

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 10-14-41

NBC-Red

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(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 SONGS BY MARTHA TILTON AND THE KING'S MEN, AND
MUSIC BY BILLY MILLS. 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
OCTOBER 14, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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U.S. OPENING COMMERCIAL

~~Fibber and Molly will be with us in just a minute. (PAUSE)~~
You know, we hear a lot about freedom and democracy these days. It's true that we take a lot of our present liberty for granted. Take this free competitive system of business, for instance it has turned loose a great deal of inventive intelligence, of which you and I get the benefit in greater, every-day comforts and conveniences -- and more attractive living. For example, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX didn't stop when they had perfected the original JOHNSON'S WAX, the famous polish that's kept floors beautiful for over 50 years. No indeed, they went right on developing other useful products: an easy-to-use polish for linoleum floors, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT -- then an amazing auto polish, CARNU, that cleans and wax-polishes in one application. Then CREAM WAX, for furniture and woodwork. And just recently an extraordinary product in the paint field -- an enamel that actually has wax mixed right in it and gives a superbly beautiful finish that's easy to clean. The name of this product is JOHNSON'S WAX-O-NAMEL and dealers everywhere are now offering it in 19 stunning colors. Perhaps you'd like to ask your dealer about it.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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(2nd REVISION)

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WIL: THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN THE MAPLE LEAVES AND FOOTBALL FORECASTERS BEGIN TO TURN YELLOW. THERE'S A NIP IN THE AIR IN WISTFUL VISTA, AND OUR HERO THINKS A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE WILL BE PRETTY DANDY. SO HERE, WITH PAPERS AND KINDLING, AND MATCHES AND A BUCKET OF KEROSENE AND NOT ENOUGH ACCIDENT INSURANCE, WE FIND THAT UNINTENTIONAL ARSONIST AND HIS WATCHFUL WIFE --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (RATTLE OF WOOD....CRUNCH OF PAPER)

FIB: THERE!..That oughtta do it. Hand me that bucket of kerosene, Molly.

MOL: I will not. You've got enough paper and kindling in there to barbecue an elephant. MCGEE....DON'T POUR THAT ON THERE!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh Molly....don't be such a scaredy-cat. Here.... watch!

SOUND: (GURGLE OF LIQUID)

MOL: Oh dear....when you get thru starting that fire, McGee - run downtown and get me some dynamite. I want to open a can of sardines for lunch.

FIB: Aw - what's a few drops of kerosene! Where's the matches.... Oh - here they are. I'll have a roaring fire here in no time at all.

MOL: Yes - a roaring fire and a howling insurance adjuster, McGee....for the last time, PLEASE DON'T --

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FIB: Better step back a little, Molly. May flare up a bit at first.

SOUND: (SCRATCH OF MATCH....LOUD BOOM)

MOL: MCGEE!!! LOOK OUT!!!!....PUT THAT SCREEN IN FRONT OF IT....
QUICK!

FIB: (SHOUTS) DON'T WORRY!!!...I GOT IT UNDER CONTROL! HAND
ME MY COAT....THE RUG'S ON FIRE!!....

MOL: HERE....BEAT IT!

FIB: BEAT IT WHERE?

MOL: BEAT OUT THE FIRE, FOOLISH!!

SOUND: (THUMPS)

FIB: DAD RAT THE-- (COUGHS) DAD RATTED!!! SHOULD HAVE USED
SAFETY MATCHES TO START IT WITH....THEM KITCHEN MATCHES
MAKE TOO BIG OF A FLAME....(COUGHS) THERE....IT'S OKAY,
MOLLY!!!!....

MOL: Oh sure....it's fine!....the house full of smoke....the rug
all scorched and you've only got one eyebrow left.

FIB: Well, how did I know that--

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

MOL: Oh dear....Quick....wipe the soot off your face, McGee.
You look like an end man.

FIB: You look like a mammy yourself - mommy. COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS....IT'S MAYOR LA TRIVIA. COME IN, YOUR HONOR!

FIB: Hiyah, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: GOOD DAY, MCGEE. HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. MCGEE. I JUST...
(COUGHS) WELL....WHAT GOES ON? FUMIGATING?

MOL: No, the....er...the fireplace backfired, Mr. Mayor. Won't
you have a chair?

GALE: THANK YOU, No. Just stopped in on a matter of business.
Mr. McGee...you are a public spirited citizen and I am sure
you would be glad to give the city the benefit of your
executive experience.

FIB: Why certainly, your honor. Whaddye want-me to do? Run for
your job next year? Shucks, I'll be glad to. All I have to
do is profit by the mistakes you've made and I'M sure I'll -

MOL: MCGEE! Let the mayor talk!

FIB: Eh? Oh.

GALE: Mr. McGee...the office of Mayor of Wistful Vista is not
under discussion.

FIB: Oh you think not..? If you'd hear what people are saying
about -

MOL: MCGEE!....let the mayor talk!

FIB: Oh go ahead, ~~Trivial~~ Trivial.

GALE: To be brief, McGee. One of our officials is making a
nation wide survey and will be out of the city for a week
or ten days. His office is too valuable and important to
remain vacant during that time. I want you to fill the
vacancy, protem.

MOL: What job is it, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: Fire Commissioner.

FIB: Bud, you've come to the right man. With my experience in fire prevention -

MOL: (COUGHS) Excuse me. It's the smoke.

MAYOR: Very well, then, we'll consider it settled. Here's a badge. And here's your official appointment.

FIB: Mr. Mayor. I accept with pleasure. And I must say that for a city like our Wistful Vista, a man like me is none too good for it.

MOL: I think so too.

GALE: Thank you, Mr. McGee. I'll inform the city council that the office has been filled, pro tem.

FIB: What does pro tem mean?

GALE: That's a Latin phrase, meaning "try and keep it!" Thank you, and good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hot dog...imagine me, Molly? FIRE COMMISSIONER? First thing, I'm gonna do is call a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce this afternoon and give 'em a talk on fire prevention.

MOL: And if they ask how you scorched your eyebrow, tell 'em you were cleaning the fireplace and didn't know it was loaded.

FIB: Now let's see, I better have the secretary of the chamber telephone all the members and ---

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Probably for me, Molly. (CLICK) HELLO, FIRE COMMISSIONER MCGEE SPEAKING. WHO? OH HIYAH, ROSCOE! SURE...OKAY ROSCOE. I'M CALLING A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CHAMBER FOR 2:30 THIS AFTERNOON. CAN YOU BE THERE, ROSCOE? FINE! ~~YES,~~ ~~IT'S ABOUT INCREASING THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT.~~ YOU BETCHA, ROSCOE. SEE YOU THERE! OKAY. GLAD YOU CALLED, ROSCOE! (CLICK) Hey, Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Do I know anybody named Roscoe?

MOL: You do now. In fact if --

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: OH THESE CONSTITUENTS! ALWAYS COMIN' AROUND TO ASK US CITY OFFICIALS FOR A FAVOR. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Hiyah Nick!

NICK: Hello Kewpie...Hello Fizzer. What is this unfounded roommate I am hearing about you being annointed the Protemporary Fire Commissioner?

MOL: It's true, Mr. Depopolis. He's hot stuff and got a badge to prove it.

FIB: Molly, remind me to get you some throat tablets. You're developing a bad scoff. What was you saying, Nick?

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NICK: What I was about to say, before I was so rudely interrupted, is that in my restaurants, we are having quite a fire hizzard.

MOL: Hazard.

NICK: I'll say we has.

FIB: What is the fire hazard in your restaurant, Nick?

NICK: Well, when we are getting an order for a charcoal grill porterstake house -

MOL: You mean Porterhouse steak.

NICK: It's the same thing, only tougher. Everytime the cook is charcoal grilling it, the bacon grease in the frying pan is catching itself into a big flame of fire, and all we can do is stand there, hopeless.

FIB: Haven't you got a fire extinguisher?

NICK: Sure...but everytime we squirt it on the frying pan, it is making the steak taste very cepuliar.

MOL: Look, Mr. Depopolis. Your restaurant specializes in charcoal grilled steaks and chops, doesn't it?

NICK: SMertainly. Just like Mother used to make papa mad by cooking them the same way. Why, Kewpie?

MOL: Well, it's a little drastic, maybe, but why don't you get yourself a charcoal broiler?

~~(MOL)~~
NICK: Well for scrim's sake...I never THOUGHT of that. THANK YOU!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Molly, this is a great day for Wistful Vista.

MOL: Is it?

FIB: It really is. (GOING DRAMATIC) WHY WHEN THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMUNITY...THIS LITTLE CITY OF HOMES AND SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES...REALIZE THAT THEIR SAFETY AND WELL BEING ARE NOW IN THE HANDS OF FIBBER MCGEE, ACTING FIRE COMMISSIONER--

MOL: OH STOP ACTING, FIRE COMMISSIONER.
Sing, Boys!

Wil: *Kings Men sing "Tapioca";*
ORK: "TAPIOCA" -- KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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MOL: OH STOP ACTING, FIRE COMMISSIONER.
Sing, Boys!

Wil: King's Men sing "Tapioca";
ORK: "TAPIOCA" -- KING'S MEN

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -11-

MOL: Have you got your speech written for the Chamber of Commerce meeting, Commissioner?

FIB: Nope. I'll just ad lib it. I'll start off by sayin', LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE -

MOL: That's a snappy opening, and incidentally, Commissioner, I wish you'd report to the Chief of Police about the cop in this neighborhood. He's growing a beard and looks terrible.

FIB: I've already spoke to the cop about it.

MOL: What'd you say?

FIB: I told him to quit bushing around the beat. Say - that reminds me - I better call the Chamber and see how many members they rounded up - Hand me the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR. GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA CHAMBER OF COM...eh? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR OLD MAN!! IN THE HOSPITAL? HE SHOT OFF WHAT?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS MCGEE...WHAT HAPPENED?

FIB: He was in Brooklyn last week, and shot off his mouth about the Yankees. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH, WELL IT DON'T MATTER. THANKS ANYWAY, MYRT. (CLICK) Great gal, Myrt. I'll bet she just lives for the few minutes she talks to me every week.

MOL: (LAUGH) You call that living?

FIB: Never mind. We better get going. A guy in my position owes it to the citizens to be punctual.

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MOL: Oh you're punctual, dearie. Everything we own we've bought on time.

FIB: I didn't mean -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: WELL CONGRATULATIONS, FIBBER, OLD MAN! SO YOU'RE THE NEW FIRE COMMISSIONER!

MOL: Isn't it wonderful, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Shucks, it's nothing that any red-blooded, clean-livin', American boy couldn't of done, Harlow.

WIL: WELL IT'S A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY, MY BOY! YOU CAN NOW SERVE NOT ONLY YOUR CITY, BUT THOSE PEOPLE IN RACINE, WISCONSIN, WHO HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR YOU AND ME!

FIB: Okay, Wilcox! Drag it in, but don't drag it out!

WIL: AS FIRE COMMISSIONER, FIBBER, YOU CAN HELP PREVENT FIRES. AND FIRE IS JUST ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT WON'T PROTECT YOUR LINOLEUM AGAINST. DIRT? YES! DAMPNES? YES! STAINS? YES! SCUFFS AND SCRATCHES? YES! BUT FIRE? NO! SO IT'S YOU AND JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT AGAINST DESTRUCTION, PAL! GET IN THERE AND FIGHT. AND MAY THE BEST FINISH FINISH FIRST! JOHNSON'S, JOHNSON'S JOHNSON'S, YEAYYYYYY, TEAM!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: That man has been seeing too many football games!

FIB: Yes, he had me so hopped up I was tempted to drop back ^{for a} ~~and~~ ^{quick} kick, ~~for a minute~~. But, I restrained myself. Come on, Molly....I don't wanna be late for that meeting....get your hat and -

DOOR KNOCK:

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FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, Mister.

FIB: Oh hello there little girl. Sorry I ain't got time to talk to you now. I just been made Acting Fire Commissioner and I'm very busy. Whatcha want?

TEE: Will you tell me a story? Please? Willya, hmm? Willya, please?

FIB: AW FER THE ... HERE I AM...JUST APPOINTED FIRE COMMISSIONER WITH THE SAFETY OF THE WHOLE TOWN ON MY HANDS....and you want me to tell you a story!

TEE: That's always the way, isn't it, mister? The more important a man is, the more time he has for little acts of kindness.

FIB: Well-ell-l....all right. I ever tell you about the time I was captured by the Indians?

TEE: In Cleveland?

FIB: NO NO NO...NOT THE CLEVELAND INDIANS. These were Shawnees.

TEE: Gee, CHINESE INDIANS! Oh boy!

FIB: I DIDN'T SAY CHINESE. I SAID SHAWNEES. SHAW...LIKE IN GEORGE BERNARD.

TEE: He's English, I betcha.

FIB: Sure he is. He's as English as roast beef.

TEE: As what?

FIB: (LOUD) ROAST BEE---

TEE: (LOUDER) I'M HUNGR---

FIB: (LOUDEST) I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE! Now you wanna hear this story or don't you?

TEE: No.

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FIB: Oh sure you do, sis: It's very interesting. WELL SIR, ONE DAY WHILST WANDERING THRU THE MOUNTAINS...WALKIN' VERY CAREFULLY ON ACCOUNT OF THE WILD ANIMALS. MEN LIVIN' IN THE WILDS SIS, HAS GOTTA LEARN TO USE THEIR BEANS.

TEE: USE THEIR WHAT?

FIB: BEANS.

(PAUSE)

TEE: Go ahead, mister. ~~I'm not hungry.~~ I don't like beans, What happened in the mountains,

FIB: I found a little kitten. Baby mountain lion. And you know what I named the kitten? "CABOODLE".

TEE: (GIGGLES) Kitten Caboodle! (GIGGLES) Why, mister?

FIB: Well; "caboodle" was a old Shawnee Indian word meaning, LOOK, FELLAS, I FOUND A MOUNTAIN LION! Them Indians could sure put a lot of meaning into one little word. WELL SIS -

TEE: You said that.

FIB: EH? OH! Anyway, sis, years later I was in the Brookfield zoo in Chicago and I happened past the pit where they keep the mountain lions. AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, I HAD A HUNCH! I LEANS OVER THE EDGE. AND HOLLERS, "HEY, CABOODLE! IT'S UG TUG!"

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: UG TUG. THAT'S A SHAWNEE WORD MEANING, "WHITE MAN FIND MOUNTAIN LION.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: WELL SIR, THE MINUTE THAT LION HEARD MY VOICE, HE COMES BOUNDING TO THE EDGE OF THE PIT, STICKS OUT HIS PAW, AND RIPS MY SHIRT OFF. DARN NEAR KILLED ME. IT WASN'T CABOODLE AT ALL! Ha ha ha. Wasn't that an amusing story?

TEE: Mister, the Shawnees haven't got anything on us, I betcha, for saying a lot in one little word.

FIB: WHATCHA MEAN, SIS?

TEE: FOOEY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, that's gratitude for you! Next time I tell her a story I'll keep it to myself.

MOL: Listen, Ug Tug, we'd better scram out of the teepee for pow-wow down at the big lodge.

FIB: Oh my gosh - almost time for the meeting! Come on - let's go!!

Wil *Martha Tilton sings "Easy Street."*

ORK: "EASY STREET" - MARTHA TILTON

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) -16-

FIB: AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. AS ACTING FIRE COMMISSIONER I WANT TO SAY THAT AS LONG AS WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT, WALKING ALONG LIFES PATHWAY TOGETHER, LET US ALL PUT OUR SHOULDERS TO THE GRINDSTONE, AND WITH COLORS FLYING GIRD UP OUR LIONS AND KIWANISES AND MAKE WISTFUL VISTA A BETTER, SAFER PLACE TO LIVE!

APPLAUSE: MURMUR OF VOICES:

MAN: MAY I ASK A QUESTION COMMISSIONER?

FIB: Of course, Bud. All us public servants welcome comments from the people. What's the question?

MAN: Is there any penalty for turning in a false alarm?

FIB: There certainly is!

MAN: Then I guess you're safe for a while.

(LAUGHTER: MURMUR OF VOICES)

SOUND: GAVEL

FIB: ORDER, PLEASE!! ORDER!! AND IF THE COMEDIAN WHO JUST SPOKE WILL COME TO OUR NEXT FIRE, WE'LL BE GLAD TO LET HIM MINGLE WITH THE REST OF THE SILLY ASHES.

LAUGHTER:

SOUND: GAVEL

MOL: Yoo Hoo....MCGEE!

FIB: The lady will please address the chair as YOO HOO, COMMISSIONER! You have the floor, madam.

MOL: I've been talking to Mr. Mills, sitting next to me here and he has a complaint to make.

FIB: He has eh? Billy, do you mean to set there, with no sleeves in your vest and criticise my Fire Department?

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(REVISED) -17-

BILL: Yes I do, ~~Ug-Too~~ *Shimp!*

FIB: State your case.

BILL: Well, ~~Shimp~~, last week I was knocking off some hot licks on my piano and it caught on fire.

FIB: Yes?

BILL: That was about 3 P.M. Your fire department didn't show up until 6:30.

FIB: Did you call 'em right away?

BILL: OH..DO YOU HAVE TO CALL 'EM?

SOUND: GAVEL

FIB: FOLKS...JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW WRONG MR. MILLS IS, AND HOW QUICK OUR BOYS GET ON THE JOB, I'M GONNA TRY A EXPERIMENT. WE'RE GONNA TURN IN A ALARM RIGHT NOW AND SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES 'EM TO GET HERE!

MURMUR OF VOICES:

FIB: MRS. COMMISSIONER MCGEE!!! Will you please step to the telephone and call the fire department?

MOL: Certainly. (ASIDE) Excuse me please.....thank you...

(CLICK) HELLO. OPERATOR? GIVE ME THE WISTFUL VISTA FIRE DEPARTM-.....OH IS THAT YOU, MYRTLE?

FIB: NO, NO, NO!!...NEVER MIND THAT! GET THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

MOL: GIMME THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, MYRTLE...QUICK! HELLO, FIRE DEPARTMENT? I WANT TO ... WHAT? NO THIS IS NOT THE POT OF GOLD! I'M CALLING FROM THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE!.. IT'S ON FIRE! HURRY! (CLICK)

FIB: Thank you, Mrs. McGee! And now - IF YOU'LL ALL KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR WATCHES, WE'LL SEE JUST HOW LONG IT TAKES OUR BRAVE FIRE LADDIES TO -

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UPP: MR. COMMISSIONER...MAY I SAY A FEW WORDS WHILE WE ARE WAITING?

FIB: CERTAINLY. THE CHAIR RECOGNIZES MRS. UPPINGTON, IN SPITE OF THAT FUNNY LOOKIN' HAT, MRS. UPPINGTON?

UPP: COMMISSIONER MCGEE...AND FELLOW MEMBAHS OF THE WISTFUL VISTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...

MOL: Make it snappy ABIGAIL - TECHNICALLY WE'RE ON FIRE!

UPP: VEDDY WELL. I MERELY WISH TO PROTEST AGAINST THE UNSEEMLY, NERVE-WRACKING SOUNDS EMMITTED BY OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT ON ITS WAY TO A CONFLAGRATION! SUCH BELLS...AND SIRENS! IT'S RIDICULOUS! CAWN'T WE INSTALL SOME MELODIOUS CHIMES, SUCH AS ARE HEARD ON THE GOOD HUMOR TRUCKS?

LOUD MURMUR OF VOICES

SOUND: GAVEL

FIB: ORDER PLEASE!! ORDER!! I'M SORRY MRS. UPPINGTON, IF OUR FIRE FIGHTING METHODS ARE TOO DAD RATTED RAUCOUS FOR YOUR DELICATE NERVES. I'LL HAVE 'EM TAKE OFF THE SIRENS AND PUT ON A FIREMAN WITH A FLUTE PLAYIN' "I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE".

UPP: THANK YOU!

FIB: AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT, WE'LL HAVE THE POLICE THROW AWAY THEIR REVOLVERS AND CARRY WATER PISTOLS. THAT SATISFY YOU, UPPY?

UPP: CERTAINLY MR. MCGEE. IF A LITTLE SQUIRT CAN RUN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IT OUGHT TO WORK WITH THE POLICE.

(LOUD RAUCOUS LAUGHTER)

SOUND: GAVEL

FIB: AHEM! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IN THE FEW SECONDS WE HAVE LEFT, I THINK IT WOULD BE FITTING TO HEAR FROM WISTFUL VISTA'S POET LAUREATE, MR. WALLACE WIMPLE, WHO HAS COMPOSED A LITTLE VERSE IN HONOR OF THIS OCCASION. MR. WIMPLE!

WIMP: THANK YOU, MR. COMMISSIONER...AND FRIENDS. I HAVE CALLED THIS LITTLE POEM "THE FIRE IN THE CREAMERY" - or "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES-CREAM"...and it goes:

WHEN YOUR RESTAURANT BURNED DOWN

I HAD TO WRITE THIS LITTLE SONNET

IN HOPES MY TABLECLOTH WAS SAVED

'CAUSE I FIGURED MY INCOME TAX UPON IT!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Wonderful, Mr. Wimple!

WIMP: Oh it's nothing, Mrs. McGee...really! And as long as this meeting is concerned with our fire department, I ^{would like to} ~~wish we~~ could all pay tribute to the woman who risked everything she had to test their life-saving equipment. ^{I refer to} MRS. WIMPLE... MY WIFE!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: WHAT'D SHE DO, WIMPLE?

WIMP: Well - when our fire company first got their landing nets, they stood down on the sidewalk and my wife stood in a window ten stories overhead.

MURMURS OF AMAZEMENT

WIMP: AND THEN...AT A SIGNAL...THE LONG, FEARFUL DROP TO THE NET! TIME AFTER TIME!...WHAT IF SHE DID KEEP MISSING THE NET? SHE WOULD NOT GIVE UP. SHE PERSISTED. UNTIL THE FIREMAN FINALLY TOLD HER TO STOP. THE NET WAS A SUCCESS! THAT'S WHY I SAY, ---

MOL: BUT MR. WIMPLE...WASN'T SHE HURT, FALLING TEN STORIES,
TIME AFTER TIME?

WIMP: OH SHE DIDN'T FALL....SHE KEPT THROWING ME OUT!

LAUGHTER: GAVEL

FIB: ORDER, PLEASE...ORDER! AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --
HEY QUIET EVERYBODY...LISTEN!

SOUND: OFF MIKE AND COMING IN: FIRE ENGINES: GROW TO LOUD SWELL
AND DIMINUENDO OUT

UPP: (ON CUE) WELL, REALLY!...THEY WENT RIGHT ON PAST!

FIB: Aw they're probably swingin' round in back where the fire
escapes are. They wouldn't....OH OH....LISTEN!

SOUND: SAME SOUND FADE IN AND OUT AGAIN:

MAN: (ON CUE) I COULD PUT THIS FIRE OUT WITH A HANDFUL OF
WATERCRESS BEFORE THOSE GUYS GET HERE.

FIB: PIPE DOWN, BUD. *There's a misadventure who needs plowing under*
THERE MUST BE SOME REASON FOR ALL THIS...
WAIT HERE EVERYBODY AND I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH THE
EXPLANATION...COME ON MOLLY...LET'S RUN OUT AND SEE WHAT'S
WRONG!

MURMUR OF VOICES: FADE OUT WITH RUNNING FEET: DOOR OPEN & CLOSE.

TRAFFIC NOISES FADE IN:

MOL: (ON CUE) LOOK, MCGEE...HERE THEY COME AGAIN!

SOUND: FIRE ENGINES...UP LOUD AND OUT...KEEP PUMPER IN!

FIB: (ON CUE) AH!!...HERE COMES THE FIRE CHIEF...HEY CHIEF!

CHIEF: ONE SIDE THERE, COMMISSIONER..THERE'S A FIRE IN HERE!

FIB: NO THERE AIN'T BUD...THIS IS JUST A TEST RUN...JUST CHECKIN'
UP.

MOL: MCGEE, WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS?

FIB: WHAT MANNERS? OH!! SCUSE ME! MOLLY, MEET CHIEF CONNOLY -
ONE OF MY FIRE FIGHTING BROTHERS.

MOL: HOW DO YOU DO, I'M SURE, BROTHER.

CHIEF: HOW DO YOU DO.

FIB: WHAT THE SAM HILL TOOK YOU SO LONG TO GET HERE CHIEF?

CHIEF: OH SOME DOPE PARKED HIS CAR IN FRONT OF THE HYDRANT DOWN
AT THE CORNER. WE HAD TO RAM IT OUT OF THE WAY!

FIB: GOOD WORK, CHIEF!

MOL: NICE GOING, BROTHER.

CHIEF: AND THEN WE NOTIFIED THE POLICE TO HAUL IT AWAY.

FIB: GREAT STUFF, CHIEF! WHOSE CAR WAS IT?

CHIEF: YOURS.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN --

CHIEF: WELL YOU SEE, COMMISSIONER --

MOL: THAT'S ALL, BROTHER! -- COME ON, UG TUG!

ORK: SELECTION FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 14, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

~~Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. In the meantime,~~ Here's good news for all Fibber and Molly fans!

How'd you like to have an autographed picture of Fibber McGee and Molly and their cast? I have one right here, and I wish you could all see it. For a limited time only you can have one free -- with your purchase of JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT or any JOHNSON'S WAX POLISH in pint, pound or larger sizes. Your dealer has a very limited supply of these free pictures. You'd better see him right away and avoid disappointment. Even if you already have some GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S WAX on hand, now is a good time to buy an extra package so you and your family can enjoy this interesting autographed picture of Fibber and Molly and their cast. But don't put it off too long. Your dealer's supply of these pictures is really limited. Remember, this unique photograph is yours free, with your purchase of JOHNSON'S WAX, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, or any JOHNSON'S WAX POLISH in pint, pound or larger size.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(REVISED) -23-

TAG GAG

FIB: WELL, THEY'RE A PRETTY CO-OPERATIVE BUNCH
DOWN THERE AT THE CITY HALL, MOLLY. I'LL
GIVE 'EM CREDIT FOR THAT.
MOL: HOW, CO-OPERATIVE?
FIB: THEY ACCEPTED MY RESIGNATION AS FIRE COMMISSIONER
WITHOUT A MURMUR.
MOL: THAT'S NICE, DEARIE. I ALWAYS THO- MCGEE!
FIB: EH?
MOL: YOUR VEST IS ALL RIPPED DOWN THE FRONT! HOW
DID YOU DO THAT?
FIB: OH, MUST HAVE DONE THAT WHEN I TOOK OFF MY BADGE.
MOL: YOU TOOK IT OFF?
FIB: WELL...ALL RIGHT. THEY TOOK IT OFF. GOODNIGHT.
MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP TO FINISH. APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
10-14-41
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-24-

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. Goodnight.

p

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
OCTOBER 14, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG - U.S.

Note: To be delivered from a quiet
studio.

CUE: (Wilcox)....invite you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

.....
It's fun to drive a new car, isn't it? And almost as much fun
driving your car when it's been wax-polished - and looks like
new. Then why now wax-polish your car right away with
JOHNSON'S CARNU -- the sensational new auto polish that saves
time and money. Why? Because CARNU both cleans and wax
polishes in one application -- does two jobs at once. Get
your car ready now for the bad weather coming, and ask your
dealer for JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

p