

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#246

Tuesday - 4/23/40  
6:30-7:00 PM

NBC-Red

(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 BILL THOMPSON, THE KINGS MEN AND BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "OF THEE I SING!"

ORK: "OF THEE I SING!"

APPLAUSE:

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WIL: WANTED! IMMEDIATELY. REFINED MAN OR WOMAN WITH CULTURAL BACKGROUND TO SETTLE ARTISTIC ARGUMENT. MUST BE LOUD, STRONG AND WILLING TO BACK JUDGMENT WITH SOUND AUTHORITY OR LARGE BLUNT INSTRUMENT. NO SALARY BUT VALUABLE EXPERIENCE. APPLY, 79 WISTFUL VISTA, C/O --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Now look, McGee....I'm tired of arguing about this. You've exhausted my impatience. Let's not hang the picture at all.

FIB: But we gotta put it up, Molly. I spent 2.98 gettin' it framed. Besides, it's the prettiest calendar the butcher ever sent out.

MOL: Just the same...you'll hang it the way it should be hung or out it goes. The top o' the picture should be at eye level.

FIB: .....No, the bottom o' the picture oughtta be hung at eye level.

MOL: What's your authority?

FIB: Professor Roger J. Hemingway, Manager o' the Art Exhibit at the Cincinnati World's Fair in 1913. He says so. What's your authority?

MOL: Dr. William Poultney Vanderplug; the man they put in charge when they fired Professor Hemingway - that's who!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Go on...I gotcha there...there never was any Professor Hemingway. I made him up.

MOL: I know it. That's why I didn't feel bad about firing him. Oh, come, come, dearie...let's not argue about --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

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MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: Fibber McGee & Molly?

MOL: Yes?

MAN: As leading citizens of Wistful Vista, I'm sure you'll be glad to sign this petition.

FIB: You betcha, bud...right on this line here? There. Now you, Molly.

MOL: All right....there you are, sir.

MAN: Thank you, very much.

FIB: By the way, what's this petition for, bud?

MAN: Don't know yet...but I'll think of SOMETHING!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Leading Citizens is right. We certainly got led into that one! Say, why didn't we ask him how to hang that picture?

FIB: Well, I STILL think it oughtta be hung with the bottom at eye level. And I'll bet I can prove it.

MOL: How?

FIB: I'll call the art editor of the Wistful Vista Gazette. I'll bet he'll back me up.

MOL: If he can back you up, he has no business being an art critic. He's a born mule driver. But go ahead.

FIB: Okay. (CLICK) Hello, Operator? Gimme the Wistful Vista Gazette - Oh...is that you, Myrt? How's every little thing, Myrt? 'Tis, eh? WHAT SAY, MYRT? Your Uncle? Clawed by a tiger at the circus, eh?

MOL: Heavenly Days!

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FIB: (LAUGHS) Whaddye know about that, Molly? They took a picture of Myrt's Uncle Claude by a tiger at the circus... What say, Myrt? Oh, ready with the Gazette, eh? HELLO, GAZETTE...LEMME TALK TO THE ART EDITOR. Oh is that you, Art? Eh?...Oh, he ain't, eh? Okay. Thanks anyway. (CLICK) He ain't there, Molly.

MOL: Where is he?

FIB: Gone over to the Art Museum. They just brought a modernistic painting and they dunno which side is up.

MOL: Maybe we ought to go to the Art Museum. There ought to be somebody over there that'll tell us how to hang this picture.

FIB: SAYYYY, that ain't a bad idea. I always wanted to see what was in that art museum anyway. It's public, ain't it?

MOL: Certainly. Let's go. We might pick up a hunk of culture while we're there.

FIB: Sure, come on...get your hat and let's go.

MOL: All right.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE, FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH

MOL: And I'll be glad to get this thing settl---

OLD M: HELLO THERE, JOHNNY...HELLO DAUGHTER,

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer.

MOL: Haven't time to talk now, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Yeah, gotta check up on what's doin' in art these days. Used to be quite a fancy painter myself.

MOL: Old fancy painter McGee he was knowed as in them days.

MOL: ~~Well, that's the first principle of salesmanship, I guess. Never be satisfied with anything.~~

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, daughter, but that ain't the way I seen it.

FIB: You mean, that ain't the way you HEERED it.

OLD M: Nope. Just bought a television set, Johnny...and I WATCH the jokes now. AND THE WAY I WATCHED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER: "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE A COUPLE O' SCIENTISTS SAY THAT GRASS IS GOOD TO EAT, CHUCK FULL O' VITAMINS!"

"YEP", says tother feller. "HERE'S A POME I JUST WROTE ABOUT THAT:

I REMEMBER THE DAY  
WHEN A RITZY CAFE  
WAS THE PLACE TO TAKE MABEL OR MARY  
BUT NOW WE'RE SO BRAZEN  
WE TAKE OUR GALS GRAZIN'  
IN A PASTURE FOR TWO ON THE PRAIRIE!" Heh heh heh...  
say...where you kids goin'?

FIB: Down to the Art Museum, Old Timer. We want some advice on how to hang a picture.

MOL: Maybe you can tell us. Should a picture be hung with the top or the bottom at eye level?

OLD M: Sorry kids, can't tell you.

FIB: Go on...how do you hang YOUR pictures?

OLD M: Can't hang any. Live in a tent. Well, so long, kids!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORK: "YOU LITTLE HEARTBREAKER, YOU!"

APPLAUSE

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

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: When you buy linoleum, its colors are bright and fresh. Wouldn't it be nice if you could always keep them that way? You can very easily, simply by buying a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! GLO-COAT will not only keep the colors bright and new looking, but it will also make the linoleum last years longer than floor covering that is continually scrubbed with soap and water. Too much scrubbing softens and cracks the surface. GLO-COAT protects the surface. Besides this protection, GLO-COAT is a wonderful labor-saver. In the first place, it requires no rubbing or buffing. It is SELF-POLISHING -- just apply, and let dry -- and in 20 minutes you have a sparkling, beautiful floor. In the second place, it is easy to keep a GLO-COATED floor spotless. Spots and stains wipe up quickly with a damp cloth. You can use GLO-COAT for your painted and varnished wood floors, too. You'll find it everywhere -- the attractive red and yellow can of GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Say...this Art Museum is kind of a impressive lookin' joint, ain't it? *Come on, let go in.*

MOL: ~~It's not that bad.~~ Are you sure they don't charge admission?

FIB: Well...pretty sure. I'll ask that artistic lookin' guy there. Hey, Bud...

MAN: (MYSTERIOUS) Yesssssssss?

FIB: What's the poke for a peek at the ~~pictures?~~ *paintings?*

MAN: I'm afraid I don't undersssstand.

MOL: He means what do they charge for admittance here?

MAN: Twenty five cents.

FIB: Thanks, bud. You an artist?

MAN: Yes I am...

MOL: You work on landscapes?

MAN: No....I work on marines.

FIB: Oil?

MAN: No. Tatooooo...

FIB: Ohhhhh. Come on, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Two admissions, sis. Here's four bits.

GIRL: Thank you. Could I direct you to any particular exhibit?

MOL: No, but as long as you work here maybe you could settle an argument for us.

FIB: Yeah...look, sis...when you hang a picture, how high do ye hang it?

MOL: Bottom at eye level, or top at eye level?

GIRL: That depends on its juxtaposition to and relation with the masses in the room's composition. There is what we call a psychic, or occult balance in which the optical illusion is definitely opposed to the actual, or realistic balance.

MOL: Oh yes....yes, indeed!

FIB: Thus, what would be a proper position for one object, would be absurdly inharmonious for another, when considering the aesthetic values and intrinsic inter-relationships in modern decor. Does that answer your question?

FIB: Sis...it not only answers our question...it brings up 22 more. Thanks very much. Come on, Molly.

OUND: WALKING FEET ON STONE:

FIB: Well...we didn't get much satisfaction outa her, did we?

MOL: No, we didn't...and you know what I think?

FIB: Whaddyou think?

MOL: I think if there were fewer people like her explaining Art to more people like us, there'd be fewer people like you drawing mustaches on posters of people like Lydia Pinkham!

FIB: I think you got somethi - Oh hey...Look! There's a statue of a gal with the arms busted off!

MOL: That's the Venus de Milo!

FIB: It is? I gotta better name for it.

MOL: What?

FIB: "Look ma - no hands!" (LAUGHS) Don'tcha get it, Molly?

I says, look, ma -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Oh! Oh! Hold everything....here comes Mrs. Uppington!

MOL: Yes, and simply ozing culture at every pore.

FIB: Poor old gal! Personally, I feel kinda sorry for any woman who has to come to a public place like this to see some etchings.

MOL: Shhh!...OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON.

UPP: (FADE IN) Well, I hardly expected to find YOU two peop...er. I mean...I had NO idea you were interested in the more cultural aspects of life in Wistful Vista.

FIB: Oh yes. We thought it might do us good, Uppy. We may have low brows, but we got high hopes.

MOL: What are you doing here, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Oh I came to attend a class in Flower Arrangement. Fascinating subject, really. Are you familiar with Flower Arrangement, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Only the kind where you arrange the flour with a little milk and bakin' soda, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Really...(LAUGHS) How amusing...well, I simply MUST be going. I DO hope you enjoy communing with the works of the Old Mastahs. By the way, isn't there a Botticelli somewhere on this floor?

MOL: A what?

UPP: A Botticelli.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, you spent more time in here'n we have, Uppy. You oughtta know better'n us where the Botticelli is. I'll ask the guard over there. HEY, GUARD!

GUARD: Yes...what is it?

MOL: Will you please tell this lady where the Botticelli is?



GIRL: Oh, Professor...will you please criticize my drawing?  
WIL: Certainly, Geraldine. Let me see it...HMMMM...very nice composition. But put a little more highlighting on that furniture.  
FIB: Oh oh.....Stand by, folks. This may not be art, but it's artful.  
WIL: You see, Geraldine, modern interiors usually emphasize the beautiful grain and finish of wood surfaces. And nothing brings out the beauty like Johnson's Wax.  
GIRL: Yes, Professor Wilcox. I know. We use it at home.  
WIL: Of course you do. And you don't have to be an artist to appreciate the loveliness of a Johnson Waxed surface.  
GIRL: My mother says it makes her work so much easier, too. She says dust won't cling to a Johnson Waxed surface and it's so easy to keep clean.  
WIL: Yes, I know. Well, just keep on, Geraldine...you're doing splendidly. How about you, Mr. Twerp? May I see your drawing?  
MEL: Sure Professor. Here. (RATTLE OF PAPER)  
WIL: Not bad, Twerp, not bad. But your lines are not good. They're jerky...they're wobbly and uncertain. I'm afraid you lack confidence.  
MEL: Yes, I guess I do, Prof (HIC) prof - (HIC) Prof (HIC) Yes, I guess I do, But you see every time I try to delineate - (HIC) to delineate - (HIC) I try to draw a line that expresses - (HIC) I can't understand - (HIC) .....WELL; I'LL KEEP (HIC) KEEP TRYING!

MOL: I think he must have come in here from that still life class, McGee.  
FIB: Well, come on...We can't get any information around here. Let's go home.  
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)  
MOL: All right. We'll go home and draw straws or flip a coin--  
SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS RAPIDLY APPROACHING ON TILE OR STONE-FLOOR)  
MOL: Oh, here comes Mr. Boomer. I didn't know -  
FIB: Hello, there, Boomer - taking in the sights?  
BOOM: (FADING IN FAST) Out of my way, Brittle Brain. Sorry, my dear, but I'm in a rush just now -  
GUARD: (OFF MIKE) Stop that man! HOLD HIM! STOP!  
BOOM: Ah, yes - stop that man - I'll get him -  
FIB: Not so fast, Boomer. The guard means you. What he do, bud?  
GUARD: He stole a very valuable miniature painting!  
BOOM: Me? Nonsense! Let me go, sir, or I'll sue you for malfeasance of jurisprudence!  
GUARD: Oh no ye don't, you hooked the miniature and I'm going to search you before you leave. Now hold still --  
BOOM: Wait a minute, my lad if that's the way you feel, I'll gladly turn out my pockets myself. Do you mind holding my hat, Half Dome?  
FIB: Not at all, Boomer. Hand it here.

BOOM: There you are. Now let me see...miniature, miniature where did I put that miniature? had it right here a min - I did not!! I never saw the thing! ... a horseshoe that belonged to our old family mare, Theresa. Poor Theresa, she certainly pulled a lot of Boomers.....a stick pin I've been stuck with - ever since a certain stickup....a porcelain door knob. Placed in the toe of a sock, it makes a better sandbag than a lead pipe does....a collect telegram that I shouldn't have accepted. My dear old mother always told me to beware of charged wires...small bar of candy I swiped from a drug store counter. Can't go to sleep without a bit of hot chocolate...here's a nasty poison pen letter - from a nasty poison I knew in the pen .. and a rain check for a diluted beer...well, well, no miniature painting. Sorry to disappoint you, officer, but this seems to be an indication of my vindication.

GUARD: Gee, mister, it looks like I was wrong. But I could swear -

BOOM: Ah, ah, no profanity please. On your way, my good man, and let this be a lesson to you.

GUARD: (FADE OUT, MUTTERING)

BOOM: Now, my hat, please, Short, Shiftless and Shabby.

FIB: Here you are, Boom - say, what's this pinned to the lining?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....that's the miniature painting the guard was looking for!

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3RD SPOTSOUND: HAMMERING

MOL: PUT DOWN THAT HAMMER, MCGEE...  
-THAT PICTURE, UNLESS YOU HANG

FIB: - AND BY "RIGHT", I SUPPOSE YOU

MOL: Yes, I do. WITH THE TOP AT E

FIB: THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE AND I C

MOL: THEN PROVE IT!

FIB: I WILL. LOOK. SUPPOSE YOU'R

LOOK UP AT THE PICTURE, AIN'T

MOL: NOT IF I'M WITH YOU.

FIB: WHY NOT?

MOL: BECAUSE WE ALWAYS SIT IN THE-

THE BALCONY YOU LOOK DOWN AT

YOU'VE PROVEN MY POINT....GIV

THE PICTURE SO THAT -

FIB: OH, NO YE DON'T. THAT PICTUR

THIS HOUSE, MRS. MCGEE, UNLES

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: Here, here, here!!....what!

...they can hear you arguing

FIB: Well, what business is it o'

MOL: AND what's the idea of comin

HAL: Well, I didn't want to miss

MOL: Look, Mr. Gildersleeve. Now

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## 3RD SPOT

SOUND: HAMMERING

MOL: PUT DOWN THAT HAMMER, MCGEE...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HANG  
 THAT PICTURE, UNLESS YOU HANG IT RIGHT.

FIB: - AND BY "RIGHT", I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN YOUR WAY.

MOL: Yes, I do. WITH THE TOP AT EYE LEVEL.

FIB: THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE AND I CAN PROVE IT!

MOL: THEN PROVE IT!

FIB: I WILL. LOOK. SUPPOSE YOU'RE AT A MOVIE. YOU GOTTA  
 LOOK UP AT THE PICTURE, AIN'T YOU?

MOL: NOT IF I'M WITH YOU.

FIB: WHY NOT?

MOL: BECAUSE WE ALWAYS SIT IN THE BALCONY, THAT'S WHY. AND IN  
 THE BALCONY YOU LOOK DOWN AT THE PICTURE. SO...YOU SEE?  
 YOU'VE PROVEN MY POINT....GIVE ME THAT HAMMER AND I'LL HANG  
 THE PICTURE SO THAT -

FIB: OH, NO YE DON'T. THAT PICTURE AIN'T GONNA GET HUNG IN  
 THIS HOUSE, MRS. MCGEE, UNLESS -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: Here, here, here!!!...what's going on in here? My goodness  
 ...they can hear you arguing all over the neighborhood!

FIB: Well, what business is it o' yours, Gildersleeve?

MOL: AND what's the idea of comin' in here without knocking?

HAL: Well, I didn't want to miss anything. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Look, Mr. Gildersleeve. Now that you've batted in, you  
 might as well make yourself useful. Here's what we wanta  
 know. When you hang a picture, does the top or the bottom  
 hang at eye level?

FIB:

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FIB: The top, ain't it, Gildersleeve?

HAL: NO...I'D say the bottom. Which do you say, Mrs. McGee?

The bottom?

MOL: No...I say the top. McGee says the bottom.

HAL: Then I say the top, too.

FIB: OH, YEAH? JUST BECAUSE YOU WANNA BE OPPOSITE FROM ME, EH?

HAL: YES, I DO....I WANT TO BE AS OPPOSITE YOU AS POSSIBLE, IN EVERY WAY. EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY, I....Oh, that reminds me. We go on daylight saving next week, folks...don't forget to set your clocks ahead.

MOL: Oh, that's right...I'd forgotten all about it.

FIB: That's okay, but you don't set the clock ahead. You set it back, Gildersleeve.

HAL: You don't either...you set it ahead.

FIB: GO ON....How can you save daylight by settin' it ahead? You lose a hour that way. Look...suppose it's four o'clock in the morning.

HAL: What day?

FIB: Friday.

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HAL: I'll be busy

FIB: Can't. I'm g

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MOL: Oh, get to th

FIB: Well, I.er.

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HAL: We were talk

FIB: Oh, tryin' to

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HAL: NOW LOOK HER

MOL: Oh, stop it,

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FIB: Yes, and one

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HAL: YOU COULDN'

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MOL: Look, Mr. G

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HAL: I'll be busy all day Friday. Make it Thursday.

FIB: Can't. I'm going to the denti...DAD RAT IT, THIS IS JUST FOR INSTANCE.

MOL: Oh, get to the point.

FIB: Well, I..er...I....I forgot what the point was. Oh yes. The REASON THIS PICTURE OUGHTTA BE HUNG WITH THE BOTTOM AT EYE LEVEL, GILDERSLEEVE, IS THAT--

HAL: We were talking about daylight saving.

FIB: Oh, tryin' to change the subject because you know I'm right, eh?

HAL: You're a hard man, McGee! AND-STOP POINTING YOUR FINGER AT ME.

FIB: I'll point my finger at you all I like, Gildersleeve. The rest o' the neighborhood does, why shouldn't I?

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE....ONE MORE REMARK LIKE THAT -

MOL: Oh, stop it, stop it, stop it. You two boys do nothing but fight every time you meet.

FIB: Yes, and one o' these days I'm gonna pop him one right on the button.

HAL: YOU COULDN'T POP POP-CORN IN A BLAST FURNACE, YOU LITTLE SAWED OFF --

FIB: Now take it easy, Gildersleeve...take it easy. I don't want to slap you down right in my own house.

HAL: Then come on out in the back yard.

FIB: WHAT? IN THAT HOT SUN? See what a dirty fighter he is, Molly -- wants to weaken me with a sun stroke, and then finish me off!

MOL: Look, Mr. Gildersleeve. About this picture....

HAL: Oh yes...the picture...tell you what I'll do. I'll run over to my house and see how we've got ours hung. How's that?

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FIB: What's that supposed to prove? I wouldn't hang my pictures the same way you do, Gildersleeve, if you had the authority of Emily Post, Dorothy Dix, and the Smithsonian Institute ..YES, OR JOHN KIERAN!

MOL: Pay no attention to him, Mr. Gildersleeve. You go and look and let me know.

HAL: I will, Mrs. McGee...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: I'd be a great plugger for him if I had a gun.

MOL: It's funny we can't seem to get a straight answer from anybody about this, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Now look, Molly. Let's look at this thing reasonable. When you look at a picture, the logical -

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Well, there's Gildersleeve back, with a large fund o' misinformation. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TEE: HI, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl. Whatcha want?.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS, WHATCHA WANT? WE're busy.

TEE: Gee, so am I, I betcha. I been busy all day. Makin' mud pies.

FIB: Oh, ye have, eh? (LAUGHS) Makin' mud pies.

TEE: Sure. Wanna buy one? Only a penny.

FIB: No, I don't, sis. What would I want with a mud pie?

TEE: Well, gee, if you're gonna eat dirt, that's the best way, I betcha.

FIB: WELL, WHO'S GONNA EAT DIRT?

TEE: You are.

FIB: Oh, I am. Who said so?

TEE: Mr. Gildersleeve. I just saw him outside.

FIB: Oh...so he says I'm gonna eat dirt, did he?

TEE: WHO?

FIB: Gildersleeve.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I....look, sis. You better beat it, We're havin' an argument.

TEE: Gee...AGAIN?

FIB: Yes yes yes...

TEE: What about?

FIB: About a picture.

TEE: Which one? Grapes of Wrath? Well, my pappa saw that and he said that although it might be controversial -

FIB: NO NO NO...NOT A MOVING PICTURE...

TEE: It was too.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I KNOW IT WAS, but -

TEE: Well, gee, then what are you arguing about?

FIB: I...I...Ohhhh...what a day! Look, sis....Hey, Molly. You explain it to her, will you? I'm wore out.

MOL: All right. Listen, little girl. Mr. McGee thinks this picture should be hung with the bottom at eye level and I think it should be hung with the TOP at eye level.

FIB: Though, I dunno why we bother to tell you about it, sis.

TEE: (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, what's so funny?

TEE: Well, gee...it's such a silly argument, I betcha (GIGGLES)

FIB: What's so silly about it?

TEE: Well, I betcha I can settle it in two minutes, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, you could, could you?

TEE: Hmumumumum?

FIB: WELL, GO AHEAD AND SETTLE IT, THEN?

TEE: All righty. Give me that picture and the hammer and turn your backs until I say READY. And no fair peekin'.

FIB: (SIGHS) Okay sis...Okay...I'll try anything...shut your eyes, Molly.

MOL: All right....Go ahead, little girl.

FIB: And make it snappy.

TEE: All righty...NOW DON'T LOOK.

SOUND: SCRAMBLING SOUND: HAMMERING...SCRAMBLING.

TEE: READY!

FIB: Okay, sis...now that you've had your fun, suppose you run along and -

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK...SHE'S HUNG THE PICTURE...AND THE TOP IS AT EYE LEVEL, THE WAY I SAID.

FIB: Well, I'll be a....AND SO'S THE BOTTOM AT EYE LEVEL... THE WAY I SAID! WE BOTH WIN!

TEE: Why sure. (GIGGLES) She's six inches taller than you are, you big rummy!

ORK: "RELAX" -- FADE FOR:

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read at approximately in 54 seconds)

by Wilcox from Hollywood  
 Lake City including No

CUE: (Wilcox) ... Fibber and Molly will be  
 (Pause 2 seconds)

.....

WILCOX: Before they come, look around at  
 Look especially at the places where  
 in the hallway, or in front of the  
 if your floors are not properly  
 spots", you'll find the floor badly  
 greatly detracting from the appearance.  
 But if these "traffic areas" are  
 genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, then they  
 beauty that is something to be proud of.  
 nice things about using JOHNSON'S  
 up these "traffic spots" as often  
 rewaxing the entire floor. That  
 as saving your floors. Another  
 JOHNSON'S WAX has over 100 extra  
 your home and simplify your housework  
 uses listed on the JOHNSON'S WAX  
 Careful housekeepers make sure  
 JOHNSON'S WAX on hand.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

b

gee...it's such a silly argument, I betcha (GIGGLES),  
s so silly about it?

I betcha I can settle it in two minutes, I betcha.

ou could, could you?

mmmm?

GO AHEAD AND SETTLE IT, THEN?

ighty. Give me that picture and the hammer and turn

backs until I say READY. And no fair peekin'.

(S) Okay sis...Okay...I'll try anything...shut your

Molly.

ighty....Go ahead, little girl.

ake it snappy.

ighty...NOW DON'T LOOK.

BLING SOUND: HAMMERING...SCRAMBLING.

!

sis...now that you've had your fun, suppose you run

and -

E...LOOK...SHE'S HUNG THE PICTURE...AND THE TOP IS

THE LEVEL, THE WAY I SAID.

I'll be a....AND SO'S THE BOTTOM AT EYE LEVEL...

WAY I SAID! WE BOTH WIN!

sure. (GIGGLES) She's six inches taller than you

you big rummy!

WAX" -- FADE FOR:

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read at approximately 9:57:30 New York Time  
in 54 seconds)

by Wilcox from Hollywood to stations East of Salt  
Lake City including North Mountain States

CUE: (Wilcox) ... Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.  
(Pause 2 seconds)

.....

WILCOX: Before they come, look around at your floors for a moment.  
Look especially at the places where they get the most wear--  
in the hallway, or in front of the dining room door. Now  
if your floors are not properly protected, at these "traffic  
spots", you'll find the floor badly marred and scuffed up --  
greatly detracting from the appearance of the entire house.  
But if these "traffic areas" are protected regularly with  
genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, then they gleam with a rich, mellow  
beauty that is something to be proud of. One of the many  
nice things about using JOHNSON'S WAX is that you can touch  
up these "traffic spots" as often as necessary, without  
rewaxing the entire floor. That saves you work -- as well  
as saving your floors. Another nice thing -- genuine  
JOHNSON'S WAX has over 100 extra uses -- that add beauty to  
your home and simplify your housework. You will find these  
uses listed on the JOHNSON'S WAX package, paste or liquid.  
Careful housekeepers make sure there's always a supply of  
JOHNSON'S WAX on hand.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read at approximately 9:57:30 New York Time  
in 55 seconds)

by Cut-in announcer from Hollywood to Pacific  
Coast Red, California Supplementary and Arizona  
Stations.

CUE: (Wilcox) ... Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.  
(Pause 2 seconds)

ANNOUNCER: You've often heard the expression, "You can't do two things  
at once". Well, you can put that down as wrong, and I'll  
tell you two things you can do at once. Now, you can clean  
and wax polish your car at once -- in the same operation --  
with CARNU, that sensational, new auto product developed by  
the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. Before the days of CARNU, you  
had to use a cleaner first, then a polish. Two products.  
Today, CARNU does both jobs, in half the time it used to  
take. Simply rub it on -- it dries to a powder -- you wipe  
it off. That's all there is to it. If your car is brand  
new, 1940 model -- or if it's ten years old -- you should  
wax polish it right now with CARNU. The cost is low, and  
it only takes about an hour -- or a little more if your car  
is very dirty. You can buy CARNU from your regular wax  
dealer -- or your auto supply store or filling station.  
Everybody's buying it -- and they're all beginning to say,  
"Your car looks like new when you use CARNU".

(FADE BACK AS MUSIC SWELLS)

b

TAG GAG

FIB: You know, Molly - we oughtta spend more time in art  
galleries, and museums and exhibitions and all stuff like  
that there.

MOL: Certainly we should, McGee. You know, my father had a  
painting...a Van Dyke....that he paid 75,000 dollars for!

FIB: Honest. (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

MOL: Well, what's so funny about that?

FIB: I was just thinkin' how Orson Welles got gyped. He  
sold his Van Dyke to a barber for 75¢. (LAUGHS)  
Goodnight..

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)...SEGUE: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"....

FADE ON CUE.

WIL: 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 Tuesday, April 30th. Please consult your local  
newspaper, or Radio and Movie Guide for correct time and  
station. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers  
of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.  
and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.  
Goodnight.

c