

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 2/10/42

NBC-Red

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM....WITH FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT 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:

"HALLELUJAH"

ORCH: " HALLELUJAH " "

(FADE FOR:)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 10, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

ANNCR:

The old days of Saturday night baths and Saturday
afternoon floor scrubbing are pretty well gone forever.
We now know that that weekly scrubbing of linoleum floors
was very harmful and eventually ruined the linoleum. It's
so much safer, so much easier to protect floors with the
modern floor polish, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT.
You not only save your linoleum and make it last longer --
but you save yourself lots of work, because GLO-COAT needs
no rubbing or buffing. You simply apply and let dry --
GLO-COAT is self polishing. GLO-COAT is no ordinary polish.
When you use it you will notice its lasting lustre. You'll
see how it wears evenly and smoothly, without chipping.
That's because GLO-COAT has a flexible, not a brittle film.
One trial will also convince you that GLO-COAT is
economical, because a little goes so far. Make a note to
remind yourself to buy some JOHNSON'S ^{Self Polishing} GLO-COAT this week.

ORCH:

(SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WIL: SOME PEOPLE THINK IT WOULD BE A GREAT THING IF WE WERE ABLE TO PEER INTO THE FUTURE. PERSONALLY, WE THINK IT'S A BLESSING THAT WE CAN'T. FOR INSTANCE, HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA SITS THE LADY OF THE HOUSE, DARNING SOCKS FOR THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE, WHO IS DEFINITELY NOT PSYCHIC...AND ~~THEFORE~~ DOESN'T KNOW THAT A MESSENGER BOY IS APPROACHING WITH....Ahhhhh.....WHAT CAN BE IN STORE FOR --

--- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: McGee. You'll have to buy some new socks. I've darned these so many times, they're practically hand made.

FIB: Okay, I'll get some tomorrow. But it's a awful nuisance. I wish I was a kid again and could go barefooted.

MOL: Do you really?

FIB: Well, no. Not really. These guys that keep yearning for their childhood days are just kidding themselves. I wouldn't go thru that again for a million bucks!

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Well, I was a regular little gangster when I was a kid. I ever tell you about the morning I and Skinny Crandall and Bones Biddle and Stinky Hooper tied a wire across the schoolhouse steps and waited in the bushes for the teacher to show up?

MOL: No, you nasty boy....what happened?

FIB: Well, we waited till noon, and then suddenly realized it was Saturday. So we started runnin' down to the old swimmin' hole and I tripped on the wire and darn near ---

(DOORBELL)

MOL: COME IN!

(DOOR OPEN)

BOY: Package for Mrs. McGee.

MOL: For me?

BOY: Are you Mrs. McGee?

MOL: What do I have to do - show you my marriage license?

BOY: No...I can see Mr. McGee...and nobody else would live with him.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: FRESH KID! When I was his age I was polite and thoughtful.

MOL: Yes you were! (RATTLE OF PAPER) I wonder what this is....

OH HEAVENLY DAYS,...FOUR POUNDS OF VALENTINE CANDY!

FIB: Who's that from?

MOL: OH, AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW!!! (LAUGHS) You darling....
You DID remember, didn't you?

FIB: Well, I er-- ain't there a note in it...or..er..something?

MOL: Why should there be? Who'd be sending me valentine candy but you? AND MY FAVORITE KIND, TOO!

FIB: Well, I'm..er..I'm glad you like it, Molly. What kind is it?

MOL: Oh don't be so coy, McGee! (LAUGHS) You can't fool me!

FIB: No? (LAUGHS) ...Well, Valentine's day comes but once a year, they say. Or is that Christmas? No, it's Valentine's day, too, I guess. Isn't there any-- er...didn't I put a note in it?

MOL: I don't see any. But you didn't have to. If a man can't send a Valentine to his wife without a lot of explanations, I'd like to know who-----

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny. Hello, daughter. Hey, can I speak to you alone a minute, Johnny?

FIB: Why sure....excuse me a minute, Molly.

MOL: Certainly.

FIB: What's on your mind, Old Timer?

OLD M: Look...I'M sellin' valentines, Johnny. Wanna buy one for the kid, there? Nothin' wimmin appreciate more'n a little touch o' sentiment, ye know.

FIB: No thanks, Old Timer. She just got a big box of candy for a Valentine.

OLD M: She did, eh? Good for you, Johnny!

RIB: I dunno whether it is or not. (LOWERS VOICE) Just between you and me, I don't remember sending it to her.

OLD M: Then you better buy one of these and send it, too.

FIB: No...then she'd get suspicious.

OLD M: Don't be a fool, Johnny. The more you send 'em the better they like it. Here....here's a beaut....all lace and stuff.

Says:

"ROSES ARE SWEET
AND SO IS YOUR SOUL
I'M GONNA THROW OUT MY SUGAR
AND PUT YOU IN THE BOWL."

FIB: No thanks. I don't want any valentines, Old Timer. I don't mind wearin' my heart on my sleeve, but I hate the idea of a mailman draggin' it all around town in the rain. Thanks anyway.

OLD M: Okay, Johnny. SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITIN', DAUGHTER. Just wanted to talk a little business with Johnny.

MOL: (FADE IN) Oh that's all right, Mr. Old Timer. I was busy
darning his socks, anyway. Look how he tears holes in 'em.
OLD M: Yes, he's a holy tearer ain't he? Heh heh .. well, I gotta
git back to my job, kids. Be seein' you.
FIB: What'cha mean your job? Whatcha doin'?
OLD M: Oh, I'M caretaker down at the Wistful Vista Recreation
Center. Keep the tennis courts in condition.
MOL: Must be quite a chore.
OLD M: Oh no. Just a few swipes with a cloth full o' Johnson's
wax and I'm caught up for several days.
FIB: JOHNSON'S WAX ON A TENNIS COURT?
OLD M: Yep. Table tennis, Johnny. Well so long kids.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SHE DIDN'T SAY YES"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT:

MOL: McGee...I wish you'd never sent me this candy. I just can't keep my hands out of it, it's so good. Don't you like it?

FIB: Sure I like it. Why shouldn't I like it?

MOL: Well, you keep eyeing the box like you were afraid it was going to eat you.

FIB: I..Ide? (LAUGHS) I guess I just getta complex about candy ever since my mother used to feed me butterscotch to pull out my baby teeth. Never believed in that string-on-the-doorknob business.

MOL: There's no butterscotch in this candy, dearie.

FIB: That's what I keep telling my teeth. Besides, I....Hey.. who's walkin' around upstairs?

MOL: Uncle Dennis. He's all upset.

FIB: What about?

MOL: ~~Oh~~ he's thinking of starting a lawsuit against Walt Disney.

FIB: What for?

MOL: Oh, that pink-elephant sequence in "Dumbo". Uncle Dennis says he saw 'em first.

FIB: He's all wet. You can't copyright a hangover. Anyway, he -

DOORBELL:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

GALE: Good day, Mrs. McGee. Good day, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, La Trivia.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. Have some candy?

GALE: Thank you, no. I am on a low carbohydrate diet.

FIB: You better stock up then, La Triv. They tell me there's gonna be a shortage of them low carbohydrates.

GALE: You don't say. If I might make a suggestion, McGee, it would be to the effect that people who have no clear comprehension of a subject under discussion, would be well advised to maintain a discreet silence.

(PAUSE)

FIB: I don't get it.

MOL: He said, dearie, that if ignorance is bliss, happy days are here again! OR, if you don't know what you're talking about when you pipe up, - pipe down.

FIB: Oh yeah? Look here, La Trivia -

GALE: , JUST A MOMENT, MCGEE. WILL YOU PLEASE REFRAIN, HEREAFTER, -

MOL: Don't ask him to make any promises about the hereafter, Mr. Mayor. His forwarding address is unknown.

FIB: What you talking about, La Trivia? And quit shakin' your finger in my face. I'm liable to think it's halloween and start bobbing for knuckles.

GALE: ALL RIGHT. BUT HEREAFTER, MCGEE, PLEASE REFRAIN FROM TELLING MOTORCYCLE POLICEMEN THAT YOU ARE A CLOSE RELATION OF MINE AND THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO YOU!

MOL: Do what to you, McGee?

FIB: If he's referrin' to what I think he's referrin' to, he means that I gotta ticket yesterday for parkin' 8 minutes overtime.

GALE: FOR PARKING ONE HOUR AND EIGHT MINUTES OVERTIME.

FIB: WELL, CAN I HELP IT IF I FORGOT TO SET MY WATCH BACK LAST SUNDAY NIGHT?

MOL: You weren't supposed to set it back - you were supposed to set it ahead.

GALE: In that case it would be TWO hours and 8 minutes.

FIB: IT'D BE NO SUCH A THING! IT'D BE 8 MINUTES LESS THAN ONE HOUR. THERE'S TWO HOUR PARKIN' ON OAK STREET, SO THE CITY OWES ME 52 MINUTES.

MOL: Now wait a minute, boys. Let's get this straight. Let's say you parked at exactly three o'clock, and -

FIB: But I didn't. I parked at 8 minutes to four.

MOL: WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES, YOU MIGHT AT LEAST PARK ON THE EVEN HOUR. THE ODD MINUTES MAKE THESE ARGUMENTS TOO CONFUSING.

GALE: Yes. ANYWAY, McGee, the justness of the complaint does not concern me. WHAT I OBJECT TO IS YOUR ASSUMING THAT I, AS MAYOR OF WISTFUL VISTA, WOULD USE THE POWER OF MY OFFICE TO OBSTRUCT THE DUE PROCESSES OF LAW. FURTHERMORE, YOU HAD NO BUSINESS TELLING THE OFFICER THAT I WAS YOUR NEPHEW ON YOUR MOTHER'S SIDE.

FIB: YOU LEAVE MY MOTHER OUTA THIS, LA TRIVIA! A fine thing, draggin' a guy's family into a sordid case like this...FOR SHAME!

MOL: But McGee...he didn't say -

FIB: AND TO THINK A GUY LIKE HIM IS OUR MAYOR! IT AIN'T ENOUGH THAT HIM AND HIS COSSACK COPS RIDE ROUGHSHOD OVER THE COMMON CITIZENS. NO! HE'S GOTTA GET PERSONAL. HE'S GOTTA -

GALE: Now just a minute, McGee. You were the one who -

FIB: SOOO!!!..HE'D DRAG MY FAMILY THRU THE MUD AND SLIME OF A COURT TRIAL, HOLDING US UP TO PUBLIC RIDICULE!! JUST SO HE CAN ---

GALE: ALL RIGHT..ALL RIGHT...(SHOUTS) I'LL FIX THE TICKET!
I'LL FIRE THE POLICEMAN! I'LL RESIGN! GOOD DAY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Boy, I shoulda been a lawyer!

MOL: But you had no business telling the policeman that the Mayor was your nephew.

FIB: Oh no? I just proved it, didn't I? I made him holler UNCLE. (LAUGHS) Gimme a piece of that candy. Any chocolate-covered peanuts in there?

MOL: You ought to know. You bought it.

FIB: Eh? I..er...well..I..er...I didn't specify every piece that went into the box.

MOL: I'll bet you did. There's everything I like in it. You're SO thoughtful, McGee. Ahh, Valentine's Day. I think it was a Valentine's day we first went out together, McGee.

FIB: Yeah, and I carved our initials inside of a big heart on the oak tree back of the brewery.

MOL: The schoolhouse.

FIB: The brewery.

MOL: Schoolhouse, McGee.

FIB: I remember it was the brewery because the only grove of trees where you could hitch a horse to, was -

MOL: MCGEE, FOR TWENTY YEARS AND MORE I'VE BEEN TELLING PEOPLE IT WAS BACK OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND I WON'T CHANGE IT NOW. Heavenly days, what's romantic about a brewery?

FIB: Well, if it'd of been back of the schoolhouse, I'd of ruined my jackknife. The only tree back there was a steel flagpole.

MOL: Just the same, I insist that -

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks!

FIB: Oh hiyah, Harlow. Have a piece of candy? It's wonderful.

MOL: Stop bragging, McGee!

FIB: I ain't bragging. I don't even know whe...er...HERE,
HAVE A NOUGAT, HARLOW.

WIL: No thanks. Say, do you people ever see Life *Magazine?*

~~FIB: DO WE EVER SEE LIFE! I'LL SAY WE DO! I REMEMBER ONE TIME
IN NEW YORK, AT THE OLD CLUB --~~

~~WIL: No no no!! I mean Life Magazine.~~

MOL: Yes we do, Mr. Wilcox. McGee always gets Life, Collier's,
the American Magazine and Disturbing Detective. And
anybody who'd read Disturbing Detective OUGHT to get Life.
Hanging is too good.

FIB: But Molly...I GOTTA get disturbing Detective. On account
of the back cover.

MOL: Why for the back cover?

FIB: I'M tryin' to see how long Charles Atlas can keep his
chest expanded like that.

MOL: Oh dear...why did you ask, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, the Johnson Wax people have got a double-page ad
in Life next Friday, and I didn't want you to miss it.
We're featuring the Consumer's Pledge for Total Defense.

FIB: Whatcha mean, pledge?

WIL: Look...here's one of the cards. For Molly to sign. Read
it, Molly.

MOL: All right. (READS) "As a consumer, in the total defense of democracy, I will do my part to make my home, my community, my country, ready, efficient and strong. I WILL BUY CAREFULLY. I WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE THINGS I HAVE. I WILL WASTE NOTHING. Place for signature.....
Consumer Division, Office of Price Administration. Well, I'll certainly sign that, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Thanks. This is important right now. If there was ever a time to conserve and save and protect and preserve, it's ~~right now~~ ^{today}. And Johnson's Wax does all of them in so many ways, it's a pretty necessary item on your kitchen shelf.

~~MOL: Of course it is. Here, Mr. Wilcox. All signed.~~

~~FIB: HEY LEMME SIGN THAT TOO.~~

MOL: ~~I signed it for both of us, dearie. And that reminds me...~~
I'd better go out in the kitchen and see if I have enough on hand. (FADE)...Excuse me a minute, boys.

WIL: Certainly. Now I'll have a chaw of your chocolates, chum.

FIB: Here...help yourself. And look...

WIL: Yeh?

FIB: You didn't send this candy to Molly, did you?

WIL: Not me, Pal. I don't send candy to married women. I'm allergic to buckshot. Why...didn't you?

FIB: If I did, you can bop me with a bon-bon if I remember doin' it.

WIL: Maybe you walked in your sleep again and crashed a confectionery.

FIB: SAY, I WONDER IF I....oh no. That ain't possible. The candy stores aren't open that late....STILL....hey you call on a lot of stores don't you?

WIL: Sure. And now that I'm taking these pledge cards around,
I -

FIB: Well look...(LOWERS VOICE) Kinda snoop around and see what
you can find out, will you? See if a guy about my size,
wearin' purple pajamas and green slippers, with a sleepy
look on his puss come wanderin' in any place and bought a
box of valentine candy like....

WIL: Easy!..here she comes! (LOUDLY) OKAY PAL, I'LL TELL GEORGE
WHAT YOU SAID. SEE YOU LATER.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: (FADE IN) Who's George, McGee, and what did you want Mr.
Wilcox to tell him?

FIB: Er...GEORGE?

MO: Yes, George.

FIB: Ohhhh, GEORGE! Yeah...he's a ...er...oh he meant old
George Frahoolis.

MOL: Who on earth is George Frahoolis.

FIB: He used to have a tire shop out on 14th street. Just sold
it and took up blacksmithing. I just told Harlow to wish
him good luck. Though why a guy in the horseshoe business
should need anybody to -

MOL: Toss me one of those cocoanut creams, McGee. They're
delicious.

FIB: Here...

MOL: Thank you, MY, I DON'T KNOW WHEN a box of candy has
intrigued me like this one, McGee.

FIB: Me, either. I mean, me too!

MOL: What?

FIB: I meanI,..I'M glad you like it. You always did like mixed chocolates didn't you?

MOL: Yes and weren't you nice to remember it! But then, you always were thoughtful. (LAUGHS) Always the gentleman! Remember the time I dropped my handkerchiefs at the dance and you and Otis Cadwallader both rushed to pick it up, and bumped your heads together and knocked each other out?
(LAUGHS)

FIB: Yeah, but I came to. He's STILL unconscious.

MOL: My, you were jealous of him! I believe you still are.

FIB: Aw I am not.

MOL: Say, I saw in the paper last night that he's in town.

FIB: (CHOKES)

MOL: What's the matter?

FIB: This candy kinda choked me...In fact I think ANY of it would choke me.

MOL: What do you mean?

FIB: I mean that Otis Cadwallader might be the guy who...er...WELL, HE'D MAKE ME CHOKE ON A CARAWAY SEED. The very mention of his name would -

MOL: (LAUGHS) See? You ARE jealous! I never saw such a boy for ---

DOORBELL:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello, Mrs. Uppington.

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

FIB: Hi, Uppy. Come on in outa the rain!

UPP: It is not raining, Mr. McGee.

FIB: It ain't? I'd of swore I saw a big drip in the doorway.
WELL COME ON IN ANYWAY.

UPP: Thank you.

MOL: Have a hunk of candy, Abigail? Sweets to the sweet, you know.

FIB: In this case a chocolate-covered dill pickle might be more
appropri-

MOL: MCGEE!! Have one Abigail?

UPP: Thank you no, my deah...(LAUGHS) No candy for me. I must
keep my weight down, you know.

FIB: AND YOU'RE DOIN' SWELL AT IT, TOO, Uppy!

UPP: Oh do you think so, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I sure do. What'd I tell you just this morning, Molly?

MOL: He said, "Isn't it wonderful how Mrs. Uppington keeps her
~~weight down, Molly?~~
figure?"

UPP: Oh now reahhly -

MOL: - and I said it certainly is!

UPP: Well, I flattah myself that -

FIB: - and then I said yes, ~~most women keep their weight up here,~~
~~but Uppy keeps hers way down here, and Molly said~~
*but why anyone would want
to keep a figure like that - - -*

UPP: ~~NEVAH MIND,~~ MR. MCGEE! ^{*Please*} I prefer not to speak of my ...
ah dimensions.

FIB: Okay, Uppy if you say so, they're unspeakable.

UPP: Thank you, - I - WHAT?

MOL: He just means that if you prefer not to mention your weight
it's unmentionable.

UPP: Oh. I see. Well, I just stopped by, Mrs. McGee, to show you
my new bracelet, See?

AA

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS,...ABIGAIL!....IS THIS REALLY YOURS?

FIB: OH BOY, OH BOY!....don't tell me that's genuine, Uppy!

UPP: Indeed it is, Mr. McGee. I spent more for it than I should, possibly...but this is the sort of thing which will become a valuable heirloom, you know....

MOL: Well, you'd better be careful, Abigail...you don't let it lay around the house, do you?

UPP: Oh no, my dear...in fact I am on the way to the bank right now to put it in the vault.

FIB: I should hope so! That thing is practically irreplaceable.

UPP: Of course it is. I just adore it! Oh, I am such a happy...
HAPPY girl...to own a GENUINE SOLID RUBBER BAND! Well...
good day!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "DON'T FETCH IT"- KINGS MEN -

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Here, have some candy McGee - Help yourself to all you want. Any man who remembers his wife like this for Valentine's Day deserves anything he can get.

FIB: I wish you'd quit sayin' that, Molly.

MOL: Why, for goodness sakes? You DID send it to me, didn't you?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Who'd you suppose sent it?

MOL: Well, then.....don't be so modest. You certainly have changed since we were married.

FIB: I have? How so?

MOL: Oh, when we were going together, and you sent me a box of Turkish delights or a Tootsie roll, you kept reminding me of it for weeks. You'd say, how about a kiss, baby, and I'd say NO, not now, and you'd pout and say, OKAY, no more salt water taffy for you. And I'd say -

DOORBELL:

FIB: Now who the - COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WIMP: Hello folks.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp Old Man. How's everything?

WIMP: Oh just peachy, Mr. McGee.

MOL: You're looking very well, Mr. Wimple. Is your wife away?

WIMP: No, but Sweetface has been very busy with the new Women's Ambulance Unit, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: She a nurse or a driver, Wimple?

WIMP: Neither one, Mr. McGee...she holds up the ambulance while the other girls crawl under it and make repairs.

MOL: Your wife is very strong, isn't she, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Indeed she is! Why do you know, I've seen her tie a bow-knot in a steel crowbar?

FIB: Gee, really?

WIMP: Yes, sirree! And I don't mind telling you I had a TERRIBLE time getting it off, too! My neck was sore for weeks.

FIB: Well, there's one thing about your married life, Wimp. You never know what's coming next!

WIMP: Yes, that's SOMETHING to be thankful for, isn't it? But I really owe a lot to Sweetysface. She's made me what I am today.

MOL: And what is that?

WIMP: Oh come - let's not get clinical, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Bring her over sometime, Wimp. I'll get four flatirons and we'll play Pease Porridge Hot.

WIMP: Oh I just can't get her to out ANYWHERE socially, Mr. McGee. She says she'd rather stay home with her art work.

MOL: ART WORK! Does she paint, too?

WIMP: Oh indeed she does. She did a wonderful painting of two moonshiners working down in the Kentucky hills.

FIB: What'd she call it?

WIMP: "Still Life". (LAUGHS) I'll never forget the time I asked her to paint me.

MOL: And did she?

WIMP: In a way, she did, Mrs. McGee. She gave me a beautiful shellacking.

MOL: I suppose she was just being playful.

WIMP: Of course... (LAUGHS) She has a GRAND sense of humor! One day I said to her, "SWEETYFACE, LET'S NOT PLAY SO ROUGH." And she said, "ALL RIGHT, WALLACE, - LET'S PLAY BEANBAG." And I said, "OH, DANDY!" And then everything went black. (LAUGHS) My goodness, I never knew beans came in 500 pound bags! Well, good night.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey, we never offered Wimple any candy.

MOL: It's probably just as well. One Sweetyface in the family ought to be plenty. The poor man.

FIB: Yeah...the way he gets pushed around, he musta come from a long line of wheelbarrows. He's a--

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll get it, McGee. (CLICK) 79 WISTFUL VISTA, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHO? OH HELLO, MR. WILCOX....

FIB: WILCOX! Hey, lemme take it, Molly, I --

MOL: Be quiet, McGee...I can't hear. WHAT WAS IT, MR. WILCOX?

FIB: Molly...that's a important call...I been expecting -

MOL: HUSH, DEARIE!...I can't hear a word he says. WHAT DID YOU SAY MR. WILCOX? YES, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE THE MESSAGE.

FIB: (GROANS) Ohhhhh no I am sunk!

MOL: Yes....yes....allright....yes...YES I'LL TELL HIM, MR. WILCOX. THANK YOU FOR CALLING. GOODBYE. (CLICK) MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH GOES ON, ANYWAY?

FIB: Well, I might as well admit to the whole thing, Molly. I never felt right about it anyway.

MOL: About what?

FIB: About the - (PAUSE) - Wait a minute..what'd Wilcox say?

MOL: HE said to give you this message and you'd understand. He said, "ELK'S CLUB. PUNCH BOARD. TWO WEEKS AGO. DELIVER THIS WEEK."

FIB: Elk's Clu...punch boa...del...OHHHH! (LAUGHS IN GREAT RELIEF)
OHH SO THAT WAS IT! NOW I REMEMBER. OH BOY.. IS THAT A
LOAD OFF MY MIND! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Is what a load off your mind?

FIB: (LAUGHING)...Aw it wouldn't interest you, Molly.

MOL: But it WOULD, McGee. You were interested enough in me to send me this lovely candy and I'm interested in your affairs, too.

FIB: Okay, I'll tell you. You see THE ELKS WANTED ME TO ACT AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOXING COMMITTEE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, AND I SAID I'D THINK IT OVER. SO I DELIVERED MY ACCEPTANCE TODAY. Simple, ain't it?

MOL: But what's this about a punch board?

FIB: OH THAT. (LAUGHS) THAT'S WHAT US FELLAS CALL THE BOXING COMMITTEE. "THE PUNCH BOARD." Hah hah...HAND ME A PIECE O' THAT CANDY, WILL YOU, MOLLY? (LAUGHS) GIMME TWO PIECES.... GIMME A HANDFUL!... (LAUGHS INTO)--

ORK: "I LOVE YOU MORE AND MORE": FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 10, 1942
TUESDAY 6:00 PM PST

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Most of us today have our weather eye out for worth-while economies -- places where we can make one dollar do the work of two. One way you can accomplish that same thing is by taking better care of what you have and saving on replacements. Protect your floors, for example, and save money on costly refinishing, by polishing them regularly with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. The coat of wax acts as a shield against both dirt and wear. It is easily applied, and can be touched up or renewed as often as necessary. The result is not only money-saving protection, but greater beauty for your entire home, and less work for you. You can use that same JOHNSON'S WAX to protect and beautify your furniture and woodwork -- your windowsills, venetian blinds, shoes, luggage, refrigerator. If you do this, you will be practising what housekeeping authorities call protective housekeeping. JOHNSON'S WAX is now available in three forms -- PASTE, LIQUID and CREAM WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, - EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT, THE JOHNSON
WAX PEOPLE BRING YOU THIS PROGRAM IN THE HOPE THAT IT WILL
BRING YOU A FEW SMILES AND HELP TO LIGHTEN THE CARES AND
WORRIES THAT AFFECT ALL OF US IN TIMES LIKE THESE. BUT
VALUABLE AS CHEERFULNESS IS, WE CAN'T LAUGH OFF THE SERIOUS
TASK THIS COUNTRY HAS AHEAD OF IT. IT'S SMILES AND WORK,
AND MONEY THAT'LL EVENTUALLY DO THE JOB.

MOL: SO DON'T FORGET THOSE DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS. THE TIME
IS PAST WHEN WE CAN SIT AND LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO
BY. WE, TOO HAVE TO GO BUY.

FIB: AND BUY, AND BUY AND BUY. GOODNIGHT!

MOL: GOODNIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP

APPLAUSE:

TAGS, ETC.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 10, 1942
TUESDAY 6:00 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. Goodnight.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
FEBRUARY 10, 1942
TUESDAY 6:00 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: To be read from quiet studio

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

.....
Let me remind you again to clean and polish your car with JOHNSON'S CARNU, the new labor-saver that does two jobs at the same time -- both cleans and polishes in one application. CARNU, made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, gives your car back its original showroom shine -- increases your driving pleasure. Thousands of car owners have learned to say, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU". Don't put it off -- buy a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU this week -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.