

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writers: Don Quinn  
Len Levinson

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#233

Tuesday - 1/23/40  
6:30-7:00

NBC-Red

(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 Jimmie Shields, Bill Thompson --

FIB: Harlow Wilcox!

WIL: Gee, thanks! And Billy Mills' orchestra! The show opens  
with "Goody Goodbye".

ORK: ("GOODY GOODBYE")....FADE FOR:



S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JANUARY 23, 1940  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

2-A

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: "When you walk on wax, you save your floors!" You've heard me say this many times -- but I wonder if you have really stopped to think about it -- about the unique service that genuine JOHNSON'S WAX performs in your home. As a matter of fact, there just isn't any other product that can do what WAX does for your floors -- protect them and beautify them at the same time. The tough shield of JOHNSON'S WAX is invisible ... transparent. And yet it protects and guards the floor surface against scuffing feet, scratches and dirt -- tenaciously. This same shield of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX adds rich, mellow beauty to your floors -- beauty that actually increases with every application. And, of course, JOHNSON'S WAX is also a work-saver. It does away with tiresome floor scrubbing -- and JOHNSON-WAXED floors are the easiest of all floors to keep clean. Besides floors, there are one hundred other labor-saving uses for JOHNSON'S WAX -- furniture, woodwork, windowsills, leather goods. You will find these extra uses listed right on the JOHNSON WAX package, paste or liquid.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

(2ND REVISION) -3-

WIL: EVER TAKE A TOUR THROUGH A MODERN BROADCASTING STUDIO? IT'S A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE, AND HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO DO IT. AT THE WISTFUL VISTA BROADCASTING COMPANY'S STUDIO WHERE THE GUIDE IS ABOUT TO CONDUCT THE REGULAR HALF-HOUR TOUR. AND HERE, AMONG THE MILLING SIGHT-SEERS, WE FIND --  
-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MURMUR OF VOICES:

FIB: Aw come on, Molly. Let's go home. I'm gettin' tired o' waitin' around here.

MOL: No sir. I've wanted to take one of these studio tours for a long time, McGee. They say it's very educational.

FIB: Wel-l-l-l...okay. After all, radio has been buttin' into our home for twenty years, so it's about time we returned the call!

GUIDE: All right, folks....please form a line and follow me. I'll explain things to you as we go along. FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!!!

~~SOUND: MARCHING FEET UP: COUNT OF 8: DOOR LATCH:~~

~~GUIDE: First, I would like to call your attention to this door for we are now passing through it. You will notice that it has a latch on each side of it. According to the engineers, these latches serve a very important purpose. They give the door something to latch against.~~

~~FIB: Not only that bud, but they have the ceiling from falling~~

SOUND: MARCHING FEET UP: COUNT OF 8: DOOR LATCH:

FIB: What's all this machinery in here, bud? Is this where they wind Winchell up every Sunday night? (LAUGHS)

MOL: McGee....don't be so fresh.

m



GUIDE: This, ladies and gentlemen, is our sound effects department. This room contains every possible sound effect that ...

WOMAN: Excuse me, please, Mr. Guide. There's one sound effect I've often wondered about.

GUIDE: Yes, madam?

WOMAN: Well, for instance, on the Johnson Wax program..my stars... how do they get the effect of all those people laughing at Fibber McGee's jokes?

GUIDE: (REVERENTLY) Madam, there are still some things about radio that baffle the experts. Now do you all see this large rubber ball?

FIB: Whaddye use that for, Bud...sound effect of a bouncing baby. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

VOICES: Pipe down there!....Shut up, smart aleck!...make him keep quiet..etc...etc...

MOL: Be quiet, McGee!

GUIDE: This rubber ball, ladies and gentlemen, is used, surprisingly enough, for the effect of an explosion!

MURMURS OF DISBELIEF:

GUIDE: It is made of very thin rubber, and is filled with small pebbles. When shaken, and held up to the microphone, it produces a loud explosive sound. Let me show you.

SOUND: BALL EXPLOSION

GUIDE: NOW, let us continue the tour, please.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM: MARCH OF FEET..SUSTAIN FOR 8 COUNT: DOOR LATCH

MAN: --and this is our Studio J. It has an audience seating capacity of 350. This way, please!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: TRAMP OF FEET SUSTAIN FOR 8 COUNT: DOOR LATCH:

GUIDE: Studio K. It seats 325.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: TRAMP OF FEET: SUSTAIN FOR TEN COUNT: DOOR LATCH

GUIDE: Studio L. Seats 300.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: TRAMP OF FEET: SUSTAIN FOR 8 COUNT: DOOR LATCH

GUIDE: Studio M. Seats 350.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: TRAMP OF FEET...SUSTAIN FOR EIGHT COUNT:

GUIDE: And, this ladies and gentlemen completes the tour. Are there any questions?

FIB: Yes, I got a question, bud.

GUIDE: Yes sir? What is it, sir?

FIB: HOW DO THEY GET ALL THEM LITTLE PEBBLES INTO THAT RUBBER BALL?

ORK: "STARDUST" - SHIELDS - ANNOUNCEMENT OVER INTRO.

FIB: Folks, Jimmy Shields, sings "Stardust."

APPLAUSE



FIB: Well...whadja think o' the studio tour, Molly?

MOL: Wonderful....But do you think they have a sound effect for falling arches? My feet are killing me!

FIB: Mine too. Wonder why they don't let the tourists ride around on them kilocycles they're always braggin' about. Here...sit down on this bench a while.

MOL: Heavenly days!.....If that guide had showed us only 42 more studios, I'd have gone back for that rubber ball and blown the place up!

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE, JOHNNY!...Hello Daughter! Whatcha doin'?

MOL: Resting. We just took a studio tour.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?

FIB: But we were kinda disappointed at not seein' any radio stars, Old Timer. Molly thought if she could only make a grab at Jack Benny's ostrich, it would be quite a feather in her hat. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh....that's pretty awful, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE MAE WEST JUST FINISHED MAKIN' ANOTHER MOVIE. "YEP!" says tother feller. "I sure wanta see that," "SHE'S NUMBER ONE ON MY HIP PARADE!" Heh heh heh....Well, I gotta skip along...My boy Rance wants to borrow fifty bucks to finish up a secretarial course. Must be learning the touch system. Heh heh heh! So long, kids!

FIB: That twirp! He's just a feeble old squirt from the Fountain of Youth!

MOL: Well, come on. Let's go home...or I'll be so tired in the morning I'll have to do the dishes in bed. Oh oh...MCCEE!  
OH LOOK...THERE'S MR. GILDERSLEEVE.

FIB: ~~Well at least we know the name.~~ <sup>edit</sup> ~~Also what.~~ Hiyah Gildy, old man.

HAL: (DOWNCAST) Hello.

MOL: Why...what's wrong, Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: Cheer up, Throcky, old rutabaga. You still got plenty o' time to do your Christmas shopping. (LAUGHS)

HAL: Oh stop it, McGee...PLEASE...I..I'm in no mood for that sort of thing. I ... I'm .. in a terrible mess. Terrible.

MOL: If this was 15 years ago, I'd think your home brew had exploded...what is it?

FIB: Now look, Gildersleeve. Personally, I don't know why I should wanta help you. You hate my...er..and I don't like you, either. But I'll help you if I can --

HAL: McGee, you're so full of balloon juice, you ought to travel with a ground crew. But I've simply got to talk to somebody.

MOL: My my! It's nice to have you boys on such friendly terms again! What's the trouble, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Well...as you know, I am the manufacturer of Gildersleeve's Girlish Girdles...

FIB: Yes?

HAL: Well - here's what happened. I decided to go on the radio with my advertising, so I contracted for a half hour on the air.

MOL: OH, how marvelous!

FIB: Nice goin', Throcky...what kinda show ya got?



HAL: I HAVEN'T GOT A SHOW! That's what's the trouble. In exactly 20 minutes Gildersleeve's Girlish Girdles go on the air... and..I haven't any program! (SOBS) AND ALL BECAUSE THE UNION WON'T LET MY WIFE SING!

FIB: Gildersleeve, there must be a power watchin' over you to meet me at a time like this!

HAL: What do you mean, McGee?

FIB: Now, that you've laid an egg, - I'm gonna save your bacon. Why - I've got a great idea for a radio program. Brand New!

HAL: BUT what do you know about radio broadcasting, McGee?

FIB: WHO, me? Why, shucks, Gildersleeve, I've been interested in radio ever since I was knob-high to a door slam! Why even as a little tike I studied broadcastin' because I simply loved to work at a microphone. FOR-THE-LOVE-O'-MIKE MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: "FOR-THE-LOVE-OF-MIKE" MCGEE! THE MASTER-MIND WHO MADE MARCONI'S MYSTERIOUS MEGACYCLE MACHINE A MODERN MIRACLE OF MUSIC, MERRIMENT AND MELODRAMA FOR MISCELLANEOUS MULTITUDES MONARCH OF MELODY, WHOSE MELANCHOLY MURMURING OF "MOTHER MACHREE" AND "MACUSHLA" MELTED THE MASCARA ON MILKMAIDS IN MILWAUKEE, MERMAIDS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND MILADY'S MAIDS IN MANHATTAN. AND MERCY ME! THE MAGIC MANIPULATOR OF THE MANDOLIN, MEMORIZING A MASS OF MELODIC MANUSCRIPTS, FROM MOUNTAIN MUSIC FOR OLD MATILDY TO LET ME SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM, GILDY!

APPLAUSE

HAL: (PAUSE) Well, McGee...IF YOU REALLY HAVE SOMETHING...I ASSURE YOU YOU WON'T LOSE BY IT. LET'S STEP IN THIS OFFICE HERE AND TALK IT OVER.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: SOUND OF TYPEWRITER: DOOR SLAM: TYPEWRITER  
CONTINUE:

FIB: Are we intruding?

WIL: Oh no...I was just dictating. Have a chair and I'll be with you in a minute. Ready, Miss Green?

GIRL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: --- AND JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WILLNOT ONLY MAKE YOUR HOUSEWORK MUCH EASIER, comma, BUT IT BEAUTIFIES AND PROTECTS YOUR LINOLEUM, comma, AND BRINGS OUT THE ORIGINAL COLOR AND CHARM OF THE PATTERN. Period, paragraph.

SOUND: TYPEWRITER:

WIL: Just a few more lines, folks.

HAL: Certainly, certainly...go right ahead.

FIB: Whaddye mean, go right ahead? You got no more chance of stoppin' that guy, comma, than I have o' gettin' the Nobel prize for tea-tasting, exclamation!

WIL: All right, Miss Green. TO APPLY JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, (TYPEWRITER IN) comma, JUST POUR A FEW DROPS ON THE LINOLEUM, comma, SPREAD IT AROUND, dash - (IT NEEDS NO RUBBING OR BUFFING) dash, AND IN TWENTY MINUTES YOUR FLOOR IS NOT ONLY LOVELY TO LOOK AT, comma, BUT SEALED AGAINST DIRT AND DAMPNES, period. Make four copies of that, Miss Green. Well, hello there Molly!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hyah Harlow!

WIL: Hello, Fibber!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Goodbye, Molly.

FIB: So long, Harlow.



(2ND REVISION) 12-13-14

WIL: So long, Fibber - Come on, Miss Green.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

HAL: Well, McGee...to business...I haven't much time left. What is this great radio idea?

FIB: Look, Gildersleeve here it is...MY THOUGHT IS TO MAKE YOUR STUDIO AUDIENCE PART OF THE PROGRAM. Get it? Simple, ain't it?

MOL: Why...why it's wonderful, McGee...

HAL: It sounds very interesting...a little unorthodox, though; isn't it?

FIB: Unorthodox!...it's REVOLUTIONARY! Now get this!...my idea is to ask people to step up outa the audience...and have somebody ask 'em questions...

MOL: Heavenly days!

HAL: WELL, IT'S A TERRIFIC GAMBLE, MCGEE...BUT, BY GEORGE, NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE WAS AFRAID TO BE A PIONEER!

FIB: Good for you, Throcky. And if the idea works out all right, I get the job o' puttin' it on, eh?

HAL: Yes, yes, yes, but come on...hurry up. AND IF THIS ISN'T SUCCESSFUL...Ohhh...what a come down for Gildersleeve's Girdles!

ORCH: ("THREE LITTLE WORDS") (APPLAUSE)

P

(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -15-

FIB: THANK you, Billy Mills! AND FOLKS...WELCOME TO THE GILDERSLEEVE GIRDLE QUIZZ. TONIGHT SEES THE INTRODUCTION TO RADIO OF A SENSATIONAL NEW IDEA! WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU, THE AUDIENCE, A REGULAR PART OF THE SHOW!

MURMURS OF AMAZEMENT!

FIB: But first, lemme introduce our Mistress of Ceremonies... MOLLY MCGEE!

APPLAUSE:

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

FIB: Notice her graceful bow, folks? That was made possible by the comfort and flexibility of a Gildersleeve Gir--

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: EH? OH, AHM. But to get on with the program, folks... WE'RE GONNA ASK DIFFERENT MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE TO STEP UP ON THE STAGE AND DRAW QUESTIONS OUT OF A HAT. THEM ANSWERING THE QUESTION CORRECT GETS EITHER A FIVE DOLLAR BILL, OR AN ORDER ON THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE FOR A GILDERSLEEVE GIRDLE. NOW DON'T BE SHY - NOBODY'S IS GONNA BE EMBARRASSED.

MOL: Except you.

FIB: Except me. WHAT? I am not. ALL RIGHT...WILL SOMEBODY VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE?

COMMOTION:

MOL: Here's the first contestant, McGee. Will you please draw a slip out of the hat, sir?

MAN: Okay.

P



FIB: ..And here is the first question. (PHONEY LAUGH) And, I might say, it's a tough one! NAME THE PLACE AND DATE OF BIRTH OF MILTON J. PRENTWHISTLE, THE FAMOUS WALL-PAPER-DESIGNER.

MAN: January 12th, 1901, at 4:13 A.M., in East Cupeake, Ohio.

FIB: YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! And for answering that difficult question, here is a crisp new five dollar bill. Thank you for coming up, Mr...er...Mr...

MAN: Prentwhistle. Milton J. Prentwhistle.

ORK: CHORD

MOL: Here's the next volunteer, McGee...step right up to the microphone, madam. No no no...that's my husband...this is the microphone here.

FIB: Now then, Sis, your name, please?

BERN: Mrs. Patricia Goldfarb, 1617½ Finkle Arms Apartment Hotel...  
.....Girdle Size 38.

MOL: Thank you, Mrs. Goldfarb...draw a question out of the hat, please.

FIB: That's it, sis. AND HERE IS THE QUESTION. CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE THEME SONG OF A WELL KNOWN RADIO PROGRAM OF WHICH THE BAND WILL PLAY A FEW BARS OF. All right, Mr. Mills.

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW...FADE

FIB: Come, come, Mrs. Goldfarb...whose theme song is that? I might tell you it was Fred Allen, but I'd be a awful fibber if I did...(Don't you catch onto it, sis?)

BERN: Don't rosh me please....

MOL: What is your favorite radio program on Tuesday night, Mrs. Goldfarb?

BERN: I haven't got one.

FIB: Oh.. you haven't got a favorite program?

BERN: No, I haven't got a radio. So I guess I'm giving hop.

FIB: STUDENTS!

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well fer the...AW COME ON, FOLKS...WHOSE THEME SONG IS IT?

MOL: (HUMS)

FIB: AHM. Ahhhhh, I SEE WE HAVE ANOTHER VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE.

BOOM: (FADE IN) Here you are, Chowderhead...at your service.

MOL: Oh, thank you sir. YOUR NAME PLEASE?

BOOM: Horatio K. Boomer, care of Joe's Tavern. And while you're there, see what the boys in the back room will have that I haven't got.

MOL: Your occupation, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Broker. MUCH, in fact.

FIB: Thank you, Mr. Boomer...will you please draw a question? That's it. Now your question is, - "Where Is The Tajmahal?"

BOOM: Tajmahal? Don't accuse me till I take a look. Tajmahal...Tajmahal...Now where'd I put that Tajmahal..Have it right here some place...Let me see now...here's a small straitjacket...to keep me from biting my nails...drinking glass made from Confederate money...ah yes...the original Dixie Cup...cork leg...in case I have to float a loan...set of marked beans, for unscrupulous bingo players..āhah! What's this? Oh yes...a wig I took from a man named Peters. Going to give it to my brother Paul..Ha Hah...seems like I had to rob Peter toupee Paul..yes Yes...and a check for a short beer! WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT!...NO TAJAMAH!



MOL: Sorry, Mr. Boomer...no five dollars for you!

BOOM: AH WELL...IT'S A SMART SHARK THAT NEVER FLASHES A FIN.  
Good evening, my dear. Goodnight, ASKIT-BISCUIT!

ORK: CROWD

FIB: And now, ladies and gentlemen...an INTERESTING VARIATION  
OF THIS SENSATIONAL NEW RADIO FEATURE -- WHICH WE CALL THE  
"BAG OF GOLD"! YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!!!!

MOL: We have on this table, the telephone books of every city  
in the United States with more than two pages of Joneses.  
We spin the magic wheel and call the phone number indicated.

FIB: IF THE PERSON IS AT HOME WHEN THE CALL COMES IN..HE RECEIVES  
THE "BAG OF GOLD" If he ain't at home...he gets left  
holdin' the bag. SPIN IT, BOYS!

SOUND: RATCHET EFFECT: GONG:

FIB: What number in what town, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: DILLINGHAM 41567, in Buttonhook, Tennessee. And here is  
the telephone, Professor.

FIB: Thank you. (CLICK) Hello, Operator. Give me long distance.  
HELLO...THIS IS THE "BAG OF GOLD" CALLING BUTTONHOOK,  
TENNESSEE...Dillingham 415, (RATTLE OF CONNECTIONS) HELLO,  
IS THIS BUTTONHOOK, TENN - ...oh, is that you, Myrt? How's  
everything Myrt? Eh?

MOL: MCGEE...STOP IT!! There's no time for that.

FIB: *Eh, oh yes! Sorry, Myrt. There's some mistake.  
(click) Will try it again next week. Now,  
who's next from the audience?*

MOL: This lady here.

FIB: AHEM...What is your name, please, madam?

UPP: Well, reahhly, Mr. McGee...that seems a peculiar kind of  
question--

FIB: COME on, Uppy -- co-operate! Your name, please?

UPP: Mrs. Abigail Fotheringill Uppington. Of 97 Wistful Vista.

MOL: Will you please draw a question from the hat, please, Madam?  
Thank you.

FIB: And the question is? (LAUGHS) This is a old one, Uppy.  
Even YOU oughtta know this one...HOW DO YOU GET DOWN OFF  
A ELEPHANT?

UPP: I beg your pardon? How does one get down off an..off an...  
elephant?

MOL: That's right...an elephant....

FIB: You know....ELEPHANT...a big gray animal with ivory tusks  
and a "Dewey for President" badge in his lapel....

UPP: Oh that?...er..ah...REAHHLY....I have had veddy little  
experience in eithah moupting or DISmounting from a  
pachyderm-

MOL: The word is elephant..and HOW DO YOU GET DOWN OFF OF IT?

UPP: Well, in the FIRST place, my deah, I consider the question  
veddy clumsily worded, It should say "how does one DESCEND  
FROM an ELEPHANT?" When you say "Get DOWN" one immediately  
thinks of "Down" as procured from the back of a fowl, such  
as a chicken or a duck...OHHHHH!! I have it. ONE DOES NOT  
GET DOWN OFF AN ELEPHANT. ONE GETS DOWN OFF A DUCK!  
(LAUGHS HEARTILY) That was reahhly quite clevah of me,  
wasn't it?



(2nd REVISION) 20-21-22-23

FIB: You betcha, Uppy. And here's an order on the Bon Ton  
Department Store for a genuine Gildersleeve Girlish Girdle.  
Thought "girlish" is stretching it a bit.

ORCH: CHORD

FIB: Well, folks....I see the hands of the old clock on the wall  
indicate we only got time for one more contestant. ONE  
MORE VOLUNTEER PLEASE!!! YOUR NAME PLEASE?

MEL: My name is Socrates W. Maximili- (HIC) Socrates W.  
Maximili-- (HIC) Maximilia - (HIC) Maxim - (HIC) Oh,  
just call me "Soc"!

MOL: And where do you live?

MEL: I have my resid - (HIC) - My home is locate - (HIC) I live  
in Punxatawn (HIC) Punxatawn - (HIC) PUNXATAWN - (HIC)  
Well, next week I'm moving to Ames, Iowa!

FIB: Now if you'll draw a question, please... THANK YOU....

MOL: AND THE QUESTION IS: HOW WOULD YOU SAY "Peter Piper  
Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers" in Pig Latin?

FIB: .....and if I ain't mistaken, bud...you're gonna earn this  
five bucks the hard way. Come on now...PETER PIPER  
PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED PEPPERS - in Pig Latin.

MEL: Eater-pay Iper-Pay Ick-pay (HIC) Ick-pay (HIC)  
Ickpayed a eck-pay of ickle-(HIC) Ickle (HIC) ickle (HIC)...  
ick. (HIC) Oh, it ain't worth it!

ORCH: CHORD

(2ND REVISION)-24-25-26-

FIB: POLKS...YOU HAVE JUST HEARD THE MOST SENSATIONAL RADIO  
PROGRAM EVER PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY, ORIGINATED BY FIBBER  
MCGEE, AND BRUNG TO YOU BY THE GILDERSLEEVE GIRDLE COMPANY.

MOL: And remember our slogan - "In Country, Town or Busy City -  
Our Girdles Keep You Sitting Pretty."

SOUND: ~~CHORD~~ WITH DOOR SLAM

MOL: That was wonderful, McGee, I'm proud of you.

FIB: You were just as good as I was, Molly. Boy will old  
Gildersleeve be tickled about this!

MOL: Well, I'm pretty happy about it, myself. How did you  
ever think of it? You're so clever, dearie.

FIB: Aw, shucks, it's nothing that any red-blooded, clean-living  
American boy wouldn't a thought up.

HAL: (FADE IN) NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU.

FIB: I bet you do, Gildersleeve, wasn't that the most terrific -

HAL: I'VE BEEN BAMBOOZLED - I'VE BEEN MISLED - I'VE BEEN HAD!

MOL: Why, what do you mean, Mr. Gildersleeve?  
*This program of yours is out.* FIB: Why?  
HAL: I'VE BEEN TALKING TO PEOPLE AROUND HERE.

FIB: What did they say?

HAL: ~~MOL~~, THIS IDEA HAS BEEN DONE BEFORE!

MOL: ~~MOL~~ - it has?

FIB: Aw, pshaw!

ORCH: ("PUT THAT DOWN IN WRITING") (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-23-40  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

-27-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. But first let me ask, how is your kitchen floor these days? Is it bright and cheerful -- or are the colors faded and gloomy? Do you have trouble keeping it clean? Are you a floor scrubber? It is my ambition to keep right on telling the wonderful story of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, until every kitchen floor in America is sparkling with GLO-COATED beauty -- and every one of my listeners enjoys the extra time and leisure that GLO-COAT gives them. This modern floor polish becomes more popular every day because it fills such a need. It keeps linoleum floors fresh and beautiful -- protects them and makes them last longer -- saves hours of cleaning time. GLO-COAT takes practically no work -- no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply -- and in twenty minutes your floor has dried with a beautiful protective polish that is easy to keep clean. You can use GLO-COAT for your varnished or painted wood floors, too.

Ask your dealer tomorrow for a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- spelled, G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -28-

TAG GAG

MOL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....BEFORE WE SAY GOODNITE MAY WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO URGE YOU ALL TO SUPPORT TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS?

FIB: Yes, folks....send your dimes marching to Washington today... and as much more as you can afford. Remember, what looks like small change to you may bring about a big change in the life of some crippled child. Goodnite!

MOL: Goodnite, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

SIGNOFF

M