

*Rise*

(REVISED)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

WRITER:

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

# 206

DON QUINN

NBC - RED

5:30 P.M.

May 23, 1939

TUESDAY

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P

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and  
Molly with Donald Novis, The Four Notes and Billy Mills'  
Orchestra. The show opens with "RISE AND SHINE"!

ORK: "RISE AND SHINE" - FADE FOR -

WIL: (Opening Commercial)

P



May 23, 1939  
Tuesday - 5:30 PM PST NBC

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Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Every few years, a new labor-saving product is introduced on the market. The washing machine -- the vacuum cleaner -- soap chips -- ready mixed flours -- and then GLO-COAT, the labor-saving, no-rubbing polish for floors. Now the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX announce a new labor-saving product that has been badly needed -- a polish for automobiles that does a double job. Its name is JOHNSON'S CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U. JOHNSON'S CARNU does two things at once -- both cleans and wax polishes your car in one simple, easy operation. Doesn't that sound like an improvement over the old-fashioned cleaning and waxing job? It certainly is -- because JOHNSON'S CARNU saves you both time and hard work. This new double-duty polish is a liquid that goes on quickly, dries to a powder, and comes off quickly -- leaving your car with a lustrous wax sheen. Surely, it's worth an hour of your time to give your family the thrill of having a new-looking car to ride in. So get a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU today -- at your filling station, garage, auto supply store or your regular wax dealer. Do the double job of cleaning and waxing in one easy operation -- and you'll say with thousands of other car owners -- "Your car looks like new -- when you use CARNU".

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH....APPLAUSE

SEGUE

"RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN".....FADE

(FIRST ROUTINE)

-4-

WIL: WELL, THERE IS A SPRING CLEARANCE SALE OF HATS AT THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE, SO MOLLY HAS LEFT FIBBER TO FINISH HIS BREAKFAST ALONE. AND HERE IN THE LIVING-ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WITH THE MORNING PAPER IN HIS LEFT HAND AND A SAUCER OF COFFEE IN HIS RIGHT, WE FIND THE QUOTE MASTER UNQUOTE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA -

-- FIBBER MCGEE!

(APPLAUSE) THEME

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER...SLUP OF COFFEE)

FIB: Hmmm -- "United States cruisers Quincey, San Francisco and Tuscalusa arrive in South America on Good Will Tour" -- Wonder why they always send battleships on a good will tour -- it's like sendin' Boris Karloff to deliver your valentines.

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

MEL: Is this the residen- (hic) - is this the residen - (hic) is this the residen - (hic). Does Fibber McGee live here?

FIB: You betcha, bud. I'm Fibber McGee.

MEL: Okay. Here's a cablegra- (hic) - here's a cablegra - (hic) - here's a cablegra - (hic) - Here's a wire for your wife.

FIB: A wire for Molly, huh? Wonder who this is from.

MEL: Search me. I never see the interio - (hic) - All I see is the outside.

~~FIB: You must be taking this job just outta revenge, bud.~~

~~MEL: I don't understand (hic) - I don't understand (hic) - understand~~



FIB: (LAUGHS) Where do I sign - right here?  
MEL: On the fourth line from the bott - (HIC) - the fourth line from the botto - (HIC) - on the fourth line from the bott - (HIC) - Oh, sign it anyplace.  
FIB: Okay, bud. Howd'ye like workin' as a telegraph messenger?  
MEL: Oh, it's quite congenia - (HIC) - it's quite congenia - (HIC) - it's not bad. The only difficu - (HIC) - the only difficu - (HIC) - The hardest part of it is when they ask me to sing a birthday greeting over the telepho - (HIC) - over the telepho - (HIC) - Boy, is that tough!  
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)  
FIB: That guy ought to be good at singing, sentimental messages over the phone, he's got a nice catch in his throat. Wonder if I oughtta open this telegram?  
SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)  
FIB: Hope that ain't that messenger again. I was hopin' he wouldn't notice I didn't give him a tip. COME IN!  
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)  
CHINK: Ah, so, hello, Mr. McGee! Blingam back laundry - two dollah florty-three cent please.  
FIB: Okay - Gooey Fooey - here y'are.  
CHINK: Ah, thank you velly much.  
FIB: ...By the way, Gooey Fooey - what d'you do with all the money you make?

CHINK: Oh-hoh-hoh...(LAUGHS)...Velly expensive for keeping son in college, but not mucher longah. Son graduate from Colgate in June...  
FIB: Graduates from Colgate, eh? Did he make any of the teams?  
CHINK: Oh-hoh-no. Tly velly hard for make flookball, basketblall, clack cleam and lowing on clew...  
FIB: Lowing on clew...Oh, you mean - rowing on the crew. Didn't he make any of 'em, Gooey?  
CHINK: No....sludy too hard. All muscles in blains - no blains in muscles.  
FIB: That's tough. Too bad he couldn't win his letter after four years of Colgate.  
CHINK: (LAUGHS) Thassa what he say. He say, "HOH HOH HOH, LONG TIME NO C" - Goodbye - now --  
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)  
FIB: Well, that's too bad. It takes a guy with the happy faculty of winnin' football games to make the faculty happy. Don't you get it Molly - oh she ain't here, is she!  
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)  
FIB: Dad-rat it. If every knock's a boost, I oughta be higher'n a kite.  
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)



FIB: Oh, hiyah, little girl.

TEE: Hiyah, mister.

FIB: What's on your mind?

TEE: Hmrrrrrr?

FIB: I says, what's on your mind. Whaddye want?

TEE: Will you please tell me a story? Please? Willya, please?

Hmrrrrrrrr?

FIB: Sorry, sis - I ain't got time to tell you a story. Why doncha go home and ask your mama to tell you a story?

TEE: Well, you got more of 'em, I betcha.

FIB: What gave you that idea?

TEE: Well, gee....my mom said you're the biggest story teller she ever knew.

FIB: Oh, she did, eh?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmrrrrrr?

FIB: I says, what's the idea of -- I mean, she don't -- well, alright, I'll tell you a story. ONCE UPON A TIME *there were 3 bears*

TEE: I betcha I've heard that one, I betcha.

FIB: Y'have, eh? Well, just wait'll I get to the part where Goldylocks comes in -- that's the love interest -- Bear meets girl. ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE BEARS.....

FIB: And their names were WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD....

TEE: Aw, that's that old Hollywood stuff, I betcha.

FIB: *What you mean - what - er -*  
What's Wynken, Blynken and Nod got to do with Hollywood?

TEE: Well, I asked my pappa who Wynken, Blynken and Nod were and he said it was two producers and a yes man....

FIB: (SIGHS) Well, we don't seem to be gettin' any place, sis....

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Huh?

TEE: Hmrrrrrrrr?

FIB: Well, if you know so much more about my stories than I do, go on out and sit on the porch and tell yourself one.

TEE: I betcha I can't, I betcha.

FIB: You can't tell yourself a story?

TEE: No, I can't sit down.

FIB: Why not?

TEE: Hmrrrrrrrr?

FIB: I SAYS WHY CAN'T YOU SIT DOWN?

TEE: I got spanked.

FIB: Well, that's the best news I've...er...ah. I mean who spanked you, and what for?

TEE: My papa. Because I got bad marks in spelling, I betcha.

FIB: Oh, you did, huh?

TEE: Sure. My papa promised me a bicycle if I got good marks in spellin' - but gee, am I lousy!

FIB: You shouldn't talk like that. Besides, if your papa promised you a bicycle you should've studied harder.

TEE: Couldn't. I been too busy.

FIB: Busy doin' what, sis?

TEE: Learning to ride a bicycle! Well, g'bye, mister.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

ORCH. & NOVIS: "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONITE"  
(APPLAUSE)



(SECOND SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: Folks, that was Donald Novis singin' "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT" -- and Don, the way you sung tonight was swell.

MOL: It certainly was, Mr. Novis. I'm glad I got home in time to hear it. I've been down town buyin' a new hat.

DON: Gee, the one you have on, Molly? It's beautiful!

FIB: I THINK SO TOO, MOLLY. That's what I call a hat! Makes you look ten years younger.

DON: Twenty years.

FIB: Thirty years.

MOL: Who'll make it forty?

DON: FORTY!

MOL: .....SOLD! Forty years younger...to the gentleman in the blue shirt. Does anyone want to carry me piggy-back?

FIB: No foolin', Molly. That's the best lookin' hat you've had in years.

MOL: Well, I'm glad you think so. It's the only hat I've had in years.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: This is my old one.

FIB: Oh-oh.

DON: Well, Molly, you're one of those girls who just has a knack for wearing clothes. I wish you could teach Fibber the secret. His pants are so baggy at the knees he always looks like he was on his way home from a crap game. Well, see you later, folks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

(2ND REVISION)

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MOL: My, he's a nice boy, isn't he, McGee?

FIB: In a crude sort of a way, yes. By the way, Molly -- here's a cablegram for you.

MOL: A cablegram? For goodness sake. I wonder who this is from?

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

MOL: WELL, HEAVENLY DAYS! It's from the Netherlands -- from Rotterdam.

FIB: That's no place to write to a lady from. Who sent it?

MOL: Mort Toops. Remember - he's on a world cruise.

FIB: Oh, yes -- Mort! It's probably about that talkin' parrot I asked him to pick up for me. What's he say about it?

MOL: He says, "REGRET UNABLE TO FIND YOU TALKING PARROT. STOP. HOWEVER --"

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello.

MOL: Why, what's the matter?

FIB: You look kinda upset about somethin', Harpo --

WIL: I am. I'm terribly worried.

MOL: Don't you feel well?

WIL: Oh I feel allright, but did you see last Sunday's paper?



MOL: Why, yes. What about it?  
WIL: Well, did you read Tarzan? They've got him in a terrible spot.  
MOL: Well, don't take it to heart, Mr. Wilcox...he'll come out all right.  
FIB: Yes, you don't have to worry about Tarzan, Harpo.  
WIL: Well, just the same, I can hardly wait until next Sunday.  
FIB: Is that all that's worryin' ye, Harpo?  
WIL: No, I'm afraid the Johnson Wax people aren't going to need me much longer...  
MOL: What on earth gave you that idea?  
WIL: Well, gee! It certainly is discouraging when I walk up to a car owner and say "Brother, have you heard about Car-Nu? That wonderful new auto polish that the Johnson Company has just introduced?" And that's as far as I get.  
FIB: You mean, they don't want to hear about it?  
WIL: That's just it. Everybody has heard about it. They say "Yes, and it's marvelous! We just apply it over the clean surface of our car, let it dry, and wipe it off. And with hardly any effort our old jalopy looks like it just came off the salesroom floor." So can you blame me for worryin'? With everybody that uses Car-Nu turning out to be salesmen for it, where does that leave me?

~~WIL: ...~~  
FIB: *Don't be so jutting Harpo*  
Calm down, ~~Harpo~~ What would Tarzan do in a case like this?  
He wouldn't give up...  
MOL: Of course not...he'd just climb up in a tree and beat on his chest and defy the world....  
WIL: By George, you're right! I won't give up. I'll find somebody that hasn't heard about Car-Nu! (THUMP THUMP THUMP)  
(Gives jungle cry)  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: I hope Harpo gets over that Tarzan complex by next winter.  
MOL: Why, McGee?  
FIB: Well, suppose he has to stop and polish a car someplace... and he ain't got nothin' on but a loin-cloth. But read the rest of the cablegram, Molly.  
MOL: Oh, yes. (READS)  
"REGRET UNABLE TO FIND YOU TALKING PARROT  
STOP HOWEVER KNOWING YOU LOVE BIRDS HAVE  
SENT YOU BEAUTIFUL STORK STOP SHOULD BE  
THERE BY TIME YOU GET THIS STOP REGARDS  
(SIGNED) TOOPS"  
Well, heavenly days! A STORK!  
FIB: That's a fine substitute for a parrot. I suppose if we'd wanted a bald eagle he'd've shaved an ostrich for us.  
MOL: Well, I suppose we'll have to take, McGee. Call up the freight depot and see if it's here yet.  
FIB: Okay. But I don't suppose --  
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM)  
NICK: Hello, Fizzer. Hello Kewple. I hope I'm not butting myself in where I am not wanting..



MOL: Oh, certainly not, Mr. Depopolis. McGee was just goin' to call the freight depot...

FIB: Yes, a guy was gonna send us a parrot, but he --

NICK: Oh, parrots is being a wonderful bird, I'm thinking. It is a constant horse of amusement to me how birds is learning to talk like people. There is talking parrots, Florence Nightingales, stool pigeons --

FIB: Well, we didn't get a parrot, Nick. The guy sent us --

NICK: You know, it is a funny coincidence that I am reading about a parrots in a book last night, which the name of it is calling itself by the title of a mon whose name was Robin Hood Caruso.

MOL: You mean, Robinson Crusoe, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: I stand corrected. Anyway, this stories is being all about a sailor who is being marined on a desert islands. He is a regular castowow!

FIB: CastaWAY!

NICK: Sure! WELL, SIR -- THIS Robinsc Crewstuff is having almost hardly nothing to do anything with, except this parrot and a cannon-ball which he is life-saving from some other cannon-balls who is inviting him for lunch and he was going to be the lunch.

MOL: Not cannon balls, Mr. Depopolis - cannibals.

NICK: What is the difference -- they are both a son-of-a-gun to be monkeying with, I'm thinking! ANYWAY, Robinhood is naming this savages "My Man Godfrey".

FIB: His Man Friday!

NICK: All right, but send him back Saturday, because I haven't finished the book. ANYWAY, ~~the only thing which is making life worth living, but he hasn't got any...~~ ~~this parrots, which is being kind of a chicken in technicolor, is able to hold very intelligim conversatims, which is just going to prove (and there is nothing...)~~ that parrots is different from people <sup>like you, digger</sup> because they are laying an egg BEFORE they are learning to talk. (LAUGHS) But what I stopped in to have you see me about is that we are having a little party at our house tonight, but it is going to be pretty crowded so why don't you go to a good movie?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Molly, do you believe in the hereafter?

MOL: Why, certainly!

FIB: Well, hereafter, when that guy comes over, don't open the door!

MOL: Oh, Mr. Depopolis is all right, McGee -- you get busy and telephone the freight depot --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Oh, dear. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

MOL: Oh, it's Mrs. Uppington. How do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee? And, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy?

UPP: I just thought I'd stop in, Mrs. McGee, to see your new hat-- you DID just buy a new hat at the Bon Ton, did you not?

MOL: Why, yes, I did, Mrs. Uppington. But it hasn't been delivered yet. Did you see me at the Bon Ton?



UPP: No, but my maid did. She says it is a wonderful place to buy hats -- so economical, you know.

MOL: Is that so, Mrs. Uppington? My, it must be wonderful to have your maids buy your hats for you. Personally, I like to select my own.

UPP: You don't undahstand, my deah. My maid buys her own hats there. I, of cawse, get mine directly from Paris.

MOL: Oh, you poor thing. How terrible. No wonder they're all out of style by the time you get them.

SOUND: (GONG)

FIB: Molly's round!

UPP: But, reaahllly, they're not, you know. My coutourier assures me that my hats are in the latest mode. Original Parisienne styling, of course.

MOL: Oh, of course, Mrs. Uppington. McGee, remember what I said about that last hat of Mrs. Uppington's? Didn't I say at the time it looked real French to me?

FIB: That ain't exactly the way you put it, Molly. You said, "Get a load of the lid on snooty-puss. It looks like the Eiffel Tower!"

MOL: There! Y'see, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Yes, yes. So glad you liked them, my deah. Awfter this, I shall send them over to you when I'm through with them rawther than throw them out with the rubbish.

MOL: Oh, that's so sweet of you, Mrs. Uppington, but I couldn't think of accepting them without making some precipitation. You must let us send our rubbish over to you.

UPP: Oh, quaitte, quaitte unnecessary, I assure you.

MOL: Oh, but I insist, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: It's too much, reaahllly.

MOL: Oh, not at all.

UPP: But, my deah.

MOL: Oh, but I insist. Must you be goin', Mrs. Uppington -- so soon?

UPP: Yes, I...er....I reaahllly....uh. Yes, I simply must be going. Good byeeeee!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Nice foot-work, Molly. You and Uppington make the Golden Gloves look like a pair of lead mittens. Hand me the phone, Molly, I'll call and see if that dad-ratted stork has arrived yet.

SOUND: (CLICK)

FIB: HELLO, OPERATOR?.....CONNECT ME WITH THE FREIGHT DEPO --- OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?.....

MOL: Oh, dear. That again. And to think that Alexander Graham Bell spent his life for something like this. I think I'll write Don Ameche a nasty letter.



(2ND REVISION) 18-19-20

FIB: Quiet, Molly...HOW'S EVERYTHING, MYRT?...IT IS, EH?.....  
WHAT?... ..HE IS?.....THEY DID?????.....HE WILL?....  
OH THAT'S TOO BAD, MYRT. HOW OLD IS YOUR GRANDFATHER, EH?  
..... WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME, AIN'T IT?.....LEMME GET THIS  
STRAIGHT, MYRT.....THEY TOOK A BULLET OUT OF HIS WHAT?.....  
IS THAT SO?.....

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS! Did Myrt's Grandfather get shot?

FIB: Yeah.

MOL: Where?

FIB: Gettysburg. Say, MYRT....CONNECT ME WITH THE RAILROAD  
FREIGHT OFFICE, WILLYA? Thanks. HELLO, FREIGHT OFFICE?  
YOU GOT A STORK THERE FOR FIBBER MCGEE? ... EH?..... DUE  
IN AT 2:24, eh? GEE IT'S 2:15 NOW....OKAY, BUD. WE'LL BE  
RIGHT DOWN. (SOUND: CLICK) COME ON MOLLY - WE GOTTA  
MEET THE 2:24.

MOL: Allright dearie. - Play something Mr. Mills.

ORK: "AND THE ANGELS SING" - FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE:

P

(THIRD ROUTINE)

(2ND REVISION)

-21-

FIB: That was the Four Notes singin' "And The Angel's Sang"  
accompanied by Billy Mills and his Pearly Gates. Ready,  
Molly?

MOL: All set, McGee. Is there enough gas in the car?

FIB: Plenty. I put two gallons in Sunday... You wait till I  
see Mort Toops --

BOOM: Ah, there, Suet-face.

FIB: Hi Boomer. .... Good day, Mrs. McGee!

BOOM: Have a little punch-board here. Thought you might want to  
take a chance on a candid camera...only ten cents a punch...  
And very cheap, too. But to be candid, so is the camera...

FIB: No, thanks, Boomer, not today.

MOL: Oh, go on, McGee. It would be nice to have a camera.  
Let's see the punch-board, Mr. Boomer.

BOOM: Thank you, my dear, thank you. Have it right here,  
somewhere. Now, where did I put that punch-board...  
punch-board...punch-board...punch-board...

FIB: C'mon, Boomer, we're in a hurry...

P



BOOM: Don't get in an uproar, puzzle-pan...have it right here somewhere...Now where did I put that punch-board? Here's a letter from my son, Horatio Junior, inviting me to attend the commencement exercises...clever lad...went through reform school in three and a half years...extra credits for pocket-picking. Ah, what's this?...Well, well! A bitter note from the finance company!...disagreeable people...bunch of back-receipt drivers...little mechanical device for holding out aces in a poker game...ah, yes, goodbye, Mr. Chips...

MOL: Hurry up with the punch-board, Mr. Boomer. We've got to get down to the railroad station.

BOOM: Certainly, certainly...where did I put that punch-board... here's a photograph of my little sister...bless her heart! Quite a tomboy...loves to get into slacks...and breeches - of promise ..... small packet of arsenic...going to play a joke on an old friend of mine..(LAUGHS) Yes, indeed, this will have him in convulsions -- and a check for a short bear! WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT - NO PUNCH BOARD! WONDER WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE WITH IT? See you about it later, my dear, GOOD DAY, addle-pate!

MOL: Good day, Mr. Boomer.

FIB: Too bad that guy can't go straight. His mother must've been frightened by a spiral staircase. Get in the car, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: You'll have to step on it a little, McGee, if we're goin' to meet the 2:24.

FIB: Okay. Here we go!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR - IN - UP LOUD - AND FADE FOR

MOL: Better slow down, McGee. We're not in that much of a hurry.

FIB: Well, I don't wanta lose track of that stork, Molly. Somebody might mistake him for a crane and put him to work loadin' freight cars - (LAUGHS) Doncha get it, Molly?

MOL: No, I don't get it, but you're going to - Here comes a motor cop! (SWELL SOUND UP)

HAL: All right, you. PULL OVER.

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT

FIB: If you look in the book, officer, you'll find the first question is, "Where do you think you're goin' - to a fire?"

HAL: Oh, a fresh guy! This will cost you plenty, buddy. Disorderly conduct - speeding - and going through a stop light.



MOL: We did not go through a stop-light. That light had turned green.

HAL: So did I when I saw how fast you were going. Now, follow me to the police station.

MOL: Just a minute, officer. May I have a word with you?

HAL: Well, what is it lady?

MOL: (WHISPERS)

HAL: (THRU WHISPERING) Yes -- yes, yes -- all right, lady. Come on buddy - follow me!

SOUND: CAR IN AND UP - SIREN IN AND UP - UP STRONG AND FADE FOR:

FIB: Say, what is this, Molly? This ain't the way to the police station.

MOL: We're not goin' to the police station. We're goin' to the railroad station.

FIB: What? At fifty miles an hour with an escort? What'd you tell that cop.

MOL: I just told him the truth, dearie. I told him we was expectin' the stork.

FIB: Oh, Pshaw!

SOUND: CAR AND SIREN UP INTO MUSIC: FADE FOR (COMMERCIAL)

S. J. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MAY 23, 1939  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber will be back in just a moment. And now may we have your attention. When you go into a home that has beautiful, gleaming floors, you feel genuine admiration for the woman who lives in that home. A glossy, polished floor is always a sign of good taste. Now, there's no reason why you shouldn't have floors that are so bright and clean that everyone will admire them. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT will quickly give your floors a wonderful, lustrous polish without rubbing or buffing. Just apply and let dry! GLO-COAT makes linoleum sparkle like new in a few minutes time. And did you know that GLO-COAT is just as important for porch floors as for the floors in your home? Well, it is. GLO-COAT shuts out dirt and grime. Saves you hours of cleaning work. You'll enjoy your porch much more when the floor stays clean and bright with shining GLO-COAT polish. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Insist on the real thing for brighter lustre -- longer wear.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



TAG GAG

MOL: WELL, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT A STORK, MCGEE - WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE GOIN' TO DO WITH IT?

~~I'M GOIN' TO KEEP IT TILL A WEEK FROM THURSDAY AND THEN PRESENT IT TO THE WISTFUL VISTA ZOO.~~

~~WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT TO 'EM TODAY? WHY WAIT 'TILL A WEEK FROM THURSDAY?~~

FIB: I'M GOIN' TO KEEP IT TILL A WEEK FROM THURSDAY AND THEN PRESENT IT TO THE WISTFUL VISTA ZOO.

MOL: WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT TO 'EM TODAY? WHY WAIT 'TILL A WEEK FROM THURSDAY?

FIB: OH, I DON'T KNOW -- JUST HABIT, I GUESS. I ALWAYS LIKE TO GET THE BIG BILLS OUT OF THE WAY BY THE FIRST OF THE MONTH!

AHEM. GOOD-NIGHT.

MOL: GOOD NIGHT, ALL!

ORK: UP AND FADE

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
Fibber McGee and Molly  
Final Tag Commercial  
May 23, 1939 through June 27, 1939

(AFTER TAG GAG)

TAG COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: May we suggest that when you visit the New York World's Fair, you be sure to see the fifteen beautiful model homes in the "Town of Tomorrow". On all the floors and wordwork of these homes Johnson's Wax polishes are used exclusively! This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat at Racine, Wisconsin, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.