

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

Rice

WRITERS:

DON QUINN & STAFF

(Joe Miller
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"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" #201

NBC-RED

6:30 P.M. * APRIL 18th, 1939 * TUESDAY

(2ND REVISION) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing-Glocoat present Marian and Jim Jordan as - "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"!

APPLAUSE:

MOLLY: Thank you everybody...it's nice to be back.

FIBBER: Nice to have you back, Molly.

MOLLY: (PAUSE) Well, what're ya waitin' for Mr. Wilcox --
I wanta go to work.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Allright, Molly. We also have Donald Novis, the Four Notes and Billy Mills's Orchestra. The show opens with - "FINE AND DANDY"!

ORCHESTRA: "FINE AND DANDY" - FADE FOR

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
APRIL 18, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Here is a sure way to banish your spring cleaning blues.
Let JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT put a grand shine on
your floors and linoleum without any rubbing or buffing!
There is no work to it at all, you know. You just pour the
GLO-COAT onto the clean floor, spread it around with a
cloth or the long handled applier and in 20 minutes it dries
to a beautiful glowing finish. There is a special sale at
your dealers of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT right now! You can get both the regular WAX and
GLO-COAT in Giant size cans. When you buy a pound, you
get a pound and one-third -- when you buy a pint, you get a
pint and one-third. This sale is for a limited time only!
So if you want to get one-third more for the regular price,
we suggest that you phone your dealer the first thing
tomorrow morning or go to the store and ask for JOHNSON'S
WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the special
money-saving Giant size cans.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

(2ND REVISION)

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WIL: WELL, AS YOU ALL KNOW BY NOW, MOLLY IS HOME AGAIN,
AND AFTER LOOKING OVER THE HOUSEHOLD BILLS ACCUMULATED
DURING HER ABSENCE SHE IS A TRIFLE FLABBERGASTED.
AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND
THE DEFENDANT AND THE PLAINTIFF IN THE CASE OF INCOME
Vs. OUTGO, -

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME

MOLLY: McGee, look at this milk bill.....What on earth have
you been doing - sprinkling the lawn with it?

FIBBER: It is a little high, ain't it? What say we get a cow?

MOLLY: Who'd milk it?

FIBBER: Oh you gotta milk 'em?

MOLLY: No. You just leave some empty bottles around the barn
and then go out in the mornin' and rob the cow's nests.
Do ye have to Milk 'em! AND HOW ABOUT THIS ELECTRIC
LIGHT BILL?

(REVISED)

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FIBBER: Is that high, too?

MOLLY: Is it high! Look at it! It looks like the annual report of the T.V.A.

FIBBER: Well, I was up late a couple o' nights, readin'. You don't want me to be ignorant on current events do ye?

MOLLY: No, but ~~what~~ ^{what} events that have been worth this much current. Now look, McGee--

DOOR KNOCK:

MOLLY: Answer the door, McGee.

FIBBER: Okay.

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Insurance man. 45¢, please.

MOLLY: 45¢ for ~~what~~ ^{insurance?} McGee..what on earth ~~you been~~ ^{is this?} ~~you been~~ Plate glass insurance on your diamond lodge pin?

FIBBER: Listen Molly....I took this out while you was gone. It's great stuff. Ye see, for only 45¢ a week, you get a complete coverage on bein' struck by lightnin', bein' lost at sea - tell her the other features, bud.

MOLLY: Oh yes -- do!

MAN: Well, Madam, this policy also covers you against capture by Chinese Bandits, accidental injury from harpoons, submarine collisions, runaway camels, falling pyramids, stratosphere sickness and double indemnity for being bitten by a Mediterranean Fruit Fly.

FIBBER: Imagine that, Molly? all for 45¢! I wanted a clause in there to cover us against bein' knocked out by the Sunday Paper but that would o' been another ten cents a week.

MOLLY: Oh that's wonderful. Does it protect us against gettin' our fingers pinched in the Encyclopaedia?

(REVISED)

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MAN: No, Madam...that would require a physical examination.

FIBBER: Shall I give him the forty five cents, Molly?

MOLLY: Sure...give it to him. Then run out and round up a couple of Mediterranean fruit flies. Hungry ones, mind ye!

FIBBER: Here ye are bud. 45¢.

MAN: Thank you. You'll never regret this, folks. Why just last week one of our policy-holders - a bell-boy - collected nine dollars and thirty-two cents for getting his left ear caught in a keyhole.

MOL: I suppose if there'd been twin beds in the room he'd of got double indemnity. Good day to ye, mister.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIBBER: You don't think I was ~~wasn't~~ ^{wasn't} takin' out that policy do ye, Molly?

MOLLY: Oh no, McGee....'twas a lovely stroke of business. In fact, we can put in a claim right away.

FIBBER: EH? On what?

MOLLY: Capture by Chinese bandits. Look at this laundry bill!

FIBBER: Don't think it'd work, Molly...my shirts couldn't star a physical examination. They'd flunk the buttonalysis.

(LAUGH) Don't ye get it Molly? I says -

MOLLY: Tain't funny McGee! But let's get down to business.... ~~we got to~~ ^{we've got to} ~~work out a budget~~ work out a budget. I'll keep the books.

FIBBER: Swell. I'll run downtown and get a set a books, and a sample budget. Shouldn't cost more'n -

(TELEPHONE)

MOLLY: I'll answer it, McGee...(CLICK) 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speakin'. To whom am I speakin' with, please? Whom? Myrt wao?

FIB: Oh that's Myrt, the telephone operator, Molly. I'll talk to her.

MOL: No ye won't. WHAT WAS IT YE WANTED, PLEASE? MR. McGEE IS BUSY RIGHT NOW.

FIB: Aw, I am not!

MOL: HE IS, TOO!...I mean...er...what? Oh you'll call him later- all right ^{leave} Goodbye.

(CLICK)

FIB: (SINGS) Oh, mid pleasures and palaces...

MOL: ~~Fibberrrrrrr.~~

FIB: ~~There's no place like home, wherever I wander.~~

MOL: ~~FIBBERRRRRR!~~

FIB: ~~There's no place like home.~~

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: EH? ~~What's that?~~

MOL: WHO'S MYRT?

FIB: Myrt? Oh she's just a telephone operator...I never met her...Just talked to her on the phone. Just kidded with her and stuff like that ^{then}.

MOL: Hmrrrrrrrr.

FIB: Honest, Molly. Don't ye believe me? Wait a minute. (ASIDE) Folks, them of you who've listened to our other shows, will you please write and tell Molly that I ain't ever seen this MYRT? Tell her that I never....

MOL: Alright, McGee...let it go. I believe you. But speakin' of operators...look at this telephone bill! 34 dollars! Can't Europe settle its own problems? Did you have to call 'em up and give 'em advice?

FIB: Eh? ^{Whatcha mean?} ~~What's that?~~

MOL: We've got to cut down on usin' the telephone.

FIB: Okay - let's have it taken out. I'll build a little coop on the roof and we can use carrier pigeons.

MOL: You think their cooing would help our billing?...You was always one to go to extremes. Now you run down and get some bookkeepin' ledgers.

FIB: Okay...I'll call a couple of taxicabs right away.

MOL: A COUPLE OF TAXICABS!

FIB: Sure...I gotta come back, ain't I?

MOL: Sometimes I doubt the necessity. You'll take the street car!

FIB: Okay, but that's false economy, Molly. It's a waste of time and time is money.

MOL: Go on it'll do ye good to ride the street car and rub shoulders with the common people.

FIB: I guess you ain't rode on the street car lately, Molly. It ain't your shoulders that gets rubbed. But I'll be back in a little while and then we can -

(DOOR LATCH)

MILLS: Hello, Fibber and Hello, Molly.

FIB: Hiyah Billy!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mills.

MILLS: How would you like to hear Don Novis sing "You're The One For Me"?

MOL: Oh that will be nice! Isn't that the Irish number he sang with Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond"?

MILLS: Yes, it is.

FIB: "Bulldog Drummond" oh? Well take off his muzzle, Billy and let him howl, I gotta run downtown and buy some bookkeepin' stuff.

(2ND REVISION) 8-A

MOL: Well, trot along, McGee...What are ye waitin' for?
FIB: Ain't ye gonna kiss me goodbye?
MOL: Oh of course, dearie...
SOUND: (SMACK)
MOL: Are you leavin' too, Billy?
FIB: NO HE AIN'T! HE'S GOTTA STAY AND PLAY FOR DON. Go ahead
fellas, "YOU'RE THE ONE FOE ME!"
ORK: "YOU'RE THE ONE FOR ME" -- NOVIS: APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT

(2nd REVISION)

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SOUND: (FADE IN STREET CAR SOUNDS...GONG...VOICES...GONG)
FIB: Kinda crowded in this car, Bud...Am I standin' on your foot?
PINCH: I dunno, mister....jump up and down once.
SOUND: (THUD)
PINCH: OUCH! Yes, dat's my foot. T'anks.
FIB: You're welcome.
OLD MAN: HEY THERE, Johnny...did I collect your fare?
FIB: Oh are you the conductor, Old Timer? I ride for half fare,
ye know.
OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?
FIB: I says I ride for half fare. This is a broadcast and radio
is still in its infancy....(LAUGHS)
OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny - but that ain't
the - HEY, STEP FORWARD IN THE CAR, PLEASE! What was I
sayin', Johnny? Oh yes....THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT.
THE WAY I HEERED IT....
WOMAN: Excuse me, conductor - may I please have a transfer?
OLD MAN: You won't need none, daughter...just tell the other
conductor that Joe sent ye. Heh heh heh...AHM. EH? Oh!
THE WAY I HEERED IT, JOHNNY, ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER
FELLER, "SAYYYY," HE SAYS, "THIS JOE LOUIS DOES A LOTTA
FIGHTIN', DON'T HE?" "YEP", says tother feller, "he must
get pretty tired of it." "WHY SHOULDN'T HE?" says the
first feller, "TO HIM LIFE IS JUST ONE ROUND OF FIGHTING!"
Heh heh heh...Let's you and me go to the next Louis fight,
Johnny, if you can spare a couple o' minutes.

FIB: Okay old timer - but I never seen anybody so intoxicated with prizefighting. You're practically punch-drunk right now. Hey - here's where I get off, old timer.

OLD MAN: Okay, Johnny....LET THE YOUNG FELLER THRU THERE, FOLKS!....
ONE SIDE PLEASE --

SOUND: (STREET CAR SLOW DOWN....MURMUR OF VOICES....BELL CLANG
STREET CAR UP & OUT)

FIB: Whew! I wish I'd been born rich. To me a street car ride is just a mob scene parted in the middle!

MAN: (LAUGHING....FADE IN)

FIBBER: What's the joke, Bud?

MAN: (LAUGHS) Oh....nothing much....(LAUGHS) I'm an artist....

FIBBER: Ye are, eh? One o' your brushes ticklin' you?

MAN: (LAUGHING HARDER) No....I'm a modern artist....I paint those screwy-looking things....you know....(LAUGHS) They don't make sense....

FIBBER: I know....but what's funny about that?

MAN: (LAUGHS) Oh, I just had an exhibition....(LAUGHS LIKE HELL)
And somebody BOUGHT one of 'em!....THE DARN FOOL! (EXIT
LAUGHING DELIRIOUSLY)

FIBBER: Well, I've always wondered which got framed the worst....the picture or the buyer. Lessee, now....where'd be the best place to buy a set a budget books....

WIL: (FADE IN) Oh hello, Fibber....where you bound?

FIBBER: Lookin' for a bookstore or a stationery store, Harpo.
Our bills have been too high. I gotta get some books and make out a budget.

WIL: Oh that's a fine idea...I have a budget myself.

FIBBER: Ye have? Got it with you?

WIL: Sure..right here. Take a look at it.

FIBBER: Hmm! Very interesting. What's this item here? ~~entertainment~~^{20¢} That must of been quite a fling!

WIL: Oh it was.. The 20¢ was for carfare out to the Better Housekeeping Institute.

FIB: So that's your idea of entertainment...the Better Housekeeping Institute...is that the only toot you could think of?

WIL: Oh I have a swell time out there! Whenever I show them how easy it is to ~~use~~^{use} Johnson's^{S. P.} Glocoat, and particularly how they can save money right now by stocking up with those special giant-size cans with the extra third free, why nothing's too good for me. They make me some fudge, or pinocchio, or a taffy apple or ~~something~~^{something}! And you can see how much that saves on meals in my budget!

FIB: Yes that's great. ~~Why don't you bake~~^{Why don't you bake} in the oven till morning so you could get your breakfast free, too?

WIL: I tried that a couple of times....but somebody always comes along and sticks a fork in me to see if I'm done.

Well, watch that budget, Fibber! Remember, ~~the~~^{the} close-fisted today, ~~as the~~^{as the} open-handed ~~guy~~^{guy} tomorrow. So long, Pal!

FIB: ~~So long, Harpo....~~ Old Rockefeller Wilcox!

Boy, does HE budget! He's saved so many pennies the Government buys up his old pockets for Indian Reservations.
Oh oh..here's a stationery store!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

BOOM: What can I do for you, Flytrap?
FIB: Oh hiyah, Boomer! You working here?
BOOM: Yes. Having a special sale today on asbestos diaries for red-hot mammas.
FIB: I dunno any red-hot mammas, Boomer. All I know is smolder wimmin.
BOOM: Smolder women..that's very good...very good. A little far-fetched, but you never were any judge of distance.
FIB: Listen, Boomer...got any ledgers in here? I'm gonna start a budget.
BOOM: Is that so...fine thing, a budget. Tried it once myself but I had trouble with my incidentals...got 'em confused with the etceteras and the miscellaneous. What's the budget for, Pinchpoke, business, household or personal?
FIB: All three. If business ain't better in our household, my wife's gonna get personal.
BOOM: I see...now where did I put those budget books...have one right here somewhere...let me look on these shelves... interesting lot of stuff...budgets, budgets, budgets - here's a bottle of invisible ink for feminine correspondence ...nothing a girl cherishes like an old, faded love letter... Roll of blotting paper...ever make a study of blotting paper? Very absorbing....
FIB: Come on, Boomer...let's see a budget.
BOOM: Certainly, certainly...must have one here someplace.... let's see now...here's some gold points for fountain pens ...nobby little nibs, aren't they...I'll take a handful - might want to have a tooth filled. And what's this? Package of paper. Wonder how it got so dirty?....

FIB: That's carbon paper.
BOOM: So it is...so it is. Thought for a minute it was brunette stationery for blackmailing...here's an old computing machine...might use that in your broadcasts to add your lbs. WELL WELL! IMAGINE THIS!! I FOUND A BUDGET BOOK... AND A VERY GOOD ONE TOO!...Yours for only three dollars.
FIB: Okay...here ye are...don't wrap it up, I gotta be going.
BOOM: Yes - so have I...HERE COMES THE OWNER AND IT MIGHT BE A TRIFLE EMBARRASSING TO EXPLAIN WHAT I'M DOING BEHIND THIS COUNTER!
(RUNNING FEET)
(DOOR LATCH & SLAM)
FIB: Well I'll be a and I thought he was workin' in there, the crook! ~~what makes some people so dishonest.~~ ~~Incidentally, I wonder if I oughta go back and pay for this book again. no, I guess not.~~ ^{the budget} Let's see what ~~he~~ says:
Hmmm. HUSBAND'S CLOTHING...PER YEAR, 1200 DOLLARS. Say - that's great. I oughta get a nice outfit for that!
MAN: Say, buddy!...Can you spare a guy a dime for a cuppa coffee?
FIB: Wait'll I look in my budget, Bud...oh yes..."CHARITIES... PER YEAR... \$350.00"...--might as well clear that up for the year. Here's a hundred, Bud...I'll meet you here tomorrow at noon and give you the other two hundred 'n 50.
MAN: Alright, but don't keep me waiting. I'm goin' to the races.

FIB: Okay, Bud....Now lessee....WIFE'S CLOTHING....
PER YEAR....1500 dollars....boy won't Molly be happy at
that! This is a wonderful book! I never thought we could
do it!

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mr. McGee....so nice to see you!

FIB: Hiyah, Mrs. Uppington....where you goin' in such a hurry?

UPP: Oh, I simply MUST get down to the caterer's, Mr. McGee....
I am giving a tea and I must get some advice about the
hors d'ouvres. The anchovies I bought simply REFUSE to
respond to the curling iron.

FIB: *Oh, making the anchovies, eh?*
Oh, they do, eh? I always wondered how them little things
will looked so cute ~~CURLED UP~~ on a piece of toast. How do you
get the toothpicks into the little sausages, Uppy....with a
bow and arrow?

UPP: Oh, Mr. McGee....(LAUGHS) I'm afraid you are twitting me,
reahhly....And that reminds me....I am SO glad Mrs. McGee
has returned....DO tell her to come to my tea, on
Wednesday....Just a simple, homey affair....only 60 or 70
people invited, you know.

FIB: Sounds very chummy. Where you holding it? At home or in
the Yale Bowl?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh how VEDDY amusing....the Yale Bowl. (LAUGHS)

FIB: It is at that, ain't it? I can just see some old mug in a
frocc coat plungin' around ~~the~~ *your left* and with a piece of cake.
I'll tell Molly, Uppy....and much obliged....she'll be glad
to get a free meal on account of we're on a budget.

UPP: Reahhly! How fascinating! I have been thru all that
budgeting nuisance myself, you know. Even now, I often say
to myself - ABIGAIL....YOU NAUGHTY GIRL...NOT ANOTHAAH
STRING OF PEARLS UNTIL NEXT WEEK! Well, so nice to have
seen you, Mr. McGee....good byeeee....

FIB: So long, Uppy. Hmmm...."Not another string of
pearls ^{till next} week, Abigail!" Wonder if she realizes how
many oysters she's throwin' outa work! Now lessee this
book again...."ALLOWANCE FOR ~~SIGNING AND MEDICINE PER~~
~~YEAR~~ ~~200~~ dollars....well, I dunno if ~~we can use all that~~
~~medicine for not~~... ~~maybe I better get in a draft~~ ~~stomach~~
~~and catch cold.~~

MILLS: Hello, Fibber....started your budget, yet?

FIB: Just got the book, Billy. See? And we're gonna come out a
lot better'n we thought.

MILLS: Oh that's swell.

FIB: Yes....for instance....accordin' to this book we can spend
3600 dollars a year for groceries and it's never been over
7 or 8 hundred before. That's quite a saving ain't it?

MILLS: Yes, you ought to finish the year with a mighty nice little
deficit.

FIB: I'll say so. And believe me, we ain't gonna touch that
deficit, except in case of emergency, ~~uh~~.

MILLS: Where you going, now?

FIB: Shopping. I'm gonna buy all our clothes for the year ~~uh~~
and get it over with. The budget ~~uh~~ allows me \$1200 and
Molly \$1500. That's more clothes 'n we ever had in our
lives....wonderful, ain't it? And if it hadn't been for
this little budget book we'd never of done it!

MILLS: Can't you wait a minute and hear the Four Notes sing
"THE HAWAIIAN WAR CHANT"?

FIB: No I can't, Billy - ~~shoppin' done and play....~~
I got ^{a little} ~~shoppin'~~ shoppin' to do. FOLKS...THE FOUR NOTES
SING THE HAWAIIAN WAR CHANT, ~~TO PROVE THAT CHICAGO AIN'T~~
~~THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THEY THROW PINEAPPLES. AND THAT WAS~~
~~WONDERFUL SINGIN', TOO, KIDS!~~

LEE: What do you mean, Fibber? ~~We haven't sung it yet.~~

FIB: I ~~know~~ but I won't be here when ye get thru so I thought
I'd tell you, now. TAKE IT, KIDS...."~~HAWAIIAN WAR CHANT!~~

ORCH: "HAWAIIAN WAR CHANT"....FOUR NOTES

(APPLAUSE)

(TRAFFIC SOUNDS) (FADE)

FIB: Oh boy all our shopping done for the year, - will Molly
be tickled! 1500 bucks worth o' clothes....I hope she
likes her hats.

SOUND: BICYCLE BELL

FIB: Oh hello little girl.

TEE: Hi, mister...

FIB: Move your tricycle and lemme by, will ye sis....I gotta
get into the house. You live around here?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.

FIB: Where?

TEE: Hmmmmmm?

FIB: I SAYS WHERE? WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

TEE: With my mamma.

FIB: Well where does your mamma live?

TEE: With papa. We all live there.

FIB: Where?

TEE: Hmmmmmmmm?

FIB: I says wh.....oh shucks....we're right back where we
started.

TEE: Have we been someplace?

FIB: NO WE AIN'T.

TEE: Then how can we be back?

FIB: Well, we..that is it..you couldnt...AW FORGET IT. What's
your name little girl?

TEE: Teeny.

FIB: That's a cute name.

TEE: Sure it is, I betcha.

FIB: Dont you live in that house on the corner?

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TEE: You mean the brown one with the brick porch?
FIB: Yes.
TEE: No. Say mister..you know what?
FIB: No..what?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I SAYS WHAT?
TEE: Did you see my pappa at the playground last night?
FIB: No, I didnt...and what was your father doing at a kids
playground at night?
TEE: Well I betcha he was, I betcha....He said so on the
telephone this morning...he said "BOY, WE SURE WERE SWINGING
LAST NIGHT WEREN'T WE, CHARLIE?"
FIB: Where'd you say you lived, little girl?
TEE: Right over there.
FIB: OHH IN THAT HOUSE. OH THEN YOUR THE LITTLE GIRL WHO'S
MAMMA IS...SAY I GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU, LITTLE GIRL. I MET
SOMEBODY DOWNTOWN AND THEY TOLD ME YOU JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE
BABY SISTER!
TEE: Gee..honest?
FIB: Yessir...ain't that great?
TEE: Oh that's dandy, I betcha....I guess I gotta go now...
gimme a push, will you, mister?
FIB: Sure...where you goin'?
TEE: I'm goin' down to the hospital and tell mamma. Gee, will
she be surprised, G'bye, mister!

BICYCLE BELL FADE OUT:

FIB: (LAUGHS) I never knew a surprise party yet that the host
didn't know about long beforehand. Where'd I put that
budget book..... oh yes....

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS MOUNTING STEPS...DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: HEY MOLLY...I DONE IT!!...I GOT THE BUDGET BOOK!' AND THAT
AINT ALL. I DONE ALL OUR SHOPPING FOR THE WHOLE YEAR.....
BOY IS THAT A WONDERFUL BUDGET....1500 BUCKS FOR YOUR
CLOTHES....1200 BUCKS FOR MY CLOTHES....CHARITY, THREE
HUNDRED.... ---
MOL: HOLD IT MCGEE...HOLD IT!..CALM DOWN.....Heavenly days...
FIB: BUT, LOOK MOLLY...LOOK AT THIS BUDGET! IT'S MARVELOUS.
MOL: QUIET, IGGERNUTS.....there's something funny here...LEAVE
ME SEE THAT BOOK.
FIB: Okay. Here. See where it says -
MOL:MCGEE!
FIB: Eh?
MOL: THIS BUDGET IS FOR AN INCOME OF TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
FIB: WHAT? IT IS? You mean I gotta make 20 thousand this year
to pay for all... OH WELL WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE...I CAN
HANDLE IT.....I GOT THE WHOLE WORLD AHEAD OF ME.
MOL: Oh ye have, have ye.....That isnt the world in front of ye,
dearie!
FIB: Whatcha mean?
MOL: YOU'RE BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL!
FIB: Oh pshaw!
ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH...APPLAUSE:
CREDITS.....SIGNOFF

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
APRIL 18, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber will be back in just a moment and now I want to ask a question. Haven't you noticed that at this time of year everything in the house seems to be badly in need of a spring tonic? Floors, furniture, and woodwork are just waiting for a gleaming coat of JOHNSON'S WAX to make them beautiful as new again. Well, right now is the time to buy JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT too! By acting at once you can get Giant size cans of both WAX and GLO-COAT at the same price you usually pay for a pint or a pound. These Giant cans contain a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third at no extra cost. You'll save money by taking advantage of this special sale of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Don't delay -- for when these Giant size cans are gone, there won't be any more. Ask tomorrow morning without fail for JOHNSON'S Giant size cans at your Hardware, Grocery, Paint, Drug or Department store.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Hey, Molly.
MOLL: Yes?
FIB: Are ye still....I mean, am I...er...you forgive me for makin' a mistake and buyin' all that stuff?
MOL: Oh sure....we all make mistakes, dearie. But after this don't be so extravagant, is all.
FIB: I guess I have been at that. Matter o' fact - I got into a pretty stiff poker game, the other night!!!
MOL: Oh, that's terrible!
FIB: I won thirteen bucks.
MOL: Oh, that's wonderful!
FIB: AHEM. Goodnite.
MOL: Goodnite, all!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH....

(APPLAUSE)

CREDITS....SIGNOFF