

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY

#288

(Authentic)

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

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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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 "IT'S HIGH TIME".

ORCH: "IT'S HIGH TIME"

(FADE FOR)

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-13-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

BOY: Aw, Mom, do I have to come in now? It's my time up to bat next!

MOTHER: You come in right this minute, Jimmy. And don't you dare track dirt and mud across my kitchen floor, either.

I just scrubbed it.

WILCOX: Aw, that's too bad, Jimmy. Too bad the game has to end, and too bad your Mom is still doing that old-fashioned floor scrubbing! Now if that floor were protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, she wouldn't have to worry about your tracking in a little dirt, because it would wipe up so easily with a damp cloth. Besides, she wouldn't be so tired and cross, worn out with that tiresome scrubbing. And, of course, someone should tell her that continuous scrubbing finally ruins linoleum -- whereas GLO-COAT protects it, keeps it new looking and beautiful, makes it last longer, besides saving her hours of work. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING...takes no rubbing or buffing. Jimmy, why don't you ask your mother to buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT? She'll always thank you for it!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN EVERY BORN ANGLER GETS OUT THE BOX OF TACKLE AND THE OLD BAMBOO FOR A LITTLE LIVING-ROOM FISHING. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WHERE THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE IS REVIEWING HIS PAST GLORIES AS A TROUT TRAPPER, WE MEET -

---FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: SWISH OF TROUT ROD. REPEAT:

FIB: Boy, looka the whip on that trout rod, willya? It's as springy and soople as the day I won it!

MOL: How did you win it? I don't remember.

FIB: Sure you do. I won it in that contest.

MOL: What contest?

FIB: Oh you know...finishing that sentence:... "I LIKE BARKER'S DOG BISCUITS BECAUSE - "

MOL: Why DID you like 'em?

FIB: You never gimme a chance to find out. You made me quit eatin' 'em.

MOL: Of course I did. It got so every time we had lamb chops, you'd run outdoors and bury the bones.

FIB: I thought you says it was because I started chasin' cats.

MOL: It was both. And what's more -

SOUND: SWISH...SWISH...

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FIB: Boy, is this a trout rod! What say we go fishin' over the weekend?

MOL: You go, dearie.

FIB: Don't you wanna go?

MOL: I don't believe so. Standing girdle-deep in an icy creek, and getting sinkers caught in my hairnet has sort of lost its fascination for me. I'm not as young as we were.

FIB: You always used to tell me how you LOVED to go fishin'. You says you and that old boy friend of yours, Otis Cadwallader, used to go fishin' every spring.

MOL: That was a long time ago, dearie. (SIGHS) Ahhh but it was fun, though! Otis used to let me row the boat while he fished.

FIB: Oh, he LET you row the boat! There's a gentleman for you! He didn't want his little snooky-wooky spraining her back haulin' in them two-ounce sunfish.

MOL: Fibber McGee, I do believe you're still jealous of Otis Cadwallader.

FIB: I'm never no such a thing. And as for him bein' a fisherman! That doughface couldn't catch an anchovy in a plate of hors d'oeuvres!

MOL: Well everybody but you admires him. You know he started on a shoestring and made a fortune.

FIB: Yes and there's a heel behind every shoestring.

MOL: Well, just because Otis used to be my boy friend doesn't mean he wasn't a nice boy.

FIB: Ever wish you'd married him instead of me?

MOL: Not for a minute, dearie.

FIB: Honest?

MOL: Cross my heart. I'd rather worry about the grocery bill with you than about painting the yacht with him. You know that.

FIB: Yeah...I guess old Otis ain't a bad guy, as millionaires go. And the farther he goes the better I'll like it. You sure you don't wanna go fishin' with me?

MOL: No thank you. I've got so many things to do around the house that -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

BOY: Telegram for Mrs. Fibber McGee!

MOL: Heavenly days - for ME!

BOY: Yes ma'am. Sign here, please.

MOL: All right. (PAUSE) There you are. Give the lad a quarter, McGee.

FIB: Okay. Here, bud.

BOY: Gee, couldn't you make it a nickel, instead?

MOL: A NICKEL!

BOY: Yeah...I got some swell wisecracks for guys who only gimme a nickell!

FIB: Look, bud. The reason vaudeville never came back is because guys would rather have a nickel and a wisecrack than two bits and a smart exit. NOW SCRAM, WILLYA?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Who's it from, Molly?
SOUND: (PAPER TEARING)
MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES! If this isn't a coincidence?
FIB: Whaddye mean, CO-INCIDENCE? Does it say vaudeville IS back?
MOL: No, this is from OTIS CADWALLADER!
FIB: What's that smug mugg sendin' you telegrams about? Some fortune die and leave him an uncle?

MOL: LOOK, IT'S FROM PORTLAND OREGON!
FIB: Well, that shows how ignorant HE is. Portland ain't in Oregon. It's in Maine.
MOL: There's another one in Oregon.
FIB: Could be the same one. I read in the sport section that Cleveland is in St. Louis this week. Well, what seems to be flickering your old flame now?
MOL: Listen! IT SAYS: "CAUGHT RECORD-BREAKING SALMON AND THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT IN MEMORY OF OLD DAYS... AM SENDING IT AIR EXPRESS ARRIVING TUESDAY AFTERNOON! REGARDS TO YOU AND STINKY. Signed, Otis Caldwellader."
FIB: Well, I'll be a --
MOL: WASN'T THAT SWEET, MCGEE? Otis always was so sentimental! Why he even remembered your boyhood nickname!
FIB: I remember his, too, but I'D get pinched if I ever sent it in a telegram!
MOL: How big would a record breaking salmon be, McGee?
FIB: Depends on what records it's broke. If it was high-jumping it would be light and thin, but if it was shot-putting, or wrestling -
MOL: OH STOP CLOWNING!!...WOULD IT BE TWENTY POUNDS? FIFTY POUNDS? A HUNDRED POUNDS?
FIB: I dunno. Forty or forty-five, I guess. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH ALL THAT FISH?
MOL: We can eat what we want and give the rest to our friends. He's sending it air express so it'll be nice and fresh.
FIB: Air express, eh? That was the way the stork brought Otis, too. And look how fresh he stayed.

(REVISED)

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MOL: Call the airport and see what time the afternoon plane gets in, dearie.

FIB: AWWWWWW...okay. Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks!

CLICK:

FIB: HELLO, OPERATOR. GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTS AIRPORT...OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT? HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR MARRIED SISTER? HONEST? THREE OF 'EM EH? BOY, THAT'S TERRIFIC! (LAUGHS) ~~NEVER CAN TELL FROM THE WAY THEY LOOK, CAN YOU MYRT? WHAT HOSPITAL YOU SAY?~~

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, you don't mean she ---

FIB: Imagine that, Molly? Myrt's sister was drivin' past the hospital this morning and had three blowouts in one block! HEY MYRT!..WHAT TIME'S THE AFTERNOON PLANE COME IN?

MOL: THANKS, MYRT. (CLICK) 5:52, Molly.

FIB: Fine...(FAST) LOOK...HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO, WE'LL GIVE A SALMON DINNER FOR ALL OUR FRIENDS...

MOL: Aw I don't wanna have --

FIB: START CALLING PEOPLE UP AND INVITE THEM...FIRST MRS. UPPINGTON AND --

MOL: Yeah but look, I don't want --

FIB: (FADE OUT INTO MUSIC) THEN MR. WILCOX AND MR. MILLS AND THE WIMPLES AND THE OLD TIMER AND.....

ORC: "WITH A TWIST OF THE WRIST"

APPLAUSE:

(2ND REVISION)

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SECOND SPOT

UPP: So I thought I should drop ovah and get some more details about this affair, Mrs. McGee. I didn't realize you were so interested in needlework.

MOL: NEEDLEWORK. This has nothing to do with needlework, Abigail.

UPP: But Mr. McGee said ovah the telephone that we were going to sew and sew and sew until -

FIB: I did not, Uppy. I said some old so and so was sending us a fish and we couldn't eat it all ourselves.

UPP: Well, really! I'm afraid, Mr. McGee, you don't enunciate veddy clearly.

FIB: It's a good thing I don't or they'd be takin' our phone out.

MOL: McGee's a little jealous, Mrs. Uppington. (LAUGHS) The man who's sending us this big salmon is an old flame of mine.

UPP: Ohhhhh.. (LAUGHS) (COYLY) Well, there must be a little spark of love still burning!

FIB: Yeah, and if that big clinker keeps smoldering, he's gonna make an awful ash of himself!

MOL: Oh now, McGee...(LAUGHS) Just because you never caught a record breaking fish --

FIB: I'm not so sure he did, either. I'll bet he bought a dozen cans of salmon and reconstructed it.

UPP: Tell me, Mrs. McGee...who IS this fascinating chap?

FIB: Fascinatin' my eye. He's got all the charm and personality of leftover spaghetti.

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MOL: His name is Otis Cadwallader, Abigail. And he used to be -
UPP: My DEAH! NOT THE OTIS CADWALLADER, THE MILLIONAIRE
SPORTSMAN!
FIB: Whaddye mean, Sportsman! That guy won't even play bridge
unless him and his partner can wear headphones!
MOL: McGee, you're exaggerating! He and his brother wanted to
hear Bob Hope that night.
FIB: Yeah and we, the people, lost 22 bucks!
MOL: How did you know about Mr. Cadwallader, Abigail?
UPP: Oh my deah....I am CONSTANTLY reading about him in the
fashionable magazines....is he REALLY as handsome as his
photographs?
MOL: Well, he's very good looking. Wouldn't you say so, McGee?
FIB: Not even if I thought so - and I don't.
UPP: Ohhh Mrs. McGee....you....you...oh YOU UNFORTUNATE GIRL,
YOU!
MOL: WHAT? WHY?
UPP: To think that you once had Otis Cadwallader in your
grahsp and passed him up for such a little.....(PAUSE)
FIB: SUCH A LITTLE WHAT?
UPP: Oh! Oh. Oh. -- such a little time before dinnah! I
simply MUST BE GOING!.....GOODEBYE!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIB: Cadwallader and his salmon. Believe me, if I was still
interested in a gal that had married somebody else, I'd
send her something more romantic than a fish!
MOL: My goodness, I never THOUGHT of it that way, McGee! It
IS kind of silly, isn't it?

FIB: I'll say it is. What did he woo you with - bouquets of
herring and a ten-pound box of Whitman's sardines?
MOL: You and he were about even, dearie. (LAUGHS) Your idea
of a beautiful courtship was a ride on the roller-coaster
and five boxes of crackerjack.
FIB: Well, that was quite a sacrifice for me. The roller
coaster always made me sick.
MOL: Of course it did. You ate all the crackerjack!
FIB: Well, shucks, I -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

OLD M: Hello, kids.. what's all this about a fish dinner tonight?
FIB: That's right, Old Timer. We're gettin' a big fish from
Oregon this evening. It's comin' by air.
OLD M: Oh...flyin' fish, eh?
MOL: No, it's a salmon.
OLD M: Oh..well what time we march up to the trough tonight,
daughter?
MOL: That's not a very elegant way to express it, Mr. Old
Timer, but the fish will be here at about six..so we'll
eat about six thirty. You'll be here?

OLD M: Sure will, daughter - unless some unforeseen circumstance comes up and I dunno what it'd be unless my cousin Clarence comes in from Cincinnati, and he might, because he wired me to git him a date for tonight and the only one I could git him was my gal's sister, only she won't go out unless my gal goes too, and I wouldn't trust Cousin Clarence with my gal, so I guess I better go along and keep an eye on her. SORRY KIDS, A UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCE HAS JUST COME UP! THANKS ANYWAY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that old twerp! Him and his dates! He either oughtta grow up or give up.

MOL: Look, McGee...did you ask Mr. Wilcox and Billy Mills to this dinner?

FIB: Yep. Wilcox will be here for sure, I think, and Billy will--

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hey...Molly!

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Let me see that trout we're having for dinner.

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FIB: It ain't a trout, Harlow..it's a salmon.

WIL: Oh I thought it was a trout.

MOL: Well, why did you want to see it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I was going to tell you the best way to cook trout.

FIB: Yeah? YOU were gonna tell HER how to cook? (LAUGHS)

You tell him how to sell wax then, Molly.

MOL: Don't think I couldn't.

WIL: Could you really?

MOL: Certainly I could. Look, every woman wants to be beautiful. So point out how much more time and money she'll have for facials and manicures when Johnson's Wax cuts down her housework and gives her more leisure and a bigger budget.

FIB: If they got more exercise they wouldn't have such a big budg- OH YOU MEAN BUDGET. Oh.

WIL: Go on, Molly.

MOL: Then, tell them how much more fun it is to entertain when their house or apartment is shining and beautiful and easy to clean...~~how fingerprints and dust are so easily removed from a Johnson Waxed surface.~~ How window sills and lampshades and everything are protected against wear and dirt and dampness. That's how I'D sell Johnson's Wax.

FIB: Now you tell us how to cook a fish.

WIL: Well, you take your trout -

MOL: It isn't a trout. It's a salmon.

WIL: But if it WAS a trout, you'd simply roll it in cornmeal -

FIB: DAD RAT IT, IT AIN'T A TROUT!

WIL: I know, but if it was -

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MOL: Look, Mr. Wilcox...when we have salmon, it's no use telling us how to cook trout. Like when we want Johnson's Wax it's no use trying to sell us something else.

WIL: THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR YOU SAY! NEVER ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE WHEN YOU WANT THE REAL THING! That ends today's lesson, folks. See you tonight.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That guy ought to of been a jockey. He rides a plug harder'n Eddie Arcaro.

MOL: I don't even believe he knows how to cook. That was just an excuse to talk about Wax.

FIB: I know, but let us remember ----

MOL: OH, LETTUCE! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO THINK OF. McGee, run down to the grocery and get me a head of lettuce.

FIB: Aw call 'em up and ask 'em to deliver it.

MOL: No you go get it. It'll give you an excuse to wear your new hat.

FIB: Eh? Oh that's right...here, lemme put it on. (PAUSE) How's it look?

MOL: Wonderful. You look just like Anthony Eden.

FIB: Better. I got more --

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...THUDS OF BALL BOUNCING

MOL: Heavenly days...what was that?

FIB: Kids must be playin' baseball next door again. Look...here's the ball. I'LL fix them!

MOL: Now take it easy, Dearie.

FIB: You wait. I'll teach them kids they can't -

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: Oh Hello there little girl.

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TEE: Did you see anything of a baseball, Mister? Hmmm, didja? Hmm?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, DID I SEE ANYTHING OF A BASEBALL! YOU JUST BUSTED OUR WINDOW WITH IT.

TEE: I know it. Willie Toops said girls didn't know how to play baseball so I took his bat and gee baby did I wham that ole apple right out of the park.

FIB: That's neither here nor there sis. Who's gonna pay for that window?

TEE: You are, I betcha.

FIB: Oh no, I'm not.

TEE: Oh yes you are.

FIB: OHHHHHH NO I'M NOT.

TEE: OHHH YES YOU ARE.

FIB: OHHHH...why should I pay for it?

TEE: We paid for the baseball, you oughtta pay for the window.

FIB: I see. Why don't I buy you kids a new ball too, and some uniforms and new bats and masks and catchers' mitts and all stuff like that there.

TEE: Gee that would be wonderful, mister! When you gonna do it? Hmmm? When ya gonna do it? Hmmm? Whensya?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I AIN'T GONNA DO IT!! I JUST-----

TEE: Hey you got a new hat, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Eh? Oh yeah. You like it?

TEE: Gee it's peachy. You look dandy in a hat like that.

FIB: Thanks, sis. Glad you like it. Here, take your baseball. And be a little more careful after this.

TEE: All righty. Thank you, mister. I knew you wouldn't be mean about it, I betcha, on account of you look so nice in that hat.

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FIB: (LAUGHS) You really think so, eh? Here...here's fifty cents for a new ball, too.

TEE: You're just wonderful, mister, and I didn't know you were so good-lookin' till I saw you in that expensive new hat.

FIB: It ain't so expensive, sis. It's the way I wear it. And here's a couple o' bucks, for your team. Get a couple o' gloves.

TEE: Awwwww gee, thank you mister. Wait'll I tell the kids. We'll make you mascot. We need a new one anyway.

FIB: You do?

TEE: Sure. The dog-catcher got our last one.

FIB: Oh!

TEE: Well thanks ever so much, mister. And I'm sorry it isn't winter-time so we could throw snowballs at your new hat cause we wouldn't do it, I betcha.

FIB: That's mighty decent of you, sis.

TEE: Well it's a mighty decent hat, mister. Is it a fledora?

FIB: No! It's a Homburg.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: IT'S A HOMBURG.

TEE: (~~STARTS TO CRY~~).....I'M HUNGRY!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORK: "MUSH-MUSH" -- KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

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MURMUR OF VOICES AND LAUGHTER:

WIL: Hey, Molly....Fibber...when do we eat?

CHORUS OF AGREEMENT:

FIB: Take it easy, everybody. We just phoned the airport and they says the plane was slightly delayed on account o' rain.

UPPY: Good heavens - what's a little rain to a salmon?

(LAUGHTER)

HAL: Excuse me, McGee...may I have a word with you?

FIB: Eh? Why sure, Gildersleeve...just step over here for a minute. HEY MOLLY...BETTER PUT OUT SOME MORE OLIVES AND POTATO CHIPS...THE MOB'S GETTIN' UNRULY!

(LAUGHTER FADE:)

FIB: Whatcha want, Gildersleeve. Wanta gimme a cigar, or something?

HAL: No. I want to give you a little advice.

FIB: Eh?

HAL: NEXT TIME YOU INVITE PEOPLE TO A SIX-THIRTY FISH DINNER, HAVE IT AT SIX-THIRTY WILL YOU? BY GEORGE, HERE IT IS SEVEN FIFTEEN AND I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD---

FIB: Now, - Now, - Now, take it easy, Throcky. We can't help -

HAL: I WON'T TAKE IT EASY. I'M HUNGRY AND WHEN I'M HUNGRY I DON'T FEEL GOOD. I'VE GOT HALF A M'ND TO WALK OUT AND GO TO A RESTAURANT.

FIB: If you had a half a mind, you'd sit down and relax, you big glutton.

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE, ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT YOU INVITE ME OVER HERE AND STARVE ME, WITHOUT INSUL-AH THERE MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve...what goes on here?

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FIB: This quote guest unquote of ours is ellybay-aching about the delay.

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes, Mr. Gildersleeve...it won't be much longer. Have some more olives.

HAL: I DON'T WANT ANY MORE OLIVES, I've eaten so many now I feel like a pin-ball ^{game} machine.

FIB: Don't worry...you ain't any pin ball game. You can WIN with one of those...

HAL: OHHHHHHH!...THAT SETTLES IT...I'M GOING HOME!

FIB: Okay, go on home then, you big whiner.

HAL: WHY YOU INHOSPITABLE LITTLE HENHOUSE HIBERNIAN -

FIB: Whaddye mean, henhouse Hibernian?

MOL: Shanty Irish but he cleaned it up. Now look, boys -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh oh...I'll bet that's the fish.

HAL: OH GOODY....I'LL RUN OUT AND TURN ON THE OVEN, LITTLE CHUM.

MOL: The oven is already hot, Mr. Gildersleeve...come on, McGee..let's go to the door...

MURMUR OF VOICES TO DOOR OPEN: (PAUSE)

WIMP: Hello.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Wimple.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Heavenly days, we thought you were the fish. Won't you come in and sit down.

WIMP: Oh, I'm sorry, folks...but I just can't.

MOL: Oh, you can't, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, I'm terribly sorry. Mrs. Wimple and I had intended to come but at the last minute she changed our mind.

FIB: Well, as long as you're here you might as well, stay, Wimple. She wouldn't care, would she?

WIMP: Oh yes she would, Mr. McGee. She'd just fly into one of her tantrums, I'm afraid.

MOL: What does she do in her tantrums, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh she just stands there and stamps her foot at me.

FIB: Well, that ain't so fearful, is it?

WIMP: It wouldn't be if I could only roll out of the way quicker. Well, I'm sorry if I have discommoded you, Mrs. McGee, but Mrs. Wimple and I have decided to spend a quiet evening at home.

FIB: A quiet evening, Wimple?

WIMP: Yes, my wife is going to read to me.

MOL: Isn't that nice! What does she read to you, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh the usual thing. The riot act, Good night.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: My goodness, dearie, what's delaying that salmon?

FIB: I dunno. They says as soon as the plane landed they was gonna rush it right over here by motorcycle. Maybe I better call up the airport again and -

LOUD KNOCKING:

MOL: LOOK, MCGEE...THERE IT IS. IT'S A MESSENGER WITH A BIG PACKAGE!

FIB: HOT DOG. HEY, EVERYBODY...IT'S HERE!

EXCITED VOICES:

DOOR OPEN:

~~MAN: PACKAGE FOR MRS. FIDDER MCGEE!~~

FIB: Gimme that package bud --- thanks.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: UNWRAP IT...QUICK, MCGEE, - WE'RE ALL STARVED.

CROWD: (AD LIBS)

SOUND: PAPER TEARING: (PAUSE)

(REVISED) 22-23-

FIB: (LAUGH LIKE HELL:) HEY.....LOOK!

VOICES UP IN INQUIRY:

MOL: Let me see it, McGee.....WELL HEAVENLY DAYS!

FIB: (LAUGHS) LOOK FOLKS.....IT'S STUFFED!

HAL: OH MY GOODNESS.....STUFFED AND MOUNTED, ON A BOARD.

CROWD: (EXCLAMATIONS AND LAUGHTER)

FIB: HEY, QUIET, EVERYBODY, WAIT A MINUTE...HERE'S A brass
plate on it....

MOL: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

FIB: IT SAYS: "TO MY SCHOOLGIRL SWEETHEART, MOLLY MCGEE -
EVERY TIME YOU LOOK AT THIS, PLEASE THINK OF ME."

- OTIS CADWALLADER!

(LAUGH INTO --

ORK: "ALL I DESIRE" - FADE FOR:

K

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-13-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

Closing Commercial

ANNCR:

F+M
Do you ever have Spring Fever? Ever say to yourself,
"My, but I feel so lazy today!" Don't let it worry you,
if you do....you've got lots of company, including yours
truly. Work is a great thing for everybody....sometimes
it's a life-saver. But unnecessary work is...well, it's
just unnecessary. Take your floors, for example. You
could go on scrubbing your linoleum floors all your life....
and what would it get you? Well, an aching back and red
hands, for yourself....and ruined linoleum in the bargain.
So you wisely protect your floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-
POLISHING GLO-COAT....saving yourself unnecessary work,
keeping your linoleum always bright and shining, making it
last longer. And with the hours of time you save with
GLO-COAT, you can do important things that perhaps you've
had to neglect....reading, playing with your children,
seeing your friends. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT saves you work
because it is SELF-POLISHING, needs no rubbing or buffing.
Look for the familiar red and yellow GLO-COAT package
at your dealers.

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

TAG

FIB: Ladies and Gentlemen - United States Savings Bonds are now on sale in post offices and banks everywhere. Buy as many as you can and be assured that your money is as safe as the nation itself. The country is banking on us, so let's bank on the country.

MOL: And if you're one of our neighbors in Canada, buy War Savings Certificates.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, All!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-13-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

MOLLY:
(CUE)Goodnight, all.

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox....speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX finishes for home and for industry.... inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

CLOSING TAG

.....
...speaking for the makers of
...es for home and for industry....
...with us again next Tuesday night.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
5-13-41
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

S. C. Johnson
Writers: 1

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

NOTE: This 45-second closing commercial
is to be delivered from a quiet
studio.

WILCOX:
(CUE)

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

Announcer
~~WILCOX:~~

.....
Ladies, before you do any painting or enameling, I want
you to investigate a wonderful new JOHNSON product....a
new kind of enamel that actually contains wax. It's
called JOHNSON'S WAX-O-NAMEL....and it comes in 19 stunning,
modern colors....all selected by prominent decorators.
Even the names of some of these new colors are exciting....
Daffodil Yellow, Dresden Blue, Cherokee Red, Jade Green.
WAX-O-NAMEL has three very important advantages.
The wax gives it a smoother finish, a beautiful satiny
wax-lustre....gives it extra protection against wear,
and makes it easier to clean. Just try JOHNSON'S
WAX-O-NAMEL on old furniture, your bathroom or kitchen
walls. It's easy to brush on, and one coat nearly always
covers. Ask your dealer for a WAX-O-NAMEL color chart
free. See him tomorrow.

5:30-6:00
5-20-41