

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc. 196  
Writer: Don Quinn

FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY

(REVISED)

6:30 PM  
Tuesday - March 7, 1939

NEC - Red

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing  
Glocoat present Fibber McGee & Company, with Jim Jordan  
as Fibber, Donald Novis, the Four Notes and Billy Mills'  
Orchestra. The show opens with "Don't Ever Leave Me"!

ORCH: "DON'T EVER LEAVE ME".....FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL)

R

(INSERT COMMERCIAL - page 3)

S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
March 7, 1939

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: At this time of year every woman secretly yearns to run away from housework -- to escape from the drudgery of cleaning and scrubbing! Well, here's a way to save yourself hours of tiresome work, without feeling that you're a "shirker", in any sense of the word. Just get some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and apply a little of this easy-to-use, liquid polish to your floors and linoleum. Then, put on your hat and march out. When you come back, you'll be greeted by beautiful, shining floors -- floors that will stay clean and fresh because they're protected from dirt and wear by the shining GLO-COAT polish. You see, GLO-COAT is self-polishing. It shines as it dries without help from you. If you feel a touch of spring fever coming on, hurry up and put JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors! Then you can play hockey from work, and your floors will look more beautiful than ever before! Just be sure you get the real thing -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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

(REVISED)

-4-

WIL: Well - WISTFUL VISTA IS THE MORE-OR-LESS HAPPY HOME OF A NEW RENDEZVOUS DE SANDWICH, ON THE CORNER OF 14th & OAK STREETS. IT IS A NEW HAMBURGER STAND - OWNED AND OPERATED....(TEMPORARILY AT LEAST) - BY OUR OWN LEADER OF CAFE SOCIETY --

-- FIBBER (You-know-our-hamburgers-because-We-know-our-onions!) -- McGEE!

(APPLAUSE)....THEME

SOUND: (RATTLE OF DISHES....CLINK OF SILVER)

FIB: Let's see, Bud....what'd you have....two hamburgers....and coffee....thirty cents....thank you.

(CASH REGISTER)

FIB: Didn't you want more coffee, Bud? The second cup is free.

BILL: (TOUGH) Nah....it's terrible!

FIB: (GENTLY) Bud....I guess you didn't read the sign.

BILL: WHAT SIGN?

FIB: (STILL GENTLY) Right up there - "Coffee Like Mother Used to Make"....~~.....~~....WHADDYE MEAN, INSULTIN' MY MOTHER THAT WAY?

BILL: I'M SORRY!

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: I gotta make this joint more exclusive....~~the general public~~ *Guess I'll have to get some tablecloths and serve away the wiff-waff.*

FIB: Hey, chef!

PINCH: Yeah?

FIB: I had a complaint on the coffee a minute ago. You sure it's Okay?

PINCH: Oh sure....I just had four cups myself and I feel alright. Except I can't get my eyes uncrossed.

(2ND REVISION) 5-6

It ain't the coffee that makes you cross-eyed. Take the spoon outa your cup.

Chee .... I never t'ought o' dat!

Well, don't forget to -- Oh oh...here comes Mrs. Uppington, - get that griddle hot.

It's hotter'n a two-dollar pistol now, boss.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Oh how do you do, Mr. McGee...what a QUAIN'T little shop, reahhly.

Well, thanks, Uppy...how's everything..you look kinda upset.

Oh, I am, Mr. McGee...I suppose I'm just a silly girl, but Horatio and I...well...we...we've QUARRELED! We...we've had a tiff!

A tiff? Oh, that's tough. But gimme the details...what has poisoned Cupid's arrows, now?

Oh it was such a TRIVIAL thing, Mr. McGee....and over such a SILLY thing...that old oil stock...

Oh oh.

Horatio was SO hurt because my broker refused to permit me to turn in my A.T.&T. for a simply WONDERFUL investment in Brazilian oil...Horatio is president of the oil company you know...such a stupid misunderstanding...

Forget it, Uppy...why don't you have a hamburger and forget your troubles...a nice, well-done hamburger with onions.

Heavens...how plebeian!

Well, without onions, then...better eat something. Remember, many a empty stummick has been mistaken for a broken heart.

Well, perhaps you're right...

(REVISED) -7-

FIB: ~~I know, but we got southern cookin' and can't pronounce our fix in this restaurant. Come on, grab a stool, Uppy...~~ *sure grab a stool, Uppy...*  
and order up.

UPP: Veddy well...I think I shall start with some caviar...

FIB: Okay Uppy ... ROB A STURGEON!

PINCH: FRISK A FISH! (OFF MIKE)

FIB: What else, sis?

UPP: Oh, some jellied consomme, I think.

FIB: PEA SOUP WITH FALSY!

PINCH: Jitterbug gumbo!

UPP: ~~And a side of rice...~~

FIB: ~~Waldorf salad. LETTUCE IN THE BOWL!~~

PINCH: ~~GLICE A TOMATO with some peas!~~

UPP: Now for an entree...let me see...oh yes...curried shrimp.

FIB: RUBDOWN FOR A LOBSTER'S COUSIN!

PINCH: Swedish massage for a shellfish!

FIB: Dessert, Uppy?

UPP: A chocolate éclair and a demitasse.

FIB: Okay...BRUNETTE ON A BUN AND A MUGG FOR A MIDGET!

PINCH: Suntanned creampuff and a drop in the bucket!

FIB: Now dry them tears and take it easy, Uppy...you're hamburger 'll be right up...

UPP: HAMBURGER!...but reahhly...I...I didn't WANT a hamburger.

FIB: Listen, sis...do you realize that every cow in the country hopes it's kids 'll grow up to be a McGee hamburger? Why for a calf it's like growin' up to be President. I'm tellin' you. You never eat such a -

UPP: PLEASE...Mr. McGee..CAWN'T you see I am in no mood for.. for...(SOBS) Oh, I am such an unhappy girl...forgive me... but I simply MUST go...

DOOR OPEN AND SLAM.

L

FIB: Well I feel kinda sorry for her at that. It's a terrible thing to find your big moment is really small time. Hey, Chef, cancel that hamburger.

CHEF: BACK IN THE BARN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny.....need a good dishwasher?

FIBBER: No thanks, Old Timer, we use paper plates and throw 'em away.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: I says NO THANKS. Besides, washin' dishes wouldn't be good for your rheumatism. You go on and be a little stiff in your own joints. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny....but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to other feller, "SAYYYY, he says," (SNIFF SNIFF!) Say, them hamburgers smell pretty good, Johnny.

FIB: Have one, Old Timer?

OLD MAN: Sure will, Johnny...a little later. What was I talkin' about..oh yes..."SAYYYY", HE SAYS, "I SEE WHERE THE REPUBLICANS MIGHT RUN THIS FELLER DEWEY FOR PRESIDENT!" "ZAT SO?" says tother feller. "HE GOTTA GOOD RECORD?" "SURE HAS," says the first feller. "LOOK WHAT HE DONE AT MANILA!" Heh heh heh..... Make that hamburger O' mine with plenty of onions, Johnny....I ain't got a date tonight. Keep it hot for me while I go home and get my teeth.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIBBER: I'll say he ain't gotta date tonight! He may have Spring in his heart but that don't help the Fall in his arches.

PINCH: Hey, boss!!!!

FIBBER: Smatter, bud?

PINCH: You know that big can o' cream we use for the coffee?

FIBBER: Yes?

PINCH: Well, we ain't got much milk left in it.

FIBBER: Okay...I'll order some right away.

SOUND: (CLICK)

FIBBER: Hello, operator, gimme the Wistful Vista Creamery and - oh is that you, Myrt? Fibber McGee speakin'...how's everything, Myrt? EH? YOUR OLD MAN? OH, THAT'S TOO BAD. SPLIT HIS WHAT? DEAR, DEAR, DEAR---- RUSHED HIM RIGHT DOWN THERE, EH? WHAT SAY? 22 STITCHES EH? WELL, I WARNED HIM, MYRT... I TOLD HIM THEM PANTS WAS TOO TIGHT! Call the creamery, will ye, Myrt, and tell 'em to send me over some cream. Thanks. (CLICK)

SOUND: DOOR LATCH: CLOSE

FIBBER: Hiyah, Billy...hiyah, Don. (MILLS & NOVIS AD LIB HELLOES OFF MIKE) Have a couple of hamburgers?

DON: No thanks...I had one this morning and didn't like it. I found a piece of cloth in it.

FIBBER: Why Don! A piece of cloth in one of our hamburgers? Why... hey, wait a minute...what color was it?

DON: Blue...

FIBBER: I thought so...that was blue ribbon beef you was eatin' there, boy. Whatcha gonna sing, Don?

DON: "I PROMISE YOU".

FIBBER: Oh, I like that...you go ahead and sing while -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIBBER: Greeting, Gate, what'll you have on your plate. That's from the Hope Show and we show hope you like our hamburgers.

MAN: I do - I was in this morning and bought six.....fix me up a couple more of them, will you? Just like the last ones.... very thin and very well done....Better make it four of 'em. To go out.

FIBBER: Certainly, bud...QUARTET FOR A ROAD SHOW!

PINCH: (OFF MIKE) One for the griddle, cook it slow, brown in the middle and four to go!

FIBBER: TAKE IT, DON!

ORCHESTRA: "I PROMISE YOU" --- NOVIS

(APPLAUSE)

G

FIB: That was Donald Novis, Folks....singin' I PROMISE YOU.. and it was very good too, Don. That was one of the best - - -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh hiyah sis..Welcome to the Palais Ptomaine....set down and have a McGee hamburger... they're as sweet as a girl friend the week before Christmas and as tender as our Foreign Relations.

WOMAN: No thank you....I am making a special survey. Tell me, do you think the radio will ever replace the phonograph?

FIB: Of course it won't, sis.

WOMAN: Why not?

FIB: Because you can't play both sides of a broadcast.

WOMAN: Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

L

(REVISED)

-12-

FIB: These surveys. I'll bet the reason so many business men go outa business is they have to take so much time from business to fill out questionnaires askin' 'em how business is.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WIL: Hello, Fibber.

FIB: Hiyah, Harpo! Have a hamburger.

WIL: No, I don't believe I want a hamburger. Haven't you got a nice juicy steak?

FIB: A nice juicy steak? Why certainly....how about a big juicy filly mignon?

WIL: Swell!

FIB: Okay...SADDLE A FILLY FOR A STAKE RACE!

SOUND: BELL

PINCH: (OFF MIKE) They're off!

FIB: You gonna be a regular customer, Harpo?

WIL: Oh yes...probably...I eat all my meals out, you know.

FIB: But don't you get tired of it, Harpo? Why don't you get married and settle down?

WIL: Well gee, I proposed to a girl once and she said no.

FIB: She did? *Maybe you didn't propose right?*

WIL: ~~Oh I'm sure she did. But I don't know maybe I didn't propose right.~~

FIB: ~~Harpo, do you like a rubber off your shirt and say "COME ON, BABY, BRING YOUR SEWING MACHINE UP TO MY HOUSE!"~~

*You did. I proposed real nice*

WIL: ~~I don't know...~~ on my knees, too.

FIB: Well whaja say?

FIB:

*Mood Mavis, Mills = (Harpo)*

(REVISED)

-13-

WIL: I said "DARLING, LOOK AT THIS DULL, DINGY FLOOR. LET ME BUILD YOU A LITTLE LOVE NEST AND WE'LL CALL IT GLOCOAT MANOR. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM BRIGHT AND SHINING WITH JOHNSONS GLOCOAT WITH ABSOLUTELY NO RUBBING OR BUFFING TO ROUGHEN THOSE LITTLE HANDS OF YOURS."

FIB: Oh boy..what passion!

WIL: AND THEN I SAID, "THINK OF IT, DEAR, JUST TO POUR A LITTLE GLOCOAT OUT ON THE FLOOR AND SPREAD IT AROUND WITH THE LONG HANDLED APPLIER, THEN YOU, *and I holding hands on the sofa* ~~SITTING ON MY LAP~~ FOR 20 PRECIOUS MINUTES, WHILE THE GLOCOAT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL MIRROR-LIKE POLISH!"

ORCH!

FIB: *Mavis out*  
I'd like to of seen the lovelight in her eyes when you got to the part about saving one-third on the large-size can. That was the odd part of it, Fibber. She suddenly stood up, with a strange look in her eyes...and said, "LISTEN, POODLE" - (she used to call me Poodle) "LISTEN POODLE, WHERE DO YOU GET THIS WONDERFUL JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT?" and I said..."oh, at any hardware store or drugstore or your groceryman.... and then she was gone!

FIB: And you never saw her again?

WIL: Oh yes...at her wedding..she'd gone right out and married the groceryman. I guess I just don't understand women.

PINCH: Here's your steak, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Shall we give you a bone on the side, Poodle?

WIL: No thanks...this will be...SAY THIS IS A HAMBURGER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GIVING ME A NICE JUICY STEAK.

p

b

FIB: That's it, Harpo. Only we grind our steaks up...that's what makes 'em so juicy.

WIL: Aw, gee whiz!

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

PINCH: Smatter, boss? Didn't he want the hamburger?

FIB: No - I guess not. Put it on a table by the window and I'll eat it myself...(give people passin' by confidence in the place to see the boss eatin' his own vittles.)

(DOOR LATCH...SLAM)

FIB: Oh hiyah, Bud...Here's the hamburgers you ordered.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Thanks. Fix me half a dozen more cooked exactly like those others...thin and well done....Even better done this time - I'll be back for 'em later.

FIB: Okay, Bud. (DOOR SLAM) HEY CHEF...SIX HAMBURGERS TO GO THIN AND WELL DONE AND HURRY 'EM UP.

PINCH: Six cows - stampede 'em.

(DOOR LATCH)

PITTS: Hello, mister....do you need a good cashier?

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Yes, it's ZaSu Pitts again, folks!...the gal with the permanent wave in each hand. What made you think I might need a cashier, sis?

PITTS: Well I thought if you had somebody sitting at a desk there by the window...you know...somebody with...well, I don't know as I ought to say it myself...but you know...a certain appeal....

FIB: It's a thought, Sis. You need the job?

PITTS: Oh not financially....but my goodness, I thought now THERE is a place to work where a girl can meet some nice men, in a refined way. I think sitting there all day long, handling money and watching men eat would satisfy both my play-girl complex and my maternal instinct.

FIBBER: I dunno sis... What experience you had?

PITTS: Well, my last experience, mister, was at the public library... a very nice man came up to me and said "what are you doing tonight, babe?" and I thought a minute and said well, I'm going home and rinse out a few things, and then, I'm going to church for an hour or so, and then...I looked up and he was gone.....Another experience I had...

FIBBER: Just a minute sis....I didn't mean your romantic experiences. What experience you had as cashier?

PITTS: Well, I've kept my own budget for years and years, mister... I'd show it to you but it's in the same book as my diary, and maybe I might have been a little too frank, in a girlish way.

FIBBER: Listen sis....are you accurate - CAN YOU MAKE CHANGE?

PITTS: Oh dear, I'm sure I can...my grandfather was a lightning calculator and only made one mistake in his life.

FIBBER: What was that?

PITTS: He calculated lightning wouldn't strike him if he stood under a tree on the golf course. We never found anything but his niblick.

FIBBER: Oh that's too bad. But it just takes one stroke to ruin a man's game. Listen....if you work here we can't have you eatin' hamburgers all day long...you realize that don't you?

PITTS: Oh dear yes...I don't like hamburgers anyway.....don't you ever serve chicken? We always have chicken at our house... I take the wings and my brother takes the legs and mother gets the liver, but the Heart belongs to Daddy.

FIBBER: (SIGHS) We don't seem to be gettin' anywhere sis. I'll give you a simple test....suppose I just had a couple of hamburgers at ten cents a piece, two cups o' coffee, the second one free, and a piece o' pie at a dime. How much would I have to pay?

PITTS: Nothing.

FIBBER: WHY NOT?

PITTS: Dear me, you own the place.

FIBBER: Sis.....I'm sorry but I'm afraid you won't do.

PITTS: Well all right...but if you change your mind my telephone number is 476.

FIBBER: 476.

PITTS: Tell me, mister.... is your Mr, Wilcox married?

FIBBER: He he ain't sis.

PITTS: Oh my...and he's SO nice, too. Where does he live, mister?

FIBBER: At the Wistful Vista Bachelor apartments. Why'd you wanna know where Harpo lives?

PITTS: Well, it's probably just Fate, mister, but do you realize I pass by his house almost every afternoon? Starting tomorrow?

DOOR SLAM

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "THERE'S A HOLE IN THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET" - 4 NOTES

(APPLAUSE)

FIBBER: That was the Four Notes singin' a Billy Mills arrangement of "There's an aperture in the old oaken container." That was nice goin' kids. If I wasn't wrapped up in this hamburger joint, I'd back you in a bucket shop.

FIBBER: Now let's see....I better make out the menu for tomorrow... H.a.m.b.u.r.g.e.r.s.....there! That's done.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIBBER: Oh hiyah, Boomer!

BOOMER: Good day, Fancypants...good day...

FIBBER: Oh Hiyah Boomer...what's this about you and Mrs. Uppington havin' a fallin' out?....I hope it's nothing temporary.



BOOMER: Quite true...quite true...the dear girl has been badly advised I think... ~~yes, badly advised...I gave her a chance to clean up in Brazilian Oil...and she turned it down... imagine the little featherhead hanging on to her stodgy, old utility stocks when she could clean up a smart million in no time at all...~~

FIBBER: ~~No time at all is right.~~

BOOMER: ~~Believe me, it has placed a severe strain on our personal relations.~~ *hanging on to* After All we have in common, she insists on ~~holding~~ her preferred...yes yes...and you, Nosey Parker, I hold responsible for the lovely creature's financial stubbornness.

FIBBER: Who, me? Shucks, Boomer, all I ever said about you was that you was a crook and a bum, and the kind of a chiseler that would scrape the gold leaf off the sign in front of the Old Ladie's Home. I thought that was a real conservative estimate, too.

BOOMER: Crumbleface, one of these days you will go too far with me! ~~.....or you would if I hadn't made it a rule to travel alone when I go too far.~~ But I am not the one to hold a grudge...not Horatio K. Boomer....by the way, how is my credit for a hamburger?

FIBBER: Bad, Boomer., bad...no dough...no grub.

BOOMER: I was afraid of that....Only reason I asked, I don't believe I have anything smaller with me than a hundred dollar bill.

FIBBER: Lessee it.

BOOMER: Certainly, certainly,...have it right here...[someplace... now where did I put that hundred dollar bill...hundred dollar bill,....beautiful sound, isn't it?...hundred dollar bill... now where did I put that hundred dollar bill.... Here's a personal letter from a collection agency... very affectionate too....a little squeeze in every paragraph! -- driver's license for a man named Dilloway... I seem to have driven his car away by mistake....(must have been an important citizen, too....I had a motorcycle escort behind me for 12 miles!)...-- letter opener ---

FIBBER: WHADDYE MEAN, letter opener...that's a tea kettle.

BOOMER: It's still a letter opener, Potatobug,

FIBBER: Come on, Boomer....the hundred dollar bill....or no hamburger.

BOOMER: AH YES...the hundred dollar bill...where could I have put it? ...invitation to a reception...small affair...no one there -- had to crawl in thru a window...gold wristwatch... birthday present from a little hula dancer...beautiful movement!!!. ---toupee, with gray hair...always wear that when I want to worry about something. --and a check for a short beer...WELL WELL..IMAGINE THAT..NO HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL!

FIBBER: Surprise!

BOOMER: WONDER WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE WITH IT!!!. TOO BAD IF I'VE LOST IT. IT WAS MADE BY A DEAR FRIEND OF MINE...HE RAN OFF TEN OF THEM AND THEN RAN OFF. . SOMEBODY HOLLERED CHEESE IT! AND HE WELSHED, THE RABBIT! WELL, GOOD DAY, SON OF FRANKENSTEIN!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIBBER: What a guy...the minute I seen him get a load of Uppy's diamonds I knew that romance was headed for the rocks. --Oh, well, I don't suppose----- (DOOR OPEN)

MAN: Hello there...my hamburgers ready?

FIBBER: You betcha, Bud.....sixty cents...thank you.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

FIBBER: Certainly appreciate your trade, Bud.....Hope you come in often.

MAN: Oh I willll....your hamburgers are just right for me.... fried well-done and thin.

FIBBER: Good....you say you gotta shop near here?

MAN: Right down the street.

FIBBER: What kind of work do you do that makes ye so hungry?

MAN: Hungry? Oh...I don't eat these things...I'm a cobbler and I use 'em for half soles!

FIBBER: Aww Pshaw!

ORCHESTRA: ~~LOW MUSIC~~....FADE FOR:

*I Long To Belong*

March 7, 1939  
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC  
Time: 59 seconds

84.

(Wilcox for Pacific Coast Stations  
OUT-IN FOR: -- (Chicago announcer for Southern Stations  
(Washington announcer for stations East of Cleveland and Pittsburgh)

CUE: (WILCOX) ....Fibber will be back in just a moment. (PAUSE 2 SEC.)

.....

But now we have news for you about a money-saving offer which you can't afford to miss! For a limited time your dealer is featuring JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in big Giant size cans. These Giant sizes contain one-third more than the regular amount. Yet you pay not one penny more! By asking for JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT now in the Giant size cans, you actually get one-third more for your money! But we must warn you -- these Giant sizes are going fast and we don't want you to miss out. So phone your dealer tomorrow morning or go to the store and get a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the Giant size cans! You'll be money ahead and you'll appreciate having these big cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT ready for convenient use. Don't delay. Buy JOHNSON'S Giant size cans tomorrow and get one-third more for your money!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIBBER: FOLKS, WE WANNA THANK AMERICA'S NO. 1. GLAMOUR GIRL,  
ZAZU PITTS, FOR APPEARIN' ON OUR LITTLE HAMBURGER BARBECUE  
TONIGHT. INCIDENTALLY, WE DON'T LIKE TO DO THE SAME KIND  
OF A SHOW TWO WEEKS IN SUCCESSION, BUT, DON'T BE SURPRISED  
IF WE'RE BACK AT MY SANDWICH PARLOR AGAIN NEXT TUESDAY  
NIGHT, MARCH 14th. MY INCOME TAX MAN IS INSISTIN' ON A  
JOINT RETURN. AHM. -GOOD NIGHT FOLKS!

ORCHESTRA: MUSIC UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF: CREDITS:

or Pacific Coast Stations  
announcer for Southern Stations  
on announcer for stations East of Cleveland  
(Pittsburgh)

will be back in just a moment. (PAUSE 2 SEC.)

.....  
ave news for you about a money-saving offer  
n't afford to miss! For a limited time your  
aturing JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-  
O-COAT in big Giant size cans. These Giant  
one-third more than the regular amount.  
ot one penny more! By asking for JOHNSON'S  
ON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT now in the Giant  
u actually get one-third more for your money!  
arn you -- these Giant sizes are going fast  
want you to miss out. So phone your dealer  
ing or go to the store and get a supply of  
and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the  
ns! You'll be money ahead and you'll  
ving these big cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and  
F-POLISHING GLO-COAT ready for convenient use,  
Buy JOHNSON'S Giant size cans tomorrow and get  
e for your money!

...FADE ON CUE)