

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
Phil Leslie

(REVISED)

#31

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, April 25, 1944

NEC

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM ... WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax for home and industry  
present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn,  
with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra.

ORCH: SELECTION: FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL PAGE 3)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC  
APRIL 25, 1944

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Spring housecleaning in any year is certainly nothing to write poems or songs about. But in a year like this one, when we're all so busy and there's less help around, any short cut in the work is most welcome. If your floors, furniture and woodwork have been regularly protected during the year with Johnson's Wax, you'll know right away what I mean. You'll understand how much easier it is to do a thorough job of cleaning than it was before you adopted wax-housekeeping. Dirt just doesn't stick to a waxed surface. Woodwork and window sills that have been waxed don't get nearly as dirty, and are ever so much easier to clean. And if you've Johnson-Waxed your accessories -- picture frames, lampshades, ornaments, pantry shelves, just to mention a few -- then you've eliminated much of the drudgery of Spring housecleaning. If you haven't been using Johnson's Wax to protect and beautify your home, then this is an awfully good time to begin. Johnson's Wax comes in three convenient forms ... paste, liquid and the cream wax especially formulated for furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(REVISED)

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WILCOX: OF THOSE TWO MEN WITH BIG BAGS ON THEIR BACKS WHO BRING YOU THINGS - SANTA CLAUS AND THE MAILMAN - THE MAILMAN HAS ABOUT 300 MORE CHANCES A YEAR TO SURPRISE YOU. LIKE JUST NOW, WHEN HE IS APPROACHING 79 WISTFUL VISTA WITH A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER IN HIS HAND...ALL UNBEKNOWNST TO --  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

(APPLAUSE:

MOL: What were your plans for today, dearie?

FIB: Oh, I dunno. Thought I might drop in at the Elks, and then go past the cigar store for a minute and see who the guys have elected the next president and stop at the bank on my way home.

MOL: At the bank! Blood bank or First National?

FIB: Blood bank. Who's got any money?

MOL: Well, I was just thinking that--

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, good morning, Mailman!

MAIL: Mornin'. Is your spouse in de house?

MOL: If you mean is my guy standing by, yes...he is. McGee!... the mail man wants to see you.

FIB: What's on your mind, my little civilian sad sack? What's on your mind -- and haven't we met before, someplace?

MAIL: Soiny.

MOL: What?

MAIL: I says SOINY. I used to meetchez frekenly. When I was joikin' sodas at Kramer's Drug Store...remember?

FIB: OH YEAH. (LAUGHS) HOW COME YOU LEFT KREMER'S TO DELIVER MAIL, BUD?

MAIL: Washnon don't seem to consider joikin' sodas an essential instry. Deliverin' mail is an essential instry. So, forwit' and witout more ado, I am now a mailman, an essential instry. An' here's a special delivery for youse.

FIB: Oh, much obliged.

MOL: You going back to Kremer's drug store after the war?

MAIL: Prolly.

FIB: Eh?

MAIL: I says PROLLY.

MOL: What do you mean Prolly?

MAIL: I mean PROLLY. P-R-O-B-A-B-L-Y. Prolly.

FIB: Well, much obliged for the letter, bud. See you again.

MAIL: Wait a mint. Yizzle have to sign fert.

MOL: What?

MAIL: (GETTING ANNOYED) WHATSA MATTER? DON'T I ARTICULATE DISTINK? I SAYS YIZZLE HAVE TO SIGN FERT.

FIB: He means weasel have to sign for it, Molly.

MOL: Not weasel. Just yousel.

FIB: Okay, just measel. Where do I sign fert, bud?

MAIL: Bom line.

MOL: Which line?

MAIL: BOM...BOM...B-O-T-T-O-M...BOM!

FIB: Oh. Well, there you are, bud. Thanks.

MAIL: Sokay. Allna day's wôik.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Who's the letter from, dearie?

FIB: I dunno, I-- WELL, I'LL BE A...HEY, LOOK...IT'S FROM MY COUSIN, ROY MCGEE! IN PORTLAND, OREGON. LAST TIME I HEARD FROM HIM WAS IN 1930 AND HE WANTED TO BORROW 20 BUCKS

MOL: Well, times are better now...maybe he wants to borrow a hundred.

FIB: And he'll get the same reply he got in nineteen 30.

MOL: Which was that?

FIB: I can't spell it. It's just a noise you make with your tongue. Well, let's have a look...

SOUND: PAPER TEARING:

FIB: Dear Fibber: I don't know whether you...(MUMBLE, MUMBLE) and your wife...(MUMBLE, MUMBLE)...here in Portland, Oregon...(MUMBLE, MUMBLE) take complete charge of...(MUMBLE)...OH MY GOSH!! Oh, THIS IS WONDERFUL! THIS IS MARVELOUS!!!

MOL: That's nice. Someday, when we're walking hand in hand up some quiet country lane, in the hush of the evening, maybe you'll give me just a tiny little hint of what it's all about. Not that I want to be snoopy, sweetheart.

FIB: IT'S FROM COUSIN ROY...HE WANTS US TO COME TO PORTLAND OREGON AND LIVE IN HIS HOUSE THIS SUMMER...SEEMS HE OWNS A STRING OF CANNERIES AND WANTS ME TO TAKE COMPLETE CHARGE OF THEM. HE SAYS IF I MAKE GOOD, HE'LL TURN ONE OF 'EM OVER TO ME!

MOL: What do you know about the canning business?

FIB: ANYTHING ROY MCGEE COULD LEARN IN 15 YEARS, I CAN LEARN IN TWO DAYS. OH BOY...IMAGINE ME, IN CHARGE OF SIX CANNING FACTORIES!

MOL: What do you suppose he cans? Besides you, when he finds out how much you don't know about canning.

FIB: Well, lemme see...Portland, Oregon...that's salmon and tuna fish country...and cherries...

MOL: TUNA FISH AND CHERRIES? WHO'D EAT A COMBINATION LIKE THAT?

FIB: No no no...he wouldn't can 'em together! Or say... MAYBE THAT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD...I'VE SEEN WORSE COMBINATIONS IN TEA ROOM SALADS. Hmmm...tuna fish and cherries...OH, WELL...WE'LL SEE. FIRST THING WE GOTTA DO IS SELL THIS HOUSE.

MOL: SELL THIS HOUSE!! Oh, now, McGee --

FIB: Gotta make a clean break, baby. Can't run a canning plant in Portland, Oregon and keep my other pants hangin' in Wistful Vista. Nope...gotta put the house up for sale. Hand me the phone.

MOL: Oh, dear...you're so impulsive. Here...

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR, GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA REAL ESTATE AND ESCROOOOOH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? SIDNEY, THE GROCERY BOY? HE DID, EH? DID SHE SCREAM?

MOL: Did who scream, McGee?

FIB: Myrt's kid sister.

MOL: Why should she scream?

FIB: Sid kissed her.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: WHAT SAY, MYRT? OKAY...I'LL CALL LATER. JUST GONNA PUT THE HOUSE UP FOR SALE...YEAH...YEAH...GOIN' TO PORTLAND, OREGON...YEAH...GOIN' IN THE CANNING BUSINESS...BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT YET, MYRT. OKAY. THANKS. (CLICK) Real estate office is busy.

MOL: I loved that business about telling Myrtle to keep it quiet. That girl spills more beans than a Navy cook in a hurricane.

FIB: I know that, Tootsie. Inside of three hours everybody in town will know we're movin' to Portland. Saves makin' a formal announcement.

MOL: I see. She's a one-woman secret service with no secrets.

(REVISED)

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FIB: Myrt couldn't keep a secret if she was blindfolded, gagged, bound, and buried under forty feet of cement. When she was given the gift of gab she took it back and got a larger size. That kid collects more wrong dope than a Narcotic Squad, and to her the word TRUTH is just part of a radio show called "AND CONSEQUENCES". Myrt means well, but her sound wasn't wired for brains and she uses green lipstick so her mouth won't have to stop. She's the only girl known to medical science whose tongue has worn out three faces. The only reason they gave her that job on the ground floor of the telephone exchange was because they knew Myrt could never run down. (MUSIC) She was vaccinated with a phonograph needle, and...

ORCH: "HERE IT IS MONDAY"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) 10-11

FIB: (OUT OF APPLAUSE) And Myrt's as full o' useless information as a 1907 almanac. She makes more noise and less sense than a broken record of a Japanese lecture on flower arrangement. She can take a veiled hint, and build it up into a 3-act play with 12 scenes and an olio. She's the kind that burns the scandal at both ends and she gushes like a broken water main. (PAUSE) Besides that, she talks too much.

MOL: (SIGHS) Well, I guess that takes care of Myrtle. I hope you never sit down and start really analyzing my qualities, dearie.

FIB: I did that long ago, and you come out of it a very noble character. Now lemme see...Oh yeah -- this wire to Roy.

MOL: I still think you're rushing into something you're pretty ignorant of. You don't know anything about the canning business.

FIB: SO WHAT? DID EISENHOWER KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT AFRICA? DID BOB HOPE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TOOTH PASTE? LET ALONE MIRIAM'S IRIUM. HEY WHADDYE THINK OF THIS TELEGRAM TO ROY:

MOL: Let's see it. "ROY K. MCGEE, PORTLAND, OREGON. YOUR OFFER COMES AT DIFFICULT TIME AS I HAVE HAD SEVERAL PROPOSITIONS FROM BIG SYNDICATES IN THE EAST." (What big syndicates?)

FIB: You ever hear of Frawley, Bullfinch, Hammerfelt and Cramp?

MOL: No, did you?

FIB: No, did Roy?

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MOL: I see what you mean. (READS) HOWEVER, FAMILY TIES ARE STRONGER THAN MERE MONEY OFFERS SO YOU MAY CONSIDER PORTLAN DEAL OKAY WITH ME. PLEASE HAVE SMALL GYMNASIUM AND STEAM ROOM INSTALLED IN MY OFFICE AS I BELIEVE IN EXECUTIVES KEEPING FIT.

Signed, MCGEE.

FIB: How's that sound?

MOL: What's all that eyewash about executives like you keeping fit? Your idea of a day's workout is reaching for more marmalade at breakfast.

FIB: I thought that was kind of impressive. They say Darryl Zanuck and some of those Hollywood big shots walk around all day swingin' polo niblicks and stuff.

MOL: Mr. Zanuck is a polo player, dearie. You're a gin rummy player. You can walk around swinging the ten of diamonds.

FIB: Well, whaddye think of the telegram?

MOL: It's too long.

FIB: What would you say?

MOL: I'd say "MR ROY MCGEE, PORTLAND OREGON. DEAL OKAY. Signed, McGee."

FIB: Hmnmnm. Takes all the business-like stuff out of it.

MOL: It cuts the horsefeathers down to a quill, if that's what you mean.

FIB: Well, my gosh, business men like to hear-----

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, good day, Mr. Wellington!

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WELL: My dear Mrs. McGee....you have no idea how much pleasure it gives me to see you again. And, McGee....you have no idea.

FIB: Hiya, Wellington. I'd shake hands with you, but you're a little outa reach up on that high horse.

WELL: Hmnmnmnm. Amusing fellow. Some day, old man, I should like to follow you around all day and take notes of everything you say.

MOL: With what in mind, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: To see if it looks as silly as it sounds.

MOL: Ahhh, touche!

FIB: Whaddye mean, touche? My hair is my own and you know it!

MOL: I didn't say TOUPEE, dearie. He said TOUCHE....A French expression meaning "YOU GOT ME!" Was there something we could do for you, Mr. Wellington?

WELL: I will come directly to the point. How much do you want for it?

MOL: For what?

WELL: This house. I have it on very good authority that you are putting it up for sale.

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FIB: See what I mean, Molly? <sup>Must</sup> She didn't waste any time.

MOL: Isn't it wonderful? But I'm sorry, Mr. Wellington, the house is not for sale, as yet. Our plans are not fully matured.

FIB: You see, Sig, I'm thinkin' of takin' over a string of canning factories up in Portland, Oregon. If I do, I'll naturally pull up stakes here. I'll let you know.

WELL: I have your word, then, that I may have first refusal?

FIB: Absolutely, Wellington.

WELL: Good! Because I would be the first to. Allow me to wish you every success in Portland, Orey...

MOL: Gon?

WELL: Like a flash!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WISE GUY! That's what a college degree does for some muggs, Molly. They spend the rest of their lives tryin' to make their heads fit those flat hats. HEY, WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES DO YOU WEAR IN OREGON?

MOL: Search me, dearie. It's warm out there, isn't it?

FIB: Is it?

MOL: I think the Japanese Current goes past the coastline.

FIB: Yeah, but how about after the war?

MOL: Let's look it up...hand me that encyclopedia.

FIB: Here you are...

MOL: Now let's see...Portland...Portland...Here we are...Look, it's on the Columbia River. Population, 301,815.

FIB: THAT'S THE SALMON COUNTRY! OH, I'M GONNA LIKE THAT JOB... GO OUT IN THE MORNING WITH YOUR FISH POLE AND CATCH YOUR SALMON, COME BACK IN THE AFTERNOON AND CAN 'EM! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A...

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello folks.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, boy. Mighty glad to see you, boy. Won't have much time to spend with each other from now on. But it was swell knowing you, boy! Really swell.

WIL: What is this? Is he going to jail for a while, Molly?

MOL: Oh the contrary, Mr. Wilcox...this is a CANNERY he's being thrown into.

FIB: STRING OF CANNING PLANTS UP IN PORTLAND OREGON, WAXEY. Belong to my favorite cousin, Roy McGee.

MOL: YOUR FAVORITE COUSIN! You always told me he was a no good bum.

FIB: Did I tell you he had a string of canning plants?

MOL: No.

FIB: Of course not. If I'd of known he was rich, he'd of been my favorite cousin long ago! Incidentally, Junior...I might be in the market for a clean-cut lad like you...as salesmanager. You ever think seriously of leavin' the Johnson's Wax outfit?

WIL: Nope.

MOL: You wouldn't consider it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Nope.

FIB: That your last word?

WIL: Yup.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Haven't you any more to...I mean, now that the subject has been...well, heavenly days, you usually...

FIB: HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY MESSAGE FOR US TODAY, WAXEY? SOME LITTLE THING THAT WILL BRIGHTEN PEOPLE'S LIVES...MAKE 'EM HAPPIER?

WIL: YES I HAVE!

FIB AND MOLLY: (SIGHS) AHHHHHHHHHH!

WIL: It's about V-Mail.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, V-MAIL?

WIL: THAT'S WHAT I MEAN. WHEN YOU WRITE TO ANY BOY OR GIRL IN THE SERVICE USE V-MAIL. BECAUSE V-MAIL DELIVERY IS GUARANTEED...IT SAVES PRECIOUS CARGO SPACE, AND IT'S THE ONLY KIND OF PERSONAL MAIL THAT'S ALWAYS SENT OVERSEAS BY AIR.

FIB: What's V-Mail got to do with Johnson's Self Poli -

WIL: BELIEVE ME, IF YOU WERE A SOLDIER IN AUSTRALIA AND YOU GOT A LETTER INSIDE OF SEVEN DAYS, YOU'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT. THAT'S WHAT V-MAIL DOES..IT MOVES!!! IT LITERALLY FLIES! SO, WHEN YOU WRITE TO YOUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES IN THE SERVICE, GET SOME V-MAIL STATIONERY AT YOUR DRUGGIST, STATIONER OR DIME STORE...ADDRESS IT CORRECTLY AND COMPLETELY AND YOU'VE GUARANTEED SAFE, FAST DELIVERY!

MOL: (ASIDE) I certainly don't know how he's ever going to tie that up with Glocoat, McGee.

FIB: (ASIDE) He can't.

WIL: REMEMBER FOLKS...LIKE JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, SPELLED "G.L.O..HYPHEN, C.O.A.T.", EVERY LETTER COUNTS. YOU MAKE YOURS COUNT, TOO, WHEN YOU USE V-MAIL.

MOL: Heavenly days...he did it!

WIL: Think you'll be a success in the canning business, pal?

FIB: WHY NOT? MY COUSIN RUNS THIS THING. I DON'T HAVE TO WORK MY WAY UP. AS SOON AS I'M IN, I'M UP.

WIL: You know anything about canning?

FIB: Well, my experience has taught me one very valuable rule.

MOL: And what is that, sir?

FIB: Never jab an opener into a can of tomato juice while wearing a white summer suit.

WIL: I take it the same rule applies to a can of mushroom soup while wearing blue serge?

FIB: It does. I shall keep you informed as to further suggestions, Junior.

WIL: Pray do! And good luck with it, Canner.

FIB: Thanks, Waxer.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I'd like to have that boy in my organization. He's got brains, and ambition, doesn't smoke, drink, chew or watch the clock. Hey...where you going?

MOL: I'M going upstairs to look at the linen situation, just in case we DO go to Oregon. (FADE OUT) Don't forget to send the wire to Roy.

FIB: I WON'T. Ah there goes a good kid! I know she thinks Oregon is full o' Indians and grizzly bears, but does she squawk and complain. No sir, not her. I can just see her standin' in the door of our cabin with a rifle, while I run down the path to the canning plant, with the clean sharp aroma of the pine woods and last years salmon. Filling the ----



DOOR CHIME:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Ah there, my dear...do come in and sit down.

TEE: Well, I was....HMMMMM?

FIB: I said do come in and sit down. After all I may be gone a long time and I should like to have only the pleasantest of memories of my little friends in Wistful Vista. Come child...sit down.

(PAUSE)

TEE: Okay mister...I'll bite. What's the gimmick?

FIB: There's no gimmick, sis. I'm just in a sentimental mood, I guess. Mrs. McGee and I are goin' to Oregon.

TEE: Oh.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: What?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Okay.

TEE: When you goin', mister? Hmm? Whenya? Hmm? Whenya? Hmmm? Whenya?

FIB: This summer, sis. End of June sometime. Get there just about the time the salmon are goin' upstream to pawn their young.

TEE: To what, mister?

FIB: To pawn their young. Salmon do that you know. It's biological, in kind of a fishy way. You see, sis....when a mamma salmon wants the stork to bring her some little salmon she fights her way upstream.

TEE: Why?

FIB: I dunno. It's just life, I guess. All mothers have kind of a shad roe to hoe.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: Skip it. Anyway, when they get upstream they start pawning their young.

TEE: Gee do they? Honest?

FIB: That's what they tell me. Pawning, with salmon, refers to the fact that the young salmon are left as security for the old folks, see? In fact, the original pawnshop symbol, sis, was originally meant to indicate three golden fishballs...made of salmon. (LAUGHS)

TEE: (PAUSE) Look, Mister. In the first place the salmon run doesn't start in June. It starts in February, usually, and lasts thru Spring.

FIB: Yeah, but --

TEE: Secondly, the older fish do not return to the spawning grounds. They usually die on the return trip to the sea. The young salmon, or parr, live in fresh water a year or two and then go to sea as smolts.

FIB: Yes, I --

TEE: In approximately another two years they seek fresh water again, thus completing the cycle. So save that blessed event stuff for people who believe in it - like Mr. Winchell!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "THE SOUND EFFECTS MAN" - King's Men

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well, I sent the wire to Cousin Roy, Molly. I accepted. Aren't you glad?

MOL: I don't know whether I am or not, dearie. Oregon seems a long way away.

FIB: Oh, you're gonna love it out there. You know, Portland, Oregon raises some of the most beautiful roses in the country?

MOL: They'd almost have to, with all those fish canneries, it seems to me. Incidentally, I think Beulah's fixing trout for dinner.

FIB: Oh boy...trout. That's for me! How's she fixin' it?

MOL: I'll see. Oh, BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN:

BEULAH: Somebody in heah yippin' for Beulah?

FIB: Yeah...how you fixin' the trout for dinner, Beulah?

BEULAH: Broiled, wif sketched buttah.

MOL: SKETCHED BUTTER!

BEULAH: Yes'm. Buttah's too scarce to draw. I jus' gotta sort of sketch it. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Got some news for you, Beulah. We're thinkin' seriously of goin' to Portland Oregon this summer. Will you miss us?

BEULAH: Nossuh.

MOL: WHAT? YOU WON'T?

BEULAH: No mam. I'm goin' wif you.

FIB: GREAT, BEULAH...GREAT! What'll your boy friend say to that?

BEULAH: Who, Waldemar? It gonna teach him a lesson, suh. You know we had a lil set-to the othah night.

MOL: A set-to? What about, Beulah?

BEULAH: Well they's a big chair in my livin' room, an' Waldemar say come heah gal, and set on mah lap...and I says NO...and he say WHY NOT. And I say - BOY - THAT CHAIR WON'T SET BUT ONE and he say this chair set two easy, but it didn't and I almos' busted Waldemar's leg!

FIB: I see. Waldemar had a crush on you and you had a crash on him!

BEULAH: Had a crash on him and... (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

MOL: Well, maybe a few months absence will set Waldemar right, Beulah.

BEULAH: I hope so, ma'am. You know what he says is the trouble wif women?

FIB: No, what?

BEULAH: Trouble. (LAUGHS) ~~That man!~~

MOL: Don't tell us Waldemar is a woman hater, Beulah.

BEULAH: ~ On de contrary, ma'am. On the con, positively, TRAR...EEE! He too good lookin' to be a woman hater.

FIB: Whaddye mean, Beulah?

BEULAH: Well suh, the proper ingrediums for a woman hater are one good lookin' woman an' one homely man. Man say HI, BABE! Woman say, GO SHARPEN YO'SELF, SKATE! Result. One woman hater. Well, lemme know when we leaves fo' Portland, folks.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well, there's another railroad fare to Oregon, McGee.

FIB: I'll put it on the expense account. My gosh, Molly, think what my salary oughtta be for managing say...six canning factories. One of 'em ought to pay ten thousand a year. Six of 'em would be sixty thousand! Wow!...sixty thousand a year! Think of the income tax on that! Must be around 25 THOUSAND...WHY, THAT'S ALMOST HALF! I WON'T PAY IT, BY GEORGE...IT'S CONFISKITARY! I'LL TAKE THIS CASE TO THE HIGHEST COURT IN THE--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello, doctor.

DOC: Hello, Molly. Hello, worry wart.

FIB: Hiya, Arrowsmith.

DOC: What are you scowling about?

MOL: Taxes, doctor.

DOC: TAXES! What taxes has he got to worry about? He makes just enough to keep his head above water; and there are those who fail to see any necessity for that.

FIB: I'm not squawking about my present taxes, you big oaf! I GOTTA BIG JOB COMIN' UP IN OREGON, DOC. MANAGING A STRING OF CANNING FACTORIES FOR MY COUSIN.

DOC: Canning factories! Well...as the Prince said when he first saw Cinderella...NOW THERE IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE SUBJECTS! You...managing a canning factory. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh he can do it, doctor. HE CAN DO IT!

FIB: You're darn right I can do it!

DOC: Oh chutney! You couldn't manage an ice cream parlor at the North Pole. You'd have labor trouble with a marionette show! It'd be like an airedale running a flea circus!

FIB: Is that so! Why you pompous old pill roller, when it comes to business you got about as much head as yesterday's beer.

DOC: You don't say.

FIB: I DO SAY!

DOC: LOOK WHO'S TALKING! OF ALL THE INCONSEQUENTIAL, INCONSISTENT IMPERSONATORS OF INDUSTRIAL IMPRESARIOS, YOU ARE WITHOUT DOUBT THE OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF PRAGMATIC INEPTITUDE!

PAUSE:

FIB: Sometimes I wish I'd gone farther in school. I ~~donno~~ <sup>just don't</sup> whether to take a bow, or a sock at somebody.

MOL: The lack of a college education has probably saved you a lot of teeth, dearie.

DOC: Molly, just what is this nonsense about him running some canning factories?

FIB: IT ISN'T NONSENSE, YOU LEMONHEAD. IT'S A FACT!

MOL: His cousin Roy, in Portland, Oregon, wants us to move into his house this summer and take complete charge of all his canneries.

(REVISED) -27-

FIB: I'll handle the purchasing, sanitation, housing, welfare work and all stuff like that there. AND HE SAYS IF I MAKE GOOD, I CAN TAKE MY PICK OF THE PLANTS AND HE'LL TURN IT OVER TO ME.

DOC: There is something fishy about this...and I don't mean salmon.

MOL: No there isn't, Doctor! Show him the letter, McGee.

FIB: Okay. ~~THERE...READ THAT, YOU BIG SEPTIC!~~

DOC: (READS) DEAR FIBBER: MY WIFE AND I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A WELL-EARNED VACATION THIS SUMMER AND WONDER IF YOU WOULD COME TO OREGON AND KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS WHILE WE ARE AWAY.

FIB: AS YOU MAY KNOW, I HAVE A STRING OF VERY VALUABLE CANARIES --  
AND IF YOU WILL TAKE CHARGE OF THEM FOR ME --

DOC: (CHUCKLES) Read that again, Doc. You says CANARIES.

DOC: That's what it says. Canaries.

MOL: CANARIES!!

FIB: LEMME SEE THAT LETTER!

PAPER RUSTLE: (PAUSE)

FIB: OH....THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

ORCH: MUSIC: FADE FOR --

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
APRIL 25, 1944

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: While I'm on the subject of Spring housecleaning, let me say a word in favor of that good friend of all linoleum surfaces, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Floors that have been regularly protected with GLO-COAT, can be crossed right off your list of extra chores. They'll take all the wear and tear that comes with the rains of Spring and the dust of Summer, and come up smiling. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is a real labor-saver, because it needs no rubbing or buffing, and takes a minimum of work to apply. And when you spill something, you mop it up in a jiffy with a damp cloth. If you have linoleum in your front entrance hall, brighten it up with an occasional application of GLO-COAT. The colors will be as fresh as new again, a cheerful welcome to your friends. And for all floors made of asphalt tile, the approved polish is JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

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TAG #2

MOL: What are you doing, McGee?  
 FIB: Writin' a telegram to Cousin Roy in Portland.  
 MOL: What are you saying?  
 FIB: I says. "YOUR LETTER IMPERTINENT AND INSULTING. YOU ARE  
 A CHEAPSKATE AND A RAT AND IF YOU EVER WRITE TO ME AGAIN  
 I'LL PIN YOUR EARS BACK WITH YOUR OWN BICUSPIDS.  
 WARMEST PERSONAL REGARDS. FIBBER.  
 MOL: Very good. Day letter?  
 FIB: Night,  
 MOL: Night, all!

PLAYOFF: SIGNOFF:

WIL: The character of Mr. Wellington, heard on this program,  
 was played by Ransom Sherman. This is Harlow Wilcox,  
 speaking for the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX for home and  
 industry, and inviting you to be with us again next  
 Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

WRITERS: Don Quinn  
 Phil Leslie

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MO

Johnson's Wax

Tuesday, May 2, 1944