

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writers: Don Quinn  
Bill Danch

(REVISED)

ORCHESTRA: MUSIC

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

6:30-7P  
Tuesday - 6/9/42

ORCHESTRA: "NEW SUN IN THE SKY"

(REVISED) -2-

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 TO 7P  
WIL: 9, 1942 THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY ...

ORCHESTRA: 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 the King's men and Music by  
Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with:  
"New Sun In The Sky."

ORCHESTRA: "NEW SUN IN THE SKY"

(FADE FOR:)

C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
MAY 9, 1942

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ENDING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: There's one thing carowners are learning now, many of them for the first time -- you can't just put your car away and forget about it. Like any piece of good machinery, you've got to keep it up to keep its value up. That goes for the battery, for the tires -- and it goes for the finish, too. Smashed bugs and road scum will damage the finish of your car if they're not removed. Even the dirt accumulation and temperature changes in a garage or parking space will cause damage. So even if you're not driving your car very much these days, you'll still lengthen the life of the finish and keep it new looking if you clean and polish it with JOHNSON'S CARNU. I can tell you that's an easy job, because CARNU both cleans and polishes in one application -- two jobs at once in quick time. CARNU is a liquid -- you apply it, let it dry, wipe it off. It does an amazing job of bringing back your car's original showroom shine. If you want to give the finish added protection, apply a coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX or the regular JOHNSON'S WAX. But first clean and polish the car with JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

ANNOUNCER: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL:

EVERY MAN HAS HIS FAVORITE DISH. WITH THE MASTER (he thinks) OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, IT'S POT ROAST. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, INHALING THE LUSCIOUS AROMA WAITING IN FROM THE KITCHEN, WE FIND A MAN WITH AN APPETITE AND A WOMAN WITH A GENIUS FOR DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT --

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

(APPLAUSE)

FIB:

Baby, does that smell good! How long before we eat, Molly?

MOL:

Now don't get impatient, McGee. It won't be long now.

FIB:

But I'm starved. I'm so hungry I could eat a horse and chase the jockey!

MOL:

For goodness' sakes, McGee ... you had ham and eggs and two pieces of pie for lunch.

FIB:

Well - I been working.

MOL:

At what?

FIB:

Ohhhhhh, different stuff. Took me 3 hours to fix that automatic pencil of mine.

MOL:

Well, no wonder you're famished, dearie. My goodness, fixing a pencil all afternoon. Do you think at your age you should exert yourself like that?

FIB:

Oh quit kidding me.

MOL:

Well, just relax, dearie. The potroast is almost done. 17 minutes more.

FIB:

17? You say ... POTROAST? I like anything I like

MOL:

I cook by the clock, McGee. I believe in perfection in my cooking.

FIB:

I'll say you do. You cook the best potroast I ever looped a lip over. If you ever hear any vicious gossip to the effect that I married you for your potroast, it ain't vicious gossip. It's true.



FIB: Oh maybe I never told you. I worked in a pet shop once and we had a lot of parrots that wouldn't talk. So me and three or four other fellas started a business to teach parrots how to talk.

MOL: What did you call it?

FIB: The Parrot Teacher's Association. Well sir, after I ...

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Oh my gosh ... who's that?

MOL: I don't know but I hope they don't stay long.

FIB: If they do, they're gonna have to talk to me over a bowl of gravy.

MOL: Well don't ask them to eat with us ... I only made enough potroast for two... COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

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

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Mayor. Won't you come in and sit down?

FIB: Maybe he ain't got time to sit down, Molly. Must be about his dinner time.

GALE: Oh I'M in no, hurry, McGee. Am I ..er... interrupting your dinner by any chance?

FIB: If you are I hope it's just by chance because we only got barely enough for ---

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: -- enough for McGee...what's on your mind, La Trivia? I can spare you a minute.

GALE: Oh, nothing in particualar, McGee...I just wanted your opinion on the new big bulletin board on the city hall steps.

MOL: What's that, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: It's a huge poster affair, Mrs. McGee, upon which we post air raid information, rationing information, directions about enlistments and that sort of thing.

FIB: I think it's great. WELL, NICE YOU DROPPED IN, LA TRIVIA. I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

MOL: Now, McGee...don't be rude. Maybe the Mayor wasn't thru talking.

FIB: Sure he was.

GALE: No I wasn't. I value the personal opinions of the citizens of Wistful Vista.-

FIB: You wouldn't value mine, right now.

MOL: It must be a great help to a mayor to take sort of an informal poll of people's ideas, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: It is. It is, indeed. I like to proceed cautiously with these things. I go by the old aphorism - "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine".

FIB: Nine what?



FIB: I dunno. Pretty uncomfortable. Water's always drippin in the sink..or the percolator bubbles so you can't hear yourself think or something. I like to put on a little dog when I eat.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, I...MCGEE WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FIB: Just tightening my belt a little, is all.

GALE: Losing weight, McGee?

FIB: Think I have, recently. Last few hours or so. WELL, DON'T RUSH AWAY, LA TRIVIA....JUST BECAUSE WE WERE GONNA GRAB A BITE TO EAT DON'T MEAN -

GALE: Not a bit, McGee..not a bit....You go right ahead with what you were doing and forget I'm here.

MOL: We wouldn't think of it. Er...have you seen tonight's paper, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: NO...AND I ALWAYS DO THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE TOO. Ahh...  
(RATTLE OF PAPER) Here it is. Got a pencil, McGee?

FIB: (WEARILY) Yeah...here...and be careful with it..I spent all afternoon fixin' it. TAKE IT WITH YOU, LA TRIVIA..TAKE THE PAPER TOO.

MOL: Excuse me a minute, Mr. Mayor....McGee, may I speak to you, a minute?

FIB: Eh? Sure...scuse me, La Trivia?

GALE: OF COURSE OF COURSE....WAIT A MINUTE...

MOL: Yes?

GALE: WHAT'S AN EIGHT LETTER WORD...MEANING A POPULAR DINNER DISH?

FIB: Lemme see...eight letters....what does it begin with?

GALE: P....O.....space R...

MOL: I know....POTROAST.!!!

GALE: THAT'S IT.!!!

FIB: (GROANS)

ORK: "ONE DOZEN ROSES"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well Mr. Mayor? Nearly finished with the puzzle?

GALE: No, I've got quite a long way to go yet!

FIB: But ain't you gettin' kinda hungry, La Trivia.

GALE: Ohhh, I don't know ... are you?

MOL: NOT A BIT ... HOW ABOUT YOU, MCGEE?

FIB: Me? ..(LAUGHS MERRILY) Shucks, I had ham and eggs and two pieces of pie for lunch ... why should I be hungry? I can go for hours yet.

GALE: So can I.  
(PAUSE)

MOL: Well ... here we are .... aren't we?

FIB: Sure are. (PAUSE)

GALE: What's a nine letter word meaning "APPETIZING?"

FIB: Vertical or horizontal?

MOL: What difference does that make?

FIB: Might make a lot. Asparagus is horizontal and artichokes are vertical and they're both --

GALE: DELICIOUS! Thank you very much. Now let me see ... 32  
vertical ---

DOOR CHIME: BUT HE IS MR. LA TRIVIA.

FIB: Now who in the - COME IN!

DOOR OPEN: DOGGONE IT, HE IS THE MAYOR.

MOL: Oh hello there Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Hi there Daughter, Hello, Johnny.

FIB: You know Mayor La Trivia, Old Timer?

OLD M: Don't care if I do. Pleased to meet you, sonny. Stranger  
in town?

GALE: Er ... not exactly.

MOL: He's the Mayor, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Zat so? Bout time we had a new Mayor. Got an awful  
stuffed vest in the city Hall now. Name's La Trivia.

GALE: I, am La Trivia.

OLD M: Any relation?

FIB: Look, Old Timer. THIS is THAT La Trivia. HE'S OUR MAYOR.

OLD M: Congratulations, sonny. Get in there and pitch. Can't do  
any worse than that La Trivia.

MOL: Please, Mr. Old Timer ... this gentleman IS Mr. La Trivia.

OLD M: Can't be daughter. La Trivia ain't a gentleman. HEY  
SONNY, YOU LOOK LIKE A FELLER I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH.

GALE: You don't say. I was Princeton, '27. And you?

OLD M: Lockheed, '42. Welding school. Where you working?

FIB: WE JUST TOLD YOU ... HE'S THE MAYOR.

OLD M: Glad to hear it. What ever become of La Trivia?

GALE: NOTHING ... I'M STILL HERE.

See you later.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Old Timer.

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JUST A MINUTE, SIR... That petition we just signed...  
didn't read it very carefully.

OLD M: Don't change the subject, young fella. I was talking about  
La Trivia.

MOL: BUT HE IS MR. LA TRIVIA.

OLD M: Same name as the Mayor, eh?

FIB: DOGGONE IT, HE IS THE MAYOR.

OLD M: IS ZAT SO ... SMALL WORLD AIN'T IT? HEY KIDS ... SIGN THIS  
PETITION FOR ME WILL YOU?

MOL: Certainly ... let me take that pencil, Mr. Mayor ... thank  
you.

OLD M: Right at the bottom there daughter ... that's it ... you  
too, Johnny ... right below ... and you, sonny ... what  
was the name?

GALE: La Trivia.

OLD M: Name's familiar. We met before someplace?

MOL: You just met him here two minutes ago.

OLD M: I did? Heh heh heh .. time sure drags, don't it?

FIB: You don't know the half of it. It's been so long since  
*think all my swallows have gone back to Casper's*  
*lunch-my belt-buckle is clattering against my backbone.*

OLD M: Heh heh heh .... THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T  
THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT - (Hey did you  
sign this petition, sonny?)

GALE: Yes, I did.

OLD M: Much obliged. THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAY TO  
TOETHER FELLER ... "SAYYYYY" he says, "THEY SAY IT'S GONNA  
BE KINDA HARD TO GET GAS AFTER JULY 15TH."  
"THAT'S GREAT", says tother feller. "MY RADISHES OUGHTTA  
BE UP BY THEN!" Heh heh ... well, much obliged, kids.  
See you later.

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Old Timer.

8  
GALE: JUST A MINUTE, SIR... That petition we just signed...I  
didn't read it very carefully.

OLD M: I did? Heh heh heh .. time sure drags, don't it?

FIB: You don't know the half of it. It's been so long since  
*think all my swallows have gone back to Caspary's*  
~~lunch my belt-buckle is clattering against my backbone.~~ *ate, 9*

OLD M: Heh heh heh .... THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T

THE WAY I FEELLED IT. THE WAY I FEELLED IT. (How did you



OLD M: We're gonna impeach the Mayor, Johnny. Fella named  
La Trivia.

GALE: BUT I AM MAYOR LA TRIVIA!!!

OLD M: Well don't worry about it. Common name. Met three fellas  
named La Trivia in the last five minutes. SO LONG KIDS.  
GLAD TO OF MET YOU..ER.....MISTER..ER...

FIB: La Trivia.

OLD M: Criminey...ANOTHER ONE?

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I've held some silly conversations in my day, but that one  
wins the petit-point inner tube!

FIB: Don't you think you better trot down to the City Hall and  
do something about that petition, La Trivia?

GALE: Certainly not. I'M a great deal more worried about you two  
good people. I'M afraid I'M keeping you from your dinner.

MOL: What on earth ever gave you that idea?

FIB: Yes, just because we got the table all set and you smell  
a pot roast cooking on the stove and I'M beginning to feel  
faint and Molly keeps lookin' at the clock, you needn't jump  
to conclusions.

MOL: The longer a pot roast cooks the better it is, I always say.

GALE: It certainly smells delicious. Very fond of pot roast  
myself. Particularly when it's cooked at home. I think the  
sight of a well-browned pot roast, with that delicately  
flavored gravy oozing out of it, is one of the finest -

GALE: MCGEE .. DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?

MOL: Here, dearie ... sit down a few minutes ...

FIB: I .. I'll be all right ... don't mind me.

GALE: Do you think it's something you ate?

MOL: Whatever it is it must be very painful ... he's got tears  
in his eyes ... use your handkerchief, darling.

(REVISED)

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FIB: I...I...ain't got one with me.

GALE: What's that up your sleeve there?

FIB: THAT'S A NAPKIN, SNOOPY!

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks...what's cooking?

MOL: Potroast and hasn't it been a lovely day!

GALE: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, Mr. Mayor. I'M sorry if I'M breaking in on a dinner party.

(PAUSE)

WIL: Or IS it a dinner party?

(PAUSE)

WIL: On second thought it's so late you must have all HAD dinner.

FIB: That's two thoughts you've had today, master mind. Don't push your luck.

WIL: What are you so bad tempered about, Fibber?

MOL: He doesn't...er...feel well, Mr. Wilcox. He feels kind of irritated.

WIL: What about, Fibber? What's your beef?

MOL: Potroast...or have I mentioned it?

GALE: I think McGee will be all right if we can only get him to eat something, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Maybe some crackers and milk, eh?

GALE: Or some tea and toast.

MOL: MCGEE...STOP TREMBLING !!!!!

FIB: I ain't trembling. I...I'M just quivering with happiness that everybody takes so much interest in me. WHADDYEU WANT, WILCOX?

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(REVISED)

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MOL: MCGEE...THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO MR. WILCOX. After all, he represents the sponsor, and if it wasn't for the sponsor you wouldn't be eating...

(PAUSE)

MOL: Oh I'm always saying the wrong thing. You'll have to make allowances for him today, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Sure sure...everybody feels like that on occasion. I met a fellow today who was snapping everybody's head off....

FIB: He musta been even hungrier than me.

GALE: What did you say, McGee?

MOL: He's just talking to himself....what was the matter with your irritable friend, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, it's a funny thing...he was subconsciously annoyed by the dull and dingy looks of his car. I showed him how easy it was to bring back that showroom shine with some Johnson's Car Nu...how it cleans and polishes in one easy operation...in practically no time at all...and when he got thru Car Nuing that automobile, he was the cheerfulest, happiest fellow you could ever hope to meet. Gay as a grig... so delighted with that gleaming finish and the simplicity of the whole CAR NU operation that he insisted on taking me out to lunch.

FIB: Ahhhhh, lunch! Why doesn't everybody go away and leave me to my memories?

WIL: It was some lunch, too! An ice-cold jellied consomme, crisp lettuce salad, a golden brown, light and fluffy mushroom omelette....GRAB HIM, LA TRIVIA!!..HE'S FAINTING!!

GALE: I'VE GOT HIM!!!

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MOL: SOMEBODY RUN AND GET A GLASS OF POTROAST...I MEAN WATER!

FIB: (FAST) I'LL DASH DOWN TO THE CORNER - THERE'S A DOCTOR  
DOWN THERE.

MOL: I DON'T WANNA DOCTOR!!

FIB: I KNOW IT...BUT I PROMISED HIM A CAR-NU DEMONSTRATION  
TODAY....SEE YOU LATER.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: What's the matter with you, McGee...every time anybody  
mentions food, you turn pale...

FIB: I think he's a little faint from loss of hunger, Mr. Mayor.

MOL: Oh I'M all right....I think maybe I better run up and get  
to bed...

FIB: Can you sleep on an empty stomach?

MOL: He sleeps on his side.

FIB: I can get to sleep all right, if I just start countin'  
politicians jumpin' over a potroast. That always -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: MRS. UPPINGTON!!

FIB: How do you do, my deah. And Mr. McGee...

MOL: Hi, Uppy.

FIB: Good day, Mrs. Uppington.

MOL: MAYOR LA TRIVIA...WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE!! I didn't  
know the McGees were having a guest for dinnah.

(PAUSE)

UPP: er...lovely evening, isn't it?

MOL: FIB: LA TRIVIA: (ALL AT ONCE) Beautiful!!...never saw a nicer  
evening, been a wonderful day!...etc etc ad lib.

~~SILENCE~~

MOL: er...WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?

UPP: Thank you no, my deah...I...er..I just dropped in to see  
if you and Mr. McGee had any plans for dinnah this evening

FIB: Yeah...we had plans all right. Anyway, I did. But, as the  
poet says, there's many a slip twixt the skillet and the  
gullet.

UPP: I don't think McGee feels much like eating this evening,  
Mrs. Uppington...the very mention of food seems to upset him.

MOL: Yes, the poor boy. I think he has a touch of oral humidity.

UPP: Good heavens...ORAL HUMIDITY...WHAT IS THAT?

FIB: My mouth waters. But why'd you ask, Uppy?

UPP: Oh I was eating alone tonight, and my cook has prepared  
a simply delicious boeuf braisse, and I had rawthah hoped  
you would be able to join me. Informally, of course...

MOL: Well thank you, Abigail...but I...well, I don't believe  
we'll be able to. It was nice of you to think of us.

FIB: I ain't much for those french dishes anyway, Uppy. I'M

GALE: strickly a eat-in-the-kitchen-and-holler-for-more-ketchup  
guy, myself.

UPP: If I didn't feel that I was deserting McGee when he  
doesn't feel well, Mrs. Uppington, I'd accept your  
invitation myself.

MOL: I'M teddibly sorry about it, Mr. McGee...perhaps some  
othah time.

FIB: Okay...if I live. But I think I got a bad case of malnutrition. My tummy is so wrinkled you could grab me by the head and feet and play me like an accordion.

UPP: I wouldn't think of such a thing! But I was so sure you, particularly, Mr. McGee, would enjoy a bit of Boeuf Braisee.

MOL: I don't think so, Abigail. He usually shies away from those foreign specialties. As he says, he's just a Yankee Doodle for a bean and a noodle.

UPP: Well, some othah time, perhaps...good evening.

CHORUS OF GOODNIGHTS.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: I'd really like to have gone over there, McGee, but everything is always so fancy.

FIB: Yeah...I always feel that I oughtta be eatin' my olives with gloves on over there. HEY LA TRIVIA...

GALE: Yes?

FIB: You're a educated guy...what was this "burf brazay" her cook dreamed up?

GALE: You don't know?

MOL: No...what is it?

GALE: Pot roast.

ORK: "THE BOMBARDIER SONG" -- KING'S MEN.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Look, La Trivia, if you'd left when Wilcox did, he might of given you a lift in his car.

GALE: I wouldn't THINK of leaving till I'M sure you'll be all right, McGee.

MOL: Oh he'll be all right, Mr. Mayor....I think I'll put him right to bed?

GALE: With no dinner?

FIB: Oh, poeey on dinner! I think it does people good to skip a meal now and then. Good night's sleep is just as valuable.

GALE: Not to me. I've got to have my dinner. But, if you're going to bed, I guess I'D better be going to a restaurant someplace.

MOL: Well, nice you dropped in, Mr. Mayor.

FIB: Yes, sorry we're not going with you, La Trivia. I get awful hungry for a good restaurant-cooked meal now and then.

GALE: (LAUGHS) Don't be silly, McGee...I smelled that potroast!

MOL: What potroast? OH THAT potroast....that's for lunch tomorrow. Well good night, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Good night....good night, McGee....

FIB: Goodnight, La Trivia.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: OH BOY...NOW FOR THAT POTROAST....I THOUGH THAT GUY WOULD NEVER GO HOME ---

MOL: .....looks like we'd have to start taking our meals  
behind locked doors, McGee...

FIB: Well. COME ON...(FADE) I GOT JUST ENOUGH STRENGTH  
LEFT TO LIFT THE FIRST MOUTHFUL OF POTROAST.....

CLATTER OF PANS

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK! THE POTROAST IS RUINED!...IT'S ALL COOKED  
AWAY!

FIB: Let's see...OH MY GOSH!!! It looks like a retread on a  
retread...DOGGONE LA TRIVIA ANYWAY!...HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THIS!! NEXT TIME I MEET HIM, I'M GONNA -

MOL: Never mind that, McGee...get your hat. We've got to go  
out and eat.

FIB: Okay, but let's go someplace where we can get potroast.  
I been all puckered up for potroast for three days. Come  
on!!

ORKESTRATION: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE. FADE FOR -

SOUND: TINKLE OF SILVER...HUM OF VOICES, ETC...

MOL: My, I hope we can get a table right away McGee... I'M  
starved.

FIB: YOU'RE STARVED!! Gee whizz, I could even eat spinach.

MOL: HEY SIS, CAN WE GET A TABLE?

GIRL: The gentleman with his back toward you at the next table.

FIB: Well of all the...HEY BUD..HOW'S THE POTROAST?

GALE: (OFF MIKE) Excellent. In fact...I...*sh kello, McGee*

MOL: MCGEE - IT'S THE MAYOR!!

FIB: LA TRIVIA!!! WHY YOU ---

SOUND: CRACK OF SILVER AND DISHES....

GIRL: I think so sir...I have one right over here...this way  
please.

MOL: Thank you, dearie..(TO MCGEE) You know I almost felt sorry  
for Mayor La Trivia, McGee..I wish we'd asked him to eat  
with us.

FIB: Not me. The way that wolf moved in on us, I wouldn't split  
a pea with him

GIRL: Here you are sir...and here is a menu.

FIB: Oh boy oh boy oh boy!!...lemme study this a minute...

PAUSE OVER RESTAURANT SOUNDS:

MOL: MCGEE...LOOK! ... THE SPECIALTY FOR TODAY!!

FIB: Where?

MOL: At the top of the page there...POTROAST!!

FIB: Oh baby...this is my lucky day after all..HEY SIS...BRING  
ME A DOUBLE ORDER OF THE POTROAST...How about you, Molly?

MOL: No..just a bowl of soup and some green salad.

GIRL: Yes madam..but I'M afraid I have bad news for you, sir.

FIB: Eh?

GIRL: The potroast is all gone. I just served the last portion  
of it to that gentleman over there.

MOL: Where?

GIRL: The gentleman with his back toward you at the next table.

FIB: Well of all the..HEY BUD..HOW'S THE POTROAST?

GALE: (OFF MIKE) Excellent. In fact...I...*sh kello, McGee*

MOL: MCGEE - IT'S THE MAYOR!!

FIB: LA TRIVIA!!! WHY YOU ---

SOUND: CRACK OF SILVER AND DISHES....

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MOL: MCGEE...STOP IT...COME BACK HERE...!! PUT DOWN THAT JAR  
OF MUSTARD....

FIB: But Molly -

MOL: TAKE THE CHILI SAUCE BOTTLE....IT'S HEAVIER!!

ORK: "FULL MOON" FADE FOR

(REVISED) -25-

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
JUNE 9, 1942

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Maybe you've already noticed that I like to talk about WAX. It has so many uses that if I talked about a different one every week, I could go on for several years without repeating myself. But what interests me today is what is the real purpose of WAX -- the number one reason for using it on your floors, furniture and woodwork? That reason is protection. When you apply a coat of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid, to any surface, you are really protecting that surface against dirt and wear -- adding to its life. That makes wax a very useful item today, when one of our jobs is to conserve and make our things last. Of course, protection is not wax's only contribution. It does save you many hours of housework, and it does add rich, mellow beauty to your entire home. But you can count these as extra dividends -- you get more than your money's worth just from the protection that genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid, gives to your floors, furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, the Navy wants and needs 30 thousand pilots a year to be trained on a 12-month program of flight training. The requirements are simple ....they want young men between 18 & 27, high school graduates, who have been American Citizens for at least ten years. All those successfully completing the course will be commissioned as Ensign, with pay and allowances of over two hundred dollars a month.

MOL: It's a wonderful and thrilling opportunity for young men to find a new glory under Old Glory.

FIB: Join the Navy, and see the World made into a decent place for free people to live in. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORK: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE: ETC ETC.