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(REVISED)

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File  
# 16

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NBC - TUESDAY

JANUARY 15, 1946

MCGEE SHOW  
1/15/46

(2nd REVISION) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME...FADE FOR:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax products for home and industry present FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - aided and abetted by Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, Bea Benadaret, and yours truly Harlow Wilcox. The writing is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie; the music by the King's men and Billy Mills' orchestra, and back with us tonight after three years in the navy, Bill Thompson as Wallace Wimple.

ORCH: "SOME SUNDAY MORNING" ... FADE FOR:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Those of you who use wax polish regularly know all about how your home grows lovelier with every application. But if you've yet to discover the beauty of wax-polishing, you certainly have a most pleasant surprise coming. For example, you'll be really amazed at the shining new beauty of your floors when first you wax polish them with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. For the very first time perhaps you'll appreciate the real beauty of your dining room table top, because JOHNSON'S WAX brings out its beautiful natural grain and gives it a lovely mellow polish. Your chairs and sideboard and bookcase suddenly gleam with a lustrous satiny dry sheen. Ornaments, leather articles, picture frames, are richer looking. <sup>Johnson wax polished</sup> And when your lovely things are wax protected against wear, dirt and spilled things. So for a lovelier home that's easy to keep lovely, get JOHNSON'S WAX -- Paste, Liquid or Cream.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: When Mrs. McGee, of 79 Wistful Vista sent her husband to the library for some reference books on raising cinerarias, she might have known he'd come home with two volumes on the History of Baseball, one on Big Game hunting in New Zealand and three murder mysteries. One of which he is reading now, as we meet ---

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: You mean you didn't get me that book on cinerarias, McGee?

FIB: They didn't have one. The librarian and I spent 45 minutes lookin' thru the list and it didn't have a single book about sinamarrians.

MOL: CINERARIAS.

FIB: That's what I says. Cinnamonariariraums. She asks me what are they, and I says "flowers" -

MOL: That was correct.

FIB: Then she says how do you spell it, and I seen she had me. So I takes these books and screams. You'll LOVE these murder mysteries.

MOL: One of these days I'm going to WRITE a murder story and it will be autobiographical. It will be entitled: "THAT WASN'T THE BOOK SHE WANTED, AND THAT WASN'T SUGAR ON HIS WHEATIES."

FIB: Well, my gosh, when a guy runs into an ignorant librarian who don't even know what a cinemasturtium is --

MOL: CINERARIA.

FIB: Yes....when you run into an ignorama like that --  
MOL: Ignoramus.  
FIB: This was a woman. Takes a feminine suffix when used as  
a subjunctive.  
MOL: Oh.  
FIB: When you run into an ignorama like that, what can you do?  
MOL: Well, don't expect me to read those murder mysteries.  
They give me the twitches.  
FIB: Ah ptah!.....You gotta remember it's just fiction.  
Personally, I'm so used to 'em. Boris Karloff could  
creep into this room draggin' seven dead bodies and I'd  
never - (SHRIEKS) YIPE!!! WHAT WAS THAT? SOMETHING JUST  
CRAWLED ACROSS MY FOOT!!!  
MOL: That was just my ball of yarn, dearie. It rolled off  
my lap.  
FIB: Oh. It was, eh? (LAUGHS) Reason I jumped was on  
account of this story is pretty gory. It's by far the  
best of the three I got.  
MOL: YOU MEAN YOU'VE READ ALL THREE OF THOSE MYSTERIES SINCE  
YOU GOT HOME?

FIB: Certainly. It's a cinch with my system. I just read  
the first 3 pages and the last 3 pages. That tells you  
who got killed and who done it. Which is all you want  
to know in the first place.  
MOL: That stuff in between is a shameful waste of paper, isn't  
it?  
FIB: Oh, I dunno. I suppose some people read all that padding.  
They did in this one anyway. There's a loose page right  
here in the middle that.....(PAUSE)  
MOL: That what?  
FIB: It ain't a loose page. It's a map. Somebody left a  
map in here.  
MOL: A map of what?  
FIB: I dunno.....looks like it might be a ... (RATTLE OF  
PAPER) OH MY GOSH.....MOLLY!! IT'S A TREASURE MAP!!  
LOOK!!  
MOL: Tear it up, dearie. With taxes the way they are, we  
can't afford to find any treasure.  
FIB: NO KIDDIN' ... THIS IS REAL! SEE HERE? IT SAYS, "DUE  
NORTH FROM OLD MINERAL WELL.....TWO HUNDRED PACES...  
STRIKE LINE FROM LOOSE ROCK IN STONE WALL TO FOOT OF  
OLD OAK. THEN THERE'S A BIG "X" and it says "TREASURE  
BURIED HERE!"  
MOL: Where?  
FIB: RIGHT HERE IN WISTFUL VISTA. I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THAT  
OLD MINERAL WELL IS, AND THE STONE WALL, TOO!

MOL: But McGee...who would bury a treasure in Wistful Vista?  
The only pirate who ever operated around here is Alderman  
McClatchie.

FIB: WELL THERE WAS PLENTY OF STAGECOACH HOLD-UPS AROUND HERE  
IN THE OLD DAYS KIDDO!! AND PLENTY BANK ROBBERIES!

(LAUGHS) Boy, imagine me walkin' into the Elk's tomorrow  
and payin' my dues with a handful of uncut emeralds?

MOL: Just the same, dearie, I don't think --

CHIME:

FIB: OH OH!..NOT A WORD ABOUT THIS MAP, BABY! THIS MAY MEAN  
LIFE OR DEATH IF THE WORD GETS OUT!

MOL: Compared to me, sweetheart, an oyster is positively gabby.  
I can close up like a General Motors salesroom.

FIB: If anybody knows we're on the trail of a treasure --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh how do you do, Mrs Carstairs. DO COME IN!

DOOR CLOSE:

CARST: Thank you, my dear. Good afternoon, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah, Carsty. Just the gal I wanted to see. Look...  
isn't there an old mineral well just west of your  
property?

CARST: Yes, but it is really ON my property, Mr. McGee. And the  
well is no longer in use.

MOL: Run dry, Millicent?

CARST: Oh no. But the water was only good to cure rheumatism and  
arthritis and neither Mr. Carstairs nor I are troubled  
that way. So, we had it shut off.

FIB: Why don't you cut down all your trees, too...neither of  
you care for robin's eggs.

MOL: Don't be rude, McGee.

CARST: That's quite all right, my dear. You see, Mr. Carstairs  
loves to watch our feathered friends thru field glasses.  
He is president of the Wistful Vista Bird Watchers and  
Why Don't People Pull Down Their Shades Club.

FIB: Interesting hobby.

CARST: My husband has a very powerful pair of binoculars. Last  
week he saw a purple breasted chimney-lark, a fan-tailed  
barn-jay and two new nurses at the Lying In Hospital.

MOL: We..er...we've just been talking about some of the local  
landmarks, Mrs Carstairs..like your mineral well, and the  
old stone wall, and those big oak trees.

CARST: Yes, Mr. Carstairs inherited the estate from his great-  
grandfather, Long John Carstairs, who was a pirate with  
Captain Kidd.

FIB: HOT DIGGETY!..A PIRATE, EH? Did he..er...bring home any  
Spanish gold and stuff, Carsty?

CARST: So far as we have been able to ascertain, Mr. McGee, the  
only things he brought home were a severe case of malaria,  
and a parrot whose language is MOST disturbing.

MOL: Swears, does he, Millicent?

CARST: Terribly, my dear. Although we have tried to re-educate  
him, with some success. He now says "FIFTEEN MEM ON A  
DEAD MAN'S CHEST, YO HO, AND A BOTTLE OF PEPSI-COLA!"

FIB: They say them parrots live to be hundreds of years old Carsty.

CARST: Yes, I'm inclined to think so myself, Mr. McGee. This parrot is always saying things in Italian like "IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION, CHRIS, WHY DON'T YOU CALL IT 'AMERICA?'"

MOL: Tell Millicent about the bird you had once, McGee.

FIB: You mean Sherman? Yes, I had a strange bird once, Carsty. Cross between a stork and a parrot. Used to fly around town and holler down people's chimney's, "WHAT'LL YOU HAVE FOLKS, A BOY OR A GIRL? Sure scared the tar out of a lot of people. Oh, you gotta go, Carsty?

CARST: Yes, I SIMPLY MUST be going.....it's been SUCH a cosy little chat. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE SAID, MOLLY....CARSTAIRS GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS A PIRATE!! DON'T THAT MAKE THIS TREASURE MAP LOOK REASONABLE?

MOL: After your stork and her parrot, almost anything would look reasonable, dearie. But if the treasure is on her property, doesn't it belong to her?

FIB: No sir! The law says "Finders keepers - losers wheepers". IT'S ALL OURS BABY...WE'RE RICH!! GO ORDER YOURSELF A MINK COAT...BUY YOURSELF SOME PEARLS.....A DIAMOND NECKLACE....

MOL: Let's go all the way, dearie....let's call the market and order half a pound of butter!

ORCH:

SELECTION: "BELLS OF ST. MARY'S"

APPLAUSE!

SECOND SPOT

FIB: Well, lemme see now...I got a shovel...a flashlight...  
piece of rope... What else do I need to dig up a buried  
treasure?

MOL: A buried Treasure, for one thing.

FIB: DON'T WORRY, TOOTSIE...THE TREASURE WILL BE THERE, ALL  
RIGHT! HEY...I KNOW WHAT ELSE I NEED. A PICK.

MOL: A what?

FIB: A pick.

MOL: Tooth, ice, or mandolin?

FIB: Just a plain, big, old, Irish pick. That you dig holes  
with. And maybe I should oughtta take a black scarf, too,  
in case I have to put on a mask.

MOL: Why should you wear a mask?

FIB: I dunno...but diggin' up a buried treasure at midnight  
seems to call for a black mask, somehow.

MOL: Well, why do you have to wait till midnight?

FIB: My gosh, you want the whole town in on this thing? If  
anybody sees us diggin' on Garstairs' property --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, hello there, Doctor Gamble. Come right in!

DOOR CLOSE:

DOC: Good evening, my dear ... and how are you,  
Rover boy?

FIB: In the pink, Arrowsmith. I manage to stay in  
perfect health simply by ignoring all your advice.

MOL: He's just talking, Doctor. The minute he gets  
a turmyache he loosens his belt with one hand  
and reaches for the phone with the other to call  
you.

DOC: Yes, I know. To me his character is an open  
book - a cheap edition in a bad binding which  
should have been suppressed at the time of  
publication.

FIB: Horseradish! As a judge of character, you  
bulging bag of bedside baloney, you are a total  
deficit. For instance, can you look at me and  
deny that I will be a wealthy man in a very  
short time?

MOL: Careful, McGee...you might give--

DOC: My dear boy...(if you'll forgive my using the phrase, as you are neither mine, nor dear, nor a boy)...I can take one look at you and say without fear of contradiction that you will be a wealthy man about the same time that I become the premier danseuse of the Monte Carlo Ballet.

FIB: OKAY, FATSO...TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!!

MOL: It's a map of buried treasure, Doctor. Right here in Wistful Vista! McGee's going to dig it up tonight.

FIB: And if you open your big fat puss about it to a single soul, Capsule-happy, I'll personally knock you so flat you can go home in a mailing tube!

DOC: I ignore your empty threats of violence, Wind-tunnel, knowing that you couldn't punch your way through a damp cracker ... And as for digging up a buried treasure, if you find enough Spanish doubloons to buy yourself a plate of tamales, I'll throw myself under the wheels of a passing roller skate. However...good luck with it, Tumbleweed!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that old septio! He'll look pretty silly when I pay his bill with a rope of pearls. What time is it?

MOL: It's early yet, dearie. About eight o'clock.

FIB: My gosh, don't the time drag though? I'm just itchin' to get busy with this pick and shovel. HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. Maybe YOU'D better do the digging while I stand guard with a shotgun! We might get high-jacked outa the treasure!

MOL: You're sweet to do the dangerous work while I have all the fun, dearie ... but you'd better do the digging, because --

DOOR OPEN: GLOSE:

WIL: Hello, folks...mind if I come in?

FIB: "Mind if I come in"?, he says. That's like lightning saying "Do you mind if I strike you"? You ARE in, Junior.

MOL: And very welcome too, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Thanks, Molly. What's the shovel and stuff for, Mac? If you're planning on digging for fishworms, I can tell you right now the ground is harder than a landlord's heart.

FIB: Can you keep a secret, Juney?

WIL: Pal, I am as close-mouthed as an Armenian's purse. What cooks.

MOL: Shall I tell him, dearie?

FIB: Sure, go ahead. And if you pop off about this thing, son, I'll give you the bus driver's curse.

WIL: What's the bus driver's curse?

FIB: May you stand on a windy corner...and stand and stand and stand while the sleet drives up your pant legs, and your nickles freeze in your hand!

MOL: That's a fairly vicious thought, sweetheart. Look at this map, Mr. Wilcox. It's a treasure map, and himself here is going to dig it up tonight.

FIB: Wanna go along, Junior? Glad to buy a couple hours of your time, if you don't mind bein' paid off in diamonds and rubies.

WIL: No thanks, Mac. As a matter of fact, I'm going on a little treasure hunt tonight, myself.

MOL: WHAT?

FIB: YOU ARE?

WIL: Yup. (SOTTO VOCE) Don't say anything about it, but remember when the limited was held up just outside of town five years ago?

MOL: Yes!!!

FIB: My gosh, yes...but -

WIL: Well, we think we know where the robbers hid the loot... and among it is a hundred containers of Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat.

MOL: Heavenly days, why should anybody steal that? You can buy it almost any place.

WIL: Yes, but with the war just starting, these bandits thought Glocoat would become hard to get, see, and housewives would pay almost any price for it.

FIB: Now look, Waxey, that's a pretty far-fetched --

WIL: And it might have happened too! Imagine how desperate women might have gotten, seeing their kitchen linoleum getting worn and faded, making their housework mere drudgery, and their homes look shabby and uncared for.

MOL: Yes, but -

WIL: They didn't realize they'd still be able to get Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-coat, and keep their kitchens sparkling and fresh, as always ---

FIB: Yeah, but -

WIL: Making housework as easy as ever. Because a Glo-coated linoleum is so easy to keep clean and lasts so much longer and gives that proof of immaculate housekeeping. Say, are you sure this treasure map is authentic?

MOL: McGee thinks it is, Mr. Wilcox. He thinks it's an old pirate map!

WIL: If you've got time I could show it to my cousin, Big Pegleg Wilcox. He used to be a Pirate.

FIB: Gee, really, Junior? On the Spanish Main?

WIL: No, in Pittsburgh. He played third base. Let me know if you want him to check it for you. So long now.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee, did you ever stop to realize that Mr. Wilcox almost always mentions Johnson's Glo-coat or Johnson's Wax?



FIB: MENTIONS IT! He beats you over the skull with it!  
That guy is about as subtle as a garlic sandwich. HEY  
REMIND ME TO WEAR MY BASKETBALL SHOES TONIGHT! I'll  
wanna walk pretty quiet. You know where they are?  
MOL: You told me to give them away dearie. You said the  
shoemaker had re-soled them with truck rubber and you  
kept walking thru puddles and splashing people.  
FIB: Oh yes. That's right. Well, I'll wear my bowling shoes.  
They got rubber soles and -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh for goodness sake...hello, Mr. Mayor,  
FIB: Hiya, La Trivia, old man. Glad to see you. Come on in.

DOOR CLOSE:

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. I was just passing by  
on my evening constitutional and thought I'd-- (PAUSE)  
Well! What's this? Going to sink a well, McGee? Or  
going out to dig for buried treasure? (CHUCKLES)

(PAUSE)

GALE: Did I...er...say something wrong?  
MOL: No, you just hit the nail on the cuticle, Your Honor.  
FIB: You guessed it, so I might as well tell you, La Triv,  
We ARE gonna dig up some buried treasure!  
GALE: No!  
FIB: Yes!  
MOL: Indeed! Here's the map, Mr. Mayor. See? (RUSTLE PAPER)  
GALE: Well...interesting document. Ever done any treasure  
hunting before, McGee?

FIB: Nope.  
MOL: I have.  
GALE: YOU HAVE, Mrs. McGee?  
FIB: When, Molly?  
MOL: Every time you get through taking a nap on the davenport.  
I've dug under the cushions and come up with as much as  
sixty-four cents.  
GALE: I had an interesting experience with that sort of thing  
once. When I lived in New Orleans. I had a little  
catboat I used to sail through the bayous.  
FIB: Take her with you all the time, La Trivia?  
GALE: Take whom?  
MOL: Your cat.  
GALE: I didn't have a cat.  
FIB: What was the idea of having a cat boat, then? Passenger  
boats carry passengers, cattle boats carry cattle, don't  
cat boats carry cats?  
GALE: Not necessarily, McGee. A catboat is merely a small  
sailboat.  
MOL: Just the same it was a little selfish of you not to take  
her along with you, Mr. Mayor...even as maybe just a  
mascot.  
GALE: I TELL YOU I DIDN'T HAVE A-- All right. I had a cat. It  
was her boat. She went with me everywhere. Now may I  
tell my story?  
FIB: Sure, La Trivia. Don't let us interrupt.

GALE: Thank you. Well, one day I left my little home in New Orleans - a creole colonial house, as I remember it, and --

MOL: What's creole colonial, Mr. Mayor?

GALE: It's a rather graceful variation of the Charleston colonial, Mrs McGee. Narrow pillars, green shutters, high stoop--

FIB: Hiya, La Triv.

GALE: How have you been?

FIB: Fine. And you?

GALE: Splendid. Nice to have seen you again. Good day.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "HUBBA HUBBA"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT

MOL: Isn't it almost time for us to get going, McGee?

FIB: We'll give it another few minutes ... give old man Carstairs time to get good and sound asleep.

MOL: Are you sure this isn't stealing, McGee? Digging up a buried treasure on somebody else's property?

FIB: Certainly it ain't stealing. Buried treasure don't belong to anybody till somebody finds it. And that's me. NOW THEN ... HAVE WE GOT EVERYTHING? SHOTGUN... ROPE...SHOVEL...PICK...MAP...

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Who could that be, at this late hour?

FIB: Search me. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: WELL, FOR GOODNESS SAKE!

FIB: WALLACE WIMPLE!

WIMP: Hello, folks.

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My, it's nice to see you again, Mr. Wimple!

FIB: Sure is, Wimp. Didn't know when you'd get in, or we'd have met you at the station.

WIMP: Oh, Sweet Face was there, Mr. McGee, and you should have seen our reunion.

MOL: Pretty emotional, was it?

FIB:

WIMP: Yes ... she really tugged at my heart.

MOL: Did she really?

WIMP: Yes, but I was lucky ... it didn't come loose.

FIB: Incidentally, Wimp ... what were you in the Navy?

WIMP: Homesick.

MOL: No, he means what was your title ... or rank ... or rating, or whatever you call it?

WIMP: Well .. (SNICKERS) ... you know what they call a "Sad Sack" in the Army?

FIB: Sure.

WIMP: Well, in the Navy I was known as the Droopy Ditty Bag. You see, I was a physical instructor, and --

MOL: YOU? A PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR?

WIMP: Oh yes, Mrs. McGee, I taught boxing, and jiu jitsu and judo and wrestling and knife-fighting and everything. And you know what I'm going to do if Sweetface starts picking on me again?

FIB: What, Wimp?

WIMP: Hide under the porch.

MOL: Well, you poor thing, I don't suppose it was a very happy homecoming was it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh I don't know, Mrs. McGee, but it was certainly amusing. The minute Sweetface saw me she just grabbed me up in her arms and started waving my legs up and down.

FIB: What was that for?

WIMP: Then she threw me down, very disgusted and said, WHAT DO THEY MEAN, BELL-BOTTOMED TROUSERS?...THEY DON'T MAKE A SOUND!

MOL: I don't like to be personal, Mr. Wimple...but don't you ever get tired of such treatment? Isn't the worm, if you'll pardon the expression, ever going to turn?

WIMP: (LAUGHS) Well, I suppose so, one of these days, Mrs. McGee. But I'm really very fond of Sweetface. She went for a little ride in the car tonight and I locked all the windows shut so she wouldn't get cold.

FIB: My gosh, Wimp...that's a dangerous thing to do! With no ventilation, she might get knocked out with carbon monoxide.

WIMP: (SNICKERS) Yes! Well, nice to have seen you again, folks. Goodnight.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Poor little Mr. Wimple. What a life he leads!

FIB: I dunno how the Navy is gonna get along without him, but I'll bet it wants to. WELL...WE BETTER BE GOIN', KIDDO! YOU BRING THE PICK AND SHOVEL AND ROPE AND STUFF...

SOUND: EQUIPMENT BEING GATHERED UP:

FIB: I'll carry the flashlight on account of I know the way. better.....

MOL: Hadn't I better bring the piano too, in case you get tired and want to lean on something?

FIB: No, I can use a tree....ALL SET? LET'S GO!

ORCH: "A-HUNTING WE WILL GO, A-HUNTING WE WILL GO...ETC ETC..."

SOUND: DIGGING:

MOL: Making any progress, McGee?

FIB: PHEW!..not much...Wilcox was right. The terra is really firma tonight. What I oughtta do is build a fire and soften the ground up...

MOL: Somebody'd see it, dearie. Goodness knows I'm nervous about being on Carstairs' property like this.

FIB: I'll calm her down with a handful of rubies, as soon as I get this treasure dug up.

SOUND: DIGGING:

MOL: McGee....PSSSSST....MCGEE!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: SHHH!!..I THINK I HEAR SOMEBODY COMING!

FIB: Probably just some little animal. This ground is frozen so hard the rabbits sound like tap dancers. And anyway.

CARST: (FADE IN) MR MCGEE!...MRS MCGEE!.MAY I ASK WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...MILLICENT!

FIB: My gosh..CARSTY!!

CARST: WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN, IF POSSIBLE..WHY YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON MY PROPERTY?

MOL: Well, you see, Millicent...McGee found a treasure map in a library book and -

FIB: AND I WAS GONNA SPLIT WITH YOU WHEN I GOT THE TREASURE DUG UP, CARSTY. A FRAIL LITTLE WOMAN LIKE YOU WOULDN'T WANNA DO ANY ACTUAL DIGGING, SO...

CARST: LET ME SEE YOUR MAP, MR. MCGEE.

FIB: Okay. Turn the flashlight on my face, Molly.

MOL: She means the treasure map, dearie.

FIB: Oh. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) Here, Carsty. See? It says "DUE NORTH FROM OLD MINERAL WELL..."

CARST: I know very well what it says, Mr. McGee. I made this map myself, several months ago. And mislaid it. It was to help me remember where to put the flowers.

MOL: FLOWERS!

FIB: But look..it says "TREASURE BURIED HERE".....

CARST: Of course. Treasure was the name of my pet turtle. He ate a firefly last October and died of heartburn.

MOL: Heavenly days-----What are you looking at, McGee?

FIB: The audience. AIN'T THIS RIDICULOUS, FOLKS?

ORCH: "LOVE ME - FADE FOR --

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: "I have only one regret about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT," said a woman to me the other day. "I regret--I didn't begin to use it sooner. It really annoys me to think what lovely looking linoleum and other floors I could have had all these years with so little work." Of course, we're always pleased to get compliments like that about GLO-COAT and as a matter of fact, we think they're well deserved. It's really so easy to keep your floors beautiful, and protected, too, with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. First, because GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- you simply apply and let dry. GLO-COAT polishes itself. And second, because spilled things are wiped up in a jiffy from a GLO-COAT protected floor. The tough film of GLO-COAT saves the surface underneath from wear, protects it from dirt and moisture. In fact, it's regular use adds greatly to the life of your linoleum and other floor surfaces. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

TAG

FIB: Hey Molly. You know what?  
MOL: No, what?  
FIB: I just heard the Old Timer is gettin' out of the Navy next week.  
MOL: My goodness -- how did an old man like him stay in the Navy this long?  
FIB: HE WAS THE OLD SALT THEY COULDN'T SHAKE.  
MOL: OH!  
FIB: Goodnight.  
MOL: Goodnight, all.  
MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF  
WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.  
ANNCR: THIS IS C.B.S. THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY --OH YEA

??????