

Writers:
Don Quinn

(REVISED)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

202

NBC-Red 6:30 PM
Tuesday - April 25, 1939

(REVISED)

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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, with Donald Novis, the Four Notes and Billy Mills'
Orchestra. The show opens with...."THE BEST THINGS IN
LIFE ARE FREE".

ORCH: "THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE"....FADE FOR:

WIL: (1st COMMERCIAL)

April 25, 1939.
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: When you come indoors after a walk in the sunshine, does your home look as bright and cheery as you'd like to have it? Do your floors sparkle with a lustrous polish? If not, you'd better put some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on those floors -- and on your linoleum, too. There's no hard work to it. No rubbing or buffing. Just spread GLO-COAT lightly over the surface. Let it dry for 20 minutes. Then, see the beautiful, glossy polish, protecting your floors from dirt and wear! There's a special sale right now on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX in Giant size cans, containing one-third more than the regular sizes. When you buy a pint of JOHNSON'S WAX or GLO-COAT, you get a pint and one-third. When you buy a pound, you get a pound and one-third ^{Five for five.} The supply of Giant sizes is limited and they're going fast. So see your dealer the first thing tomorrow morning. Ask him for the money-saving Giant-size cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH...APPLAUSE

SEGUE

"RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"...FADE

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: WELL, HERE'S A PRETTY LITTLE SCENE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. MOLLY IS SITTING BY THE WINDOW DARNING SOCKS, AND FIBBER, THAT HUMAN DYNAMO OF FLASHING ENERGY, IS TRYING TO REACH A NEWSPAPER LYING ON THE FLOOR WITHOUT GETTING OUT OF HIS EASY CHAIR.

FIBBER: (GRUNTS) (RATTLE OF PAPER)

WIL: AHAA...HE MAKES IT! (LAUGHS) AND THAT, FRIENDS IS THE PICTURE WE PRESENT TONIGHT OF -

--- "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!"

APPLAUSE: THEME

MOLLY: Congratulations, McGee.

FIBBER: Hmm? On what?

MOLLY: Reachin' the paper without gettin' outa that chair. ~~Was you afraid you wouldn't be able to find your way back?~~

FIBBER: I guess you never heard it's good for you to stretch, Molly. That's what makes cats so healthy. They're always stretchin'!

MOLLY: Turtles live longer...and they dont stretch.

FIBBER: You know why turtles live so long? On account of they gotta thick shell they can duck back under if they see they've stuck their neck out too far.

MOLLY: Well, I...HEAVENLY DAYS MCGEE...HOW DO YOU WEAR YOUR SOCKS OUT SO FAST? Look at 'em.... ~~They're aint immortal.~~

FIBBER: ~~Well, they gotta wear out sometime. Socks aint immortal.~~

FIBBER: Well, they gotta wear out sometime. Socks aint immortal.

MOLLY: No - I suppose not --- What's in the paper, McGee?

FIBBER: EH?

MOLLY: I says -- what's the news in the paper?

FIBBER: I...I dunno, Molly.

MOLLY: What do ye mean, ye don't know? Can't ye....WHY MCGEE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER DARLIN'? Why do ye look like that?

FIBBER: There's...there's somethin' the matter with me..Molly....
the type is all blurry....I can't make head ner tail of it.
All runs together.

MOLLY: ~~I mean you need~~ *Maybe you need* glasses. You been havin'
any headaches lately?

FIBBER: N-no, I...well, yes, I have. I had a terrible one the
morning after that party at the Elks Club.

MOLLY: Yes, I know..but that wasn't from any lack of glasses.
You're goin' downtown and see a good optometrist.

FIBBER: You mean optometrist.

MOLLY: I mean OCULIST.

FIBBER: Maybe you mean optician.

MOLLY: I MEAN A MAN WHO EXAMINES YE FER GLASSES, IGGERNUTS.

FIBBER: Awww I don't wanna wear glasses. This is just a temporary
condition.

MOLLY: That's what me grandfather said when people stopped buyin'
his buggy whips. You know what you got? You got
apigmastism.

FIBBER: You really think I have? Apigmastism is pretty bad, ain't
it?

MOLLY: It's terrible. Get your hat, ~~if you can find it~~
~~if you can find it~~ You're goin' downtown for some glasses.
~~And while you're down there, get some medicine.~~

FIBBER: ~~That's all right!~~

FIBBER: EH?

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~~if you can find it~~ You're goin' downtown for some glasses.
~~And while you're down there, get some medicine.~~

FIBBER: ~~That's all right!~~

MOLLY: ~~Go on now, McGee, this is serious, we got some spectators.~~

FIBBER: Aw, Molly....let's wait a while...My eyes is all right, if I rest 'em.

MOLLY: Come on, dearie...ye worry me. Besides, you'll look real distinguished in spectacles.

FIBBER: Say, I bet I will, at that. I'll get me a pair of the pinch-nose kind with a black ribbon. People'll probably think I'm a banker.

MOLLY: I don't care if ye get 'em with blinkers on so they'll think you're a horse....but GET 'em.

FIBBER: Okay - but I wonder how ye locate a good eye doctor. I'll ask information on the telephone. (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR? SAY, WHO'S THE BEST EYE DOC....oh is that you, Myrt? (It's Myrt, Molly).

MOLLY: Get to the point, gossip.

FIBBER: Hello, Myrt...Say you know a good eye doctor in town? WHO? Oh, Doctor Gildersleeve, eh?...at 14th and Oak...thanks Myrt. How's everythin' with you? Eh? WHAT? YOUR COUSIN? OH THAT'S TERRIBLE...WHERE'D IT HAPPEN, MYRT? PRINCETON, EH? I'M SORRY TO HEAR IT...HE WAS A NICE GUY TOO. WELL, DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD, MYRT. AND THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION. SO LONG, MYRT. (CLICK)

MOLLY: What was that, McGee.

FIBBER: She lost her cousin in an accident. He was a college student

MOLLY: But what happened?

FIBBER: He got swallowed by a goldfish! It was bound to happen, folks -- either on this program or some other one.

MOLLY: - and we promise we'll have no more goldfish jokes, folks. We hereby sign the guppy pledge!

DOOR LATCH:

OLD MAN: Hello, there Johnny...hello, daughter...want your pitchers took settin' on a pony?

MOLLY: No, we don't.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?

FIBBER: She says NO, WE DON'T, Old Timer. We don't like them trick pictures. Not since somebody seen our wedding picture with me settin' down and Molly's hand on my shoulder....

MOLLY: - and they tried to book us for a ventriloquist act!

FIB & MOL: (LAUGH)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Kids, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller-says to the other feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I CAN'T GO TO THE KENTUCKY DERBY NEXT WEEK. LOST TOO MUCH MONEY ON A HORSE LAST YEAR."
"ZAT SO?" says tother feller. "WAS HE A FAVORITE IN THE WINTER BOOK?"
"MUST HAVE BEEN" says the first feller. "HE RUN LIKE HE HAD SNOWSHOES ON!" Heh heh heh always makes me stop and think youngsters, when I see a threc-year old horse make a chump of a forty-year old man!

DOOR SLAM.

FIBBER: The old duffer's got something there. That's the way it is with all the horses I ever bet on, if they seen it was gonna be a photo-finish they'd stop and pose. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? They'd stop and pose if they seen -

MOLLY: T'AIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIBBER: No? Shucks, I rather liked it.

MOLLY: Listen...are you gonna go down and buy you some glasses?... Are ye gonna neglect your eyes so -

FIBBER: No no no..I'm goin'. Right away...but don't take it so serious, Molly....my eyes ain't really bad....

MOLLY: Oh, they aren't!.....then take me sewin' basket off yer head and put your hat on.

FIBBER: Eh? Oh. I THOUGHT that brim seemed kinda narrow.

DOOR LATCH:

FIBBER: Oh Hiyah Billy....I was just leavin'!

MILLS: Can't you wait a few minutes? Don Novis is going to sing My Reverie.

MOLLY: Oh that's one of me favorites. I'd love to hear it, Mr. Mills. McGee's got to run down and get him a pair o' glasse:

MILLS: Glasses?

FIBBER: Yeah....I got epigmastism, or somp'm, Billy. Must of strained my eyes.

MILLS: I was afraid that would happen.. The type in those old joke books is terrible.

FIBBER: Oh yeah? Well-

MOLLY: His eyes aren't AWFULLY bad.

MILLS: His eyes aren't too good! you know what happened to him on the train going to California?

MOLLY: No...what was that?

MILLS: He had his smoked glasses on, and when he passed a mirror he mistook himself for the porter and tipped himself three dollars.

FIBBER: Aw I never done no such a thing.

MOLLY: Of course you didn't, McGee...not three dollars. Now you run along while I listen to Mr. Novis sing MY REVERIE.

FIBBER: Oh all right...see you later Molly. So long, Billy. Take it, Don.

ORK: "MY REVERIE" -- NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF NUMBER OVER APPLAUSE:DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Yiyah sis. I'm Mr. McGee...is Doctor Gildersleeve in?

GIRL: Yes sir...with reference to what did youse wish to see him about, sir?

FIB: He's a eye doctor ain't he?

GIRL: Yes sir.

FIB: Well, then...what did you think I wanted to see him about - Raising petunias?

GIRL: Just a minute sir...(CLICK) Hello, Doctor...A Mr. McGee is here to see youse about raising petunias.

FIB: I AM NOT.

GIRL: You're not what, sir?

FIB: A Petunia...er...I mean, I ain't...DAD RAT IT, IT'S ABOUT MY EYES.

GIRL: Correction, Doctor. He's changed his mind about the petunias. Now it's his eyes. Yes Doctor. Will youse have a chair, sir. The Doctor will see youse very shortly.

FIB: Thanks. Move over a little will you, Bud? Thanks.

PINCH: Oh, dat's okay, buddy.

FIB: Which doctor you waitin' to see?

PINCH: None of 'em. Dey just hire me to sit here so's it'll look like a busy joint, see?

FIB: Oh. Well say...you know anything about this Doctor Gildersleeve? He a pretty good eye man?

PINCH: Oh he's wannaful! He treated my Uncle for fifteen years. My Uncle kept bumpin' into things...chairs and tables and stuff. Couldn't even walk downstairs alone.

FIB: What'd the Doc find wrong with him - nearsighted?

PINCH: Nope. Drunk.

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FIB: After fifteen years, eh? Snappy diagnosis. Good thing your Uncle didn't have the seven-year-itch.

PINCH: What's your trouble, buddy?

FIB: I dunno...touch of apigmastism, I think.

PINCH: You don't mean apigmastrism. You mean astrigpamism.

FIB: That's what I says...Aprismastiggem.

DOOR LATCH

TOUCH: Say, Nurse...

GIRL: Yessir?

TOUCH: Can the Doc do anything about black eyes?

GIRL: Oh yessir. He can fix them right up, sir.

TOUCH: Dat's swell. My girl's got black eyes and I like blue ones better. I'll send her in. Tanks!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Bright guy....I suppose he'll be back for an eye-wash because his girl gave him a dirty look. (LAUGHS)

TEE: Whatcha laffin' at mister?

FIB: Oh hello little girl.

TEE: Hiyha.

FIB: You waitin' to see the doctor too?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Nothin' serious, I hope.

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Sure what?

TEE: Hmhmhmhmhmhmhm?

FIB: I says I'll....oh skip it. Somethin' wrong with your eyes. Tenny? I hope you ain't been readin' in bed too much.

TEE: You mean stories like Mother Goose and Jack'n the Beanstalk and Lil Red Riding Hood?

FIB: Yes.

TEE: No.

FIB: Oh. Well then what IS the matter with your eyes?

TEE: I betcha there's nothin' the matter with 'em I betcha.

FIB: THEN WHATCHA WAITIN' TO SEE THE DOCTOR FOR?

TEE: Well gee, mister I....Hmnnnnnn?

FIB: Let's just let it go, sis.

TEE: Sure. Hey mister, you know what?

FIB: No...what?

TEE: Hmnnnnnnnn?

FIB: (GROANS) I says no - what!

TEE: I gotta turtle anna chickie, anna puppie anna kittie, an when the Doctor comes out I'm gonna have a duck, too, I betcha.

FIB: Ye are eh? The Doctor gonna give you a duck?

TEE: No, but I'm gonna wait till he lays an egg.

FIB: The duck?

TEE: No, - the doctor ... my papa says he's just an old quack. Maybe I'll come back tomorrow...so long - mister.

DOOR SLAM

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FIB: I hope this Doc AIN'T a quack. Hey Nurse..

GIRL: Yessir?

FIB: What's Doc Gildersleeve's first name?

GIRL: Donald.

FIB: Oh oh...I was afraid of that. I don't seem to ever -

DOOR LATCH

WOMAN: I tell you Doctor, I feel like a new woman...and to think I never thought of that treatment myself. Thank you SO much, Doctor Wilcox.

FIB: (ASIDE) Dr. Wilcox!

WIL: That's quite all right, Mrs. Jones...and remember... no heavy housework....you keep on using the Johnson's Glocoat I prescribed for your floors and linoleum... just pour out a little and spread it around with the long handled applicator. And I promise you you'll never have that backache again.

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WOMAN: It's a marvelous treatment...my floors look simply wonderful!
And Johnson's Glocoat keeps floors from wearing out too,
doesn't it, Doctor?

WIL: Yes, Mrs. Jones...but we're just as much interested in
keeping floors from wearing out people as we are to keep
people from wearing out floors.

FIB: (ASIDE) Listen to that guy, will ya? ^{When he was a} ~~He's~~ ~~think he was~~
~~born in~~ ~~baby they didn't know he'd grow up to be~~
~~one of the Mayo Brothers, a~~ ~~great~~ ~~a~~ ~~medicine ball.~~

WIL: And another thing, Mrs. Jones...you've been worrying too
much about your budget....I'd suggest you get some of those
special giant-size cans of Johnson's ^{wox} with the extra third
free before they are all gone.

WOMAN: Oh thank you, Dr. Wilcox.

FIB: Don't mention it, Mrs. Jones.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hey Harpo!...

WIL: Oh hello, Fibber.

FIB: What is this "THANK YOU DR. WILCOX, DON'T MENTION IT, MRS.
JONES". Sounds like Gallagher and Shean in an ambulance.
When did you get to be a Doctor?

WIL: Oh, I'm not a regular Doctor...but I run a floor Clinic in
this build'ng. Dr. Wilcox, PH.D.

FIB: PH.D. Oh, Doctor of Philosophy.

WIL: No, Perfect Housekeeping Department. Excuse me now, Pal...
I've got several patients waiting.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: *That guy's in a different job every week. He's sold*
~~Maybe I don't report him to the Medical Association, but I~~
~~to know so long he just will help himself~~
~~give a job in his clinic...one good intern doctor~~
~~himself around.~~

DOOR LATCH

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HAL: Come back again next week, Mrs. Wheedledeck...and I'll fit
you for glasses.

WHEE: Oh no ye don't...sonny...no glásses for me...no sir!

FIB: What's the matter Grandma? You ain't so vain that you refuse
to wear spectacles are you?

WHEE: No shorty...but why should I wear 'em? I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!
.. WHOPEEE!...LEMME OUTA HERE!...I'LL BE LATE FOR MY
PARACHUTE JUMP! WHOPEEEEEE....

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hmm...a merry old soul but a little run down. You ready to
see me, Doc? I'm in kind of a hurry,

HAL: Certainly - come in, Mr. McGee...

FIB: Okay, bud.

DOOR SLAM

HAL: Now then...just what seems to be the trouble?

FIB: I got apigmastism, or something. Tried to read a newspaper
this morning and the type got all blurry and run together.

HAL: Is that so...probably a slight conjuntivitis of the inferior
corona. Close your eyes tight.

FIB: Okay.

HAL: See anything?

FIB: Nope.

HAL: Very interesting. Any history of eye trouble in your family?

FIB: Only my Cousin Sanford. Blondes made him wink.

HAL: Ah yes .. well known disease..we call it Peroxidus
Flirtations. One usually outgrows it. ~~But~~ ~~and~~ ~~now~~
~~hold still a moment till I shine this flashlight into your~~
~~eyes.~~

SOUND: ~~CLICK-CLICK~~

FIB: ~~What's that sound, Doc?~~

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HAL: Now just sit here a moment while I adjust the
pupilometer. Steady now --

SOUND: BUZZING: REPEAT.

HAL:AHA.....SPLENDID...

FIB: What is it?

HAL: They turned on my current again. Somebody must have
paid my light bill. Now while I hold my hand over
your left eye, read the top line on that chart over
there....Ready? What does it say?

FIB: Oh. It says M.K.N.P.G.X.B.T.

HAL: Very good...now the other eye...read the same line.

FIB: M.K.N.P.G.X.B.T. Boy, my eyes are worse'n I thought.
I read it twice and it still don't make sense.

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good. (LAUGH) Ahem. Or is it.
Now try these spectacles on for size, McGee...that's
it...how's that?

FIB: Oh say. these are wonderful doc!!! I can see just
as clear!

HAL: Is that so! Well, those are just the frames... I
haven't put the lenses in yet.

FIB: Oh.

HAL: Try these lenses...left lens....and right lens....
now then.... Better?

FIB: Oh great. How much I owe you Doc?

HAL: 25 Dollars.

FIB: And well worth it, too....here ye are.

HAL: Thank you.

DOOR LATCH

HAL: Come in again next week, McGee...and we'll check your
reaction.

FIB: Okay Doc...boy these are wonderful glasses!... I can
see a guy out the window there and it looks like I
could reach right out and touch him.

HAL: You can ...that's the window washer. Good day, McGee.

DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: "BASIN STREET BLUES" -- FOUR NOTES

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: That was great goin', Kids. Folks, that was the Four Notes singin' the Basin Street Blues. ~~Basin Street is in St. Louis, and we just wanted to show you how let them~~ ~~rearrange~~. Boy are these spectacles wonderful. Probably change my appearance, too. I bet nobody reckonizes, me with these----

UPP: Oh how do you do, Mr. McGee....lovely day, isn't it?

FIB: Oh hiyah, Uppy. Yes it is, now....tho it looked kinda bad for a while, when I thought my eyes was on the bum. I gotta wear these glasses.

UPP: ~~Oh how beautiful things, really!~~ *Really!* I should wear them myself, you know, but I think it AGES a girl so, don't you?

FIB: You age a lot faster if ye can't see where you're goin', Uppy. Besides, I seen you at the theatre the other night with glasses. You had 'em on a little stick.

UPP: Oh yes....my lorgnette.

FIB: What's the idea of the handle on 'em? Your nose tender?

UPP: Please, Mr. McGee....that's ridiculous.

FIB: That's what I told Molly. I says "Get a load of Uppy, Molly She's got her cheaters on stilts." (LAUGHS)

UPP: Horatio thinks they're veddy distinguished. And of course they are quite de rigeur at the theatah.

FIB: Quite what?

UPP: Quite de rigeur.

FIB: Oh don't worry about that...they always fog up when ye come into a warm place from outside. If mine do that I'll just wipe 'em off on the side o' my pants and I dunno why you can't do the sa.....er...say, when you gettin' married to Boomer, Uppy?

UPP: Oh in June, Mr. McGee....and I am such a HAPPY HAPPY girl... just counting the golden days as they slip by....And isn't it wonderful to be in love and watch the unfolding of another person's character undah the gentle influence of tendah emotions?

FIB: Oh don't tell me Bommer's character is unfolding! I'd like to see that. I'll bet even when it's completely unfurled, you could still tuck it in the back of a small wristwatch.

UPP: But he reahhly has a beautiful character, Mr. McGee.... For instance, I discovahed him reading a little booklet the other day on the prevention of cruelty to animals....Oh I was SO pleased, reahhly!!

FIB: What was the name o' the book, Uppy?

UPP: Let me see...Oh yes...it was called, "YOU CAWN'T BEAT THE PONIES". As if anyone would wish to beat deah little pony. You see, Mr. McGee....it is just those little things which made me so SUAH of Horatio....or do you think I am just being a silly girl? (LAUGHS) Well, SO nice to have seen you, Mr. McGee....Goodbyeeeeeee!!!

FIB: So long, Uppy!! Hmm....You Cawn't Beat the Ponies!" Old Uppy may belong to the upper crust but she's beginning to crumble. Boy are these glasses wonderful!!!! (BLEND) I'll hurry in and show 'em to Molly.

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

FIB: Hey, Molly....I done it. Look.

MOL: Oh they're nice aren't they.....can ye see good thru 'em?

FIB: Swell....Where's that newspaper that I was tryin' to read this mornin'?

MOL: Right where ye threw it, careless...under the chair.
FIB: Oh yes.....Now I can really read it. Boy is this gonna be a pleasure.

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH: SLAM

NICK: Oh hello there kewpie!...Hello Fizzer! How is every little-- WELL FOR SCRIM'S SAKE, FIZZER.....WHEN ARE YOU STARTING IN TO BE WEARING SKEPTICALS?

FIB: Spectacles, Nick. Just got 'em. Pretty doggy, eh?

MOL: His eyes were getting a little weak, Mr. Depopolis. They look nice on him don't they? Kind of distinguished.

NICK: Oh sure....As a mother of fact, I was saying to somebody last night that if anyone should be extinguished, it is my friend Fizzer!

FIB: You mean DISTINGUISHED, Nick. Extinguished means to get put out.

NICK: Well for once I guess I know what I am talking about, then, if I know what you mean. (LAUGHS) But all of the kidding over on one side, Fizzer, those skepticals are very begoing to you.

MOL: Begoin? Oh you mean BECOMING, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: Well, going or coming, squeegee, they are the nuts, I'm thinking.

FIB: Wait'll I show you how I can read with 'em....

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER:

NICK: Speaking of newspapers, Fizzer, the reason I -

FIB: Wait, Nick, till I try these glasses on the small type...

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

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NICK: Yes but Fizzer -

FIB: (GROAN)

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT'S THE MATTER?

FIB: Molly... I...I still can't read...the type still runs all together.

MOL: Well, you got the wrong glasses then...

FIB: Dad rat it, anyway!...I thought I was all set...LOOK... IT EVEN MAKES ME DIZZY TO LOOK AT THE HEADLINES -

NICK: But listen, if you are letting me get an edge in wordways -

MOL: Well, what is it, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: That is the newspaper I'm leaving here, by mistake last night.

MOL: Well what of it?

NICK: That is a GREEK newspaper!

FIB: A GREEK newspaper!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...

FIB: Then I didn't need glasses...my eyes aint.....OH PSHAW!

ORK: "I'VE TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU" - FADE FOR -

WIL: COMMERCIAL

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April 25, 1939
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

-23-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment and now
may we say this. ----

It's music to the ears of any woman to hear compliments on
her housekeeping ability. And if you want your friends to
say nice things about your home, here's what to do. Give
your furniture, your floors and your woodwork a sleek,
satiny polish with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. This real WAX
brings out the beauty of the wood -- keeps everything
spick and span -- cuts dusting in half. Millions of thrifty
housewives are buying a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX and
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT during the Special Sale of
Giant size cans now in progress. These Giant sizes contain
a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third for the price
of only a pint or a pound. Don't miss this Special Sale!
These Giant sizes won't be available much longer. So be
sure to buy JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-
COAT tomorrow in the Giant size cans.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

(2ND REVISION) -24-

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, we wanna extend our congratulations and best wishes
to the Johnson Wax people, in Racine, Wisconsin, who this
week opened their beautiful new office building, designed
by Frank Lloyd Wright...the most modern and unique building
of its kind in the world.

MOL: Yes, indeed, and if you're tourin' around this summer,
folks, they'd be glad to have ye drop in and look it over.
It's well worth a visit.

FIB: And while you're there, if you should happen to remember
that you need some Glo-Coat or some furniture polish -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh. Ahem. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW") (FADE ON CUE)

WILCOX: Ladies and gentlemen, - if the community in which you live
does NOT observe Daylight Saving Time, "Fibber McGee &
Molly" will come to you one hour earlier beginning next
week. Please consult your local newspaper for time and
station. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers
of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat at
Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again
next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

(ANNOUNCER: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY)

(CHIMES)