

(REVISED)

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

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

#268

NBC-RED

6:30 - 7:00 PM
Tuesday - 11/19/40

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, WRITTEN BY DON
QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE BILLY MILL'S ORCHESTRA AND THE
KING'S MEN. THE SHOW OPENS WITH: "WHY?"

ORCH: "WHY" (FADE FOR:)

Opening Commercial

WIL:

Let me ask you this question....(PAUSE)

If you are having guests for Thanksgiving, what two things should you do now so you'll be ready to entertain them? Well, of course, one is to order a tender young turkey with all the fixings....that's just about essential.

But there's something else that's important, too.... especially if you want your friends to carry away a flattering impression of your home. See that your table tops, sideboard, and chairs - and of course your floors - are gleaming with a rich protective coat of genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Your silver and fine china will look their very best on a wax-polished surface - and what's more, the tough film of JOHNSON'S WAX will protect the finish. It is this double duty - beauty and protection - that makes JOHNSON'S WAX indispensable to the careful housekeeper. Floors take on new beauty with every waxing...and they are the easiest of all floors to maintain. Besides floors, there are more than 100 extra uses for genuine JOHNSON'S WAX.

And by the way, you can buy this famous wax in either the familiar PASTE or LIQUID form, or in the new CREAM WAX - especially formulated for furniture and woodwork.

Buy some tomorrow.

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

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WIL:

There's nothing more aggravating than to know that your husband knows something that you don't - No? AND HERE AT 79 WISFUL VISTA, ONE WITH A SECRET AND ONE WITH A CONSUMING CURIOSITY, WE FIND....

--FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Oh come on, McGee ... What is it?

FIB: I won't tell.

MOL: Now stop playing hard-to-get.

FIB: Ohhhhh...okay okay. Here. It's a letter from your Uncle Dennis. And when you see him, tell him I ain't in the National Guard and never have been.

MOL: Does he think you are?

FIB: The letter says, "DEAR MOLLY AND THAT N.G. HUSBAND OF YOURS."

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER"

MOL: MCGEE WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE ME THIS BEFORE? UNCLE DENNIS WANTS US TO TAKE TODAY'S TRAIN AND VISIT HIM FOR A FEW DAYS ...OVER THANKSGIVING.

FIB: I know. I didn't wanna go.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Well in the first place I ain't got any use for your Uncle Dennis. In the second place, he ain't got any use for me. In the third place we hate each other.

MOL: Well, I like him because he was always so nice to us kids when we were little. He was always sending us down to the corner on an errand and letting us keep the change. (SIGHS) Ahh I wonder who's running his errands now - and if he's still using that same little tin bucket.

FIB: WELL YOU GO, IF YOU WANNA. I won't.

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MOL: OH YES YOU WILL!..NOW PACK A BAG AND SEE WHAT TIME THE TRAIN LEAVES...GO ON...HURRY.

FIB: What's the rush?...My bag's all packed.

MOL: IT IS? I thought you said you weren't going?

FIB: Just a routine protest. I knew I couldn't get out of it.

MOL: THEN CALL UP AND SEE WHAT TIME THE TRAIN LEAVES...WAIT A MINUTE - MAYBE HE TELLS US IN THIS LETTER...(RATTLE OF PAPER)

He says - "You had better leave on the train which pulls out of Wistful Vista at" - (RATTLE OF PAPER) where's the next page of this letter, McGee?

FIB: There was only two pages.

MOL: You only gave me one.

FIB: I did? Well shucks, I dunno what I done with the rest of it. I didn't finish readin' it myself, and -

MOL: MCGEE YOU'RE SO CARELESS...LOOK AROUND FOR IT...WHILST I RUN UPSTAIRS AND PACK MY BAG, MCGEE...YOU BE SURE THE --

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

HAL: AH THERE MCGEE...HELLO, MRS. MCGEE.....

MOL: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve.

FIB: Hiyah Gildy, Whatcha want?

HAL: If you're thru with my suitcase I'd like to borrow it for a few days. I'm taking a little trip.

MOL: Oh - so are we. And McGee's got his things all packed in your suitcase.

HAL: Well, you'll have to unpack, McGee. I've got to have that suitcase.

FIB: You gotta lotta nerve, Gildersleeve. Bargin' in here and upsettin' our plans like this. One of these days I'll get a suitcase of my own and then you'll be sorry!

HAL: I WQN'T BE SORRY. I'LL BE DELIGHTED. I'LL BE ECSTATIC!

MOL: Well, really! Now you know what to do for Mr. Gildersleeve for Christmas, McGee. Buy yourself a suitcase.

HAL: COME ON, MCGEE...UNPACK THAT BAG.

FIB: Can't, Gildy.

HAL: WHY NOT?

FIB: I've already sent it down to the station...

HAL: (LAUGHS) Well, all right. But you don't mind if I use my suitcase some time, do you, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, no. If you don't mind how it looks. I got it pretty well scratched up. Where'd you say you were goin' Gildersleeve?

HAL: To a college re-union.

MOL: Oh how nice.

HAL: Yes...I was Princeton, '14, you know.

FIB: Imagine that, Molly? 14 years in Princeton. No wonder you love the old school, Gildersleeve.

HAL: Don't be like that, McGee. I meant I GRADUATED in 1914. I was valedictorian.

MOL: Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of. Lots of nice boys work their way thru college. Did you get a degree, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: Yes...I specialized in English Lit.

FIB: So did Uncle Dennis. You oughtta hear HIS English...lit. Was You a sorority man, Gildy?

HAL: NO, OF COURSE NOT. I was a fraternity man.

MOL: Oh you couldn't get in a good sorority, then?

HAL: SORORITIES ARE FOR GIRLS. HOW COULD I GET IN?

FIB: DID YOU TRY?
HAL: Yes, I did. NO, OF COURSE I DIDN'T!!!!
MOL: OH A WOMAN-HATER!
HAL: I AM NOT A WOMAN HATER!!! I LOVE WOMEN!
FIB: OH A ROMEO, EH?
HAL: I AM NOT!
MOL: Well make up your mind, Mr. Gildersleeve. Just what are you?

HAL: I'M A FRATERNIT....I'M JUST A MAN WHO...OH I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I AM. YOU'VE GOT ME SO CONFUSED.
FIB: YOU're education didn't do you much good then, you can't
even think logical.
HAL: BY GEORGE I KNOW THIS MUCH, MCGEE...YOU'D BETTER GIVE ME
BACK MY SUITCASE ONE OF THESE DAYS OR I'LL KNOW THE REASON
WHY!
FIB: So will I. I lost it.
HAL: OHHHHHHH!!!
DOOR SLAM:
ORCHESTRA: "MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE."
APPLAUSE

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: TRAIN EFFECT ... UP AND FADE WITH TRAIN WHISTLE

MOL: NOW MCGEE, when we get to Uncle Dennis' I want you to be nice to him.

FIB: That old soak!

MOL: Well, just because he has one little weakness -

FIB: WEAKNESS! You mean STRENGTH! That jughead can carry a bigger load than anybody I ever saw.

OLD M: TICKETS TICKETS PLEASE Oh Hello, Johnny ... Hello, Daughter.

MOL: Well for goodness sakes ... hello, Mr. Old Timer?

FIB: You the conductor on this steam-shovel?

OLD M: You bet, Johnny. That's me. In there punchin' every minute ...

SOUND: TICKET PUNCH SEVERAL TIMES

OLD M: There ye are. You kids goin' somewhere?

MOL: What would be your impression?

FIB: No, we ain't goin' anyplace, Old Timer. We just wanted to go thru a few tunnels and see how the other half o' the world loves.

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OLD M: 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 THEY'RE USIN' DANCE MUSIC TO DRILL FOOTBALL TEAMS WITH."
 "YES, I KNOW", says tother feller. "I SEEN A SUBSTITUTE RUN UP TO A REFEREE IN LAST SATURDAY'S GAME AND SAY, 'Pardon me, May I cut in?'" Heh heh heh ... imagine that, kids? Trainin' football teams to dance music? I can just hear the radio announcer's sayin' "Notre Dame BETTER GET BUSY DOWN THERE ... THERE'S ONLY TWO MINUETS LEFT TO PLAY!"
 Well, I guess that about exhausts the subject - and me, and you. So long kids' ...

TRAIN UP AND SUSTAIN FOR FOUR COUNT: FADE:

FIB: Boy I hate these long train rides, especially to see that old gutter inspector.
 MOL: Who?
 FIB: Your uncle Dennis!
 MOL: Now look, McGee ... you've been saying unkind things about Uncle Dennis all day long. You know what they say about your family.
 FIB: WHATCHA MEAN?
 MOL: They say there were so many black sheep in your family that on Saturday night they didn't bathe 'em ... they DIPPED 'em.
 FIB: Now that's what I call a dirty allegation, and if I ever meet the allegator that -

VOICE OFF MIKE: " - and the Farmer's daughter said, "WHY I'M THE BABY!"

BURST OF RAUCOUS LAUGHTER: WITH WILCOX LOUDEST:

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FIB: Hey I thought I heard a familiar laugh across the aisle there.
 MOL: Oh it's Mr. Wilcox ... YOO HOO ... MR. WILCOX!!
 WIL: (FADE IN) Well hello, Molly .. Hi, Fibber ! ...
 FIB: What you doin' on this train, Wilcox?
 WIL: Oh, just riding back and forth.
 MOL: RIDING BACK AND FORTH!!! AREN'T YOU GOING ANY PLACE?
 WIL: Nope.
 FIB: At this point, folks, there should be a sound effect of a faint rustling - to indicate Johnson Wax dealers all over the country pricking up there ears. WELL, IF YOU AIN'T GOIN' ANY PLACE WILCOX ... WHY RIDE ON THE TRAIN?
 WIL: I'LL TELL YOU WHY! FOR SIX YEARS NOW YOU'VE HAD ALL THE FUNNY STUFF ON THIS SHOW? DO I HAVE ANY JOKES? NO!
 MOL: Well my goodness, Mr. Wilcox -
 WIL: ALL I EVER SAY IS WHAT A WONDERFUL PRODUCT JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT IS FOR FLOORS AN LINOLEUM ... HOW IT BEAUTIFIES AND PROTECTS AGAINST DAMPNESS DIRT AND WEAR... HOW IT'S SO EASY TO USE BECAUSE IT SHINES AS IT DRIES WITH NO RUBBING OR BUFFING. HOW IT SAVES HOURS OF HOUSEWORK AND SO ON AND SO ON AND SO ON.
 FIB: Well so what? It's absolutely true, isn't it?
 WIL: OF COURSE IT'S TRUE. I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT! BUT IS IT FUNNY? NO, TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!
 MOL: Well how on earth will riding on trains help you?
 WIL: So I can mix with all the TRAVELING salesman and learn a lot of funny stories, that's how.
 MOL: Look Mr. Wilcox...the stories you'll hear from travelling salesmen will only have one effect on your status with this show.

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WIL: What's that?
 FIB: YOU'LL BE TRAVELING - SALESMAN!
 WIL: Oh all right ... gee whiz ... here I try to improve myself...
 to MAKE something of myself and where do I get? Off at
 the next station. So long ... folks ...

TRAIN UP AND FADE:

FIB: This is sure a healthy country we're goin' thru Molly.
 We just passed the grave of a real old man. The stone
 says he was 121.
 MOL: Really? What was his name?
 FIB: Miles from Chicago.
 MOL: That's a ripe old age.
 FIB: It's a ripe old joke anyway. Shoulda given it to Wilcox.
 Well, I think I'll go back to the smoker and have a cigar,
 Molly.
 MOL: All right dearie....I'll take a little nap.
 SOUND: TRAIN UP AND FADE
 UPP: (FADE IN) OHHHH How do you do, Mrs. McGee...
 MOL: Hello, Mrs. Uppington...won't you sit down....
 UPP: Thank you no, my deah....I am too excited, really...
 MOL: What about, Mrs. Uppington?
 UPP: Well,and this is STRICTLY confidential.
 Mrs. McGee..not a word to Mr. McGee, you know!!!
 MOL: All right, I promise.
 UPP: I am going to a downstate nursery I am thinking of
 adopting a BABY !!!
 MOL: NOOOOOOO!!!! Not a baby!!!

UPP: YEEEEESS!! A BABY!! But remembah...not a word to anyone!..
 I....Oh heah comes Mr. McGee...I shall be back in a few
 moments my deah....
 FIB: Hey, didn't I just see Uppy? Where she goin'?
 MOL: Well, er-er, it's confidential, but..er..er-she..
 WELL SHE WON FIRST PRIZE AT THE STATE FAIR FOR A PATCHWORK
 QUILT SHE MADE AND SHE'S GOIN' DOWN TO COLLECT THE PRIZE...
 Oh back again, Mrs. Uppington?
 UPP: Yes I...Oh how do you do, Mr. McGee...I'm so excited I had
 to go get a drink of watah.
 FIB: Don't blame you Uppy. SOOOOOOOOOOO....you finally hit the
 jackpot eh? Well, you deserve it, Uppy. And you gotta
 beautiful home to keep it in, too!
 UPP: Mrs. MCGEE, I --I THOUGHT YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D NOT TELL!
 MOL: I didn't, Mrs. Uppington. He doesn't know what he's talkin
 about.
 FIB: Why all the secrecy? Shucks - I've seen hundreds of 'em.
 Shucks, my mother had 12.
 MOL: Heavenly days!!!!
 UPP: 12!! MY GOODNESS, MR. MCGEE....DOES SHE....I mean are they
 all at home?
 FIB: I suppose so...they been layin' around the house for years.
 Shucks, mamma was always savin' little three-cornered pieces
 of cloth for 'em.
 UPP: WELL, I SHOULD IMAGINE SO. BUT -12- OF THEM!!! WHAT A
 RESPONSIBILITY!

MOL: (PERTURBED) Look, Mrs. Uppington, McGee thinks your --
FIB: I think your silly if you consider 'em a responsibility. Shucks, all you gotta do is send 'em out to the wet wash once in a while and then shove 'em in a closet till company comes.
UPP: SHOVE THEM IN A CLOSET!
FIB: Sure...There's only one thing about it, Uppy. It's gonna break your heart when you see 'em gettin' old and moth-eaten, and lumpy in the middle.
MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS!...
UPP: Well, Mr. McGee...I..I am so NEW at this sort of thing. I can only say that I hope, as the years go by, that it will look more and more like me.
FIB: Ye do eh? (LAUGHS HEARTILY). You're wonderful, Uppy. AND I'M SURE IT WILL...IF ONLY AROUND THE EDGES. (LAUGHS) I can hardly wait to see it. But I suppose you'll have it hangin' out the window one of these days for an airing.
UPP: OHHHH MY GOODNESS, MR. MCGEE...WHAT A CRUEL, HEARTLESS.. CALLOUS SORT OF....WELL,I AM CERTAINLY GLAD YOU ARE NOT IT'S FATHER! GOODBYEEEE!!
FIB: Hey did you hear what she said? How could anybody be the father of a patchwork quilt!
MOL: Well why not. Robert Fulton was the father of the steamboat.
BOOM: (FADE IN) AH THERE MY DEAR! And a happy Thanksgiving to you my grim little pill....er...my little Pilgrim.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer?
FIB: Well if it ain't the Secretary of the Uterior, Horatio K. Larceny. What are you up to, my fine-feathered jailbird?

BOOM: Those are harsh words, Poisonpan, and I am cut to the quick. Fortunately, I have a very slow quick. But to answer your subtle interrogation, I am endeavoring, without much success, to get a small aggregation of travelers together for a game of cards...would you care to sit in, Ragwood?
FIB: I don't wanna play any poker with you, Boomer. And that deck o' cards you carry around with you has got 52 jokers in it.
BOOM: SAY NOT SO, SAY NOT SO...I have here a deck of cards with the Government seal still intact...now where did I put that deck of cards...deck of cards...deck of cards... had them here a moment ago....
TRAIN UP BRIEFLY: & FADE:
BOOM: Here's a letter from my father...POOR OLD DAD...having trouble with his hearing. I told him that lawyer was no good! Article about my friend Foo Yong, who is running for Mayor of Chinatown...unfortunate fellow..every time he gets up to make a speech they egg Foo Yong...Here's a photograph of all my classmates in Sing Sing - with their ankles chained together...we used to call it the Union Leg Club. Hah hah...very amusing...NOW. Ahh what's this.. oh yes...a small bore revolver. Did you ever kill a small bore, small bore? Handful of chestnuts...or should I say ANOTHER handful? And a deck of cards with the government seal still intact! WELL WELL, IMAGINE THAT...NO CHECK FOR A SHORT BEER! MUST HAVE LEFT IT IN THE CLUB CAR...GOOD DAY, MY DEAR, AND TO YOU, SHEEPHANK!
APPLAUSE: TRAIN UP LOUD INTO AND OUT WITH -
ORK: "EASY GO SLIM" - KING'S MEN. ANNOUNCEMENT OVER INTRO.

SOUND: TRAIN UP AND FADE:

FIB: Hey, Molly,.....you asleep?
MOL: Oh no. I was just settin' here with me eyes closed.....
thinkin' how nice it'll be to see Uncle Dennis again.
FIB: I wish I could share your joy. But if that old bar-fly
don't -
MOL: MCGEE STOP IT. You've spent the whole day insulting Uncle
Dennis. He never says anything bad about you.
FIB: No, but I never saw anybody that could put such a nasty
significance into a hiccup. If he ain't the -
TEE: Hey, Mister...get your feet out of the aisle.
FIB: Oh, excuse me little girl. I'm sorry. You enjoyin' your
trip?
TEE: Oh yes. I like to take a long train trip once in a while...
and get away from it all.
FIB: Ye do, eh? (LAUGHS)
TEE: Sure. Anyway, I gotta book with me to read.
FIB: What's the book?
TEE: Aesop's fables. Gee, there's some awful dumb stories in
it, too.
FIB: Such as which, sis?
TEE: Well, the Fox and The Tomatoes, for instance.
FIB: You mean the Fox and the GRAPES.
TEE: I made it tomatoes so the fox could reach 'em easier.
He was awful hungry.
FIB: That's a very humanitarian thought, sis. And I think
that with proper consideration for the factors involved,
you'll detect a very sound psychological basis for the
plot.

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TEE: Well gee, I...Hmmmmm?
FIB: I says....I can't do that again. You like the story?
TEE: No. I don't understand it. Why did the fox want the
grapes in the first place?
FIB: Why he wanted to eat 'em.
TEE: Foxes don't eat grapes, I betcha.
FIB: Oh yes they do.
TEE: Oh no they don't.
FIB: OHHH YES THEY DO!
TEE: OHHHH NOO THEY DON'T!
FIB: OHHH YES THEY...how do you know? You ever have a fox?
TEE: Nō but we got grapes. And the foxes don't eat 'em.
FIB: Maybe there aren't any foxes around where you live.
TEE: Well, I betcha if I was a fox and I liked grapes I go
where there WERE grapes and that's where I live, I
betcha.
FIB: Sis, your logic is incontestable.
TEE: Gee, does it show?
FIB: Eh?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I SAYS...Well look....have you discovered any other
inconsistencies in that ageless epic about the Fox and
the Steinbeck Strawberries?
TEE: Gee you talk fancy, Mister.
FIB: Excuse me, I just asked what else was wrong with the
story.

TEE: Everything the fox said. In the first place a fox can't talk and if he could he'd fox trot into a restaurant and order himself a ham on rye, I betcha. Here, you can have the book, I'M goin' back to my seat and read Superman. So long, mister.

APPLAUSE:

TRAIN SOUND UP AND FADE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...we're slowin' down...we're almost there.
MOL: Oh fine...get the suitcases down dearie...I hope Uncle Dennis is waitin' at the station for us.

SOUND: TRAIN STOPPING...CLANG OF BELL, HISS OF STEAM, BUSTLE OF VOICES...ETC.

MAN: TAXI.....TAXI HERE....ANYWHERE IN THE CITY....TAXI MISTER.

FIB: No thanks, bud....where do we catch a street car, Molly?
MOL: We don't have to. He lives right next to the station... he's an old railroad man you know.

FIB: Must be why he's always wettin' his whistle.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON WALK

MOL: I hope Uncle Dennis will have plum pudding for dinner.
FIB: I hope he don't--- the last time he served that it was two plums in a dish of rice pudding.

SOUND: (UP STEPS) (DOOR KNOCK) (PAUSE) (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Wonder he couldn't install a doorbell.

FIB: It costs a few cents a year to run a doorbell. You can get new skin on your knuckles for nothing.

DOOR KNOCK REPEAT LOUDER:

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MOL: Oh dear... I wonder where...maybe we missed him at the station.

FIB: I wouldn't miss him at the station or anywhere else. And this is a dirty trick ... invitin' us down here and then forgettin' to -

MOL: Well as long as we're relatives and are invited, McGee... see if you can get the window open.

FIB: We shoulda brung Boomer. Now let's see...what can I pry that window open with...here's a pocket comb... HEY...WHAT'S THIS? LOOK.... HERE'S THE OTHER PAGE OF UNCLE DENNIS LETTER! HAD IT IN MY POCKET ALL THE TIME. (RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: Well, give it here let me read it while you open the window.

FIB: Okay..... I Lossee now - maybe there's a basement window open that ...

MOL: McGee! Look!

FIB: Smatter?

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T A G

FIB: The American Red Cross is holding it's annual Roll Call
 this month and all of us should join.

MOL: Yes, The Red Cross needs your help now, so that in national
 emergencies, it can help your needs.

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
 FIBBER McGEHE & MOLLY
 NOVEMBER 19, 1940
 TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING TAG

CUE: (MOLLY) ... "Good Night, All"

.....

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

.....
eaking for the makers of
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....
again next Tuesday night.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NOVEMBER 19, 1940
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG

NOTE: This 30 second closing commercial is to be delivered by a separate announcer from a quiet studio.

CUE: (Wilcox)... inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.
Goodnight.

.....

"Makes a hard job easy" -- that's what many thousands of car-owners are saying about CARNU -- JOHNSON'S sensational new auto polish. Why is CARNU sensational? Because it both cleans and wax-polishes your car in one easy operation-- in half the time these jobs used to take. And the cost of JOHNSON'S CARNU is very low. Try it yourself -- get your car ready for winter by giving it a CARNU beauty treatment -- and you'll say with other car-owners, "Your car looks like new when you use CARNU!"

b

6:30-7:00 PM
Tuesday - 11

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