

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#255

5:30-6:00 PM
June 25, 1940

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: 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 King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with "

ORCH: ("SHINE") (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA AND HIS LADY ARE ABOUT TO DEPART ON A VACATION TRIP TONIGHT. BUT TO BE SURE HIS SUCCESSOR FOR THE SUMMER WILL GET OFF TO A GOOD START, OUR HERO IS COMPOSING A MUSICAL NUMBER WHILE HIS WIFE ATTENDS TO SOME MINOR DETAILS -- SUCH AS CARRYING THE TRUNKS OUT TO THE CAR. AND SO --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: TINKLE OF PIANO NOTES...CRASH CHORD...MORE TINKLE....

DISCORD

FIB: Hmhmhmhm...better build up that last diminuendo. It's much too fortissimo for the allegro.

SOUND: HEAVY THUDS

MOL: (GRUNTING)

FIB: Hey, Molly, for goodness sakes...can't you throw those trunks around a little quieter? Can't you see I'm workin'?

MOL: YOU'RE workin'! Listen, my musclebound Mendelssohn, - suppose you leave that cantata flat on its arpeggio and give me a hand with this baggage. I can't ---

SOUND: PIANO TINKLE

MOL: MCGEE!...PUT THAT PIANO DOWN AND LISTEN TO ME!

FIB: OKAY OKAY OKAY...but this is pretty important stuff. I'm writin' this to demonstrate to Meredith Willson what can really be done on the summer show in the way o' musical progress.

MOL: *Your composition will* ~~get there~~ get there all right!

FIB: Get where?

MOL: In the way of musical progress!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN - CLOSE)

HAL: AH THERE, Mrs. McGee...

MOL: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: MCGEE...I happened to be going past and saw this frail little woman of yours carrying some heavy bags out and load them in your car.

FIB: You did? She fascinates me with that stuff too, Gildersleeve. She's strong as a bull.

HAL: SHE IS NOT!

MOL: I AM TOO!

HAL: YOU ARE?

MOL: Well, maybe not as strong as a bull...but I'm no "frail little woman" - thank you just the same.

FIB: So now that you've inserted your long, twitching proboscis into somethin' that's none of your business, Gildersleeve --

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE!!! YOU MAY THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT TO TREAT YOUR WIFE LIKE AN INDIAN SQUAW...but by George, it makes my blood boil!

FIB: Hear that, Molly? His blood is boiling. (LAUGHS) Then why don't you turn off the gas, Gildersleeve? (LAUGHS)

HAL: OHHHHHHH!!!

MOL: Look, Mr. Gildersleeve...McGee is working on a very important musical arrangement for our summer show and -

HAL: Oh...Oh I see...Well in that case...I'll carry those things out for you -

MOL: Oh now PLEASE, Mr. Gildersleeve....

FIB: Go ahead and let him, Molly. The exercise will do him good. He's gettin' a bay window on him that would seat four members of the Union League Club!

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good, McGee...very good...

FIB: Eh? It is?

(2nd REVISION) -5-

HAL: CERTAINLY IS...Very humorous...Now let's see...I'll carry
out this grass suit case and the canary, (FADE)

FIB: WELL, I'LL BE A - !!! What's come over old Gildersleeve
anyway, Molly? A tin horn sport with lead in his pants
and a heart of gold.....I'd like to have the mineral rights
in that guy! Oh well.....

SOUND: PIANO TINKLES:

FIB: Let's see now...I wonder what the musical notation is when
you want the trumpet player to put the derby on....

SOUND: PIANO:

MOL: McGee! Did you ask the phone company to shut off the
telephone tomorrow?

FIB: Yep. But it wasn't necessary. They was gonna shut it off
anyway. Seems like I forgot to pay last month's bill!

MOL: Nice timing. Did you call the water company and the
electric company?

FIB: Yep.

MOL: How about the milkman and the egg lady?

FIB: OH, I FORGOT THE EGG LADY!

MOL: Well, call her up....we don't want her laying eggs on our
back porch all summer.

FIB: You do it - I been interrupted too much already - next time
I try to write a symphony, I'll go hide in a cave somewhere.

MOL: What for? Bloodhounds will track you down sooner or later.

FIB: Oh, so you don't think I'm much of a musician, eh?

MOL: Frankly -- mmm - mmm!

(2nd REVISION)

6-7-8-9

FIB: Why Molly - I always been interested in music. ^{when I was a little kid.} ~~I was~~
~~the world's greatest child prodigy of pipe and tin~~

Why, every time a band marched up the street I'd tag
along as fast as my little legs'd carry me.

BANDY LEGS MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS!

MOL: Oh dear.....

FIB: BANDY-LEGS MCGEE, THE BRIGHTEST BAMBINO THAT EVER BOOPED
A BASSOON, BLASTIN' A BRAVE AND BOLD BLARE ON MY
BRASS-BOUND BUGLE, BLOWING THE BEWITCHING BALLADS OF
BOBBY BURNS ON THE BONNY BAGPIPES, BOSSING BIG BANDS WITH
THE BRISK BEAT OF MY BATON, BALLYHOOD AS BEING THE BEST
BATHTUB BARITONE IN THE BUSINESS BECAUSE OF MY BEAUTIFUL
BRILLIANT, BELL-LIKE BELLOW, BOMBARDED WITH BREAKFASTS
AND BANQUETS GALORE - BUT PLAY SOMETHING, BILLY, I'M
BECOMING A BORE!

ORCH: SELECTION

APPLAUSE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 25, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED) -10-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Suppose for a moment you're sitting on your front porch -- and two of your friends draw up in their cars to pay you a little visit. The first car is dull, dingy and weather beaten -- it hasn't been polished in months. The other one is no better as a car -- but it's all shined up like a mirror. Which one makes the better impression -- which of your friends do you unconsciously have more respect for. I'll admit that's an easy question to answer -- and I can tell you, too, that it's easy to keep your car shining like a bright silver dollar. Why? Because of the sensational, new, labor-saving polish -- JOHNSON'S CARNU. Why is CARNU a sensation? Because it does two jobs in less time than it used to take to do one. CARNU actually cleans and wax-polishes your car in one easy operation -- in an hour's time, or perhaps a little more if your car is very dirty. Yessir, cleans and wax-polishes at once -- leaving your car sparkling with a beautiful, lasting "showroom shine" that your family will be proud of. The cost of JOHNSON'S CARNU is very low -- so what reason is left for not trying some on your car right away? Buy it from your regular wax dealer -- auto supply store or service station. You'll agree -- "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU."

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

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(SECOND REVISION) -11-

FIB: Let's see now. I'll write a four-bar tacet in here -
I hope Meredith Willson got a good tacet player.

SOUND: (PIANO CHORDS ETC.)

MOL: McGee, look who's coming up the walk.

FIB: Who?

MOL: ...Mrs. Uppington...the Emily Post-toastie of
Wistful Vista.

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FIB: That woman gives me the chills and fever, ~~because~~
MOL: Why ~~is that~~?
FIB: ~~Because~~ because I'm always tore between
wantin' to give her the cold shoulder and the hot foot.
SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:
MOL: COME IN, MRS. UPPINGTON!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
UPP: ~~Oh, you fortunate people...~~...how fortunate to
have found you at home!
FIB: Yes, a few hours later and we'd a been gone, Uppy. ~~We're~~
~~on our vacation home.~~
UPP: Oh, you fortunate people...to get away from it all...
out on the open road...without a care in the world...
WHAT A RELIEF...for everybody! I knew you were leaving,
so I brought you a little going-away present.
FIB & MOL: Ohhhhhh --
UPP: Oh, nothing much, really...but I DO think they will come
in handy. Here.
SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER:
UPP: Do you...er...like them?
MOL: OH, MRS. UPPINGTON...THEY'RE...THEY'RE WONDERFUL...aren't
they, McGee?
FIB: I'll say so...never seen anything like 'em. Just what we
needed, too, probably. I mean...er...well, by the way...
what are they?

UPP: ~~But of course,~~ ^{oh} my deah....why they are a 'little
convenience for roughing it in the woods this summah.
Collapsible fingerbowls.
MOL: Oh,...there's NOTHING we needed more than collapsible
fingerbowls...particularly with that collapsible
finger McGee got playing baseball. Aren't they
wonderful, McGee?
FIB: Just the thing....I always says....after a hearty
meal in the woods, there's nothin' like a good,
fast game o' finger bowlin'!
UPP: OHHHHHH. (LAUGHS) Finger bowling...how dreadfully
amusing! Well, I DO hope you have a nice vacation,
both of you. I understand you will be back with us
in the autumn?
MOL: Oh yes, Mrs. Uppington.
UPP: How marvelously appropriate!
FIB: Whatcha mean, appropriate, Uppy?
UPP: Well, when I was a little child, Mr. McGee, and the
leaves turned brown in the autumn, I always wondered
where the sap went after it left the trees...and now
I know....you run back into the broadcasting
business! Well, goodbye.....
SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) Good Old Uppy.....there's a woman after my own heart - with a stiletto!

LOUD THUDS: THUMPS

HAL: (GRUNTING LIKE HELL) UGH!.....OH, MY GOODNESS!...UGH....

FIB: Dad rat it, Gildersleeve....can't you be more quiet with them trunks? How can I concentrate on my music with you bangin' and gruntin' all over the house?

HAL: WELL, I'm sorry, McGee.....Sorry to have disturbed you.....I'll be out of here in just a minute....

SOUND: (THUDS...GILDERSLEEVE GRUNTS..THUDS AND THUMPS FADE OUT)

SOUND: (PIANO CHORDS)

FIB: Better make a notation here that if anything happens go into Tipperary quick.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSE)

MOL: Oh, hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello daughter, hello, Johnny. Just wanted to stop by and say goodbye.

FIB: Okay. G'bye.

MOL: Goodbye.

OLD M: B'bye. And Johnny.....

FIB: What?

OLD M: Don't need to beg you to take me with you on your vacation, now.

MOL: Is that so? Why not?

OLD M: I just remember what I did with my own car.

FIB: What did you do - park it on the wrong street last month?

OLD M: Nope - hid it from the finance company-- under a hay stack.

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's pretty good, Johnny.

OLD M: I fool 'em every time, Bud. (LAUGHS) I'll never forget the time in '26 one o' them Finance collectors hid in the rumble seat. But I seed him duck into it, and locked him in. (LAUGHS) Shucks, by the time he got out...(PAUSE) SAYYYYY...I don't think I ever DID let him out! Say I better go take a look!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: He shouldn't worry about it. A car rides better with a little dead weight in the rear. Ah well - I better get busy and finish this music --

SOUND: PIANO CHORDS..AND NOTES: WIND UP WITH FANCY ENDING:

FIB: THERE...IT'S DONE! MOLLY, I JUST FINISHED THE GREATEST PIECE OF AMERICAN MUSIC SINCE GRANPA GOT THE ASTHMA AFTER SWALLOWIN' A HARMONICA!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MILLS: Hello, Fibber...Hello, Molly.
MOL: Well...hello, Mr. Mills..have a chair.
FIB: Yes, Billy...~~as one would expect~~ I want you to
listen to a composition I just finished. I've based it
on an old melody called Kiss Me Again, and I'm callin' it,
"Don't Gimme Any More Of Your Lip, Baby!" Wanna hear it?
MILLS: I'd love to, Fibber. But first let me introduce an old
friend of mine. Meredith Willson.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Glad to meet you, Bud. So you're the "Good News" boy
who's gonna do the Johnson Wax show this summer?
MERE: Yes, so I asked Billy here, to bring me over here to wish
you a very pleasant vacation. And, I might say, I'm a
trifle apprehensive about trying to follow a show like
yours.
MOL: Well, thank you, Mr. Willson. I've been listening to your
music for a long time and I think you're wonderful!
MERE: You do? See this is interesting.
FIB: Does he really know his stuff, Billy?
MILLS: He certainly does, Fibber. Meredith is the guy who wrote
that terrific swing number entitled "GRAVY".
MOL: "Gravy"? For your orchestra, Mr. Willson?
MERE: No, I wrote that one for the sweet potato only. But let's
hear your number, Fibber?
FIB: Well, shucks, fellas - it was written for a big 32-piece
orchestra and as long as I only gotta piano in here --
MERE: Oh, don't worry about that...I've got my boys right
outside...they follow me everywhere.
MOL: My, they must worship you!
MERE: Not necessarily. This is payday. COME IN, BOYS!
SOUND: RUSHING STAMPING FEET...CLATTER OF INSTRUMENTS...TUNING UP
FIB: WELL! All this for a simple little composition. If I'd
known all you fellas were droppin' in I'd of baked a
cakewalk. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Well, here's the music.
I'LL LEAD THE BOYS MYSELF, MEREDITH, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
MERE: Go ahead, Fibber, but keep your eye on my bassoon player.
He's always being penalized for low blows.

FIB: Glad to meet you, Bud. So you're the "Good News" boy who's gonna do the Johnson Wax show this summer?

MERE: Yes, so I asked Billy here, to bring me over here to wish you a very pleasant vacation. And, I might say, I'm a trifle apprehensive about trying to follow a show like yours.

MOL: Well, thank you, Mr. Willson. I've been listening to your music for a long time and I think you're wonderful!

MERE: You do? Gee this is interesting.

FIB: Does he really know his stuff, Billy?

MILLS: He certainly does, Fibber. Meredith is the guy who wrote that terrific swing number entitled "GRAVY".

MOL: "Gravy"? For your orchestra, Mr. Willson?

MERE: No, I wrote that one for the sweet potato only. But let's hear your number, Fibber?

FIB: Well, shucks, fellas - it was written for a big 32-piece orchestra and as long as I only gotta piano in here --

MERE: Oh, don't worry about that...I've got my boys right outside...they follow me everywhere.

MOL: My, they must worship you!

MERE: Not necessarily. This is payday. COME IN, BOYS!

SOUND: RUSHING STAMPING FEET...CLATTER OF INSTRUMENTS...TUNING UP

FIB: WELL! All this for a simple little composition. If I'd known all you fellas were droppin' in I'd of baked a cakewalk. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Well, here's the music. I'LL LEAD THE BOYS MYSELF, MEREDITH, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

MERE: Go ahead, Fibber, but keep your eye on my bassoon player. He's always being penalized for low blows.

FIB: READY, FELLAS? OKAY...ON THE DOWNBEAT! ONE TWO....

ORCH: "KISS ME AGAIN"

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Well, whaddye think, Meredith?

MERE: Well, you remember what I said about being a little worried about following your show this summer, Fibber?

MOL: Yes?

MERE: WELL, I'M NOT WORRIED NOW! Come on, boys...Come on, Bill. Have fun, folks!

FIB: AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU, SON!

SOUND: CLATTER OF FEET & DOOR SLAM

MOL: My, ish't Mr. Willson a nice-looking man, McGee?

FIB: Oh yes...in kind of a flashy kind of a way. Did you see that loud tie he was wearing?

MOL: That was a plain dark blue tie.

FIB: Yes, but it was the loudest plain dark blue tie I ever seen! Shucks, if he ---

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

WIL: HEY FIBBER....MOLLY...IS MEREDITH WILLSON HERE?

MOL: No, he isn't, Mr. Wilcox...he was here, but he left just a minute ago.

WIL: Oh doggone it...I've been trying to catch up with him all over town. I'm going to work with him this summer on the Johnson show, you know...and I...

FIB: Oh oh! FOLKS....I GOTTA FEELING THAT OUR MR. WILCOX IS ABOUT TO WAX COMMERCIAL. (GROANS FROM CAST)

MOL: WAX COMMERCIAL....Oh heavenly days...MCGEE!

FIB: Well, DAD RAT IT, I HAD TO DO IT. FOR FIVE YEARS NOW PEOPLE BEEN WRITIN' IN AND STOPPIN' ME ON THE STREET AND SAYIN', "why don't you say something about Harlow Wilcox "Waxing Commercial"? AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY. I got all summer to live it down. So go ahead.

WIL: Well, I was trying to find Meredith to tell him about tying in Johnson's Car Nu with the new show. It's an old story to you folks, of course...and to millions of motorists, too, how Car Nu cleans and wax polishes cars in one simple easy operation.

MOL: Oh yes...we know all about that...

WIL: But Meredith may not realize just how REALLY easy Johnson's Car Nu is to use.

FIB: You mean about just spreading it on, letting it dry and wiping it off, and there's your car lookin' like new, when you use Car-Nu?

WIL: That's it. Don't you think I've got something?

FIB: Yes, I really do, Harlow. I think you've really got something. And whatever it is, you better get outa the house with it.

WIL: OH, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT...but anybody who'd give out with that "Waxing Commercial"...WELL...YOU NEED A VACATION. So long, folks. Have a good time....(EXIT MUTTERING)...Waxing Commercial....oh my!!!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Come on, McGee...let's give Mr. Gildersleeve a hand loading the car - so long as he's being so nice as to --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Oh, hello there, Little Girl.

TEE: Yiyah, mister.

FIB: ~~Well, state your business, pretty, sis. This is our busy day.~~

TEE: ~~All right, I just wanna know, mister, if I can help you pack or put stuff in your car or anything to earn an honest nickel.~~

FIB: Why no...I don't believe so, sis. Mrs. McGee and Mr. Gildersleeve have got the packin' pretty well in hand.

TEE: ^{app. not see} ~~Well, is your car loaded down!~~ I betcha your gears are gonna have to have their teeth filled before you get back, I betcha. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, I'll admit we're takin' plenty of stuff, sis. But that car ^{can} take it.

TEE: I'll bet it can dish it out, too...all over the road.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...never mind the disparaging remarks about my car. It's in wonderful condition...except I gotta get them brakes fiked.

TEE: Oh no you don't. They're all right.

FIB: Who says so?

TEE: My papa.

FIB: What does he know about my brakes?

TEE: He said you ALLLLLLLWAYS had better breaks than you deserved!

FIB: OH, HE SAID THAT, DID HE? YOU WAIT TILL I MEET --

TEE: Hey, mister.

FIB: Watcha want?

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TEE: On account of in honor of your going away on a vacation and stuff, I wrote a poem for you.

FIB: EH? You did?

TEE: MmmmmHmmm.

FIB: Well, I'm deeply flattered, sis. Lot's ^{her} ~~see~~ this little send-off sonnet of yours.

TEE: ~~all right~~. The title is:

"TO MR. MCGEE ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE, or
WHEN THE LOWBROW HITS THE HIGHWAY."

FIB: Hah hah...very cute title, sis. AHM. What's the poem?

TEE: Here it is. POEM! (CLEARS THROAT)

"THOUGH YOU'LL BE A ROVER TILL HOT WEATHER'S OVER,
DON'T FEAR THAT I WILL FORGETCHA
MEREDITH WILLSON'S IDEAL, FOR SUMMER, I FEEL, -
BUT YOU'LL BE THE FALL-GUY, I BETCHA!"

Well, so long, mister!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM" -- KING'S MEN: -

WIL: OVER INTRO: Folks, we've asked the King's Men to give us again the number which has proven the most popular of all their songs since they have appeared with Fibbor McGee and Molly. Here it is.... ~~THE KING'S MEN~~

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -23-

SOUND: THUDS: THUMPS: GILDERSLEEVE GRUNTING AND GROANING:

MOL: McGee...why don't you give Mr. Gildersleeve some help with those bundles and bags....

FIB: Okay okay...HERE, GILDERSLEEVE...LEMME TAKE ONE END O' THAT BOX.....

HAL: No no no...I'LL HANDLE IT, MCGEE...I'm enjoying this very much...It gives me a real thrill to help you folks like this....(GRUNTS) JUST leave me alone and I'll load everything into the car myself. (SINGS) LO-O-OVE THY NEIGHBOR...Da de da da da(GRUNTS)

THUDS: FADE-OUT:

MOL: Isn't he nice, McGee...

FIB: I can't figger out what's got into that guy!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: WELL! Old Home Week! Or the old home soon WILL be weak if people don't stop hammering on the walls. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

BOOM: Ah there, my dear...and good day to you, Tiddledewink!

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer. What you got up your sleeve, aside from a couple of spare aces?

BOOM: (LAUGHING) That's very good, Swivel-Tooth...very good! You're as full of cracks as a corncrib. Yes, and as full of corn. Just heard you were taking a trip this summer...and thought you might like a couple of tickets to the World's Fair.

MOL: OH, ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL....We'd love to have them! Thank you, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Not at all, my dear...not at all. Won't need them myself. Have a special invitation from the Governor..extradition, I believe they call it...silly name for an invitation.

(2ND REVISION) -24 & 25 -

FIB: Look, Boomer...how about those World's Fair tickets...if any?
BOOM: Certainly, Stop-Gap...certainly...have them right here
somewhere...now where did I put those World's Fair tickets..
tickets...tickets...here's a small whisk broom...(I'm
expecting a slight brush with the law)...a third of a gold
brick...ah yea....have an appointment very shortly with a
gullible midget!... Large bunch of automobile keys..going
to give them an audition as soon as it gets dark...and a
check for a short beer! WELL WELL...IMAGINE, THAT...NO
WORLD'S FAIR TICKETS...TOO BAD.. You would have loved
Chicago.

FIB: CHICAGO! WHY, THAT WORLD'S FAIR HAS BEEN OVER FOR SIX
YEARS!

BOOM: YOU DON'T SAY! Well, I must tell that to my brother
Lucifer...He's still saving up for it! WELL, A PLEASANT
VACATION TO YOU, MY DEAR...AND BUM VOYAGE TO YOU, SHORT,
SQUAT AND SQUINTY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That guy's gotta very sunny disposition - for such a
shady character.

HAL: (FADE IN) (VERY CHERRY) WELL, FOLKS...I'VE GOT EVERYTHING
LOADED IN THE CAR... IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO FOR
YOU?

MOL: No thank you, Mr. Gildersleeve...and you've been simply
wonderful.

FIB: I'll say so.

HAL: Oh, not at all...NOT AT ALL...(LAUGHS) I don't know when
I've enjoyed myself so much. Sorry I couldn't do more.

FIB: Say, what is this anyway? Gildersleeve, how come you're
so dad ratted helpful all of a sudden?

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HAL: OH, LET'S LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, FIBBER. BELIEVE ME, IT'S
BEEN A REAL PLEASURE TO HELP YOU. AND I THINK I DID A GOOD
JOB OF LOADING THOSE BAGS AND TRUNKS AND EVERYTHING INTO
THE CAR. INCIDENTALY...WHEN IS THE VAN COMING FOR THE
PIANO AND THE HEAVY PIECES?

MOL: VAN? WHAT VAN?

FIB: WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? WHY SHOULD WE TAKE A PIANO
ON A VACATION TRIP?

HAL: VACATION TRIP!!!! YOU MEAN YOU'RE... OHHHHH, MY
GOODNESS.....I THOUGHT YOU WERE MOVING... *moving.*

ORK: "HOW CAN I EVER BE ALONE" - FADE FOR:

P

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
JUNE 25, 1940
Tuesday, 5:30 PM PST NBC

-27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUE: (WILCOX)....Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.

(PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

Some people think that most of the great inventions lie behind us. Fifty years ago a Patent Office Commissioner actually stated that in his opinion most important patents had already been granted. Yet think what inventions we have had in those fifty years! As a matter of fact, business is more than ever relying upon scientific research for new and better products. For example, in the Johnson's Wax Laboratories, scientists and chemists are working continuously to perfect the many polishes and products sold under the Johnson name. Even in South America, JOHNSON maintains a scientific laboratory in the heart of the Carnuba Wax country. As a result, you receive more satisfaction whenever you use a JOHNSON WAX product - genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid - JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT for linoleum and other floors - JOHNSON'S CARNU for automobiles - JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX for furniture - as well as many wax polishes for large buildings, and industrial finishes sold direct to manufacturers. In all these products, the name, JOHNSON, stands for highest satisfaction, because every product is backed by careful research and experience.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

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TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, thanks for listening to us all these weeks. And we'll be seeing you in the fall. (*) And we know you're gonna enjoy Meredith Willson's show for Johnson's Wax this summer. (*) Personally, I ain't gonna miss a one because I'm really sensitive to good music. (*) Music does something to me!

MOL: YES, that's exactly what me Uncle Dennis said when he got his stomach pinched in the concertina.

FIB: Goodnight!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

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

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, Racine, Wisconsin, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night to welcome Meredith Willson. Goodnight.

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