

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 11/11/41

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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

ORK: THEME: FADE FOR -

WIL: Your Red Cross Button is a badge of honor. Wear it proudly
- for humanity and defense. Join the Red Cross today.

ORK: THEME UP AND FADE

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 "BE YOUNG AGAIN"!

ORK: "BE YOUNG AGAIN" - FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 11, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Have you ever stopped to think how various kinds of business are closely related to each other? In our system of free competition there isn't any such thing as isolation. A new basic material or process is discovered, perhaps in a remote laboratory -- if it's really worth-while, it may cause far-reaching changes in the products of many industries. When the metal chromium was made available commercially, it certainly found a great many uses -- all the way from dolling up your automobile to making handsome, modern furniture. And to protect the beauty of these sleek surfaces, the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX developed special wax dressings that are widely used by the manufacturers of chromium equipment. If you have chromium pieces in your home or office you can protect them against wear and harmful fingerprints with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You can keep the chromium on your car brilliant, either with JOHNSON'S CARNU or with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. It really is surprising when you begin to investigate the great number of uses for JOHNSON'S WAX POLISHES -- besides those familiar to you in your own home. But play safe -- when you order polishes, be sure they carry the name JOHNSON, your assurance of complete satisfaction.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)

WIL: EXCITEMENT PREVAILS IN WISTFUL VISTA TODAY. "LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING" - THE PICTURE THAT OUR FRIENDS MADE WITH EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY IS HAVING ITS WORLD PREMIERE AT THE BIJOU THEATRE TONIGHT AND EVERYBODY IS IN A DITHER. AND HERE AT THE AIRPORT, WHERE THEY ARE WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF BERGEN'S PLANE, WE FIND -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY! --

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: My - this is an interesting place, McGee ... we ought to come out here oftener!

FIB: I think so too.

SOUND: (PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD AND OUT... FAST)

FIB: Oh boy....did you see that one, Molly? That's one of them new military planes. One of the H.I.C. - T.I.G.'s.

MOL: H.I.C. - T.I.G.'s?

FIB: Yes - Here It Comes, There It Goes! Thinkin' about buyin' a plane myself. Imagine me gettin' a sudden call to Washington. I pack a bag, dash out here to the airport, leap into my plane--

MOL: Out the other side and down to the railroad station, with me on your heels. No, dearie....you stay down here, where the terra is firma.

FIB: Well, but Bergen--

MOL: Mr. Bergen isn't married.

FIB: Maybe he ain't now - but wait till Mrs. Uppington goes to work on him. There's a grass widow that's out to make hay - believe me.

OLD M: (FADE IN) Hello there, kids,...you're just the kids I wanted to see, kids.

MOL: What can we do for you, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: Gimme a couple tickets to the premeer tonight, How's about it?

FIB: Gee, I'm sorry, Old Timer - but we had such a demand for 'em. that--

OLD M: Aw come on, Johnny. I'll be in there whistlin' and stompin' every time you come on the screen.

MOL: How loud can you whistle?

OLD M: Listen, daughter....(TRIES TO WHISTLE....TRIES AGAIN)

Well, I can stomp and holler, can't I?

FIB: Well, I'll see if I can find you a couple later, Old Timer. Just now we're waitin' for Bergen and McCarthy.

OLD M. Oh, they flyin' in?

MOL: No, they're coming by rowboat. We came out here to throw 'em a rope.

OLD M. Heh heh heh. That's pretty good, daughter, ye sassy little minx! But that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says. "I SEE WHERE -

SOUND: PLANE ROARS PAST:

OLD M. "ZAT SO?" says tother feller, "WHAT MAKES YE THINK ---"

SOUND: PLANE ROARS PAST AGAIN

OLD M. "WELL", says the first feller, "IF THEY ---"

SOUND: PLANE ROARS PAST AND FADES OUT:

OLD M. " ---- MAKE MINE WITH ONIONS!" Heh heh heh. Best one I've heered for a long time, kids. Anything I like it's a yarn with a punch! I always ---

P.A. VOICE: ATTENTION, PLEASE. ATTENTION!

MOL: Quiet, boys!! Here's an announcement.

P.A.VOICE: FLIGHT 79, PLANE LEAVING GATE FIVE FOR ~~JAMESTOWN, POTTSTOWN,~~
~~STOTOWN,~~ HAPPY'S LANDING, HOT SPRINGS, WARM SPRINGS, COLD SPRINGS, CHILLICOTHE AND ORSON'S WELLS, WILL NOT BE LEAVING!

FIB: Must keep that guy busy, announcing the planes that DON'T leave. Hey, Old Timer...can I have a private word with you?

OLD T: Sure, Johnny...excuse us a minute, Daughter.

MOL: That's all right, boys. I'll go inside and watch the passengers getting weighed. It does things for my inferiority. (FADE) I'll be back in a minute.

(2nd REVISION)

17-

OLD M: What's on your mind, Johnny?
FIB: Look...I'll get you a couple of tickets for the premier on one condition, Old Timer. Wanna make a deal?
OLD M: I'll do anything that's honest and above board, Johnny. Otherwise it'll cost yo three tickets.
FIB: Look, when the picture is over, you walk back and forth amongst the people in the lobby, and rave about how good I look on the screen. Whaddye say?

(PAUSE)

OLD M: Three tickets.
FIB: OKAY, THREE TICKETS, then. But it won't hurt your conscience any. I AM good. Now remember, all you gotta say is something like - "BOY THAT MCGEE IS A GREAT ACTOR AIN'T HE?" Good and loud. Got it?

OLD M: I got it. "HEY THAT MCGEE'S A GREAT ACTOR. AIN'T HE GOOD AND LOUD?"

FIB: No no no...You SAY it good and loud. So all the newspaper people will hear it. Now here's three tickets...and don't let me down.

OLD M: I'll be there pitchin', Johnny. (FADE OUT) I'll give ye a build-up that'll make Gary Cooper git on his hoss and ride away into the sunset.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Hot dog! That was a great idea. Maybe it ain't strictly ethical, but...WELL WHY AIN'T IT ETHICAL? ...SHUCKS, IT'S JUST PUBLICITY, ain't it? Wel-l-l yes, but it's kinda underhanded. WHAT'S UNDERHANDED ABOUT IT? Well, it's almost bribery. IF AIN'T ANY SUCH A THING! ALL I DONE WAS TO -

(2nd REVISION)

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MOL: (FADE IN) McGee - what are you so excited about? You're all red in the face.
FIB: Oh. I was just havin' a little argument - and I'm the most unreasonable guy to argue with.
SOUND: ROAR OF PLANE UP AND FADE DOWN:
FIB: HEY...THERE'S BERGEN'S PLANE! HE'S LANDING AT THE FAR END OF THE FIELD!
MOL: LET'S RUN OUT AND MEET HIM!
FIB: NO...WAIT HERE...HE'LL TAXI UP TO THE GATE!
MOL: WHAT? TAKE A TAXI FOR THAT LITTLE WAY? THAT'S TOO EXTRAVAGANT!...COME ON!!!
ORK: "I LIKE A BALALAIKA" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

P

h

FIB: Hey, where's Bergen and McCarthy, Molly?
 MOL: They're up in Uncle Dennis' room. He won't be here tonight.
 FIB: He won't?
 MOL: No, he said he had an all-night gin-rummy session and between the two he probably wouldn't be home....Oh, McGee! - HERE'S MR. BERGEN AND CHARLIE!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Find everything you need upstairs, fellas?
 BERG: Yes, Fibber, we'll be very comfortable, thank you.
 MOL: And you, Charlie?
 CHARLIE: Oh. I'm all right, mom. Don't mind if I call you mom, do you?
 MOL: Not at all, Charlie...I like it.
 CHARLIE: Good!... good! (ASIDE) That's approach number 17, boys. Make 'em feel maternal and you got 'em! HEY, WHERE DO YOU FOLKS KEEP THE BICARBONATE?
 BERG: Why, don't you feel well, Charlie?
 CHARLIE: No, I had fifteen butterscotch sundaes while we were waitin' to take off this morning, Bergen, and they kinda sneak up on you. I remember one time --

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

UPP: (OFF MIKE) How do you do, Mrs. McGee..And MR. MCGEE!
 MOL: Hello Abigail!
 FIB: (OFF MIKE) Hiyah, Uppy!
 CHARLIE: Who's the moose in the minks, Bergen?

BERG: Quiet, Charlie - She is a society leader here. Mrs. Uppington, I believe.
 CHARLIE: Is that so! She looks like a 5 & 10¢ baby from a million dollar store!!
 BERG: CHARLIE...STOP IT! Remember, we're guests here.
 FIB: HEY, ED...WANT YOU TO MEET A FRIEND OF OURS, MRS. UPPINGTON.
 MOL: Yes, Mr. Uppington, this is Mr. Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.
 BERG: How do you do, Mrs. Uppington.
 UPP: I am simply DELIGHTED TO meet you, Mr. Bergen. I've been DYING to meet you.
 FIB: All over, or just your hair again, Uppy?
 MOL: McGEE! (LAUGHS) MRS. UPPINGTON HAS TALKED OF NOTHING ELSE FOR DAYS, MR. BERGEN. SHE'S ONE OF YOUR GREATEST FANS, YOU KNOW.
 CHARLIE: (CHUCKLES) That ought to cool YOU off, Bergen. I take it you're going to the premier tonight, Mrs. Uppington.
 FIB: UPPINGTON, CHARLIE. ABIGAIL UPPINGTON.
 CHARLIE: Oh yes. Mrs. Uppington. Excuse me.
 UPP: OH THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, YOU DEAR BOY. (LAUGHS) AFTER ALL, A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL -
 CHARLIE: You said it, babe!
 BERG: CHARLIE...Watch what you're saying.
 CHARLIE: Well there's many a slip twixt your lip and my quip, Bergen. You know that.
 MOL: Charlie is such an irrepressible little fellow, Abigail.
 UPP: Of course, my dear. I understand. AND I'M SO GLAD I MET THEM SO I COULD INVITE YOU ALL OVER TO MY HOME AFTER THE THEATRE TONIGHT FOR MIDNIGHT SUPPAH.

FIB: Well, thanks, Uppy. We'll be there....I always have a appetite after watching one of my performances, Uppy.

CHARLIE: You ought to. You're strictly from hunger!

BERG: Now Charlie, you know Fibber did a wonderful job in that picture.

MOL: Yes, I remember what you said after the first day's shooting, Charlie.

CHARLIE: What'd I say, Mom? What'd I say?

FIB: I know what you says. You says "WHAT A CHARACTER MAN HE IS!"

BERG: That's exactly what you said, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Oh not exactly, Bergen. Not exactly. What I said was, "MAN, WHAT A CHARACTER HE IS!" But how about this midnight supper, Bergen? Shall we sneak over to snook's for a snack?

BERG: WHY OF COURSE...WE'LL BE THERE, MRS. UPPINGTON...AND THANK YOU.

UPP: OH SPLENDID..SPLENDID! AND IT WILL BE SUCH A LOVELY NIGHT. I DO WANT YOU TO SEE MY GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT, MR. BERGEN. WELL...SEE YOU THEAH! HASTA LA WISTFUL VISTA, AS WE SAY IN SPAIN! (LAUGHS)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: You seem to have made quite an impression on her, MR. Bergen.

FIB: All you gotta do to impress her, is wear trousers and speak English. And broken English would do.

BERG: A very charming woman, I thought.

MOL: Careful there, Mr. Bergen...she's setting her cap for you.

CHARLIE: Oh - my goodness - not that!!

MOL: What's wrong with that, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Did you ever see Bergen in a cap?

FIB: I've seen Ed in a cap and I thought he looked pretty smooth, Charlie.

CHARLIE: He looks a lot smoother without it. On top anyway. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, if you'll all excuse me, I've got to run up and get dressed..it's almost time to go to the theatre.

BERG: Certainly, Molly. Run along. We'll just -

DOOR OPEN

WIL: HEY, FIBBER, HOW ABOUT - Oh hello Edgar. Hello Charlie.

BERG: Hello Harlow.

CHARLIE: Well, if it isn't the old polish promoter. How's your linoleum today, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Pretty perky, Charlie. How's your coffee?

CHARLIE: Percolatin' pretty, pal.

MOL: You going to the premiere tonight and see yourself on the screen, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Gee, I dunno, Molly. I'M scared. I...I...I guess I've got stage fright.

BERG: Oh you've got to be there, Harlow. You'll be expected to say a few words into the microphone for the crowd.

WIL: Honest? Will I?

CHARLIE: It's easy, Mr. Wilcox. Just say what everybody else says: "I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY SEEING THIS PICTURE AS MUCH AS WE ENJOYED MAKING IT." (LAUGHS) Once trite, always used!

MOL: You mustn't be nervous, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: WELL, I AM. Every time I get in front of a microphone I automatically start talking about Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat.

FIB: Not this time, Harlow. Hardly fit the occasion.

WIL: Well, I think I could MAKE IT FIT. Suppose I said something like "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WITH GENUINE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WITH ITS SWIFT RESULTS, AND ABSOLUTE MINIMUM OF EFFORT AND THE ELIMINATION OF OLD-FASHIONED RUBBING AND BUFFING, YOU HAVE MANY MORE FREE HOURS TO SEE MOVING PICTURES LIKE THIS. IT'S REALLY A GREAT COMBINATION, FOLKS...FIBBER AND MOLLY WORK FOR JOHNSON, JOHNSON'S MAKE GLOCOAT, WHICH GIVES YOU LEISURE TO SEE FIBBER AND MOLLY IN THE PICTURES!"

CHARLIE: It's a vicious circle isn't it? How about us, Wilcox? We were in there too, you know.

WIL: What do you mean, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Well, why don't you say that after the movie, Ladies and Gentlemen, enjoy a grand cup of delicious CHASE AND SANBORN coffee, --

WIL: (IN FAST) Yes, in your BEAUTIFUL, GLEAMING, SPOTLESS KITCHEN. Well, I'd better run home now and get dressed. See you later.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

BERG: Doesn't he ever lose his gusto, Fibber?

FIB: Nope. That guy thinks the Seven Wonders of the World are the pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and five cans of GLOCOAT.

MOL: Well, I simply MUST be getting dressed. And you boys had better be getting into your dinner clothes.

BERG: I believe you're right, Molly. Come on, Charlie.
CHARLIE: Go ahead, Bergen. I'm just going to wear pajamas.
MOL: But pajamas aren't dinner clothes, Charlie.
CHARLIE: They are if you like to eat in bed, Mom. Now go away...
all of you...There's a book here I want to read.
MOL: What is it, Charlie?
CHARLIE: The Peoria High School Annual for 1912. It's a murder story.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, A MURDER STORY?
CHARLIE: Look at this picture of you. It kills me! (LAUGHS)
FIB: Oh pshaw ... come on, Molly ... come on, Ed ...
AD LIB EXIT:
CHARLIE: (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) Peoria High School! I'll bet he was
voted the student most likely to succeed - in making a chump
of himself!
DOOR KNOCK:
CHARLIE: Come in, come in, come in!
DOOR OPEN:
TEE: Hiyah, Mr. McGee....OH! You're not Mr. McGee!
CHARLIE: You can say that with a glad smile, my interesting little
intruder!
TEE: Gee, I betcha you're Charlie McCarthy, I betcha.
CHARLIE: I am. I am, indeed! Charles McCarthy, Man of the World.
Man About Town, and Man the Pumps, boys, I'M going to work!
You a local girl, beautiful?
TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?
CHARLIE: I say, are you one of the neighborhood nifties, or one of
the more impressive imports? Not that I don't want to be
personal, because I do. (CHUCKLES)
TEE: I live in that green house across the street.
CHARLIE: Is that so! A green-house, eh? Most appropriate, I
blooming well think, my blossom!
TEE: You mean as a bouquet, I'M okay? (GIGGLES)
CHARLIE: You're the girl of my dreams, and let's take a walk in my
sleep sometime. How's about a date for the Premiere tonight?

TEE: Awwww, I betcha you don't wanna go out with me, Mr. McCarthy.

CHARLIE: Oh come come...let's not stand on formality. Let's jump on it's face. Call me Charlie. Better than that. Wouldn't you like to call me Chuck?

TEE: Yes, I would, Chuck.

CHARLIE: NO NO NO!! NOT WOODCHUCK!

TEE: Okay Charleykins.

CHARLIE: Charleykins...ohhh say it again!

TEE: CHARLEYKINS!

CHARLIE: Ahhh! Mozart never wrote music like that! Come over here and sit by me, angel-face...and let's discuss us.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, I guess I better be going home. I gotta do my homework.

CHARLIE: Oh homework...tush tush! Going out with me is a liberal education. Though if Bergen was more liberal with me I could be more lib- but let's face the facts. (CHUCKLES)

You know, I could go for a girl like you.

TEE: Gee, couldja?

CHARLIE: Yes indeed. How's about a little kiss. Huh? You good at osculating?

TEE: No. I always fall down.

CHARLIE: I ... er ..you .. er ... what was that?

TEE: You said was I good at ice-skating and I said I always fall down.

CHARLIE: Ice-skating and osculating are two very different things, my demi-debutante. Or didn't you know?

TEE: Sure I know, I betcha. In ice-skating you gotta keep your feet and in osculating you gotta keep your head, and if you think you're getting anywhere with that fast patter, you'd better get back in your den, before somebody collects the bounty on you. Goodbye, WOLF!

DOOR SLAM:

CHARLIE: Well, scuttle my schooner and call it no sail! HEY BERGEN... BERGEN...LAY OUT MY EVENING CLOTHES! I'M GOIN' WITH YOU!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: "I SEE A MILLION PEOPLE" TILTON

WIL: Martha Tilton sings "I See a Million People".

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT:

NELSON: Excuse me, Mister...but am I too late to see Look Who's Laughing. I couldn't find a place to park.

GORDON: Sorry sir. It's just about over. In fact it IS over... BETTER STAND TO ONE SIDE...HERE COMES THE CROWD!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN: CROWD MURMUR AND LAUGHTER SWELL:

BILL: Very good picture.

HARLOW: Yes, I enjoyed it.

FIB: Well, Molly...whaddye think? Pretty good stuff, eh?

MOL: Well, I thought it was very good, McGee...how was I?

FIB: I dunno...I was busy watching me. How was I?

MOL: I don't know. And for the same reason. HELLO, MAYOR LA TRIVIA! DID YOU LIKE THE PICTURE.

GALE: Yes indeed, Mrs. McGee. I thought you did a simply splendid piece of work.

FIB: How about me, Trivial? Is it true what they say about me bein' another Barrymore?

GALE: It's possible, if there MUST be another Barrymore. Goodnight, Mrs. McGee!

CROWD: UP WITH LAUGHTER.

MOL: McGee...where you going?

FIB: In the box office...wanna use the telephone and call the newspapers. GONNA TELL 'EM WHAT A SUCCESS IT WAS! COME ON....

CROWD UP: DOOR OPEN AND CROWD OUT WITH DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey, Bud...mind if I use your telephone?

MAN: Who are you?

MOL: Don't you know? He was the star of the picture tonight.

MAN: Oh!... OH YES...I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU, MR. BERGEN. GO RIGHT AHEAD AND USE THE PHONE!

FIB: Aw fer the...!

MOL: Hurry up, McGee...I want to go out and hear what people are saying.

FIB: (Okay. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE OR THE - EH? OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...at a time like this!

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? THROWN IN THE HOOSGOW, EH?

MOL: Heavenly days ... what for, McGee?

FIB: The police force elected him King of the Cops for 1941 and they're building' him a throne in the hoosegow...WHAT SAY, MYRT? LINES ALL BUSY...OKAY! CALL LATER! BYE MYRT! (CLICK) COME ON, Molly!! Thanks, Bud!

MAN: Okay, Mr. Bergen!

DOOR OPEN: (CROWD UP: VOICES OVERLAPPING)

NELSON: Yes, I thought that wild airplane scene was the most exciting--

TILTON: It was the dishwashing scene that got me. I never laughed so much in -

GALE: -and when Charlie McCarthy was talking to the -

OLD T: YES SIR, I ALWAYS SAID THAT EDGAR BERGEN WAS ONE OF THE FINEST ACTORS ON THE SCREEN! WHAT A JOB HE DID TONIGHT. YES SIR, I -

FIB: HEY,..OLD TIMER! COME HER A MINUTE!

OLD T: Well, hello there, kids. Great picture, wasn't it? AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS BERGEN BOY? REALLY GOT SOMETHING, EH? YES SIR, I -

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE....DID WE HAVE A DEAL ON OR DIDN'T WE?
OLD M: EH? OH....YOU MEAN THEM THREE TICKETS YOU GAVE ME TO TALK
YOU UP, JOHNNY...?

MOL: What is this?

FIB: That's what I mean and don't talk so loud. WHAT'S THE IDEA
DOUBLE CROSSIN' ME. WE HEARD YOU COME OUT RAVIN' ABOUT
BERGEN!

OLD M: I know, Johnny..I'M sorry about that. Personally, as
actors, you and Bergen are about even, but when you give me
three tickets and he gives me ten bucks, -- welllllll, you
can see how it is! Scuse me now - Gotta do my job.

(FADE OUT) YES SIR, THAT BOY BERGEN IS POTENTIALLY ONE OF
THE GREATEST ACTORS I EVER.....

FIB: Well, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!

MOL: Yes, and I hope your nephew is proud of you. Now come on.

CROWD UP WITH LAUGHTER INTO -

ORCH: "THE LAUGHTER IN YOUR EYES"

FADE FOR ---

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 11, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Much has been said of late about our standard of living.
There's no doubt it's about the highest standard the world
has ever produced. In wages, in food resources, in daily
living comforts, we're pretty lucky. The average man in his
job, the average woman in her home, has much to be grateful
for. That doesn't mean we're perfect, or that we can't go
on improving. We will -- and manufacturers will go on
developing new products to make our living still easier,
more attractive. Look what the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX
did for you women when they brought out SELF POLISHING
GLO COAT. They solved an important problem for you -- how
to keep linoleum surfaces, especially kitchen floors,
clean and beautiful without continuous scrubbing.
Scrubbing, you know, is bad for linoleum -- whereas GLO-COAT
did away once and for all with a chore -- it saves countless
hours of work every week because it needs no rubbing or
buffing. Of course, to get GLO-COAT results, you need
the original, the genuine JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT.
At dealers everywhere.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE MCCARTHY WILL APPEAR AT THE GOLDEN GATE THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO TOMORROW FOR THE OPENING OF THE PICTURE WE MADE TOGETHER - "LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING."
MOL: We had a lot of fun doing it, too, didnt we McGee?
FIB: Yes, but as good as I was in it, I think I could still do better.
MOL: That's what everybody says.
FIB: They do? Aint that wonderful! But what I -
MOL: OH MCGEE..I ALMOST FORGOT...RKO CALLED THIS MORNING AND THEY WANT YOU ^{to come} BACK!
FIB: HOT DOG...TO MAKE ANOTHER PICTURE?
MOL: No, - you left your Correspondence Course in "HOW TO ACT" in the dressing room.
FIB: Oh pshaw. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight, all!
ORCHESTRA: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WILCOX: (ON CUE) 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.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 11, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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

CUE: (WILCOX)...."And inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight!"

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BINGMAN: "Makes a hard job easy" -- that's what many thousands of carowners are saying about CARNU, JOHNSON'S new auto polish that both cleans and wax-polishes in one application. CARNU does two jobs at once - saves work, saves money. It will help you take better care of your car -- increase its trade-in value. Get a can this week - wax-polish your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU, spelled C-A-R-N-U.