

(REVISED)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

WRITER:

Fibber McGee & Molly - #219

DON QUINN

NBC, - RED

Tuesday 10/17/39

6:30-7:00 PM

(REVISED) -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 "Fine and Dandy".

ORK: "FINE AND DANDY"

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
10-17-39
Tuesday 6:30 Pm PST NBC

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Haven't you often noticed how important floors are to the appearance of a home? It is a fact that mellow, gleaming, waxed floors bring out the beauty of everything in the room -- adding a rich charm that you can acquire in no other way. Throughout America there are countless floors that have been made more beautiful every year with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Every application of this famous wax polish gives increased protection and beauty. JOHNSON'S WAX gets down into the pores of the wood -- seals out dirt -- protects the finish against scuffing feet and sharp heels -- and does away forever with tiresome floor scrubbing. There are more than 100 labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX in your home. It protects and beautifies furniture and woodwork -- windowsills, parchment lamp shades, leather goods. You will find these extra uses listed on the familiar red and yellow package of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid. Try some tomorrow. /

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN', AND
THE FODDER'S IN THE SHOCK
WHEN THE SQUIRRELS ARE HIDING PEANUTS UNDER
EVERY LOG-AND ROCK
WHEN MINCE PIE RETURNS TO MENUS AND THE STORES
DUST OFF THE HOLY
HERE'S AUTUMN, HERE'S OCTOBER, AND HERE'S
---F. MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGee - look at those leaves out there on the front lawn -
it's disgraceful! I thought you were going to rake them
up today.
FIB: Aw - what's the hurry, Molly? It took 'em seven months to
fall down - I guess they can wait an hour to be raked up!
MOL: Well, Mr. Gildersleeve next door has been complaining.
He said our leaves keep blowing over in his yard.
FIB: Well, what am I supposed to do? Arrange for the wind to
blow down some other street?

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MOL: The fact remains, McGee -- you promised to rake up those leaves today!

FIB: Can't do it, Molly - not today!

MOL: Why not?

FIB: The rake's busted!

MOL: Who busted it?

FIB: Oh, it ain't exactly busted! But I used the handle to put up a trapeze in the garage. And you know what, Molly? I chinned myself nine times this morning!

MOL: Well, if you think you're going to chin yourself out of raking up those leaves -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MAN: Mr. and Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Yes?

MAN: Did you read "The Grapes of Wrath?"

FIB: What if we did, bud - who are you?

MAN: Oh, just one of the bunch! !

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Just one of the bunch! Of all the silly --

MOL: I hear one of the moving picture companies has bought that book, McGee.

FIB: Well, if they don't work faster on that than they did on "Gone With The Wind" - they'll have to call it "The Raisins of Zanuck".

MOL: We're off the subject again, McGee.

FIB: What subject?

MOL: Rakin' up the leaves.

FIB: That's okay. I was tired of it anyway.

MOL: McGee - I believe you're just plain lazy -

FIB: You wrong me, Molly! Physical activity in itself ain't important -

MOL: Oh, it isn't!

FIB: No, it ain't. A rooster can strut around flappin' his wings and crowin', but it's the quiet little hen, settin' around all day, who really produces.

MOL: Well, if you can sit there, and hatch out some way to get those leaves raked up without a hoe ---

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh, it's, Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Gil - what can I do for you?

HAL: You can keep your old dead leaves on your own front lawn, McGee - that's what you can do for me!

FIB: Oh is that so. Whaddye want me to do - run out and lay a paperweight on every leaf?

HAL: Don't be ridiculous! I realize you can't keep the leaves from falling off the trees.

FIB: Oh you admit that.

HAL: Yes, I do.

FIB: Oh, ye do?

HAL: Yes I do!

MOL: Gentlemen, GENTLEMEN! I don't think it's worth quarreling about.

HAL: Well, I do, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: So do I Molly. Come on, Gildersleeve. Let's quarrel.

HAL: All right. Now look here...why don't you do as the rest of the home owners in this block do....keep your lawn raked up. Every time I clean my lawn, the next morning I find your leaves have blown over it again.

FIB: Well so what? Am I a truant officer for dead leaves? A traffic cop for tired foliage?

HAL: That is not the point, McGee...and furthermore, I don't like your attitude.

FIB: Oh ye don't.....and how would you describe my attitude.

MOL: Sitting down....generally.

HAL: I think your attitude is definitely antagonistic.

FIB: Aw, you're too fussy, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Yes I am fussy. I take a great deal of pride in the appearance of my property, McGee.

FIB: I can understand that. But do we complain because your lilac bushes smell up the whole neighborhood? ~~When a~~
~~but they fly from your yard into our yard do we fly into~~
~~your yard?~~ You mind your yard and we'll mind our yard.

HAL: Then why don't you?

FIB: Well, I .. er .. I ... WELL, I LIKE leaves flyin' around loose, that's why. It's more informal. I ain't one to interfere with nature.

HAL: I suppose I am!

FIB: I dunno but, I heard a rumor one day last summer that you gave your morning glories a bawlin' out for opening up ten minutes late.

MOL: Please gentlemen...PLEASE...This is no way for good neighbors to talk.

FIB: We ain't good neighbors...we're enemies. Aint we Gildersleeve?

HAL: Yes we are...the BEST of enemies. You think I'm a stuffed shirt and I think you're a gabby little goodfornothing ~~nut~~

FIB: There...ye see, Molly? You don't find me and Gildersleeve indulgin' in no sentimental, hands-across-the-back-fence drivel.

~~MOL: Now that I see, I think Mrs. Gildersleeve has absolutely right.~~
~~Oh my goodness, she's a mess. And she tried to tell me~~
~~something.~~

~~FIB: A minute ago I was just beginning to enjoy it.~~

HAL: ~~What a mess, Mrs. McGee.~~ ~~the husband is~~
~~possessed in this.~~ ~~the~~ your husband is impossible.

FIB: I am not. I may be a little improbable, but I ain't impossible.

MOL: I think I can assure you, Mr. Gildersleeve that our yard will be raked up today, sure.

HAL: Thank you.

FIB: Incidentally, Gildersleeve..you got a rake I can borrow?

HAL: I have a rake, but I'm using it. To take up YOUR leaves from MY yard. And I'm dumping them all back over the hedge onto your lawn.

FIB: My leaves, eh?

HAL: Yes your leaves.

FIB: You admit they're mine, eh?

HAL: ADMIT IT! OF COURSE I ADMIT IT.

FIB: Okay then..but I warn you, Gildersleeve..I'm very proud of them leaves, and if I find any of 'em damaged when you send 'em back, I'll --

HAL: AHHHHHHHH --

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) You know I rather like that guy, Molly. I'm sorry I didn't get to know him sooner. Think o' the swell arguments we've missed.

MOL: Aren't you ashamed, McGee! ~~And what's she do, she's ashamed of you?~~

~~FIB: What's she got to do with it? A woman ain't ashamed if the guy she marries turns out to be a damn fool.~~

~~MOL: Come on McGee, you're kidding yourself with that one.~~

~~FIB: Eh, well, I'm not kidding myself.~~

~~MOL: Don't you know, but you've simply got to take up those leaves. This has gone far enough. I'll just take 'em back to you.~~

~~FIB: As a matter of fact, I've got a rake for you.~~

MOL: You should try and keep on good terms with your neighbors. You don't get far without friends you know.

FIB: Well, you don't have much excitement without enemies either. But maybe you're right. I'll call up Mrs. Uppington and see if she's gotta rake I can borrow. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) Hello, Operator? Gimme Wistful Vista 6..7..OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT? FIBBER MCGEE! GIMME MRS. UPPINGTON...LINE'S BUSY, EH? HOW'S EVERYTHING, MYRT?

MOL: Oh my!

FIB: EH? WHO?...YOUR SISTER, EH?...GOT PINCHED, EH?

MOL: Heavenly days!

FIB: WHAT SAY, MYRT?..WELL, SHE WAS BOUND TO GET CAUGHT SOONER OR LATER. DID YOU GET HER OUT. EH?..NO, I WON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT...OKAY...(CLICK) WHADDYE KNOW ABOUT THAT MOLLY?

MOL: What happened?

FIB: Myrt's sister had on one o' them new bustle dresses and got pinched goin' thru a revolving door.

MOL: Well this isn't gettin' the leaves raked up.

FIB: Oh, yeh, the leaves..I'll run over to Uppington's and borrow a rake. Be right back, Molly.

MOL: I'd better go with you.

FIB: Why, Molly! Do you think I'd try to evade rakin' up them leaves? Dontcha trust me?

MOL: Ohhh - yes, I guess I do, McGee.

FIB: Well, you better come anyway - and I don't trust myself! Let's go!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

ORC: "COMES LOVE"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (RAKING LEAVES)

FIB: (SINGS) WHEN THE WIND BLOWS THE LEAVES WILL ALL FALL
AND I WILL BE RAKING - RAKING - TILL FALL.

SOUND: RAKING LEAVES

MOL: Don't rake so hard, McGee - you're tearin' up the grass.

FIB: All right.

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny! Hello, daughter. How you fixed for cider? Only sixty cents a gallon. Nothin' like it to liven you up at a Hallowe'en party!..Matter-of-fact-- there's nothin' like it to liven you up! Or, in other words -- there's nothin' like it!

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Old Timer - I don't believe we want any!

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: She says we don't want any, Old Timer. Besides, I swore off that stuff! It not only sneaks up on you - it follows you around for four days! (LAUGHTER)

OLD MAN: (LAUGHS) That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller. "SAYYYYY", he says, "HAVE YOU SEEN THEM NEW AUTOMOBILES WITH THE BED BUILT IN THE BACK SEAT?" "HAVE I?" says tother feller, "I AIN'T ONLY SEEN 'EM - I JUST GOT MY WIFE A JOB AS CHAMBERMAID IN A PARKING LOT!" Heh heh heh heh! Well, sorry you don't want any cider, kids - it's good for what oils ye....er ails ye! (FADES OUT LAUGHING)

FIB: Why that 'old fossil'..I'd like to meet that guy outside some bright night, Molly.

MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: Well, I think ruins are much prettier by moonlight.

SOUND: RAKING LEAVES: FAINT HONKING OFF MIKE

FIB: One side there, Mrs. McGee - ye bother me.

MOL: Oh, look up thoro, McGee - there goes a flock 'of geese flying south for the winter,

FIB: Describe 'em to me, Molly -- I'm too busy rakin'!

MOL: Never mind. But I wonder how it is that the geese always know which way is south?

FIB: That's easy - they follow the robins.

MOL: How do the robins know?

FIB: They look back and see the geese! (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says - Oh oh! Look - here comes Harlow Wilcox!

MOL: I wonder what he wants.

FIB: You know very well what he wants! He wants to sneak in some advertising. Let's cross him up.

MOL: All right, McGee - every time he starts selling, we'll change the subject. WELL, HELLO THERE, MR. WILCOX!

WIL: Hello, Molly..Hello, Fibbor...cleaning up the lawn, eh?

FIB: You betcha, Harlow...and speakin' of lawns, did you know that the trapdoor spider conceals his nest so cleverly that sometimes he can't even find it himself?

WIL: Can't find his own home eh? That's what he gets for hiding it. Maybe he's ashamed of it. I think people should be PROUD of their homes. And if everybody used Johnson's Wax to beautify and protect their ----

MOL: Speaking of PRIDE, Mr. Wilcox, did you know that in some parts of Africa, it is still a matter of pride with the natives to eat their enemies?

WIL: Oh cannibalism! There's some of that in this country too. People are eaten here every day.

FIB & MOL: WHAT?

WIL: Yes, eaten by envy, when they see how their friends homes are kept so shining and clean with such a minimum of effort with Johnson's Wax. Why -

FIB: Which reminds me, Harlow,...did you know that, in thinking, the human mind throws off a definite electrical charge?

WIL: IS THAT SO.....Positive or negative?

MOL: Well..er..we don't...er...

WIL: The reason I asked is that a thought about wood floors and furniture would positively be negative on anything but Johnson's Wax, because it is the finest protective wax that money can -

FIB: Ain't he terrific folks? That guy finds more openings than a marble in a fish net. HOW ABOUT GIVIN' ME A HAND RAKIN' UP THESE LEAVES, HARLOW?

WIL: Sorry pal..haven't got time...but I'm glad to see you doing it - because I think the OUTSIDE of a house should be just as attractive and beautiful as the INSIDE, and if Johnson's Wax - OH EXCUSE ME...HERE COMES MY BUS...see you later, folks.....

MOL: I wish you were as interested in your work as he is in his McGee.

FIB: Any guy with that much faith in his product oughtta be testin' parachutes.

MOL: It's a good thing you're not.

FIB: Why?

MOL: You'd probably land here in the yard right on your dead leaves.

HAL: (FADE IN) Oh there, McGee I'm glad to see you're finally raking those leaves up.

FIB: Listen, Gildersleeve -- Let's you and me play Stanley and Livingstone.

HAL: Ahh...Stanley and Livingstone?

FIB: Yes, only with a new twist. Let's pretend we never discovered each other.

MOL: Oh, McGee....please...

HAL: That's all right, Mrs. McGee...if that's the way he wants it. I merely saw him raking up those leaves, so I came over to bury the hatchet.

FIB: Skip it, Gildersleeve. When a guy wants to bury the hatchet, he's usually got an axe to grind. Now go away and lemme work, willya?

MOL: Comq come, boys...after all...we're neighbors, you know. My, my! All this fuss over a pile of dead leaves!

HAL: Well, there'll be no dead loavos on his family tree, It's too sappy.

FIB: Yos and there's a cuckoo's nest someplace in yours, too.

HAL: Is that so.

FIB: YES THAT'S SO....

HAL: MCGEE, I didn't like that remark. And I don't think I like you either. I know I don't like your face.

FIB: You wanna make somethin' of it?

HAL: I'm too old for Halloween parties or I'd like to make a mask out of it. GOOD DAY!

FIB: (LAUGHS) That guy kills me, Molly!

MOL: That's the first bit of foresight you've shown for a long time, McGee!

FIB: Oh -- I'm just kiddin' him.

SOUND: LOUD RUSTLING OF LEAVES:

FIB: HEY THERE, LITTLE GIRL -- QUIT PLAYIN' IN THAT PILE OF LEAVES -- I JUST RAKED 'EM UP!

TEE: Well, gee -- I'm just gonna look for some pretty leaves, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, ye are, eh?

TEE: Hmmmmmmm?

FIB: I says, ye are, eh?

TEE: Are what?

FIB: Gonna look for some pretty leaves.

TEE: Gee, that's a dandy idea -- I guess I will too.

FIB: Well, you were the one who. (LAUGHS) Oh, I got it. (LAUGHS)

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmmmm?

FIB: Look, SIS! Run along home and don't bother me. I got all those leaves to rake up.

TEE: Say, mister what makes leaves turn all different colors like this? Hmmmmm? What does? Hmmmmm? Why don't they stay green all the time?

FIB: They're only green in the spring and summer, sis. They always turn red in the fall.

TEE: Why?

FIB: DAD RAT IT! HOW SHOULD I -- or...ahem...Well, I'll tell you, sis. Know what a stop and go sign is?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.

FIB: Well, leaves are nature's stop and go signs. Ye see, sis, in the spring the leaves are green and that means GO!...So the snow goes, and the cold goes, and little girls go out and play.

TEE: Aw gee!

FIB: And then in the Fall, sis the leaves turn red. That means STOP. STOP and put on your mittens. STOP vacation from school.....STOP and look for Santa Claus.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Oh goody!

FIB: Get the idea, sis?

TEE: No!

FIB: What? Don't you understand?

TEE: Yes, but I betcha you don't I betcha!

FIB: Eh?

TEE: The real reason the leaves turn red in the fall is that subsequent to the autumn equinox the diminishing power of the solar rays is inadequate to supply the necessary chlorophyll to the foliage, thus resulting in the phenomenon, familiar to us all, of brilliant coloration. So don't give me any of that Malarkey about stop and go lights. So long, Mister.

ORK: "DIANE" - NOVIS

FIB: (OVER MUSICAL INTRODUCTION) Folks, Donald Novis gives us an old favorite of his and ours and yours, - "Diane". Take it, Don!

MOL: Better hurry up and finish rakin' those leaves, McGee.....I think there's a bit of a wind comin' up.

SOUND: RAKING LEAVES

FIB: Okay. When I get all these leaves piled up and burned, Molly, ye know what I'm gonna do?

MOL: What?

FIB: I'm gonna lean the rake up against the hedge with its teeth snarlin' into Gildersleeve's window.

(LAUGHS) Just to remind him that --

NICK: Well for Scrim's sake, Fizzer...what in the name of for the Love of mike aro you doing laboring with Manuel?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Dopolopolis.

FIB: Hiyah, Nick. Oh I'm just rakin' up these leaves... you'll excuse me, if I go right on workin'.....we're afraid the wind'll come up before I get thru...

NICK: Oh that's uckly duckly, Fizzer, and speaking of wind I am reading an awfully sweets little stories last night in a book by a mon named Egypt, who is always writing a lot of Foebles.

MOL: I think you mean AESOP who wrote the Fables.

NICK: I think I do too. Anyway, this story is being all about the North Wind and the Sun, and in the book they are both able to talk, which is not true in the real life, - though if the sun could talk he would prolly get off some hot stuff, if you know what I mean and if you dqn't, neither of us is missing much.

FIB: Maybe you better tell us later, Nick...I gotta get these leaves raked up before -

NICK: You don't bother me, Fizzer...I can tell you just as if you were loafing as usual. WELL SIR, it seems that the wind and the sun were having an arguments about who is having the most strong personalities, so they are deciding to -- take turns to make a traveling mon take off his coat. The north wind is blowing and blowing with a huff and a poof but the mon is only buttoning his coat all the more tighter. And then the sun is trying, and -

FIB: Yes yes yes ...we know, Nick...the sun got hotter'n hotter'n finally the guy took off his coat and the sun won the bet. So what?

NICK: Well, so it is all going to prove a little fact which is full of philosophus, Fizzer, and the Mortal of the story is being:

ARGUMENTS IS BEING WON BY BRIGHTNESS
NOT BY BEING A BLOWHARD!

SOUND: SLIGHT WIND EFFECT:

....say...I think there is a windy breeze coming up...I better go raise the awning on my candy kitchen..so long Kewpie, so long, Fizzer!!

SOUND: WIND UP

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...the wind IS getting stronger.
FIB: DAD RAT IT, AIN'T THAT JUST MY LUCK...and here I am on my last pile of leaves....

SOUND: WIND UP STRONG:::

MOL: Oh dear...there they go, McGee....I'm going to run in the house and close the windows...
FIB: Better hurry Molly....looks like a hurricane....

SOUND: WIND WAY UP...TERRIFIC GALE...

ORK: HURRY MUSIC...GRADUALLY FADE... WIND AND ORK OUT:

FIB: Hey Molly....MOLLY....Come here...
MOL: (FADE IN) My that was quite a blow, wasn't it, McGee? What did you want?
FIB: Look at this lawn!!! AM I THE SAP.....What did I rake my arms off for?
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...there isn't a leaf left is there!
FIB: Not here...but look over at Gildersleeves yard! (LAUGHS)
They're piled up three feet deep. (LAUGHS)
HAL: (FADE IN) Now look here, McGee...I've had about enough of this nonsense....look at those leaves of yours on my lawn!

~~HAL: (FADE IN) Now look here, McGee...I've had about enough of this nonsense....look at those leaves of yours on my lawn!~~
~~MOL: (FADE IN) My that was quite a blow, wasn't it, McGee? What did you want?~~
~~They're piled up three feet deep. (LAUGHS)~~

FIB: WHADDYE GONNA DO ABOUT IT, Gildersleeve, - have me pinched for blowin' up a 40-mile gale in a 20-mile zone? (LAUGHS)
HAL: DONT BE RIDICULOUS! BUT YOU COULD HAVE RAKED THOSE LEAVES UP SOONER...LOOK AT MY LAWN...IT'S DISGRACEFUL...I'M GOING TO SEE MY LAWYER ABOUT THIS...I'LL TAKE THIS TO THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT!

FIB: Well, if fallin' leaves is unconstitutional, maybo-
UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee..and Mr. McGee.

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

FIB: Hiyah Uppy.

UPP: My that was quite a storm we had wasn't it? Almost a tycoon.

FIB: Phoon.

UPP: Pardon me?

MOL: PHOON, Mrs. Uppington...TYPHOON.

HAL: Yes a tycoon is a big business man.

FIB: Like me.

UPP: Oh..oh yes..of course...oh well, I suppose one big bag of wind is just as...er...oh PARDON ME, MRS. LEFFINGWELL.

How RUDE of me..Mrs. McGee...may I present Mrs. Leffingwell?

GIRL: How do you do?

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

UPP: And MR. McGee, Mrs. Leffingwell.

GIRL: How do you do.

FIB: How do you do. And Mrs. Uppington, this is Mr. Gildersleeve.

UPP: How do you do.

HAL: How do you do.

UPP: Mrs. Loffingwell, Mr. Gildersleeve.

GIRL: How do you do.

HAL: How do you do.

FIB: (ASIDE) This is a pretty how do you do, ain't it, folks?
You say your name is Loffingwell, sis?

GIRL: Yes...Mrs. Wentworth Loffingwell.

FIB: Nice to know you, lofty. You a pal of Uppy's?

GIRL: Well, you might say so, Mr. McGee....I am working with Mrs. Uppington on a committee.

MOL: Oh how cosy.

MOL: Won't you ladies come in and have a cuppa coffee?

GIRL: Oh, thank you, no, Mrs. McGee...

UPP: Some othah time, Mrs. McGee.

HAL: I WILL, MRS. MCGEE.

FIB: SHE DIDN'T ASK YOU, GILDERSLEEVE.

UPP: Nice of you to awsk us, Mrs. McGee..but reahhly this is more or less in the nature of a business call.

FIB: Oh. Okay Uppy. Here's your rake. I'd a brung it back if you'd a waited.

UPP: I was not...or..referring to the rake, Mr. McGee. Mrs. Loffingwell and I are on the Better Homes and Gardens Committee of the Ladies Club, and -

HAL: Ah yes...the Ladies Club....I believe my wife has spoken -

FIB: Quiet, Gildersleeve. BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS, EH UPPY?
Well, if it's advice you're lookin' for you come to the right place. I always was quite a hand with trees and flowers....

HAL: And leaves.

HAL: How do you do.

UPP: Mrs. Loffingwell, Mr. Gildersleeve.

GIRL: How do you do.

HAL: How do you do.

FIB: (ASIDE) This is a pretty how do you do, ain't it, folks?
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HAL: And leaves.

FIB: Yes sir. I mind one time, years ago, I had me one of the finest prune orchards in the country.

UPP: Not reahhly!!

GIRL: Fancy that.

FIB: Fnacy prunes, too. My prunes was so big they whipped every ether grower at the state fair. PRUNE WHIP MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh my!

FIB: PRUNE WHIP MCGEE, THE PINNACLE OF PERFECTION AS A PRODUCER OF PRUNES, PEACHES, PEARS AND POMEGRANATES, PROUDLY PICKIN' PACKIN' AND PURVEYIN' 'EM TO PERSNICKETY PEOPLE WHO WERE PLEASED AS PUNCH TO PAY A PRETTY PENNY TO POSSESS SUCH PRICELESS PACKAGES OF PALATABLE PRODUCTS. AND PERSONALLY PUBLICIZED AS THE PREMIER PARAGON OF THE PLANTER'S PROFESSION FROM THE PLEASANT PARKS OF OLD PEORIA, TO THE.. (Pardon me, girls, does all this bore ya?

APPLAUSE:

UPP: I'm sure it didn't bore us a bit, Mr. McGee...did it, Hildegarde?

GIRL: Oh very little...if any.

HAL: It bored me.

FIB: You're too easily bored, Gildersleeve. A woodpecker could have fun with you.

HAL: Is that so!

MOL: GENTLEMEN...

UPP: As I remarked before...our club's Better Homes and Gardens committee has been making a survey to see who had the best kept lawn...

GIRL: And of all the lawns in the neighborhood, Mr. McGee...YOURS is by far the neatest.

HAL: NOW LISTEN HERE...You.....

FIB: The Committee has the floor, Gildersleeve.

UPP: Thank you...AND SO, MR. MCGEE,..WE ARE HAPPY TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS SILVER PLAQUE FOR THE BEST KEPT LAWN IN WISTFUL VISTA.

FIB: Wol...(LAUGHS)

MOL: Will you have your coffee now Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: UGHHHHHHHHHHHHH

ORK: "ALL IN FAVOR SAY AYE" FADE FOR--

WIL: COMM'L

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
10-17-39
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

24

Closing Commercial

Dibben & Molly will be back in just a moment.

ANNCR:

Now I'd like to remind you again that if your kitchen floors are a problem to you, then try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Nothing could be simpler than keeping floors clean and beautiful with this increasingly popular floor polish. GLO-COAT, you know is SELF-POLISHING -- that is, it polishes itself while it is drying, without any work of rubbing or buffing. Twenty minutes after you put it on, your floors are sparkling and beautiful -- easy to keep clean -- saving you hours of work. You can use GLO-COAT on your varnished and painted wood floors, as well as linoleum. The results are always satisfactory because of the uniform high quality of this famous product. Just try GLO-COAT once -- and you'll never be without it. Spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- in the familiar yellow and red can everywhere.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

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TAG GAG

FIB: Hey Molly, did you see that invitation we got to the NBC
Halloween party?

MOL: No I didn't....who's gonna be there?

FIB: OH everybody. Me and Bob Hope are handlin' the
entertainment.

MOL: Do ye get paid?

FIB: Just a nominal amount. They get me for peanuts and Bob
for apples. AHEM. Goodnight.

MOL: Bob for Apples! Goodnight all.

S. C. Johnson & Son
Writer: Don Quinn

FIBBER M

NBC - Red
6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 10/24/39