

(REVISED)

S. C. Johnson & Son  
Writer: Don Quinn

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#218

NBC-Red  
6:30-7:00 PM  
Tuesday - 10/10/39

---

(2ND REVISION) -2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly, with Donald Novis, Bill Thompson and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "A Shine On Your Shoes".

ORK: ("SHINE ON YOUR SHOES")

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
OCTOBER 10, 1939  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: If I were Professor Quiz, I would now ask you this question:  
"What are the three main benefits you get by using genuine  
JOHNSON'S WAX on floors, furniture and woodwork?" Most  
of you know the answer, of course. Those three benefits  
are: Number one, Protection. Number two, Beauty. Number  
three, Saving work. How does JOHNSON'S WAX give protection?  
By spreading an invisible, tough coat over the surface --  
a wax-shield that guards against scratches, stains, scuffing  
shoes, finger prints. How does JOHNSON'S WAX give beauty?  
By transforming dull, lifeless floor into lustrous, gleaming  
floors. By adding a satiny, mellow polish to table tops,  
chair arms, woodwork, windowsills -- a polish that dust,  
dirt and fingerprints cannot cling to. How does JOHNSON'S  
WAX save work? By doing away with floor scrubbing. By  
cutting dusting in half. And by the ease with which a  
waxed surface is kept clean and spotless. For these three  
reasons -- protection, beauty, work-saving -- buy some  
genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, either paste or liquid, tomorrow.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE CHARITY BAZAAR AND RUMMAGE SALE---  
WHICH IS ONE OF WISTFUL VISTA'S BIG ANNUAL SOCIAL EVENTS.  
ALL THE BETTER PEOPLE IN WISTFUL VISTA WILL BE THERE -- AND  
YOU CAN'T KEEP THE MCGEES AWAY EITHER. AND HERE, IN THEIR  
LIVING ROOM, TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT THEY WILL CONTRIBUTE TO  
THE RUMMAGE SALE, WE FIND ----

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, McGee -- what'll we give 'em?  
FIB: Let's donate that clock.  
MOL: What clock?  
FIB: The one Aunt Sarah gave us for a wedding present. You know,  
the marble Venus with the clock in her stomach.  
MOL: Why give that away? -- I think it's very decorative.  
FIB: Well, it makes me uncomfortable. I keep thinkin' how I'd  
feel if I was Venus - havin' people glance at my stomach  
and say, "My! - it's gettin' late -- I guess I'd better  
go home."  
MOL: Just the same, we're not going to give that clock away.  
FIB: Okay, you suggest something.  
MOL: I was just going to, McGee. I was goin' through our winter  
clothes, and look what I found! Your old overcoat! I  
think we'd better donate this.  
FIB: WHAT? MY OVERCOAT? Why, Molly! You can't give that  
overcoat away! What's the matter with it?  
MOL: Well, for one thing -- look at this fur collar.  
FIB: Looks all right to me.

L

MOL: Oh, it does, does it? I'll bet this collar is known to every moth in town as "MCGEE'S PICNIC GROVE". And the **BUTTONS!**

FIB: What's the situation with the buttons?

MOL: Very bad, dearie. Two of 'em are only workin' part time and three of 'em have quit.

FIB: Just the same, Molly, I....I....I can't part with that coat. Why, that's my old army overcoat, Molly, that I had dyed blue and a fur collar put on. It still looks good, People still compliment me on that overcoat.

MOL: They're kidding you, McGee. -- You're too gullible.

FIB: Well, maybe I am. And I'll tell you why that is, Molly. You see, I was left on a doorstep when I was a baby, and I've been taken in by people ever since!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in!

MAN: Fibber McGee & Molly?

FIB: You betcha, bud -- why?

MAN: Say, I've got a cute idea for one of your programs!

MOL: Oh, how nice!

FIB: What's the idea, bud?

MAN: Can you sew?

FIB: Sew what?

MAN: Okay! If that's the way you feel about it!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I must've said the wrong thing, Molly.

MOL: You did! And I'll tell you why, McGee.

FIB: Eh? Why?

MOL: Well, when you were a little baby they left you on a doorstep, and you've been puttin' your foot in your mouth ever since! But how about this overcoat? m

FIB: I definitely refuse to part with that overcoat, Molly! I got a great affection for that coat!

MOL: People are still fond of Rip Van Winkle, too, McGee.

FIB: I don't get the comparison.

MOL: Well, you know what he looked like when HIS nap wore off.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello, daughter---Hello Johnny! The Ladies' Club sent me over. Got anything you want took to the rummage sale?

MOL: Not yet, Mr. Old Timer -- we haven't decided what we're going to send.

OLD M: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: We was arguin' about sendin' my overcoat. When you butted in I was ahead by one sleeve and a shoulder pad. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh hoh heh! That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I hoered it. The way I hoered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY," he says, "MY DOCTOR WANTS ME TO GET VACCINATED. THINK I OUGHT TO?" "WHY SURE," says tother feller, "THEN WHEN SOMEBODY SAYS 'SMALL POX', YOU CAN SAY, 'HA HA! -- I DON'T GET IT!'" Heh heh hoh! Well, when you make up your mind what you wanta send to the auction, just lemme know.

MOL: All right -- what's your phone number?

OLD M: Better send me a note, daughter -- I ain't got a phone.

FIB: What? No phone?

OLD M: Nope. Lots of my friends got 'em, and they ain't satisfied with 'em. I'm gonna wait and see how they work out!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOL: Now look, McGee - Why don't you send this overcoat to the auction and get a new one!

FIB: No sir! This is a very expensive coat!

m

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: I thought you said the army gave it to you!

FIB: That's what makes it expensive. Think of the dough I could've been makin' while I was in the army! No, sir! You can't get ----

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee! AND Mr. McGee!

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy.

MOL: Where you going, McGee?

FIB: Just happened to remember, Molly -- I forgot to crevice the portisite. See you later, Uppy.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

UPP: Uh...What was it he said he had to do, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Crevice the Portisite.

UPP: OH! Oh, yes. Crevice the p -- WELL! Must be veddy interesting work! But tell me, Mrs. McGee -- you ARE coming to the Charity Bazaar tonight, are you not?

MOL: Oh, we certainly are, Mrs. Uppington! (LOWERS VOICE) Listen will ye do me a favor? Take this overcoat and give it to them for the rummage sale. But for goodness' sake, don't say anything to McGee about it. This is the only way I can get him to buy a new one.

UPP: Oh, of course, my deah! I cawn't take it with me now, but I shall have my chauffeur call for it later in the day.

MOL: Thank you very much! I hate to trouble you, Mrs. Uppington - you're so busy and all. Sometimes I wonder how you find time for all your social activities.

(2ND REVISION) 8-9

UPP: I sometimes wonder myself, my deah! Between my ahfternoon parties and my church work, I certainly have to mind my teas and pews! (LAUGHS)

MOL: So you think this is going to be quite an affair tonight, do you Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh, but definitely! We're having several amusing novelties. Some of the Junior League girls are going to auction off kisses.

MOL: Positively, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Absolutely, Mrs. McGee! (LAUGHS) Of course, if they get too busy I shall be only too glad to offer my own services!

MOL: That's the spirit, Mrs. Uppington! Just slap on a little Evening in Paris, and you'll give the boys a big night in Wistful Vista. But you'd better wear your sorority pin for atmosphere.

UPP: Not a bad idea, my deah. But I'm afraid a sorority pin is not much indication of youthfulness -- After all, Mahatma Ghandi still wears his safety-pin! (LAUGHS) Or am I just being a silly girl? Well, Good Byeese!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: (CALLS) You can come out now, McGee -- she's gone!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Much obliged, Molly. Now about that overcoat.

MOL: Look, McGee -- What would you say if -- I mean -- would you feel terribly bad if we sent it to the auction sale?

FIB: I certainly would, Molly. It means too much to me! There's a lot of memories wrapped up in this old army coat. See where it's been mended in the side here? That's where it got slashed with a bayonet!

(REVISED)

-10-

MOL: Really, McGee?

FIB: You betcha, It was a pretty bad moment too, I'll tell you. I remember it just like it was yesterday! I don't know yet why I wasn't killed!

MOL: OH, MY!

FIB: There I was -- shoulder to shoulder with two of my buddies -- slashin', stabbin', and cuttin' away for dear life. All of a sudden I felt cold steel slidin' along my ribs!

MOL: Ohhhhh!

FIB: Well sir, quick as a flash, I dodged to one side, thereby savin' my life. And that taught me a lesson.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: Well, that's the last time I ever tried to peel potatoes with a bayonet! Come on - let's go to the Bazaar.

FIB: *John, Donald Novis sings "South of the Border"*

ORK: "SOUTH OF THE BORDER" -- NOVIS (INTRO OVER MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

b

(2nd SPOT)

(2nd REVISION)

-11-

SOUND: (LAUGHTER....CONFUSION....VOICES....CLICK OF ROULETTE WHEEL....ETC.)

FIB: Quite a bazaar, ain't it, Molly? Say, we never did decide what we'd donate for the auction.

MOL: Forget it, dearie -- I took care of it.

FIB: Eh? Oh, good. I was afraid you was gonna insist on sendin' 'em my overcoat. Incidentally, keep your eye out for that guitar player I'm managin'. I told him to close up the filling station and come down here. I thought this would be a good spot to try him out again.

MOL: Oh, McGee - he's terrible.

FIB: Whaddye mean terrible! Just because he was a little self-conscious last time he---

GIRL: Yoo ho, mister! Wanta buy a kiss for charity?

FIB: Not now, sis -- but I might be back later. I'm just shoppin' around right now. (LAUGHS) Got to take a look at the various techniques.

MOL: Why, McGee!

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) I'm just kiddin' her, Molly. DO YOU KISS WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED, SIS?

GIRL: Not always, but in your case I would!

MOL: So you're kiddin' HER, are you, McGee? Come on, - I want to see the exhibits.

SOUND: (CROWD REACTION)

BOOM: Ah there, my young friends! Step right up and take a whirl on the wheel of fortune. Delicious pies, cakes and cookies. Only a dollar - only a buck! Step right up and try your luck!

SOUND: (ROULETTE WHEEL)

c

FIB: Look, Molly - Horatio K. Boomer.

BOOM: In the flesh, Doodle-Bug! And I'm about to raffle off Item 24 - this delicious cake! Looks so good I bought a chance on it myself! Come come, my friends - only two tickets left! Take a whirl for charity's sake -- Step right up and win a cake!

SOUND: (CROWD)

MOL: It does look delicious, McGee - let's take the last two tickets!

FIB: Okay. It must be good if Boomer bought a ticket on it himself. WE'LL TAKE 'EM, BOOMER.

BOOM: Splendid! Splendid! That closes the bidding, folks. I am about to spin the wheel! -ROUND AND ROUND FOR CHARITEE, WHOEVER WINS, IT'S JAKE WITH ME!

SOUND: (ROULETTE WHEEL....OVER CROWD MURMUR....WHEEL OUT)

BOOM: And the WINNING NUMBAH is...(PAUSE)....16! NUMBAH 16 WINS!

CROWD: (Awwww!)

BOOM: WHO HAS NUMBAH SIX - WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT! I WON IT MYSELF!

SOUND: (PROTESTS FROM CROWD)

FIB: Hey, wait a minute, Boomer - you didn't win that cake - I won it! I got number 16!

MOL: He certainly has, Mr. Boomer!

BOOM: Don't doubt it a bit, my dear - don't doubt it a bit! But I hold number 91.

MOL: 91?

FIB: Thought you said the winning number was 16!

BOOM: So it is! So it is! But I forgot to mention that Item 24 was an Upside Down Cake! (FADE) WE WILL NOW AUCTION OFF ITEM NUMBER 25 -

SOUND: (CROWD MURMUR UP & FADE)

FIB: Why, that dirty - I suppose if the wheel had stopped on double zero, he'd have paid himself off with a couple of doughnuts!

MOL: Well, come on --.

FRANKIE: Say, Mr. McGee! Here I am!

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Frankie! Glad to see you. You remember Frankie Saputo, Molly? The guy with the guitar!

MOL: Oh, yes indeed! How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Did you practice up on the new number like I told you?

FRANKIE: I sure did, Mr. McGee--

FIB: Good! Under my management, Frankie - you're gonna go places. Unlimber the tinkle-box while I climb up here and make an announcement.

SOUND: (CROWD VOICES FADE, AS:)

FIB: ATTENTION, PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ATTENTION PLEASE!

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES OUT)

FIB: FOLKS -- AS A SPECIAL FREE ATTRACTION TONITE, I WISH TO PRESENT MY LATEST DISCOVERY - A YOUNG FELLA I FOUND WORKING IN GILDERSLEEVE'S FILLING STATION. MR. FRANKIE SAPUTO, THE SENSATIONAL GOLDEN-VOICED GUITARIST. MR. SAPUTO WILL OFFER FOR HIS FIRST NUMBER, "YOU GO TO MY HEAD".

CROWD: (APPROVAL BY CROWD)

FIB: Go ahead, son.

FRANKIE: "YOU GO TO MY HEAD"  
(APPLAUSE)

FRANKIE: How was that, Mr. McGee - was I in the groove?

MOL: In the groove! -- I thought for a minute you were in the Grand Canyon!

FIB: She's just kiddin'. Frankie. You were colossal! They ATE it up!

FRANKIE: Gee, thanks!

FIB: There's no doubt about it, Frankie - you're a genius! In fact, you got such a stupendous talent that it scares me a little bit to be responsible for it. So - as your former manager -

FRANKIE: Former?

FIB: Yes. As of now. Goodnite, Frankie!

FRANKIE: OH! Goodnite!

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES UP AND FADE)

MOL: Heavenly Days, McGee! The idea of telling him he's terrific. Personally, I think this is just where he belongs-- in a floor show at a rummage sale.

WIL: (FADE IN) Well, hello there folks - having a good time? Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox. Yes, it's very interesting, isn't it?

GIRL: Yoo-hoo, gentlemen - who'll buy a kiss for charity?

FIB: G'wan, Harlow - buy a kiss!

WIL: Naw - I don't want to.

~~MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox! Just a peck!~~

~~WIL: It'll be a peck! You can't buy a peck!~~

FIB: G'wan - we won't tell, Harlow. HERE'S A FELLOW THAT'LL BUY A KISS, SIS!

WIL: Aw, gee whiz - I don't wanna.

MOL: Oh, be a sport, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Go on, piker, pucker.

WIL: Well, all right, just a little one. How much, lady?

GIRL: Whatever you think it's worth! Pay afterwards.

WIL: All right.

GIRL: Say, aren't you Harlow Wilcox? The Johnson's Wax Salesman?

MOL: Yes, he is, dearie.

FIB: You met him before, sis?

GIRL: I certainly have!

WIL: Oh, ~~never mind that now - this is pleasure, not business!~~ Gimme a kiss and let's get it over with.

GIRL: You bet I will, Mr. Wilcox! Here! (SMACK..SMACK..SMACK...)  
That's for telling my mother about that wonderful Johnson's Wax. (SMACK..SMACK..SMACK)

WIL: Hey, now - wait a minute!

GIRL: (SMACK..SMACK) OH, don't go yet! I want to show you how GRATEFUL I am, for the way our house looks! The floors and furniture look simply SCRUMPTIOUS! (SMACK..SMACK)

WIL: But just a minute - PLEASE - I don't --

GIRL: And mother says that it cuts housework down to an absolute minimum. (SMACK..SMACK) Oh, you wonderful man!

WIL: Yes, but --

GIRL: (SMACK..SMACK) And Mother says that dust and dirt simply WILL NOT stick to a Johnson Wax floor! (SMACK..SMACK) And not only FLOORS! ..We use it on practically everything! That's why I wanted to thank you!... (SMACK) And thank you (SMACK) AND THANK YOU! (SMACK..SMACK..SMACK) And don't you DARE try to pay me a penny!

FIB: You can't tell me she's a Junior Leaguer - That gal's from the BIG LEAGUE!

WIL: (FADE IN) Darn it, Fibber, now see what you did! I got lipstick all over my face.

MOL: Oh dear. Well where you going, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'm going home and confess the whole thing to my wife - that's where I'm going! I'M TAINTED! I'M SMIRCHED! I'VE BEEN UNTRUE! LEMME OUT OF HERE!

ORCHESTRA: "IT HAD TO BE YOU"

APPLAUSE:

CROWD UP AND DOWN:

GIRL: Buy a kiss for charity?

FIB: I guess not, sis -- thank you.

GIRL: Thank YOU!

FIB: I didn't like the way she said that, Molly! Anyway, I don't like this idea of gals selling kisses! It ain't right! It's repulsive!

MOL: Well it's for charity McGee and they seem to be doin' a lotta business.



FIB: Guess they are at that! Say look at that booth with all the jolly and preserves and pickles and all stuff like that there!

MOL: They certainly look beautiful, don't they, McGee?

FIB: I'll say they do! Make all that stuff yourself, sis?

WHEE: Certainly did, Shorty, us gals were cannin' raspberries all night last night - did we have a jam session - Yippé!

*FIB: ~~Learn business?~~*  
FIB: ~~I can't explain been doin' a nice business.~~ Sour pickles are goin good tonight too, Skippy ....Yes sir!! Made a fifty fifty deal with the girls in the kissin' booths.

FIB: What'dye mean a 50-50 deal...what's sour pickles got to do with kisses?

WHEE: Try one, Johnny, and see how it puckers ye up! It takes a gherkin to get you workin'! WAHOOOO!!!!!!

SOUND: (CROWD REACTION)

FIB: ~~Speakin' of pickles, Molly she's pretty well preserved herself.~~ I'll bet she learned to yell like that cheerin' for Robert Fulton when he was tryin' out his steamboat.

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh theah you are, Mrs. McGee....I have been searching all over for you.

MOL: What's on your mind, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: We are all ready to auction off --

MOL: Ah Ahh! Careful!

UPP: Oh yes...(LAUGHS) We are all ready to auction of...the...er..well YOU know...won't you come and do the auctioneering yourself, My deah?

MOL: Why..er..why yes, I will, Mrs. Uppington. Excuse me, a few minutes, will you, dearie.

FIB: What for? I'll come along and watch the auction.

MOL: Oh no..Please, McGee..don't do it....I..er..I...it would just make me nervous, PLEASE...

FIB: Eh? Oh..okay. I'll mosy around a while. Meet you at the entrance.

UPP: Thank you so much, Mr. McGee...So nice of you not to embarass Mrs. McGee..come my deah...

CROWD UP AND FADE:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) What'd she mean embarrass me...what could...

WIL: Hello, Fibber...did I get all that lipstick off my - SAY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

FIB: Hi, Harlow...SAY YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK MOLLY'S GONNA DO?

WIL: What, Pal?

FIB: SHE'S GONNA AUCTION OFF SOME KISSES, THAT'S WHAT SHE'S GONNA DO!

WIL: So what? It's all for charity.

FIB: OH IT IS IS IT? WELL I AINT GONNA LET MY WIFE DO IT.

WIL: Oh don't be such a stuffed shirt. You're just jealous.

FIB: I AM NOT AND WHAT IF I AM? She aint gonna do it! COME ON...  
LET'S GO AND STOP IT.

WIL: Oh don't try to stop her --- just go and outbid everybody  
else.

FIB: That's an idea. I'll duck down behind the crowd ..Come on!

CROWD UP AND DOWN...

MOL: (FADE IN) REMEMBER NOW FOLKS...THIS AUCTION WILL ONLY  
INTEREST THE GENTLEMEN IN THE CROWD....

FIB: Oh oh..ye hear that, Harlow?

WIL: Take it easy, Pal.

MOL: LET ME TELL YOU THIS IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE...IT'S HAD A  
LOT OF WEAR AND TEAR BUT THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF GOOD IN IT.

FIB: (GROANS) Oh how can she be so brazen about it....

MOL: COME ON BOYS..WHO'LL MAKE THE FIRST BID...REMEMBER..IT'LL  
KEEP YOU WARM ALL WINTER.!! (LAUGHS) WHAT AM I BID?

VOICE: FIFTY CENTS!

FIB: (Cheapskate!)...FIVE DOLLARS!

MOL: NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, GENTLEMEN...I'M BID FIVE DOLLARS...

VOICE #2. Five dollars and thirty cents!

FIB: SIX BUCKS!

MOL: NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE GENTLEMEN...BUT AFTER ALL WHAT'S  
A LITTLE SUM LIKE SIX DOLLARS?...DON'T YE KNOW VALUE WHEN  
YE SEE IT?

VOICES: UP AND FADE

VOICE: Six 'n a quarter!

MOL: SIX'N A QUARTER I'M BID!....

FIB: TEN DOLLARS!

MOL: WONDERFUL....I'M BID TEN DOLLARS...BUT IT'S WORTH MORE'N  
THAN LOTS MORE THAN THAT....LOOK AT THIS NECK...HARDLY A  
WRINKLE IN IT....LOOK AT THESE ARMS...THINK OF -

FIB: TWENTY DOLLARS!

MOL: TWENTY DOLLARS...WHO'LL BID -

FIB: THIRTY DOLLARS!!'

MOL: THIRTY DOLLARS. WILL ANYBODY MAKE IT -

FIB: FIFTY DOLLARS!'

CROWD MURMUR..LAUGHTER:

WIL: Calm down, Fibbor...you're bidding against yourself....  
wait and see if anybody else bids....

FIB: No sir...I aint takin' no chances....~~what's to be~~  
~~in public~~...I'll cinch it....ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.!!

CHEERS:

MOL: ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS I'M BID..GENTLEMEN..ARE THERE ANY MORE  
BIDS?

PAUSE:

(END REVISION) -23-

MOL: GOING GOING, GONE! TO THE GENTLEMAN IN THE...WHERE IS  
THE MAN WHO BID ONE HUN----

FIB: Okay Molly....it was me all the time...(LAUGHS) THOUGH IT'S  
A LOTTA DOUGH TO PAY FOR KISSIN' YOUR OWN WIFE! (LAUGHTER)

MOL: MCGEE...I WASNT SELLING KISSES...YOU JUST BOUGHT YOUR OWN  
OVERCOAT

CROWD JEERS AND LAUGHTER

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN I.. YOU WERENT...OH, PSHAW!

ORK: "GOODY GOODBYE" - FADE FOR --

WIL: COMMERCIAL

M

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
OCTOBER 10, 1939  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: In making out your shopping list this week, write down  
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! It's wise always to  
have a can of this labor-saving floor polish on hand.  
GLO-COAT is used on millions of linoleum floors regularly --  
and the number increases every week -- because GLO-COAT  
offers the easiest way to have beautiful floors with  
practically no work. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- it shines  
as it dries in twenty minutes -- without any rubbing or  
buffing. Your kitchen or sun room floors will never be  
sticky or gummy when you use this remarkable floor polish.  
Use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your linoleum, and varnished or  
painted wood floors. It protects them from wear -- keeps  
the colors fresh and clean -- shuts out dirt, and saves you  
hours of cleaning time. Order GLO-COAT, in the attractive  
yellow and red can, tomorrow!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

6

(END REVISION) -23-

MOL: GOING GOING, GONE! TO THE GENTLEMAN IN THE...WHERE IS  
THE MAN WHO BID ONE HUN----  
FIB: Okay Molly....it was me all the time...(LAUGHS) THOUGH IT'S  
A LOTTA DOUGH TO PAY FOR KISSIN' YOUR OWN WIFE! (LAUGHTER)  
MOL: MCGEE...I WASNT SELLING KISSES...YOU JUST BOUGHT YOUR OWN  
OVERCOAT

CROWD JEERS AND LAUGHTER

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN I.. YOU WERENT...OH, PSHAW!

ORK: "GOODY GOODBYE" - FADE FOR --

WIL: COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
OCTOBER 10, 1939  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: In making out your shopping list this week, write down  
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! It's wise always to  
have a can of this labor-saving floor polish on hand.  
GLO-COAT is used on millions of linoleum floors regularly --  
and the number increases every week -- because GLO-COAT  
offers the easiest way to have beautiful floors with  
practically no work. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- it shines  
as it dries in twenty minutes -- without any rubbing or  
buffing. Your kitchen or sun room floors will never be  
sticky or gummy when you use this remarkable floor polish.  
Use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your linoleum, and varnished or  
painted wood floors. It protects them from wear -- keeps  
the colors fresh and clean -- shuts out dirt, and saves you  
hours of cleaning time. Order GLO-COAT, in the attractive  
yellow and red can, tomorrow!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

ing list this week, write down  
 GLO-COAT! It's wise always to  
 -saving floor polish on hand.  
 ions of linoleum floors regularly --  
 every week -- because GLO-COAT  
 o have beautiful floors with  
 O-COAT is SELF-POLISHING -- it shines  
 nutes -- without any rubbing or  
 r sun room floors will never be  
 use this remarkable floor polish.  
 n your linoleum, and varnished or  
 protects them from wear -- keeps  
 an -- shuts out dirt, and saves you  
 Order GLO-COAT, in the attractive  
 row!

UE)

TAG GAG

MOL: FOLKS, WE HOPE WE AMUSED YOU TONIGHT WITH OUR VISIT TO  
 AN IMAGINARY CHARITY BAZAAR IN AN IMAGINARY TOWN. BUT IN  
 MANY REAL CITIES THIS IS A VERY REAL SITUATION. SO MAY  
 WE ASK YOU TO GIVE GENEROUSLY IN THIS YEAR'S MOBILIZATION  
 FOR HUMAN NEEDS. <sup>F.I.B.</sup> REMEMBER FOLKS, A CITY'S HEART BEATS  
 LOUDEST IN ITS COMMUNITY CHEST. Goodnight.

MOL: GOOD NIGHT ALL!

ORK UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF