

S. C. JOHNSON & SON

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY -- #243

NBC - RED

April 2, 1940

(REVISED)

Rice

WRITERS:

DON QUINN
LEN LEVINSON

6:30-7:00 PM

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: The Johnson's Wax Program....with Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORK: THEME:

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, the King's Men and Billy Mills' orchestra. The show opens with "Say Si-Si".

ORK: "SAY SI SI"

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN")(FADE)

b.

k

WIL: THERE'S AN OLD SAYING TO THE EFFECT THAT YOU SHOULDN'T SEND A BOY ON A MAN'S ERRAND. THE SAME THING APPLIES TO SENDING A MAN ON A WOMAN'S ERRAND. BECAUSE HERE, ENTERING THE FRONT DOOR AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WITH A LARGE BUNDLE TO BE GREETED BY HIS WAITING SPOUSE, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY! --

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

FIB: Here I am, Molly. I'm home!

MOL: Did you get it, McGee?

FIB: Yup. I got it all right.

MOL: What took you so long?

FIB: Here's your package. Had to go to six different places before I could get one I liked.

MOL: WHAT? Well, what on earth --

FIB: Here...lemme show ye -

SOUND: (RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: Looka that...ain't it a beauty? And listen to the tone of it!

SOUND: (CRASH OF SYMBOL)

FIB: Only cost me seven-ninety-five, too. Here.

MOL: WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MCGEE? WHAT DO I WANT THIS FOR?

FIB: That's what I kept askin' myself all the time I was shoppin' for it. I kep' thinkin'...now what does Molly need a cymbal for?

MOL: MCGEE...I SAID THIMBLE! - not Cymbal!

FIB: Eh? You did? Well, dad rat it, how should I know...you had a mouthful o' pins at the time.

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

MOL: Oh dear...COME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny...hello daughter. How you fixed for sewing supplies. I got thread...needles, safety pins!.. thimbles!

MOL: THIMBLES...Oh, thank goodness...give me a thimble.

OLD MAN: SURE WILL, DAUGHTER. Here ye are. Two bits.

FIB: Okay. Here's a quarter, Old Timer. (LAUGHS) Kind of a coincidence, you comin' in here with thimbles just at this particular time.

OLD MAN: That's what you think, Johnny. "I seen you downtown buyin' that cymbal and I thought to myself, I'LL BET THAT DARN FOOL DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE WAS SENT OUT TO GET!

FIB: All right, all right. As the ball-player says when the trainer poured liniment on his charley-horse, "RUB IT IN, RUB IT IN!"

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 tother feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE THE FASHION EXPERTS CLAIM THAT SKIRTS ARE GETTIN' SHORTER AGAIN!" "That's interesting," says tother feller, FIRST THEY WEAR 'EM DOWN TO THEIR INSTEPS AND THEN THEY WEAR 'EM UP TO THEIR STEP-INS!" Heh heh heh!....Got a topper for that one, Johnny?

FIB: Nope.

OLD MAN: Okay. So long, kids.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: That guy reminds me of Paycheck. Healthy lookin', but quickly spent! Anybody call while I was gone, Molly?

MOL: No, it's been very quiet around here, dearie--

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Up till now! Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Gildersleeve!

HAL: Hello there, Fibber. Hello, Mrs. McGee....my goodness, I'm glad to find you at home!

FIB: Smatter, Gildersleeve?

HAL: McGee....I'm in a quandary.

FIB: Is that so? I had a job in a quandary once. All day long, breakin' out slabs o' rock as big as your -- bigger!!.

HAL: Now look, McGee....I'm all upset. My wife has gone out-of-town for a few days, and I don't know what to do--

MOL: Good for you, Mr. Gildersleeve! Most men can think of too many things to do when their wife leaves town.

HAL: But here's the situation...I've got to go, too. She just wired me. I'll be gone about four days and there is no one to take care of our canary and feed the goldfish.

MOL: We'll be glad to keep an eye on your house for you, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Oh, thank you, thank you. That's a load off my mind. You won't have to go over until tomorrow morning. Here are the keys, Mrs. McGee.

JINGLE OF KEYS: LOUDER THIS TIME:

MOL: I hope you're not having to go out of town because of any trouble, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Oh no...it's just a little upsetting is all. My wife's sister is having another baby. We go down there every year about this time. WELL, THANK YOU VERY, VERY MUCH, FOLKS...I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I GET BACK.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: It's an imposition, that's what it is.

MOL: It's no such a thing, McGee..

FIB: I hope Gildersleeve has got better cigars than the ones he had last time I was over there.

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SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

UPP: Ohh, Mrs. McGee...I DO hope I'm not intruding, but I simply HAD to run in and tell you about a new little beauty shop I discovered!

MOL: Oh...how nice.

UPP: My dear...they're simply marvelous, reahhly!

FIB: Have they been workin' on you, Uppy?

UPP: Why...er...why yes...why?

FIB: I just wondered. Looks like they'd given your hair a mudpack and your face a marcel. (LAUGHS)

UPP: (LAUGHS) Yes, their work is simply horrible... perfectly ghastly! But the dialogue...oh my...

(LAUGHS) I never heard so much SCANDAL in my life...reahhly. I was simply ENTRANCED!

Why, do you know what they were saying about Mrs Depopolus - they say she is ABSOLUTELY the (WHISPERS)- - -

MOL: Oh heavenly days!!

PP: Why don't you come with me the next time I have an appointment, my deah...it's such fun.

MOL: Mrs. Uppington - if you think for one minute that Molly McGee would go to a beauty shop for the sole purpose of listening to a lot of silly gossip, let's make it about Wednesday.

FIB: Hmmm. There's gonna be more ears burning in this town than you could shake a tube of Unguentine at!

PP: I KNOW you'll simply LOVE this place, Mrs. McGee...it's SO quaint and amusing. Why, when I told one of the operators I wanted my hair touched up she called to one of the othah girls and said "HEY MABLE....GIVE THE OLD HENNA RINSE!" (LAUGHS) Well, don't forget to call me Wednesday, my deah....Goodbyyyyyyee.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: That old snooper has started more scandals than George White.

MOL: Yes, if the W.P.A. ever wants to fill in the Grand Canyon, she can give 'em enough dirt.

FIB: Well come on, Molly - dontcha think we ought to get over to Gildersleeve's?

MOL: No - He said tomorrow was time enough to..... STILL....It hurts me to think of those poor little goldfish swimming around all alone over there..... what if one of 'em should get a cramp?

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
 APRIL 2, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (To be read during middle of the second musical number by:

Wilcox from Hollywood to Pacific Coast Red, California Supplementary and Arizona Stations.

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

.....

Have you ever waked up in the middle of an April night, and suddenly realized it was raining in your window? You get up and close the window -- then chances are you find an old ^{CLOTH} towel and wipe up the rain so the finish won't be spoiled on your windowsill. That's all right -- but I can tell you something better to do! Next morning get out your can or bottle of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, and protect all your windowsills with WAX. The hard film of JOHNSON'S WAX acts like a shield. It protects the finish from streaking and spotting. It makes cleaning easier. And it makes the windowsill and the entire room more beautiful. WAXING windowsills is one of the 100 extra uses listed right on your package of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid. WAX your woodwork, table tops, chair arms -- your leather goods, lampshades, picture frames. And, of course, JOHNSON WAX your floors, for rich mellow beauty and easier housecleaning.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OFF WALK ON PORCH...JINGLE OF KEYS IN LOCK...

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Well! ~~They~~ ^{Gildersleeve} got a new rug in the hall, I see. Imitation oriental.

FIB: Is it? Do you know Oriental rugs that well?

MOL: No, but I know Mrs. Gildersleeve that well.

FIB: Okay....Wonder where Gildersleeve keeps his cigars...

MOL: Look at these curtains in the living room, McGee. She told me she paid 22 dollars for these. If she did, - I'm Deanna Durbin. Why I saw the same ones at the Bon-Ton for 4.98.

FIB: Lemme feel of 'em. Hmmmmm. Feel kinda cheap. Any give to 'em?

SOUND: LOUD RIPPING SOUND:

FIB: Nope. No give....they ARE cheap.

MOL: I've seen the same kind of material glued to the back of a cheese.

SOUND: PIANO KEYS AT RANDOM:

FIB: Lousy tone on this piano. If I get time I'll tune it for him.

MOL: What do you know about tuning a piano?

FIB: Saw a guy do it once. All you gotta do is twist them little pegs and hammer on the keys till it sounds good.

MOL: What little pegs?

FIB: On the inside here...wait'll I lift the top....UGH....guess it's stuck....UGH....

SOUND: WOOD SPLINTER.....CRASH AND THUD:

MOL: Musta opened it from the wrong side.

FIB: Oh well....looks more informal this way. What do they think this is....Carnegie Hall?

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: I wonder who that is. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MAN: Mr. Gildersleeve?

FIB: Whatcha want, bud?

MAN: I wanted to get some credit information about the people next door, A Mr. & Mrs. McGee. Are they reliable?

MOL: Oh, extremely! -Wonderful people.

MAN: Have they any ...er...are they pretty well to do?

FIB: Why, bud, - I hear McGee is worth around a hundred thousand. Though he lives pretty quiet. What store did they ask for credit on?

MAN: Oh, this is for a collection agency. They owe fifty six bucks, on a set of encyclopaedias. We were about to give 'em up as hopeless, but if they're that well off we'll really start hounding 'em! Thanks a lot, Mr. Gildersleeve!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Now you've done it, McGee. The way you stick your neck out I think your mother must have been frightened by a giraffe.

FIB: Well, shucks, I didn't say any more'n you di...OH LOOK... HERE'S that fancy shortwave radio Gildersleeve's always braggin' about.

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ldersleeve's always

MOL: It IS nice, though.

FIB: I'll bet it ain't as good as Gildersleeve says. To hear him talk he gets a better foreign reception than Sumner Welles.

MOL: Let's try it.....

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: CLICK: HUM OF TUBES WARMING:

ORK: FADE IN SPANISH MUSIC WITH CASTINETS: FADE FOR:

THOMP: (IN BASTARD SPANISH) Buenas noches, senors, y senores.

FIB: Hmm! Sweden!

THOMP: (JARGON)por la Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-coat....
(JARGON) spell Jay-oh-n-s-o-n appa-stroffey s:
G-hal-oh-heefen C-ho-hay-T.....If you have not used Glocoat you have not used any-THING.... (JARGON) and is pour him on, spread him around and let him dry like a looking-GLASS....and is to make the linoleum muy exquisita, muy hermosa, muy belliza and is positivamente no-rubbing y positivamente no-buffing. - MEMORIA! -- Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat a todo Dealers! Your announcer is Pedro Gonzalez Velasquez Castillo Ramirez Diego de Cordoba de Wilcox saying Buenos noches y hasta manana, senors y senores from station W-A-X in Brazeel!

SOUND: CHIMES....CLICK

FIB: Brazil is certainly a beautiful language, ain't it? Dad rat it where's Gildersleeve's cigars.

MOL: W

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: N

SOUND: D

BOOM: W

MOL: H

BOOM: L

MOL: S

BOOM: I

SOUND: (D

FIB: I

MOL: H

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CASTINETS: FADE FOR:

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e's cigars.

MOL: Well while you look for 'em, I'm goin' upstairs and take a
peek at Mrs. Gildersleeve's wardrobe. And maybe try on a
few hats. She has such - -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: -Now who in the- COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

BOOM: WELL...well..imagine meeting you here, Poison-puss. Good day,
my dears.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer!

BOOM: Like to speak to my old friend Gildersleeve, if you don't
mind. And if you do mind, I'd still like to speak to him.

MOL: Sorry, Mr. Boomer. Mr. Gildersleeve has gone out of town.
We're just keepin' an eye on the place.

BOOM: Is that so! In that case I'll just leave my personal card
for Mr. Gildersleeve so he'll know I was in.... personal
cards...personal cards.... Let me see now....small package
of counterfeit twenties...(LAUGHS) Yes yes...that dough is so
hot it smells like a bakery wagon....nasty note from my
tailor - the old sew-and-sew! Postcard from Sheila the
Shoplifter....unfortunate girl - doing a two-way-stretch for
stealing a girdle....glass eye...taking it down town to have
a cinder removed....and a check for a short beer. WELL WELL
....IMAGINE THAT...NO PERSONAL CARDS! Must have my engraver
make some right away though I hate to take him off those
twenty dollar bills. Good day, my dear! Bon soir, Birdbrain.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Imagine that guy, Molly!

MOL: He's so crooked if he turned around fast he'd bore a hole
thru the floor.

(2ND REVISION) 14-15-16-17.

FIB: Oh well...Hey...look at the funny telephone.
MOL: That's a French phone, dearie.
FIB: Go on...Gildersleeve can't talk French. What's he tryin' to do...put on the dog?
MOL: Those phones talk English, too.
FIB: They do? Lemme try it. Who can we call up? Oh, I know.... I ain't talked to old Mel Shauer in New York for a long time.
MOL: NEW YORK? Won't that be pretty expensive?
FIB: It's Gildersleeve's phone, Molly -- and it ain't polite to ask your host how much things cost.
MOL: That's right. Go ahead.
FIB: (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME LONG DISTANCE. -- I wanna talk to New York. The number is Eldorado 55580...(HUMS)...HELLO,
MEL: FIBBER MCGEE, MEL!...HOW'S EVERY LITTLE - Get off the line, Myrt, I got my party.
MOL: Oh my...You go ahead and talk, dearie...(FADE) I'm goin' upstairs and look around....
FIB: What say Mel? NO...NOTHIN' SPECIAL...NAW....HANG THE EXPENSE! HEY, MEL...HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE GUY THAT COMES IN THE BAKERY SHOP AND ORDERS A BIRTHDAY CAKE? THIS GUY COMES IN, SEE...AND SAYS HE WANTS A BIRTHDAY CAKE, (FADES OUT) THREE LAYERS, SIX INCHES HIGH -----
ORK: "FU MANCHU" -- KINGS MEN:
APPLAUSE:
WIL: (OVER INTRO) Here are the King's Men singing "Fu Manchu".
(APPLAUSE)

3RD SPOT

FIB: And here's
GUY COMES B
THE BAKER S
SAYS NO..."
MEL? OH, Y
OH, THAT'S I
OKAY,..SO LA
I gonna....
MOL: (FADE IN)
Gildersleeve
forgetmenot
FIB: Looks like
Gildersleeve
KNOCK AT DOOR:
MOL: COME IN!
SOUND: DOOR OPEN A
TEE: Hi, mister.
FIB: Oh, hello th
TEE: Well, I came
FIB: Well, he is
here I suppe
and the Bear
TEE: Awww no. TI
high an ele
FIB: It is, oh?
TEE: Is it?

b

FIB: And here's the payoff, Mel. - SO FOR THE SEVENTH TIME THE GUY COMES BACK AND SAYS IS MY CAKE READY AND IT WAS...AND THE BAKER SAYS SHALL I, WRAP IT UP FOR YOU? AND THE GUY SAYS NO..."I'LL EAT IT HERE!" (LAUGHS LIKE HELL) WHAT SAY, MEL? OH, YOU HEARD IT BEFORE!...GLAD YOU CALLED, MEL. EH? OH, THAT'S RIGHT....I CALLED YOU UP, DIDN'T I? (LAUGHS) OKAY,..SO LONG, MEL. (CLICK) Now, let's see...what was I gonna....oh! Hey, Molly!

MOL: (FADE IN) Here I am, dearie. Look at this hat of Mrs. Gildersleeve's. What a combination...leather and forgetmenots!

FIB: Looks like a bull in a flower shop. Did you look over Gildersleeve's stuff? How many pairs o' pants has he -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl. What'dja want?

TEE: Well, I came over to have Mr. Gildersleeve tell me a story.

FIB: Well, he isn't here, but as long as I'm takin' Gildy's place here I suppose I'll have to follow through. How about Jack and the Beanstalk?

TEE: Awww no. That's merely a childish fantasy with much too high an element of improbability, I betcha.

FIB: It is, eh?

TEE: Is it?

FIB: EH?
 TEE: HMMMMMMMM?
 FIB: I...well, ho
 TEE: No. Too mor
 FIB: The Pied Pip
 TEE: Too moralist
 FIB: WELL, DAD RA
 VALUABLE TIM
 WIND, YOU'RE
 TEE: You doan kno
 Chile...sho
 FIB: No, I don't.
 TEE: Well, sugah.
 stoah-y of G
 FIB: Oh, ye can,
 TEE: HMMMMMMMM?
 FIB: WELL, DO IT
 TEE: I sho' nuff
 book, after
 the Blue and
 FIB: ...and in th
 TEE: In the movie
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SOUND: DOOR SLAM
(APPLAUSE)

WITH TIME THE
 IT WAS...AND
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 (ELL) WHAT SAY,
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 (LAUGHS)
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 at of Mrs.
 and
 look over
 has he -
 ll me a story.
 Gildy's place
 How about Jack
 h much too

FIB: EH?
 TEE: HMMMMMMMM?
 FIB: I...well, how about Little Red Riding Hood?
 TEE: No. Too morbid.
 FIB: The Pied Piper?
 TEE: Too moralistic.
 FIB: WELL, DAD RAT IT, SIS, IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA TAKE MY VALUABLE TIME TO TELL YOU THE STORY OF GONE WITH THE WIND, YOU'RE MISTAKEN. Besides, I don't know the story.
 TEE: You doan know the story of Goan With The Wind, Honey Chile...sho nuff?
 FIB: No, I don't...and you can lay off that Birmingham brogue.
 TEE: Well, sugah...ah'll betcha ah kin tell you-all the stoah-y of Goan With The Wind in Two sentences, I betcha.
 FIB: Oh, ye can, eh?
 TEE: HMMMMMMMM?
 FIB: WELL, DO IT THEN, HONEY CHI....ER...SIS.
 TEE: I sho' nuff will, sugah. GOAN WITH THE WIND: In the book, after a 1000 pages, the readah discovahs that the Blue and Gray come togethah in the deep Sacouth.
 FIB: ...and in the movie?
 TEE: In the movie, sugah-lamb, after ^{with}four hours, the audience discovahs that the Black and Blue come togethah in the same vicinity. Good evenin', suh!
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM
 (APPLAUSE)

b

MOL: Look, McGee.
 maybe we be
 FIB: That's a tho
 MOL: Out here in
 there, Dick
 (PAUSE)
 FIB: Maybe you're
 RICHARD?
 SOUND: CANARY
 FIB: See...you g
 been --
 MOL: MCGEE...WHAT
 FIB: Gonna let h
 SOUND: RATTLE OF W
 MOL: Isn't he pr
 FIB: Aw, I know
 time..HEY,
 LET HIM GET
 MOL: HERE DICKY
 SOUND: RUNNING FLEE
 FIB: WHERE'D he
 MOL: He's up on
 stand on the

b

WANT...

e charges

20 cents

E ANY...

..MCGEE...

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
4-2-40
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

Closing Commercial

ANNCR: While we're waiting for Fibber and Molly to return, may I offer a suggestion that may save many of you quite a lot of money. It is this -- make your linoleum floor covering last longer by protecting it. In the old days, women used to scrub their kitchen floors at least once a week -- in an effort to keep them clean. You remember how your mother always spread old newspapers around so you wouldn't track up her clean, scrubbed floor!

Well, nowadays we know that continual scrubbing actually ruins linoleum. It softens the finish, finally makes it warp and split. That's why so many women write us that JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT actually makes their linoleum last six times longer than when it's unprotected. Linoleum manufacturers themselves recommend this easy, safe method. SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, besides protecting and beautifying linoleum floors, is a wonderful labor-saver -- because it polishes itself -- needs no rubbing or buffing whatsoever. If you're not already a GLO-COAT enthusiast -- order a can today -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

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

FIB: FOLKS...I
THE AIR...
IN THE WOR
MOL: Oh get to
Theatre ne
FIB: Ain't it w
out there
MOL: I certainl
you, press
last us al
MCGEE?
FIB: Gotta go a
MOL: Goodnight,
ORK: (CLOSING S

APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF:

Commercial

Fibber and Molly to return, may
 at may save many of you quite a
 is -- make your linoleum floor
protecting it. In the old days,
 ir kitchen floors at least once
 to keep them clean. You
 r always spread old newspapers
 track up her clean, scrubbed

that continual scrubbing actually
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 G GLO-COAT actually makes their
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 SHING GLO-COAT, besides protecting
 m floors, is a wonderful labor-
 ishes itself -- needs no rubbing
 If you're not already a GLO-COAT
 an today -- JOHNSON'S SELF-

TAG GAG

FIB: FOLKS...IN THE INTEREST OF BIGGER AND BETTER DRAMA ON
 THE AIR...WE HOPE THAT ALL STUDENTS OF ALL THAT IS FINEST
 IN THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE -

MOL: Oh get to it, McGee. Folks, we're gonna be on Lux Radio
 Theatre next week.

FIB: Ain't it wonderful Molly?! Us, doin' a real dramatic show
 out there in Hollywood! You realize what that means?

MOL: I certainly do! It means I have to wash out a shirt for
 you, press a slip for me and make up enough sandwiches to
 last us all the way to Hollywood and back. WHERE YOU GOIN',
 MCGEE?

FIB: Gotta go and find out what time the bus leaves. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

OK (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF: