

Written by Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

(Johnson's Wax)

1943 (38)

NBC - RED 6:30 - 7:00 PM PWT

Tuesday, June 15, 1943

(REVISED)

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME: FADE FOR:

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax, Johnson's Car-Nu and
Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee
and Molly, written by Don Quinn ... with music by the
King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: SELECTION: "LOVE IS" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

(COMMERCIAL TO COME - PAGE 3)

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JUNE 15, 1943

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Have you ever had this experience? You're sitting in someone's living room and you suddenly notice how beautiful the finish is on a certain table. It has a soft satiny lustre, free from dust and fingerprints, and the grain of the wood itself is clear and lovely. You ask your hostess the reason for this beautiful finish, and she tells you that for years that table has been waxed regularly -- with JOHNSON'S WAX. It has had no other treatment, no other care. It might have been JOHNSON'S PASTE or LIQUID WAX or the CREAM WAX especially developed for furniture and woodwork. The point is, regular waxing and polishing has made that piece of furniture more beautiful with the years. It has guarded its finish against stains and minor scratches, made dusting and cleaning very easy. When you apply a coat of JOHNSON'S WAX to floors, furniture and woodwork, you are giving them a shield of protection. The wax takes the wear, the finish underneath is guarded. It's a good idea to have JOHNSON'S WAX on hand to help take care of the things you can't replace.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: PHYSICIANS DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT OR COFFEE-KLATSCHING THESE DAYS, SO AS DOCTOR GAMBLE PARKS HIS CAR IN THE DRIVE-WAY AND APPROACHES THE DOOR AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, THERE IS CONSIDERABLE SPECULATION BETWEEN --

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: But I tell you I DID pay his bill, Molly.

MOL: You sure?

FIB: Absolutely. I sent him a check yesterday...with a little note, sayin' "Thanks for all your kindnesses and please don't cash this check till Friday".

MOL: Heavenly days, doesn't he look tired.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Good thing we have a doorbell....he doesn't look like he had the strength to use a knocker.

FIB: I'll take him upstairs to the full length mirror...that guy needs to consult himself.

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

DOC: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

MOL: Hello, Doctor.

FIB: Hiyah, Doc, old man. Park your pink pills on the piano and plunk the pelvis into a pile of pillows.

DOC: I'd love to, McGee, but I can't stay. Just stopped in to ask you folks a favor.

MOL: Ask us anything, Doctor. Heavenly days, - you look all worn out.

DOC: I am worn out. I feel like something a not-very-discriminating cat had dragged in. Last night I found myself looking at a patient's watch and taking my own pulse. When I delivered a baby this morning, I told the infant to stay on duty all day and ~~slapped~~ my interne on the behind. I've got to take a day off, or I'll fall apart like a wet doughnut.

FIB: That's the old spirit, Doc. Get away from it all. Take a day or two and go fishin'. I'll go with you.

MOL: No you won't dearie. The doctor needs to get away by himself. Can I brew you a slug of tea, Doctor?

DOC: No thank you, my dear. I just wanted to ask if you mind my leaving my car in your garage for a day. Haven't enough gas for a trip, and if I leave it in my own garage people will think I'm at home and keep ringing my bell.

FIB: Why sure, Doc. Leave it here. I'll run it into the garage and shut the door. HEY I GOT SOME SWELL TROUT FLIES YOU CAN HAVE.

DOC: I'm not going to fish, McGee. Fish remind me too much of people. Cold blooded, expressionless, horrible appetites, and think they're big stuff when they wave a fin in your face. THANKS VERY MUCH, FOLKS!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

(2ND REVISION) 6 & 7

FIB: He proves what I always said, Molly. The higher the education, the lower opinion you have of people.

MOL: Oh he just talks like that. He does more charity work than any doctor in town.

FIB: Trouble with him is, he graduated from Rush, and hasn't slowed down since. Hey, you know what I'M gonna do? I'M gonna wash his car for him. Where's the big sponge?

MOL: You cut it all to pieces, when you were inventing that new life preserver. You stuffed it full of sponges, remember?

FIB: Oh yeah...that didn't work out so good, for some reason.

MOL: The doctor's car doesn't need washing anyway. It looks nice.

FIB: Well, I gotta do something for the poor guy. I may tune up the motor or...OH HEY..I KNOW. I'M GONNA SWITCH HIS TIRES.

MOL: Well, all right, if it'll make you feel any better....I'll go out and cut a switch.

FIB: NO NO NO...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M gonna criss-cross 'em. Change 'em around from one wheel to another.

MOL: I see. You change them around so they'll all wear out at the same time. Instead of needing one new tire you'll be flat on your rims.

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FIB: Well, that ain't exactly the -

DOOR CHIME: *Open + Close*

OLD M: Hello there kids....get comp'ny?

MOL: No, Mr. Old Timer. That's Doctor Gamble's car in the driveway. He left it here for a day or so.

FIB: He's goin' away for a rest, Old Timer. Sure needs it, too. Looks like he'd been drugged, Thru a knothole.

OLD M: Ohhhh, I know exactly how it is, kids. As one cannibal says to tother cannibal... "you kin sure git fed up with people"! Heh heh heh. Always kinda liked to be myself, myself.

FIB: Me, too. Sometimes I feel like I wanted to go up in the mountains and live in a cave, like a *hermit* hernia.

MOL: You mean HERMIT.

FIB: I do not. A hermit is a iron hat.

OLD M: THAT'S A DERBY!

MOL: No, that's a HELMET.

FIB: GO ON!! A HELMET IS A SWING THAT YOU'LL BREAK YOUR NECK IF YOU SWAT A FLY WHILE YOU'RE IN IT.

OLD M: You're thinkin' of a HUMMICK, Johnny.

MOL: No, he isn't. He means hammock. A hummock is a little mound of earth.

FIB: THAT'S WHAT I SAYS...I WANNA GO UP IN THE MOUNTAINS AND LIVE IN A LITTLE MOUND OF EARTH.

OLD M: Don't blame you, Johnny. Too many people in the world. I used to have a little ranch in Wyoming, but I gave it up. Folks pestered me too much.

MOL: All day long you mean?

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OLD M: Wel-l-l not exactly, daughter. But it was more'n I could stand. Had the ranch from 19-ought-one, till 19-ought-14 and it was farily peacable. Then in the summer o' 19-ought-15 a fella wandered in...lost his way. Stayed two days. Then in 19-ought-16 a couple cowboys rode within' half a mile o' my ranch house and waved to me. That settled it for me, I got outa there. No elbow room! I HATE CROWDS!

MOL: Have you and your girl friend made up yet?

FIB: You and Bessie?

OLD M: Nope. But I got my eye on a new gal, kids. Liberrian at the liberry. Cuter ~~in~~ a bug's ear. Cuter, Never seen a bug's ear to compare with Piggy.

MOL: Who?

OLD M: Piggy.

FIB: You mean PEGGY.

OLD M: I mean Piggy. Walked home with her the other night and she kept sayin' WE ought to go a movie. WE oughtta go someplace and eat. We oughtta do this. We oughtta do that. That's why I call her Piggy. It was "WE", "WE", "WE", all the way home! WELL, SEE YOU LATER, KIDS!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "SHE'S FROM MISSOURI"

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

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SOUND: HAMMERING ON METAL.....(MCGEE GRUNTS) THUDS...

FIB: AHFFF! Well, there's the two front tires off, Molly. Good thing I'M changin' 'em, too. Look at that tread! They're thinner than Hitler's chances of a ripe old age.

MOL: They do look a little weary, don't they. What do you do now?

FIB: Put these on the back wheels...take the ones off the back wheels and put 'em on the front wheels. Very simple.

MOL: How do you get the back end raised up?

FIB: Take the jack out from under the front and - Oh. Need another jack, don't I?

MOL: It's times like this that I'M proudest of you, McGee. The way your flashing intelligence leaps to a brilliant solution of a perplexing problem rocks me right back on my hosedress.

FIB: Well, gee whizzz, I...OH I GOT IT!! LOOK, all I gotta do is let the front end down, take the jack out and...
(PAUSE) No...that won't work.

MOL: You held out a jack when you turned our car in. Why don't you use that?

FIB: Can't. Usin' it to hold the cellar window open.

MOL: You can close the cellar window a few minutes. We're not fumigating.

FIB: There must be a simpler way than that. I KNOW...I'LL JUST SLIP A BOX UNDER THE FRONT END, AND LET THE CAR DOWN ON THAT. (SLIGHT FADE) Here's one right here that oughtta do the trick.

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MOL: Don't you think, McGee, that -

SOUND: SLIDING BOX UNDER CAR....

FIB: Ahhhh, just the right heighth, too...SEE WHAT I MEAN, MOLLY? THERE'S A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY TO DO EVERYTHING. Now I just JANK the yack...I mean yank the jack out from under the --

SOUND: CLATTER....CRUNCH AND HEAVY METALLIC WHAM.

MOL: Now show me the right way.

FIB: My gosh...I thought those corrugated cardboard boxes were stronger'n that. Any damage on your side?

MOL: Not a bit - except the front axle is bent a little. That do any harm?

FIB: Nah...might make it steer a little crooked is all. But Doc don't drive fast anyway. Where's all that oil coming from?

MOL: (OFF MIKE) There's a big crack in the crankcase, McGee.

FIB: THERE IS? GEE, GOOD THING WE DISCOVERED IT! PROBABLY SAVED DOC A BIG REPAIR BILL.

MOL: Well, what do we do now, Mr. Chrysler?

FIB: Have to put the jack back under the front and...Hmmm. Can't get it under, now. Too low.

MOL: Why don't you put it under the bumper?

FIB: Eh? Under the bump - OH YEAH...I WAS JUST GOING TO DO THAT. (LAUGHS) THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY, IF YOU JUST USE YOUR BRAINS. Now let's see...

SOUND: CLATTER: RATCHET OF JACK....SUDDEN CRACK AND CLATTER OF METAL.

FIB: Oh oh!! BUMPER BROKE OFF!

MOL: It's a good thing Doctor Gamble is an obstetrician. Think of those lucky bouncing babies having a bouncing doctor coming to see them on a psgo stick!

FIB: SO WHAT IF IT DOES? YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO COLLEGE EIGHT YEARS TO LEARN ABOUT JOHNSON'S WAX. ANY DUMB-BELL KNOWS ITS THE BEST THERE IS. EVEN I KNOW THAT.

WIL: Well, there's another thing, too. It costs a lot of dough to equip a doctor's office. So the smart ones, like Doc Gamble PROTECT and PRESERVE their equipment with Johnson's Wax. Why, whenever I -- (STARTS LAUGHING)

MOL: What's the joke, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Joke? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Yeah...what's so funny?

WIL: Oh nothing. I'M just spoiled, I guess. (LAUGHS) Always like to leave on a laugh. (LAUGHS) See you later, folks. (EXIT LAUGHING)

MOL: You know, McGee, I think that's why Mr. Wilcox is such a successful salesman....he laughs at everything.

FIB: Yeah. You know what his slogan is? "PROSPERITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORN."

MOL: Look who's talking.

FIB: Well, I gotta get busy here. Wish I had the jack out of the cellar window.

MOL: But something tells me that what we're really going to need is pure peasant strength. You'd better get some help.

FIB: Who'd I get?....just grab some passerby that - hey... there's a sailor goin' past. Maybe he'd help. HEY..... SAILOR!

MOL: Oh McGee, you shouldn't...(PAUSE) WELL HEAVENLY DAYS!!! MCGEE....LOOK WHO IT IS!!!

FIB: Well, I'll be a LA TRIVIA!!

GALE (FADE IN) Hello, McGee...HELLO, MRS. MCGEE...NICE TO SEE YOU!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My goodness, it's nice to see YOU, Mr. La Trivia, and you look so lovely in your sailor suit!

FIB: You're lookin' swell, La Trivia, old man. All except ---

GALE: Except what, McGee?

FIB: Except you've filled out kinda funny. Look how his suit fits, Molly. He's gained around the waist and lost around the ankles.

MOL: Don't be silly, McGee. All navy uniforms fit that way. You look like the Coast Guard has treated you all right, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Not Mayor any more, Mrs. McGee. Just coastguardsman La Trivia now. I'M a First Class Seaman.

FIB: I'll bet you are, at that!

MOL: In town just for the day, Mr. May...er..Mr. Coast-sailo.. er..Guardcoastman...er..just for the day?

GALE: No, I'M on ten days furlough, Mrs. McGee. I secured my gear, battened down the fiddley hatches, shut off the scuttlebutt, got an okay from the C.O., stowed my hammock, and came ashore for a land cruise.

FIB: La Trivia, you're so salty you make me thirsty. How about comin' in the house for a hooker of rootbeer?

GALE: Pipe me aboard, mate.

MOL: Listen to him, will you? I just LOVE sailors. When I was a girl, I ADORED to read about our First American Admiral, John Charles Thomas.

GALE: That was John Paul Jones, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: What's the difference? They both earned their whoatecakes on the high C's. (LAUGHS) Got it, kids? High C's? It's sort of a pun on the -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: It ain't? That's strange. I was vastly amused by it. I always...what's the matter, La Trivia?

GALE: I was just looking at your car, McGee. Anybody hurt in the wreck?

MOL: It isn't our car, Mr. La Trivia. It's Doctor Gamble's.

FIB: I'm changin' the tires around for him, La Triv. Couple of things went a little haywire.

GALE: So I see. The upholstery is still in pretty good shape. Or haven't you got around to that yet?

FIB: OH YEAH? LOOK HERE, LA TRIVIA, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO STAND THERE POINTIN' YOUR FINGER AT ME LIKE A RECRUITIN' POSTER, BUT...

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Don't talk so much and get to work. (FADE OUT) I'll go in and make you boys some lemonade. It's going to be a pretty hot afternoon before.....

GALE: McGee, how did Doctor Gamble ever get this car over here in this shape?

FIB: Well, it wasn't exactly in this shape, La Trivia. I bent the axle when the front end fell down. Cracked the crankcase at the same time. Stuck my head thru the window lookin' for tire tools. The tire blew out when I was showin' Wilcox how bad the rubber was. All I done was give it a little kick...like this, and -

SOUND: BLOWOUT: HISSSSSSSSssssssssssssssssssssss.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Hmm! Tire blow out!

GALE: Yes, I see.

FIB: That's always what happens when you try to do somebody a good turn, La Trivia. I swear I never -

TEE: HI, MISTER.

FIB: Hiyah, sis. Haven't got time to talk to you now. Go away and come back some other time. Say about September, 1954.

GALE: Hello, little girl. Remember me?

TEE: No, but goominy! I'D LIKE to!

FIB: Oh you remember this man, sis. Used to be Mayor of Wistful Vista. Mayor La Trivia.

(PAUSE)

TEE: (DREAMILY) Gee.....gee, he's beautiful! Are you a nadirmal, mister?

GALE: (LAUGHS) No, honey...I'm a Coastguardsman. Just a sailor.

TEE: Whaddyo mean JUST a sailor?...I think sailors are WUNNERFUL! You....you know any girls in town...mister?

GALE: Welllll, I er...

FIB: Well, if this don't work, I dunno what will...One,..two...
THREE!! (GRUNTS) (GRUNTS)

SOUND: CRACK OF TREE LIMB...CRASH...GLATTER OF METAL...THUDS:

FIB: WELL, I'LL BE A - IF I DON'T HAVE THE DIRTIEST LUCK OF
ANYBODY THAT EVER....OH Hiyah, La Trivia...you back
already?

GALE: Yes, the excitement of three sodas in succession was a
little too much for...WELL...WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?

FIB: Ain't it a mess? I rigged-up a block and tackle to the
limb of the tree there...fastened a rope to one of the
headlights and tried to raise the front of the car. And
what happens? The tree breaks...the rope busts, the
headlight comes off and I fall smack on my clavicle!

GALE: You ought to have a job in the navy yard...at Wilhelmshaven
-- You'd have the German fleet wrecked in 24 hours.

FIB: Well, doggone it, if I'd of realized Doc's car was put
together with thumb-tacks and tomato-juice I'd of...Oh oh,
Here comes Wimple. HIYAH, WALLY OLD MAN!

GALE: Hello, there Wimple. Nice to see you again. How's Mrs.
Wimple?

WIMP: Oh Sweetface is just fine, Mr. La Trivia. Did you know,
Mr. McGee...we're having a blessed event at our house
next week?

FIB: NO!!!

GALE: REALLY, WIMPLE?

WIMP: Yes, indeedy. Sweetface made her reservation yesterday.

FIB: At the hospital?

WIMP: Oh no, silly...on the railroad. She's going to Texas for
two weeks. Isn't that the most blessed event you could
think of?

GALE: (LAUGHS) You're going to be a bachelor for a couple of
weeks, Wimple?

WIMP: Yes, and you know what? I want all you fellows to come
over to my house Thursday night for a game of dominoes.
Strictly stag, of course. I sneaked out this afternoon
and ordered a case of orange crush.

FIB: Oh boy....I hope we dont get raided! How about you,
La Trivia?

GALE: I'm just in the mood for a wilt time. I'll bring the
cubebbs.

WIMP: (SNICKERS) We'll make it an all-night affair - till eleven
or eleven-thirty. What do we care? We only live once!
REMEMBER FELLOWS...THURSDAY NIGHT!!! (FADE) See you then...

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ought to be quite a fracas! I hope Wimp dont
play with marked dominoes.

GALE: I'M glad it isn't poker. Wimple would use matches for
chips and my mother doesn't like me to play with matches.

FIB: Look, La Trivia, let's see if we can't jack up the back
end of Doc's car by -

GALE: Too late, McGee.

FIB: Eh?

GALE: I said it's TOO LATE. Here comes Doc Gamble now.

FIB: OH MY GOSH...WAIT'LL HE SEES WHAT I'VE DONE TO HIS....Oh
mamma!! He'll kill me!!...REMEMBER, LA TRIVIA...HE HIT
ME FIRST!!!

GALE: Take it easy, son. Nobody's hit anybody yet. Maybe he
wont...HELLO THERE DOCTOR!!

DOC: (FADE IN) WELL WELL WELL....LA TRIVIA!! NICE TO SEE YOU,
MY BOY!! You dont know what it means to me to see a
completely healthy human being! I'M so used to seeing
pasty faces, flabby muscles and nerves that jingle jangle
jingle that a normal body looks like a biological freak.
Take off your shirt.

FIB: THERE YOU GO AGAIN!!!!!! TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT...I
ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO DO ANY SUCH -

DOC: I wasnt talking to you, McGee. I meant La Trivia.

GALE: Why, Doctor?

DOC: I'd like to listen to one heart that doesn't sound like a
Gene Krupa jam session. I'd like to reassure myself that
there's one human ventricle left in the world that doesn't
open and shut like a miser's purse. My boy, I never -

FIB: Hey..hey doc...

DOC: Yes?

FIB: You...er....you notice...anything?

DOC: (CALMLY) Yes, you've wrecked my car. I TELL YOU, LA TRIVIA
MY BOY, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES. I WAS GETTING TO
THE POINT WHERE THE ONLY PLACE I COULD SEE A SOUND
PHYSIQE WAS READING TARZAN AND FLASH GORDON. FEELING FINE
ARE YOU?

GALE: Splendid, Doctor. Never felt better. It's a great life.
I'M as hard as a bride's biscuit.

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DOC: That's great...that's great! If everybody would only...
FIB: Hey...Doc.

DOC: WILL YOU STOP TUGGING AT MY SLEEVE, MCGEE? WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

FIB: You..you ain't sore because I....I....ruined your jalopy.
Gee, I was only trying to -

DOC: Don't be silly. I'm delighted. If I haven't got a car,
I can't see so many people. If people can't get a doctor
they'll simply have to take an asperin and go to bed,
which is what I'd tell 'em to do anyway.

GALE: I don't think the car is a complete wreck anyway, Doctor.
You can probably save the radio.

DOC: That's a dubious blessing. Does it still work?

FIB: (EAGERLY) Sure it works, Doc...sure it does...look...

SOUND: CLICK: (PAUSE) STATIC:

ANNOUNCER: ON FILTER:

" - and with the all-out bombardment of Sicily by Flying
Fortresses, Mitchell and Boston Bombers, it would appear
to your commentator that Sicily will be the next focal
point of pre-invasion attack.

SOUND: (CLICK)

DOC: WELL DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID? ISN'T THAT TERRIFIC?
EXCLAMATIONS OF DELIGHT: IT'S WONDERFUL!! OH BOY!.....THE GREATEST
NEWS OF THE WAR!!...WHOOPEE!!...YOWIE!!...IT'S MARVELOUS!
(DOC, MCGEE AND LA TRIVIA...WHOOH AND HOLLER:)

MOL: (FADE IN) BOYS...BOYS...WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S ALL THE
CHEERING!!

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DOC: GREAT NEWS, MRS. MCGEE!!!
FIB: WE'RE GOIN' AFTER SICILY, MOLLY!!!
GALE: LOOKS LIKE WE'D TAKE IT, MRS. MCGEE!!
WHOOPS AND HOLLERS..AND CHEERS:
MOL: BUT HEAVENLY DAYS..WHAT'S SO EXCITING ABOUT THAT?
DOC: Dont you understand, Mrs. McGee?
GALE: IT'S SICILY!!
FIB: THE FIRST ISLAND WE'VE HIT YET THAT ANYBODY COULD
PRONOUNCE!! *anybody can say Sicily*
CHEERS:
MOL: Oh dear.....
ORCH: "PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE" - FADE FOR -

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JUNE 15, 1943

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You'll pardon me I'm sure if I paraphrase an old saying.
"Dirt may come and dirt may go, but a GLO-CLOATED floor
goes on forever". At least practically forever -- if you
use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT regularly on your linoleum surfaces.
Scrubbing linoleum is bad for it -- you've heard me say
that many times before. Linoleum manufactureres
themselves, and housekeeping authorities too, recommend a
polish like GLO-COAT, that gives protection to the
linoleum or other floor surface, adds beauty, keeps colors
fresh and new looking. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is self
polishing -- needs no rubbing or buffing. Therefore you
see, it saves two ways -- saves the linoleum, saves you
time and work. And by the way, if you have floors of
asphalt tile or rubber tile, remember that GLO-COAT is
the preferred polish for these floors, too.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

paraphrase an old saying.
but a GLO-COATED floor
etically forever -- if you
on your linoleum surfaces.
-- you've heard me say
m manufactureres
horities too, recommend a
protection to the
adds beauty, keeps colors
S GLO-COAT is self
buffing. Therefore you
the linoleum, saves you
if you have floors of
member that GLO-COAT is
floors, too.

MOL: McGee.
FIB: Eh?
MOL: Do you realize that next week is our last broadcast
for the summer?
FIB: My gosh....it is? HEY LET'S DO SOMETHING BIG! LET'S
GET A LOTTA GUEST STARS...LET'S GET CLARK GABLE AND -
MOL: Clark Gable is in the air force.
FIB: LET'S GET HENRY FONDA -
MOL: Fonda is in the army.
FIB: LET'S GET TYRONE POWER and -
MOL: POWER IS IN THE MARINES.
FIB: THEN WE'LL DO IT THE HARD WAY. WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES!!
GOODNIGHT!
MOL: Goodnight, all!
(APPLAUSE)
(SIGN OFF)

Written by Do
Ph

NBC - RED 6: