

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
CHICAGO OUTLET ( ) WMAQ ( )  
( 8:30 - 9:00 P.M. ) MARCH 22, 1938 ( ) TUESDAY DAY  
PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS

WRITER DON QUINN  
OK PAUL HENNING

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WIL: When you walk on wax, you save your floors!  
ORK: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" Down for -  
WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee & Company  
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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

I don't believe there's a woman in the world who likes to scrub her floors and linoleum. Well, here's the way to do away with floor scrubbing forever! Buy a can of Johnson's SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Pour a little of this remarkable liquid polish right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread it around with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT applicator. No rubbing or buffing! Just let the GLO-COAT dry for twenty minutes, and behold a miracle! Now, you have a bright gleaming floor in place of a dull, drab surface. GLO-COAT seals linoleum so dirt can't get in. Spilled food can't stick to the polished floor. A damp cloth keeps your kitchen linoleum bright and clean. You'll never need your scrub-brush again after you start using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. Remember, you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

(RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN) (FADE)

WIL: WELL, SPRING IS HERE AT LAST, AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS BRIMMING WITH NEW ENERGY. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WITH EYES BRIGHT, CHEST EXPANDED AND MUSCLES .. SUCH AS THEY ARE .. QUIVERING, WE FIND THAT HUMAN DYNAMO OF RESTLESS ACTIVITY,

--- FIBBER MCGEE ---

THEME: APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hot dog, Sil, do I feel good today! I'll bet I could go ten rounds with Glenn Cunningham!

SIL: Yassuh, but Glenn Cunningham is a RUNNER suh. He ain' no fightah.

FIB: He ain't? Then make it 15 rounds. No foolin' Sil, I feel great...and look at that sunshine! This ain't any day to be settin' around...I wanta be DOIN' somethin'.

SIL: Yassuh. Me, too.

FIB: Whaddye you wanna do?

SIL: Take a lil nap.

FIB: Aw come on lock up the house...let's go for a long walk out into the country. I can't stand it to be cooped up on a day like this, feelin' the way I do. I mean I'm full o' pep and vinegar. I feel like I did when I went to Hollywood and tried out for them Tarzan parts.

SIL: Did you git the job, suh?

FIB: Welllll, no I didn't. When I went into my ape holler, I beat myself on the chest so hard I knocked myself out of a tree. That's why I --

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

CLARK: Hello, Fibber.

FIB: Oh Clark Dennis...hiyah Clark. How's everything?

CLARK: Oh swell. I feel wonderful today...but say...what's the matter with you?

FIB: Eh? Whaddye mean, what's the matter with me?

CLARK: You're so wrinkled you look like a walking fingerprint.

FIB: SAY WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' about? I feel marvelous. Why I can just feel them red corporals in my blood, rushin' around.

CLARK: Maybe you've got a fever.

FIB: Oh, I ain't never so such a thing. I tell you I feel great. It's SPRING, Clark...can't you understand?

CLARK: How do you know it's spring?

FIB: Well, in the first place, it's March 22nd. And the kid's is roller skatin' and playin' marbles, and last but not least, Clark, when ye see that portrait of a goat on all the bear trucks ye know that Spring is baa-a-a-ack. That's why I feel so good today.

CLARK: Well, if you take my advise you'll get yourself some sulphur and molasses.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Sulphur and Molasses. Don't I really look healthy?

SIL: You don't look no worse than you evah did, suh?

FIB: Oh don't be like that. Why, I'm in the absolute punk...er...pink of condition.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: OH HIYAH HARPO...wonderful spring day, isn't it?  
 WIL: Yeah...but you gotta be careful with weather like this. It's treacherous.  
 FIB: Whatcha mean?  
 FIB: Well you know...the sun shines and the air is balmy...you go out without a heavy coat...no hat...and what happens? You get chilled, and first thing you know you're laid up. Say, why don't you lie down for a while?  
 FIB: EH? Why should I lie down? I feel swell.  
 WIL: Oh oh! That's the first symptom. False optimism. Well, it's none of my business of course, but if I were you I'd take some sulphur and mollasses.  
 FIB: SAY WHAT IS THIS? You fellas tryin' to tear me down or something?  
 WIL: Don't be like that. I'm just your pal, that's all. I've got a stake in this program too, and I don't want anything to happen to you. Silly...get a chair for Mr. McGee.  
 FIB: Well...all right...thanks Sil.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

BILLY: Hello Fibber...feel better now?  
 FIB: Hello Billy. Feel better than what? I ain't been sick.  
 BILLY: Really? Well, maybe you've been working too hard. I always look pale and drawn like that, too, after I've been writing arrangements all night for a couple of nights. Look, Harlow... look at his color.  
 WIL: I know...But what's a little sickness to Fibber. He'll pull out of it...I think.

FIB: IT AIN'T SICKNESS...DAD RAT IT...I started out today feelin' great and full o' pep and you guys tell me...I...I...hey Sil.  
 SIL: Yassuh.  
 FIB: Get me a glass o' water, willye?  
 SIL: Yassuh...right away suh.  
 FIB: Come to think of it, I do feel kinda...OH SHUCKS...THEY AIN'T ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH ME.  
 BILLY: Why of course not. Nothing serious...A little spring fever, is all. Probably you need sulphur and mollasses. Here...put this pillow under your head and relax while we play "I NEVER KNEW".  
 FIB: (WEAKLY) All right...thanks, Billy. You really...really don't think I look good?  
 BILLY: Frankly, Fibber, I don't. Mind, you, I don't think it's anything serious. Nothing a couple of operations and a good long rest wouldn't correct. And sulphur and mollasses.  
 FIB: Ohhhh...that's old fashioned stuff...I ain't gonna...  
 BILLY: The main thing is...DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT KEEP CHEERFUL This next number will brighten you up for a minute or two anyway.  
 (FADE OUT) I'll tell the boys to swing it a little.  
 SIL: Hey, Mist' McGee...heah is yo' hat and coat suh. We kin go out in the country an' go fo' a long walk. Ah'm bringin' a baseball an' we kin play catch and -  
 FIB: SIL! PLEASE? Play baseball? In MY condition? Go ahead, Billy Mills! I NEVER KNEW.  
 ORK: "I NEVER KNEW"  
 APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT

FIB: That was Billy Mills, played by I NEVER KNEW, with swing fever, Ye know Sil...I think them fellas was kiddin' me about not feelin' so good. I feel all right.

SIL: You does, suh?

FIB: WHY OF COURSE. (CHANGE VOICE) On the other hand, I ain't no fool. I think I better go to a doctor and get a checkup.

SIL: Wah kin' of a doctoh suh?

FIB: Oh I dunno. There's the osteopath, the naprapath, the psychopath, neuropath, homeopath -

SIL: Bridle path.

FIB: That's a horse doctor.

SIL: Yassuh...tha's wheah ah think you oughtta go, please suh.

FIB: WHAT? GO TO A HORSE DOCTOR? What for?

SIL: Well, suh, iffen you goes to a PEOPLE doctah, he always ast you wheah you feels bad and you gotta tell him. But when you goes to a HOSS doctoah, HE GOTTA KNOW!

FIB: Well, go get my harness...er...my coat, and let's go.

SIL: Yassuh ..we -

FIB: By the way Sil, what do you do for spring fever?

SIL: Well, suh. W'em ah was a lil kid, mah mammy used to make me weah a assafeddity bag aroun' mah neck, put a new potato in mah pants pocket, and sprinkle mah haid wif stump-wateh.

FIB: How about the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit?

SIL: Nossuh. Tha's fo' nervousness, suh.

FIB: Oh yes. Never studied medicine, myself. AHM

SIL: An' sometimes she used to give me sulphur and molasses.

WIL: And every year Mo' and Mo'lasses buy Johnson's GloCoat, the no rubbing - no buffing .....

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Say, Fibber...you still up and around?

FIB: Whaddye mean, up and around? I'm wise to you fellas...Tryin to make me feel I don't feel good.

WIL: No, really...you are pretty pasty looking. If you'll take my advice, the first thing you get up in the morning, you'll do some exercises with a couple of big dumbbells.

FIB: Okay...where shall we meet - your house of Billy Mills'?

WIL: Oh it doesn't matt- OH ALL RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR WASTING SYMPATHY ON YOU.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Come on, Sil. Let's go see a doctor. Or you wait here and I'll go. These fellas may be just kiddin' me, but I'm gonna check up anyway. Come to think of it, I DO feel kinda draggy. Can't hardly pick up my feet.

SIL: You got 'em undah the edge of the rug, suh.

FIB: EH? Oh,..oh yes...AHM. Well, anyway -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: If that's somebody else wantin' me to take sulphur and molasses, I'll....COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

OLD M: Hello there, Johnny. Nice day out, ain't it?

FIB: Oh Hello there old-timer. I hope you didn't come in here to talk about the weather.

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says I hope yo...WELL WHAT DID YOU WANT, JUNIOR?

OLD: I'm lookin' for a job for my son, the lazy rascal. How about mowin' your lawn.

FIB: Mowin' my lawn. Why the grass won't be up for a long time yet.

OLD: Well, neither will my son. HEH HEH.

FIB: You must have a fine boy. Why when I was a boy I never thought of askin' my old father to go around lookin' for jobs for me.

Well, I THOUGHT of it yes, but he wouldn't go. Besides..

OLD M: That's pretty good Johnny...HEH HEH. But that ain't the way I heered it...HEH HEH.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, anyway, he didn't advise me to take sulphur and molasses. How did anybody ever get the idea that that stuff was good for anything, Sil?

SIL: Ah dunno suh. But they say a lot o' them old fashion remedies is real good.

FIB: Aw I don't believe it. Why think o' the advances science has made in medicine. Think o' the progress we've made in the last twenty years. Think how far ahead of our pioneer ancestors we are!

SIL: Yassuh...but -

FIB: But what?

SIL: But ain' you still carryin' a buckeye in yo' pocket to wahd off rheumatism, suh?

FIB: Well-l-l yes, but what's that got to do with -

DOOR LATCH

OLD M: The way I heered it, Johnny, (PAUSE) the way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, say he says -

DELETE:REFERENCE TO LONDON

DOOR SLAM

FIB: So Garbo ain't marryin' him after all eh? Well, I guess Stokey will have to Lohengrin and bear it. Tell ye what, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You stay here and answer the phone, while I run down to the doctor and -

DOOR LATCH:

CLARK: Say, Fibber...

FIB: Oh hello Clark. What's on your mind?

CLARK: Well, I was just talking to some friends of mine about your illness.

FIB: ABOUT MY ILLNESS...SAY WHAT IS THIS? YOU KNOW I AIN'T ILL.

CLARK: I thought you had spring fever.

FIB: Well what of it? Everybody gets that. It ain't serious.

CLARK: Maybe not, but if anything happend to you, I wouldn't get over it for HOURS.

FIB: Hmmm.. It's pretty nice of you to say that, Clark. Whatcha gonna sing, Clark?

CLARK: More than Ever.

FIB: Fine...you go ahead, while I run down to the doctors. FOLKS, CLARK DENNIS WILL SING LOUDER, SOFTER, SWEETER, BETTER and MORE THAN EVER.

Take it, Billy.

ORK: "MORE THAN EVER" -- CLARK DENNIS

APPLAUSE

3rd SPOT:

FIB: That was great, Clark. Nice timing, too. Imagine finishing just as I got to the door of the doctor's office. AHEM.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: Oh oh. You work here now?

GIRL: Yes - Whoja wanna see?

FIB: I wanna see the doctor, sis.

GIRL: There are several doctors in this office. Gotna pointment?

FIB: Well, no I aint'. But this ain't gonna take long and I'll pay cash.

DOORS OPEN...RUSH OF FEET...VOICES.

1. My patient, Miss Demeener?
2. Come right in, young man. I was expecting you.
3. I am Doctor Webfoot, sir. At your service.
4. Right in this office here, sonny. You can - ALL VOICES UP...

FIB: Hey now wait a minute...one at a time. Hold it. As I told the girl here, I expect to pay cash, but I can't afford much. So - hey - where you goin'?

SOUND: FOUR DOOR SLAMS (PAUSE)

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: Are we startin' over? Name the different doctors, sis. I'll pick one.

DELETE: REFERENCE TO NAZI - JEWIS TROUBLE.

FIB: It musta been.

GIRL: There's Doctor Haggie. He's the state prison doctor.

FIB: I see. Confinement cases. Go on.

GIRL: Doctor Goodspeed. I wouldn't see him if I was you. He's mad today.

FIB: What about?

GIRL: He's been treating little Willie Mills for mumps for two weeks and today he found Willie was carrying his marbles in his mouth.

FIB: Sounds a little squirrely. Who else you got?

GIRL: Doctor Warburton, Doctor Glimp, Doctor Smi-- YOO HOO. DOCTOR CAN YOU TAKE THIS GENTLEMAN NEXT?

MAN: I'm not a doctor. I'm a piano tuner.

DOOR SLAM

GIRL: Imagine that! That little black bag fooled me. I've sent him out on some important cases, too.

FIB: Oh well, they ain't much difference between a piano tuner and a beauty doctor. One fakes the base and the other bakes the face. (LAUGHS) Get it, sis? I says one fakes the bass and the other -

GIRL: T'aint funny, McGee.

FIB: How'd you know my name.

GIRL: Oh is that YOUR name too? I heard somebody say that on the radio. But I think that's all the Doctors. Whodja wanna see?

FIB: I'll just set down here till one of em buzzes. Mind if I look at a magazine.

DELETE: REFERENCE TO NATIONALLY KNOWN PUBLICATIONS.

GIRL: Oh notta bit, sir. There's a very interestint article in the issue of October 15th, 1912, on "CAN TAFT BE ELECTED?"

FIB: I think I'll read this/on <sup>article</sup> "IS THE AUTOMOBILE HERE TO STAY?"

RATTLE OF PAPER

DOOR LATCH

MAN: Is Doctor Dillaway out?

GIRL: No sir. He's in.

MAN: Oh shucks. I wanted to rob his office.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Nice clientele you got here. How about you, bud? You waitin' to see a doctor, too? (PAUSE) HEY BUD...YOU WAITIN' TO SEE A DOCT..... What's the matter with this guy sis? He deaf?

GIRL: No. He works in a theatre box office, and he's trained himself to ignore people.

FIB: Oh.

DOOR LATCH

SCOT: (FADE IN) Thank ye verra nuch doctorr MacDonald. Coom along sonny...we'll rrrrun home and telll yerrre mitherrr the good news.

FIB: Good news eh, Scotty? That's great. Nothing wrong with the little tad, eh?

SCOT: Weel, ah wouldna exoectly say thot laddie. But twill not be serrrrious forr several yearrrs. We'll have to opperrrate on the lad in 1945.

FIB: Why 1945, Scotty?

SCOT: The boy swallowed a government bond, and I'll not be needin' it until it maturres. Coom along, Jamie.



DOOR SLAM

FIB: He oughta bring the kid in now and then and get his coupons clipped. Must be a very interesting job, sis, settin' here and listening to ..

DOOR LATCH

GIRL: Oh Doctor Wilcox. I'm glad you came. Mrs. Jones called and wanted to know what to do for housemaid's knee.

WIL: Tell her to try Johnson's GloCoat.

GIRL: On her knee?

WIL: No. On her floor. She won't even have to stoop over then. No stoop, no rub...no buff.

FIB: Cigar?

WIL: No thanks.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I've seen that doctor someplace. I think he performed an operation on my aunt's linoleum. It's never had a sick day since. I always say...OOP. Sorry sis, didn't mean to sit in your lap.

WOMAN: Don't mention it.

FIB: You waitin' to see the doctor?

WOMAN: If it interests you, - yes.

FIB: Oh it does, sis. It does. What seems to be the trouble?

WOMAN: It's my eyes. I seem to be getting terribly pop-eyed.

FIB: Well, that's simple sis. You're eatin' too much spinach. Popeyes is always --

DOOR LATCH:

BILLY: Helleo sweetheart. Is Doctor Icky in?

GIRL: No, Mr. Mills. But if you'll sit down he'll be right back.

BILL: All right. Oh Hello Fibber. You come down here for some sulphur and Molasses?

FIB: NO I DIDN'T. I DON'T GO FOR THAT GRANDMA STUFF. If I'd o' wanted home remedies I'd of stayed at home. What you here for?

BILL: Well, I'm a little run down myself. I need a tonic.

FIB: No you don't. You just need to relax. All work and no play makes Billy a dull boy you know.

BILL: Say, that's right. Maybe I'd better play.

FIB: I would. Play "YOU'RE AN EDUCATION".

BILL: All right.

ORK: "YOU'RE AN EDUCATION"

APPLAUSE:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

I want you to hear an unsolicited letter from a lady who tells us just what JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has done for her linoleum. I quote -- "My husband is a physician in a small town. On the reception room floor we have a very inexpensive linoleum rug -- an oriental pattern of at least ten colors. It's been used constantly for over three years. Before using GLO-COAT the floor had to be mopped every day. Yet it still looked dull and not even clean-looking. But JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT has brought out all the colors and made the linoleum shining and clean. I now just dust it off each day and use GLO-COAT every seven or eight weeks. People frequently remark about the clean, bright floor. They can't believe a rug as old as this one -- getting so much wear in a doctor's reception room -- can still look quite new. You may know I am happy to tell people about GLO-COA.. Sincerely, Mrs. F. L. P., Dakota, Illinois."

If GLO-COAT keeps the linoleum in a doctor's reception room clean and bright for weeks at a time, you may be sure it will keep your linoleum spic and span and save you hours of work. Just try it. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE PAIN") (FADE)

4TH SPOT:

FIB: Hey, sis. Ain't one o' them doctors ready to see me yet?  
GIRL: No sir.  
FIB: Well, this is fine service. I hope everybody don't have to wait this long. How about you, bud? You been waitin' long?  
MAN: Ohhhhhh not long...but if I don't get treatment pretty soon I'll go mad...MAD, I TELL YOU MAD...I CAN'T STAND IT!  
FIB: Well...what's the matter with you? You got a five-year accident policy and the seven-year itch?  
MAN: No...it's my ears. My ears keep ringing. I hear voices... VOICES I TELL YOU...VOICES...TALKING TALKING...ARGUING... FIGHTING...ACCUSING...DENYING...VOICES...I CAN'T STAND IT. MY WORK SUFFERS.  
DIB: What is your work, bud?  
MAN: I'm an engineer.  
FIB: Railroad?  
(DELETE: GAG REFERRING TO T.V.A. CONTROVERSY)  
DOOR LATCH: AND SLAM.  
NICK: Hello Kewpie. I am wanting to see a doctors about some...Oh hello Fizzer!  
FIB: Oh, it's Nick Depopolis. HIYAH NICK.  
NICK: What is being the matter with you, Fizzer, to be sitting here in a bone sawyers receptive rooms?  
FIB: Just a little spring fever, I guess Nick.

NICK: Hmm. A spring in the fever, is a very bad thing for having it. Are you treating somebody for it?  
FIB: If you mean am I treating MYSELF for it, - no, I ain't. Everybody says I oughtta take sulphur and molasses, but I don't go for that antiquated hooey.  
NICK: Fizzer, I agree with you 100 persimmons. Suffer and molassipus was a fine things for our fourflushers -  
FIB: FourFATHERS, Nick. Those old pioneers had some funny ideas.  
NICK: But on the other foot, Fizzer those old kewpies were being very healthy, I'm thinking. They were always shooting covered Indians from a prairie wagon.  
FIB: Schooner --  
NICK: Make it two. Oh there is my doctors, Fizzer, I hope your spring fevers is not being as bad as you look, and if you are taking a left hand turn for the worse, Mrs. Depopolis will bring you some soup which will get you outa bed right away, because she is making the worst soup I ever heard. So long, Fizzer.

DOOR SLAM:

GIRL: Mr. McGee...the doctor will see you now. Third door on the left.  
FIB: Well, it's about time. Third door on the left...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

DOC: Ah there. Sit down young man. I can see you're in a serious state of health. You have all the indications of repercussional malnutrition distension of the psychic trauma, falling of the suspenders, a complicated compound inflorescence of the lower ulna vertebrae, hangnails, and a cigar breath, or as we say professionally, Havanatosis. Now then, what seems to be the trouble?

FIB: Well, I...people have all been sayin' I don't look good

DOC: Maybe you just didn't look good to THEM. I can understand that.

FIB: Yes, I th...EH? OH IS THAT SO? Well -

DOC: Wait a minute. I'll write down your histology. Name?

FIB: Mc Gee, Fibber Mcgee.

DOC: Had it long?

FIB: From birth.

DOC: Tsk tsk tsk! That's bad. Let's see.....address?

FIB: 79 Wistful Vista. Understand, Doc, I don't think there's anything much wrong with me, but I thought I'd check -

DOC: STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE AND SAY "SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"

FIB: THROOOOHHMMMMNNNNM THEMMMMMMMMNWA AAAAFMMMMM

DOC: Hmmm. Lingual retardation. You report to the hospital--

FIB: HEY NOT WAIT A MINUTE. DON'T GIMME THAT OPERATION STUFF. I JUST COME IN HERE TO GET TREATED FOR SPRING FEVER.

DOC: Well, why didn't you say so? Spring fever, eh? Do you have vertigo?

FIB: No. Just a few blocks.

DOC: I see. Spring fever...Oh yes...I HAVE A SPLENDID REMEDY FOR THAT, MCGEE. SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN WORKIN ON THIS FORMULA FOR YEARS. IT'S CALLED VISCUS-TRE-ACULUS WITH AN INFUSION OF SO<sub>2</sub>OH.

FIB: Well, now we're gettin' someplace. How much is a shot of that stuff, doc?

DOC: Five dollars.

FIB: AHEM. Well here ye are doc. Fix me up a dose of that and I'll be goin'.

DOC: Certainly. Now let's see...the viscus-treaculus...

SOUND: CLINK OF BOTTLES...

DOC: SO<sub>2</sub>OH...there we are

SOUND: MIXING IN GLASS.

DOC: There, my boy. Drink it down...

FIB: Okay. (GLUB GLUB)...Ohhh...phlghhhh! Nasty stuff, Doc. But I feel better all ready. (LAUGHS) Boy will this be a laugh on them muggs that tried to kid me. SAYYYY I FEEL GREAT, DOC!

DOC: That's fine. Well, come in again my boy. Any time.

FIB: Okay Doc. I will...I feel like a new man. What was the name of that stuff again?

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DOC: An infusion of SO<sub>2</sub>OH with Viscus-Treaculus.  
FIB: Shucks, I'll never be able to remember that. Ain't there  
a simpler term for it?  
DOC: Certainly. SULPHUR & MOLASSES.  
FIB: Sulph-- OH PSHAW!  
ORK: "IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK" - FADE FOR COMMERCIAL -

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

Whether your car is new or old, JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER will do wonders for it! JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER quickly removes every bit of road film and discoloration without the slightest injury to the finish. JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX protects the surface with a tough, long-wearing polish that wards off scratches and dirt. Keep your car wax-protected and you'll be saved a lot of car washings. And don't forget that JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER greatly increase your car's trade-in value. You can do the job yourself with little effort, or, if you prefer, a nearby service station or garage will make your car spic and span with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER At a surprisingly low cost. Don't delay another day - Wax your car the JOHNSON WAY!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

js:gs:me:3/22/38: 10:40 AM