

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

(REVISED)

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#251

5:30-6:00 PM  
Tuesday - 5/28/40

NBC-Red

(REVISED)

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WIL: The Johnson Wax program, with Fibber McGee and Molly, who join with our sponsors in urging you to support the Red Cross, immediately and to the best of your ability. A donation to the Red Cross is an investment in humanity. Thank you.

ORK: THEME:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with "WHY"?

ORK: "WHY?"

APPLAUSE:



WIL: THIS IS CIRCUS DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA. THE TOWN IS PASTERED WITH POSTERS AND OUR HERO IS THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF TWO GENERAL ADMISSION TICKETS. HE IS ALL OF A-TWITTER TO GET GOING. AND HERE, URGING HIS BETTER HALF TO MORE SPEED, WE FIND --

-- FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY)--

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Aw come on..shake it up, will you, Molly? I don't wanna miss anything.

MOL: All right, dearie, all right. We've plenty of time.

FIB: No, we haven't. We're so late now I better call a cab.

MOL: WHAT? CALL A CAB TO GO TO A CIRCUS?

FIB: Why certainly...why not?

MOL: Well...it just doesn't seem the right spirit, somehow -- Like wearing evening clothes to a fish fry.

FIB: Just the same I ain't gonna miss any o' this circus by bein' late. Gimme the phone. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR? GIMME THE WISTFUL VISTA TAXICA - eh? OH, IS THAT YOU, MYRT?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING, MYRT? TIS, EH? WHAT SAY, MYRT? YOUR AUNT? GOT BEAT UP BY YOUR UNCLE, EH?

MOL: Heavenly days! HOW BRUTAL!

FIB: Whaddye mean, brutal? Her Uncle got up first this morning and had the coffee all made by the time she got up. WHAT SAY, MYRT? Oh, no answer at the cab company, eh? He must be out. Okay, Myrt. Thanks. (CLICK)

MOL: Well, it'll do us good to walk.

FIB: Boy, will I be glad to smell a real circus again! It'll bring back the old days when I was a bull boss with the old WOGGENBECK and HOLLIS outfit,

MOL: Bull Boss?

FIB: Yeah...in charge of the elephants. Whadja think I meant?

MOL: Well.....not that.

FIB: Eh? Oh. AHM. Well, sir, I'll never forget one time --

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

OLD M: Hello, daughter...Hello, Johnny. Say, where you kids gonna spend your summer vacation?

MOL: We haven't decided yet, Mr. Old Timer. Why?

OLD M: Well, I just wanted to suggest the Canadian Rockies.

FIB: Why the Canadian Rockies?

OLD M: Well, I gotta nephew up there I'd kinda like to see again. Thought you might have room fer me in the back seat, kids. I wouldn't be any trouble...honest. And I'm LOADS o' fun!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, if we go that way we'll let you know, Old Timer. But I must say you're the first living-room hitch-hiker I ever met! (LAUGHS)

OLD M: HEH HEH HEH. See'n that I'm in a liberal mood today, Johnny, I'd say that was pretty good. BUT IT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY" he says, "LOOKS LIKE TELEVISION IS REALLY HERE, DON'T IT? IMAGINE SEEBIN' AND HEARIN' PROGRAMS HUNDREDS O' MILES AWAY?" "YEP" says tother feller, "AND YOU CAN SMELL SOME OF 'EM EVEN FARTHER'N THAT!" Heh heh heh... (nothin' personal, kids!)

MOL: Oh, thank you!



OLD M: Now, don't forget - if you go to the Canadian Rockies this summer, I'm going along. And YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT - till it's too late. So long, kids.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Come on hurry up, will you, Molly?

MOL: I'm hurrying, McGee. My goodness, anybody'd think you never saw a circus before. Incidentally how much did the tickets set you back.

FIB: Not a dime. Not a thin, shiny, well-worn dime, baby! I got these tickets the easy way. Professional courtesy.

MOL: Meaning what?

FIB: Well, you see it was this way. I agreed to --

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh shucks...we never will get to the circus this way.

COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: (FADE IN)(CHANTING) I'M GOING TO THE CIRCUS, I'M GOING TO THE CIRCUS...I'M GOING TO THE CIRC-

FIB: Aw, what you so excited about, Gildersleeve...so are we.

MOL: I wish I could be as enthusiastic as you two! To me a circus is just a No. 2 Road Company of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

HAL: Oh, is that so. Well, I don't care so much about the animals...but oh, boy...do I like those trapeze performers..

FIB: ...and the trick ridin'...

HAL: ..and the tightrope walkers...GEE, I LOVE tightrope walkers.

(FADES SLIGHTLY) When they jump up on the rope like this and balance --

MOL: GET DOWN OFF THE BACK OF THAT DAVENPORT, MR. GILDERSLEEVE!

SOUND: THUD

HAL: You're a HA-A-R-R-D woman, Mrs. McGee!

FIB: Hey, Gildy.

HAL: What?

FIB: You got tickets or you gonna crawl under the tent?

HAL: I've got tickets but I've got a good notion to crawl under anyway. (LAUGHS) Just for old times sake!

FIB: Me, too. How about it, Molly? You game to try --

MOL: NO, I'M NOT! If you two want to act like you're still wearin' short pants, don't expect ME to act the same..er.. I mean...OHHHHHH!

HAL: (LAUGHS) That's all right, Mrs. McGee...I didn't get it.

FIB: You goin' with us Gildy?

HAL: No thanks...I like to prow around alone. (LAUGHS) You know last year I walked right up and talked to one of the lady acrobats.

FIB: NO.....Did you honest?

HAL: Sure I did... Gee, she was pretty. I still got a spangle she dropped off her dress. Look!

FIB: Oh boy...whaddya want for it?

HAL: What'll you gimme?

MOL: OH, HEAVENLY DAYS..COME ON, MCGEE...I'M READY.

FIB: Okay...let's go. This way, Gildersleeve!

MOL: Where you going, McGee?

FIB: Out the back door.

MOL: What's the matter with the front door?

FIB: Won't open.

HAL: Why not, McGee?

FIB: Got circus posters plastered all over it.



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MOL: WHAT? FIBBER MCGEE, WHAT ON EARTH -

FIB: Now, wait a minute, Molly. It was just a professional  
courtesy. You don't think they gimme these two tickets  
for nothin' do you?

ORK: "YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF" - FADE FOR:

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MAY 28, 1940  
TUESDAY 5:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

On every street, in every city there are cars right now  
that need JOHNSON'S CARNU! Cars that look dull and dingy  
because their owners still think it's expensive or hard  
work to clean and wax-polish them. Before Johnson  
chemists developed the sensational CARNU, this was true.  
But today, with CARNU, you can both clean and wax-polish  
your car in one easy operation. Two jobs at one and the  
same time -- in half the time it used to take. Every  
housewife knows how JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has  
taken the labor out of floor polishing. And soon every  
car owner will know how CARNU has taken both the hard work  
and the high cost out of car polishing. CARNU is a liquid.  
You simply apply it, with a cloth, massaging the finish  
gently. It dries to a white powder -- wipe off the  
powder and you'll say with thousands of other car owners  
from coast to coast, "Your car looks like new when you use  
CARNU." Buy a can right away from your regular wax dealer,  
auto supply store or Service Station.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)



2ND SPOT:

CROWD NOISES: CIRCUS MUSIC WAY OFF MIKE: FADE FOR -

FIB: Oh, boy..is this fun!!!! Hey, Molly, I'm gonna buy a toy whip!

MOL: What for?

FIB: I dunno. I always buy a 'toy whip. I guess I -

MAN: ALL RIGHT, FOLKS...STEP RIGHT UP AND QUENCH YOUR THIRST WIT' A NICE REFRESHIN' GLASS O' PUNK LEMONADE...IT'S EXHILARATIN' AND STIMULATIN' ... GET YOUR PUNK LEMONADE HERE...PUNK LEMONADE,...

FIB: Hey, bud...you mean PINK lemonade, don't you.

MAN: You tried it, folks?

MOL: No, we haven't.

MAN: (PAUSE) GET YOUR PUNK LEMONADE HERE...DELICIOUS AN' REFRESHIN'.... (FADE FOR) ..... GET A NICE COLD GLASS O' PUNK LEMONADE.....

SOUND: MUSIC AND CROWDS UP AND FADE:

FIB: Wonder where the guy is who sells the toy whips. I think I'll get one with a red tassel, had one last year with a blue tassel and I didn't like it. I think the red tassel -

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl. Ain't lost, are you?

TEE: No. Are you?

FIB: Nope. Now don't tell me you're here all alone!

TEE: All righty. I won't say a word about it, I betcha.

FIB: WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU ARE?

TEE: No.

FIB: No, what?

TEE: HMMMMMMMM?

FIB: ARE YOU HERE ALL ALONE OR NOT?

TEE: No. I came with my daddy. He's over there buyin' some cotton candy.

FIB: Oh...you like cotton candy?

TEE: No. But he does.

FIB: Oh, I see. Well, this must be a great day for you sis. Comin' to a big circus like this. Pretty excitin', ain't it?

TEE: Oh, I dunno, mister. It's the same old stuff. But my daddy gets such a bang out of it, I pretend I love it. Personally, I'd rather stay home with a good book.

FIB: Well, that's very tactful of you, sis. I hope you'll always try to be a pal to your old man.

TEE: Sure. He's a trial at times, but as a rule he's pretty good. What I always say is, - I wouldn't take a million dollars for him or give you a dime for another one. Oh my goodness!

FIB: Whats matter, sis?

TEE: THERE'S MY DADDY EATING ANOTHER HAMBURGER. HE'S GOING TO MAKE HIMSELF SICK EATING ALL THAT JUNK....(FADE OUT) DADDY....DADDY....Put that down this minute....

MOL: (OFF MINE) My gosh, whiss, I still can't have any fun any

FIB: WELL! Parents must be a great responsibility to a squirt like that, eh Molly?



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MOL: They must be. From what I can judge, a father may bring his little boy out to the circus but it takes a circus to bring out the little boy in the father.

SOUND: (CROWD - CIRCUS MUSIC)

WIL: (FADE IN) ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! ONLY A DIME, 10¢, TO SEE OSTEO, THE HUMAN SKELETON, WHO STANDS 6 FEET HIGH IN HIS OVERCOAT AND WEIGHS ONLY 47 POUNDS IN HIS STOCKING FEET. SEE OSTEO, THE HUMAN SKELETON, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS BENNY, THE BAG OF BONES....STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS!

SOUND: (CROWD MURMUR)

FIB: Hey, Molly....let's go in and see the Human Skeleton.

MOL: Well....all right, if you want to, - but to me no Thin Man is any good without Myrna Loy!

FIB: HEY, BUD....TWO TICKETS, PLEASE....

WIL: Thank you, brother, thank you! AND IF YOU'LL STEP RIGHT IN THE LECTURE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN....

SOUND: (CROWD AND STUFF)

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MOL: What's that automobile got to do with a Human Skeleton?

FIB: I dunno, but he's skinny enough to double as a windshield wiper!

WIL: ALL RIGHT, FOLKS....IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR KIND ATTENTION... TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT OSTEO, THE HUMAN SKELETON, BUT DON'T CROWD HIM, PLEASE....OSTEO IS EASILY RATTLED. RATTLE FOR THE FOLKS, OSTEO!

SOUND: (DRY RATTLE OF BONES)

WIL: THANK YOU! AND NOW WE WILL SHOW YOU HOW THE HUMAN SKELETON GOT HIMSELF INTO THIS DEPLORABLE CONDITION. PROCEED, OSTEO!

(CROWD MURMUR)

MOL: Look, McGee....he's polishing the automobile!

WIL: EXACTLY....AND POLISHING IT THE OLD FASHIONED WAY. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO BENNY, THE BAG OF BONES, FOLKS...WORE HIMSELF TO A FRAZZLE TRYING TO RESTORE THE FINISH ON HIS AUTOMOBILE, WITH AN INFERIOR, HARD-RUBBING CLEANER AND POLISH. NOW IF HE HAD ONLY USED THE NEW AND SENSATIONAL JOHNSON'S CAR NU...THE DOUBLE-ACTION EASY-TO-USE PRODUCT THAT CLEANS AND POLISHES AT THE SAME TIME, HE WOULD NO DOUBT HAVE BEEN AS FAT AND SASSY AS ANY OF US HERE TODAY... ~~BECAUSE JOHNSON'S CAR NU IS SO GREAT FOR AUTOMOBILES AS JOHNSON'S OVERCOAT IS FOR FLOORS AND BATHROOMS AND OSTEO, THE HUMAN SKELETON MAKES NO BONES OF THE PRODUCT~~ -- Excuse me a minute, folks.....

HEY, BUDDY!!



FIB: Who me? Whatcha want?  
WIL: (SOTTO VOCE) STICK AROUND, PAL....AFTER THIS LECTURE,  
WE PUT ON A SPECIAL SHOW IN THE REAR TENT FOR MEN ONLY.....  
25¢ EXTRA.  
FIB: Oh boy....for men only eh? (WHISPERS) What kind of a  
show is it, Bud?  
WIL: (WHISPERS) You can see the Human Skeleton polish a TRAILER!  
MOL: Heavenly days!.....Come on, McGee.  
SOUND: (CROWD UP WITH OFFSTAGE MUSIC, ETC....FADE FOR:)  
FIB: Now what WAS it I intended to do? Oh yes...buy a toy whip.  
Wonder where the guy is that sells the toy whips.  
MOL: You don't want one of those silly things, McGee. I won't  
let you spend your money for such foolish--  
MAN: EXCUSE ME, BROTHER....BUT AREN'T YOU FIBBER MCGEE?  
FIB: Eh? WELL, IF IT AIN'T MY OLD PAL BUSTER DAWSON!  
MOL: Who's Buster Dawson.  
FIB: Why, that's this fella right here. Glad to see ye again,  
Buster. This here is my wife, Molly.  
MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.  
DAW: Howdy, ma'am. Any wife of McGee's is a friend of mine.  
FIB: Well, what you doin' around here, Buster, old man?  
DAW: Oh, didn't you know? I OWN this circus. Have you folks  
seen the performance yet?  
MOL: Why, not as yet, no Mr. Dawson.

DAW: Well, be glad to have you as my guests. Just ask the usher  
to take you to the owner's box.  
FIB: Certainly appreciate this, Buster.  
DAW: Oh, not at all, not at all, McGee. If you have any trouble  
just yell for my head roustabout, Slugs McGinty.  
MOL: Slugs McGinty! There's a fine aristocratic name! Old  
Mayflower stock, I presume?  
DAW: No....old Cauliflower.  
FIB: Me and Buster used to be in the circus business together,  
Molly. I can't remember right now whether he worked for me  
or I worked for him but we was in the same outfit for years.  
Wasn't we, Buster?  
DAW: Yes....and you worked for me, McGee.  
FIB: Oh yes...guess I did at that.  
MOL: Isn't that nice!  
DAW: Yes sir....we always used to say that NOBODY could clean  
a cage like young Ratface. (LAUGHS) Remember how we used  
to call you Ratface, McGee?  
FIB: Why..er...(LAUGHS FALSELY) Great bunch of kidders, them  
guys, Molly. You ~~wasn't~~ get a nickname when you were  
popular.  
~~MOL: Yes, I was. I was Slugs McGinty and Ratface. I was the best  
lookin' gal in the show.~~  
DAW: Well, McGee, I've got to go check up on the -  
FIB: HEY, MOLLY....LOOK...THERE'S MRS. UPPINGTON!  
MOL: What on earth is SHE doing at a circus?  
FIB: I'll bet she's gonna take a lesson from the camels in how to  
look supercilious.



DAW: That the lady you're talking about, over there? She looks sort of familiar to me.

MOL: She'd look familiar to anybody who ever opened a can of prunes. I never saw such an old - OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. UPPINGTON...SO NICE TO SEE YOU...

UPP: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee...and MR. McGee...my goodness... so THIS is a circus...quite gay, isn't it?

FIB: Mean to say you never been to a circus before, Uppy?

MOL: She travels with her own, McGee...Three rings under each eye. (LAUGHS) Just kidding, Mrs. Uppington.

UPP: Certainly, my dear...I always consider the source. BUT ISN'T THIS INTERESTING!!...I have just begun to realize what I have been missing all these years...what with my sheltered childhood and strict upbringing...but Mr. McGee... I...er...aren't you forgetting something?

MOL: Where's your social graces, McGee? Give Mrs. Uppington a knockdown to Mr. Dawson!

FIB: EH?...OH!...OH, ENJOSE ME! MRS. Uppington, I'd like to have you meet up with a old pal o' mine, Buster Dawson.

MOL: This is Mrs. Abigail Uppington, Mr. Dawson. She's the hot air in our Social Register.

UPP: How do you do, Mr. Dawson. Charmed, I'm sure.

DAW: (LAUGHS) MRS. ABIGAIL UPPINGTON, EH? (LAUGHS) What're you trying to do, Fibber - kid me? SOCIAL LEADER!!!! THAT'S A HOT ONE!!!!

UPP: Sir, I considah that you owe me an apology.

DAW: (LAUGHS) Lay off, Toots...you're killing me! (LAUGHS)

UPP: TOOTS!

FIB: Whatcha mean, Buster?

DAW: Why, don't you recognize her, McGee? No, I guess she was before your time. WHY, WHEN I KNEW HER, SHE WAS MLEE, TOOTSIE LA TOUR, QUEEN OF THE BARBACK RIDERS! Eh, Toots!

MOL: Well, for heavenly days!

UPP: I DENY EVERYTHING!

FIB: I always WONDERED how she could stay up on her high horse without being trained for it.

DAW: Why don't you break down, Tootsie? You got nothing to be ashamed of. Why, you were the second-best rider under canvas!

UPP: SECOND BEST! AND WHO WAS BETTER THAN I, BUSTER DAWSON? (TAKE) WHAT AM I SAYING?

FIB: Oh oh! Uppy, as the cook said to the waiter when he spilled the beans, "I guess you've spilled the beans!"

UPP: Really...I...er...I... well, this is MOST embarrassing. (LAUGHS) You never could keep your trap shut, Buster Dawson!







BOOM: Thank you. Now let me see..where did I put that Sheriff's Badge? Had it right here a minute ago...badge badge... badge..here's a nice little Swiss watch...I THINK it's a swiss watch...Fellow certainly yodeled when I took it...Snapshot of Billy Rose's Acquacade..Never saw so many chorus girls in one dive..in my life...handful of upset diamonds...no, I mean UNSET...Hah hah...it was the jeweler who was upset!!! Here's an old passport of mine. I was quite a wealthy man when I first came to this country. Had 53 pieces of luggage.

MOL: Heavenly days...53 pieces!

BOOM: Yes, indeed...deck of cards and a blackjack...Ah, what's this? Oh yes...the inevitable check for an abbreviated beer. WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT...NO DEPUTY SHERIFF'S BADGE....I'VE BEEN ROBBED (FADE) HELP-POLICE-POLICE!  
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CROWD UP AND FADE

FIB: That guy's as crooked as a snake's hind leg.

MOL: DOG'S Hind leg, dearie.

FIB: I know, but I LIKE dogs. Oh, well...let's go on in, Molly...Imagine us settin' in the owner's private box...

MAN: General admission tickets, please...

FIB: Here ye are, bud. Come on Molly.

MOL: How do we find Mr. Dawson's private box?

FIB: Oh, we'll find it. If not we can always ask for Spuds...er...Chug...thug...what'd he say that guy's name was?

MOL: I don't remember - ask that usher.

FIB: HEY, USHER...WHERE'S MR. DAWSON'S PRIVATE BOX?

MAN: Right here, mister. First box on the left...

MOL: Thank you. Oh, aren't these lovely seats, dearie.

FIB: Best in the house - it sure pays to have friends, don't it, Molly.

SOUND: CROWD UP AND FADE



TOUGH: ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO...OUTA THEM SEATS...THEM'S RESERVED.  
FOR THE BOSS.

MOL: It's all right, boy. We're Mr. Dawson's guests.

TOUGH: OH YEAH? LEMME SEE YOUR PASS.

FIB: Ain't got a pass, bud. Me and Buster is old pals. I used  
to know him way back in...

TOUGH: COME ON....QUIT STALLIN'...OUTA THEM SEATS!

FIB: Wait a minute, bud, don't get so tough. You can't throw  
us out of here.

MAN: Oh, no? Well, who's gonna stop me...you and who else?

FIB: Me and who else? (TO SELF) Me an'....now - let's se....  
who was that fellow Buster told me to yell for? Oh, yes.  
(ALoud) Why, me and McGilllicuddy - that's who. (YELLS)  
Hey, McGilllicuddy!

MAN: I'm not scared of you and all yer friends. Now get out  
of that box before I drag you out.

MOL: McGee, maybe we better go back and -

FIB: Now don't worry, Molly - I know how to handle this. (YELLS)  
Hey, McGillli - (SPOKEN) No...that's not it. Oh - (YELLS)  
Hey, McGonnigal! I need you!

~~MAN: [REDACTED]~~

~~FIB: [REDACTED]~~

~~MAN: [REDACTED]~~

~~SOUND: [REDACTED]~~

~~FIB: [REDACTED]~~

~~MOL: [REDACTED]~~

FIB: Wait a minute - I remember his name - (YELLS) Hey, MAC -

SOUND: (BLUEBERRY SOCK CUTS OFF REST OF NAME)

FIB: OOF! Dad rat it - now I've forgotten it again.

MAN: Maybe this will jog your memory.

SOUND: (SOCK)

FIB: Oh, Molly - why didn't you let me buy that whip?

MOL: Now see here, Mister - if you lay another finger on my  
husband here -

FIB: Never mind, Molly - let me handle this situation my own  
way - (YELLS) Hey, McGibney - McSweeney - McDonald -  
McCushla!

MAN: Lissen, townie, you're gettin' in my hair - so I guess I  
gotta show youse I mean business!

SOUND: PUNCHING BAG SHOTS WITH FIB YELLING IN BETWEEN

FIB: McGuire! McCoy! McBride! McGee! McNutt!

SOUND: CRASH AND THUD FINISH

MOL: One --two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight -  
nine - McGee are these your teeth?

MAN: Take him away, lady. That'll teach him to get fresh with  
Slugs McGinty!

MOL: McGinty!

FIB: McGinty! THAT'S IT!

ORK: "I FORGET" -- FADE FOR:



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MAY 28, 1940  
TUESDAY, 5:30 PM PST NBC

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

(PAUSE) TWO SECONDS)

For more than fifty years the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX have done their best to provide their customers with the finest polishes that can be made. Scientists are constantly at work in the JOHNSON WAX laboratories developing new products - perfecting old ones. When you buy any one of the famous JOHNSON WAX polishes, you know that you will be getting complete satisfaction. Before any new product is offered for sale, it is thoroughly tested both in the laboratory and by hundreds of users. From one end of this country to the other - we can almost say from one end of the world to the other - you will find the most particular housewives depending on JOHNSON'S WAX and the other fine JOHNSON WAX polishes to keep their homes beautifully clean and shining with the least possible effort and expense. It most certainly pays you to insist on the genuine JOHNSON WAX products in their attractive packages. These products include genuine JOHNSON'S WAX, paste or liquid - JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT for floors and linoleum - JOHNSON'S CARNU for automobiles -- JOHNSON'S CREAM WAX FURNITURE POLISH.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

P

(2nd REVISION) -29-

TAG GAG

MOL: You still think circuses are fun, McGee?

FIB: Sure I do - in spite of everything. Brings back the old days.

MOL: That's right -- you used to be with the circus.

FIB: Sure - I'm an old lion-tamer.

MOL: Is that so? Why'd you ever quit?

FIB: I ran out of old lions. Goodnite.

MOL: Goodnite, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

WIL: (SIGNOFF)

C