

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

35

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

May 29, 1945

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: THEME - FADE FOR:

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

ORCH: "I BEGGED HER" - FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
MAY 29, 1945

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: If you've gone to the expense of putting good linoleum over your floors, it's only good sense to take care of it. For two good reasons; to make it last longer, and to maintain the beauty of its colors and pattern. The easy way, the preferred way to do this, is with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Linoleum manufacturers themselves, and leading housekeeping authorities, recommend GLO-COAT for all your linoleum surfaces - as well as for asphalt tile, rubber or finished wood floors. You undoubtedly know how easy GLO-COAT is to use - it takes practically no work, because it needs no rubbing or buffing. It is self polishing - simply apply and let dry. GLO-COAT makes old linoleum look infinitely better - and it makes new linoleum stay like new, both in appearance and wearing quality. Your dealer has ^{IT AND} ~~JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT - it will pay you to try it~~ if you're not already one of the large family of satisfied GLO-COAT users, **IT WILL PAY YOU TO TRY JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT**

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

MCGEE
5-29-45

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WILCOX: HENRY FORD STARTED TINKERING WITH A GASOLINE ENGINE AND RAN IT UP INTO A FEW MILLION DOLLARS. THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS TINKERING WITH A GASOLINE LAWN MOWER, AND HE'LL BE LUCKY IF HE RUNS IT UP TO THE FRONT SIDEWALK! AT LEAST, THAT'S HIS WIFE'S IMPRESSION...AS WE MEET...

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RATCHET...SPUTTER OF GAS ENGINE...COUGHS AND DIES

FIB: Dad-rat the dad-ratted thing!!! STOPPED AGAIN! This motor has got more bugs than a picnic lunch!

MOL: I think I know what the trouble is, dearie.

FIB: YOU DO? WHAT?

MOL: I think the grease has all run out of it onto your face.

FIB: Aghhh...

MOL: Where on earth did you get that gasoline grass-grinder? You didn't BUY it! I hope.

FIB: Nope. Borrowed it from Mrs. Carstairs gardener. He tried to talk me out of it, too - said it was no good and I'd have trouble with it. But I slipped him a buck and he lemme take it.

MOL: I've heard of people borrowing trouble, but you go out of your way to BUY it.

FIB: Oh, I'll get it running. Carburetor's probably full o' dirt.

MOL: Pardon my ignorance, but what's a carburetor supposed to be full of?

G-

FIB: The carburetor of an internal combustion engine, of which this is one of 'em, has a very simple function.

MOL: Which is...?

FIB: To send the children of garage mechanics thru college. The average motorist learns about a carburetor the way the angleworm learns about fishing...The hard way! Now lemme see...AHHH, I'LL BET THIS DOES IT!

SOUNDS: RATCHET SPUTTER, COUGH...POP...STOP

MOL: You're teaching it manners anyway, dearie. It didn't spit at you that time.

FIB: It's all very well for you to sit there on the steps and scoff, Gentle Annie, but it ain't very constructive. You go ahead and read your book. I'll handle the automotive department.

MOL: Incidentally, have you read this, McGee? "THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THE AIR", by Jack Gaver and Dave Stanley?

FIB: Murder?

MOL: Some of it. It's all about comedy radio shows. With sample scripts.

FIB: Gee, lemme read that when you get thru. The manager of WWIS was askin' me just the other day why I didn't go on the radio.

MOL: In just those words?

FIB: Welllll...no. I was hangin' around his office and he asked me why I didn't take the air. BUT...that's for the future...right now I gotta get this lawn mower percolatin'.

MOL: What's that thing you jump up and down on before it starts?

FIB: This thing here? That's a starter pedal. Like on a motorcycle. Otherwise you'd have to push it to get 'er started.

MOL: Very efficient, I'm sure. But why don't you use our old lawn mower?

FIB: Can't. Doc Gamble borrowed it.

MOL: When is he bringing it back?

FIB: He says he'll never bring it back.

MOL: That's ridiculous. It's ours, isn't it?

FIB: No, it's his, the dirty Indian-giver. However, gimme another ten minutes with this monster and I'll have it purring like a kitten.

MOL: And sending for the fire department to get it down out of a tree, no doubt. (PAUSE) ^{X(TINKER)} What are you doing now?

FIB: Loosening the spark plug. I don't think enough air is getting past it, into the cylinder.

MOL: (ADMIRINGLY) My goodness, how did you ever learn so much about engines!

FIB: Aw, just picked it up. Got a knack for it too, I guess. The way some guys are with horses, that's the way I am with gasoline motors. That's why I wish this thing would act more like a motor and less like a horse. AHHH, NOW I THINK I GOT IT!! HERE WE GO, KIDDO!

SOUND: RATCHET...MOTOR CATCHES...SPURTS...GASPS AND DIES

FIB: DID YOU SEE THAT, MOLLY? SEE IT CUT THAT GRASS? LOOK AT THIS BLADE HERE! CUT IT OFF CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

MOL: Oh, don't be so modest, dearie. You cut at least SIX blades of grass that time.

FIB: Well, once I get 'er really poppin', I'll go over this lawn like a herd of hungry sheep. Hey, is it lunch time yet?

MOL: No...are you hungry?

FIB: AM I HUNGRY? I COULD HARVEST Iowa's corn crop with my bare teeth. I'd like to fall in a cistern full of spareribs and gnaw my way out. My gosh, I'm just swallowing from memory.

MOL: Well, I'll ask Beulah to whip you up a sandwich and a glass of milk. OH, BEULAH...BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN: (OFF)

BEULAH: (OFF) Somebody bawl fo' Beulah?

FIB: Yeah...construct me a sandwich, willya, Beulah? Make it a three decker, with a crew of pickles and convoy of cookies.

BEULAH: Yassuh. Comin' right up, suh.

MOL: And a glass of milk, Beulah. Milk is calcium, and calcium is a bone builder, and he's got to use his head on work like this.

BEUL: Work lak what, ma'am? Jus' what IS that theah contraption, Mist McGee?

FIB: This is a power lawn-mower, Beulah. Saves work.

BEUL: (LAUGHS) Personally, suh I neveh understood why anybody wanna save work. It ain't worth savin'.

MOL: Oh now, Beulah... you're a very hard worker yourself.

BEUL: Yassum. But I jus' work to keep busy. When I ain't workin' I got too much time to think what I'd LIKE to be doin', and that' always cost so much money it scares me so I goes back to work to forget it.

FIB: Well, after you marry Ira, Beulah... you can take it easier. You still engaged?

BEUL: Yassuh. So far Ira and me is makin' the same money evah week. We is economic equals.

MOL: ~~He~~ Neck and neck, you might say?

BEU: Well, we do, but we don't say so, ma'am. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Ira's in the insurance and real estate business, isn't he, Beulah?

BEUL: Yassuh.

MOL: Broker?

BEUL: Than what, ma'am?

FIB: She means, does he represent several different companies?

BEUL: Oh yassuh. Ira, he ain't fussy. You know what Ira plannin' on doin' after them Japs git convinced?

MOL: What's he planning, Beulah?

BEUL: He say he gonna git him the agency for some kinda automobile, ma'am.

FIB: He like automobiles, Beulah?

BEUL: No suh, Not in particular. He jes' hates walkin' to work. Scuse me, suh ... how that lil ole lawn mower there run?

MOL: That seems to be the 64 dollar question, Beulah. So far it just seems to be a mechanical hiccup.

FIB: OH IT'LL WORK ... DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! Just needs a little adjustment, Beulah ... You can't expect a lawn mower like this, that's been used to cuttin' the lawn on a big estate like Carstairs, to adjust itself immediately to life with the lower classes.

BEUL: Can't expect a lawn mower to adjust it'f to .. (LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

ORCH: "IN ACAPULCO"

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TINKER

FIB: Dad rat it! This thing has almost got me baffled, Molly. I cleaned the wiring..I've cleaned the gears, I've cleaned the plugs and I've cleaned the carburetor.

MOL: With the language you've been using on that lawn mower, it probably got dirty again.

FIB: I DON'T SWEAR AND YOU KNOW IT!

MOL: Oh the WORDS you use are all right...but you say them in the most PROFANE tone of voice.

FIB: Well, gee whizz, I...HEY..I WONDER IF THIS GADGET HERE IS THE TROUBLE MAKER...

MOL: What is that?

FIB: That's the governor.

MOL: It is? Well, if I'd known what I was voting for, I'd have stayed home.

FIB: Maybe a little adjustment...AHHHH...now I'll try it.....

SOUND: RATCHET..MOTOR START...SPUTTER...DIES:

FIB: Nope...that couldn't of been it. I wonder if -

DOOR OPEN: CLOSE: FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH:

MOL: Oh Hello, Alice.

ALICE: (FADE IN) Hello, Mrs. McGee..Mr. McGee. What's that thing?

FIB: Gasoline lawn mower, Alice. Borrowed the loan of it from Mrs. Carstairs gardener.

ALICE: How does it work?

MOL: Like a charm, Alice. But he can't seem to get it to work like a lawn mower.

FIB: I'LL GET IT...SOONER OR LATER. DON'T YOU WORRY.

ALICE: Are you having trouble with it, Mr. McGee?

MOL: That's a mild way of putting it, Alice. With the energy he's wasted trying to start this thing he could have mowed all the fairways at the golf course.

ALICE: That's where I'm going right now. It's my day off from the plant and I'm going to play golf with Art. He's the boy that he works at the next bench to me.

FIB: What's your handicap, Alice?

ALICE: This tight skirt, mostly.

MOL: No, he means how do you usually score, Alice? In the 80's or 90's?

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ALICE: Oh no...croopers, I'm not that good yet. Last week I only scored sixty three.

FIB: SIXTY THREE!!! MY GOSH, BYRON NELSON TOOK A 67 FOR THAT COURSE!

ALICE: Well, he probably counted his putts.

MOL: Yes...yes he probably did.

FIB: You pretty good with an iron, Alice?

ALICE: Oh I'M awful! I scorch almost everything.

MOL: You...er...are a little new at the game, aren't you, dear?

ALICE: Yes, but I think it's terribly fun, don't you? The way men scream at you when you walk across the grass with your high heels on, and how they talk at you thru their teeth when you pick up their ball and ask whose it is.

FIB: Yes, that can make the game quite amusing, Alice. You can also get an interesting reaction if you start telling jokes just as a guy is teeing off.

ALICE: Honest? Jaspers, I'll try that. I want to get everything out of the game I possibly can. ^(FADE) Well, I hope you get your lawn mower started Mr. McGee.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, FADE OUT:

MOL: You certainly gave her some great advice, McGee. She'll get her dainty little ears pinned back with a mashie.

FIB: Well, she's gotta learn the game sometime. Now lemme see...what haven't I done with this engine that I should of done?

MOL: Returned it to Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: No, I mean to get it started. Maybe I better blow out the feed line.

MOL: Try it again first. Maybe it just needed cooling off.

FIB: Might, at that.

SOUND: RATCHET...REPEAT...MOTOR STARTS...SUSTAINS:

FIB: (YELLS) THERE SHE GOES, KIDDO!...SHE'S RUNNING!!!

MOL: (OVER SOUND) WHAT DID YOU SAY?

FIB: (SHOUTS) I SAID THERE SHE GOES!...SHE'S RUNNING!!

MOL: I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!

SOUND: MOTOR OUT:

FIB: I merely said THERE SHE GOES...SHE'S RUNNING..

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Now I gotta start it again.

SOUND: RATCHET - REPEAT SPUTTER...POP...DIES:

FIB: Ah, fer the....look, baby...next time I get it started, don't start a conversation, will you?

MOL: You started that one. I didn't.

FIB: Well, IGNORE me. Gee whizz, I don't -

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Hello, Pal. What are you doing?

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: What am I doing, he says! Here I am with motor oil up to my clavicle, beatin' my brains out over a machine that don't look like anything but what it is - a power lawn mower - and old Brainy here asks me what am I doing!

WIL: Can't you get it started?

MOL: Yes, he can get it started all right. But he can't KEEP it started.

FIB: Something haywire with the engine, Junior.

WIL: How are your plugs?
 FIB: Fine, how're yours?
 WIL: I'll show you. FOLKS, JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT IS TO LINOLEUMS WHAT VITAMINS ARE TO PEOPLE. IT'S A PEPPER-UPPER. IT'S A BEAUTIFIER, A PRESERVER, A TIME SAVER AND A WORK-BRIEFER. JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS -
 FIB: Now wait a minute Waxie ..what's that got to do with a gasoline lawn mower?
 WIL: WHY DO PEOPLE WANT POWER MOWERS? FOR THE SAME REASON THEY LIKE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT, THAT'S WHY. BECAUSE IT DOES MORE WORK IN LESS TIME. BETTER RESULTS WITH LESS EFFORT. JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT SHINES AS IT DRIES..NO RUBBING..NO BUFFING. IT ALSO -
 MOL: But Glocoat WORKS, Mr. Wilcox. This contraption doesn't.
 FIB: She's got you there, Waxey!
 WIL: Well, when you compare Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat to a grass-cutting putt-putt --
 FIB: POWER MOWER TO YOU!
 WIL: AND MOWER POWER TO YOU, PAL. FOR AT LEAST TRYING TO SAVE TIME AND EFFORT. THAT'S WHAT GLOCOAT IS FOR TOO AND I HOPE YOU GET THAT THING STARTED, AND I'D HELP YOU IF I KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM BUT I DON'T SO I'LL SEE YOU AT THE BOWLING ALLEY, SO LONG, MOLLY...

FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STREET:

MOL: (CALLS) Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox! My he certainly rushed away, didn't he?
 FIB: Yeah...the big lug was scared to death I was gonna ask him to dirty his hands on this engine.
 MOL: Were you?

FIB: Yes.
 MOL: Oh. Well, I'm going in, dearie. This smell of carbon peroxide is getting me down.
 FIB: It's carbon MONOXIDE. Peroxide is used for bleaching hair.
 MOL: I know - I'm turning gray watching you fight that lawn mower. (FADE) Let me know if you get it started...
FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:
 FIB: AHH, THERE GOES A GOOD KID! WHAT OTHER WOMAN WOULD NEGLECT HER OWN WORK, JUST TO SIT ON THE PORCH AND WATCH HER HUSBAND MONKEY WITH A LAWN MOWER? ARE YOU KIDDING? ANY OF 'EM WOULD! BUT IN THIS CASE --
 TEE: Hi, mister.
 FIB: EH? OH, HIYA, TEENY. I DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING.
 TEE: (GIGGLES) I been here all the time, I betcha.
 FIB: WHAT? WHERE?
 TEE: Up in the tree.
 FIB: Eavesdroppers never hear anything good of theirselves, Teeny.
 TEE: I didn't drop out of the eaves, I betcha. I dropped out of the tree.
 FIB: Oh.
 TEE: Hmmn?
 FIB: I said OH.
 TEE: Oh what?
 FIB: Oh, the moon shines tonight on Pretty Redwing. Redwing was an Indian girl, sis. Indian girls don't talk when the menfolks are around. Shall we play Indian?
 TEE: No.
 FIB: Okay, paleface. You know anything about internal combustion motons?

TEE: What's a infernal combastium motor, mister?

FIB: An internal combustion motor, sis, is an engine like this one.

TEE: How does it run?

FIB: If you been settin' up in that tree all this time you oughtta have a pretty fair idea how this one runs. It runs like an iron deer bein' pursued by a stuffed dog thru a petrified forest.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: Are you by any chance asking for a technical explanation of a gasoline engine, Teeny?

TEE: Sure I am, I betcha. I LOVE to have you explain things to me, mister!

FIB: (PLEASED) You do eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS YOU DO, EH?

TEE: Do what?

FIB: YOU LOVE TO HAVE ME EXPLAIN THINGS TO YOU.

TEE: Oh I don't know...my daddy does it a lot better.

FIB: OH HE DOES, DOES HE?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS HE DOES EH?

TEE: Does what?

FIB: YOUR DADDY EXPLAINS THINGS BETTER THAN I DO!

TEE: I know it.

FIB: Ptahhh! I KNOW MORE ABOUT GAS ENGINES IN ONE MINUTE THAN YOUR OLD MAN COULD LEARN IF HE SPENT FIFTY YEARS AS AN ORDERLY TO GENERAL MOTORS.

TEE: Well what makes a gasoline motor run, Mister. Hmmm. What does it? Hmmm? What does? Hmmm? What?

FIB: Sit down, sis.

TEE: Okey doke.

FIB: I think I'll sit down too. Now look...I'm in no mood for whimsy today, sis, and if you think I'm gonna dish out a big gob of apple butter about how the pixies crawl through the gas tank into the carburetor and start a fight in the cylinder head and make so much noise that the pistons start jumping up and down with excitement and the wheels start running for help, you got another guess coming. Because frankly, sis, while I'm familiar with the general principles of internal combustion, with this particular engine I'm making as much progress as a punchdrunk caterpillar tryin' to follow the white line around a revolving barber pole.

TEE: Mister, your frankness does you great credit. I admire you.

FIB: You do, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS YOU DO, EH?

TEE: DO what?

FIB: You admire me.

TEE: WHY, YOU CONCEITED THING, YOU!! JUST BECAUSE I LET YOU TELL ME HOW DUMB YOU ARE, YOU...Say, am I ever disappointed in you, mister! Goodbye, now.

FOOTSTEPS AWAY:

FIB: Well, I'll be a -- Talk about not understanding wimmin!
I can't even understand KIDS!

ORCH: "KENTUCKY BABE" - KING'S MEN

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: TINKERING..HAMMERING LIGHTLY

FIB: (SINGING OVER SOUND) Ohhhh, I had a little Owl,
and her name was Lou,
You'll find her written up
In the old Whoo's Whoo.....

SOUND: TINKERING

FIB: AAAAAAAAAND, I HAD A LITTLE FROG, BUT HE WASN'T VERY
BRIGHT....JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW AND CROAKED ONE NIGHT...

TINKERING: TOOLS LAID DOWN

FIB: Ahh, that oughtta do it. HEY, MOLLY....MOLLY...COME ON
OUT A MINUTE!

DOOR OPEN..OFF

MOL: Got it all re-assembled, McGee?

FIB: ^(FADE) Yep. All except this little gadget here. I tried and I
tried and I'll be doggoned if I know where that goes.

MOL: It goes on the edge of your pocket, dearie. That's the
clip off your fountain pen.

FIB: No kiddin'? (LAUGHS) Oh well, all's well that ends. X
HERE I GO, KIDDO. WATCH HER START POPPIN' 'EM OFF THIS
TIME!

SOUND: RATCHET: CHUG CHUG CHUG...POP POP POP...WHISTLE...POP..SILENCE X

MOL: Well, you've improved it anyway, McGee. That whistle is
new, isn't it?

FIB: No, but it's two octaves higher. That's something.
DOGGONE IT, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THAT I HADN'T OUGHTTA,
OR VICE VERSA.

MOL: Maybe you'd better send for Mrs. Carstairs Gardener. Maybe
he could - WELL FOR GOODNESS SAKES...HELLO, DOCTOR GAMBLE.

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Greetings, Guppy.

FIB: Hiyah, Arrowhead.

MOL: You mean ARROWSMITH, McGee.

FIB: I mean Arrowhead. I just noticed this minute how pointed
his skull is.

DOC: That's because I've spent so much time sharpening my wits,
Egbert. And what's the burnt cork makeup for, - going
into a minstrel show? If so, you'll be the end man to
end all end men.

MOL: That's grease, Doctor. He's been trying to get this
gasoline lawn mower started.

FIB: Just about got her goin' too, doc. Know anything about
these things?

DOC: Practically everything. What seems to be the difficulty,
as if I was asking the right person.

MOL: It starts, but it stops right away, Doctor.

FIB: I think maybe it's got a vapor lock in the timing gear,
Doc. That might throw the spark gap too wide for the
thrust. Thus dropping the carburetor float below the
injection level. Whaddye think?

DOC: I think that's about as sloppy a diagnosis as I ever
heard. Here...let me try to start it.

MOL: Go right ahead, Doctor.

FIB: Sure, help yourself, Doc. Just tromp down on that little foot-pedal there. Don't be afraid to put your whole weight on it. We can always dig it out of the ground again.

DOC: Quiet, Limberlip, I used to run one of these in my summer vacations 35 years ago. This one is about the same vintage. WELL, HERE WE GO! IF I CAN'T GET IT STOPPED AGAIN, JUST REMEMBER OLD DOC GAMBLE AS ONE WHO WENT OUT WITH A SMILE ON HIS LIPS AND MACHINE OIL ON HIS CHIN.

MUSH! YOU IRON-HEARTED DAISY-SLICER....MUSH!!!

SOUND: RATCHET: SPUTTER..POP POP POP...SPLUTTERS, GASP..WHEEZE..DIES X

MOL: Well, you get A for effort, Doctor.

FIB: Your lawnside manner is nothing to brag about, Doc.

DOC: Where did you get this mechanical monstrosity, friend? This was a tired old museum piece before grass was invented.

MOL: He borrowed it from Mrs. Carstairs gardener, Doctor...

FIB: And speaking of coincidences...here she comes. Look at that walk! You'd know she was the cream of Society the way she churns up the sidewalk!

DOC: GAD SIR, you are speaking of the woman I love...to stick needles into. She is positively the....AH THERE, MRS. CARSTAIRS...HOW DO YOU DO! STEPS

CARST: (FADE IN) Doctor Gamble...how nice to see you. How do you do, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: Hello, Mrs. Carstairs.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty.

CARSTY: er..how do you do.

FIB: Your gardner tell you you I borrowed your power lawn mower, Carsty?

CARST: My former gardener, you mean?

MOL: The one that was there this morning.

CARST: THAT is my former gardner.

DOC: Has he resigned, Mrs. Carstairs?

CARST: He was discharged, Doctor.

FIB: For what, Carsty?

CARSTY: Partially for taking the liberty of loaning you this power mower, Mr. McGee.

MOL: Heavenly days, isn't that a little drastic, Mrs. Carstairs. ..firing him just for that?

CARST: He was also impudent to me, Mrs. McGee. He said he was going to report me to the Humane Society for pinching buffalo nickels.

DOC: Just because he is a sharp judge of character doesn't excuse his rudeness, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Indeed not! He also said that every time I came into the garden wearing my slacks, he kept looking around for Bud Abbott.

FIB: I guess he thought you'd do in Lou of Costello.

CARST: In any case he was extremely insolent. He said the only reason I went south every winter was because I was part goose.

MOL: I don't think that was very fair, Mrs. Carstairs. Geese don't need any priorities for flying.

CARST: Naturally...er..no. Indeed not, I think. HE ALSO said that if brains were pimentos I could lose myself in an olive and he wished I would.

DOC: That lad was wasting his time as a gardener anyway, Mrs. Carstairs. He's as full of cracks as a cornerrib.

FIB: And just as full of corn,

CARST: But the CROWNING insult was when he intimated....
ACTUALLY INTIMATED, MIND YOU, THAT MR. CARSTAIRS HAD MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY.

MOL: BALLYSCUTTLE!

FIB: Ridiculous!

DOC: Absurd!

CARST: Exactly! I married Mr. Carstairs for HIS money and everyone knows it. MR. MCGEE..I SHALL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO RETURN MY POWER LAWN MOWER IMMEDIATELY!

FIB: Okay Carsty..it's no good anyway.

MOL: But thank you for the loan of it.

CARSTY: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT IS NO GOOD, MR. MCGEE?

DOC: It won't run, Mrs. Carstairs.

CARST: Nonsense! You just don't know how!

FIB: I suppose you do, Carsty?

CARST: Naturally. Let me take it, Mr. McGee. GOOD DAY, MRS. MCGEE...GOOD DAY, DOCTOR.

MOL: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs.

DOC: Good day, Mrs. Carstairs.

SOUND: RACKET.... MOTOR CATCHES SMOOTHLY..FADE OUT IN DISTANCE
(PAUSE)

FIB: Well, I'll be a ---

DOC: So will I.

MOL: Move over, boys.

ORCH: "I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT" -- FADE FOR:

APPLAUSE:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 29, 1945

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Have you taken a good look at the finish of your automobile lately? Perhaps you don't realize how much it needs a good cleaning and polishing. From day to day you're not fully aware of how dull and gloomy it's getting to be. You almost think it has to be dirty. But it really doesn't, you know. Not while you can still buy a package of JOHNSON'S CARNU, the popular auto polish that does two things at once -- both cleans and polishes with one application. It's quite easy to use CARNU. It's a liquid that you apply with a cloth, rubbing only as hard as necessary to loosen the dirt. Then CARNU dries to a white powder, and when you wipe this off, the dirt and grime and dullness come off with it. Now is the time to give your car's paint job a Spring Housecleaning-- to remove the stains and soil of winter. If you don't, they may injure the finish permanently, reduce your trade-in-value, or make refinishing necessary. There's been no change in the high quality or remarkable performance of JOHNSON'S CARNU. Be sure to get the genuine CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

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MOL: McGee, I simply can't get over Mrs. Carstairs getting that lawn mower to run so beautifully.

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN SHE GOT IT TO RUN? I GAVE IT A COMPLETE OVERHAUL, DIDN'T I?

MOL: That's what I mean. I just found these on the front porch.

FIB: My gosh!....The SPARK PLUGS!!!! WELL GOOD NIGHT!!

MOL: Goodnight, all!

APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF, PLAYOFF:

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson Wax Finishes for home and industry and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

sj

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

FIBBER M
Joh

6:30 - 7:00 PM