

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#249

5:30-6:00 PM
Tuesday - May 14, 1940

NBC-Red

(REVISED) -2-

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

ORCH: 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 "I'm Just Wild About Harry".

ORCH: "I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY" (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

"RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (FADE)

WIL: AHHHHH, HERE'S A PLEASANT, PASTORAL PICTURE OF SUBURBAN LIFE!
 THE SQUIRE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA STANDING ON THE FRONT LAWN,
 GARDEN HOSE IN HAND, GRACEFULLY SPRINKLING THE GRASS, AND
 EXCHANGING GREETINGS WITH PASSING NEIGHBORS, BUT YOU KNOW
 AND WE KNOW THAT THINGS CAN'T STAY AS PEACEFUL AS
 THIS WITH --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (WATER SPRINKLING)

FIB: Kinda decent o' me to give you little crocusses and dandelions
 a drink on the house, ain't it? (LAUGHS) Why don't some of
 you run around and see what the boys in the back yard'll have?

(LAUGHS)

SOUND: (WATER SPRINKLING)

FIB: (SINGS) OHHHH, I HAD A COWPONY
 AND HIS NAME WAS DANNY
 WITH THE F-bar-M BRANDED
 RIGHT ON HIS HIPBONE....

Oh, hiyah, Nick!

NICK: Hello there, Fizzer. I am glad to see you watering the
 horticulture because you know why?

FIB: No, why?

NICK: On account of what the old poetry is saying. You know--

THIRSTY DAYS HAS SEPTEMBER

AND THE GRASS IS ALSO THIRSTY IN MAY

BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T KEEP THE GRASS LOOKING GREEN

THEN WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOUR YARD? HEY! HAY!

(LAUGHS) Well, I'll see you later, Fizzer, if I don't look
 out.

FIB: So long, Nick!

SOUND: (WATER SPRINKLING)

FIB: What have you got in your yard, hey hey! As a poet, Nick
 reminds me of Tennyson. Except that Tennyson is dead all
 over.

SOUND: SPRINKLING:

FIB: Take it easy there, you little geraniums. I'll take care
 of you in a minute. There's plenty more water and -

TEE: Hiyah, Mister McGee. Whatcha doin'?

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Little Girl. What does it look like I'm doin'?

TEE: Sprinkling the grass.

FIB: Well, then, whydja ask?

TEE: Because you're such a faker, when I see you doing something
 I always wonder what you're really up to, I betcha.

FIB: You do, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, this is really on the up and
 up, sis. If I don't do this, the grass'll get scorched
 and if the grass gets scorched, my wife'll be burned up,
 too. (LAUGHS) Catch onto it?

TEE: Sure. (GIGGLES) But, Mr. McGee....

FIB: Hmmmmin?

TEE: Why does sprinkling the grass make it stay green? Hmmmmin?
 Why does it? The water isn't green.

FIB: Well, I'll explain it to you.

TEE: Okay.

FIB: Well, sir -

TEE: I'd just LOVE to know, I betcha.

FIB: Good. Now here's what -

TEE: I'll bet this is gonna be awful interesting.

FIB: It is. You see, sis, grass is -

TEE: Gee, I can hardly wait to hear it.

FIB: WELL, DAD RAT IT. HOW CAN I TELL YOU IF YOU KEEP
 INTERRUPTING ME?

TEE: You can't.

FIB: Well, all right then. See that you -

TEE: I won't interrupt any more, I betcha.

FIB: That's fine. As I was gonna say ---

TEE: Because I really wanna know all about it.

FIB: Glad to hear it. Well, sir -

TEE: Is this the beginning?

FIB: YES, THIS IS THE BEGINNING! The SEVENTH beginning, to be exact. Now, look! The reason grass stays nice and green when you sprinkle it is on account of because for the following reasons. A, Grass is a very smart vegetable. B. It is also a ambitious vegetable. C.....

TEE: Yes.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Yes, I see.

FIB: Oh. Well, bein' ambitious, all the little blades of grass wanna grow up to be a great BIG vegetable, like a tree. So, layin' there on the lawn all day, lookin' up at the trees, and wishin' THEY were trees, too, they turn GREEN with envy. Ye see how it works out?

TEE: And personally I think it's a lotta malarkey.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

TEE: Well, gee -- actually, grass contains a chemical substance known to science as chlorophyl. Then the actinic rays of the sun by the process known as photo-synthesis develops the chlorophyl to the point where it becomes visually evident as a distinct green coloration. So you can take that "green-with-envy" stuff and spread it on the grass. That oughtta REALLY make it grow. So long, mister!

ORK: "MY MY" - FADE FOR COMMERCIAL

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 14, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30-PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: With summer just around the corner, you're going to be using your car more than usual. Now, every time you put your foot on that old accelerator and start down the street, how'd you like to hear everybody saying, "Well, the Smith's certainly keep their car looking like a million dollars!" Is that difficult? No, not as long as you have a can of that sensational, new Wax-Polish, JOHNSON'S CARNU. Let me tell you briefly the story of CARNU. First, it does two jobs at once -- it cleans and wax-polishes at the same time, in one easy operation. Second, it actually takes less than half the time cleaning and wax-polishing used to take. Many car owners have told us enthusiastically they did the job in one hour. If your car is very dirty, it may take you a little more - but you'll still say CARNU is a miracle worker. Third, it's very inexpensive. So you see, the old bugaboos are gone - hard work and high cost. Thousands of the country's leading service stations use CARNU for polishing customers' cars. Then why wait - get your can of JOHNSON'S CARNU tomorrow - from your regular wax dealer, or your auto supply store or filling station.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC UP TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SOUND: WATER SPRINKLING

FIB: Take it easy there, grassy grassy grassy. Uncle Fibber'll see that you all get some water.

SOUND: WATER SPRINKLING:

HAL: (FADE IN) Ahh there, McGee...good day. Sprinkling the lawn?

FIB: Who, me? Why no, Gildersleeve. I ain't. The curbstome was on fire, and I'm puttin' it out.

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's very good, McGee. (LAUGHS) You're about as subtle as a bass drum.

FIB: Okay. I'm a bass drum. Now beat it.

HAL: Allright, turn that hose the other way and let me past.

FIB: (LAUGHS) See if you can run under it without gettin' wet, Gildersleeve.

HAL: I WON'T DO IT! I don't want to play games. I've had a hard day at the office and I'm tired.

FIB: Well, it'll do you good to relax. Come on...I'll give you till I count three to get past me. ONE....TWO....

HAL: NOW, CUT IT OUT, MCGEE...STOP IT...

SOUND: SPRINKLING WATER:

FIB: Hurry up, Gildersleeve...outa the way there....(LAUGHS HILARIOUSLY)

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE....I...HEY!...STOP THAT!...CUT IT OUT!... YOU'RE GETTING ME ALL WET!!!

SOUND: WATER:

FIB: (LAUGHS) I always says you were a big sponge, Gildersleeve ...now let's see how much you can soak up! (LAUGHS)

HAL: THAT'S ENOUGH...BY GEORGE, THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! I'M COMING AFTER YOU, MCGEE....

FIB: Oh, yeah? You want this hose right in your face? (LAUGHS) HEY WHAT YOU GONNA DO WITH THAT KNIFE?

HAL: I'm going to cut this hose into bits, that's what I'm going to do.....

FIB: NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, GILDERSLEEVE....I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WAS YOU....

HAL: Well, you're not me, thank goodness...ONE SIDE THERE, MCGEE...

FIB: HEY, GILDERSLEEVE...DON'T...

SOUND: GRUNTS....AND SUDDEN SQUISHES OF WATER....

HAL: There....I guess that'll fix you, McGee....you'll never sprinkle anybody with THAT hose again.

FIB: I won't, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, neither will you.

HAL: What's that?

FIB: It's your hose, Gildersleeve. I borrowed it this afternoon.

HAL: OHHHHHH.....

FIB: (LAUGHS) Hey, get away from me....cut it out now,
Gildersleeve. I.....

SOUND: RUNNING FEET

FIB: (LAUGHING) Now you leave me alone, Gildersleeve...HEY,
MOLLY....OPEN THE DOOR!!!.....QUICK!!!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH...DOOR OPEN AND SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHING AND PANTING) Hey, Molly, I -

MOL: DON'T SAY A WORD, MCGEE! I saw the whole thing through the
window. Aren't you ashamed! Turning the hose on Mr.
Gildersleeve.

FIB: (LAUGHING) Boy, was that fun! Old Gildy was wetter'n a mad
hen! (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, you had no business drenching him, McGee. What is he
should catch cold?

FIB: Don't worry. He won't. Even a germ wouldn't associate with
that guy.

MOL: Just the same, don't antagonize him too much. He could tear
you apart like an artichoke.

FIB: Who, that guy? (LAUGHS) Go on....I could slap that mugg
down with a wet noodle. (LAUGHS) Why, say -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

WIL: Hello, Molly. Say, Fibber! --

FIB: Whaddyou want, Wilcox? Though, as the guy says when he sat
on the bee, "I have a deep-seated suspicion!"

MOL: You seem a little perturbed, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: I am, Molly. I just ^{talked to} ~~talked to~~ Gildersleeve and he said he
was going to pin Fibber's ears back!

FIB: OH, HE SAID THAT, DID HE! WHY, that big dirigible! A few
more cracks like that and I'll knock him flatter'n a
policeman's feet!

MOL: Take it easy, dearie. Remember, you're not the man you
used to be - if you ever were.

WIL: Yes, and don't forget, Gildersleeve was once an
intercollegiate boxing champion.

FIB: Oh, poeey on him. If he thinks.....(PAUSE) What'd you
say?

WIL: I said he used to be intercollegiate boxing champion. But
don't worry about it. If anything happens, I can have
an ambulance over here in six minutes!

MOL: Heavenly days....an ambulance!

FIB: Am-am-ambulance? You mean one o' them cars that
runs along in front of a cheap lawyer?

WIL: Sure....the driver is a great friend of mine. I sold
him some of that sensational new wax polish - Johnson's
Car-Nu, for the ambulance and he thinks it's marvelous.
Says it's as wonderful for cars as Glocoat is for floors
and linoleum. And it is.

MOL: Isn't it nice, McGee, that you'll be hauled away to the
accident ward by a good Johnson customer?

FIB: (GROANS)

WIL: Boy is he a good Johnson customer! Why, when he found
out that Johnson's Car-Nu was a double action product
that cleans and polishes in one operation he was amazed
and delighted! You simply apply it, let it dry and wipe
it off. And there's your ambulance looking like new!

FIB: MY ambulance!....now look, Wilcox, I don't -

MOL: Well there's only one way we might avoid any trouble.
FIB: Eh? How? What is it - what is it - what is it?
MOL: Calm yourself...you're like a boy with a soda - grasping at straws. Look. Go over to Mr. Gildersleeve's and apologize, Tell him you're sorry you turned the hose on him.
FIB: Wel-l-l-l-l...all right. I'll do it.
MOL: Fine. Now you run along and -- HERE HERE HERE...WHAT ARE YOU TAKING THAT BASEBALL BAT ALONG FOR?
FIB: Well, if he wants to be friendly, you'll see us out in the back yard, playin' ball. Otherwise...well, see you later, Molly.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MOL: Ahhh me. If I know Mr. Gildersleeve, McGee'll never get to first base - even with that bat.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOL: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee...and Mr. McG...Oh! No, Mr. McGee?

MOL: No, Mrs. Uppington. He's gone next door to see Mr. Gildersleeve.

UPP: Really...I'd bettah go ovah there and see them both at once.

MOL: What about, Mrs. Uppington?

UPP: Well, the Parent Teachahs association is devoting its next meeting to physical culture and its benefits to the youngah children. And we wanted Mr. Gildersleeve and Mr. McGee to appear on the platform.

MOL: Well, I'm afraid McGee isn't exactly a -

UPP: You see, Mr. Gildersleeve is such a SPLENDID example of a man who keeps fit...bulging muscles...good color...intensely active, and Mr. McGee is...er...well, he would exemplify the OTHAH side of the pictuah.

MOL: I see.

UPP: You see, Mr. Gildersleeve is the strongest man in Wistful Vista. He can actually tie a knot in an iron horseshoe.

MOL: What of it? McGee isn't so bad either. I've seen him tear a telephone number in two with his bare hands...Well, I'll tell him what you wanted, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Thank you. Tell him that he and Mr. Gildersleeve will stand side by side on the stage with signs on their chest.

Mr. Gildersleeve's will read "Do You Want To Look Like This?"

MOL: And what will McGee's say?

UPP: "Or This?" Well, don't forget to tell him, my deah...good byeeeeee.....

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor McGee!!!! I'm afraid he doesn't know what he's up against. Still, the bigger they are..the harder they fall. On the other hand, the smaller they are, the QUICKER they fall...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: (SINGING) Oh, hiyah, Molly.

MOL: MCGEE...WHAT HAPPENED? TELL ME...QUICK!

FIB: What happened about what?

MOL: FOR GOODNESS' SAKES...ABOUT YOUR FIGHT WITH MR. GILDERSLEEVE!

FIB: Ohhhhhh....oh, that! Well, he refused to accept my apology, so we agreed to fight it out man to man.

MOL: But where...when...how? My goodness, don't you realize- - -

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

FIB: Hmmmmmm. Maybe that's him now. Better clear a space in the other room, Molly.

MOL: I'll do no such a thing. If there's any fighting in here, you'll do it outside! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, GILDERSLEEVE. REMEMBER, WE AGREED TO ...
Oh, Oh, hiyah, Old Timer.

OLD M: Hello, Johnny. Hello, Daughter. Hear you're gonna have a fight with old Gildersleeve, Johnny? Need a trainer?

FIB: No - I don't!

MOL: He needs a train. One that leaves town as soon as possible.

OLD M: Heh, Heh, Heh...that's pretty good, Daughter. In fact that's VERY good. But it still ain't the way I heered it. THE WAY I HEERED IT, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE THEY'RE GONNA PUT OUT MOVIN' PICTURES IN NICKEL SLOT MACHINES!" "IS THAT SO!" says tother feller, "WONDER HOW IT'LL SEEM TO COME IN AT THE BEGINNING OF A PICTURE!" Heh heh heh. Sure you don't want a trainer, Johnny?

FIB: No I don't. I'll slug that guy till he tinkles like a pay telephone.

OLD M: You pretty handy with your dukes, Johnny? m

FIB: Am I! Why shucks, Old Timer, I always been a scrapper. Why, even in kindergarten I could bowl over the toughest guy with one punch. PUNCH-BOWL MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS--

MOL: Oh, dear....

FIB: PUNCH BOWL MCGEE, PRONOUNCED BY PRESS AND PUBLIC-THE PUGILISTIC PIXIE OF THE PEDIGREED PAPERWEIGHT PUGS, PUMPELLING PUDGY PALOOKAS, PULVERIZING PROBOSCUSES AND PARALYZING PLUG-UGLIES. POUNDING POOR PRELIMINARY PORK AND BEANERS TO A PULP WITH A PEPPY PIP OF A POP - POSITIVELY A PEACH OF A PUNCH THAT PLUNKS THE PUNKS ON THEIR PIAZZAS. PING-PONG PAPPA OF THE PINEAPPLE PUNCH, A PECULIAR POKE THAT PETRIFIES THE PIT OF THE PAUNCH OF THE PILLOW-PUSHERS WHO PLOP TO THE PLATFORM, TOO POPEYED TO PROTEST. PRANCIN' AND POSIN' AND FULL OF AMBITION - BUT SING SOMETHING BOYS, I'M OUT OF CONDITION.

ORCH: KING'S MEN: "SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT"

WIL: (ON CUE) The King's Men singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot".

APPLAUSE:

M

(THIRD SPOT)

MOL: Look, McGee...if you're going to fight Mr. Gildersleeve, hadn't you better do something about it?

FIB: What cha mean - such as what?

MOL: Well...do a little road work. Shadow box. Harden yourself up. Maybe I better run out and cut you a short length of clothes line.

FIB: Clothesline? What'll I do with that?

MOL: (SIGHS) Ohhhh, skip it! I don't know why I should worry about it if you ---

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

BOOM: (FADING IN) Ahh, good afternoon, my dear, and hello to you, Moose Jaw.

FIB: Oh, hello, Boomer -- what're you up to - besides no good?

BOOM: Well, I hear that you are about to engage in a fracas with Humpty-Dumpty next door, Short Cake.

FIB: Well, what's that got to do with you, Horatio?

BOOM: Such belligerency! What makes you so bellicose, Bellicose?

FIB: None o' your business, Boomer. Speak your little piece and get out.

BOOM: Gladly. I didn't come here to bandy words, Bandy Legs, I thot you'd be interested in a helping of accident insurance.

FIB: Not interested, Boomer. Any company that would have you as a salesman would have a crook for its president.

BOOM: Sir! I won't have you talk that way about my dear father... now just allow me to show you one of our policies, Bug Eye.

FIB: Make it snappy, Boomer. I haven't got all day.

BOOMER: Ah, in a hurry to get your ears thickened are you?... well, let me see.....Insurance policy, insurance policy.... had it here a minute ago.....here's a 2-dollar parking ticket - on a horse that parked too long at the post.... a small musical saw - very handy for cutting off hill-billy programs.....paw ticket for a 16-tube radio which I discovered was portable.....a joke about the Grand Canyon - ah, there's a beautiful crack.....a guest towel marked "Please return to Sing Sing" - who, me or the towel?.... an old cigar butt - my goodness, have I stooped that low? AND WHAT'S THIS? ... It's so worn out I can hardly read it....OH YES...a check for a short beer!....WELL, WELL, FANCY THAT, NO INSURANCE POLICY!

MOL: It's just as well for you, Mr. Boomer. I don't think Mr. McGee is a very good insurance risk right now.

BOOM: I had that in mind, Blonde, Buxom and Beautiful! When Brother Gildersleeve gets through knocking the frosting off your little cupcake here, I was going to split the payoff with you fifty-fifty. For one Swift Premium, we'd have collected on that Ham.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That big crook!

MOL: Never mind that, McGee. Tell me more about this fight.

FIB: Well we agreed to lock ourselves into a room, take off our coats and go to it.

MOL: But, McGee...don't you realize that he's twice as -

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND SLAM HARD)

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE.....

FIB: Wait a minute, Gildersleeve...we agreed to let it go until --

HAL: I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THAT, MCGEE. I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER THAT YOU RUINED MY NEW GARDEN HOSE!

FIB: I never done no such a thing, Gildersleeve. You cut it to pieces yourself.

HAL: WELL, HOW DID I KNOW IT WAS MINE?

FIB: How did you know it was yours! GILDERSLEEVE, IF YOU AIN'T THE DUMBEST, EGG-HEADEDDEST,

MOL: HOSE-CUTTINGEST,

FIB: HOSE-CUTTINGEST -

HAL: Now, Mrs. McGee, I'll thank you not to give him any suggestions.

FIB: YOU QUIT PICKIN' ON MY WIFE, GILDERSLEEVE..

HAL: I'M NOT PICKING ON YOUR WIFE, YOU LITTLE BIOLOGICAL BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT. AND IF YOU HAD THE I.Q. OF A JAVANESE CLAM-DIGGER --

MOL: What does I.Q. mean?

HAL: INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT.

FIB: OH...SO I'M A QUOTIENT, AM I? WHY, YOU GREAT BIG -

MOL: Boys, Boys! - please --

FIB: I'VE TOOK ALL I'M GOING TO OFF THIS BAZOOKA-VOICED BOZO MOLLY. THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION.

HAL: YOU'RE A HARD MAN, MCGEE. BUT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, TAKE OFF YOUR COAT.

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE, GILDERSLEEVE...you forget...there's a lady present.

MOL: Oh, don't mind me, boys. I'm no lady.

HAL: YOU ARE TOO!

FIB: SHE IS NOT!

MOL: I AM TOO!

FIB: OH, TRYIN' TO PUT ME IN THE MIDDLE AGAIN, ARE YOU
GILDERSLEEVE? OKAY...THAT DOES IT! COME ON IN THE OTHER
ROOM AND WE'LL SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL...

HAL: ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT.

FIB: ASKIN' FOR IT! I'M DEMANDING IT. COME ON.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Heavenly days...it's come at last....I never thought they'd
actually get beyond the you-are-too, I-am-not stage...
I wonder if I ought to call for help...OH...LISTEN TO THAT!

SOUND: SOUNDS BEHIND DOOR: THUDS OF FURNITURE.....

HAL: (OFF MIKE) Remember, McGee..this is to a finish...

FIB: (OFF MIKE) I'll say it is...

HAL: GET THAT CHAIR OUT OF THE WAY.

FIB: Okay...and move that table over this way
a little...

SOUND: THUDS OF FURNITURE:

HAL: (OFF MIKE) ALL RIGHT, MCGEE...LET'S GO.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) I'M READY!

HAL: (OFF MIKE) AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU SUCH A PUSHING AROUND,
YOU'LL --

MOL: I think this has gone far enough...I won't have them
wrecking my house....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

MOL: NOW LOOK HERE, YOU TWO...(PAUSE) Well, what on earth.

FIB: It's too late to interfere now, Molly.

HAL: Yes...we're all set to go, Mrs. McGee...READY, MCGEE?

FIB: READY, GILDERSLEEVE:

SOUND: CHECKERS BEING POURED OUT ON TABLE:

FIB: THERE'S THE CHECKERS..WHICH YOU WANT -- RED OR BLACK?

ORK: "BELIEVING" - FADE FOR --

WIL: (COMMERCIAL)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MAY 14, 1940
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (To be read by Wilcox to U.S. Stations at
approximately 9:57:30 PM New York Time)

CUE: (WILCOX)...Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.

(PAUSE 2 SECONDS).....

When your friends come in your front door, what is the first thing they see? What gives them their first impression of your home, and of you as a housekeeper? It's usually your floors. If those floors have a mellow, gleaming, waxed beauty, then you have something to be proud of. If they are dull and shabby, then you needn't expect many compliments and you'd better call your dealer and put in an emergency order for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. One application of JOHNSON'S WAX will make a tremendous difference - both in the appearance of the floors and in protection against wear. JOHNSON'S WAX seals up the pores, guarding the finish against scuffing feet and dirt. A JOHNSON-WAXED floor is more beautiful with every application of WAX - is easy to clean - and never needs scrubbing again. For over 50 years JOHNSON'S WAX has been giving protection and beauty to floors, furniture and woodwork everywhere. It is sold in practically every country in the world. Order some yourself tomorrow. You'll find more than 100 uses for this labor-saving product listed on the package.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

-25-

TAG GAG.

SOUND: SLAP OF CHECKERS

HAL: YOUR MOVE, MCGEE.

FIB: It is not...I just moved.

HAL: YOU DID NOT. I JUST MOVED THIS MAN OVER TO HERE.

FIB: WHAT? WHY YOU GREAT BIG BULL-FIDDLE YOU NEVER--

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE!, I -

MOL: Oh dear. This is where I came in. I'm goin' to bed, boys.

FIB: Good night.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW") FADE ON
CUE

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

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