

NBC

ADVERTISER **S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.** WRITER **DON QUINN**
PROGRAM TITLE **"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" (#68)** OK
CHICAGO-OUTLET **WMAQ (AT CLEVELAND WTAM)**
(**7:00-7:30 PM**) (**JULY 27, 1956**) (**MONDAY**)
TIME DATE DAY

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REBROADCAST 11:00 PM
REMARKS

*Not Correct
Cleveland*

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: THEME - "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: GOOD EVENING EVERYONE. FROM RADIOLAND AT THE GREAT LAKES EXPOSITION IN CLEVELAND, THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH - "SAN FRANCISCO!"

TAKE IT, TED!

ORK: "SAN FRANCISCO"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: FIRST REGULAR COMMERCIAL.

ORK: MCGEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND" - (Down for annom't)

WIL: THERE'S NOTHING OUR TWO FRIENDS WOULD RATHER DO THAN ATTEND A FAIR, A CARNIVAL OR AN EXPOSITION. SO, LEAVING WISTFUL VISTA TO ITS OWN DEVICES, THEY HAVE COME TO CLEVELAND TO ATTEND THE GREAT LAKES EXPOSITION. AND HERE...WALKING AROUND THE GROUNDS, WE FIND THOSE TWO WIDE-EYED AND WONDERING VISITORS, - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CROWD RECORD: CARNIVAL SOUNDS UP AND DOWN.

FIB: It was pretty nice of the Governor to make me a Ohio Admiral.

MOL: It's even better than bein' in the Irish Navy.

FIB: Say, I never did understand them jokes about the Irish Navy. Why didnt Ireland ever have a navy.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...you KNOW an Irishman cant fight on water!

FIB: AHEM. Oh w ll...bein' a admiral on Lake Erie suits me better anyway.

MOL: It would.

FIB: Why.

MOL: It's FRESH water.

FIB: Oh not entirely! You gotta take the Ohio navy with a grain o' salt. Say, I wonder where this here Toto LaVergne can be seen.

MOL: Most everyplace, they tell me. Why?

FIB: Well....I used to go to school with a girl by that name... Toto LaVergne..pretty name aint it, Molly, Toto LaVergne.

MOL: It must be, if you've remembered it all the way from third grade. But we ought to spend our time at the educational exhibits, McGee...Now ye know...this whole exposition was built around the story of Iron and Steel.

FIB: Yep, I found that out.

MOL: How do you mean?

FIB: I sent my other suit out this mornin' an somebody swiped my vest.

MOL: What about it.

FIB: Well...that's the story of iron and steal.

MOL: Oh now McGee...dont you realize --

SCOT: Excuse me, irriends. Would ye dirrect me to the lost and found.

MOL: Did you lose something, sir.

SCOT: Aye, madam. A pocketbook.

FIB: What wuz in it, bud.

SCOT: Sax hundrrred dollarrrrs -- and a rrrrelief check.

MOL: McGee....Look. See the old lady in the one-piece bathin' suit.

FIB: Well fer the...kin ye imagine? Hi there, granmaw. Where you goin' in the snappy bathin' suit?

WHEE: Well, sonny, if it's any of your business, I'm one of the divin' beauties at the Marine Theatre.

FIB: Oh, ye are eh? (LAFF) Git that Molly? One o' the divin' beauties. She's Buildin' Up to a Terrific Wetdown! You a pretty good diver, Grandmaw?

WHEE: I'll say so, sonny. Just invented a new dive.

FIB: What's the name of it?

WHEE: The Janet.

FIB: The Janet?

WHEE: Yes...it's a half Gaynor. The other girls cant learn it so they're the losers and I'm the gaynor. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Well, granmaw, if I had time I'd take a couple o' swimmin' lessons from ye.

WHEE: Wish you would sonny. I'd teach you the Wheedledeck Crawl.

FIB: What's the wheedledeck crawl?

WHEE: Well, first I hold your head under water for forty minutes....

FIB: FORTY MINUTES! Say, I'd drown.

WHEE: You're tellin' ME! Well, so long, sonny.

FIB: Why the old blister.....(LAUGHS) I'll bet not havin' any teeth makes her think she's chicken....shucks...meetin' Toto LaVergne's gonna be a relief after this. I can jest imagine her surprise when I walk up to her...Hiyah, Tote, I'll say! Well fer thewell if it taint young Fibber McGee, she'll say...springin' forward and kissin' me. Aw shucks, I'll say. Listen Toto, I'll say, I want you to meet my wife, Molly. Molly this is -----

MOL: McGEE! Get that dizzy look out of your eyes and come on.

FIB: Okay...Okay. But I wonder when Toto puts on her next act.

MOL: Fibber McGee...did you come all this way from Wistful Vista just to see a swan dancer?

FIB: Oh now Molly...they say this is real interestin'. Real educational - Besides. I hear Toto's gonna let the swan go.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, she says when she dances, they's so MANY long necks in sight she dunno which one's the swan. AHEM. Shall we walk, Molly, Or take a bus.

MOL: Let's take one of these jinrickeys.

FIB: Rickshaws, Molly. JinrichSHAWS. Not jinrickeys.

MOL: What's the difference?

FIB: Oh, not much. Only you're more likely to git where your goin' with a rickshaw. AHEM.

MOL: Oh! Pshaw! Wait a minute, McGee...here's one of those weight guessers...Maybe I can win a cane. How much to be weighed, Mister.

BLOT: Well, my little scale-crusher, to you I'll make a special price. Yesyes...a special price...considering that...it's been a long wait between weights. Yes yes...Let me see now...to you I will make the price of only two bits...twenty-five cents. If I dont guess your weight within' three pounds there is no charge whatever and you get a handsome cane.

FIB: Go ahead, Molly.

MOL: All right. How much do I weigh?

BLOT: Well now let me see...you weight...approximately...(MUTTERS) (a little heavier than a Shetland Pony...probably light-headed...allowing for rubber heels...three pounds of souvenirs...and a short beer...) Oh, I'd say in the Neighborhood of a hundred and sixty one, madam. And a very nice neighborhood, too. Used to live there myself. Yes yes.

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FIB: Okay, bud. That's your guess. 161. Git on the scale, Molly.

MOL: All right. (ASIDE) But he's way off, McGee. I'll get a cane.

BLOT: All right, my little pound-cake....sit on the scales.. yes yes...

SOUND: RATCHET...

MOL: Heavenly days...a hundred and sixty one!

BLOT: Exactly, madam. One hundred and sixty one pounds. Twenty five cents please.

FIB: Here ye are, Bud. But say...how did you guess her weight so good?

BLOT: Yes of experience, my boy...years of experience.

FIB: I see..Years of experience give you kind of a average, eh,

BLOT: Not so, my little tumble-bug...averages have nothing to do with it. I do business on a fixed scale...a fixed scale.. yes yes. (FADE OUT) Step right up, folks...guess your correct weight or you get a nice shiny cane...

MOL: Heavenly days... a hundred and sixty one...I havent weighed that for years.

FIB: Well, any time you wanta weigh that you jest come over and set in these scales. Makes skinny folk healty and fat folks happy. Great system.

BOY: Excuse me mister...are you Mister McGee?

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BOY: I got a note for you. The party says dont give it to ANYBODY but Mr. Fibber McGee. You him?

FIB: I'm him all right...Gimme the note...Oh boy oh boy oh boy... See, Molly? She's heard about me bein' here already. Here boy...here's a quarter for you.

BOY: Tanks, Mister.

MOL: McGee...what are you sniffing the envelope for.

FIB: Jes wanted to see if it was the perfume she always used to use. But it taint. That messenger boy musta wore it all off. Smells like a cigar.

MOL: Well open it up. If you can quit shakin' long enough.

FIB: Well you'd be excited too, if you got a note from a friend you hadnt seen fer all these years. Oh boy...how'd she ever hear about me bein'...

SOUND: PAPER TEARING

MOL: What's she say, McGee?

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) If you...murmur murmur...AW SHUCKS.

MOL: Well heavenly days..what does it say?

FIB: It says, if you hurry back to the Public Hall, you'll be just in time to hear Perry Como sing "TAKE MY HEART" signed, TED WEEMS.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Take my heart, eh? Hah hah...take my heart out of my mouth...hah hah..

FIB: All right...all right. Let's go!

ORCHESTRA: "TAKE MY HEART" ---

---COMO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WIL: Now back to THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO SEE NEXT. MOLLY IS STILL HOLDING OUT FOR SOMETHING EDUCATIONAL, BUT FIBBER STILL WANTS TO SEE TOTO LA VERGNE.

FIB: I'm tellin' ye, Molly. I used to go to school with her. In Peoria. Boy will she be tickled to see me.

MOL: Stop talkin' nonsense....after dancin' with a swan every night, I cant imagine anybody bein' tickled by anything!

FIB: and when I was sick in the hospital...appendicitis.... little Toto used to come and bring me flowers and -

WIL: and that reminds me. Did I ever tell you about my operation,?

FIB: Oh hello, Harpo.

MOL: What operation was that, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: The ONE OPERATION that both cleans and polishes your car with Johnson's Auto Cleaner. It-

FIB: Harpo.

WIL: What?

FIB: You got time to walk over to the lake?

WIL: Why yes, I think so. Shall we go now?

FIB: Not me, just you. AHM.

FIB: (BLEND) Now let's see...what was we talkin' about, Oh yes, Toto La Vergne. You know, Molly, I can just picture her face when she sees me again after all these years...

MOL: You needn't feel so smart McGee...I went to school with a little dancer too. Her name was Trudye Davidson

FIB: I know...but she probly never amounted to nothin'. Now ye take this Toto...there's a gal that's really arrived. AHM. What say, Molly?

MOL: I wanted to suggest that we go to that Globe theatre and see some of those Shakespearean plays.

FIB: Let's get a cold glass o' beer instead.

MOL: I'd rather see a Midsummer Night's Dream.

FIB: It's the same thing. Say where's this dancer do her stuff, Molly?

MOL: At the Casino de Paree. With the Folies de Nuit.

FIB: That's funny. Somebody told me it was at the French Casino.

MOL: Come on...let's go into this place here, McGee...They got animals in there that have been dead for millions of years.

FIB: Honest...? Then I'd rather stay out here in the fresh air. AHM.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...listen. They got a real reproduction of a stegosaurus.

FIB: A stinko-whichus?

MOL: Stego-saurus. It's an animal that lived millions of years ago. It had two brains. One in it's head and one in it's tail.

FIB: Oh I've heard about them stigger sorruses, Molly. They say the dad ratted things got killed off as soon as they developed two brains. The front brain'd think: Say, that's a nice piece a pasture up ahead. And the tail brain'd think: Yeah, but look at this one back here..and they'd both pull into opposite directions till it busted in two. No sir.. One brain is enough fer me, Molly.

MOL: How do ye know?

FIB: How do I...AHM. Say how about takin' a ride on that blimp, Molly?

MOL: No thank you. I want to see the Shakespearean theatre. They say they have these shakespeare theaters at the San Diego Fair, the Texas Fair and this one here, all at the same time.

FIB: Say, I'll bet old Bill Shakespeare'd flop over in his grave if he knew they had a Number Three company on the road with his stuff. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh now, McGee. I'm going to ask this guide where to find the Globe theatre. Yoo hoo...mister.

CHARLIE: Hello, baby...er...I mean...yes madam. What can I..er... what's bothering your...er...how's everything?

FIB: Hi yah, bud. We're...er...that is, my wife wants to know where to find Shakespeare.

CHAR: You cant...he's dead...er...I mean...if you really want to...er...the HERE...I'LL TELL YOU WHAT...just take a greenhorn bliss...er...a greyface...er...greyhound bus to the...pass the midway...pass the Streets of the World ...pass the gravy please...er...no...I was thinking... well just go straight...e...er...straight ahead until you get someplace...er...if you find yourself in the water that's Lake Erie...but try not to...how about some popcorn?

MOL: We dont want popoorn. We want Shakespeare?

WILSON: Better take the popcorn...it's easier to diges--...er... but wait.. I have a great ide...

MOL: Now wait a minute... Are you a guide to the exposition grounds?

WILS: Well of all the silly...well, no, now that I come to think of it...but I have a pretty idea where everything... Now...for instance...how about the shooting gallery...er... you'll get a bang out of that if you...er.,and the ACROBATS ...the man on the flying chemise...er...trapez...er they fly thru the air with the toughest...er...greatest of... OH YOU'LL LIKE IT...But say, I dont believe I caught the measles...er...I didnt get the name.

MOL: This is Fibber McGee...and he's just been made an admirable by Governor Davy.

WILSON: Well that's a great idea...er...that's what I always say...JOIN THE DAVEY AND SEE THE WORL...er...I mean...listen...how about going to the notion of all streets...er...the streets of all motions...and that includes the hula-hul...er...we always try to have a....WELL WHY DONT YOU JUST ASK SOMEBODY?

FIB: Well fer the...come on, Molly. I'll find my old pal Toto LaVergne if I have to -

MOL: LOOK, McGee....there's a fried fish place.

FIB: What about it, You seen fried fish before, havent you?

MOL: Certainly. But in this place they give you a fishpole and you catch your own fish and then they fry it for you.

FIB: What is you dont catch one the first time.

MOL: Then you get a re-bait. HAH HAH HAH.

FIB: Taint funny, Molly...besaides, if Toto is around, I want to - Oh hello there little girl.

MOL: Hello there dearie.

FIB: You lost, sis?

TEE: No, I betcha I aint lost...I betcha.

FIB: Well, then you're kinda little to be runnin' around all alone on the exposition grounds arent you, sis?

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says, aint you kind-a little to be without your father and mother.

TEE: Oh no.

FIB: (ASIDE) Hey, Molly...I suppose we better hand her over to one o them redcoats, eh?

TEE: Sayyy, what is this, a pinch?

FIB: No no no...shucks, we just want to return ye to the people that brung ye to the grounds, sis.

MOL: Maybe she'd like an ice cream cone.

FIB: How about it, sis, Like an ice cream cone?

TEE: No thanks, mister. I'd gain about five pounds, I betcha.

FIB: (LAUGHS) You're kinda young to be worryin' about that. You outta be thinkin' more about findin' your folks. Just suppose you were lost over sunday and missed Sunday school. You wouldnt git no gold star in your card.

TEE: Awww, I havent been to Sunday School for twenty years, mister.

FIB: Twenty years, eh, (LAUGHS) Cute, aint she, Molly? How old are ye, sis?

TEE: Thirty six. I'm workin' in the midget show on the midway. Call for me some night and we'll go out for a steak and some beer. So long, folks.

FIB: Well fer the....a midget!

MOL: (LAUGHS) Forget it, McGee...let's go in and catch ourselves a fish to fry.

FIB: Okay. How are ye, bud. You run this joint?

MAN: Hello there. Yes, I'm the proprietor. Want to catch a couple of fish. You catch 'em...we fry 'em.

MOL: Oh now that's wonderful. Gimme a fishpole.

FIB: Me, too. Whaddye do, bud. Cast or dangle?
MAN: Oh just drop your hook in. You'll get a bite, all right.
SOUND: SLAP OF WATER
MOL: Oh heavenly days...I got a bite already.
FIB: Reel 'er in, Molly...reel 'er, in...That's the stuff...
here she comes...!!!
SOUND: SPLASH AND DRIP OF WATER...
FIB: LOOK, MOLLY...THAT AINT A FISH...YOU GOT A MAN ON THAT HOOK!
MOL: IT'S TED WEEMS...(SPLASHING)
TED: (GASPS) ...Thanks, Molly. Pretty wet in there.
FIB: What you playin' around in the fishpond for, Ted.
TED: Oh I was leaning over the edge, studying the scales and
I fell in. And you got me out just in time.
MOL: In time to what?
TED: In time to hear Parker Gibbs sing "I TAKE TO YOU". Would
you take to that?
FIB: Hey...Ted.
TED: What?
FIB: How tall are you?
TED: Five feet eleven. Why?
FIB: See, Molly, he's too small.
MOL: I thought so. Throw him back.
FIB: Okay.
TED: SAY LOOK OUT! HEY!
SOUND: SPLASH AND GURGLS
ORK: "I TAKE TO YOU" --
APPLAUSE:

-- GIBBE

2nd REGULAR COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

ORK: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)
WIL: Well, Fibber hasn't yet come across Toto LaVergne, but he
still has hopes. What a re-union THAT's going to be!
Here are Fibber and Molly...continuing their stroll around
the exposition grounds.

MOL: Well now let's see, McGee...what haven't we seen?
FIB: Toto LaV-
MOL: QUIET.
FIB: Okay.
MOL: Why don't you take off that Admiral's hat. Isn't it
awful hot?
FIB: Well it is, yes...but how are they gonna know I'm an
admiral if I ain't got this on?
MOL: Oh they'll -
MAN: HEY STARTER...GET ME A CAB WILL YOU, PLEASE?
FIB: Whaddye mean git you a cab. I ain't no cab starter.
I'm a admiral.
MAN: All right then...get me a boat. I'm not fussy.
MOL: Come on, McGee...I warned you to take that hat off.
AND WHY DO ye keep watchin' yer feet?

FIB: Got to, Molly. With this hat on I ain't sure which way I'm goin'.

MOL: Well, come on. Looka there, McGee...INCUBATOR BABIES. Maybe they got some quintuplets.

FIB: You know, Molly...it always struck me kind funny. Them little Dioune Quints up in Canada.

MOL: What about 'em?

FIB: Well, of all the kids in the world, they got the easiest birthdays to remember - and they have to be born in Calendar, Ontario.

MOL: Oh dear...how about a speedboat ride.

FIB: WHAT - and get my admiral's hat all wet, No sir.

FIB: (FAST) Hey, Molly!...Look!! The French Casino. Oh boy. Wait'll Toto sees me. I'll say, hiyah Toto. I seen your Picture in Time magazine a couple weeks ago, and come down to see ye.

MOL: and she'll say, yes and I saw YOUR picture in the current Radio Mirror and locked my door.

MOL: All right, but maybe we can...OH, MR. WILCOX...where are you going in such a hurry.

WIL: Hello folks. Boy, have they got me on the merry-go-round!

FIB: (LAUGHS) They have, eh? Where you going with the can of Johnson's W-

WIL: Don't stop me, please. I gotta go wax a horse. (FADE) So long, folks.

FIB: Kin you imagine...(LAUGHS) Old Harpo waxin' hosses on the merry-go-round.

MOL: Well...THEY can't kick.

FIB: Now let's see...where is this French Casino...oh there it tis. Let's jest stand here a minute, Molly...and...er...and...er...kind think over the situation.

MOL: I suppose thinkin' over the situation right outside the stage door is just pure coincidence.

FIB: Oh now, Molly, don't be like that. Me and Toto is just good friends, all. Why when we was in school I used to do all her arithmetic problems for her.

MOL: They must of been real simple.

FIB: (LAUGHS) I'll never forgit the valentine she sent me once. (LAUGHS) Shucks, she was so excited about it, she put the wrong name on it and I hadda swipe it outa the mail box o' the kid next door! But Toto was like that. Used to git all confused and blushing when I was around.

MOL: Well, I been married to ye fer all these years and ye STILL confuse ME.

FIB: Well TOTO was different, Molly...(LAUGHS) Why I remember all the sidewalks around the little red school in Peoria was wrote on in chalk.."Toto Loves Fibber", "Toto Loves Fibber".

MOL: In your handwriting.

FIB: In my handwr...er....Oh now, Molly. AHEM. and to think that THIS is where little Toto is workin' now. If she should walk outa that door right now, I'd walk up to her, real cool and I'd say Hi, Tote..I'd say..... Remember me? Fibber McGee...I seen your picture in TIME and thought I'd drop in.

MOL: and she'll say, yes and I saw your picture in Radio Mirror this month and locked my door...Besides, McGee... is she's....

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.

MOL: Quiet...there's somebody comin' out. We don't want to be heard talkin' about her.

FIB: Hey, Molly...look...It..it's HER!

MOL: Well, don't get popeyed about it. Go remind yourself to her.

FIB: Oh I dunno...(SNICKERS) I kinda feel kinda...Oh well... Hi yah, TOTO! (PAUSE) HIYAH, TOTO! (PAUSE)

MOL: My my what a happy re-union!

FIB: I..er..EXCUSE ME, PLEASE...ain't you Toto LaVergne?

TOTO: Yes....I am.

FIB: Well..er...well don't you remember me, Toto?

TOTO: You? Why yes...I believe I do.

FIB: There...ye see, Molly?

TOT: You're one of the waiters of the Admiralty Club, aren't you?

FIB: Aw now, Toto. Don't you remember Fibber McGee, from Peoria?

TOTO: I have never been in Peoria.

FIB: Oh now Toto, don't you remember little Fibber McGee that used to go to school with you.

TOTO: I had a private tutor. AND IF YOU DON'T STOP ANNOYING ME, I SHALL CALL A POLICEMAN.

MOL: Oh don't do that, Miss LaVergne. It's just me husband and he - well HEAVENLY DAYS...IT'S LITTLE TRUDYE DAVIDSON!

TOTO: MOLLY!!

MOL: Fibber!!! This is the little Trudye Davidson that I used to go to school with....

FIB: YOU used to go to schoo--

MOL: Oh for goodness sakes...TRUDYE...WHERE CAN WE GO AND HAVE A NICE TALK.

TOTO: Come into my dressing room, Molly...

MOL: All right. (LAUGHS, FADING OUT) Oh I have SO much to ask you. Whatever became of that young Mr. Connolly... and who did Gorgia Brown marry and do you remember where.....

FIB: Well I'll be a - Hey, Molly!

MOL: (OFF MIKE) What?

FIB: (PLAINTIVELY) If ye want me, Molly, I'll be over with Harpo on the merry-go-round. I feel like waxin' a horse myself.

SOUND UP

ORCH: CHASER

APPLAUSE:

COMMERCIAL:

- commercial -

ORCH: "SOME OF THESE DAYS"

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: MCGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG GAG -

TAG GAG:

FIB: Do you realize, Molly...that we been puttin' on this broadcast in the very same convention hall where a presidential candidate was nominated?

MOL: I know. (LAUGHS) and I'll bet the place is still haunted by some -

VOICE: MISTERRRRRRRRR CHAIRRRRRRRRRMANNNNNNN!

SOUND: HORSE WHINNY.....

MOL: What's that, Who says that?

FIB: Probably just the ghost of a dark horse, lookin' for it's stable.

FIB: Good night.

MOL: Good night, all!

ORCH: TAG

EN, MC, VC
10:45 am
7/24/36

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

MONDAY, JULY 27, 1936
WMAQ, RED
7:00-7:30 PM-also 11:00-11

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

You motorists who are listening tonight! I want you to know about a special free gift offer that really is something! Listen:

The Makers of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX want you to accept a full size can (not a sample) of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, free of charge. When you go to your auto supply dealer, service station or regular wax dealer and purchase a pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER & POLISH you receive the full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX - Free. You pay only 59¢ - (less than the regular price of the cleaner alone) and you receive, I. JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH. II. A full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. These two products are packed in a special free gift package in celebration of Johnson's 50th anniversary. Don't delay! The supply of free gift packages is strictly limited and they are going fast.

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

If you go to your dealer now and get that free gift package offered to motorists in celebration of JOHNSON'S 50th ANNIVERSARY you can soon have your car sparkling like new, and with much less work than you think possible. JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER -- a creamy white liquid -- quickly cleans and polishes a car in one simple operation -- bringing back the glossy polish the car had when it was brand new.

JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, protects that beautiful finish from dirt and road film -- saves it from the destructive ultra violet rays of the sun -- cuts down on car washings, and greatly increases the trade-in value of your car.

So get your free gift anniversary package without delay. The package contains both JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay only 59¢ --(less than the regular price of the cleaner alone) and you get the full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX without a penny's cost.

Because the supply of JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT packages is necessarily limited, I urge you to get your free can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX at once.

THIRD COMMERCIAL:

More hot summer days ahead, when you women won't want to exert yourselves with any unnecessary housework. So remember to order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow. Let this remarkable no-rubbing polish make your floors and linoleum shine like new without any work of rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply -- and it dries in 20 minutes to a grand polish. Once your floors are protected with GLO-COAT you'll be spared the drudgery of old fashioned floor scrubbing, for GLO-COAT sheds dirt and dust -- keeps floors clean and beautiful and gives your rooms a fresher, cooler appearance. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can. And remember you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

en-7/24/36-9:20 AM