

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JUNE 17, 1941  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

You know it's a strange thing to me how long it has taken most of us to realize the beauty of a fine wood surface. It isn't very long ago since it was the style to have table cloths or runners and doilies all over the dining room table and the buffet -- pieces of brocade or needlepoint or old shawls over the desk and occasional tables and piano. I may have the names all wrong -- but you know what I mean. The whole room seemed cluttered up -- and beautiful wood surfaces hung their heads in shame. But how refreshing it is now to walk into a home where the table tops are richly polished -- with JOHNSON'S WAX, of course -- to make beautiful settings for old china, glass, candlesticks and flowers. You women know that these accessories add just as much to the finish of your home as costume accessories to your own appearance. Look around your living room and dining room and see if you've made the most of your table tops and other wood surfaces. The first thing to do is to protect and beautify them with PASTE or LIQUID JOHNSON'S WAX -- the same wax that has been protecting floors and making housework easier for over 50 years.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
JUNE 17, 1941  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

You know it's a strange thing to me how long it has taken most of us to realize the beauty of a fine wood surface. It isn't very long ago since it was the style to have table cloths or runners and doilies all over the dining room table and the buffet -- pieces of brocade or needlepoint or old shawls over the desk and occasional tables and piano. I may have the names all wrong -- but you know what I mean. The whole room seemed cluttered up -- and beautiful wood surfaces hung their heads in shame. But how refreshing it is now to walk into a home where the table tops are richly polished -- with JOHNSON'S WAX, of course -- to make beautiful settings for old china, glass, candlesticks and flowers. You women know that these accessories add just as much to the finish of your home as costume accessories to your own appearance. Look around your living room and dining room and see if you've made the most of your table tops and other wood surfaces. The first thing to do is to protect and beautify them with PASTE or LIQUID JOHNSON'S WAX -- the same wax that has been protecting floors and making housework easier for over 50 years.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)



(REVISED) -4-

WIL: BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD, WHO NEVER TO HIMSELF  
HATH SAID, "GEE, I'D LIKE A RIDE ON A ROLLER COASTER!"  
BUT ROLLER COASTERS AREN'T MUCH FUN UNLESS YOU HAVE A  
CHILD ALONG TO KNOCK YOU OFF YOUR DIGNITY. WHICH IS  
WHY, HALF WAY THRU A STRENUOUS AFTERNOON AT THE WISTFUL  
VISTA AMUSEMENT PARK, WE MEET THE LITTLE GIRL FROM ACROSS  
THE STREET, <sup>with</sup> AND -

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

EFFECT: (OFF MIKE)....(CROWDS....LAUGHTER....MERRY-GO-ROUND MUSIC, etc)

FIB: Well, how we doin', sis....you havin' fun?  
TEE: Sure I am, I betcha....exceptin' I'm kinda hungry again.  
FIB: HUNGRY! Okay, sis....it's my bankroll against you digestion,  
I guess. Here's a dime.....go buy some popcorn.  
TEE: Thanks, mister....(FADE OUT) HEY MISTER POPCORN MAN....  
FIB: That kid is gonna paper napkin herself into a stupor  
before the day's over, Molly.  
MOL: Well, she needs a lot of fuel for all that energy.  
How many times did she make you ride on the roller  
coaster?  
FIB: Twelve. Personally, I was ready to quit after the  
fourth time around.  
MOL: Why didn't you?

(2nd REVISION) -5-

FIB: Couldn't stand up. If the little girl hadn't wanted a  
hamburger we'd o' been on there yet, HIYAH THERE, SIS...  
GET YOUR POPCORN?  
TEE: Sure.  
FIB: Whaddye wanna do now?  
TEE: Eat my popcorn.  
MOL: Well what do you want to do when you finish that?  
TEE: Have some rootbeer.  
FIB: Now wait a minute sis. Goodness knows I don't begrudge  
you a slug of ptomaine, but you're building this little  
outing into a colic frolic. Let the rootbeer go till later.  
TEE: All righty. Then let's have some ginger ale..now.  
FIB: Oh pshaw. She's got an appetite like Aunt Sarah and a  
thirst like Uncle Dennis.  
MOL: Now, McGee...leave poor old Uncle Dennis alone. I'm only  
sorry he couldn't come with us today.  
FIB: I asked him to and he says he had to go down to the  
airplane factory.  
MOL: AIRPLANE FACTORY!  
FIB: Yes...he heard there was a bottleneck down there and he  
wanted to look into it. WELL FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, YOU  
FINISHED THAT POPCORN ALREADY!  
TEE: Sure I have I betcha. But gee, I wish I had something  
to wash it down with, though.  
FIB: Well, what would you suggest.  
TEE: How about a banana?  
FIB: NO!  
TEE: SAY, LET'S HAVE OUR PICTURES TAKEN, HUH? SHALL WE, HUH?  
SHALL WE?

S



FIB: How about it, Molly? We need some pictures....remember?  
MOL: I don't think we want any out of a ten cent automatic machine. The last ones I had taken in one of those, I looked like a Zulu princess trying to understand the Hut Sut Song.  
FIB: That ain't so far fetched....I think some ZULU wrote it.  
WELL, COME ON SIS. Posterity might as well get something out of this.  
TEE: Gee you're dandy to me, mister. You do everything I wanna do.  
FIB: You remember that when the girl in the white cap bends over you with the castor oil, will you, sis? Come on Molly.  
MOL: Can we all get into the booth at once?  
FIB: Sure...we'll have a group picture taken...you can give one to your mother sis, and show her what a good time you were having.  
TEE: She'd think I was having a better time if I had a lollypop in my hand, I betcha.  
FIB: You can get that later. Now come on in...pull the curtains, Molly.

SOUND: CURTAIN RINGS JINGLE

MOL: You put a dime in that slot, and turn the knob, McGee.  
FIB: Okay! Now all hunch up together...ready? Here we go.  
SOUND: CLINK AND RATTLE OF COIN IN SLOT.....BELL BONGS ONCE.  
BUZZING SOUND. CLINK...CLATTER...PING. (PAUSE)

S

MOL: Well! For a minute there, I thought you'd hit the jackpot, McGee. What do we do now?  
FIB: Just wait. The picture is bein' automatically developed. Wonderful machines, these are.  
TEE: My daddy's got a machine that you stand in front of and it takes your picture free.  
FIB: He has? What does he call it?  
TEE: A Camera.  
FIB: Oh cut it out, sis. You must think I'm...HEY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS THING,...WHERE'S OUR PICTURE?

SOUND: SLAPPING AND BANGING MACHINE:

MOL: Let's go, McGee....it's worth a <sup>dime</sup> ~~quarter~~ to me not to see it anyway.  
FIB: NO SIR. I AIN'T GONNA BE SWINDLED OUTA <sup>dime</sup> ~~TWO BITS~~ BY ANY TINHORN TINTYPE TIN CAN LIKE THIS. IF I DON'T GET EITHER MY <sup>dime</sup> ~~QUARTER~~ OR A PICTURE OUT OF HERE I'M GONNA KICK THE NEGATIVES OUT OF IT!

SOUND: KICKS.....THUDS.....BANGS.....TERRIFIC CLATTER....

HEAVY THUD

TEE: Gee, look! A man fell out of it!

S



OLD MAN: Sayyyy...what's the idea <sup>hustler's pen</sup> ~~begin~~ ' this tintype machine ' like that sonny? Don't you realize - Oh!! Oh hello Johnny. Hello, daughter.

FIB: HEY WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY. WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' INSIDE THAT MACHINE, OLD TIMER?

OLD MAN: Got a right to be inside of it, Johnny. I own it.

MOL: I thought it was supposed to be automatic.

OLD MAN: Tis, daughter. But it went outa order this mornin' and I been in there ever since. I grab the <sup>dimes</sup> ~~quarters~~... snap your picture with my little kodak...develop 'em quick and shove 'em out thru the slot. And now you've busted up the whole works! AIN'T YOU ASHAMED, JOHNNY?

FIB: Yes I guess I am. In a way. But what took you so long to develop our pictures.

OLD MAN: (GIGGLES) Couldn't help it, Johnny. I peeked thru the little slot there to git a focus on you, (GIGGLES) and you looked so silly and self-conscious I got to laughin'. (GIGGLES HARDER) GOT TO LAUGHIN' SO HARD I COULDN'T DO A DARN THING! (BREAKS DOWN)

FIB: Aw fer the...come on, Molly. Come on, sis!

SOUND: JINGLE OF CURTAIN RINGS...PARK SOUNDS UP AND FADE:

FIB: Well let's see...what'll we do now? Ride on the merry-go-round?...Shoot darts at the balloons or -

GALE: I beg your pardon, sir. May I have a word with you?

FIB: Whatcha want, bud? Make it snappy.

GALE: I have a proposition I'd like to make, sir. If I could have a quiet word with you, I think -

FIB: Anything you want to tell me bud, you can say in front of my wife.

GALE: Of course...of course.. this will interest her, too. Suppose we all drop over to my hotel where we can discuss the matter in --

MOL: OH NO YE DON'T! Don't listen to him, McGee...he's gonna get you into a poker game or something.

GALE: Oh madame, PLEASE. It's nothing of the sort. I merely -

FIB: SKIP IT, BUD. SKIP IT. I WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED ANYWAY. Now don't bother me with any fake propositions. I'm out for some fun today and -

GALE: But if you'll just give me a minute...

FIB: I WOULDN'T SPLIT A SECOND WITH YOU, SHARPSHOOTER. GO WAN... BEAT IT BEFORE I CALL A COP!

GALE: (FADE) Very well but you'll regret ----

MOL: The nerve of some people.

FIB: Well, what do we do now?

MOL: Well, how about taking one of those boats thru the Tunnel of Love?

FIB: How's about it, sis?

TEE: Awww, Tunnel of Love... ISH!



(REVISED)

-11-

FIB: Oh now now now...don't sneer at love sis.  
MOL: I should say not, You'll be falling in love yourself  
before many years, little girl!  
TEE: I will not, I betcha. I'm gonna marry Willie Toops and  
then I can ride his tricycle whenever I wanna.  
FIB: Has it occurred to you, Sis, that by the time you get  
married, you might not be interested in tricycles any more?  
TEE: Gee, mister, you worry too much. HEY CAN I HAVE SOME  
~~POPCORN?~~  
FIB: MAY I have some ~~popcorn~~ *peanuts*.  
TEE: Sure. Get two bags. One for you.  
FIB: Oh pshaw!  
ORK: "SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"

APPLAUSE:

(2nd REVISION) -12-

SECOND SPOT

PARK SOUNDS...CROWDS...UP AND FADE:

TEE: Gee, Mister McGee, thanks for the be-utiful Kewpie doll.  
You're a winnerful pistol shooter.  
FIB: Thanks, sis!  
MOL: Yes, it didn't cost you more than \$4.80 to win a plaster  
doll worth <sup>at least</sup> 20¢.  
FIB: Well, shucks, the wind was against me at first, and ---  
MOL: McGee! There's Billy Mills!....HELLO BILLY!  
FIB: Hiyah, William!  
MILLS: Hello, folks. Hello, snooky.  
TEE: Hiyah, butch.  
MILLS: What's cookin'?  
TEE: I dunno, but as soon as it's done, I want some, I betcha.  
FIB: She's a kind of a politician, Billy. Just appointed  
herself a hot dog-catcher. HEY WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOUR TEN  
THOUSANDTH BROADCAST?  
MILLS: This is it, chum.  
MOL: Really, Mr. Mills.....10,000 broadcasts! That's a  
mess of downbeats, isn't it?  
MILLS: You ain't fakin', mommy!



FIB: Look, William, William Randolph. Let's not kid the public. Or ourselves, either. To do ten thousand broadcasts, do you realize you have to broadcast once every day for 27 years?

MOL: - and we've only had broadcasting for about..well, less than 20 years.

FIB: So who's pulling who's leg?

MILLS: Look, little man. Who said anything about one broadcast a day? I've been a staff leader and musical director in my day.

MOL: You mean before you went slumming and came with us.

MILLS: Yeah...and that meant I did as many as 12 shows a day. Add that up and you get about four thousand a year.

FIB: You mean to stand there, William, with your head coming up thru your hair, and tell me you've done 12 broadcasts a day?

MILLS: Junior, I've seen the time when 12 shows a day would have been considered a layoff. Now excuse me please...I'm celebrating.

TEE: Gee, let's all celebrate! Let's all have a <sup>fat dog</sup> hamburger!!!  
Hmmm? Shall we? Hmmm? Shall we?

FIB: NO SIS. NO! We'll let the maestro celebrate in his own way.

MOL: Incidentally how are you celebrating, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: After 16 years of this business, and three years with Fibber McGee and Molly, where WOULD I celebrate? ON the merry-go-round! See you later.

NOISES UP AND FADE:

FIB: Great guy, Billy! Now what, sis?

TEE: You been so good to me today, mister, buying me things and letting me ride on any of the rides I wanted to, and all, and I appreciate it so much that if I had a box of crackerjack I'd divide with you.

FIB: Now wait a minute, sis. I don't like to be a old scourpuss, but -

WIL: (FADE IN) (AS BARKER) ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT...  
RIGHT THIS WAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO SEE THAT FEROCIOUS FOREIGNER, THAT TERRIFIC TERROR OF THE TROPICS, THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO! Only a dime, ten cents, LADEES AND GENTLEMEN, TO SEE THE MAN-MANGLING MONSTER.

MOL: Look, McGee - it's Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: When did he get a job as a barker?

TEE: As a what, mister?

FIB: Barker.

TEE: I WANNA HOT DOG!

FIB: Be quiet, sis. HEY HARLOW!

WIL: WELL HELLO THERE FOLKS....GLAD TO SEE YOU. How about taking a gander at the Wild Man of Borneo? It's on the house.

MOL: Is he really wild, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Is he! LISTEN. HEY.....BONZO! WE GOT COMPANY!

SOUND: HORRIBLE GROWL: CLANKING OF CHAINS:

TEE: Why does he make that funny noise, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: He's hungry.

TEE: HE'S hungry.

FIB: Come on, let's go in and take a look.



SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN STEPS:

WIL: Now take it easy, folks...don't get too close to the wild man. GET BACK BONZO!...GET BACK!

GROWL AND CLANK OF CHAINS:

MOL: But what made him so wild, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: He was captured by a ship's captain who had old fashioned ideas, and positively refused to use Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat on the linoleum.

SOUND: TERRIFIC GROWL AND CLANK OF CHAINS:

WIL: See? The very MENTION of somebody who doesn't use Johnson's Glocoat sends him into a frenzy! TAKE IT EASY BONZO! These people work for the makers of Glocoat.

SOUND: WHIMPER

FIB: Harlow.. I ain't one to spoil a good sales talk, but if this monkey was born in Borneo, how should he know about Glocoat?

WIL: WHY WHAT A QUESTION! JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT IS FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD..BECAUSE IT'S THE GREATEST BEAUTIFIER AND PROTECTOR OF LINOLEUM, AND THE BEST WORK SAVER AND TIME SAVER THAT MONEY CAN BUY. Why the Eskimos of Kamchatka, whisper in their igloos about how easy it is to apply, and the Malays in Siberia brag about how it brings old linoleum back to life.

TEE: I'll betcha there aren't any Malays in Siberia, I betcha.

WIL: Ah, but they would go there Honey, for a can of Johnson's self polishing Glocoat. And that's what makes the Wild Man of Borneo wild, folks. He can't STAND the thought of neglected linoleum! And that concludes the exhibit for -

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN STEPS:

WIL: Now take it easy, folks...don't get too close to the wild man. GET BACK BONZO!...GET BACK!

GROWL AND CLANK OF CHAINS:

MOL: But what made him so wild, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: He was captured by a ship's captain who had old fashioned ideas, and positively refused to use Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat on the linoleum.

SOUND: TERRIFIC GROWL AND CLANK OF CHAINS:

WIL: See? The very MENTION of somebody who doesn't use Johnson's Glocoat sends him into a frenzy! TAKE IT EASY BONZO! These people work for the makers of Glocoat.

SOUND: WHIMPER

FIB: Harlow.. I ain't one to spoil a good sales talk, but if this monkey was born in Borneo, how should he know about Glocoat?

WIL: WHY WHAT A QUESTION! JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT IS FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD..BECAUSE IT'S THE GREATEST BEAUTIFIER AND PROTECTOR OF LINOLEUM, AND THE BEST WORK SAVER AND TIME SAVER THAT MONEY CAN BUY. Why the Eskimos of Kamchatka, whisper in their igloos about how easy it is to apply, and the Malays in Siberia brag about how it brings old linoleum back to life.

TEE: I'll betcha there aren't any Malays in Siberia, I betcha.

WIL: Ah, but they would go there Honey, for a can of Johnson's self polishing Glocoat. And that's what makes the Wild Man of Borneo wild, folks. He can't STAND the thought of neglected linoleum! And that concludes the exhibit for -



FIB: Just a minute, Harlow..there's one thing I think you oughtta know.

WIL: What's that, Fibber?

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) If there's anything that makes ME wild, it's to see a wild man of Borneo with a fur suit on with the zipper comin' loose in the back!

WIL: Darn it, I keep TELLING him about that. BONZO, YOU DOPE - GO FIX YOUR ZIPPER!

GROWL: (EMBARASSED GROWL)

MOL: Come on, McGee..we still have a lot to do and see. G'bye Mr. Wilcox.

TEE: Hey Mr. McGee, can I go on the roller coaster alone? Hmmm? Can I? Hmmm?

FIB: Can we let her go on the roller coaster alone, Molly?

MOL: I think so, McGee. They'll have an attendant ride on it with her.

FIB: Okay. Here's four bits, sis. We'll meet you right here when you come back.

TEE: Gee thanks, mister. (FADE OUT SINGING) I'M goin' on the roller coaster...I'm goin' on the roller coaster.

GALE: I beg your pardon, sir. I DO hate to intrude on you again, but I feel that what I have to say is of so much importance-

FIB: Oh it's YOU AGAIN, is it, bud.

MOL: He's been following us all around the park, McGee. I've been watching him.

GALE: But madam, if you'll only permit me to explain, I'm sure we -

FIB: YOU ONLY GOT ONE THING TO EXPLAIN, BUD, AND THAT'S WHY I DON'T POP YOU ONE RIGHT ON THE SCHNOZZOLA.

GALE: Now now now, I'M sure there's no cause for all your antagonism.

FIB: Whatcha mean antagonism - I can see as good as the next guy.

GALE: No no no hard feelings. Now look. The reason I wished to speak with you is -

FIB: LOOK, BUD...YOU BETTER SCRAM I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF YOUR RACKET. IS THAT PLAIN?

GALE: But if you'll allow me ---

MOL: YOU HEARD MY HUSBAND. NOW GO AWAY.

GALE: Very well, madame.

FIB: Hmmm. Persistent cuss ain't he? Con man. Probably wanted to sell me a half interest in Fort Knox.

MOL: You think he did, really? Let's call him back. A half interest in Fort Knox ought to be a very good investment!

FIB: Oh now, Molly, I - Oh oh!

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: Look there's Mrs. Uppington comin' out of the Tunnel of Love....ALONE!

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS.... What on earth....YOO HOO...ABIGAIL!

UPP: (FADE IN) Oh how do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McGee...

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy, WE SAW YOU COMIN' OUT OF THE TUNNEL OF LOVE.

UPP: Oh. Oh that. (LAUGHS EMBARRASSEDLY) Oh yes, I,er..I frequently come over and take a ride thru the tunnel of love. It's...well it brings back memories of...of an old flame of mine.

FIB: Pretty damp surroundings for an old flame, Uppy.



UPP: Yes...I suppose I'M just being a silly girl, but Terence...  
(Terence was the gentleman's name) Terence simply LOVED  
those dark winding passages...the murmur of the water...the  
unexpected turns and twists.

FIB: Was he a sailor, Uppy?

UPP: No. Nothing like that....Terence, bless his heart...was a  
sewer contractor. Well...I think I shall take one more  
ride before I go home...Goodbye...  
.....

APPLAUSE: (MUSIC)

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN HONOR OF HIS 10 THOUSANDTH  
BROADCAST, THE KING'S MEN WILL SING BILLY MILLS NEW  
NUMBER - "I'M IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND EFFECTS MAN"!

ORK: I'M IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND EFFECTS MAN" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

m

THIRD SPOT:

MURMUR OF VOICES:

MOL: But McGee..we've simply got to find her. Did you ask the man  
in charge of the roller coaster?

FIB: Four times....she used up all her tickets and walked away...  
I been all around the dad ratted park lookin' for her.

MOL: Maybe we better notify the police....or the lost and found...

FIB: Gotta do something. Poor little tyke must be terrified,  
lost in all this crowd...~~HEY...LITTLE GIRL!!!!~~

~~GIRL: Fushie!~~

~~FIB: I didn't mean you, sis. I lost a little girl. HEY...LITTLE  
GIRL...WHERE ARE YOU?~~

MURMUR OF VOICES:

MOL: Oh dear oh dear oh dear...we should NEVER have let her out  
of our sight. I should have known...

HAL: (FADE IN) WELL WELL WELL...WHAT'S THE TROUBLE FOLKS?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: We lost a little girl, Gildy. The kid from across the  
street. She was ridin' on the roller coaster and now we  
can't find her.

HAL: You let her ride on the roller coaster all alone?

MOL: Well, they have attendants to take care of the children.

FIB: Yeah..she was all right.

HAL: IS THAT SO. SHE'S MISSING ISN'T SHE? WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY  
WHERE YOU COULD KEEP AN EYE ON HER? YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO  
BE TRUSTED WITH A LITTLE CHILD.

FIB: NOW YOU CUT THAT OUT, GILDERSLEEVE. I FEEL BAD ENOUGH ABOUT  
THIS WITHOUT ANY OF YOUR NASTY INSINUATIONS.

d



MOL: I should say so. I'll go back to the merry-go-round, McGee and take another look.

FIB: Okay. Try all the hamburger stands, too. She may be mooching a handout.

HAL: I must say you take this pretty lightly, McGee. BY GEORGE IF I WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOSING A LITTLE CHILD, -

FIB: ANYBODY THAT LOST YOU WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE CHILD SHOULD O' GOT A CARNEGIE MEDAL, YOU BIG BLOWHARD.

HAL: Now look here, McGee, just because you were written up in Look Magazine this week, you can't take that tone with me. I'LL HAVE NONE OF YOUR IMPUDENCE!

FIB: Oh go on...have some! I got plenty.

HAL: WHY YOU LITTLE BUG-BRAIN, I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO SLAP SOME OF THAT FRESHNESS OUT OF YOU!

FIB: GO AHEAD. TRY IT. YOU'LL FIND IT AIN'T SUCH A GOOD NOTION AFTER ALL. BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT I'D DO, GILDERSLEEVE?

HAL: WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

FIB: WELL, FOR ONE THING, I'D STAND RIGHT HERE AND GIVE YOU A DIRTY LOOK, IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE ONE ALREADY. AND THEN -

HAL: I WON'T TAKE THAT FROM YOU, MCGEE..I'M WARNING YOU!

FIB: OH ..SO NOW YOU THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE WARNER BROTHERS. YOU GOT DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, GILDERSLEEVE.

HAL: THAT'S ENOUGH! I'M GOING TO SPLIT YOU WIDE OPEN, MCGEE... YOU'RE SO FULL OF CRACKS, YOU WON'T MIND ANOTHER ONE ANYWAY..

FIB: YEAH? YOU MOVE AN INCH MY WAY, GILDERSLEEVE, AND I'LL -

TEE: SLUG HIM, MR. MCGEE..SLUG HIM!

FIB: YOU BET I'LL SLUG HIM...I'LL.....WHO SAID THAT?

TEE: I did, I betcha.

HAL: My goodness...there she is now, McGee...

FIB: Hey where you been sis? You had me worried.

d

TEE: Gee you had me worried too, mister. I thought Mr. Gildersleeve was going to hit you before you hit him.

HAL: (LAUGHS) Now now...don't you worry your pretty little head about us, my dear.

FIB: Naw, we were just kind of upset about you, sis.

HAL: WHY CERTAINLY...WELL GLAD YOU GOT HER BACK ALL RIGHT LITTLE CHUM...SEE YOU LATER.

FIB: Okay, Gildy. So long. HEY MOLLY...HERE SHE IS!

MOL: (FADE IN) Well thank goodness. Where did you go, little Girl?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

TEE: Well, you gave me fifty cents for the roller coaster so I took four rides and then I went and got another hot dog.

FIB: ANOTHER HOT DOG! Now wait a minute sis. If you don't quit eatin' all that junk you're gonna -

GALE: I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR.

MOL: Oh dear, it's you again! CALL A COP, MCGEE.

FIB: Look, bud. I've told you twice that I don't want any of whatever you're selling. All we want from you is a large slice of your absence. NOW BEAT IT BEFORE I -

GALE: I regret very much having made a nuisance of myself, sir. But I have been watching you two. I have seen you having fun on the roller coaster...I have seen you exasperated in the photograph booth...worried and frantic when the child was lost, angry when you were arguing with <sup>that pretty gentleman</sup> ~~Mr. Gildersleeve~~... in short, sir, I have seen you under all sorts of emotional conditions.

d



MOL: That's very interesting, but what -

GALE: We have been searching all over the country for a couple whom we could present in pictures as MR & MRS AMERICA.

FIB: EH? YOU MEAN - Who's been searching? Who are you?

GALE: I represent RKO Radio Pictures, sir, and we would like to sign you to a contract to <sup>make</sup> a motion picture with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy called "LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING!"

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS!!!!

FIB: OH BOY...IMAGINE THAT, MOLLY? WE'RE IN THE MOVIES....THINK OF US..OUT THERE IN HOLLYWOOD.....MIXIN' WITH IRENE DUNNE!! CARY GRANT! LUCILLE BALL..AND ALL THE STARS PLAYIN' THEM BIG ROLES.

TEE: Those big what, mister?

FIB: ROLES!

TEE: I'M HUNGRY!

ORK: "POOR MOON" FADE FOR -

APPLAUSE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
 Fibber McGee & Molly  
 6-17-41  
 Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial - U.S.

ANNCR: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.

(PAUSE)

You know, I hear a good many women say that during the summer they don't like to spend any more time than necessary in the kitchen. In spite of the fact that I really enjoy my meals, I can subscribe to that idea -- in fact, I don't think a woman should ever spend more time than necessary working in the kitchen. For example, she ought to avail herself of all the short cuts possible - not go on doing things the hard way, when an easy way is available. Yes, I'm getting around to floors -- and to JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, the no-rubbing, no buffing polish that makes it so easy to have beautiful, sparkling floors with practically no work. You simply apply GLO-COAT and let it dry -- it polishes itself - and not only saves you work, but saves your linoleum, too, protects it against scratches and wear, makes it last much longer, You can use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on all your floors -- painted and varnished wood, rubber and asphalt tile. Be sure to add JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT to your next shopping list.

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



TAG GAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, in addition to Billy Mills and his orchestra, the musical portion of our program also boasts ~~of the presence~~ of The King's Men. <sup>We</sup> think they're just about the finest singing aggregation on the air.

They are Jon Dodson, Bud Lynn, Rad Robinson and Ken Darby.

MOL: Ken also makes their arrangements and plays the accompaniment.

FIB: The King's Men!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: The part of Harlow Wilcox on this show is played by a young man who really makes his commercial announcements a pleasure to listen to. He has been with us for seven years and his real name is Harlow Wilcox.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORK: THEME

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
6-17-41  
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

(CUE)  
MOLLY: .....Goodnight, all.

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



.....  
akers of  
r industry --  
sday night.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
6-17-41  
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

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

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

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

CUE:  
(WILCOX)

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

.....  
Before you start off on another weekend trip in your car,  
let me make a suggestion. You and your family  
and friends will enjoy the trip more if your car is  
beautifully wax-polished -- and the car will be easier to  
keep clean and shining, too. So buy yourself a can of  
JOHNSON'S CARNU -- the sensational easy-to-use auto  
polish that both cleans and wax-polishes your car in one  
application. Two jobs in one -- in less than half the  
time they used to take. CARNU is saving hours of work  
for car owners everywhere -- it's easy now to have a  
beautiful wax-polished car. Remember the name, JOHNSON'S  
CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

FIBBER

6-24-41  
5:30-6:00 PM PST



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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 201

5:30-6:00 PM PST  
6-17-41

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.

FIBBER & MOLLY DEDICATE THIS PROGRAM TO BILLY MILLS,  
WHO TONIGHT OPENS HIS TEN THOUSANDTH BROADCAST WITH:

"LET'S BREAK THE ICE"

ORCH: "LET'S BREAK THE ICE"

(FADE FOR:)