on.. stays bright..even after repeated damp moppings. And it now lasts up to four times longer. That makes it the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy! Tomorrow start using Johnson's Glo-Coat. Find out how much time, work and money you save with the self polishing floor wax that is now positively water-repellent. And Johnson's Water-Repellent Glo-Coat is in the regular Glo-Coat package. Remember - no change at all in the container. But what a wonderful difference inside!

BRIDGE

WILCOX: FROM THE MODEST HOME OF THE MCGEES, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, TO THE FABULOUS ESTATE OF MOLLY MCGEE'S AUNT SARAH, IS A FAR CRY INDEED - BUT IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN HEAR IT:

MOL: (FAR CRY - WAY OFF MIKE) McGee, for goodness sakes, if you've finished your breakfast, get out of bed!

WILCOX: AND HERE, ^{at Aunt Sarah's} ~~AS~~ TWO MEMBERS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS, MINGLING TEMPORARILY WITH THE CENTER SECTION OF THE UPPER CRUST, ~~WE FIND---~~

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Ahhh, this is the life for me, kiddo!

MOL: I can see that. Get up now, because -

FIB: Breakfast in bed at 11 -- the morning paper on the tray, already opened at the funnies - hey - ring for the butler, willya? I want somebody to hand me my slippers.

MOL: I will not!

FIB: Huh?

MOL: You're getting so you yelp for help every time your hair needs combing. Here, I'll hand you your slippers myself.

FIB: Don't exert yourself, Snooky - what do you think Aunt Sarah's got all this hired help around here for - just to take turns flingin' orchid petals in the finger bowls?

MOL: No, but I -

FIB: NO SIR! They're here to wait on people, and I'm just the type people that I can keep them from feelin' like they're not earnin' their dough!

MOL: Well, let's not overdo it. You've had the staff running back and forth all week like retrievers at a field trial. Now come on, get up! I've been dressed for an hour!

FIB: (STRETCHES) Okay, tootsie - call my valet and have him turn these blankets back so I can get up. I don't wanta exert myself and - OKAY, OKAY, I'LL GET UP! PUT DOWN THAT ICE WATER, I'LL GET UP!

SOUND: SIAP OF FEET HITTING FLOOR.

MOL: Good! (SETS PITCHER DOWN) My goodness, are you ever spoiled! I saw you ring for the butler yesterday, just to shoo a fly off your forehead!

FIB: You said it, tootsie! And not only that, but I had a gardener busy all day just bringin' flies in to shoo off! This kind of life - is Ooooooo! This floor is cold! Put your slippers on. I handed them to you once.

MOL: ME? Put 'em on myself? Please, my dear, leave us not be peasants! Where's that valet? HEY, CLOPTON!

FIB: Heavenly days! No self-respecting peasant would -

MOL: DOOR OPENS.

VALET: (FADING IN) You rang, sir?

FIB: Nope - I hollered. Put my slippers on, willya, Clopton - like a good fellow. (SCUFFLE OF SLIPPERS, BEHIND.) Got a big day ahead of me - lot of big deals to settle.

MOL: The thing I expect to see settled soon, dearie, is your hash! If you don't leave Aunt Sarah's business affairs alone -

VALET: There - I put the slippers on, sir. Is that what you wanted, sir?

FIB: Except for one thing, yes. Take them off now and put them on ME!

VALET: Oh, I'm sorry, sir...Terribly sorry...There you are, sir.

FIB: That's better. Let's not be sloppy, Cloppy.

VALET: Yes, sir.

FIB: Now, go turn on the shower for me and lay out my clean shoelaces. Then you may scam, Cloppy.

VALET: (FADING) Very good sir.

MOL: Where in the world did he come from, McGee? I never saw him before.

FIB: I hired him yesterday. Got tired waitin' for the butler to run upstairs every time I wanted somethin', so I hired Cloppy. He sleeps outside our door at night.

MOL: Oh, McGee, that's outrageous! Whoever heard of a - Look, does Aunt Sarah know you're going around hiring -

SOUND: Aunt Sarah know you're going around hiring -

FIB: Glad you reminded me about Aunt Sarah, tootsie - I wanta see her today about a lot of things. This house is so big I haven't been able to catch up with her for three days. How do I keep missing her, anyhow?

MOL: I don't know - she's just lucky, I guess.
FIB: Well, I gotta get her signature on a few more deals I made for her yesterday.
MOL: More deals?
FIB: Yep, like the one where I traded off her half interest in the State of Texas for complete ownership of that snuff box factory.
MOL: You what? OH NO!
FIB: Yep, any time you can trade half of something for all of something - well, that's just simple arithmetic, tootsie.
MOL: Yes - how simple can you get?
FIB: As soon as she gets smart and turns everything over to me to manage - gives me her power of attorney, so I can sign these deals myself and not hafta run to her - I'll make her more money than --
VALET: (~~OFF~~) Your bath is ready, sir. Would you like the scented soap, sir?
FIB: Yeah. Yeah, the fifty-cented soap, Cloppy. I'll meet you down in the Lotus Room, Molly - this won't take long. This shower's just formality, anyhow - I ain't really dirty.
ORCH: BRIDGE
SOUND: BRISK FOOTSTEPS
FIB: Where are you, Molly? Oh -
MOL: Over here, dearie - in the Crystal Room.

FIB: Yeah? Well, look in one of them crystals and see if you can find where Aunt Sarah is. I sent her a message by the butler awhile ago but -
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADING IN, BEHIND:
MOL: Here comes the butler now, McGee - with a tray of dishes. Call him.
FIB: Shh! Here, get behind this potted palm. Let's surprise him.
MOL: McGee, we shouldn't -
FIB: Look at that puss - frozen up like a Montana pump. (SOFT CHUCKLE) He's got his nose so high in the air he don't even see us.
MOL: I know, but -
SOUND: SMALL CLINK OF DISHES AND FOOTSTEPS CLOSE - OVER:
FIB: He hates to be whistled at -- watch this!
SOUND: SHRILL WHISTLE...CLATTER OF DROPPED TRAY.
BUTLER: (PAUSE) Good morning, moddom.
MOL: Good morning, Oglesby.
FIB: Hi, Ogy. Hey, didja give Aunt Sarah my message about wantin' to see her on business, because -
BUTLER: I delivered your message, sir. Verbatim.
FIB: You did? Didja tell her I'd put on my white tie and tails and meet her in the formal gardens?
BUTLER: Exactly, sir.
MOL: What did she say?

(REVISED)

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BUTLER: She suggested Mr. McGee put on his bathing suit and go jump in the lake, moddom.

FIB: Aw, it's too cold for a swim today, Ogy.

BUTLER: Yes sir. Mrs. Driscoll's secretary told me to inform you, modom, that she will join you at tea in half an hour in the South Wing of the Puce Room.

MOL: The Puce Room?

BUTLER: Exactly. To reach the Puce Room, modom, one passes thru the main hall, left to the sunken terrace, left agayne thru the Statuary Wing, right across the conservatry, back to the Music Room (string section) and left agayne. You cawn't miss it. Thengk you.

MOL: Thank YOU, Oglesby. Come on, McGee. I'm hungry, and - McGEE...WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: Upstairs, tootsie. When tea is served in a high class joint like this, I dress for it.

MOL: WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR?

FIB: A Tea Shirt, naturally. (FADE) BACK IN A MINUTE, KIDDO!!!

ORCH:

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -10-

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED)

SOUND: CLINK OF CHINA...STIRRING SOUNDS. BEHIND:

ELVIA: More tea, Mrs. McGee - or another muffin?

MOL: No, this is fine, Miss Longfeather. Now then, as my Aunt Sarah's private secretary, will you tell us why she can't see us right now? Her own niece and nephew?

ELVIA: Yes, Mrs. McGee. Frankly, she seems a bit annoyed with Mr. McGee.

FIB: WHO, ME? SHE'S ANNOYED WITH ME? DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?

MOL: I never heard a question that had so many possible answers! Well, Miss Longfeather?

ELVIA: Well, in the first pl-

FIB: By the way, sis. Is Longfeather an Indian Name?

ELVIA: Yes it is, Mr. McGee. My Great Great grandfather was Sitting Bull. My full Indian name is LA-TE-HAH-MO-NO-FLAH.

MOL: And a fine name for a descendant of Sitting Bull. What does it mean?

ELVIA: Middle-Age-Spread.

FIB: I prefer Longfeather. What do they call you for short?

ELVIA: Long.

MOL: Long for short, very good. But why is Aunt Sarah, so annoyed with my husband?

FIB: Yeah, my gosh, everything I done around here was in a spirit of helpfulness. Just giving her the advantage of a mature, far seeing, business-type mind.

A LOVELY DRESS

(REVISED) -11-

ELVIA: Mrs. Driscoll did not consider it business like, Mr. McGee, when you answered the telephone this morning and sold two of her Peruvian platinum mines and bought 20 thousand shares of A. TEE. TEE and TEE.

MOL: I thought American Telephone and Telegraph was good stock.

ELVIA: That's A.T. & T., Mrs. McGee. A.T.T. and T is Armenian Taxicab, Train and Tricycle. Worthless.

FIB: Well, my gosh, Long. if she'd only gimme her power-of-attorney so's I could sign checks and stuff, I could really close some deals! But when I have to keep dashin' to the telephone before anybody else gets to it, I -

SOUND: BUEZZER:

ELVIA: Excuse me. (SCRAPE OF CHAIR) Your Aunt wishes to see me about something. (FADE) PLEASE do not interfere with Mrs. Driscoll's business arrangements on the telephone, Mr. McGee!

FIB: How do you like that? Everybody's afraid I'll do something smart and Aunt Sarah will cut me in for too big a slice of her will.

MOL: Not me, dearie. I'M not afraid you'll do something smart.

FIB: I know....You're LOYAL.

MOL: But I DON'T think you should have said what you did about Aunt Sarah's evening dress last night.

FIB: WHAT'D I SAY? I WAS VERY.COMPLIMENTARY. I SAYS IT WAS A LOVELY DRESS!

(REVISED) -12-

MOL: Yes, and then you said, "but why do you wear a life preserver underneath it?"

FIB: Well, I couldn't believe anybody was really SHAPED like -that. But I will say she took it in good faith. She even told me I was unspoiled - that success hadn't gone to my head.

MOL: That isn't exactly what she said, sweetheart. She said the trouble with you was that you had come up from nothing - and brought it with you! What she was trying to --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

BUTLER: Beg pardon, sir, and modom.

FIB: Yes, Oagy?

BUTLER: Telegram for you sir. I took the liberty of opering it, sir. From the context, sir, I judge the sender to be a Swedish gentleman.....

MOL: IT'S OLE, FROM THE ELK'S CLUB, MCGEE --I'LL BET A COOKIE!

FIB: Read it, Oagy.

BUTLER: Certainly sir. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) I quote - My Missus yust presented me with new baby girl. She is just like a little flower. So we are calling her Yasmin. (SIGNED) Ole, Yanitor of Elk's Club. Will that be all, sir?

FIB: I doubt it. Ole's still a young man. OH, YOU MEAN - yeah...that's all, Oagy. No wait - I'll answer that wire.

BUTLER: Very good sir.

MOL: Tell Ole that we -

FIB: HEY, THERE'S AUNT SARAH GOIN' UPSTAIRS! HIYAH, AUNT SARAH!
 ..AUNT SARAH!...HEY AUNT SARAH!

SOUND: DELIBERATE FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS..RUSTLE OF SILK..FADE TO
 DISTANT DOOR SLAM

FIB: Guess she didn't hear me.

MOL: That could be one explanation. Another could be that she's still
 angry with you for (PAUSE) What's that you have under your
 arm there, Oglesby?

BUTLER: This Modom, is a container of Johnson's Water Repellent
 Glocoat..Rawther a sensational product, Modom. I heard about
 it on the wireless.

FIB: Migosh, it's a small world, ain't it? We've heard of Glocoat
 too, Oglesby. In fact -

BUTLER: Beg pardon sir, but this is WATER REPELLENT GLOCOAT! A most
 AMAZING development in floor protection!

MOL: Yes, we know exactly what you -

BUTLER: In fact, modom, since this product has been available
 I have taken care of our floors and linoleums personally.
 It's a bit selfish of me, I presume, but reahhly, it gives
 one so mchh satisfaction to know that Water-Repellent
 Glocoat lasts three or four times as long, and that it can
 be wiped or mopped INNUMERABLE times without leaving ugly
 streaks or smears on the wax.

FIB: Innumerable, eh? That's a word Wilcox never used. He
 always says -

BUTLER: WILCOX, you say, sir? AHHH, that's the chap on the wireless
 isn't it?

MOL: Yes, that's the -

BUTLER: Feel greatly indebted to the fellow, personally. As the
 butler of this establishment, one must naturally use the
 best floor protection obtainable, you know -

FIB: OHHH RAW-THER! One has one's responsibilities, hasn't one.

BUTLER: Definitely, sir! So I am extremely gratified to discover a
 wax protection like Johnson's Water Repellent Glocoat, that
 stays on and stays bright, and..Oh. I beg pardon. I'm
 beginning to sound a bit like that chap Wilcox on the
 wireless! (CHUCKLES) Afraid I was a bit carried away in my
 enthusiasm...er..(FADE)...Excuse me, please!

MOL: Chatty chap, isn't he? Makes me appreciate one of my
 Christmas presents.

FIB: Which one, kiddo?

MOL: The silent butler.

FIB: Well, I gotta get busy, Molly. Doggone it, I wish I could
 talk to Aunt Sarah. I gotta get her power of attorney!

MOL: Oh, power-of-attorney, power-of-attorney..what on earth is
 that?

KINGS MEN "ALL THE FEELS ARE BUZZIN' 'ROUND MY HATTY"

(2ND REVISION) -15, 16 & 17-

FIB: Power-of-attorney? That means she appoints me to act for her in a financial capacity, snooky. Sign her name to checks, and stuff. Until I get power of attorney, nothin' I do is official..You see?

MOL: I see it all too clearly, dearie. Running an estate like this is pretty complicated..and...

FIB: HEY THAT REMINDS ME! I gotta check over the stables. May wanna sell some of them 22 Arabian horses.

MOL: But why? I think they're beautiful.

FIB: Yeah, but they're dangerous. Can't understand English. How can a Arabian horse understand ~~good old English~~ expressions like "WHOOA" and "GIDDAP"? Somebody's liable to get hurt and sue Aunt Sarah for a hundred million. You gotta consider stuff like that. Where can I find a riding crop?

MOL: Why do you need a riding crop to sell horses? Going to beat the buyers into submission?

FIB: No, but it makes me look like I knew what I was talkin' about. I'll bet there's a riding crop right here in this hall closet.

MOL: I wouldn't go in there, McGee. After all we're just guests here and...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...CLOSET EFFECT...BELL TINKLE...PAUSE

FIB: Well, whaddye know! Rich or poor, I guess everybody's got one!

ORCH: KINGS MEN "ALL THE BEES ARE BUZZIN' 'ROUND MY HONEY"

APPLAUSE

(2ND REVISION) - 18 -

THIRD SPOT:

FIB: Now lemme see - I got the real estate office workin' on the cactus plantation deal - raisin' potted cactus for the dime store trade -

MOL: Oh dear....

FIB: And I called Aunt Sarah's broker and told him to sell out all her stocks and bonds - at the top - and buy 'em all back again - at the bottom! That's the only way to beat the stock market.

MOL: Mmmmm-Hmmmm. And what did he say?

FIB: Well, I had a bad phone connection there - all I could hear was a lot of sputtering. I talked to her cattle ranch long distance, though, and -

MOL: Her cattle ranch? What did you do - order a glass of milk?

FIB: Nope, I got a great idea. They raise cattle out there strictly for hides, see? Make leather.

MOL: So?

FIB: So we merely step up production this year - get two or three crops of leather a year off them cows instead of one. Simple? Hey, Ogy!!

BUTLER: (OFF) Yes, sir?

FIB: Hand me the phone, - I wanta -

BUTLER: The telephone, I am happy to say, is out of order, sir.

FIB: OUT OF ORDER? Migosh, how am I gonna close any more deals for Aunt Sarah with the phone out?

MOL: I like this deal I got high in the market, for instance. A deal that'll be a real -

FIB: I have a strange suspicion that somebody thought of that, dearie. Now look, you've done enough to Aunt Sarah's affairs today. Why don't you just relax and -

FIB: Relax? How can I relax with that sweet old lady handling this billion-dollar estate all by herself, with nobody but bankers, lawyers and financial experts to help her? No sir, kiddo - SHE NEEDS ME!

FUTLER: (UNDER BREATH) Like a hole in the head.

MOL: What was that, Oglesby?

FUTLER: Ahhh - my health, madam. I have a cold in the head.

FIB: Yeah? Well, go fix up a hot mustard bath and soak your feet, Ogy.

MOL: He said the cold is in his head, dearie.

FIB: Oh. Well in that case, let him go soak his head.

FUTLER: Yes sir. Is there anything else, sir? If you'd care for another cup of tea, sir, I'll have the cook brew some hemlock.

FIB: No thanks, too busy now, Ogy. Go on and soak your head. ...Boy, when I think of all the big deals I've swung in the few days I've been here, Molly -- I'll bet Aunt Sarah is amazed!

MOL: "Horrorified" is the word she used. I talked to her awhile ago and -

FIB: If I could just get her power of attorney - so I could sign checks and stuff - she wouldn't have a worry in the world.

MOL: Or a dime. Look -

FIB: Like this deal I got right here in my hip pocket, for instance. A deal that'll pay her 300 bucks a week - and she don't hafta do a thing for it.

MOL: 300 dollars a week? That's a lot of money.

FIB: That's the kind of deals I make, kiddo! All the American Legion wants for that 300 bucks is to hold a dance every night in the grand Ball Room down the hall here!

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: And not only that - but I got the popcorn and paper hat concession for myself. If I had power-of-- Oh hello, Longy.

ELVIA: Hello, Miss Longfeather.

MOL: Good afternoon, Mrs. McGee. I bring you a message, Mr. McGee - from Mrs. Driscoll. She has asked me to tell you that "We'll Miss You!"

FIB: Miss me? Oh - (CHUCKLES) you're confused, sis - I'm not goin' anyplace.

ELVIA: Would you care to make a small wager?

MOL: I hope Aunt Sarah's feeling all right, Miss Longfeather.

ELVIA: I talked to her this afternoon and --

FIB: Yeah, didja give her that list I made up, sis? The list of deals I swung today? Because she oughta -

ELVIA: Yes, Mrs. Driscoll has been very interested in your - ah - operations, Mr. McGee.

SOUND: CROWDING METAL

FIB: MOM! He tied it in a bow knot! HOW'D YOU GET SO STRONG, FUTLER!

MOL: Oh, I eat lots of sawate and fweeh gaapas and take wong wigos in the country.

ELVIA: And now, Mr. McGee - as I said before - "We'll Miss You!"

FIB: I'm not goin' anyplace, sis.

(REVISED) - 21 -

oh yeah -- well
FIB: ~~My~~ next time you see her, Longy, you tell her to get me that power of attorney - because with a power-of-attorney.

ELVIA: That's what I came in here for, Mr. McGee. Mrs. Driscoll mentioned the power of attorney. (CALLS) Oh, Mr. Ouster! *Butler*
Come in, please!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...HEAVY FOOTSTEPS FADE IN ALA FRANKENSTEIN...
STOP.

ELVIA: This - Mr. McGee - is Mrs. Driscoll's attorney. Mr. Ouster, this is Mr. and Mrs. McGee.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hiyah, Ousty. - (TO MOL) Migosh, he's big! Must be 6 feet 7.

MOL: At least.

FIB: BUT - with Aunt Sarah's dough, I guess she can afford the biggest lawyer in town.

ELVIA: Mrs. Driscoll wants you to show Mr. McGee your power, Attorney. Here is a telephone book.

SOUND: RIPPING PAPER...AGAIN.

MOL: Heavenly days! Confetti!

ELVIA: Here is the poker from the fireplace, Mr. Ouster.

SOUND: CREAKING OF METAL.

FIB: WOW! He tied it in a bow knot! HOW'D YOU GET SO STRONG, BUSTER!?

A Q: Ohh, I eat wots of cawwots and fwesh gwapes and take wong wides in the countwy.

ELVIA: And now, Mr. McGee - as I said before - "We'll Miss You!"

FIB: I'm not goin' anyplace, sis.

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A Q: OH NO?? WAISE THE WINDOW, MISS WONGFEVVER, AND I'LL FWOW HIM INTO THE STWWET!

FIB: Huh? Now wait a minute! Aunt Sarah needs -

MOL: No, dearie...Look - I had a long talk with Aunt Sarah this afternoon. She was very sweet, but very firm.

FIB: Well, I'll show her! By George, I ain't gonna argue with a guy as big as him. Where's my bags?

BUTLER: Here, sir. All packed.

FIB: My hat?

BUTLER: Here, sir.

FIB: Cigar?

BUTLER: Don't mind if I do. OHHH, your cigar, sir! Here, sir!

FIB: We got train tickets?

ELVIA: Here, sir! The limousine is at the door.

MOL: My husband, Miss Longfeather, is a very sensitive fellow! He can take a hint! Come on, dearie!

ORCH: BRISK BRIDGE.

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE...CLACKETY-CLACK EFFECT, FADES.

MOL: This is a nice little compartment, McGee - this is the one we had when going up last week.

FIB: Yep - I recognize my cigar burns on the window sill. Doggone it, I think Aunt Sarah could at least have saw us off at the station.

(REVISED) - 23 -

MOL: You're lucky she didn't saw you off at the throat. Those deals of yours.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPEN.

COND: Tickets, please. Tickets.

FIB: Here you are bud. To Wistful Vista.

COND: Thank you. Say, aren't you the people who rode up with us last week - to visit your rich Aunt?

MOL: The same, conductor.

FIB: Yep, it's been quite a week, too. We been livin' in the lap of luxury - up to now.

COND: The lap of luxury, eh? What happened?

MOL: She stood up.

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE..CLACKETY CLACK UP TO:

ORCH:

APPLAUSE

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
1/3/50

(2ND REVISION) - 24 -

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

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

What happens when you spill something on a wax polished floor? Or people track in mud or snow? Does that mean ugly streaks or spots? Do you have to do the whole floor over? Not if you use Johnson's Glo-Coat -- the self polishing floor wax that is positively water-repellent! Tracks and spilled things just whisk off Glo-Coat's hard wax surface. The shine stays on...stays bright...even after repeated damp moppings. And listen to this.

Water-Repellent Glo-Coat lasts up to four times longer.

It's the most economical self polishing floor wax you can buy. Tomorrow -- start using this wonderful water-repellent floor wax. 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:

(SWITCH TO FILCH)

(REVISED)

-25-

TAG: My, ^{it} ^{be} ^{isn't} it be nice to ~~get~~ home again, ~~wasn't~~ it?

FIB: Yep. I hope Aunt Sarah's broker got that wire I sent him from the station, though. I wired him to sell out all her common stock, tomorrow, at the market.

MOL: Do what?

FIB: Get rid of her common stock. Migosh, anybody as rich as Aunt Sarah is, don't want anything common around the house.

MOL: You are speaking, dearie, of the man I love... And you're right!

FIB: Huh?... Oh.. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water-Repellent 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

1/3/50

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TAG COMMERCIAL:

ANNCR: When you polish furniture, how long does the shine last? Does it turn dull, dusty and smeary overnight? Or do you get a hard, dry, glistening finish that lasts for weeks? That depends on whether or not you use Johnson's Cream Wax on your furniture. For recent tests show it's the only leading cream furniture polish whose shine comes from wax instead of oil. A wax shine lasts. Oils catch dust, turn drab and smeary. Tomorrow, get the polish that gives a long lasting wax shine. Get Johnson's Cream Wax.

ORCH: MUSIC UP FULL:

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

(CHIMES)