

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7:00P
Tuesday - 3/24/42

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat present Fibber McGee & Molly, written by Don
Quinn, with songs by the King's Men and music by Billy
Mills. The show opens with "S'Wonderful!"

ORCH: "S'Wonderful"

(FADE FOR:)

(COMMERCIAL....Page 3)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MARCH 24, 1942

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: This year we're probably going to have more gardens in this country than ever before. You'll soon see many of your neighbors working out in their yards, taking care of young carrots and cabbages and beets.

Of course, it's a good idea. It helps the individual family save, and it helps the country conserve. But what has gardening got to do with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT? Well, I'll tell you. First, if your linoleum floors are protected with GLO-COAT, you'll save hours of time during the year, and that time you can use very profitably in your vegetable patch. GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing. It's self-polishing...you just apply and let dry. Second, when you come in from working in the garden, your feet just might be a little dirty. But if your kitchen floor is protected with GLO-COAT, you won't worry a bit. GLO-COAT guards the floor against wear, and soiled places are cleaned in a jiffy with a damp cloth. I hope I've made it clear that people with gardens should all use JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO COAT on their floors.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WIL: ^{McGEE} FIBBER IS WRITING A SONG.
THAT'S ALL, BROTHER!
NOW MEET --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER..... SLOW TAPPING..... BELL TINKLE.....

CARRIAGE RETURN

MOL: How are you doing, McGee?
FIB: GREAT!! I feel just like Stephen Foster, only he didn't have a typewriter!
MOL: That may make you even with Stephen, but I'll bet Foster was faster. What's the name of your corny little cadenza?
FIB: It ain't corny and it's got a wonderful title. "THE DEFENSE STAMP STOMP!" If that ain't cookin' with gas, I'll eat it raw!
MOL: Not bad! Not bad at all! Are you going to write the music, too?
FIB: No, Billy Mills offered to do it and I didn't wanna hurt his feelings.
MOL: Why don't you get somebody else to do the words, too, and save MY feelings. Frankly, I'm kind of leary of your lyrics.

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FIB: Don't worry....I got a wonderful start. Though I gotta fix up the verse some more.

MOL: *slow down it an dearie?*
~~I don't believe I've heard the verse, dearie.~~

FIB: Well, it ain't exactly right yet, but I'm on the track. So far, it goes something like this:

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL A-WINDING --

MOL: Wait a minute....that's been used.

FIB: IT HAS? YOU MEAN SOMEBODY'S SWIPED THIS ALREADY?

MOL: No no no...that's a song from the last war.....you remember.

FIB: Sayyyyyyy, it DID sound kinda familiar at that. Oh well.....I'll throw it out. I got plenty ideas. How about this?

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee?

FIB: Eh?

MOL: On second thought, I don't like your title. The Defens' Stamp Stomp.

FIB: Why that's the best part of it.

MOL: I know, but I read in the paper where they are going to start calling them WAR Bonds. We're going to stop DEFENDING and start FIGHTING.

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FIB: All right...so we ^{change} leave the title ^{to the War Stamp Stomp} the way it is, see? ~~I'll~~
get that old fighting spirit into the lyrics. As it is, I
think it's kind of offensive anyway.

MOL: Wel-l-l..yes.. It is. In fact, I think it's one of the most
offensive songs I ever heard,

FIB: Gee, do you really?

MOL: Yes, I do.

FIB: Well, thanks! You ain't just saying that because you admire
me?

MOL: No, I'm not. I really think it's a very offensive song.

FIB: That's great. Of course, I may not be so hot at popular songs
I'd probably be better at serious stuff. Matter of fact, I
been ~~mauling~~ mauling one over in my mind called BALLAD FOR AMERICANS.
It'd be great for somebody like Paul Robeson.

MOL: There IS a song by that name and Paul Robeson DOES sing it.

FIB: (GETTING SORE) DOGGONE IT! THAT'S ALWAYS THE WAY IT IS!
HERE I GET THESE IDEAS, AND JUST BECAUSE I'M TOO BUSY TO WRITE
'EM DOWN AT THAT PARTICULAR MINUTE - SOMEBODY ALWAYS -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Better hide that song for a minute, McGee.. this may be
Gilbert and Sullivan.

FIB: Who?

MOL: Gilbert and Sullivan.

FIB: I heard of Sullivan. He's a old time prizefighter. But who's
Gilbert?

MOL: He wrote The Mikado.

FIB: HE DID? WHY, THE DIRTY TRAITOR! JUST WAIT TILL I -

MOL: Calm yourself, McGee. It's only Mayor La Trivia.

FIB: Oh. COME IN, LA TRIVIA!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor.

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

FIB: Hiyah City Father. What's all the bother?

GALE: When I was over here for dinner the other evening, McGee, I lost my Phi Beta Kappa key. Did you find it, by any chance?

MOL: No, we didn't find any keys, Mr. Mayor. Did you lose your whole key ring, or just the one key?

GALE: Just my Phi Beta Kappa key, Mrs. McGee. It was pinned on my vest and -

FIB: PINNED ON YOUR VEST! That's a heck of a way to carry a key La Trivia. How do you carry your money;...tied into a corner of your hanky?

GALE: Please, McGee...let's be sensible. A Phi Beta key is usually pinned on the vest.

MOL: What was it a key TO, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: It wasn't a key TO anything, Mrs. McGee. It was the visible symbol of my membership in the honorary scholastic fraternity, PHI BETA KAPPA.

FIB: OHHH, a key to the frat. house. (LAUGHS) I didn't get it at first, La Trivia. I thought it ---

GALE: Apparently, McGee...you STILL don't get it. This key has no utilitarian purpose whatsoever.

MOL: Then what good is it?

GALE: For that matter...what good is that American Legion button your husband is wearing?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN WHAT GOOD IS IT, YOU BIG LINTHEAD! IT SHOWS I BELONG TO THE LEGION! DID YOU THINK I WORE IT JUST TO KEEP THE WIND FROM BLOWIN' THRU THE BUTTONHOLE?

GALE: Ahh you see? The Legion button indicates your membership in the Legion. My Phi Beta Kappa key indicates my membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Is that plain enough...or shall I spell it for you?

MOL: Understand, McGee?

FIB: Sure. He means he can't get into the Phi Beta Capsule clubhouse without usin' his key. They give all the members a key and when they unlock the door they -

GALE: THIS KEY DOES NOT UNLOCK ANY DOORS! CAN'T YOU GET THAT FACT THRU YOUR NEANDERTHAL NOGGIN!?

FIB: My what?

GALE: Never mind. But please keep an eye out for my key, if you will..It is a small pin, about half an inch in diameter, and--

MOL: You mean that's what the pin looks like that was on the key.

GALE: THAT IS THE KEY. THE KEY IS A PIN.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Maybe you better make La Trivia a cuppa hot tea, Molly. He seems kinda -

GALE: I DON'T WANT A CUP OF KEY. I JUST WANT TO FIND MY TEA. I MEAN MY HOT KEY....NO, I DON'T EITHER...I MEAN -

MOL: Now now now ... let's not all get excited, Mr. Mayor. I'M sure that we'll find your little pin with the key still on it, and when we do -

GALE: BUT MRS. MCGEE...THERE IS NO KEY...IT'S JUST A PIN...THEY JUST CALL IT A KEY.

FIB: Well, if you gotta unpin it every time you wanna unlock the clubhouse door, why -

GALE: THE CLUBHOUSE HASN'T ANY DOORS! THERE ISN'T ANY CLUBHOUSE! THE KEY DOESN'T UNLOCK ANYTHING BECAUSE IT ISN'T A KEY! IT'S A PIN! I JUST WEAR IT!

MOL: Why?

GALE: BECAUSE I BELONG TO PHI BETA KAPPA!!!

FIB: They why don't they give you a little button that says so?

GALE: (SHOUTS) BECAUSE THE SYMBOL OF MEMBERSHIP...(PAUSE)(VERY SOFTLY) Never mind. I am going to turn in my resignation today. I'M going to join the Elks...(SOFTLY) Good day.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Boy, is he dumb!!!

MOL: He wouldn't be, if he'd spent more time studying in college, instead of running around with those sorority men.

FIB: Well I gotta get back to my song. Now lemme see --

MOL: Look, McGee, I've got an idea!

FIB: What?

MOL: Mr. Wimple is a poet. Why don't you get him to help you with the words to your song?

FIB: HEY THAT'S A GREAT THOUGHT, MOLLY! COME ON!... LET'S GO!! I'LL GET BILLY MILLS TO WRITE THE MUSIC AND WIMPLE TO WRITE THE WORDS...

MOL: What'll YOU do?

FIB: It's my title, ain't it? (FADE OUT) COME ON. LET'S GO OVER TO MILLS AND THEN TO...

ORCH: "TEA FOR TWO"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOTSOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON PAVEMENT:

MOL: It's a lovely Spring day, isn't it, McGee? Now aren't you glad I made you walk?

FIB: No. I still think we should of hitched up Lillian to the sulky and DROVE over to Billy's house.

MOL: It was too soon after Lillian's lunch. She was taking her nap.

FIB: Yeah...all that nag does is eat and sleep. Besides, she's gettin' too fat, Molly.

MOL: She's not fat...she's just filling out.

FIB: May be. But she's the first horse I ever saw with a double chin - and, she -

MOL: Oh, look, McGee...here comes Abigail Uppington!

FIB: Correction. Lillian is the SECOND horse I ever saw with a double chin.

MOL: Abigail hasn't got a double chin, McGee. She's just got a loose neck.

FIB: A loose neck and a tight fist. She's the most -

MOL: OH HELLO, ABIGAIL DARLING. SO NICE TO SEE YOU!

UPP: (FADE IN) How do you do, Mrs. McGee...AND MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy!

MOL: We don't often see you walking, Abigail. Where's your limousine?

UPP: Oh I am economizing on tires, my deah.

FIB: Good for you, Uppy! I was always a great walker myself. Why when I was a kid, I used to walk 9 miles to school every day!

MOL: It was only THREE miles, McGee.

FIB: I know, but they always sent me back home for my arithmetic book. That made three trips.

MOL: Well, what did a future songwriter like you want to waste his time on arithmetic for anyway?

FIB: That's what I tried to tell Miss Fidditch, my teacher. I says -----

UPP: SONGWRITER! OH YOU DEAH BOY! DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVE ADDED SONGWRITING TO YOUR OTHAH ACCOMPLISHMENTS!

MOL: What other accomplishments? Name three.

FIB: Okay scoff if you wanna. DERIDE! But you'll change your mind when you hear my song played on every radio station in the country!

MOL: And maybe even one or two in the city. McGee's writing a song called the ^{WAR}~~DEFENSE~~ STAMP STOMP, Abigail.

UPP: Ohhh how splendid! What a thrilling title! And I DO hope it will be a success, Mr. McGee. Although.....

MOL: Although what?

UPP: Well, I just cawn't help remembering what a disappointment my nephew had. He was a musician, too.

FIB: What happened to him? Lose a button off his bolero?

UPP: No, he wrote a little thing which even now, is played on HUNDREDS OF radio stations every day. AND THE POOR LAD NEVAH COLLECTED A DOLLAR!

MOL: But what kind of a song is it, Abigail?

UPP: The name of it is "BONG, BONG, BONG".

FIB: That's cute....how does the music go?

UPP: Like this: (SINGS A LA NBC CHIMES) BONG, BONG, BONG!

MOL: Heavenly days...did your nephew write that?

UPP: Indeed he did! Ah well, I must be getting along.

FIB: So you've decided to walk and save your tires, eh?

UPP: Oh yes. I walk all the way down to the Bon Ton Department store. Nearly every day.

MOL: And all the way back, too?

UPP: No, that would be too much, I'm afraid. So my chauffeur meets me there with the car and drives me home. Well, good day, ..and good luck, Mr. McGee. I just KNOW you are destined to be anothah Rimsky-Korsakoff! *Well, good day.*

SOUND: WALKING.... SUSTAIN FOR TEN COUNT

MOL: What's the matter, McGee? What are you muttering about?

FIB: You heard what Uppington said didn't you? Said I was gonna be a Rimsky-Korsakoff!

MOL: Well?

FIB: Well...what IS a Rimsky-Korsakoff?

MOL: I think they are a couple of song writers.

FIB: Yeah? Well they can't amount to much...you never hear any of their stuff in the juke-boxes. Besides, I---

WIL: WELL HELLO THERE FOLKS! Where you going?

MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: Hiyah, Harlow. We're on our way over to Billy Mills' house. I hope he's home.

WIL: Oh he is. I saw his galoshes on the front porch.

MOL: How do you know they were Billy's?

WIL: He had 'em on. Going over there for dinner?

FIB: No, I'm writin' a song, Harlow...Billy's doin' the score.

WIL: What kind of a song is it? Popular?

MOL: Very. At least with McGee. He calls it the ^{WAR} ~~DEFENSE~~ STAMP STOMP, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Is that a title or ain't it, Harlow? Or maybe you aren't any judge.

WIL: Sure I'm a judge. I'm a compose myself...in a way.

MOL: Really, Mr. Wilcox? What songs have you written?

WIL: Oh nothing very famous, I guess, Molly. But I did one I rather liked....it goes --

NOW IS THE TIME TO PROTECT AND PRESERVE THE THING YOU OWN. AND CUT EXPENSES TO THE BONE -

FIB: Cute lyrics.

WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX ON YOUR FLOORS, FURNITURE, WOODWORK, WINDOW SILLS, LAMPSHADES WILL NOT ONLY PRESERVE & PROTECT BUT BEAUTIFY AS WELL. IT'S SWELL! CUTS HOUSEWORK TO A MINIMUM, AND SAVES YOU TIME AND WORK. I'D BE A JERK, IF I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO USE JOHNSON'S WAX, AND TAKE A REST. IT'S THE BEST!

AND ON YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR, USE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT. JUST MAKE A NOTE! IT'S SO EASY..LOOKS SO PLEASY. POUR IT OUT AND SPREAD IT AROUND. LET IT DRY AND I'LL BE BOUND, YOUR LINOLEUM LOOKS LIKE NEW..WHAT A VIEW! OH BOY! WHAT A JOY! FLOY FLOY!...MOY! MOY! HOY! HOY!...

MOL: Hold it, Mr. Wilcox..HOLD IT! I think we have the idea.

FIB: Yeah, we got an idea of the words, Harlow..now how about the tune?

WIL: Don't need one. Just say "Johnson's Wax", or "~~Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat~~" to a housewife and it's music to her ears. Well, good luck, pal!

SOUND: TRAFFIC UP AND FADE: WALKING:

FIB: Hoy hoy! Floy! Floy! What a song-writer! Old Jerome Korn himself!

MOL: Yes..another Minsky-Korsakoff. Isn't this Billy Mills house, McGee?

FIB: Eh? Oh yes...come on.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF SIDEWALK UP STEPS..ON PORCH. KNOCK AT DOOR:

DOOR OPEN:

BILL: Hiyah, Skimp! Hello, Mom. Come on in.

DOOR SLAM:

BILL: This is an unexpected pleasure.

MOL: I thought you knew we were coming.

BILL: Knew Fibber was coming. Didn't know you were, Mom. Makes it a pleasure. Park your hat, Pat. Let me take the sable, Mable.

FIB: Well, you're really jiving this afternoon, Billy.

BILL: Yes, I'm sending, Skimp! How's everything.

MOL: Just fine, Billy.

BILL: How's my pal - Uncle Dennis.

FIB: Oh, same as ever.

BILL: He is eh? Tsk tsk tsk! Too bad.

MOL: Yes, we've been trying to give him some good advice, but he wouldn't take it.

BILL: What advice, Mom?

FIB: She told him he oughtta give up the Little Brown Jugs till we licked those Little Yellow Muggs.

BILL: Make a great air raid warden. Out all night anyway.

MOL: Well, never mind Uncle Dennis. Did you write some music for McGee, Billy?

BILL: Working on it, Mom. Got the manuscript right here.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER:

MOL: How does it look to you, McGee?

FIB: Lemme study it a minute, Mom. I mean, Molly. Hmmm...You seem kinda doubtful about the opening chord, Billy,

BILL: Whaddye mean?

FIB: Got a question mark in front of it.

BILL: That's a treble clef.

FIB: GHH, OH YEAH. TREBLE CLEF. See this thing here, Molly? Treble Clef. Wonderful thing to have in a song, too. Some of our best music has got treble clefs in it.

MOL: You don't tell me! What'll they think of next!!

FIB: Is this finished, Billy?

BILL: No. Had a little difficulty. About the piano.

MOL: Difficulty?

BILL: Yes. Man from the finance company. And I hurt my hand, too.

FIB: How?

BILL: Slugged a guy.

MOL: Who?

BILL: Man from the finance company.

FIB: That's tough, Billy. But when do you think you can finish it? I kinda promised the manager of the radio station he could have it at six o'clock tonight.

BILL: I'll have it done, Skimp. How about the lyrics?

MOL: Mr. Wimple is going to do the lyrics, Mr. Mills.

FIB: Yes and when he gets the words done and you finish the music, Billy, I gotta hunch this is gonna be the best song I ever wrote. Hey, that reminds me I better call Wimple and see how he's gettin' along! Where's your phone, Billy?

BILL: See that brown cord on the floor over there?

FIB: Yes.

BILL: Follow that. If there's a lamp on the end of it, try the black cord.

MOL: Never mind tracing it down, McGee...here's the phone right here.

FIB: Lemme take it. Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 7-2-OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

BILL: Abusing my hospitality.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? 'TIS EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR BROTHER? SHOT IT OUT WITH THE COPS, EH?

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

FIB: Myrt's baby needed a bottle of milk in the middle of the night. She called her brother at the creamery and he shot it out with the cops. WHAT SAY, MYRT? OH YOU HAVE...thanks. HELLO IS THIS WALLACE WIMPLE? WHAT 'S THE MATTER, WIMP? GOT A COLD? YOUR VOICE IS DEEPER THAN USUAL. EH? OH EXCUSE ME, MRS. WIMPLE. MAY I SPEAK TO WALLACE? Thanks.

BILL: Follow that. If there's a lamp on the end of it, try the black cord.

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BILL: Wimple started the lyrics yet, Mom?

MOL: Yes, McGee called him earlier today and he said -

FIB: IS THAT YOU, WIMPLE? THIS IS MCGEE. YEAH, LOOK. (FADE
OUT) BILLY MILLS IS NEARLY FINISHED WITH THE MUSIC...
SUPPOSE YOU GET THEM WORDS DONE AND MEET ME AT THE RADIO
STATION ABOUT 5:45. WE'LL TALK TO THE MANAGER AND.....

ORK: SNEAK IN WITH: "LANNIGAN'S SHILLALAH" KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Where did you tell Mr. Wimple you'd meet him, McGee?

FIB: Right here ^{at reception} near the desk. Hey, bud -

BOY: Yes sir?

FIB: Got an appointment to meet a guy here in a few minutes. Mind if we hang around?

BOY: Not at all, sir. Would you care to see a broadcast while you wait?

MOL: It might be fun, McGee. What's on now?

BOY: Well, in five minutes we have Uncle Bunny and his Seepy Time Tales...~~and at 6:15 we have the Unhappy Hour with Stoop Hooper and his Royal Shagmasters.~~ Then at 6:30, a news broadcast by Herman Sherman, the Commentator who Sees All, Knows All and Guesses very Badly. Then at 6:45 --

FIB: Skip the schedule, bud. Thanks anyway, but I don't think we got time because..Oh here he comes...HEY WIMP. HERE WE ARE!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

FIB: How'd you get along with my song, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh quite well, Mr. McGee...considering.

MOL: Considering what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Well, I had to stop every now and then and help Sweetface. She was practicing the shot-put for the Police Games next month .

FIB: How could you help her do that?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Oh she didn't want to get the floor all dented up so I had to stand across the room and catch the shot when she threw it. My goodness, the woman is a human cannon! I'd like to send her away to General MacArthur. Of somebody.

MOL: Did you get the song done, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Yes I did, Mrs. McGee. And when I got started on the lyrics Sweetface thought I was a regular Cole Porter.

FIB: She did, eh?

WIMP: I guess so. Anyway, she kept me running down cellar for more coal for the fireplace.

MOL: Let's hear your words for the song, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: All righty... (CLEAR THROAT) The War Stamp Stomp.

FIB: Boy what a title!

WIMP: Here's the chorus.

DIG DOWN DEEP INTO YOUR ROMPERS...

LAY IT ON THE LINE, YOU STOMPERS,

FOR THE RIGHT

FOR RIGHT IS MIGHT

GET INTO IT, DON'T BE TIGHT

AND STOMP....STOMP....

THE WAR STAMP STOMP!

MOL: Why that's VERY good, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: It's terrific, Wimp! Much Obliged!

WIMP: Now the second chorus goes -

OH THERE'S MEN BEHIND THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS,

TO LICK THE JAPPIES AND THE EYETIES, AND THE HUNS,

SO WHEN YOU -

FIB: Hold it Wimp..hold it...that's great. MUCH OBLIGED...WAIT OUT HERE AND I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS...COME ON, MOLLY.

MOL: Where, McGee?

FIB: I gotta show this song to the manager. HEY BUD...IS MR. STROTZ IN HIS OFFICE?

BOY: Just a moment sir, I'll see. (PAUSE) Yes sir, he is. Whom shall I say wants to see him, sir?

FIB: Fibber McGee, the song writer, Tell him it's about that song I wrote that I spoke to him about over the phone.

BOY: Yes sir, (CLICK) Extension 867-J, please. Mr. STROTZ? There's a Mister McGee here who says - Sir? Well, he's short, and heavy set, and - sir? But he says he has already spoken to you about...sir? No but he...sir? I'M sorry sir, but I already told him you were in and he...sir? Yes sir. (CLICK) You may go in, Mr. McGee. Mr. Strotz said he was very anxious to see you. Third door to the left.

MOL: Thank you very much.

FIB: Hot dog...what'd I tell you, Molly! These guys are hungry for new talent.

MOL: That's what the Missionary said when the cannibals put the kettle on.

FIB: I'll bet they offer me a job on the staff here. Maybe head of the music department. They..oh oh. Here we are.

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: HIYAH STROTZY, OLD MAN. I'M MCGEE, THE SONG WRITER. THIS IS MY WIFE, MOLLY.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

MAN: Good day. McGee, somebody called me earlier today and said that you were the author of the greatest song ever written.

FIB: That was me, Chief. Look. Here's the song. I call it the WAR STAMP STOMP. Just look it over and -

MAN: THE WHAT?

MOL: The WAR STAMP STOMP. Isn't that a wonderful title?

MAN: It certainly is!

FIB: It's a inspiration, that's what it is, Strotz. Just popped into my head one morning, and I says to myself....BOY IS THAT A TITLE. Then I gets to work and -

MAN: Wait a minute, McGee. Do you ever listen to station ^{MEOW} GPU?

MOL: Oh he listens every night.

FIB: That's why I come to you. My favorite radio station. Now look, Strotz. You publish this on a royalty basis and I'll -

MAN: WHAT'S THAT? PUBLISH IT! WHY YOU LITTLE PIRATE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: What's the matter?

MAN: WE'VE BEEN FEATURING A SONG CALLED THE ^{WAR} DEFENSE STAMP STOMP
OVER THIS STATION FOR TWO WEEKS!

FIB: You been.....over this...~~The Defense Stamp St...~~OHHH, SO
THAT'S WHERE I HEARD IT. Oh pshaw!

ORK: "EVERYTHING I LOVE" -- FADE FOR --

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 24, 1942
TUESDAY, 6:30 P.M. PWT NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Nearly every home has a few things finished with chromium. If you think of your own home for a moment, you'll remember those towel bars and perhaps other fixtures in the bathroom and kitchen -- possibly some chromium chairs or tables -- not to forget the trim on your automobile. You know, of course, that chromium is scarce at present, and should be protected. But do you know the easy, inexpensive way to protect it? Yes -- with that same genuine JOHNSON'S WAX you use to protect and beautify your floors, furniture and woodwork. Apply JOHNSON'S WAX, either paste, liquid or cream, the same as you do on wood surfaces. The wax forms a protective shield, that guards the chromium against the corrosive action of weather and fingerprints -- also against minor scratches. You'll notice, too, how the wax finish adds a soft beauty to the metal itself. Before another day passes, protect all chromium surfaces in your home with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

MOL: I'M terribly sorry about your song, McGee.
I really thought you had something there.

FIB: Me, too. I still think my song was better'n the one
they been playing. Had more ZING...more patriotic OOOMPH!

MOL: Yes, and I'll bet if you ever published it, and
everybody started singing it, it would be an awful pain
in the neck to Berlin.

FIB: Berlin, Germany?

MOL: No, Berlin, Irving.

FIB: Oh. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH. APPLAUSE. SIGNOFF, ETC.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

TUESDAY, 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (Molly)... Goodnight, all

.

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

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MARCH 24, 1942
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: Read from quiet studio

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

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

.....

ANNOUNCER: Will you do me a favor? Next time you get into your car, take a critical look at the finish. Doesn't it need a good cleaning and polishing? It's a cinch to do both these jobs now with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- because CARNU both cleans and polishes with one application. Two jobs at once, in quick time. You've probably heard people say, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU". You'll be saying it yourself first time you use JOHNSON'S CARNU on your car. CARNU is spelled C-A-R-N-U.