

(REVISED)

S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
WRITER: Don Quinn

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#303

9-30-41
6:50-7:00 PM PST

NBC - Red

k

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORK: THEME:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat welcome thirty new stations to their network ^{tonight} as
they present FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY, WITH SONGS BY THE PETITE
AND GLAMOROUS MARTHA TILTON, THE TOP-RANKING KING'S MEN,
AND THE MUSIC OF BILLY MILLS. THE SHOW, WRITTEN BY DON QUINN,
OPENS WITH - "I'M NOT IN THE MOOD!"

ORK: "I'M NOT IN THE MOOD" -- FADE FOR

- Comm'l next page -

k

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

OPENING COMMERCIAL

It's great to have Fibber and Molly back again, isn't it? They're all tanned and rested after their vacations, and I'm sure they have lots of good fun in store for your Tuesday evenings from now on. Our sponsors, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS, would like to join all of you in giving them a royal welcome. Here's to Fibber and Molly and Don Quinn, the writer, and all the members of this fine cast of performers. May they live long and happily and may they continue to be your friends and your favorite radio program. And may I thank all of you for our sponsors -- because after all, it is your continued and enthusiastic loyalty to JOHNSON WAX PRODUCTS that has made this whole affair so successful. It's a good thing to remember, by the way, that whenever you buy any JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCT, you're buying the best -- and you're sure of complete satisfaction.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: WELL, ALL GOOD THINGS - EVEN VACATIONS - MUST COME TO AN END. AND A GOOD THING, TOO BECAUSE A BANK ACCOUNT IS A GOOD THING TOO AND TWO PEOPLE WE KNOW WERE COMING TO THE END OF THAT, TOO! AND HERE, JUST ARRIVING HOME AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 13 WEEKS, THOSE TRAVEL-WEARY, TRAIN-TIRED, SHIP-SHAPELESS, MA^Y-HAPPY HOMECOMERS, --

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! ---

PROLONGED APPLAUSE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH - RATTLE OF KEYS - DOOR OPEN & SHUT

MOL: Heavenly days! Isn't it wonderful to be home again, McGee?

FIB: Ah, HOME! A 4-letter word meaning "no tipping". I can hardly wait to see everybody...tell 'em about Alaska and the big bear I shot. I'll knock 'em dead.

MOL: My, doesn't the house look good! Uncle Dennis must have taken wonderful care of it while we were gone.

FIB: Yeah? I'll bet he's got the house full of flies.

MOL: It's too late in the year for flies.

FIB: Not for barflies...wonder if he's home.

MOL: I'll see. YOO HOOOO....UNCLE DENNIS!!!! IT'S MOLLY AND FIBBER. WE'RE HOME!

(PAUSE)

MOL: YOO HOO!!!.....UNCLE DENNIS!

(PAUSE)

MOL: Maybe he's out.

FIB: He may be away but he ain't out. That guy can hold more --

MOL: MCGEE! Will you PLEASE stop talking that way about Uncle Dennis? He's every inch a gentleman.

FIB: He is? Remind me to measure him, next time he falls down. Oh well, I'll admit he's got everything in pretty good order around here.....Ohhh boy...lemme sit in my old easy chair a minute. (SIGHS) Thank goodness we only have to take one vacation a year. Sure tires you out, don't it?

MOL: Yes but it's been a wonderful trip. You've learned all about Salmon fishing, bear hunting and underwater photography.

FIB: Eh? Whaddye mean, underwater photography?

MOL: You mean it was ACCIDENTAL, when you fell out of the canoe with the movie camera?

(DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Oh dear look out the window and see who it is, McGee...

FIB: It's Mrs. Uppington! COME IN, UPPY!

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Abigail...MY IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

UPPY: How do you do, my deah...AND MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy! Glad to see even you! How's the world been treating you? Seldom?

MOL: Have you had a nice summer, Abigail?

UPP: Oh delightful, Mrs. McGee...SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL! I have spent the summah singing for the boys in the army camps. But tell me, where HAVE you been and have you been doing?

FIB: Well sir, Uppy. We drove to Seattle and took a boat to Alaska. Wonderful country, too! It's the --

UPP: Oh, how those soldiers did appreciate my singing. I was on the program with anotheh lady singer, you know, and they simply wouldn't let me leave the platform. They kept shouting, MORE!!!! MORE!!! GIVE US MORE!!!

MOL: That must have made the other singer feel fine. Who was she?

UPP: Er....Grace Moore, I believe.

FIB & MOL: Ooohhhhh!

FIB: But lemme tell you about Alaska, Uppy. Beautiful country. You ain't seen anything till you've seen the first rays of the arctic sun, glintin' on the icy waters of Ketchikan creek. With the -

UPP: OH YOU MUST tell me all about it, Mr. McGee. Sometime.

But now I simply must be going. I must let NOTHING interfere with my work for the boys. Did I ever show you the lovely lettah of appreciation I received from the White House for my work in a previous national emergency?

MOL: Yes, you did, dearie. And I must say it was real thoughtful of President Lincoln to do it.

UPP: Yes indeed it....I BEG YOUR PARDON. IT WAS PRESIDENT WILSON. GOODDAY!

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Phew! If 'd of been you, Molly, I wouldn't of been quite so -

(DOOR OPEN)

UPP: (NASTILY) I ALMOST FORGOT. WELCOME HOME!

(DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH &
TILTON: ("YES INDEED")

FIB: Folks, we're very happy to welcome to our show tonight that sensational young songstress - Martha Tilton. Martha!...

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: You'll have to admit, McGee - Uncle Dennis has kept the house in apple pie order.

FIB: He would! He knows I don't like apple pie. Is he home?

MOL: Yes, he's taking a nap.

SOUND: SHARP TAPPING: REPEAT

FIB: What's that?

MOL: I told you. Uncle Dennis is taking a nap.

SOUND: REPEAT

FIB: But what's that noise?

MOL: It's a woodpecker. He sleeps like a log.

FIB: Oh. Say, I wonder if that taxidermist in Seattle has sent me that bearskin yet.

MOL: It's too soon, dearie. It takes a little time to cure it, you know.

FIB: Not when I shoot 'em. When McGee draws a bead on 'em, BANG! They're cured of whatever troubles they ever had.

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: WELL WELL WELL...BILLY MILLS!

MOL: Hello, Billy. My it's nice to see you again.

MILLS: Hello, kids. Welcome home.

MOL: Thanks Billy! And what kind of summer did you have?

MILLS: Swell, babe. Very groovy.

FIB: You mean gravy.

MILLS: No GROOVY. In the groove.

MOL: Oh. Have you the same bunch of nice boys in your band this year, Billy?

m

(2ND REVISION) -8-

MILLS: Yeah. All but my scrivel player. Had to let him go.

FIB: Why, Bill?

MILLS: You know what a scrivel is?

MOL: No.

MILLS: Neither did he. Neither did I. So I had to let him go.

FIB: Well, we went up to Alaska, Billy. Great country, too.

MILLS: I've heard of it. Up that way, isn't it?

FIB: Yeah. You oughtta go up there sometime, Billy. Boy, if you could ever get a load of the first rays of the arctic sun, glinting on the icy waters of Ketchikan creek, -- Alaska!

MILLS: Say, maybe my secretary would know what a scrivel is.

FIB: Alaska -

MILLS: Alaska myself. See you later, Babe. So long, Skimp.

DOOR SLAM

(PAUSE)

FIB: Alaska myself! If that ain't the worst pun -

MOL: Well he couldn't help it. He just reads what's rotten.

FIB: You mean written.

MOL: I know what I mean. All the time we -

DOOR OPEN

MOL: MR. WILCOX!

FIB: HIYAH HARLOW! WELCOME HOME...ER...NO! You're supposed to say that.

WIL: ALL RIGHT (LAUGHS) WELCOME HOME...Have a nice trip?

MOL: Simply grand, Mr. Wilcox. Did you know we want to Alaska?

WIL: Yes, I heard about it. Have fun?

m

FIB: I'll say. I shot a bear, Harlow. 7 feet three inches from
beezer to bustle. Ahhh that's a great country. If you
could ever see the first rays of the arctic sun, glinting on
the icy waters of Ketchikan creek, you'd -

WIL: I had a great time myself this summer. Right here in
Wistful Vista.

FIB: You did?

WIL: Yeah. Boy, if you could only see the beauty, as I do, in
the first rays of the Wistful Vista sunshine glinting on
the lovely surface of a freshly Glocoated linoleum, bringing
new life to the pattern and coloring, and protecting it
from scuffing and cracking, you wouldn't HAVE to go to
Alaska.

MOL: Yes, but you can't shoot bear in somebody's kitchen.

FIB: He doesn't shoot bear. He shoots the b-

MOL: McGEE!!.....HE DOES NOT!

WIL: (LAUGHS) Incidentally, Molly, you'll have to give me
partial credit for your house being so well kept while
you were away.

FIB: Why? Uncle Harlow, asked little Fibber, with a mischievous
twinkle in his merry blue eyes, because he knew darn well
what was in store for all his little radio friends!

WIL: Well, I stopped by and gave Uncle Dennis a lecture on the
value of Johnson's Glocoat in the home. I made him set
down his tray of ice cubes and really listen. Look Dennis,
I said, Molly took great care in selecting that linoleum,
and you've got to take good care of it. HOW? he says,
putting the corkscrew back in his pocket. WITH GLOCOAT, I
said. IT SHINES AS IT DRIES IN 20 MINUTES OR LESS AND DIRT
AND DUST WIPES RIGHT OFF. Well, I've got to be getting
along, folks. Glad you're back.

FIB: Wait a minute, Harlow. I wanna tell you about Alaska. It's
the most wonderful.....

WIL: Wait a minute. Have you told anybody else about it?

MOL: Why no - he hasn't, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Why?

WIL: Then don't tell me. You know I can't keep a secret.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Say, Molly there's a good place for that bearskin...right
on the floor in front of the fireplace.

MOL: NEVER! I'm not going to go around doing my housework with
that thing showing its big beautiful white teeth at me
like Caesar Romero, and I wish it was!

FIB: I think I'll put it on the floor in front of my bed. Then
on cold winter mornings -

MOL: Look, McGee....never mind the bearskin now. You've got to
help me take down the curtains. They're going to the
cleaners.

FIB: Aw let's do it tomorrow.

MOL: I never saw such a man. You either work like fury for a few minutes or you sit down doing nothing.

FIB: I know. I'm a member of the sweater set.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: Yeah. I either sweat, or set. (LAUGHS) Get it Molly? I says I'm a member of the sweater set because I either sw--

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE.

FIB: Well, so what? You might have gone along with me on our first show.

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Well! Everybody seems to know we're home again.

FIB: Yes, The Johnson Wax Company asked me not to keep it confidential. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

HAL: HELLO, MRS McGEE.....HELLO, LITTLE CHUM. (LAUGHS)

FIB: GILDERSLEEVE!

MOL: My it's nice to see you, Mr. Gildersleeve! Won't you have a chair and a cup of tea?

HAL: er...NO THANK YOU, MRS.McGEE....I can't stay but just a moment. Just dropped in to say goodbye.

FIB: GOODBYE? WHERE YOU GOING?

HAL: I'M not going. I've gone. (LAUGHS) I've moved to Summerfield. Managing the estate of my niece and nephew.

FIB: Whatcha gonna do with your house, Gildy? Sell it or rent it?

HAL: Sell it. Would you care to buy it as an investment?

FIB: ME? (LAUGHS) I wouldn't give you a nickel for that rat-ridden rabbit hutch, Throcky.

HAL: Ohhhhhhhh!

FIB: Remember when that house had a iron deer out on the front lawn, Molly?

MOL: Yes, whatever happened to it?

FIB: It looked around one day, took a look at the house and ran away. (LAUGHS)

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, McGEE, I'VE TAKEN PLENTY FROM YOU IN MY DAY, BUT BY GEORGE - Oh my goodness!!!

MOL: What's the matter?

HAL: I must remember to buy George, my caretaker, a little gift. He's been taking care of my house this summer. Did you meet him?

FIB: Nope. We were up in Alaska, Trocky. Wonderful place. I shot one of the biggest bears ever -

HAL: And how did you like it, Mrs. McGee?

MOL: Oh I had a wonderful time, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: The way I happened to shoot him was that I was walkin' around a bend of Ketchikan Creek when all of a sudden -

HAL: What time is it?

FIB: It was early in the morning, just as the first rays of the arctic sun were glinting on the icy -

HAL: I MEAN WHAT TIME IS IT NOW?

MOL: 3:30, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: OH DEAR....JUST GOT TIME TO CATCH MY TRAIN. But I just couldn't go without coming in to say....goodbye to you, Mrs. McGee....and Fibber - my little chum.

FIB: You mean....we ain't gonna see you anymore....Gildy....?

HAL: Ahhhh chin up, little pal....that's life, you know....after all....we're just ships that pass in the night...I...I hope you miss me as much as....I'm going to miss...you...

MOL: Ships that pass in the night had BETTER miss each other.

FIB: Gildy, old man...I...I hardly know what to say....

HAL: Let's just say this isn't goodbye...it's...it's au revoir...

FIB: I....I can't say that....Gildy....

HAL: Why not?

FIB: I can't pronounce it. Let's just say....Goodbye....
(TEARFULLY) Goodbye.

HAL: Goodbye....OH....another thing. My lawn mower.

MOL: What about your lawn mower?

HAL: McGee never returned it. And I'm going to need it in Summerfield.

FIB: Now wait a minute, Gildersleeve....you know very well that ain't your lawn mower.

HAL: It is too....you borrowed it.

FIB: IT WAS MINE AND YOU BORROWED IT!

MOL: That broken-down clover-clipper has changed hands oftener than the world's wrestling championship. Can either of you PROVE ownership?

HAL: Yes!

FIB: How?

HAL: It's got my initials carved on the underside of the handle.

MOL: If it has, it's yours, Mr. Gildersleeve. Go get it, McGee.

FIB: I will not. If he wants it, let him go get it himself.

HAL: All right. I will. Where is it?

FIB: Right in there!

HAL: Here?

FIB: Yes.

HAL: Okay. By George, I'll--

DOOR LATCH...TERRIFIC AVALANCHE OF JUNK...BELL TINKLE....(PAUSE)

HAL: McGee....aren't you EVER going to straighten out that closet?

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH. & KING'S MEN: "LIL LIZA JANE"....FADE FOR:

FIB: And here....back from their summer vacation....no bigger.... but better than ever....your favorites and ours....the King's Men - singing "Lil Liza Jane".

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -16-

FIB: Hey, Molly! Must have been a bad storm in Wistful Vista while we were gone!

MOL: What makes you think so?

FIB: Know that ship in the bottle on the mantle?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: Well - two life boats are missing.

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

FIB: Well, if it ain't old Wallace Wimple. HIYAH WALLY OLD MAN!

WIMP: Hello.

MOL: Come right in, Mr. Wimple. It's nice to see you, again.

WIMP: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. I hope you had just a PEACHY vacation!

FIB: Oh we did, Wimple. We did. Swell trip. Went up to Alaska.

WIMP: Isn't that wonderful! I've been trying to persuade my wife to take a trip up there, too.

MOL: You'd simply love it, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: I know I would, Mrs. McGee. But she won't go unless I go along. And I simply can't leave my business.

FIB: What is your business, Wimple?

WIMP: I'm 'a poet.

FIB: Oh, a poet, eh? Why don't you grow a beard, Wimple? Poets are more impressive with beards.

WIMP: I did once, but the people who buy my poetry didn't like it.

MOL: To whom do you sell your poetry to?

WIMP: Burma Shave.

A

(2ND REVISION) -17-

FIB: Incidentally, how is your wife, Wimple? Same as ever?

WIMP: Oh yes....she had a wonderful time listening to the Louis-Nova fight on the radio last night.

MOL: How did you like it?

WIMP: I didn't hear it. I was doing the dishes.

FIB: Wimple, what you need is a few weeks in Alaska. Make a man of you. Go up there and hunt and fish....rough it! Then come back and assert yourself!

WIMP: That sounds like a wonderful idea, Mr. McGee. But do I HAVE to come back?

MOL: Of course not.

FIB: Maybe you wouldn't wanta. Boy, if you ever saw the first rays of the sun glinting on the icy waters of Ketchikan creek, you'd -

SOUND: AUTO HORN OFF MIKE

WIMP: Oh I'm sorry....there's my wife honking for me. COMING DEAR! Goodbye, now.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days, Poor Mr. Wimple! What's his wife like, McGee?

FIB: Well, roughly, like the backfield of the Green Bay Packers. Though I hate to say that...loving football the way I do.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE, MOLLY!

TEE: Hi, mister!

APPLAUSE

TEE: Whenja get back? HMMMMM? Whenja?

A

FIB: Just a little while ago, sis. My, you've grown, haven't you? Your vacation must of agreed with you. How old are you now?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says HOW OLD ARE YOU?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I betcha can't guess, I betcha.

FIB: er.....??

TEE: Nope.

FIB: 6?

TEE: Mmmm-mmmm.

FIB: 5 ?

TEE: Nope.

FIB: Eight?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Nope.

FIB: Er..... you must be more'n four. You're not NINE, are you?

TEE: Nope.

FIB: Then I give up.

TEE: You didn't try five and a half.

FIB: AH! FIVE AND A HALF?

TEE: Nope. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, let it go. But you're a little young, to be getting ooy about your age. Whatcha been doin' this summer, sis?

TEE: I went to a girl scout camp, I betcha. I'm a brownie.

FIB: Ye are eh? Shake, sis. There's a touch of leprechaun in me, too.

TEE: Gee it was wonderful, mister. I learned first aid'n how to give artifinchal respiration and everything.

FIB: Ye did eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I said you did, eh?

TEE: Did what?

FIB: You learned how to give artificial respiration.

TEE: I know it.

FIB: You must have had an interesting summer, sis, - we had one too, - went up to Alaska.

TEE: Gee, didja?

FIB: You betcha. That Alaska is really marvelous. It's the thrill of a lifetime to be walkin' along Ketchikan Creek with the first rays of the Arctic sun glintin' on the icy waters, and see a Eskimo, trottin' along behind his dog sled, crackin' his whip in the air and hollerin'.... MUSH!!.....MUSH!!.....MUSH!!

TEE: I'm hungry!

FIB: Oh, go wan home!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ever see a kid with an appetite like hers, Molly?

MOL: She'll outgrow it. All little girls are like that. They love menus when they're young, and they love youse men when they're older. Now will you help me take down the curtains.

FIB: Aw, I don't wanna, Molly. I...I don't feel good.

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: I'm worried about my skin.

MOL: Well - take a warm bath and rub a little olive oil on it.

FIB: NO NO NO....I MEAN MY BEAR-SKIN. THEY PROMISED THEY'D SEND IT JUST AS SOON AS--

DOOR KNOCK

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN

OLD T: ~~Well-well-well~~, hello there, kids. How's everything!

MOL: Just fine. Mr. Old Timer. You have a nice summer?

OLD T: Sure did, Daughter.

FIB: (ASIDE) Hey, Molly - watch his eyes pop out when he finds out where we been. (LOUDLY) KNOW WHERE WE WENT THIS SUMMER OLD TIMER?

OLD T: No I don't, Johnny. Personally, I went up to Alaska.

FIB & MOL: ALASKA!

OLD T: Yep. Wonderful country. Shot a bear, too.

FIB: YOU ... er ... YOU shot a bear?

OLD T: Yep. One of the biggest bears ever shot in Alaska. But never mind about me. Where'd YOU kids go?

PAUSE

MOL: Remind us to lend you a lightning rod when you leave, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Why, daughter?

MOL: You just stole our thunder.

OLD T: Heh heh heh. That's pretty good, daughter. Or it would be if I knew what ye meant. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

OLD T: THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO TOTHER FELLER. "SAYYYYY," He says - "THIS JOE LOUIS IS A GREAT FIGHTER ALL RIGHT. HE'S PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE." "YOU MEAN INVINCIBLE," says tother feller. "I DO NOT," says the first feller. "I COULD SEE HIM AS FLAIN AS I CAN SEE YOU!" Heh heh heh! Well, I gotta be gettin' along, kids. Remind me sometime to tell you about Alaska. (Great country!

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: That does it!

MOL: What, McGee?

FIB: Sit down...Molly.. I ... gotta ... there's something I wanta tell you.

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT IS IT? DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT! YOU FRIGHTEEN ME!

FIB: Sit down, Molly.

MOL: But what do you want to tell me, dearie?

FIB: I wanta tell you about my trip to Alaska.

MOL: BUT I WAS RIGHT THERE WITH YOU - REMEMBER?

FIB: I know. But I gotta tell SOMEBODY or I'll bust.

MOL: Oh. All right, dearie. Go ahead.

FIB: Thanks. Well sir - when the first rays of the ^{arctic} sun started glinting on the icy waters of Ketchikan Creek --

MOL: Heavenly days -- UP THE CREEK AGAIN!!

ORCH: ("LAUGHTER IN YOUR EYES") (FADE ON CUE)

(APPLAUSE)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGHEE & MOLLY
SEPTEMBER 30, 1941
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, I'd like to have a moment with you to say farewell to September and hello to October. Where the months have gone, don't ask me. What to do about that car of yours that needs an October beauty treatment -- well, I can certainly answer that one. Make it sparkle and shine with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the sensational auto polish that both cleans and wax-polishes in one application. Perhaps you'd like to know that during this past season, CARNU has enjoyed the greatest sales increase of its history. More and more car owners have discovered how easily, how inexpensively they can clean and wax-polish their cars this modern way. CARNU saves time, CARNU saves money. Where can you buy it? Ask your regular wax dealer, auto supply store or service station -- for the one and only JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, Molly and I, and the Johnson Wax people and all of us, would like to take this occasion to wish Harold Poary every success with his new Sunday afternoon program, "THE GREAT GILDERSLEVE"!

MOL: We'll miss him on Tuesday nights, but we're proud that our association was a stepping stone toward his own show.

FIB: And if he learned anything from me about the finer points of acting, timing, and characterization -

MOL: It would be a miracle.

FIB: Yes, or...AHM. Good night.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH. APPLAUSE SIGNOFF:

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

CLOSING TAG

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

.....
This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX FINISHES
for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday
night -- and reminding you that America's first line of defense is you
and your support. So invest to the best of your ability in Defense
Savings Bonds. Goodnight.

k

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

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: This 30 second closing tag is
to be read from a quiet studio.

CUE: (Wilcox) .. invest to the best of your ability in Defense Savings
bonds. Goodnight.

.....
Well, here's that man again, to suggest to all you careful housekeepers
that you try just one bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX, the newest form of
wax polish made especially for furniture and woodwork. No oil to collect
dust -- cleans as it polishes -- gives furniture an exquisite wax lustre
real wax protection -- that's the CREAM WAX story. And by the way,
dealers are now offering a tube of JOHNSON'S BLEM free with the 39¢
bottle of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX. BLEM is a marvelous blemish remover
that takes off ugly white rings, stains and scratches from furniture.
Get the combination package of JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX and BLEM for only 39¢.

k