

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writer: Don Quinn

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

# 209

5:30-6:00 PM  
Tuesday - June 13, 1939

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: THEME

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing  
Glo-Coat....present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee  
and Molly, with Donald Novis, The Four Notes, and Billy  
Mills' orchestra. The show opens with...."Of Thee I Sing".

ORCH: " OF THEE I SING "

(FADE FOR:)

WIL: (OPENING COMMERCIAL)

COMMERCIAL - Page 3

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
June 13, 1959  
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED) -3-

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Calling all car owners! It's very important to you, that you know about JOHNSON'S new, double-action cleaner and wax polish for automobiles -- JOHNSON'S CARNU -- C-A-R-N-U. Why important? Because JOHNSON'S CARNU takes the work out of polishing automobiles just as JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT has taken the work out of polishing floors. CARNU does two things at once -- both cleans and wax polishes your car in one easy operation. In the past, most people dreaded the job of cleaning and polishing their own cars. It was hard work -- it took a long time. Now with the introduction of JOHNSON'S CARNU, the time has been cut in half. Why, even the women are finding it easy, with CARNU, to give their cars a dazzling wax sheen! This remarkable, double action, liquid polish dries quickly to a white powder. Wipe off the powder and behold your car, shining like a mirror! All the ugly film and stains have quickly vanished without hard rubbing! Your family will be amazed at the wonderful change that has come over the car in only an hour's time. Get a can of JOHNSON'S CARNU before another day goes by. It's for sale at filling stations, auto supply stores, garages and at your regular wax dealers. Try CARNU on your own car. Then you'll understand why this new double-action cleaner and wax polish is creating a sensation and you'll say with thousands of other motorists, "your car looks like new when you use CARNU".

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH....(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE...."HEARTS AND FLOWERS"....FADE

(REVISED)

-4-

WIL: (VERY SCHMALTZY) ARE YOU IN TROUBLE? -- DOES YOUR GIRL WEAR AN OFF-THE-FACE HAT WHEN SHE SHOULD BE WEARING A CATCHER'S MASK? DO YOUR BEATEN BISCUITS TAKE A BEATIN'? ARE YOU IN THE DOG-HOUSE WITH NO FLEA-POWDER? ~~DOES YOUR CARNE-CHART LOOK LIKE IT'S BEEN BAKED IN A WATER-PROOF OVEN?~~ THEN ALL YOU NEED IS A SYMPATHETIC EAR AND EXPERT ADVICE. JUST WRITE OR VISIT AUNT MOLLY AND UNCLE FIBBER, EDITORS OF THE "ADVICE TO THE WORLDWEARY" COLUMN OF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE!

ORK: FANFARE

MOL: What was that?

FIB: A fanfare.

MOL: How many fans have we got?

FIB: Oh, several!

MOL: Well, that's fair.

ORK: FANFARE

WIL: (LAUGHS) AND HERE, SEATED AT OPPOSITE SIDES OF A BIG DESK IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE, WE FIND, A GREAT PAIR TO DRAW TO --- THOSE TWO MUDDLE MEDIATORS, --- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE -- THEME

MOL: McGee, what do we know about advice to the ~~worldweary~~ <sup>worldweary</sup>?

FIB: Don't worry. All we gotta do is set here and look wise. Ever notice the expression on a stuffed owl?

MOL: Yes, but it didn't mean anything. It wasn't smart enough to keep from gettin' stuffed.

FIB: Well, shucks, I --

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

MOL: (CLICK) ADVICE TO THE WORLDWEARY! AUNT MOLLY SPEAKIN'!  
WHAT WAS YOUR TROUBLE, SIR?.....OH, I SEE..... NO, I  
WOULDN'T ACTUALLY FORBID HER TO GET HER FACE LIFTED. JUST  
TELL HER ABOUT THE LADY WHO WAS SO FULL OF PARAFFIN THAT  
WHEN HER WANDERING BOY DIDN'T COME HOME SHE GOT LIT AND  
SAT ON THE WINDOW SILL. DON'T MENTION IT. GOODBYE. (CLICK)

FIB: "Got lit and sat on a window sill!" Was that an actual  
case, Molly?

MOL: Who cares? As The Three Cornered Pants said to the Kid,  
"Don't pin me down!"

FIB: That's an interestin' point right there, Molly! How can  
you expect a peaceful life when you get mixed up in a  
triangle the first time you get dressed?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TOUGH  
(I'M SORRY GUY): SAY, BUDDY! De advertising manager is worried! He  
says all the dames is wearin' trousers and they can't sell  
any dresses.

FIB: Of course they can't, bud --

MOL: This is the slack season!

TOUGH: I'm sorry!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh, that reminds me, Molly! Buzz for the stenographer,  
will you? That second button there.

SOUND: AUTO HORN

MOL: Heavenly days! You call that a buzzer?

FIB: No, but it's more efficient. This gal used to work in a  
hash joint with curb service.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Well, what kind of a darn-fool idea have you got now?

n

FIB: Listen, sis...a little more respect when you speak to me.

GIRL: Yes sir. What kind of a darn fool idea have you got now...  
sir?

FIB: That's better.

MOL: Oh, MUCH better. Do you always smoke in the office, dearie?

GIRL: Yes, my folks object to my smoking at home. Stand up, will  
you, chief...I wanna strike a match on your pants...

FIB: EH? Oh...sure! ...OUCH!...not so hard. Listen, sis, I'm  
drawin' a map for my business column -- showin' the  
shipping centers of the world, and I need some more ink.

MOL: More ink? You've got eight different kinds there!

FIB: I know, but I'm ready to put in Bombay, and I ain't got any  
India ink! Run-out and get some, willya, sis?

GIRL: Okay, chief. Say, can I have tomorrow off?

MOL: What for?

GIRL: We're giving my sister a shower.

FIB: Oh. She gettin' married?

GIRL: No, she just needs a <sup>bath</sup> ~~shower~~!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: I predict great things for that girl -- and none of 'em  
good.

FIB: Just the same, Molly -- that's what makes this job  
interesting -- meetin' all kinds of people and hearin'  
all their troubles.

MOL: It's no novelty to me! Bringin' me troubles is like tellin'  
Earl Sande if he's a good boy he can ride on the pony!

n

FIB: Listen, sis...a little more respect when you speak to me.  
GIRL: Yes sir. What kind of a darn fool idea have you got now...  
sir?  
FIB: That's better.  
MOL: Oh, MUCH better. Do you always smoke in the office, dearie?  
GIRL: Yes, my folks object to my smoking at home. Stand up, will  
you, chief...I wanna strike a match on your pants...  
FIB: EH? Oh...sure! ...OUCH!...not so hard. Listen, sis, I'm  
drawin' a map for my business column -- showin' the  
shipping centers of the world, and I need some more ink.  
MOL: More ink? You've got eight different kinds there!  
FIB: I know, but I'm ready to put in Bombay, and I ain't got any  
India ink! Run out and get some, willya, sis?  
GIRL: Okay, chief. Say, can I have tomorrow off?  
MOL: What for?  
GIRL: We're giving my sister a shower.  
FIB: Oh. She gettin' married?  
GIRL: No, she just needs a <sup>path</sup> ~~match~~!  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
MOL: I predict great things for that girl -- and none of 'em  
good.  
FIB: Just the same, Molly -- that's what makes this job  
interesting -- meetin' all kinds of people and hearin'  
all their troubles.  
MOL: It's no novelty to me! Bringin' me troubles is like tellin'  
Earl Sande if he's a good boy he can ride on the pony!

FIB: <sup>Just the same it's a great business</sup>  
~~Just~~ think of the modern newspaper, Molly. Huge  
forests chopped down to make the paper! Millions of bucks  
worth of mechanical devices! (GROWING ENTHUSIASTIC)  
Pictures flashed across the ocean! Great thoughts of the  
nation's leaders wrote out in black and white for  
posterity! Twenty pages of current history of the world  
rushed to your door by swift messenger --  
MOL: Yes, yes -- go on!  
FIB: (SIGHS) -- and ten hours later you find it wrapped  
around the garbage!  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH  
HAL: Good Day! Are you Aunt Molly and Uncle Fibber -- who  
advise people on all sorts of problems?  
FIB: You betcha, bud. ~~What happens people such good days make  
been under explained by the nervous system.~~  
MOL: What seems to be the matter, sir?  
FAL: You see before you a very desperate man.  
MOL: Oh, dear!  
FIB: Take it easy, bud -- remember the old saying, "When You  
Get to the End of Your Rope, Throw it away and Light  
another one." What's on your mind?  
FAL: I am J. Bumble Buzbee -- owner of the largest apiary in  
the state.  
MOL: Well, imagine that -- an apiary!  
FIB: Very interestin', bud -- Used to raise apes myself.  
Very affectionate animals, too -- treated me like one  
of the family. Why, I mind the time --

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good! Hah ha ha! -- or is it? But you don't understand. An apiary is where we raise bees! Oh surely you have heard of Buzbee's honey! A wonderful product! But during the last six weeks my sales have fallen off 83½ percent! And WHY? Because something has happened to the flavor! Somehow it has lost that old Buzbee tang!

FIB: Afraid we can't give you much advice, Buzbee, till we try a sample of your honey. Better bring us a couple of combs -- something we can get our teeth into.

HAL: I have a sample right here. Take a taste of it -- but I warn you -- it's a little revolting.

MOL: Let me try it. (SMACKS LIPS)

FIB: How's the Molly taste, honey -- er..how's the honey taste, Molly?

MOL: Terrible! But somehow it's familiar. It tastes ~~like~~ like the back of a Christmas seal.

HAL: Yes, I'd say a Christmas seal of about 1913.

FIB: HMMMMM. Quite a problem. Sounds like sabotage to me. Tell you what you better do, Buzbee. Better bring in one of your bees for an interview -- one of your old and trusted employees.

HAL: Very well. Now, let me see -- I had better bring in number thirteen-seventy-eight. That would be old Joe Hummer in the Receiving Room. I'll tell the other workers I gave Joe the day off to go to the movies.

MOL: Oh, do they like movies?

G

HAL: Yes -- "B" pictures! Thank you, and I'll be back very shortly.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Do you suppose he's worked his bees too hard, McGee? maybe the honey's a little strained.

FIB: So was that, if you don't mind my sayin' so. But I got a hunch --

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

G

MOL: Well, heavenly Days! Mrs. Wearybottom!

FIB: Hiyah, Weary! Haven't seen you in a long time!

WEARY: Oh, hello, folks. I heard you were running a column giving people advice so I thought I'd come in and lay my troubles in your lap, ~~because~~ <sup>see how on</sup> you're kinda baggy at the knees anyway what are you supposed to wear at a formal wedding?

FIB: Well, as Aunt Molly always says in her column, Weary, for a proper wedding you gotta have "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue."

WEARY: I guess that explains it then because when my sister saw her ~~husband~~ <sup>future husband</sup> in his morning coat she said "That coat is certainly old, but the way you wear it is something new", so he borrowed something like fifty dollars and blew, do you mind if I step out on the fire escape for a breath of air?

SOUND: WINDOW LATCH

FIB: Oh, I wouldn't do that if I was you, Weary. You see -

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND THUD.

MOL: What'd you start to tell her, McGee?

FIB: Oh, nothing much -- just that there ain't any fire escape outside that window.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH. & NOVIS: "IF ONLY HEAVEN COULD SPEAK"

FIB: ~~Substitute~~ <sup>Folks</sup>, that was Donald Novis, our Car-Nu Caruso singin' "~~POWER~~ HEAVEN COULD SPEAK", ~~and that~~

MOL: ~~and~~ <sup>beautiful</sup> It ~~was~~ was, Mr. Novis -- I think I'll write you up in my column!

DON: ~~That's~~ Gee, that will be swell! and maybe if I study dramatics I could get more lines to read on this show!!

MOL: I don't see why not, Mr. Novis.

FIB: Be glad if you did, Don. Give me a chance to relax. I'm just a bundle of nerves, workin' as hard as I do.

DON: Well, why don't you learn to play, Rummy?

MOL: Better try that again, Mr. Novis.

DON: Why don't you learn to play rummy?

FIB: Ain't got time! Keeps me busy watchin' you shuffle the dialogue!

DON: (A LA THOMPSON:) I'M SORRY!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: The trouble with him is he doesn't seem to recognize punctuation.

FIB: No, but punctuation seems to recognize him. - Every time he walks into a sentence, all the commas start waggin' their tails! I gotta figure out what's the matter with the flavor of this honey?

MOL: Maybe we could ask Mr. Wilcox. He's an expert on wax.

FIB: This is bees wax -- all he knows is J's Wax! Doncha get it Molly? I says --

MOL: T'aint funny, McGee!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: <sup>Well, it sure the best I could do till the door opens.</sup>

n

WIL: (IN FAST) ( EXCITED) Say, Aunt Molly - am I in time to  
make the next edition?

MOL: With what, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I want you to print a love letter in your column.

FIB: What's the matter, Harlow? One of your old flames give you  
the hot-foot?

WIL: No, and I wouldn't ask you to print it if it didn't apply  
to a lot of people besides me -

MOL: Well, what do you want us to say, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Oh, something like this: "DEAR LIZ: I'M TERRIBLY SORRY  
ABOUT LAST NIGHT! WHEN THOSE HOODLUMS ON THE STREET CORNER  
STARTED MAKING WISECRACKS ABOUT YOU I WAS JUST AS ANGRY AS  
YOU WERE -- BUT LIZ, DEAR, THEY WERE RIGHT!

FIB: That's a fine way to talk!

MOL: Be quiet, McGee! Go on, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: AFTER I'D TAKEN YOU HOME, LIZ, I REALIZED I WAS A LITTLE  
ASHAMED OF YOU MYSELF. YOU DID LOOK DOWDY - THAT OLD COAT  
OF YOURS LOOKS LIKE IT HAD NEVER BEEN CLEANED! BUT  
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW, LIZ. I GOT SOME JOHNSON'S  
CAR-NU, THAT MARVELOUS NEW PREPARATION THAT CLEANS AND  
POLISHES AT THE SAME TIME! TRY IT TONIGHT, LIZ -- AFTER  
YOU'VE HAD YOUR BATH, RUB IT ALL OVER YOU --

MOL: Heavenly Days!

WIL: -- AND WIPE IT OFF WITH A SOFT CLOTH! AND BABY! WILL YOU  
LOOK GORGEOUS! IT'S WONDERFUL STUFF, LIZ, BUT THE BEST IS  
NONE TOO GOOD FOR A BEAUTIFUL CHASSIS LIKE YOURS! NOW LET  
THE BOYS ON THE CORNER CRACK WISE - WE'LL SHOW 'EM, WON'T  
WE, LIZ? OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE -- ON WITH THE CAR-NU!  
(Just sign that "H.W." Aunt Molly!)

MOL: Well, now - I don't know, Mr. Wilcox, that's a pretty  
bold way to write to a girl in a newspaper column.

FIB: Who's this girl "Liz", Harlow? As if we didn't know!

WIL: It isn't a girl, it's my old second-hand lizzie! And  
is she going to be beautiful tonight!

SOUND: (BEEP-BEEP)

WIL: Coming, Liz, dear! So long, folks!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, I hope Lizzie likes the beauty treatment!

FIB: She will! Lizzies or limousines - they're all sisters  
under the tin!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

UPP: May I speak to Aunt Molly - oh, How do you do, Mrs.  
McGee - and Mr. McGee?

MOL: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Uppington?

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy?

UPP: Good heavens! Don't tell me you are Aunt Molly and  
Uncle Fibber!

MOL: Yes, I are - I mean, we certainly am!

UPP: Oh, splendid - then possibly you can assist me. I  
wish to enter a complaint - and cancel my  
subscription.

FIB: Well - we handle complaints, Uppy. What's 'smatter?

UPP: I demand a retraction of the insult in last Sunday's Society Section.

MOL: Retraction of what insult, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: You printed a picture of my niece at her coming out party and the caption underneath it said: "Miss Brenda Uppington, the most beautiful dub of the season!"

FIB: Kinda tickled me -- them society gals are so snooty...

UPP: I beg your pardon!

MOL: Whatja do?

UPP: I...er...uh...I...er...well, uh.....Well, thank you so much for your help, and I hope I haven't been wasting your time too! Good byeeeeeeeee!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Wonder what she meant by that - wasting our time, too!

MOL: I wouldn't know. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) Look, McGee! Here's an interesting letter! It's from an explorer!

FIB: What's he say?

MOL: He's just discovered an island without a World's Fair on it!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

OLD M: Hello there, Johnny! Hello, daughter! I got an item for the paper. Who's in charge of the "Cute Cracks from Cunning Kiddies" Column? My little boy got off a nifty this morning.

MOL: How old is your little boy, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD M: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: She says how old is your little boy?

OLD M: He'll be sixty-two in January! COME IN, RANCE! Rance, I want you to meet some friends of mine. Folks, my little boy, Rance!

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure!

FIB: Hiyah, Rancid!

2nd OLD M: M' name's Ransome. Did' you find out where the Cute Kiddies Editor was, poppa?

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHH?

MOL: It's the fourth door down the hall.

FIB: You'll know him by his sour-puss expression and a loaded shotgun.

OLD M: Run along and see him, Rance -- I'll be there in a minute.

2ND OLD M: All right, poppa.

MOL: Fine looking boy, Mr. Old Timer, and only 62! Has he got his permanent teeth yet?

OLD M: Nope, gets 'em tomorrow! Ransome's a good boy.

FIB: (LAUGHS) I'd like to see his little face light up when he goes for his first ride in a wheelchair! (LAUGHS)



OLD M: That's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY --  
HEY. RANGE! THAT AIN'T THE WAY! HE SAID DOWN THE HALL!  
'SCUSE ME, FOLKS, THE kid's kinda confused!

MOL: The boy was certainly a block off the old splinter, wasn't  
he, McGee?

FIB: Yes, I guess he--

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Buzbee, the bee keeper!

FIB: Hiyah, Buzbee. C'mon in! Did you bring one of your bees  
in for an interview?

HAL: Yes, I did. Got him in this little match-box here. Come  
on out, Joe.

VOICE: BUZZING

MOL: My, an intelligent looking little fellow!

FIB: Hiyah, Joe. Mind answering a few questions?

VOICE: BZ BZZZZZZZZZZ!

FIB: That's the spirit! I'm tryin' to help your boss figure out  
why the honey you fellas make don't taste good. You got  
any ideas on the subject?

VOICE: BZ Bzzzzzzzz bz bz bzzzzzzzzzz!

MOL: Any labor troubles in the hive? Or are you fellas just  
gettin' lazy?

VOICE: BZ BZ BZZZZZZZZZZ BZ BZZZZZZ BZZZ BZ BZ BZZZ BZZZ BZZZZ!

MOL: Watch your language there, my boy...er...my bee! Remember  
we're on the air.

FIB: Well - your employees seem to have the right spirit - Buzbee  
I'll work this out from another angle. Drop in again a  
little later, Buzbee --

HAL: Very well.

MOL: And Mr. Hummer -- next time you come to town, give us a buzz!

VOICE: Bz!

HAL: Good day, folks -- I'm depending on you!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Intelligent little insect, wash't he, Molly?

MOL: Yes, and so was the bee!

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) Hello. UNCLE FIBBER SPEAKIN'.....WHO?.....OH,  
THE COMPOSING ROOM?.....OH, THAT'S SWELL.....YES.....  
SET IT UP IN OPEN FACE.....AND PUT A FOUR COLUMN HEAD ON  
IT.....OKAY, BILLY. (CLICK)

MOL: What was that, McGee?

FIB: That was Billy Mills. He's just composed a swell arrangement  
of "Mississippi Mud" for the Four Notes. (FAST) Attention  
Mr. and Mrs. America -- Let's go to Press! We'll be back  
soon enough - with some stuff!

ORK: "MISSISSIPPI MUD".....FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Folks, that was the Four Notes singin' "Mississippi Mud."  
And you can wipe your feet on the "welcome" mat after that  
one, kids. Say, Molly -- I think I got it figured out.

MOL: What?

FIB: What's the matter with Buzbee's honey. Have we got a city  
map here?

MOL: There's one on the wall there, McGee. But I don't think it's  
very up-to-date! It shows four Indian tepees at  
Fourteenth and Oak.

FIB: Well, it don't matter, anyway. I can find out what I wanta  
know in the classified directory.

MOL: But what is it, McGee? My goodness, the man will be ruined  
if he doesn't find out soon.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, as the race-horse said when he come home  
after dark, "There may be somebody ahead of me, but I think  
I'm on the right track."

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

BOOM: Ah there, Lower Case! And good day to you, my dear!  
Have a little personal item I'd like to run in your column  
concerning myself and a certain Abigail Uppington.

MOL: What? Mrs. Uppington?

BOOM: None other, my dear -- none other! -- Our engagement has  
been terminated. Our plans for the altar have been  
altered, and our turtle-doves have turned turtle! Oh yes!

FIB: So the engagement's off, eh, Boomer? Well - I'm glad to  
hear it!

MOL: What was the matter, Mr. Boomer? Were you incompatible?

G

BOOMER: Slightly, yeesss. Slightly incompatible. But only up  
to the point where we hated the sight of each other.  
Probably best for all concerned --

FIB: It certainly is best for Uppy, Boomer! I warned her you  
was a rattlesnake! So you better get your diamond back!

BOOM: Careful there, Single Feature -- you are trifling with  
the temper of a broken-hearted man! Just print this little  
item and I shall withdraw from the community and seek  
solace in some distant wilderness --

MOL: McGee -- do you detect the delicate fragrance of banana oil?

FIB: The place reeks with it! Gimme the item, Boomer -- and I'll  
be glad to print it.

G

BOOM: Ah, yes -- the item. Have it right here somewhere....  
 Now where did I put that item?.....item.....item.....  
 dittum dottum item.....Here's a postcard from the  
 hostess of a party I attended recently. Said all the guests  
 considered me quite a card!.....Or does that say  
 "cad"? (LAUGHS) (Bad light in here).....  
 FIB: C'mon, Boomer. Give us the item. We're awful' busy today.  
 BOOM: Quiet, Biscuspid! Coming right up!.....Now, let me see.....  
 where did I put that item?.....~~Here's a star sapphire --~~  
~~acquired from a stranger found in a game of chance.....~~  
 sheriff's badge.....took it off a sleeping deputy in  
 Wyoming.....ah, yes.....It was all quiet on his  
 Western Front.....Well! what's this?.....invitation  
 to share a rabbit dinner with an old friend....must send  
 my regrets....I'm in no mood to split hares!.....  
 beautiful wrist-watch I got from an intoxicated Italian --  
 Odds Bodkins! was that Venetian blind! Memorandum of a  
 poker game with some hand-picked suckers. Hah hah --  
 Fish and Chips!.....solid silver ashtray -- don't  
 touch it! It's hot!.....and a check for a small beer!  
 WELL WELL! IMAGINE THAT -- NO ITEM!

MOL: Oh, dear.  
 BOOM: Wonder what I could have done with it? Must have dropped  
 it while I was having my picture taken -- better rush  
 right back to the police sta - er..to the photographer's  
 and see if I can find it! Good Day, Second Growth!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That guy's so two-faced he only has to shave every other  
 day - he's such a fake - (PAUSE) -- fake --- Fake! Hey  
 Molly - I got it!  
 MOL: You got what, McGee?  
 FIB: I know what's the matter with the honey!  
 MOL: ~~Really, McGee? What's it?~~  
 FIB: ~~Well, it's -- take a look at this --~~ See where Buzbee's  
 Bee Farm is located.  
 MOL: Yes?  
 FIB: Well --  
 SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)  
 MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. Here's Mr. Buzbee now.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Buzbee! You're just in time! I know what makes  
 your honey taste so funny.  
 HAL: My goodness -- tell me quick! WHAT IS IT, WHAT IS IT?  
 CAN WE DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT?  
 FIB: Oh, it's very simple, Bud. All you gotta do is move your  
 bee farm to some other locality..  
 HAL: WHAT? Move my bee farm?  
 MOL: Why, McGee?  
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Remember what you said that honey tasted like,  
 Molly? Like the back of a Christmas seal? Well, that's  
 just what it was!  
 HAL: WHAT?  
 FIB: GLUE!  
 MOL: WHY?  
 HAL: WHERE?  
 FIB: WHAT?

HAL: I say where would my bees get glue?  
FIB: Take a look at this map, bud! YOUR BEE FARM IS RIGHT NEXT  
TO ~~JOHNSON'S~~ ARTIFICIAL FLOWER FACTORY!  
FAL: Ooomph!  
ORCH: (SELECTION).....FADE FOR:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
June 13, 1939  
Tuesday 5:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment and now may I say this. It's grand to be able to keep all the windows and doors open and let the summer breezes blow through the house. It's unfortunate tho, that these welcome breezes bring a lot of dust and dirt into your rooms. If you're wise, you'll protect every floor -- your kitchen linoleum and your outdoor porch floors too -- with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Dirt simply can't cling to the bright GLO-COAT polish. A few whisks with a dry duster and your floors will be entirely free from dust. GLO-COAT forms a protective shield that shuts out ugly stains -- saves the floor surface from scuff-marks and wear. Yes, when your floors are protected with a beautiful GLO-COAT polish, you can forget all about hot, tiresome floor scrubbing. You'll keep cooler -- you'll have more time for rest and your home will be more attractive to your friends! Order GLO-COAT tomorrow -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the dependable polish that never streaks or smears -- the easy-to-use polish that shines without rubbing or buffing!

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

(2nd REVISION)

-25-

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, next week we're gonna --  
MOL: (SOBS)  
FIB: Why - what's the matter, Molly?  
MOL: Oh, McGee....(SOBS)....I'm so glad this newspaper show  
is over....  
FIB: Eh? Was it that bad?  
MOL: No....(SOBS) But it brought back memories....(SOBS)  
When I was a girl I worked on the Peoria Transcript. (SOBS)  
FIB: Why you never told me that. What kinda work'd you do?  
MOL: (SOBS) I was sob-sister!  
FIB: Oh fer the....Goodnight.  
MOL: (CRYING) GOOD NIGHT ALLLL!

ORCHESTRA: THEME

(APPLAUSE)

CREDITS

ORCHESTRA: FADE FOR:

(2nd REVISION)

-26-

S. C. Johnson & Son  
Fibber McGee & Molly  
5-23-39 thru 6-27-39

Final Tag Commercial

WIL: 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.

NBC ANNCR: (FROM DIFFERENT STUDIO) 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 woodwork of these homes, Johnson's  
Wax polishes are used exclusively.

This is the National Broadcasting Company.

CHIMES