

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

#299

5:30-6:00 PM PDST
5-6-41

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
GLOCOAT PRESENT FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY, WRITTEN BY DON QUINN,
WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA. THE
SHOW OPENS WITH "Sweet Dreaming".

ORCH: "SWEET DREAMING".

(FADE FOR)

COMMERCIAL....page 3

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 6, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WOMAN: Mr. Wilcox, you said something several weeks ago about protective housekeeping. That sounds like an interesting idea to me. I'd like to hear more about it.

WILCOX: That is an interesting idea -- and a work-saving idea, too. It comes from the fact that wax not only beautifies floors, furniture and woodwork, but protects them as well. In fact, I don't know which is the more important benefit -- the extra beauty that wax gives or this extra protection. Take floors, for example. When they are regularly polished with JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX, they are protected against scratches, against the wear and tear of traffic. They may never need refinishing. And, of course, the wax-polish that gives them such rich beauty also makes cleaning a much simpler task. The same thing holds true when you JOHNSON-WAX your table tops, your woodwork, windowsills, radiator covers, venetian blinds. The film of wax that makes all these things more beautiful, also protects them against wear, dirt, smudgy fingerprints. Many good housekeepers have told me they just couldn't keep house without genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Buy some tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)

79
WIL: THE SQUIRE OF WISTFUL VISTA AND HIS NEIGHBOR, GILDERSLEEVE ARE TYPICAL RED-BLOODED AMERICANS! THEY LOVE ALL KINDS OF SPORTS AND EXERCISE..... (DRAMATICALLY) FOR INSTANCE, HERE WE MEET THESE TWO SPORTSMEN IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF TENSE EXCITEMENT, WITH MASCULINE VIOLENCE BOILING JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE AS THEY MATCH THEIR SKILL AND WITS IN A BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY --

(PAUSE)

SOUND: CLICK CLICK CLICK

FIB: Your move, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Yes, I know.

(PAUSE)

SOUND: CLICK CLICK

MOL: My, it's nice to see you two boys playing checkers peacefully together. Instead of fighting and bickering.

HAL: (LAUGHS) Well, I'm a peace-loving man, Mrs. McGee.....and if my little chum and I can't get along together like any good friends, I'd -- HERE HERE HERE!...WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MCGEE?

FIB: What does it look like I'm doin'? I'm jumpin' three of your men--

SOUND: CLICK CLICK CLICK

FIB: -- thereby winnin' the game! (LAUGHS)

HAL: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MCGEE! YOU MISSED TWO SQUARES!

FIB: WHY, I NEVER NO SUCH A THING!

HAL: YOU DID TOOO. I SAW YOU. YOU MOVED FROM HERE TO HERE TO
HERE.

FIB: I DID NOT. I MOVED FROM HERE TO HERE TO HERE TO HERE!
Didn't I Molly?

MOL: I'm sorry, I wasn't looking. But I know McGee wouldn't
cheat, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: I wish I was as sure of that as you are, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE GILDERSLEEVE....YOU CAD!

HAL: WHO'S A CAD?

FIB: YOU'RE A CAD! No, on second thoughts, you ain't a cad.
You're only a flivver. A broken-down, model T, flivver!

HAL: IS THAT SO! WHY YOU INDETERMINATE LITTLE SAND-FLEA,
ANYBODY THAT WOULD CHEAT AT CHECKERS --

FIB: DON'T YOU ACCUSE ME OF CHEATIN', YOU TUB-TUMMIED TON OF
TOGGENFLURM!

HAL: WHY YOU LITTLE....er...what's toggen flurm?

FIB: It's the bait they use to catch rennefers.

HAL: What are rennefers?

FIB: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU - DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING?

HAL: BY GEORGE I'M GOING HOME. I REFUSE TO PLAY CHECKERS WITH
ANY BULL-HEADED LITTLE BEETLEBRAIN LIKE YOU, MCGEE.

FIB: Okay, you big baby! Take your coaster wagon and go cryin'
home to mamma. You can't take it, that's what's the matter
with you.

HAL: MAYBE I CAN'T TAKE IT, BUT I CAN LADLE IT OUT. ONE MORE
INSULTING REMARK FROM YOU AND I'LL BEAT YOUR BRAINS OUT -
IF I CAN BORROW A FEATHER DUSTER!

FIB: You'll beat my brains out! WHY YOU HOLLOW-HEADED HIPPO,
YOU COULDN'T POKE YOUR WAY OUT OF A HAIRNET!

HAL: OHHHHHHHHH!!!

MOL: All right, that's ENOUGH! Give me that checkerboard.

SOUND: RATTLE OF CHECKERS

FIB: But Molly...we can't quit now. We're tied, seven and seven.

HAL: Let us play just one more game, Mrs. McGee. We'll be quiet.
Won't we, little chum?

FIB: Why sure. We were just kiddin'.

MOL: Well..all, right. Just one more game.

HAL: Oh, fine. (LAUGHS) And after this I'll keep my eye on you,
McGee.

FIB: Yeah? For what?

HAL: So you won't cheat.

FIB: OH SO YOU STILL CLAIM I CHEATED, DO YOU! NOW YOU LISTEN TO
ME, YOU OVERSTUFFED -

MOL: BE QUIET...BOTH OF YOU! And give me that checkerboard
again. McGee...go upstairs and put on a clean shirt for
dinner. And you, Mr. Gildersleeve. Go home.

HAL: Aw, Mrs. McGee...

MOL: GO HOME!

HAL: Gee whizz, I didn't mean -

FIB: YOU HEARD WHAT THE LADY SAYS, GILDERSLEEVE. SCRAM!

MOL: I'll not have my home turned into a ..into a...well, I
won't have it. I might have known this peace and quiet
wouldn't last. Goodnight, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Wel-1-1....goodnight. Goodnight, little chum.

FIB: Goodnight, Throoky. See you tomorrow!

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Look, Molly, we wasn't....hey....whatcha doin'?

MOL: I'm wrapping this checkerboard up. Get me a piece of string.

FIB: Whatcha wrappin' it up for?

MOL: I'm going to give it away.

FIB: Aw now wait a minute! Just because I and Gildersleeve get into a little argument now and then - Shucks, it does us good.

MOL: I know that.

FIB: Well then--

MOL: If it does TWO fighting men that much good, think what it will do for the army.

FIB: THE ARMY! You mean--

MOL: I read in the paper where the boys in camp are short on games and books and magazines. So I'm going to send 'em this checkerboard, thus helping the war department out there and the peace department around here. You still object, dearie?

FIB: Wel-1-1 no. I guess not. But don't send the checkerboard. Send 'em the parcheesi outfit. Though I doubt if them dice will be used for parcheesi. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Why don't you send that cribbage board of yours? You can't use it any more.

FIB: Why not?

MOL: It's full of holes. LOOK, McGEE...WHILE WE'RE AT IT, LET'S SEND A LOT OF THINGS...THEY NEED BOOKS AND MAGAZINES, TOO.

FIB: That's a great idea, Molly. This house is gettin' all cluttered up with books anyway. Must be half a dozen around here.

MOL: Look, McGee....I've got a great idea. Let's go see all our friends and collect a LOT of games and books and magazines and send 'em to camp.

FIB: That's swell, but look, Molly....Please don't send my checkerboard. I and Gildersleeve are tied, 7 & 7, and we gotta play it off.

MOL: Well, draw pennies or pitch straws for it. Now come on. We'll call on everybody we know and get 'em to donate games and books.

FIB: You....you still gonna send my checkerboard?

MOL: Definitely.

FIB: Tell you what I'll do. I'll give up my ping pong set instead. And I'll throw in my wood-burning outfit, my model airplane kit and the ship I'm makin' in the bottle.

MOL: No, we'll just send the checkerboard and the ping pong.

FIB: Oh, all right. Incidentally - you know how ping pong got its name?

MOL: No.

FIB: It was invented by two Chinese fellas. Fooey Ping and Charley Pong.

MOL: How interesting!

FIB: You still gonna send my checkerboard?
MOL: Yes, and go get the ping pong set. You know where it is?
FIB: Sure.
MOL: Where?
FIB: Right here - in the hall closet.
SOUND: (DOOR OPEN...TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK...BELL TINKLE)
FIB: I gotta straighten out that closet one of these days!
ORK: "RUSTLE OF SPRING"
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

~~Faster~~

UP AND FADE:

MOL: Isn't it wonderful how everybody is co-operating on this thing, McGee? Heavenly days, we must have half a ton of books and games and magazines promised all ready.
FIB: Yeah...they'll never miss my checkerboard now. So let's keep it and I can play off the championship with Gildersleeve.
MOL: Now now now...I thought we had that all settled. The checkerboard is going.
FIB: Well shucks, I dunno why you gotta send my favorite stuff. You'd of sent my easy chair to the army too, if it hadn't had flat feet.
MOL: OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES! Anybody'd think your life depended on one measly little checker game.
FIB: Mine don't, but Gildersleeve's does. (LAUGHS) It'll kill him if I win. Hey, here's Nick Depopolis' house. Let's see what he can give us.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH: DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Well, lemme see now...

DOOR OPEN:

NICK: WELL, FOR SCRIMS' SAKES, FIZZER AND KEWPIE! THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE! What's roasting?
FIB: Eh?
MOL: He means what's cooking, McGee. Look, Mr. Depopolis, we're collecting games and books and magazines for the boys in camp. What have you got that we can have?
NICK: Hmhmhm. I don't think we have any games, Kewpie, unless you can use some jiggle-saw poodles.
FIB: Oh jig-saw puzzles are swell Nick! How about books and
k magazines?

NICK: Now you are beginning to talk sense with something to it. I am having a superfloosity of books and I am happy to get rid of them.

MOL: Thanks, Mr. Depopolis. Send them over to our house and we'll have a truck ready to take them to camp.

FIB: Why you so glad to get rid of 'em Nick?

NICK: They are too hard on my eyes, Fizzer.

MOL: You read a lot, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: I don't read at all, Kewpie...but my kids are always playing catch with them and hitting me in the face. Yesterday I am getting smocked with Gone With The Wind and for ten minutes I am hearing For Who The Bells are Ringing. Well, I'll send them over!

MOL: Thank you!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: BRIDGE

FIB: Get a load of the brass knocker, Molly! You'd think anybody as well off as Uppington could afford a doorbell.

MOL: She probab'ly thinks a quaint old knocker expresses her personality, McGee.

FIB: You mean she has a need for a knocker because she's knock-kneed? (LAUGHS) Get it? I says she needs a--

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee!

FIB: She would be, in a bathing suit.

DOOR OPEN:

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

UPP: OH HOWDO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE....AND MR. MCGEE.

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy. Where's your butler?

UPP: You mean Snathers? I lost him last Saturday.

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MOL: Oh that's too bad. He always interested me in a strange way.

FIB: How was that, Molly?

MOL: Well, he had an expression on his face that reminded me of ...of...well, I don't know exactly but there was a look in his eye that-- WELL, DID YOU EVER CLEAN FISH?

FIB: How'd you happen to lose old frozen-puss, Uppy?

UPP: It was all very strange. He was serving dinner and the radio was broadcasting the Kentucky Derby, and after Whirlaway had won the race, he picked up the strawberry shortcake, danced around a bit and then said: "Here, old girl, wear this for a mask." And the first thing I knew, I was!!

MOL: Oh dear. Well I don't blame you for discharging him.

UPP: Oh, but I didn't, my dear. He just quit. But I wish there were some way to get him back.

FIB: Do you mean to stand there with your velvet neckband full of Adam's apple, and tell me you want that guy back?

UPP: But of course I do, Mr. McGee!

MOL: I don't understand it either. Mrs. Uppington - why?

UPP: Because thru him I found how wonderfu crushed strawberries and whipped cream are for the complexion!

FIB: I give up. C'mon, Molly.

MOL: Just a second, dearie, you forgot what we came for - the magazines for the boys in camp, remember?

UPP: Oh, of course! I have them right here, all ready for you.

MOL: How did you know about it, Abigail?

UPP: Oh, you told Mr. Gildersleeve and he told his wife, and she mentioned it to the grocer, and he is strictly a guy who tells everybody everything!

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FIB: Oh boy, take a squint at these, Molly - Nasty confessions - Fantastic Mechanics - Bloodthirsty Heart Throbs - True House Detective Stories - Curvy Cutie Cartoons -

MOL: Why, Abigail, I never knew you read this type of literature.

UPP: Me? Really, Mrs. McGee, these belonged to the servants. I consider myself insulted - and you'd realize that if you ever read these magazines from cover to cover as I always do - OH, WHAT AM I SAYING! GOODBYEEEEEEEE!

ORK: MUSIC BRIDGE

FIB: You see, Wilcox, what we want is games and books and magazines for the boys in camp.

MOL: They're a little short of recreational supplies, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I see. Well, I've got a croquet set that's hardly been used.

FIB: No no no...you don't get the idea, Harlow. Nothin' elaborate like that. Just small stuff.

MOL: Haven't you anything you can hold on your lap?

WIL: Well, my secretary, Miss Clegg -

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE, WILCOX -

WIL: You wait a minute. I was going to say, my secretary, Miss Clegg will go thru my house and see what she can find. And you say you want a lot of books and magazines, too?

MOL: That's the idea, Mr. Wilcox...just send them over to our house...and thank you very much.

WIL: Oh not at all. I was in the army myself and I know how it is.

FIB: What was you in the army, Wilcox?

WIL: Most of the time I was on kitchen police. As a matter of fact, I still am!

MOL: Really?

FIB: Folks, I'm sorry! I didn't see it comin', Science has never discovered any way to keep flies outa the cream pitcher, moths out of bathing suits and Wilcox out of salestalks - but we can dream, can't we? OKAY, WILCOX...HOW COME YOU'RE STILL ON KITCHEN POLICE?

WIL: Why that's simple. I'm responsible for arresting the wear and tear, the cracking and warping of linoleum. But I don't use a nightstick and a revolver. I arrest them with Johnson's self-polishing Glocoat, the marvelous polish that shines as it dries.

MOL: Personally, I think that's very interesting. Go on, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: My pal! WHY WITH JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, LINOLEUM WILL LAST MUCH, MUCH LONGER. It will retain the original beauty of pattern and color, and save hours of tedious scrubbing. GLOCOAT REQUIRES NO RUBBING AND NO BUFFING. IT SHINES ITSELF, in 20 minutes or less after applying. You'll love the new feeling of cleanliness it gives your home. And as an old kitchen policeman, I can assure you that grime doesn't pay!

FIB: Wilcox, if I had your enthusiasm and you had my brains, we wouldn't be workin' for the Johnson Wax people.

WIL: We wouldn't?

FIB: No. We'd BE the Johnson Wax people. Come on, Molly!

ORK: BRIDGE

KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR OPEN

WIMPLE: Yes?

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MOL: Yes! We're rounding up books and magazines and games to send out to the army camp. Have you got anything for us?

WIMP: Well now I would just LOVE to help you out, Mrs. McGee, but I wouldn't DARE give anything away without consulting my wife.

FIB: Well, go consult her, Wimple.

WIMP: Oh I couldn't disturb her now, Mr. McGee...she's taking her music lesson.

MOL: Does she sing, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, she plays the...well wait - I'll open the door to the music room just a fraction - and we'll see her in action.

DOOR LATCH:

SPIKE JONES: TERRIFIC RUFFLE OF DRUMS WITH CYMBAL CRASHES IN RHYTHM.

OUT WITH DOOR CLOSING:

WIMP: She's very talented, don't you think?

FIB: Wimple, she's certainly got what it takes!

WIMP: Yes indeed. Now if somebody would only take what she's got and throw it away, maybe I'd get a little peace and quiet around here.

MOL: Have you protested, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh many times, Mrs. McGee. I often say to her, "Cornelia, "I say, - why don't you give up those drums and go back to your other hobby?"

FIB: What was her other hobby?

WIMP: Lion taming.

MOL: Heavenly days....LION TAMING!

WIMP: Yes--she uses our kitchen chairs, too. They're all scarred up with teeth marks. And believe me that varnish tastes terrible. But my goodness, I don't know why I'm getting so personal. I'll send you over whatever I can, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Thank you, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Oh not at all.

FIB: The boys in camp will sure appreciate it, Wimple - and I speak as one who knows. Old army man myself, you know.

WIMP: I belonged to the home guard once. But my wife doesn't like me to have a gun around the house. She says I might accidentally shoot her sometime. (LAUGHS) That woman is positively uncanny. But what were you in the army?

FIB: I was cook of Company "C" just like my father was before me. SON OF A "C" COOK McGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: SON OF A "C" COOK McGEE! CELEBRATED IN STORY AND SONG, AS THE SUPER SUPERVISOR OF THE SOUP STOVE, THE SKILLFUL, SCIENTIFIC SAMPSON OF THE SIZZLING STEAK SKILLET AND THE SNAPPY SERGEANT OF THE SPUD-SKINNING SQUAD. SMOOTH AS SILK AT SUPPLYING A SEAFOOD SPREE BY SUB-DIVIDING A SARDINE INTO SUFFICIENT SERVINGS TO SATISFY SIX OR SEVEN SMALL SOLDIERS. SMART AS A CITY SLICKER AT SWITCHING SKINNY SHRIMPS INTO SLEEK AND STRONG SUPERMEN BY STUFFING SAME WITH SAUSAGES, SANDWICHES AND SIMILAR SUCCULENT SNACKS. A STURDY CITIZEN AT STOCKIN' STOMACHS, WIMPLE - BUT LET'S HEAR THE KING'S MEN SINGIN' SOMETHIN' SIMPLE!

ORK: "POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

WIL: The King's Men sing "Polly Put The Kettle On".

MOL: (AT END) "I'm Hungry".

SOUND: THUDS...BANGS

HAL: Here, load these books in the truck, McGee.

FIB: Load 'em in yourself, Gildersleeve, - I'M busy.

MOL: You're not either, McGee.....Mr. Gildersleeve and I have done almost all the work...

FIB: Okay. Okay....HEY GIMME A HAND WITH THIS PING PONG outfit, GILDERSLEEVE.

HAL: Certainly, McGee....

FIB: You take the table, and I'll take the balls and rackets.

MOL: Come boys....let's hurry and -

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) Hello Kids....what's cookin'?

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Old Timer...we're loadin' all these books and magazines and games into the truck. Takin' 'em to the soldiers.

MOL: By the way, McGee...do you know the way out there?

FIB: N-no...not exactly. HEY, OLD TIMER!

OLD MAN: Eh?

FIB: Which is the best way to camp?

OLD MAN: Well, I always says the best way to camp is pick out a piece o' high ground near some runnin' water, then pitch your tent facin' the -

MOL: No no no...which is the best way to the army camp?

OLD MAN: Eh? OH! Oh that! Well, daughter, best way is to drive outa town any direction till you see a soldier standin' beside the road. Then you go whichever way his thumb is pointin', see?

FIB: That's very intelligent. But I knew you could tell us, Old Timer. You got such a wise face.

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OLD MAN: That's what everybody says, Johnny. They says, I gotta lot of intelligence in my face for my age.

HAL: You've got a lot of age in it too. It's your face that convinces me that a puss has nine lives. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Throckmorton - BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEEBERD IT! THE way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYY" he says, "YOU BEEN READIN' ABOUT THAT LADY BULLRIGHTER DOWN IN MEXICO?" "Yep", says tother feller. "WONDERFUL, AIN'T SHE? HOW'D SHE EVER LEARN TO DODGE THEM WILD ANIMALS?" "DUNNO", says the first feller, "BUT THEY SAYS SHE USED TO BE A CIGARETTE GIRL IN A NIGHT CLUB!" Heh heh heh....

FIB: (MUTTERS) Now get outa the way while we finish loadin' Old Timer.

MOL: It's all loaded, McGee....and a wonderful lot of stuff, too. Now who's going to drive.

HAL:)
FIB:) I am.

HAL: Now wait a minute, McGee!!...who was it that borrowed the truck?

FIB: Whose idea was it to collect this stuff?

MOL: Mine.

FIB: You wanna drive, Molly?

MOL: No.

FIB:)
HAL:) Okay, I'll drive.

OLD MAN: I'll settle it, kids. I'LL DRIVE.

MOL: FINE...LET'S GET GOING. GET IN, BOYS!!!

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SOUND: CAR STARTER...HEAVY TRUCK MOTOR...STARTS UP LOUD INTO -
ORK: BRIDGE:
HAL: (OVER MOTOR) HEY NOT SO FAST, OLD TIMER....SLOW DOWN.
OLD MAN: How do you do it?
FIB: TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THE ACCELERATOR!
OLD MAN: Where is it?
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...DIDN'T YOU EVER DRIVE A CAR BEFORE?
OLD MAN: No. But it's fun, ain't it?
EXCLAMATIONS: "GIMME THAT WHEEL"..."MOVE OVER!"....GRAB HIM! ETC..INTO
ORK: BRIDGE:
GALE: Yes,...I am the Morale and Recreation officer. Captain Gordon. You're Mr. McGee?
HAL: No, thank goodness. This is Mr. McGee.
FIB: And this is my wife, Molly, Cap.
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.
GALE: Delighted, Mrs. McGee.....and I wish to express the appreciation of our whole camp for the trouble you've gone to to get these recreational facilities together for us.
FIB: Where shall we unload, Cap?
GALE: The men are already starting to unload the truck, Mr. McGee. The recreation house is right next door. By the way, I didn't meet this gentleman.
FIB: What gentleman? There ain't any gen...OH YOU MEAN THIS GUY. THIS IS THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE. CAP GORDON, THROCKY.
HAL: HOW DO YOU DO, SIR.
GALE: And thank you also, Mr. Gildermorton. You don't know how much you people have contributed to the morale and well-being of our boys. Fine group of young men, and we have to see that they have fun, you know...

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FIB: Come on, Gildy...we better go help 'em unload.
HAL: Okay, McGee...see you later, Captain.
GALE: CERTAINLY...CERTAINLY.
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: So you really think this was a good idea, do you, General?
GALE: SPLENDID, MRS. MCGEE...SPLENDID...A GREAT THOUGHT...BUT...er..don't call me General. I'M only a captain.
MOL: It doesn't matter. When McGee was in the army he was only a sergeant. You know....2 stripes on his sleeve.
GALE: 2 stripes is a corporal.
MOL: IT IS? WHY HE ALWAYS SAID HE WAS A...WHY THAT LITTLE RASCAL! AND ALL THESE YEARS I BELIEVED -
GALE: Come, Mrs. McGee - let's go see if the men have that truck unloaded.
MOL: All right.
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
MOL: Well..that was fast work! The truck is empty. But where are McGee and Mr. Gildersleeve?
GALE: ~~They must be in the recreation room.~~ I say, my good fellow - did you see the two men who came with this truck?
OLD MAN: Sure did, Admiral. They went right in there. Said they had to finish up.
MOL: Finish up? Oh...finish up unpacking those things. Come on, Captain.
DOOR OPEN:
SOUND: CLICK: CLICK: CLICK:
MOL: Well HEAVENLY DAYS!
FIB: Okay Gildersleeve, it's your move, *Gildersleeve!*
Hal: *Yes, I know.*
ORK: SCUFF:

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 6, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Fibber + Molly will be back in just a moment
 WILCOX: During these nice Spring days most of us like to be out
 of doors as much as we can. Personally, I like to be able
 to play a little more golf, work a little longer in my
 garden. I find that most women who keep house are
 especially grateful during this season for any product
 that really saves them work. That's one reason so many
 of them sing the praises of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
 GLO-COAT. Actually, thousands of letters come in to
 JOHNSON offices saying, "Thank you for GLO-COAT".
 Yes, SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT saves hours of work, not
 only because it needs no rubbing or buffing -- but also
 because it makes it so easy to keep floors clean, sparkling
 and spotless. Linoleum that is polished regularly with
 GLO-COAT lasts indefinitely -- its colors as fresh and
 bright as new. So GLO-COAT is money-saving as well as
 work-saving. And remember, you save money, too, by buying
 JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
5-6-41
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (MOLLY) ... Goodnight, all

.....
 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.

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TAG GAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, while we had some fun with the idea of gettin' games and books and magazines together for the boys in camp, it is a good idea. They really need them and they'll be glad to get them.

MOL: So look around your house tonight and get a bundle of games and reading matter together.

FIB: Just mail or send it to the Recreation and Morale Officer at the army camp, post or station nearest you. It'll be appreciated.

MOL: Give 'em that address again, McGee.

FIB: The Recreation and Morale officer of your nearest army camp, post or station. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
 Fibber McGee & Molly
 5-6-41
 Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

Note: This 30-second closing commercial is to be delivered from a quiet studio.

CUE:
(WILCOX)

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

STREET ARAB: Polish your car, mister, while you're parked?

CAR OWNER: Don't think you'll have time, son.

STREET ARAB: Sure I will, with this new JOHNSON'S auto polish, CARNU.

It's two in one, you know -- cleans and wax polishes at the same time. And say, I'll bet you won't know yer

own bus when you see it. I've polished four cars already today -- all with CARNU *you oughta see 'em - they're swell* ~~and not a squawk yet.~~ Make

you a special deal, boss, if you're not satisfied.

~~and~~ you don't owe me no dough.

CAR OWNER: Okey, bud -- give her the works -- I've been wanting to try JOHNSON'S Carnu myself for two months.

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

FIBBER

5:30-6:00 PM PDST
5-13-41

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