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#8
(REVISED)

file

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

NOVEMBER 25th, 1947

6:30 - 7:00 PM PST

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM - WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry, present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

DK

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: What would you say does most in making a home beautiful? For my money, nothing adds so much beauty as shining, wax polished floors. Floors polished regularly with genuine Johnson's Wax have such a lovely, mellow appearance. They're so smooth and lustrous...and they set off your furnishings to such charming advantage. Of course, gleaming wax-polished floors are easy to have. Just apply a little Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax... buff...and right away your floors, too, will have that rich wax luster all the world admires. They will also be well protected against wear and scuff marks...and so easy to keep shining clean. Besides floors, Johnson's Wax adds a bright glowing sparkle to furniture and woodwork...not to mention a hundred household accessories. In fact, use of genuine Johnson's Wax is a method of housekeeping...protective housekeeping to take the place of constant soap and water scrubbing. Try it. Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax...to bring out the beauty of the home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side
Shine up the right side
Bring out the beauty of the home."

MOL:
ORCH: BRIDGE

FIB:

WILCOX: IF A WOMAN FEELS THE NEED OF A CHANGE OF SCENERY, WHAT DOES SHE DO? WELL, IF SHE'S LOADED WITH FOLDING MONEY AND LOOKS CHIC IN SKI PANTS, SHE MAY ~~DASH OVER TO THE SWISS ALPS OR UP TO SUN VALLEY~~ ^{GO UP TO SUN VALLEY} OR, IF SHE'S ON A SHORT BUDGET, SHE MAY JUST DASH DOWN TO THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE IN WISTFUL VISTA AND BUY A NEW BREADBOX WITH MATCHING CANISTERS. LIKE MRS. MCGEE, OF -- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

SOUND: SETTING THEM DOWN ON TABLE

MOL: How do you like them McGee? Don't they look pretty?
FIB: My dear, I was just about to remark, that I have never seen utensils made with such exquisite craftsmanship, such symmetry of line and of such delicate proportions. The finish is superb and the color is simply breathtaking.
MOL: Then you're really pleased with them?
FIB: I certainly am! (PAUSE) What are they?
MOL: WHAT ARE THEY? Why heavenly days, it's a bread box and some matching canisters! My goodness can't you read the printing on them that...oh, wait till I turn them around. (SOUND) There! Bread, Flour, sugar and tea.
FIB: Very nice. That's a pretty shade of pink, all right. What do they call it? Pink?
MOL: Yes, the salesgirl said it was the latest shade. Spanked-Baby pink.
FIB: Spanked-Baby Pink. Very descriptive. They certainly think up some fancy new colors these days. The only thing is....oh what's the matter with me. It don't really matter!

(REVISED)

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MOL: WHAT, MCGEE? WHAT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?
FIB: Well, maybe it's just because I'm so sensitive to my surroundings. Maybe it's because I got such a delicate sense of color harmony. But...er...but....don't you think this Spanked Baby Pink, kinda CLASHES with the kitchen?
MOL: Hmm. If you hadn't mentioned it, I never would have noticed, but it does make the kitchen look sort of dingy, by contrast, doesn't it? Shall I take them back and change them?
FIB: Nah...I got a ^{better} ~~simple~~ idea. Paint the kitchen to match the new breadbox.
MOL: Wel-l-l-l....if you think we can find a painter who can match this color...
FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, FIND ONE? WHO DO YOU THINK GOT B-PLUS ALL THRU GRADE SCHOOL FOR PAINTING THE BEST DAFFODILS? WHO ONCE HAD THE MAPLE LEAF HE COLORED AND CUT OUT OF CARDBOARD PINNED UP IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE FIFTH GRADE? WHO WAS IT THAT WAS ALWAYS CHOSE TO DRAW A TURKEY IN COLORED CHALK ON THE BLACKBOARD THE WEEK BEFORE THANKSGIVING? WHO WAS IT?

(PAUSE)

MOL: I give up.
FIB: Me.
MOL: It was?
FIB: You said it! Look....I'll trot down to the hardware store and get a batch of paints and brushes and linseed oil and twerpentine and I'll have this kitchen redecorated before you can say "OHhhh, NOT THAT!!"

(REVISED)

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MOL: Look, sweetheart. Maybe we'd better get a professional painter to do it. Fred Banks could do this in no time at -
FIB: Awww, Fred Banks! Migosh, I can mix up a batch of "Spanked Baby Pink" that'll match this -

DOOR CHIME
FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN
MOL: Oh hello there, Mr Old Timer.
FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer.
OLD T: HELLO THERE KIDS. WHAT'S NEW?
MOL: This bread box. And these canisters.
OLD T: Well, now ain't they pretty!! What color is that, kids?
FIB: That's what they call "Spanked Baby Pink" Old Timer. I'm gonna paint the kitchen that color to match the new breadbox. Stick around and watch me.
OLD T: Johnny, if I hadn't of read Tom Sawyer years ago, you mighta hooked me on that. Besides, I can't stay around people that are workin' with paint. I'm allergic!
MOL: Allergic? To paint?
OLD T: Nope. To work!!
FIB: Well, you don't know what you're missing Old Timer. When I start mixing paint, people have been known to just stand there kinda hypnotized by my artistry. When I take the primary colors, Red, Green and Orange, and start delicately changing their chromatic values, according to the laws of refraction and harmony, with due regard for humidity and perspective, I sometimes get my shoes so full o' paint I splash when I walk.

(2ND REVISION) -7-

MOL: McGee, you're sure you can mix a paint to match this new breadbox? It seems a lot simpler for me to buy a different breadbox to match the kitchen.

OLD T: Me, too, Johnny. I mind one time when I was a boy, mama bought a new doorknob that cost seventeen hundred dollars, and she--

FIB: A NEW DOORKNOB COST SEVENTEEN HUNDRED BUCKS? WHAT WAS IT, SOLID GOLD?

OLD T: Nope. Jest plain porsy-lain. But it was the wrong color. Papa had to buy a new door to go with it. That made the front hall look shabby, so after mama got through havin' the dinin' room done over to match the paper she put in the living room to harmonize with the paint job in the hall to tie in with the new door that went with the new doorknob, the total bill was seventeen hundred and three dollars and ten cents.

MOL: What was the three dollars and ten cents for?

OLD T: New pane o' glass in the living room, daughter. When papa seen the bill for it, he give kind of a low moan, and jumped clean through the window.

MOL: Well, there's nothing like staying a jump ahead of your bills.

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OLD T: Heh heh heh..that's pretty good, daughter, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller syas to tether feller, "Sayyyyyy," he says, "I SEE WHERE THE MOVIES ARE GONNA DO THE LIFE OF AL JOLSON." "ZAT SO?" says tether feller, " I THOUGHT THEY'D ALREADY DONE THAT." "THEY HAVE," SAYS THE first feller, "BUT HE'S HAD AN ENTIRELY NEW LIFE SINCE THEN!" Heh heh heh. WELL, HAPPY PAINTIN', JOHNNY!

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "STANLEY STEAMER"

APPLAUSE

dk

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -9-

SOUND: CLATTER OF BRUSHES, PAINT CANS, ETC. ETC.

FIB: (SINGS) Ohhhh, there was a little pole-cat, whose life was badly spent.
When his father died he found himself, cut off without a scent.

Ohhhhhh, the monkey and cocoanuts...

MOL: (FADE IN) How are you coming along, McGee. Got the right color mixed yet?

FIB: Justabout. It's still a little red, but a dash of this white will tone 'er down. Watch this.....

SOUND: GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB: CAN SET DOWN

MOL: How do you know what proportions to use?

FIB: I go by the glubs.

MOL: By the what?

FIB: The glubs. Notice when you pour the paint out how it goes "glub, glub, glub?" Well, I've discovered that five glubs of white mixed with ten glubs of red and a glub and a half of gray is almost the exact shade I want.

(SOUND: STIRRING) How does it look now?

MOL: Too red. It's more of an "Embarrassed Lobster" color than a Spanked Baby Pink. Incidentally, what's the bucket of paint on the stove?

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FIB: Eh? Oh, that's another batch I got too much red into. By the way, I owe you a new tea strainer.

MOL: Why do you?

FIB: I thought maybe I could strain the red out of it, but it didn't work. Strainer was too coarse, I think. Too big a mesh.

MOL: I think so too.

FIB: Now lemme see....one more dash of turpentine....and I'll just about have it.

SOUND: POURING LIQUID

FIB: You see, there's quite a knack to mixing paint. Some people never seem to catch onto it. I'm beginning to think I'm one of 'em. However, I'll just keep trying and....

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

MOL: Oh it's Mr. Williams from next door, McGee...the Weather man. COME IN, MR. WILLIAMS.

FIB: Hello, FOGGY, OLD MAN! HOW ARE YOU?

GALE: Fair, thank you. And warmer, since I stepped in^{3/2}. Let's just say fair and warmer, with light, shifting eyebrows, due to seeing you up to your elbows in paint. That is paint, is it not?

MOL: Yes, he's going to paint the kitchen, Mr. Williams. Was there something we could do for you?

dk

(2ND REVISION) -11-

GALE: Er...no, thank you. I was just verifying a report from my wife. She happened to be looking out our kitchen window, an hour or so ago, and saw a shadowy figure scurry furtively into our garage. It came out again carrying three large paint brushes and a can of turpentine, and darted back through the hedge. Coming this way. She thought. Rather accurately. It seems.

FIB: Foggy, that's a wonderful woman you're married to!

GALE: Thank you.

FIB: Anyone who can read the label on a can of turpentine at a distance of forty-five feet late in the afternoon, has got awful good eyesight, and anyhow I was running like a deer!

MOL: Dearie, don't you think it would be more courteous if you ASKED Mr. Williams if you could borrow his things ?

FIB: Now let's not get into that angle of it, kiddo. Suppose I always asked him. Suppose he says no. Then where are we? Bad neighbors! Ill feeling! This way, I take whatever I want outa his garage; and he takes whatever he wants back, of his, outa my garage, if he can find it

MOL: What do you think, Mr. Williams ?

GALE: Well, the...er...the system has its disadvantages, of course.

FIB: WHAT DISADVANTAGES, SELFISH ?

(2ND REVISION) -12-

MOL: Yes, tell us, Mr. Williams. As the trainer of the St. Louis baseball club said when he wanted the boys to have a rubdown, 'let's put all our cards on the table'.

GALE: Very well. A few nights ago, about midnight, or a little after, or a little before, I don't know which, right now, or care, and neither do you, I'm sure, Mrs. Williams and I heard a noise downstairs. I thought it must be burglars. But Mrs. Williams said no, it's just Mr. McGee borrowing something again.....

MOL: AT MIDNIGHT ?

FIB: IN YOUR HOUSE ?

GALE: (CHUCKLES) Well, as it turned out, it was burglars. They cleaned out the house. (LAUGHS) All the silver and fur coats and radios and cameras and clocks. AND OUR INSURANCE HAD LAPSED. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

MOL: I don't think that's so amusing, Mr. Williams.

GALE: No..not amusing, perhaps...but so SATISFACTORY..YOU SEE.. I...WAS RIGHT!!! Not being a weather man, you can't know what that meant to me, Mrs. McGee. Well, I mist get home and feed my groundhog. Good day, probably!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: You know, McGee...I do think you've been awfully free about borrowing Mr. Williams tools and things. Have you ever put anything back ?

FIB: Why should I put 'em back ? He knows where they are. Any time he wants something of his back from me, all he's gotta do is ask. Now lemme see - a little more linseed oil. (RATTLE OF CANS) HEY, BY THE WAY...WHAT IS A LIN ?

dk

MOL: What do you mean, what is a lin ?

FIB: I mean the kind of a lin that they get the lin seeds from to make linseed oil out of ?

MOL: That's strange...I never even thought of that. Does it matter ?

FIB: Nope. Expect I got such a busy little mind, I like to know the answers to stuff. One of these days I might get on a quiz program and I don't wanna dummy up on 'em.

MOL: I know one question they might ask, which might be . . . embarrassing.

FIB: What's that ?

MOL: Why, when you stir the paint, do you stand with your left foot in one of the other buckets ?

FIB: Eh ? Oh..my gosh!! I KNEW that was there, too..oh well, I can't take it out now. Might drip all over the kitchen. Better stand right here till I get the mixture right. How's it look now ? (STIRRING)

MOL: Well, to me, it looks like tomato ketchup with just a dash of old crankcase oil.

FIB: Yeah,..yeah, it is a little muddy at that. BUT YOU GOTTA REMEMBER ONE THING ABOUT PAINT, IT dries a lighter color than it goes on. (PAUSE) Or does it dry darker ? Now lemme think. Yeah..DARKER. That's it. (SOUND STIRRING)

I always ---

DOOR OPEN

WIL: Hello, folks. May I come in and (CLATTER OF CANS) -
OOOOOPS.....EXCUSE ME!

dk

MOL: It's all right, Mr. Wilcox. That was an empty can.

FIB: Better stand in the door there, Junior. You're too clumsy for this sort of stuff. Know anything about mixing paint colors?

WIL: Yes, I do. Quite a bit, in fact.

FIB: Well then, keep quiet! The only way I'll get any place with this job is by accident. Expert advice will only be confusing.

WIL: May I ask what all the decorating is about?

MOL: Yes, Mr. Wilcox. I bought a new breadbox and some matching canisters, so himself here is repainting the whole kitchen to match them.

FIB: Didn't realize it had got so drab lookin' till we got the new breadbox, Junior.

WIL: Well, I hadn't wanted to mention it before, pal - but this kitchen has needed something for a long time. It - well, it looks sort of dull.

MOL: Well, I try to--

WIL: Don't misunderstand me, Molly - you're the finest housekeeper I know - no doubt about that - but that's the very reason I've been bothered about your kitchen.

FIB: That's a fine mixed-up statement. Back up and take another run at it.

WIL: Well, what I mean - Molly keeps her linoleum here looking so bright and clean and sparkling, with Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat, that it makes the rest of the room look sort of drab by comparison. Just look at that beautiful floor.

FIB: Ohhhh, for the....

WIL: Those regular applications of Glocoat..that tough wax protection against dust and dirt and wear that Molly gives it just pouring it out, spreading it around and letting it dry to a beautiful gleaming finish..that's what.....

MOL: But, Mr. Wilcox...

WIL: ...That's what keeps that linoleum so beautiful and new looking! Feast your eyes on those shining colors, Pal, it's Glocoat that does that!

FIB: Yeah, but...

WIL: Because Glocoat protects your linoleum floor coverings against wear and tear, against scuffs and scratches and spilled things! That's why even now this linoleum looks almost brand-new! When, as a matter of fact, it's been in here since....Say, just for the record, when DID you buy this linoleum, Molly?

MOL: Day before yesterday.

WIL: That's what I say, it...Huh? (PAUSE) Oh.

FIB: You through, Waxey?

WIL: Yes, I guess...er, NO! I just want to say that if you keep Glocoat on this NEW linoleum, it'll look just as pretty 20 years from now! And may I say one more word?

FIB: Say it!

WIL: Goodbye!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: He cheated, good-bye is two words.

MOL: (CHUCKLES) He's pretty hard to head off when he's on that subject, isn't he, McGee?

FIB: Yeah, but you did it...for a minute. Hey, how long have we had his linoleum, anyhow?

MOL: Bought it when we moved in here nine years ago. But it...watch the paint, McGee, you're dripping it!

FIB: Call Wilcox back...he'll wipe it up with a damp cloth.

BRISK STIRRING

FIB: How's this look now...it getting any lighter?

MOL: Oh, yes...much. I've seen flags on dynamite trucks that weren't any redder than that. Of course, it isn't anything like that Spanked Baby Pink yet, but...

FIB: It will be! I'll get it! Hand me that roasting pan, willya? I'm running outta things to mix it in, and...

SOUND: DOOR CHIME, OFF

MOL: Hold everything...company, COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF

FIB: Oh, oh, Hold the silverware, Molly, it's Horatio K. Boomer, OUT HERE, BOOMER!

BOOM: (FADE IN) Ahh there, my little Botticelli, busy with your painting, I see. I can sympathize with you as I too have often been in Dutch, Boy. Yes, indeed. How do you do, my dear.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Boomer. I'd ask you to sit down but himself here has cans of paint on everything - wizzat!

(2ND. REVISION) -17-

BOOM: Quite all right, my dear, can't tarry but a moment.
Just hastening down to the post office to mail a letter
to an old cellmate of mine...September Jones.

MOL: That's an odd name...September Jones.

BOOM: He was named after the old saying, "THIRTY DAYS HATH
SEPTEMBER." Ahh, a splendid lad! I took a rap for
that boy one time!

FIB: You took a rap for him? What happened?

BOOM: He was leaving a fur warehouse one night just ahead
of the cops, and loaded! I took a wrap and two mink
coats up an alley for him, for safekeeping.

FIB: Migosh, Boomer, when your friends talk about the old
ball and chain, ~~they~~'re kidding on the square, aren't
they?

BOOM: QUIET, YOU INSOLENT PUPPY! I seem to have misplaced
that letter. Had it just a minute ago...letter...letter
Here's a piece of copper wire...in case I want to wire
a copper. Here's a midget receiving set for picking
up police calls. Received two midgets on this last night
.....got them both jobs at the dairy.as
condensed milkmen...

FIB: The letter, Boomer, you're looking for a letter....

(REVISED) -18-

BOOM: Yes, the letter. Where did I put-- AHH, WHAT HAVE WE
HERE? Oh yes, a couple of short lengths of pipe and an
elbow joint. A man in my business needs plenty of good
connections... Something else down in this pocket here...
(SLIGHT GRUNT) Well well, my ~~skin~~^{garden} supporter!
(APOLOGETIC) Pardon me, my dear, I must have dug too
deep... A check for a short beer and IMAGINE THAT!
NO LETTER! NOW IF YOU'LL PARDON MY HASTY DEPARTURE,
I MUST SEE THE PRESIDENT OF THE PAWNSHOP OWNERS
ASSOCIATION ABOUT A SERIES OF PARTIES THEY'RE GIVING
THIS WINTER. THREE BALLS, I BELIEVE! PIP-PIP,
PAINTPUSS! TOODLE-OO, TOODLES!

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH AND KING'S MEN: "PASS THAT PEACE PIPE"

(APPLAUSE)

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED)

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SOUND: RATTLE OF CANS...STIRRING PAINT:

FIB: (SINGS) Ohhh, I met a painter's daughter, and gave her
quite a rush
But when I popped the question, that's when I
got the brush! OHHH, THE MONKEY AND THE
COCOANU- --

HEY, MOLLY....HOW DOES THIS COLOR LOOK?

MOL: I can't tell from looking at it in the bucket, dearie.
Paint a dab of it on something.

FIB: I already did. Look at my left cheek from the nose to
the ear. That's this color. It splashed a little.

MOL: Hmm. I still think it's too red, McGee. Remember, this
is just a kitchen. Not a fire station, ~~ex the Russian~~
~~Embassy.~~

FIB: Boy, that red sure takes a lot of toning down! I think
maybe what I better do is start with a bucket of WHITE
paint and start adding red to it. Tone it UP instead of
down. See? I got a kind of an "Oyster Blush Pink"
here that....

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Doctor Gamble...OUT HERE IN THE KITCHEN, DOCTOR.

DOC: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly. Has somebody been painting
something? I thought I smelled -- (PAUSE) paint. Well,
get a load of little inchi binchi Da Vinci! What are
you up to now, Lead-head?

MOL: His ears in paint, Doctor!

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(2ND REVISION) -20-

FIB: I'm redeseccrating the kitchen, Melonbelt!

DOC: You mean redeccrating, Stupid.

FIB: Don't tell me what I mean! Take a look at this mess.

MOL: He's trying to arrive at exactly the right color,
Doctor. I bought a new breadbox and some canisters at
the Bon Ton this morning, and they made the kitchen
look dingy, so he decided to paint the kitchen to match
the bread box.

DOC: That sounds like one of his projects. If he ever gets
a garden hose that's too long, he'll go out and buy a
house with a bigger yard. May I ask, Dribble-finger,
just what color you are attempting to achieve?

FIB: Yes, Doctor, you may. According to the saleslady, the
breadbox is a new color called Spanked-Baby Pink. The
closest I have been able to come to it so far is a color
I call Old Inner Tube Crimson, or, Fever Scarlet.

MOL: It seems to be staying too red all the time, Doctor.
Awfully hard to tone down. Incidentally, isn't it
pretty close in here?

DOC: CLOSE!! I don't know why you both don't have headaches
that would kill a horse. How do you feel, Percheron?

FIB: Who me? Fit as a fiddle, Docky. If you're trying to
drum up a three-dollar fee for handing me an aspirin
tablet, you're barkin' up the wrong hypochondriac. How
about you, Molly?

MOL: Well frankly, I'm a little woozy from the smell of paint, McGee. I think I'll go out for a little walk. Staying, Doctor?

DOC: No, thank you. I couldn't stand it. As a physician, I couldn't bear the sight of so potential a case of painter's colic. And, as a firm believer in the sanctity of the Home, this scene of devastation un-nerves me.

FIB: Well, go ahead. A walk will do you good, Doctor. You're getting a pot on you that a cannibal could boil three friends in.

DOC: My dear boy, I merely GIVE advice on health problems. I don't take it. Come on, Molly. Get out of here before you get turnpentinitis. So long, Spatterdrip.

MOL: I'll be back very shortly, McGee. Do you mind my leaving?

FIB: NOT A BIT TOOTSIE...NOT A BIT. PROBABLY GET ALONG A LOT FASTER WITHOUT SO MUCH KIBITZING. SEE YOU LATER, DOC, OLD BOY.

DOC: I don't see how it can be avoided.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: AHHH, THERE GOES A COUPLE OF GOOD KIDS! AND WITH THEM OUT OF THE HOUSE I CAN REALLY WORK! I'LL NEED ONE MORE BIG MIXING PAN...AH, HERE WE ARE...THE WASH BOILER!

(CLATTER OF PANS) Now then...a little red...four glubs of turp...(GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB) Five glubs of white...

(GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB) (~~INTO MUSIC~~)

ORCH: MUSIC: BRIDGE; FADE INTO:

~~ORCH: BRIDGE... "REDWING" ?...FADE INTO:~~

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UP ON PORCH

MOL: Oh, how I dread this first look! I hope he hasn't completely ruined my kitchen....

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

MOL: Yoo hoo...McGee...WHERE ARE YOU, MCGEE?

FIB: (OFF) Out here Kiddo, I'm paintin' the kitchen...just finishing up.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING INTO KITCHEN. PAUSE

FIB: Well?

MOL: Sweetheart...I wouldn't have believed it! YOU'VE DONE IT!

FIB: Take a look at the walls, and then take a look at the breadbox. How's that for a perfect match?

MOL: IT'S WONDERFUL...IT REALLY IS! HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU EVER GET THAT EXACT SHADE?

FIB: Simple when I figured it out, Tootsie. Just mixed all the paint I had together and got this shade of pink. Then I painted the kitchen with it.

MOL: Yes, but --

FIB: Then, when I finished the kitchen, I took some of the same paint and painted the bread box and the canister set. AH AH...CAREFUL...THEY'RE STILL WET!!

ORCH: "ALL OF ME"...FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: You know, in the old days kitchens were gloomy places with floors and woodwork and equipment that ^{were} ~~was~~ hard to keep clean. But today, the kitchen is a bright room where your family and your friends like to gather. Many things help to make your kitchen more cheerful ...gay curtains colored walls, white kitchen equipment. And of course, you already know the brightest idea of all...Johnson's self Polishing Glo-Coat on your kitchen linoleum. The bright shine Glo-Coat gives your floors adds a touch of sunshine that makes your whole kitchen sparkle. You see, the famous Glo-Coat gloss is brighter than ever today.. nearly twice as bright as before. And, it's so easy to have. There's no rubbing or buffing with Johnson's Glo-Coat, To get this sparkling coat of wax protection, just apply it and let it dry. It's such a comfort, too to know that Glo-Coat protects your floors...why, dirt and spilled things wipe up just like that! Your floors stay beautiful many years longer. By all means, ask your dealer tomorrow for brighter-than-ever Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, *to bring out the beauty of the home*

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER. FADE FOR:

TAG

MOL: You know, McGee, I think you did a wonderful job on that kitchen. And so quick, too.

FIB: Yep.

MOL: I'll bet a lot of people wonder how in the world you ever missed the paint and painted a whole kitchen in just 29½ minutes. It's wonderful how you can do so much in such a short time on the radio.

FIB: You couldn't - except for that one gadget.

MOL: Which one?

FIB: The condenser.....Goodnight.

MOL: Good night, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGN OFF

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax ^{Products} ~~Finishes~~ for home and industry, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.... Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

CHEIMES