

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

(2ND REVISION)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 278

6:30-7:00  
1-28-41

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(2ND REVISION) -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 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY...WRITTEN BY DON  
QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'  
ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH: "What This Country Needs  
is More Love".

ORCH: "WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE LOVE"

(FADE FOR:)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JANUARY 28, 1941  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

2-A

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Here's a question for all you good housekeepers. Do you know what the experts mean by the term, protective housekeeping? Let me give you my idea of what this means. Take your floors, for example. Instead of simply cleaning and dusting them, you protect them with a coat of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. In this way, you not only make them more beautiful, but you protect them against wear with a tough film of wax. And this wax-protection also makes your housework easier, because a JOHNSON WAXED floor is so easy to keep clean and spotless. The same thing applies to your furniture and woodwork. Instead of merely cleaning and dusting your table tops and chair arms, you protect them with JOHNSON'S WAX -- which brings out all the beauty of the wood, and protects that beauty. In fact, protective housekeeping applies to many other things besides floors, furniture and woodwork. There are over 100 extra uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You can buy this famous wax polish in three forms -- the old familiar PASTE and LIQUID forms, and the new CREAM WAX especially formulated for furniture and woodwork. Your dealer has all three.

RCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -3-

WIL: THE SOCIAL WHIRL AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS GETTING SO DIZZY THAT THERE ARE TWO PARTIES GOING ON NOW, AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LIVING ROOM. ONE PARTY IS GOING ON ABOUT NEEDING 50 CENTS FOR CIGARS, WHILE THE OTHER PARTY IS CELEBRATING THE INSTALLATION OF A BUDGET WHICH HAS NO ALLOWANCES FOR CIGARS AT ALL. AND SO WE FIND THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART AND THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART -

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: But Molly, that budget's all wrong. Why didn't you make provisions for my cigars?

MOL: Because your cigars aren't provisions.

FIB: Be that as it may, or may not be - or not, I'm entitled to a few smokes. After all I gave you that money in the first place.

MOL: Oh ho! So you're just an Indian giver!

FIB: Come to think of it - my grandfather was part Indian. His mother was an Irish colleen and his father was a big buck among the Cherokees. That made grandpa a kinda half-buck. And talkin' about half-bucks, Molly - how about lettin' me have --

MOL: McGee, as the warden of the Moscow prison says when he brought back the bloodhounds after an unsuccessful chase -

FIB: Yes?

MOL: "Not one red cent"!

FIB: YOU'RE A HARD WOMAN, MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: Oh no I'm not, dearie. I've only got 35¢ and I need that to pay the milkman.

FIB: Very well. Gimme the 35¢. and I'll hand it to the milkman when he comes.

MOL: I've already put it out on the back porch in the milk bottle.

FIB: You have? Well - guess I'll go outside and have a breath of fresh air.

MOL: A good idea. (FADE) It's much better than inhaling those horrible Havana hay-burners of yours.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

FIB: Ah...(BREATHING DEEPLY) Lovely day, ain't it, McGee. Yes, it is, McGee - nice day out.

SOUND: (CLATTER OF MILK BOTTLES)

FIB: Well, well, well, look at that - a milk bottle - (JINGLE OF COINS) With 35 cents in it! My! My! Lucky thing I've got a small hand and this bottle's got a wide-mouth. (GRUNTS) It's a tight squeeze, but - There! I got it. (JINGLE OF COINS IN BOTTLE - JINGLE STOPS) Now for a -- Shucks, I got that hand in that bottle all right - (GRUNTS AGAIN) Oh! Oh! I can't get this dad-ratted bottle off my hand - ooh - what'll I ---

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MOL: (FADING IN) McGee - What are you doing with that milk bottle in your hand?

FIB: Me? I haven't any milk bottle in my hand.

MOL: Oh, no?

FIB: No. I've got my hand in a milk bottle.

MOL: Well, take it right off.

FIB: I can't - it's stuck.

MOL: Now, why would any grown man want to ---- MCGEE! YOU WERE AFTER THAT 35 CENTS!

FIB: Now, Molly, I need a cigar a darn sight worse than I need a glass of Guernsey Gruel. (LAUGHS) Don'tja get it, Molly. Instead of using the word "milk", I called it "Guernsey -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Okay, I'll pour it back in the bottle.

MOL: To think that you'd stoop low enough to take 35 cents out of a milk bottle.

FIB: Oh, it wasn't much of a stoop. Molly, how'm I going to get this off?

MOL: Come on into the house and I'll get it off.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS UPSTEPS AND DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MOL: Let me look at it...why, all you have to do is open your hand and it'll slip right off.

FIB: I can't open my hand. Gee, I wish Uncle Dennis was around, he'd get me out of this jam.

MOL: How?

FIB: That guy can get more out of a bottle than --

MOL: MCGEE! Now, let's sit quietly, dearie, while I figure this out...

SOUND: KEY FIDDLING IN LOCK

MOL: Shhh - what's that?

FIB: (WHISPER) Tain't me.

SOUND: (DOOR UNLOCKING, OPENING AND CLOSING)

FIB: Stop! Who goes there? Who - Oh, it's you, Boomer!

BOOM: Oh!! Excuse me for breaking in like this - thought nobody was homo.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well, it's a lucky thing I recognized you Horatio, or I'd have bopped you on the bean with this bottle.

BOOM: Oh, threatening me with a glass glove? Why, that's unsportsmanly, it's caddish, my little cad.

MOL: No, no - it's because he can't get it off, Mr. Boomer - maybe you know how we can get his hand out of that bottle?

BOOM: I can offer a solution in two short words.

MOL: What is it, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Glass-cutter.

MOL: A glass-cutter - wonderful.

FIB: Yes - let me have it.

BOOM: Certainly, my little bottle baby. Now where'd I put that glass-cutter? Had it right here a minute ago..... glass-cutter, glass-cutter....here's a set of skeleton keys that'll get me into any jail in the country - if I'm not careful..... a kangaroo bill-fold....you should have seen the fellow jump when I took it away from him..... present for my brother, Luke, who's in the cooler...it's a muffler to keep Luke warm .... a wire from Sheila the Shop-Lifter.... says the police caught her in a revolving door....now, that's wrong - they caught her with a revolving door..... and no check for a short beer! WELL, WELL, FANCY THAT, NO GLASS-CUTTER, EITHER! Come to think of it, I left it in that jewelry store window last night. Ah, that was a neat job. I never pulled down so much money in such a short time since the day one of my garters got caught in my money belt. Well, good day, my dear, and a sad farewell to you, Pickled Paws.

ORCHESTRA: "SAY SI SI"

FIB: Dad-rat it, Molly, I can't stand it any longer. Get the hammer and break the bottle.

MOL: No - no, I can't! It might hurt you. And besides, we've paid a nickel deposit on that bottle.

FIB: Well, what am I supposed to do....just sit here and twiddle my thumbs?

MOL: It's a neat trick if you can do it. Can't you go about your regular work.

FIB: Nope. Sorry, Molly - but all my industry is tied up by this bottleneck.

MOL: Well, what are we going to do about this--

SOUND: BRISK DOOR KNOCK

MOL: I wonder who that can be?

FIB: Sounds like Mrs. Uppington - she's one of our best knockers.

MOL: Oh dear - and the house in such a mess! COME IN JUST THE SAME, MRS. UPPINGTON!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

UPP: How do you do, Mrs. McGee. AND Mr. McGee!

FIB: Hiyah, kid.

UPP: Kid? Mr. McGee, I'll have you understand that I'm no kid.

FIB: That's exactly what Molly was saying only yester--

MOL: MCGEE!-- Don't mind him, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB: Whatcha waving your hand around like that for, Uppy?

MOL: Why, McGee - it's a big diamond ring. I've never seen that one before, Abigail.

UPP: (GIGGLES) I just got it this morning.

FIB: Don't tell me that's a real, genuine 100% diamond, Uppy?

UPP: But of course, Mr. McGee - Six carats!!!!

MOL: Why that diamond is so big, you can't tell it from a rhinestone.

FIB: Well, there's one way of telling whether it's real or not.

UPP: How do you mean, Mr. McGee?

FIB: If it's a genuine diamond, it'll cut glass.

UPP: Of course my diamond will do it....Now if we only had some glass we could use....

FIB: Now let me see....We had some around here a few minutes ago....WHYYYYYYYYY heeerrrrrrrrrrre we are - what d'ye know - a milk bottle with somebody's hand in it.

UPP: HEAVENS, MR. MCGEE....WHOSE HAND IS IT!

FIB: Lemme see - oh! It's mine.

UPP: Yours?

MOL: Yes, he just stuffed his hand into the bottle and now he can't get it out.

FIB: I bet I can get out in no time, if Uppy'll lend me her diamond.

UPP: Of course, Mr. McGee....here you are.

FIB: Thanks - now if I start slicing right here....(SCRATCHING)

MOL: Be careful, dearie--

UPPY: (LAUGHING) Oh, he can't hurt it--

SOUND: MORE SCRATCHING

FIB: Say, this is a pretty tough bottle.

UPP: Is it coming off, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Something's coming off - but I'm afraid it isn't the bottle.

UPP: WHAT DO YOU MEAN? LET ME SEE.....OH! MY BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND!

IT'S RUINED! YOU'VE WORN IT RIGHT DOWN TO THE NUB!

MOL: See, McGee....people in glass bottles shouldn't play with stones.

UPP: But I can't understand it. Oh, my beautiful diamond. Why, when Mr. Boomer sold it to me, --

MOL: Boomer?

FIB: Oh, no wonder--

UPP: But he gave me a written guarantee. Why, I have it here in my bag....Now let me see, where did I put that guarantee... had it here a moment ago....guarantee...guarantee.....

Ah, here it is - OH, DEAR! IT ISN'T A GUARANTEE AT ALL! Oh, this is terrible! I've been rocked! I've been bamboozled! I've been bilked!

FIB: What'd he give you, Uppy?

UPP: A check for a short beer!! - Goodbyeeeeeee!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

FIB: Well, there's another good idea gone wrong.

MOLLY: Serves her right for trusting Mr. Boomer - why even his voice has a phoney ring to it.

FIB: But I'm telling you, Molly, I don't know how much of this I can stand.

MOL: I just thought of something, McGee....Suppose we fill that bottle full of water, put it in the refrigerator and when it freezes, that'll break the bottle.

FIB: Say - don't forget, my hand'll be in that bottle-- you wouldn't want me to freeze my clutch, would you?

MOL: I didn't think of that - Say, try to unclench your fist - maybe--

FIB: I can't, Molly. We'll have to find another way to--

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

NICK: Hello, Fizzer and Kewpie. Creepings and Salutaters and all stuffings like that there!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Depopolis. Maybe you can help us.

FIB: Yeah, Nick - this is getting to be an emergency - do you know how I can get my hand outta this milk bottle?

NICK: ~~Hummmmmmm~~..that is looking like a very pretty predikillpuss you are in up to the neck of, to put it in plain English.

FIB: I know that - but what should I do?

NICK: Just give me a momentum to fiddle with your riddle, Fizzer.  
(HUMS) .... By Crackers, I got it!

MOL: You have?

NICK: Sure - all Fizzer needs to do is push the rest of him into the bottle, turn around and come out head first.

FIB: What a lot of help you are!

NICK: Thank you. And you are giving me a big helping, too, Fizzer.

FIB: Whatcha mean, Nick?

NICK: I am grabbing myself a terrifical idea for my restaurants menu out of what is happening to you - and it shouldn't to a dog.

MOL: What kind of an idea?

NICK: Pigs Knuckles Under Glass, a la Fizzer McGee! Well, so long, kids, and if you don't hear from me soon, be sure to snub me the next time I don't recognize you in the street.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Pigs Knuckles Under Glass! Molly, we've got to get this bottle off somehow. I can't stand it. I'm starting to get claustrophobia in that hand!

MOL: What's claustrophobia?

FIB: I think it means discomfort when shut up in small places.

MOL: Oh, a fancy name for tight shoes, eh?

FIB: Now, Molly, don't joke - this bottle's gonna be my downfall -

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

WIL: (FADING IN) Hi, folks! Say I just met Mrs. Uppington and she told me about the trouble you're in Fizzer, so I came right over to get you out of the bottle.

MOL: That's mighty nice of you, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yes, thanks, Harlow - though any time you display your generosity, you usually display a little Johnson's Glo-Coat, too.

WIL: You've got me all wrong, pal - and just to prove it, I won't even mention it. Now, let's have a look at this problem.. Why, I can get this bottle off.

FIB: How?

WIL: Hypnotism!

FIB: Hypnotism? We've tried about everything else so far ... and I'm getting desperate. Go on, Harlow, hipnotiz me.

WIL: Okay. Now just sit in this chair.... now go limp ...

FIB: Like a piece of liver?

(3rd REVISION) 13-14

WIL: Limper. Ah, that's it. Now look into my eyes and repeat  
after me - "I am going to sleep."

FIB: "I am going to sleep."

WIL: "I have no thoughts of my own."

FIB: "I have no thoughts of my own."

MOL: "You never did."

FIB: "I never did."

WIL: "I will only think the things Mr. Wilcox thinks."

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(3rd REVISION) 13-14

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FIB: I will only think the things Mr. Wilcox thinks ...  
 (DREAMLIKE) I am relaxed ... I am free... no more  
 drudgery ... of housework and messy kitchen floors ... no  
 more fears .... about dirt tracking into the house ... all  
 I do is apply Johnson's Glo-Coat ... let it dry to a hard,  
 glassy polish in 20 minutes ... or less... and I have a  
 beautiful, clean kitchen floor surface ... which protects  
 the linoleum and ... I am relaxed .... I am free ... peace,  
 it's wonderful ... spelled G-l-o-hyphen-c-o-a-t-

WIL: Well, I'm all through now. Wake him up, Molly. If he  
 doesn't come to, just throw a bucket of water on him.  
 Goodbye.

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: McGee, wake up!

FIB: Eh? What? Oh! Sayyy, Harlow, now that my hand's free,  
 it's great to be able to scratch my nose again - (CLUNK)  
 OUCH! Dad rat it, that bottle's still on, Harlow - say,  
 where's Harlow?

MOL: He's ~~gone~~ *gone*

FIB: Of all the silly things - trying to hypnotise me. Well,  
 at least he kept his promise about not mentioning Johnson's  
 Self-Polishing Glo-Coat - Oops, there I went and mentioned  
 it.

MOL: Well, dearie, sometimes it doesn't hurt to -

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

FIB: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl.

TEE: Hello, Mr. McGee, what'cha doing - building a ship in  
 a bottle?

FIB: No, I'm not, sis.

TEE: I know what kinda ship it's gonna be, I betcha.

FIB: What kind?

TEE: A bottle ship.

FIB: You mean a battle ship.

TEE: ~~Oh, let me see that.~~ Will you give it to me when  
 you finish it, huh, will you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well, maybe I will, if - Dad rat it, sis, I'm not building  
 any ship!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee you look silly with your hand in the bottle.  
 How ja do it?

FIB: Well, it's a long story, little girl, chuck full of dull  
 details, pointless plot and old anecdotes.

TEE: I knew one of 'em once, I betcha.

FIB: You did? How did it go?

TEE: (DOES IMITATION OF A GOAT)

FIB: I says "anecdote" - not nanny goat.

TEE: What's the difference, huh?

FIB: Well, an anecdote is a short tale.

TEE: This one had a short tail.

FIB: I mean a different kind of tale - one you can tell.

TEE: Oh, you could tell that this one had a tail.

FIB: But that isn't -

TEE: The fact is, Tall Tale had a tell-tale tail.

FIB: No, no, you don't - hey, what's this tall tale you're  
 telling?

TEE: Oh, that was the name of this nanny goat.

FIB: Oh, come on, sis. Nobody ever named a goat Tall Tale.

TEE: Oh, yes they did.

FIB: OH, NO THEY DIDN'T.



TEE: OHHHHHHHHHH, YES THEY DID!

FIB: OHHHHHHHHHH, LET'S CUT IT SHORT -

TEE: What, the tail?

FIB: Yes - I MEAN - NO. Why did they call this goat Tall Tale?

TEE: Because it loved to sleep in the middle of the road.

FIB: I don't see what that's got to do with it's name.

TEE: Wellll, no matter how often you would tell this Tall Tail, it would just lie there.

FIB: Lay there.

TEE: It sure did, didn't it, Mister. So long.

APPLAUSE

KING'S MEN: "IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW"

3rd SPOT

FIB: Molly let's call the plumber or the fire department - I'm as shaky -

MOL: Well try and forget it for awhile. Sit down and read the newspaper.

FIB: Can't read the paper.

MOL: Why can't you?

FIB: Can't turn the pages.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Gotta hold the paper with one hand, don't I?

MOL: Sure -

FIB: Then how can I wet my other thumb?

MOL: You poor lad...Oh, McGee! Maybe this is how we'll get that bottle off - we'll wrap the electric heating pad around it. - that'll expand the glass.

FIB: Okay - where's the heating pad - never mind, I know exactly where it is. (FADING) It's right here in the hall -

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND AVALANCHE THUNDERS OUT)

FIB: - Closet. Gotta straighten up that closet one o' these days.

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES)

OLD M: Good afternoon, kids. (SING SONG) Got any rags, any bones, any bottles today? I'll buy 'em if you won't give 'em away.

FIB: Well, Old Timer, I don't know. I've got a bottle with some bones in it, on the one hand, but I haven't any rags on the other hand. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: (LAUGHING) That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it - The way I heered it, one fellow says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYYYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE N.B.C. IS HAVING A SPECIAL BROADCAST FRIDAY NIGHT - THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PLANS TO INSTALL FIBBER MCGEE AS PRESIDENT." "YEP", says tother feller, "LEAVE IT TO MCGEE TO GET MIXED UP IN AN INSTALLMENT PLAN!" Heh, heh, heh. Well, I gotta be gettin' out to the lake now. Papa chopped a hole in the ice this mornin' and I'm going fishing.

FIB: Whatcha gonna fish for, Old Timer?

OLD M: Fer Papa.....so long, Kids.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: (SCORNFUL) Can you imagine - fishing for his father in the lake.

MOL: Well, it's a lot more honorable, than fishing for 35 cents in a milk bottle, dearie.

FIB: Now why did you have to mention that? ~~I'm trying to forget this old ratted pickle~~ Why, I'm so fed up with being handcuffed to this Jersey Juice Jar, I don't think I'll ever be able to look a cow in the face again.

MOL: Dearie, if ever a remark called for an answer, that one did -

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Come in - quick.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

HAL: (FADING IN) Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Fibber. I came over to see if I could borrow a couple of lemons - we just ran out.

(LAUGHS)

FIB: Well you can run right back again, Gildersleeve - do you think lemons grow on trees?

HAL: That's a fine way to greet a neighbor. What's gotten into you, McGee?

MOL: It's not what's gotten into him, Mr. Gildersleeve - it's what he's gotten into - just look at his hand.

FIB: Aw, Molly -

HAL: What? Where? Oh! (LAUGHS) Oh, this is rich! The president of the Chamber of Commerce - caught in a quart!  
(LAUGHS)

MOL: It's no laughing matter, Mr. Gildersleeve. We've been trying to get that bottle off his hands for hours.

HAL: Oh, you have, eh? Why, it's the simplest thing in the world to do.

FIB: How?

HAL: Just raise that arm over your head and hold it there for two minutes. The blood rushes away from the hand, the hand shrinks and presto! You're free again.

MOL: Why, that's a wonderful idea. Try it, McGee! Go on .. there .. higher .. now .... how's that, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Fine - he'll be free in no time. In fact, he looks like the Statue of Liberty already. (LAUGHS) How'd you maneuver yourself into such a mess, McGee?

FIB: Oh, I happened to be strolling on the back porch when I noticed 35¢ in the bottom of this bottle - so I just reached in for it.

HAL: Welllll - I thought I'd heard everything - but this takes the barb-wired bath mat, McGee!

FIB: Dad rat it - I've taken about all I'm able to took today ... one more nasty remark and I'll pitch a punch to your paunch that'll have you pushin' up the posies pronto.

HAL: Now look here, McGee....you little half-baked hooligan!

MOL: Who's a hooligan?

FIB: I am.

HAL: You are not!

MOL: He is too!

FIB: Gildersleeve, if you contradict my wife once more, my arm's gonna come down awful sudden - AND YOU KNOW WHERE.

HAL: Why, you insignificant, chicken-chested, little mugwump, I'm going to make you eat your own bridgework!

FIB: (FIERCE) Well, that finishes it!

MOL: McGee! What are you going to do?

FIB: I'm gonna take my arm down, the two minutes is up. Maybe it'll come out now. (GRUNTS) I think it's coming - (GRUNTS) No, it won't - (GRUNTS) I knew it wouldn't work.

HAL: Well, no wonder! You've got your fist closed - open it up and I bet it'll come out.

MOL: Yes, dearie, that's what I've been telling you all along.

FIB: But I can't open my fist.

HAL: Oh, you've got all kinds of room - Now go on! Open your hand -

FIB: WHAT? AND LET GO OF THE 35 CENTS!

HAL: (TAKE)

ORK: HI THERE MR. MOON

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-28-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Do you have as much leisure time these days as you'd like...enough time for visiting with your friends, playing bridge or reading? I can tell you how you can have more time for yourself - that is, unless you're already using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your linoleum floors. For many thousands of women GLO-COAT has become one of the most important labor-savers in the home. GLO-COAT saves time in more ways than one. It does away with tedious floor scrubbing....keeps linoleum clean and sparkling with almost no work at all. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING - needs no rubbing or buffing. You just apply and let dry, and in 20 minutes your floor gleams with a beautiful, lasting polish. Spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. And your linoleum will last much longer, too. I can't think of a single reason why you shouldn't be using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Why not order some tomorrow?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

(3rd REVISION)

-24-

TAG GAG #1.

FIB: Say, Molly - I think my hand's coming outta this bottle --  
SOUND: (LOUD POP)  
FIB: There! It's free!  
SOUND: (TINKLE OF COINS FALLING OUT)  
MOL: Give me that 35¢, McGee. We're going down to Kramer's Drug Store right now.  
FIB: Oh, to get me some cigars?  
MOL: No, dearie - for a much better cause....to contribute this money to the March of Dimes campaign.  
FIB: Oh, that's right!  
MOL: And ladies and gentlemen, the dimes and dollars we give now finance the year-round fight against Infantile Paralysis.  
FIB: -- So mail your dimes to the President and support the President's Birthday Celebration in your community.  
FIB: Goodnite.  
MOL: Goodnite, all.  
ORCH: THEME

TAG GAG #2

FIB: Ladies and Gentlemen - As you all know, the March of Dimes campaign is now on to finance the year 'round campaign against Infantile Paralysis.

MOL: So mail your dimes and dollars to the President and support the President's birthday celebration in your community.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: THEME.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-28-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

MOLLY:  
(CUE) ...."Goodnite, All".

.....  
WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox....speaking for the makers of  
JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....  
inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.  
Goodnight.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
1-28-41  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

(NOTE: This 30-second closing commercial is to be delivered by a separate announcer from a quiet studio.)

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WILCOX:  
(CUE)

....inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.

Goodnight.

.....  
Winter weather is hard on the looks of your car, sure enough. But I can tell you an easy way to keep your car looking its best, in spite of the weather....and that's by giving it a beauty treatment with CARNU.... JOHNSON'S sensational new auto polish. Why is CARNU sensational? Because it does two jobs at once - and does them beautifully. It both cleans and wax polishes your car in one operation -- in half the time it used to take. You can prove these statements very easily -- by buying a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU this week. It's spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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

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6:30-7:00  
2-4-41