

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Writers: Don Quinn
Len Levinson

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#235

Tuesday - 2/6/40
6:30-7:00

NBC-Red

(2ND REVISION) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM....WITH FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glo-coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee
& Molly...with Bill Thompson, Billy Mills' Orchestra, and
our ^{own} vocal feature, the King's Men - who, ~~in addition~~
~~to their regular program of~~ *The show opens with* "HOLY SMOKE, CAN'T YOU TAKE
A JOKE."

ORK: "HOLY SMOKE - CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE"

(APPLAUSE)

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WIL: THE WORST WAY TO START THE DAY OFF IS TO GET OUT OF BED ON THE WRONG SIDE - ESPECIALLY IF YOUR BED IS RIGHT NEXT TO AN OPEN WINDOW. SO...HERE, - CLIMBING BACK THROUGH THE WINDOW IN HIS PAJAMAS, HOLDING HIS EARS AGAINST THE COLD, AS HIS WIFE HOLDS HER EARS AGAINST HIS LANGUAGE, WE FIND --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Dad-rat that dad-ratted rat of an architect that planned a window right next to a bed! (CLATTER AND THUDS!) (FADE IN:) The dirty --

MOL: MCGEE!...WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE! And shut the window...it's cold in here.

FIB: It's colder out there.

SOUND: WINDOW CLOSING

MOL: I'm so sorry, dearie. How'd you happen to fall out?

FIB: Had a nightmare. All night long I dreamt that I couldn't get to sleep. What a night. It was terrible!

MOL: Well that's too bad. Hurry up and get your clothes on, dearie...I'll have breakfast ready in a jiffy.

FIB: Okay. AND I'LL TELL YOU THIS RIGHT NOW, MRS. MCGEE...
I'M NOT GONNA SHAVE TODAY!

MOL: You're not?

FIB: NO....I AIN'T! AND THAT'S DEFINITE, SEE?

MOL: All right, sweetheart. I don't blame you a bit.

FIB: Eh? What was that?

MOL: I said I don't blame you a bit. You're just as handsome to me with or without a shave.

FIB: But...but...every other time I wanted to go without shavin' you says - Get in there and shave.

MOL: Never mind what I used to say. I could be wrong, couldn't I?

FIB: You....say, I'm gonna go back to bed. I'M STILL DREAMIN'!

MOL: No no no...come on to breakfast! Just put on your robe and slippers.

FIB: You mean, you're gonna let me come to breakfast in my BATHROBE?

MOL: Certainly. And here's the morning paper -- you can read it while I make the toast. (RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: Well...well gee...thanks, Molly. I...incidentally, whadda we gonna have this morning? Wheatsie Bitsies, I suppose.

MOL: Well, it was you that insisted on our gettin' the Wheatsie-Bitsies, McGee.

FIB: It was?

MOL: Yes...you said they'd improve your performance at first base.

FIB: Well, I gotta nasty note from Judge Landis and I ain't the only one either! ~~As a~~ I'm tired of Wheatsie-Bitsies and anyway, why don't we have wheatcakes and sausages once in a while.

MOL: That's what we're havin' this morning...and I got some genuine Vermont Maple Syrup, too.

FIB: Oh boy...VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP. When did you get that?

MOL: Yesterday.

FIB: I didn't see it.

MOL: You wouldn't have recognized it. It was packed by the Farley Packing Company and labeled Republican Sap.

FIB: Oh dad rat it!

MOL: Now what's the matter? I thought that was a pretty good joke.

MOL: I know. Now come on and have your breakfast. I've got some nice country sausage and --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: CAN'T WE HAVE A MINUTE'S QUIET IN THIS HOUSE? HERE I AM HALF SICK WITH INDIGESTION, and I can't even eat my wheat cakes and pork sausage in peace!

MOL: Calm yourself, McGee...I'll see who it is...COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there, Daughter...Hello, Johnny. How you fixed for Valentines? Got some beauties...with cupids on 'em, but I'd advise ye not to take 'em.

MOL: What's the matter with the cupids?

OLD M: Too riskay, daughter..tsk!..tsk!..the kids ain't dressed decent!

MOL: Oh!

OLD M: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: Don't believe we want any today, Old Timer. Personally I can never decide between the comic ones and the sentimental ones. Never know whether to wow 'em or Woo 'em! (LAUGHS)

OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny. And that's EXACTLY the way I heered it!

FIB: It is?

OLD M: Yep.

MOL: Detail for detail?

OLD M: Yep.

FIB: Word for word?

OLD M: Yep...er...wel-l-l...not QUITE, Johnny. The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE THEY HAD QUITE A COLD SNAP DOWN SOUTH." "I'LL SAY THEY DID", says tother feller, "GOT SO COLD THE BOLL WEEVILS WERE SWAPPIN' A BALE O' COTTON FOR A POUND O' WOOL!" Heh heh heh! Say, ain't you up kinda early today, Johnny?

FIB: Who, me? Nope, this ain't early for an Old Army bugler.

OLD M: Bugler, eh?

FIB: Yes, and a good one, too! Even got decorated by General Pershing. And as he was pinnin' the medal on me, he says, "Boys", he says, "THERE'S NOBODY IN THE ARMY THAT KNOWS THE BUGLE LIKE MCGEE." BUGLE-NOSE MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh, dear.

FIB: BUGLE-NOSE MCGEE, THE BRAINIEST BLOWER O' THE BATTLE-BAZOOKA THAT EVER BULLDOZED A BATALLION O' BRAVE BOYS TO BOLT BED AND BLANKET FOR BATH AND BREAKFAST BY BLARIN' A BEDLAM O' BELLOWS ON THE BRASS BAGPIPE. BRINGIN' BRAVOS AND BOUQUETS BY THE BRILLIANCE O' MY BALIADS AT BANQUETS, BENEFITS AND BARBECUES, AND BOOSTED AS THE BEETHOVEN OF THE BUGLE FROM MR. BRAHMS WAY BACK IN EUROPE - What's that I smell?

MOL: YOUR CAKES AND SYRUP!

ORK: "GIVE A LITTLE WHISTLE" - FADE FOR:

WIL: COMM'L

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
2-6-40
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

-11-

Opening Commercial

WILCOX: (CUE)

While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return,
I'd like your attention for just a minute.

(PAUSE....2 SECONDS)

Tonite I have a pleasant surprise for all you good friends who have been buying JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S Paste and Liquid WAX. Our sponsors have declared a Consumer Dividend on these famous polishes -- a dividend for our customers -- which gives you one-third more for your money....On most dealers' counters right now -- for as long as they last -- you'll find extra-large packages of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX -- containing one-third more than the regular sizes. You pay only the regular price. The extra one-third is your Consumer Dividend in appreciation of the way you have been buying JOHNSON polishes. This Dividend offer is good for all important sizes -- pints, pounds, quarts, gallons, etc.

But remember, dealer stocks are limited. They'll go fast! So ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S Paste and Liquid WAX in the extra-large containers that give you one-third more for your money.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(2nd SPOT)

(2nd REVISION)

-12-

FIB: Boy, were them cakes and sausages good! I'm so dad-ratted stuffed I could hardly get dressed. LOOK, can't even get my belt around me.

MOL: That's the strap off your wrist-watch, dearie.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. I wondered what made the buckle tick like that.

MOL: I see you shaved too.

FIB: Yeah. I didn't want this Orson Welles guy to get the idea he'd started a fad. Ohh boy, am I stuffed! Come on, let's go for a walk.

MOL: Here....let me help you with your coat. THERE! My, you look so well in a mackinaw, dearie....but I guess you're just the outdoor type.

FIB: Go on....am I really? Shucks, I never -- HEY, WHERE'S MY OTHER MITTEN?

MOL: Oh, dear. MCGEE, IF YOU LOSE THOSE MITTENS ONCE MORE I'LL HAVE TO PUT THE STRING BACK ON 'EM!

FIB: Okay....I'll be careful....let's go.

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH & SLAM....FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH & SIDEWALK...FADE)

FIB: Don't walk so fast, Molly -- I'm too full of breakfast.
MOL: All right. Here... ~~the~~ ^{ut} hold ~~the~~ hand
FIB: Eh? Okay. You know, we oughtta.....
MOL: Oh look, McGee -- here comes Mrs. Uppington. Look at her walkin' along with her nose up in the air.
FIB: Yeah. She holds her head so high she's got a double chin on the back of her neck!
MOL: I'm afraid we'll have to stop and talk to the old cat. She's.....OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON...SO NICE TO SEE YOU!
UPP: Oh, How do you do, Mrs. Mc Gee...and Mr. McGee...
FIB: Hi, Uppy. Whatcha limpin' for? Gotta charley-horse?
MOL: If she has, I'll bet it's ~~the~~ a thoroughbred!
UPP: Well...(LAUGHS) Well, it's really a result of trying to form our Wistful Vista concert orchestra. You see, when Maestro Mills took me to reclaim some of the band instruments from the..er ... from the....er..oh what DO you call those quaint little novelty stores with the three big grapefruit ovan the door?
MOL: ~~the~~ *Could they purchase the rock shops?*
UPP: Oh yes...er...Hoek shops...(LAUGHS) You know - I had always believed those were some sort of fruit and vegetable stores...(LAUGHS)
FIB: Well, they are, kinda, Uppy. That's where you go to trade your old 10-carat turnip for five berries. But what's that got to do with your limp?

UPP: Oh yes...(LAUGHS)...Oh, I'm almost ashamed to tell you... it's SO ridiculous....you see the back seat of my town car was simply FILLED with band instruments....and I...well, somehow I got trapped in a tuba! (LAUGHS) Really....such a time as we had and to extricate me...Doctor Mills had to play three choruses "Ain'tcha Comin' Out?"....(LAUGHS)
Oh, I guess I'm such a silly girl! Well, good byeeeeeee.
SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)
MOL: I wish she'd have got caught in a violin instead of a tuba. I was all set with a crack about the Cat and the Fiddle. Oh well....
FIB: Come on, Molly....keep walkin'....I'm cold. If we don't....
MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox!
WIL: WELL, HELLO THERE, FOLKS....out for a little constitutional?
FIB: No, just takin' a walk.
WIL: Is that so...well, walking is great stuff, all right. But that isn't the way I get my exercise....
FIB: Oh oh....FOLKS, IN THE YEAR 1900, A.D., A LITTLE CHILD WAS BORN. AND AS HE TODDLED ACROSS THE KITCHEN FLOOR OF A MODEST LITTLE HOME IN OMAHA, NEBRASKA, HE SAW, IN HIS CHILDISH IMAGINATION...A VISION. A VISION OF HIMSELF, AS A GROWN MAN, STILL TODDLING ABOUT A KITCHEN FLOOR. THAT FLOOR IS YOURS, FOLKS. AND THAT MAN STANDS BEFORE US TODAY!... HARLOW WILCOX!.....Take it from there, Harlow.
WIL: What are you talking about? I was about to tell you how I got my daily exercise.
MOL: Well, how DO you get your exercise, Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: Yes, Harlow...as the Indian Chief said to his long-lost brother who he hadn't seen for 25 years because he'd been workin' in the mint, posin' for pennies. "HOW"?

WIL: Oh, it's simple....setting up exercises in the morning... brisk canter through the park...hour or so of handball in the gym...and er...er.. (PAUSE)

MOL: Well...go on. Don't you get any exercise...er...delivering those big cans of...of...oh YOU KNOW!

WIL: Oh yes...that too. Well, glad to see you looking so well, Fibber. ... Keep it up, Pal! We're all proud of you.... well, so long, Molly. Take good care of that old Fibber-boy!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox!!!

FIB: Well, as the President says when they asked him about his 3rd term. (PAUSE) Ahem! Molly, do you realize he didn't say a WORD about Johnson's Glocoat?

MOL: Why, he didn't...did he? Or how marvelous Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat is for linoleum floors.

FIB: AND DID YOU HEAR HOW HE TALKED ABOUT ME! "They're PROUD of me,"... "Old FIBBER-BOY"....

MOL: Well, I don't see anything wrong in that. We ARE proud of you!

FIB: Say! -- WHAT IS ALL THIS ANYWAY?

MOL: What's what?

FIB: Everybody bein' so dad ratted nice to me. First Gildersleeve Gildersleeve gets - - -

BOOM: (FADE IN) AH THERE, GOOD DAY, SHORT, SHARP AND SHIPSHAPE! And good day to you, My dear.

FIB: Hiyah, Boomer.

BOOM: Been looking for you charming people. Want to present you with a couple of tickets to the preview of Pinocchio.

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MOL: Oh how nice!

FIB: Aw come off it, Boomer...you don't give nobody nothin'. What's the angle.

BOOM: There is no angle, Worm! It's just because I love you, chum...now let me see ... where did I put those tickets for Pinocchio? ... Pinocchio, Pinocchio ...

FIB: I think it's all a jokio!

BOOM: Now let me see...here's a letter from my nephew, Agamemnon. ...Says he would have passed the bar examination but he flunked in Dry Martinis. Handful of crossword puzzles...ah yes...I was saving those for a brainy day...HMM WHAT'S THIS? Oh yes...Funeral notice of an old friend of mine...poor lad... he was an expert at telling mushrooms from toadstools...he thought! Here's a neat little stiletto...hope to play a game of mumblety-peg on a certain party's epiglottis tonight.... Well, well..IMAGINE THIS. HERE THEY ARE! - TWO TICKETS TO PINOCCHIO!

MOL: Oh THANK you Mr. Boomer!

BOOM: Not at all, my dear...glad to do it...always been an admirer of yours and your handsome little husband! Good day!

FIB: Her handsome little hus...WELL I'LL BE A...WHAT GOES ON HERE! I'LL GET A NASTY ANSWER OUTTA SOMEBODY IF IT TAKES ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN! Are the King's Horses here?

MOL: No, but the KING'S MEN are.

FIB: Eh? Oh that's swell...Folks, we present the KING'S MEN... who will sing a beloved old American classic. The King's Men!

KING'S MEN AND ORCH: ("OLD MACDONALD'S FARM")

(APPLAUSE)

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SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WALK

MOL: Come on McGee...we're nearly home...aren't you feeling any better?

FIB: No. I ain't. Dad rat it why did you make me eat all them wheat cakes and sausages, Molly?

MOL: Wasn't that terrible of me? Oh, I'm such a bad girl to you, aren't I?

FIB: You.....SAY I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE! THERE'S SO DAD RATTED MUCH SWEETNESS AND LIGHT I'M GETTIN' A LITTLE SUSPIC - what's the matter, Molly?

MOL: Here comes that little girl from across the street, McGee.

FIB: Good! Maybe I can pick a fight with her.

MOL: Now, McGee...pick on somebody your own size.

FIB: Well...she's just about the size of the fight I wanna pick. HIYAH, LITTLE GIRL!

TEE: Hiyah, mister. Whatcha doin'?

FIB: Oh just takin' a walk.

TEE: Where to?

FIB: Ohhhh - no place.

TEE: Hmmmmm?

FIB: I says NO PLACE...NOT WALKIN' ANYWHERE.

TEE: Well gee...then how do you know when you get there?

FIB: NOW LISTEN SIS...I AIN'T IN ANY MOOD FOR POLITE CHIT-CHAT, NOW LEMME PAST. I GOTTA FINISH MY WALK.

TEE: Oookaaay. Can I take your walk with you, mister? Hmmmmm?

Can I please? Hmmm? Can I?

FIB: No you can't...this is for my health.

TEE: Well, remember what Confucious said.

FIB: What Confucious say?

TEE: CONFUCIOUS SAY: QUOTE, "MAN TAKE LONG WALK -- MATTER OF HEALTH. "LADY TAKE LONG WALK.-- MATTER OF FORM". UNQUOTE.

FIB: Aw quit kiddin' sis. You heard that someplace, I don't believe there ever was a guy named Confucious.

TEE: Me either, I betcha.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

TEE: Don't you think Confucious ever lived?

TEE: No. (GIGGLES) I think he was the little Mandarin who wasn't there, I betcha. Well g'bye, mister....Don't forget I'm gonna marry you when you grow up!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WALK:

FIB: (LAUGHS) She's gonna marry me when I grow up! (A TAKE) WHEN I GROW UP! Did she say that? Why that little -

MOL: Calm yourself, calm yourself...we're almost home.

SOUND: ARF ARF ARF!

MOL: Oh, there's Mr. Gildersleeve's Great Dane..He's brought you a stick, McGee...he wants you to throw it for him to fetch back.

FIB: I'll throw it for him!...HERE HAMLET...GIMME THAT STICK! (DOG PANTS) Now...I'll throw this so far that by the time he gets back he'll be a Great-Great-Great-Great Dane. (UGH) THERE!!..FETCHIT, HAMLET!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH OFF MIKE.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...look what you did...broke a window in Mr. Gildersleeve's house.

FIB: Well, dad-rat it, it wasn't my fault. I just threw it where the dog told me to.

MOL: That's perfectly right, dearie....that dog should be taught not to give people sticks to throw and break windows with. But just to be safe...we better duck into the house....

FIB: Naw let's stay right here...I hope Gildersleeve DOES get sore ... I been just pining for a cross word from somebody all day.

MOL: Well..here he comes, McGee...

FIB: This oughtta be good....The minute he leads with his right, I'll cross with my left. (GRUNTS)..give him the old Dempsey one-two Coww! (GRUNTS)

MOL: Oh stop shadow-boxing, McGee...you'll need your strength....

FIB: Well, I'm glad I finally -

HAL: (FADE IN) MCGEE....DID YOU BREAK MY DINING ROOM WINDOW?

MOL: Well, you see, Mir. Gildersleeve' -

FIB: Lemme handle this, Molly. (LAUGHS) YES, GILDERSLEEVE I DID BUST YOUR WINDOW! SO WHAT?

HAL: Well, it was a peach of a shot! If I ever saw one!

FIB: Eh? You mean...

HAL: (LAUGHS) But I'll bet you didn't do it on the first try.

MOL: Why he did, too, Mr. Gildersleeve...

HAL: Oh yeah? (LAUGHS)

FIB: DAD RAT IT, GILDERSLEEVE I DID, I TELL YOU. I JUST TOOK THAT STICK...WOUND UP...LIKE THIS...AND LET 'ER FLICKER...(UGH!)

Like that!

SOUND: GLASS CRASH OFF MIKE

FIB: Oh oh!!! Gee, Gildersleeve I didn't mean -

HAL: THAT WAS SPLENDID, MCGEE....YOU'VE GOT A WONDERFUL EYE!

(LAUGHS)

MOL: But Mr. Gildersleeve...that was the stained-glass window in your dining room. It's ruined.

HAL: Yes, I know...(LAUGHS) Shake hands, McGee....If you'd had to sit at my breakfast table ~~under~~ ^{underneath} that stained glass window and see my mother-in-law. ~~see~~ in TECHNICOLOR....well... (LAUGHS)

FIB: Well shucks, Gildersleeve, I - I...

HAL: Bet you cant make it three out of three, McGee! Come on.. try it again. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh now wait a minute,bhoys..after all-

HAL: COME ON, MCGEE...SEE IF YOU CAN HIT THAT LITTLE WINDOW UP THERE ON THE LEFT..UPSTAIRS....WE'LL SURPRISE MY WIFE..SHE'S TAKING A BATH. (LAUGHS)

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FIB: No thanks, Gildy...I..I'd like to but..NO, I BETTER NOT.
HAL: SCAREDY CAT! (LAUGHS)
MOL: Oh stop it, you two...control your energy..the marble
season will open soon. Just send us a bill for the
broken windows, Mr. Gildersleeve.
HAL: OH NO...FORGET IT, FOLKS...I ENJOYED IT. ... (LAUGHS)
Well thanks a lot, McGee... (FADE OUT) My I wish I could
throw an old stick like you ... (LAUGHS)
FIB: That does it....THAT ABSOLUTELY DOES IT!
MOL: Does what, Darling?
FIB: And NEVER MIND THE "DARLING", EITHER...TOO. I WANNA KNOW
WHAT'S GOT INTO EVERYBOD.....(PAUSE) Molly!
MOL: Yez?
FIB: Look me in the eye....
MOL: Yes?
FIB: DID YOU GO AND BUY THAT FUR COAT AFTER WE DECIDED THAT
IT COST TOO MUCH? IS THAT WHY YOU BEEN SO -
MOL: No dearie...I didn't buy it.
FIB: No..I guess you didn't. That wouldn't explain why Boomer
and Wilcox and everybody has been so dad ratted nicey-nice
all day. MOLLY, FOR GOODNESS SAKE...WHAT IS IT....I
CAN'T STAND ALL THIS STUFF...EVERYTHING IS TOO PLEASANT.
I AIN'T USED TO IT...PLEASE...WHAT IS IT?
MOL: Oh heavenly days, McGee...don't you know?
FIB: No.
MOL: WHY THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY!
FIB: My birthda-...WELL WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE
THINGS!
ORK: "PINCH ME" - FADE FOR -
WIL: COMMERCIAL:

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Fibber McGee & Molly
2-6-40
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: Here's an interesting letter we received recently from
a lady in Kentucky.

"Since using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT," she writes, "I've
decided it should be listed, not only under household
hints, but under beauty hints as well! I could hardly
believe my eyes when I beheld what GLO-COAT had done for
our drab-looking floors. It was amazing, this new beauty
-- and it took hours off my work, giving me more time for
relaxation and personal beauty care!"

It's naturally gratifying to any manufacturer to get
letters like that. And the truth is, of course, the
product itself has to merit them. That letter was written
because JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT actually does
do wonders for drab-looking floors -- especially kitchen
linoleum floors -- without any work of rubbing or buffing.
It does save hours of cleaning -- it does give more time
for relaxation and personal beauty care. And it will do
these things for you, so why not buy a can of JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE

(TAG GAG)

MOL: Well...happy birthday, McGee...do you feel any older?
FIB: Nope....only thing that makes me feel old is when I think
o' the wonderful inventions that have been made since
I was born.....automobiles...radio...televi - WHY
I'LL BET ONE OF THESE DAYS WE HAVE TELEVISION RIGHT IN OUR
AUTOMOBILES.

MOL: No -

FIB: Imagine seein' Fibber McGee's face right on your
dashboard.

MOL: Oh, wonderful. Right next to the choke.

FIB: Yes, right ne---er AHEM. Oh, well. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

SEGUE

("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the maker's of
JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-CCAT,
AND inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday
night. Goodnight.

NBC
ANNOUNCER: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)

END
OF
REEL