

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - #137 OK
CHICAGO OUTLET W M A Q ()
(8:00-11:30 PM) NOVEMBER 15, 1937 (MONDAY DAY)
11:00-11:30 PM
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Not Correct

SECOND CORRECTION

(New) Page 3

ORK: UP TO FINISH "THANKSGIVING"

APPLAUSE

ORK: THEME - "RIDIN' AROUND" - down for -

WIL: Well - Wistful Vista University football team is playing Saskatchewan tomorrow, and with Molly away visiting her Aunt Sarah, Fibber has volunteered to be a speaker at the pep meeting tonight. And here, approaching the gymnasium, with Silly Watson, who is trainer for the team, we find - Fibber McGee & Company!

APPLAUSE THEME

FIB: What'd they say when they got my letter offering to make a speech tonight, Sil?

SIL: Oh, they gonna make you a guest of honah, on account of how you tole 'em in youah lettah whatta football playeh you used to be suh, -

FIB: By the way, Sil. Who's our team playin' tomorrow.

SIL: Sass U.

FIB: Says who?

SIL: Sass U. Tha's lil ole University of Saskatchewan, please suh? We calls 'em Sass U.

ORK: 1st PHRASE:

WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, PRESENTING "FIBBER MCGEE"!

ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - Tanner.

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "THANKSGIVING".

ORK: "THANKSGIVING", - down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

FIB: Well. - Where you goin' now, Sil?

SIL: Ah gotta go back to de trainin' quahtehs, suh. Gotta git mah stuff ready fo' the game. (FADE OUT) Scuse me now suh....

FIB: Okay, Sil. See you later. HI there sis...you goin' to the pep meeting?

COED: Oh yes, sir. Are you?

FIB: You betcha. I'm the guest of honor. Fibber McGee. Yale, ought three.

COED: Gee, really?

FIB: Yep. I'm an old Yale aluminum.

COED: I'll bet they'll give you a locomotive when you go in.

FIB: Eh? Shucks, I hope not. I'm Fibber McGee - not Casey Jones, come on let's go in. You can sit near me, and tell me who's who.

COED: All right.

DOOR LATCH: VOICES LAUGHTER

FIB: All right, kids, start the meeting. I'm here!

SOUNDS UP LOUDER

COED: I'd better tell them, Mr. Gee. Yoo hoo, BOYS!

SOUND OUT

FIB: YEAH...IT'S ME...ME, FIBBER MCGEE....START THE MEETING WITH A CHEER, FIBBER MCGEE HIMSELF IS HERE! RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

COED: (OFF MIKE) Here's Mr. McGee...our guest of honor. (YELLS) WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MC GEE?

MAN'S VOICE: Well, if you ask me, I'd say -
 CHORUS: HE'S ALL RIGHT!
 GOED: WHO'S ALL RIGHT?
 FIB: Well, I hate to brag but -
 CHORUS: McGEE!
 MAN'S VOICE: All right, gang. Let's START OFF WITH THAT ROUSING OLD
 WISTFUL VISTA YELL...ALTOGETHER NOW.

CHORUS: MUSS THEIR HAIR, SOIL THEIR FACES,
 WE MUST WIN - GOODNESS GRACIOUS

*YAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

FIB: Shucks, sis, that oughta whip up their fightin' blood -
 unless they got athletic anaemia.

GOED: Oh it really does, Mr. McGee. Oh boys...sing our Wistful
 Vista fight song for, Mr. McGee

CHOROS OF ASSENTS.

CHORUS: DID YOU EVER SEE A TEAM HANDSOME, 'AS OUR TEAM,
 DID YOU EVER SEE A TEAM GRANDSOME, 'AS OUR TEAM

CHORUS: WISTFUL VISTA'S ON THE FIELD, FIGHTING - OH GOODY!
 WISTFUL VISTA WILL NOT YIELD, FIGHTING - OH GOODY!

DENNIS: DID YOU EVER HAVE A TEAM THRILL YOU WITH "LET'S HIT THAT LINE"
 GEE BUT IT'S GRAND, AND IT'S TOO TOO DIVINE!

DENNIS: DID YOU EVER FIND A FOOTBALL RIGHT IN YOUR ARMS
 SAYING COME ON LET'S GO THRU.....

CHORUS: WELL THE TEAM THAT IS PEACHY, THAT WILL PLUNGE THRU THE BREACHY
 IS THE TEAM OF WISTFUL VISTA U?

CHEERS

VOICES: SPEECH - SPEECH. MCGEE, SPEECH!

FIB: Thank you, fellow students - thank you -
 As I look into your young faces
 It takes me back to my own
 College days -

VOICE: Don't be gone long - pop!

LAUGHTER:

FIB: Ahem - I was the star kicked for old Siwash - why -

ADD: MANY'S THE TIME THE COACH USED TO SAY TO ME.....MCGEE,
HE'D SAY, YOU DO MORE KICKIN' THAN ALL THE REST OF THE
BOYS PUT TOGETHER. I WAS THE BIG TOE OF THE BIG 10
PIGSKIN MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS.

GROAN: Oh - my --

FIB: PIGSKIN MCGEE, POSITIVELY THE MOST POPULAR PACHYDERM IN
PADDED PANTS, PRODIGIOUS PASSER, PLUNGER AND PUNTER, A
PERFECT POWERHOUSE IN PILE-DRIVER PLAYS, POUNDING OPPONENTS
TO PULP, PLEASING PATRONS AND PRESS AND PREDOMINANT THE
PIGSKIN PICTURE, PUBLIC/PRIVATE, FROM PENSACOLA TO
PITTSBURGH!

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "VARSITY SUE"

APPLAUSE

FIB: Now students...the reason I'm here tonite is to give you the
benefit of my wide experience as a coach and player - I'll
never forget the game between Yale and Princeton when I carried
the ball around the end -

VOICE: Around which end?

FIB: Around the end of the season --ahem...now if there's any
questions...

COED: Oh Mr. McGee...will you tell me something?

FIB: You? Anything, sis?

COED: What if all the air should come out of a football, while
it was in play?

FIB: IN that case, sis, it'd be declared out of bounce till they
blew it up again (LAUGHS) Get it? I says it'd be outa
bounce -

VOICE: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: Okay. I'll take the penalty. Any other question, sis?

COED: Yes...why does a football team wear all those pads and stuffing
in their shirts and trousers.

FIB: Well, confidentially, sis, that's so, the opposing team won't
see what a skinny bunch o' runts they really are. They use
more padding and harness every year on account of they all
wanta look the biggest, see? They're gettin so big there's
talk about cuttin' the teams down to six men a piece, which I
personally think'll make a much faster game. AHM. WHY I'LL
NEVER FORGET THE TIME WE WAS PLAYIN' DARTMOUTH. IT WAS IN THE
LAST QUARTER, AND TEN TO GO -

WIL: AND I'LL BET MY LAST QUARTER YOU INTEN TO GO GET ANOTHER CAN OF JOHNSON'S WAX BECAUSE YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH MORE BEAUTIFUL YOUR FLOORS AND FURNITURE LOOK WITH THE PROTECTIVE -

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh hello, Fibber.

FIB: You a football player here, Harpo?

WIL: No, I couldn't make the team. Never could remember the signals.

FIB: Oh - kind of a backward forward, eh?

WIL: All right - all right - (FADE OUT) No college spirit.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now - how many of you would like to hear more about my own gridiron days?

PAUSE:

FIB: Ahem - Well let's call on our coach "Pop" Depopolis.

CHEERS:

FIB: What you gonna talk about, Pop?

NICK: I am telling these student bodies all about the skin that is loving to touch me - the pigskin.

FIB: Well, hop to it, Nick. Give 'em the old pop Depopolis', er-pep Depopolis.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. DEAR FELLOW STUPIDS AND GOED WHICH IN PRIVATE I AM CALLING CUTIEPUSSES WHEN SHE IS NOT LISTENING TO MY WIFE. We are being with me tonight to KID myself into thinking we are not losing tomorrow. As your footsiball coaches we must everybody and each get behind himself and fight for his alma's mother, you grob me?

CHEERS:

NICK: We are working out some very ingenipuss tictacs which will probably be fooling these fisting teamsters, and maybe us, too. We have some goods forwards passing, plenty of good substutights, and I think everyone of me is on my toenails to bring home some bacon and eggs for Wistful Vista!

CHEERS:

NICK: BESIDEB, Any team which is having Butch Dromsky to play with it, is having everything I need for winning except one thing and I am sure we have that too, because my cousin George Stanikopoulos is being the referee. So that is all I am having to say, so until tomorrow, I will see you all out with the grandstands but you won't see me if we are losing. HAH HAH. I am just joking....you think so?

CHEERS:

FIB: Thank you, coach. As I was sayin', fellow students, we must all -

BOY: (FADE IN EXCITEDLY) ATTENTION PLEASE EVERYBODY...I HAVE BAD NEWS.

CHORUS UP AND DOWN.

COED: Oh what's the matter Charlie?

BOY: (LOUDLY) The FACULTY HAS JUST ISSUED A STATEMENT. BUTCH DROMSKY IS DECLARED INELIGIBLE FOR TOMORROW'S GAME!

GROANS:

BOY: HE FAILED IN HISTORY.

COED: I'll be glad to help Butch with his history.

FIB: You ain't the kind of a date he'd forget sis.

BOY: BUT WE HAVE ONE LAST CHANCE. THE NEW HISTORY PROF SAYS HE'LL GIVE BUTCH A SPECIAL EXAMINATION JUST BEFORE THE GAME TOMORROW, AND IF HE PASSES, HE CAN PLAY.

CHEERS:

COED: But he probably won't pass.

GROANS:

BOY: STILL...HE MIGHT.

CHEERS:

FIB: Well, I dunno..

GROANS:

FIB: LISTEN, STUDENTS...WE AINT GETTING ANYPLACE THIS WAY. WE GOTTA BE PRACTICAL. LET'S CALL BUTCH DROMSKY UP HERE AND SHOOT HIM A FEW QUESTIONS.

COED: Oh here he comes...Butch...yoo hoo...BUTCHIE WOOTCHIE.. Come here.

BUTCH: Oh hello, baby. Hello. How are you.

FIB: Are you BUTCH DROMSKI?

BUTCH: Yeah. What's all the excitement about?

FIB: You can't play tomorrow unless you brush up on your history. I'm gonna give you a informal test.

BUTCH: Okay, go ahead.

FIB: Let's see...now...what'll I ask him first sis?

COED: Ask him about the fall of Troy?

FIB: Good. Listen BUTCH...who defeated the Trojans?

BUTCH: The Washington Huskes, 7 to nuttin'

COED: OOhhhh, Butch, you were wonderful last week when you kicked that forward pass.

BUTCH: Gee ain't some people dumb, though?

FIB: One more, question, Butch, WHAT WAS THE LOUISIANI PURCHASE, BUTCH?

BUTCH: Are they buyin' players down there? How much they payin'?

COED: Oh dear...I'm afraid Butch can't play. And all on account of that new History Professor, the near sighted old moss back.

FIB: Shucks, if I was a few years younger, I'd leap into the fray myself and --

BOY: HEY THAT'S AN IDEA, FELLAS!

FIB: Hey now wait a minute...I was just...I mean my rheumatism would...

BOY: NO I DON'T MEAN FOR YOU TO PLAY, MR. MCGEE! LISTEN..

Listen, Margie...didn't you say the new Prof was nearsighted?

COED: He can't see a thing without his glasses.

BOY: SO, LOOK. I'LL swlpe his spectacles and tomorrow Mr. McGee can take the examination for Butch.

CHEERS:

BOY: Okay gang. Let's give fifteen for McGee.

FIB: 15! Shucks, it oughta be worth more'n that.

BOY: Make it fifty.

YELL: 10, 20, 30, 40, FIFTY! HERE WE COME, READY OR NOT..

MCGEEEEEEEEEE!

FIB: Thanks boys and girls. Now let's close the pep meeting with a song from Clark Dennis.

CHORUS OF APPROVALS:

FIB: Whatcha wanta sing, Clark?

CLARK: Summertime?

FIB: SUMMERTIME. This ain't a baseball metting, Clark. This is a FOOTBALL MEETING.

CLARK: I know, but in Summertime, I can get hot.

FIB: You can get...AHM. OKAY. SUMMERTIME!....TAKE IT, THEODORE!

ORCHESTRA: "SUMMERTIME" - DENNIS

APPLAUSE:3RD SPOT

BOY: Here's the history room, Mr. McGee...and I hope this works.

FIB: Maybe I shouldn't of agreed to this, Bud. They say College History's pretty tough.

BOY: Why, you said you used to teach it.

FIB: I...I know, but there's been a lotta history made since then...

BOY: Jiggers...here comes the professor...I better beat it. Good luck, Mr. McGee...

FIB: (TREMOLLO) Th-thanks, bud...

TAPPING WITH CANE:

PROF: Carn sarn it...where'd my glasses go..

SOUND: THUD

FIB: WOOPS...What's the matter, can't you see without your glasses?

PROF: Don't be silly, course I can. See as good as anybody. Just wear glasses for effect. Who are you?

FIB: I'm Fibber Mc...er...BUTCH DROMSKY, Prof..

PROF: Oh yes...well...let's go to my room for the history examination. Room 13.

FIB: This is it,...right here.

PROF: Where?

FIB: Right here. Say, I thought you says you could see okay

PROF: Can. Got eyes like a hawk.

BOY: HEY THAT'S AN IDEA, FELLAS!

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PROF: Where?

FIB: Right here. Say, I thought you says you could see okay

PROF: Can. Got eyes like a hawk.

FIB: Well. What's it say on this door here?

PROF: What door? Little dark here.

FIB: Better let me help you thru the door.

PROF: Take your hand off my arm. Got eyes like a hawk. Come on.

SOUND: WHAM AGAINST WOOD

FIB: Better wait'll I open the door, Hawkeye.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

PROF: Come on...just follow me. I got eyes like a h-

SOUND: CRASH

PROF: Carn sarn bungling...speak to janitor..putting desks right in middle of floor...Sit down, son..if you can find a chair.

FIB: There's about fifty of 'em here, Prof.

PROF: I've written your questions down on this sheet of paper, and-

FIB: That's not paper. That's a handkerchief.

PROF: Eh? No wonder it blotted so bad. Written on the blackboard anyway aren't they?

FIB: There's something written up there..let's see...it says: "I LOVE THE PROFESSOR"...SIGNED Phoebe. Say, is that the -

PROF: ERASE THAT! My my..naughty girl...very very naughty. Very pretty though. Very pretty. Wonder if she mean that. AHARRUMPH. Look at the other blackboard, Mr. Dromsky.

FIB: Who? Oh yes..me. Yes those are the questions, Prof.

PROF: You'll see they're very simple. Child could answer 'em. Want to see you get in that game, Butch.(SOTTO VOICE) Got five bucks on Wistful Vista.

FIB: Ye have eh?

PROF: Well, good luck. The games already started and I'm goin' down and watch. Come back between halves and see how you're gettin' on.

FIB: Bring me a hot dog. Say better let me help you thru the door.

PROF: No no no ..got eyes like a hawk.

SOUND: SERIES OF CRASHES.

PROF: (OFF MIKE) CARN SARN IT..SOMEBODY MOVED THAT DESK BACK...

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now let's see...WHO WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR ONE DAY? NAME THE PROVISIONS OF THE MAGNA CHARTA. GIVE A BIOGRAPHY OF KING JOHN. Whew! Why, that eagle beaked old dimwitted sourpuss of a-----

KNOCK

DOOR LATCH

PROF: By the way, Butch - don't look in that book over on my desk - it's got all the answers in it. Heh - heh---

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Book with the answ---why--why shucks.-- this is gonna be child's play - play - Children!

ORK: "GOODNITE KISSES" -- - Tanner

APPLAUSE:

WIL: "COMMERCIAL"

ORCH: MCGEE THEME

4TH SPOT:

FIB: (SINGS) Oh, I'd die for alma mater, I'd die most any day. I'd die a pink or I'd die a green or any shade you say.

KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

PROF: Ahhhhh how you doing, my boy?

FIB: All thru Prof. Didn't bother me a bit. Say, I see you found your glasses.

PROF: Oh yes...yes...didn't matter though. Can see just as well without 'em...eyes like a hawk...by the way...you look rather old for a college boy, Butch.

FIB: I know. Them history questions aged me a little...

PROF: These the answers...Hmmm...Very good...Very good...splendid... You've passed, Butch my boy! Now go out and get into your uniform and be a hero.

FIB: I can't...I mean...I ain't...there's been a slight mistake.

PROF: What's one mistake in fifty questions...come...come...not a second to lose...(FADE OUT) The trainer has your uniform all ready and...

DOOR SLAM: RUNNING FEET...CHEERS

PROF: Here Watson...here's Butch Dromsky...get him into his uniform quick...I'm going back to the stands and...

SIL: Yassuh...ah...well...who dat? Dat you Mist' McGee? Wheeah at is Mistah Butch?

FIB: I'm him - er - I guess I gotta...GET ME INTO A UNIFORM SIL.

SIL: Yassuh...heah you is...step in heah...that's it...you evah really play football, please suh?

FIB: N-n-n-o-o-o...what's it like?

SIL: You evah been in a train wreck suh?

FIB: (GROANS) Ohhhh I think I'm gonna have one of my dizzy spells.

SIL: THEAH YOU IS SUH.

FIB: Oh-I can't do it, Sil. My bum leg is killing me...

SIL: Ah fix that suh...you jus' take this lil ole bottle, and w'en you goes in, USE IT...then you feel okey dokey, please suh.

FIB: Thanks...Sil...

CHEERS SWELL FADE DOWN

WIL: WELL FOLKS...IT'S 3 to 0 FOR SASKATCHAWAN...AND TWO MINUTES TO PLAY.

SOUND WHISTLE OFF MIKE

WIL: WISTFUL VISTA HAS BEEN STALLING DESPERATELY...HOPING THEIR GREAT STAR BUTCH DROMSKY MIGHT BE REINSTATED AT THE LAST MINUTE SO...HE...WAIT A MINUTE...WAIT A MINUTE...A WISTFUL VISTA PLAYER IS RUNNING OUT ON THE FIELD...CAN IT BE...YES YES...IT IS FOLKS...NUMBER 23, BUTCH DROMSKY'S NUMBER...YES BUTCH DROMSKY IS ENTERING THE PLAY AND THERE'S ONE MINUTE TO GO. THE STANDS ARE GOING WILD!

CHEERS...!!!!

WIL: BUTCH HAS ON A NOSE GUARD TODAY...IT'S HIDING HIS FACE AND HE SEEMS TO BE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH HIS UNIFORM. IT SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE LARGE FOR HIM...LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO... SIGNALS..WING BACK TO THE RIGHT...JUST A MINUTE NOW...BUTCH IS TAKING A DRINK FROM A BOTTLE...PROBABLY A LAST MINUTE SWIG OF WATER...NOW THE BALL IS SNAPPED! BUTCH HAS IT HE'S AWAY... HE'S UP THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE...HE'S DOWN...NO HE'S THRU... HE SHAKES THEM OFF...HE'S THRU TO THE SECONDARY...HE'S RUNNING LIKE A CRAZY MAN...GALLOPING UP THE FIELD...HIS PANTS ARE SLIPPING...THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN BETWEEN HIM AND THE GOAL LINE ...HE'S TACKLED...HE'S DOWN...NO HE ISN'T HIS PANTS ARE... THE TACKLE HAS HIS PANTS BUT DROMSKY IS OVER FOR A TOUCHDOWN.

SOUND: SHOT...CHEERS...

WIL: AND THERE'S THE GUN! THE GAME IS OVER AND WISTFUL VISTA WINS THE GAME. NOW WE'LL SWITCH YOU TO OUR PORTABLE MICROPHONE OUT THERE WHERE BUTCH IS LYING ON THE FIELD...SURROUNDED BY HIS TEAM MATES...

VOICES: FADE IN EXCITEDLY...CONGRATULATIONS ETC.

BOY: How do you feel, butch old boy?

FIB: (GASPING) Nyhellkmsn...knjushklm...mnyhmmmm...

BOY: Where's the trainer - hey Watson!

SIL: (FADE IN) Heah ah is, folks...what de matteh, boss?

FIB: (SPLUTTERS AND GASPS) Water...Gimme some water!

SIL: Heah...drink this heah wateh, boss...that's it...

FIB: Whew...Hey sil...wh...what was that stuff you gimme before I Went in? I drank it all, and that's the last I remember.

SIL: YOU Wah? You...why...ah din' mean you to DRINK it suh! Ah meant to RUB IT IN. Tha was Hoss liniment!

ORCHESTRA: "GOODBYE JONAH" OVER APPLAUSE

DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL #3

ORCHESTRA UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: SAVE YOUR SORROW...DOWN FOR --

TAG GAG:

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF

mk; ea; mr; gs; js; 9:45 11-15-37

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC-FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY-MONDAY-NOVEMBER 15, 1937

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Here's the way to make your housework easier and to have floors and linoleum that everyone will admire! Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the remarkable no-rubbing polish that makes linoleum gleam like new while you sit back and watch. Just apply and let dry. That's all there is to it. In a few minutes your floors will be sparkling with a beautiful protective polish which acts as a shield against dirt and wear. If you have inlaid or printed linoleum, linoleum rugs, rubber tile, asphalt, painted or varnished wood floors, be sure to protect them with GLO-COAT, G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

Page 2.

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Every year more car owners are learning the wisdom of waxing their cars with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX -- to keep the finish shining like a mirror, protecting the paint from sun, sleet, and road film. JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER save car washings and greatly increases the trade-in value. So don't delay another day -- wax your car the Johnson way.

Page 3.

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Did you know that JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is the biggest selling no-rubbing floor polish in the world? Well, it is -- and the explanation is simple. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. It never streaks or smears. It dries in twenty minutes giving a bright, beautiful polish to linoleum that has become faded and dull -- a polish that keeps the floor clean, and saves you the drudgery of floor scrubbing. Buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow and ever after enjoy the satisfaction of having clean shining floors with practically no work.

mc 11/15/37: 11:40 AM