

RW

File

#26

(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

MARCH 30th 1948

6:30 - 7 PM PST

PR

- 2 -

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:

PR

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
MARCH 30, 1948

-3-

WILCOX: There's only one really modern way to keep your furniture and woodwork brightly polished and protected, and that's with the new Johnson's Cream Wax. You see, Johnson's Cream Wax, unlike old-fashioned polishes, does not contain one single drop of oil. This amazing polish is a combination of highly effective dry cleaning ingredients and fine wax. In one application Johnson's Cream Wax cleans off all fingerprints and smudges and leaves the surface gleaming and glowing with a bright and shining luster. Once you have polished your furniture and woodwork with Johnson's Cream Wax, you can keep them clean and glowing with nothing more than an occasional light dusting. There's no doubt about it. Once you have tried this modern wax polish, you'll never go back to old-fashioned, dust-catching, sticky oil again. Johnson's Cream Wax is the solution for furniture polishing problems. Try it. See how simple it is to bring out the beauty of your home!

KINGS MEN: "Look on the bright side
Shine up the right side
Bring out the beauty of the home - "

ORCH: BRIDGE:

- 4 -

WILCOX: A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE IS OFTEN DUE TO A WIFE'S ABILITY TO READ HER HUSBAND'S MIND WITHOUT MOVING HER LIPS. AND BEING A VERY SUCCESSFUL WIFE, MRS. MOLLY MCGEE, OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA, HAS BEEN AWARE FOR ABOUT 45 MINUTES NOW THAT HER EVER-LOVING SPOUSE IS ABOUT TO SPRING SOME KIND OF A SURPRISE, as we meet --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: (CLEARS THROAT) Molly, I've been thinking.

MOL: Dearie - I know it.

FIB: You do?

MOL: I do. I know all the signs. You've lit your cigar four times with a burnt match; you've been reading the morning paper upside down, and twice, when a fly lit on your bald spot, you've reached up and scratched the lampshade.

FIB: My gosh, I thought you were just settin' there darnin' socks.

MOL: After all these years, I can darn socks from memory. Just hand me a needle and a thread and a hole and the rest is automatic. Well - let's have it.

FIB: Eh? Let's have what?

MOL: Your decision.

FIB: Well, I decided that we - (PAUSE) How did you know I'd come to a decision?

MOL: I know the signs for that, too. You brushed the ashes off your vest, uncrossed your legs and cleared your throat.

(REVISED) -5-

FIB: I'm gonna start wearin' a mask and a football helmet around here. My ~~brains~~ aren't getting any privacy. ANYWAY, look - we haven't took a trip for some time. Whattaya say we take a trip for ourselves?

MOL: Oh wonderful, dearie! I love to travel! Where'll we go? New York? Chicago? Mexico City? Where?

FIB: Downtown!

MOL: What?

FIB: Sure. And stay all night! I thought it might be kinda fun to pack our grips, check in at the Wistful Vista Plaza, have dinner, go to a movie, maybe dance a little, and stay downtown overnight.

MOL: Why, McGee - that does sound like fun at that!

FIB: Certainly. Whaddya say, snooky? Is it a date?

MOL: You..er..you havn't asked anybody else?

FIB: Nope. I've decided to go steady with you now.

MOL: In that case, I accept, - and I think it was a wonderful idea. You call the Wisful Vista Plaza and make a reservation, and I'll start packing. I'll pack for you, too; so we can -

FIB: (ALARMED) NO NO NO.! I'LL...I'LL pack...I mean I know what I...er..you just take care of your own stuff, kiddo. I can handle the ---

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Did we ever start out anywhere in our lives that we didn't have visitors? If we had DIFFERENT visitors, it would be something, but it's always the same ^{ONES} COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

(2ND REVISION) -6-

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Wimple, McGee. SO NICE to see you, Mr. Wimple.

FIB: Hiyah, Wimp, Old Man.

WIMP: Hello, folks.

MOL: Do come in and sit down for a few seconds, Mr. Wimple, and chat.

FIB: Sorry we haven't got time for more'n that, Wimp. Packin' up for a little trip. Change of scenery. New faces; new places. A guy can't let himself get stale, you know.

WIMP: Oh, you're SO right, Mr. McGee. I remember one time Sweetiface -

MOL: Who, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Sweetiface. That's my big old wife.

FIB: Oh. Oh yes.

WIMP: I remember one time Sweetiface wanted to take a little trip. "Wallace", she said, "Where do you think I ought to go?" (CHUCKLES) OHHHH, the things that flashed thru my mind! I was really ashamed of myself.

FIB: What did you finally suggest?

WIMP: Well, I finally said, "Well, Sweetiface, it depends on what you want. If it's rest and relaxation, why not buy a raft and try floating to Hong Kong? Or, if you want excitement, you might try going over Niagra Falls in a peach basket?" (I thought she'd be flattered when I said "peach basket," but she wasn't)

MOL: Strange.

d

(REVISED) -7-

WIMP: BUT, I must say that we took one trip together that I thought was grand fun.

FIB: Where was that, Wimp?

WIMP: Out to the airport. We were supposed to fly to Bermuda, but somehow our tickets got mixed up and I went to Vancouver and she went to Egypt.

MOL: Well, heavenly days!!! How do you suppose the tickets ever got mixed up like that?

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Oh, it isn't TOO difficult - if you know the right people. I paid for my whole trip by writing greeting card verses on the way.

FIB: Oh, you still griading out hot doggerel? Whatcha been workin' on, Wimp?

WIMP: Easter Cards.

MOL: Little late, isn't it, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: No, we work about a year ahead, Mrs. McGee. This is for next year.

MOL: Well, read us one. Go on! I LOVE your poetry, you know that.

WIMP: Wel-1-1-1....all righty. I just wrote one that goes:

EASTER

OH, EASTER ALWAYS COMES IN SPRING,
WHEN WEATHER IS THE MOST UNCERTAIN:
AND BLUE OF SKY IS OFTEN SEEN
THRU SLITS IN CLOUDY, SILKY CURTAIN.

MOL: Isn't that lovely.

-8-

WIMP: Thank you. There's another verse!

MY BIG OLD WIFE MAKES ME GO OUT,
IN RAIN OR SUN, TO WINE AND FEAST HER
AND THAT IS WHY, IF WET OR DRY,
I ALWAYS HAVE MY BIG SOW' EASTER!

Well, I hope you have a nice trip, folks, Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "OH, LOCKA THERE!"

APPLAUSE

MB

SECOND SPOT

(REVISED)

-9-

MOL: I'm about all packed, McGee. I'm only taking an overnight case. Can I help you with yours?

FIB: Eh? (HASTILY) Oh no no!..no!..thanks, kiddo. I'm doin' all right. I always pack on the half-and-half system anyway.

MOL: Half and half? What's that?

FIB: Half the stuff I take I don't need, and half the stuff I need I leave home. Hand me that other suitcase, will ya?

MOL: TWO SUITCASES? To spend one night at the hotel in town here?

FIB: Sure. I always like to take enough stuff to -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams, the Weather Man, McGee. Hello, Mr. Williams.

FIB: Hiyah, Foggy.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee. Going to Washington again, I see.

MOL: Er...no. This is just a short trip, Mr. Williams. We're both going *this time*.

dk

(REVISED)

-10-

GALE: Well, you're going to have ideal weather for it. If you like the sound of rain against your Pullman windows.

~~FIB: Personally the weather won't affect our plans, Foggy. This is just a quickie trip. Just for fun.~~

MOL: I suppose you have to travel quite a bit studying weather conditions, Mr. Williams.

GALE: I used to, Mrs. McGee. In fact I have been in parts of the United States which the white man has never seen.

FIB: Is it true, Foggy, that you travelled across the Painted Desert before it was even dry?

GALE: No. No, that is not true, McGee. But I did live in a remote part of Death Valley, studying the effects of aridity on the human body. Had rather a bad time, too. Got caught in a sandstorm and lost all our food supplies.

MOL: Heavenly days! What did you do?

GALE: Well, we spent ten days struggling across the desert on foot. Finally, more dead than alive, one of our party managed to catch some fish. Oglesby, that was.

FIB: CAUGHT SOME FISH!!.....IN THE DESERT?

dk

(REVISED)

-11-

GALE: Yes. A Union Pacific train went by, and the dining car steward threw us a few cans of salmon. Oglesby caught them.

MOL: That was quite an experience. Is Mr. Oglesby still with the weather Bureau?

GALE: No. Oglesby, I am sorry to say, left the Bureau under somewhat unfortunate circumstances. He was stationed in Los Angeles and one May he predicted snow.

FIB: He predicted SNOW - In Los Angeles? It's a wonder they didn't lynch him and throw his body to the snarling real estate dealers!

GALE: Yes...I can see him now, leaving the office for the last time, as he walked away through the orange trees - his head bowed against the snow!.....By the way, where did you say you were going?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Williams, not anyplace. We're just checking in at the Wistful Vista Plaza, so we can have dinner downtown, see a show and ~~just relax~~ *spend the night out.*

GALE: Oh. I see. Good hotel, the Plaza. I had rather an amazing experience there during the war.

FIB: You did, Foggy? What happened?

-12-

GALE: I got a room. Well...enjoy yourselves. Good day!

DOOR SLAM

FIB:
ORCH:

Come on, Molly - Let's go.
MUSICAL BRIDGE... "IN A SMALL HOTEL" FADE FOR

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES.....

MOL: My this is a nice hotel, isn't it, McGee. You made the reservation, I suppose?

FIB: You betcha. Best four dollar double bedroom they had in the joint. We even got our own bath.

MOL: How nice. Gas lights, or electric?

FIB: Oh this is a modern hotel, kiddo, don't worry about that. ~~See~~ them rubber plants across the lobby there?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: 90% synthetic. Well, I guess we better register, Molly. Where's the bags?

MOL: The porter put them over by the desk. And I still don't know why you had to bring two suitcases just to stay over night.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, I just thought.....

PAGE: (OFF MIKE) CALLLLLLLLL FORRRRRRRR HARRRRRLOW WILLLLLLLCOX!!
CALLLLL FORRRR HARRRLOW WILLLCOX!...

MOL: My goodness, McGee...they're paging Mr. Wilcox!

FIB: If that kid is a page, he must be folded. And if Harlow--

PAGE: CALLLLL FORRRRRR HARRRRRLOW WILLLLLLLCOX....CALLLL FÖRRRR HARRR-

WIL: (OFF) Over here, boy!

BOY: (FADE IN SLIGHTLY) Are you Mr. Harlow Wilcox?

mb

WIL: If you mean the Harlow Wilcox that sells Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, that shines as it dries, in 20 minutes or less, and is made by ^{the} S.C. Johnson ~~and Son, Inc.~~ ^{People}, of Racine Wisconsin, yes, I'M the one.

BOY: I wouldn't know about that, sir. The bell captain just said to page Mr. Harlow Wilcox.

WIL: YOU MEAN YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT?

BOY: No, I mean I wouldn't know about whether you were the right -

WIL: WELL GEE WHIZZ, SON...I THOUGHT EVERYBODY KNEW ABOUT GLOCOAT.

FIB: Listen to Junior, willya? He's got the kid trapped. He's gonna have to stand there and listen or get no tip.

MOL: Well, my goodness, he -

WIL: Yes sir, son, Glocoat is probably the best known protector and beautifier of linoleum in the whole wide world. That's because it's so efficient and so easy to use. Just pour a little out, spread it around, wait 20 minutes or less and your linoleum has got a coat of wax protection that shrugs at dust, laughs at dirt, and sneers at dampness.

BOY: Yes sir, but I just -

WIL: You tell your mother about it, son. Just say JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLOCOAT, THE ONLY LIQUID LINOLEUM PROTECTION THAT -

FIB: Hey.....WAXEY!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Eh? OH HELLO, MOLLY...HELLO PAL. (ASIDE) Here son. Here's a dollar, and much obliged.

BOY: Thank you, sir. Same time tomorrow?

WIL: Yeah....Same time.

BOY: Okay.

WIL: Well, folks, what are you doing down here?

FIB: I was gonna ask you the same thing, Omaha. But now I don't have to. You figure you get a buck's worth of advertising by dishing out that loud stuff to a page boy?

WIL: It doesn't cost me a buck, Pal. He'll give me back that dollar tonight.

MOL: Why will he?

WIL: He's my nephew, - Small Fry Wilcox. I pay him five bucks a week. The dollar tip is just to show the lobby patrons that Wilcox is no piker.

FIB: They should be around when you twist his arm and grab it back from him! Look, Junior, Molly and I just came down here for a little vacation, see?

WIL: Vacation, Pal? (CHUCKLES) FROM WHAT?

FIB: Well, as long as you're asking, Omaha - from a certain salesman!!

WIL: Salesman? (PAUSE) Is that a hint, Pal?

MOL: It sounded like it, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Well, I can take it! Have fun, kids. So long!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Come on, let's register before -- OH...HEY BUD, YOU GOT A ROOM FOR ME? MY NAME IS MCGEE!

MAN: No sir, I haven't.

FIB: WELL, WHY HAVEN'T YOU?
MAN: Because I'm the cigar clerk. The reservation desk is to your left.
FIB: Huh? Oh. Excuse me...hahah...had the wrong counter, Molly. HIYAH, BUD, MY NAME IS MCGEE. I PHONED FOR A RESERVATION A COUPLE HOURS AGO.
CLERK: What was the name, sir?
MOL: McGee. Fibber McGee. MR. AND MRS.
CLERK: Just a minute sir, and I'll check. How do you spell that, please?
FIB: BIG M, Small C, Capital G double E as in geewhillakers!
CLERK: I see. Well, just be patient, Mr. Whillaker, I'll try to take care of you in a moment.
MOL: The name is McGee!
CLERK: Yes madam. McGee. I'm checking!
FIB: I love this. The guy looks at all the books, studies the room charts, scratches his neck, and all the time he's got enough empty room upstairs to take care of all the oil promoters in Arabia! Why, if I was a hotel man I'd - HIYAH, DOC! Hey, Molly....there's Doc Gamble.
MOL: Hello, Doctor. Somebody sick in the hotel?
DOC: Hello, McGee. Hello, Molly. No, I just come thru the lobby here on my way to the drug store. It's a short cut from my office. Besides, I'm the house physician.
FIB: And if you don't mind my saying so, Doctor. I think you're the ideal type for a house physician.

DOC: Thank you, my boy! What makes you say that?
FIB: I dunno. I think maybe it's because from the rear you look kinda like a house, physician.
MOL: Oh, McGee.
DOC: Don't mind him, my dear. I don't. You know the old saying: "It's better to keep your mouth shut and have people think you're a fool, than start talking and prove it."
FIB: Very good, Doctor! Very good! One of your own original sayings I presume? Because I'M sure that it's just a coincidence that my great grandmother embroidered it into a ~~complex~~ *wall motto*.
MOL: The Doctor didn't claim it was original, McGee. He just said it was an old saying.
DOC: That's right. The ability to quote from the classics is one mark of an educated man, but little Sir Numbskull here wouldn't know about that. Is it true, Gruesome, that the day you graduated from the Eighth Grade you walked across the street and voted?
FIB: Certainly. I got paid for it, didn't I? You think I'M a crook, or something? AND SPEAKING OF EDUCATION, PLASMA-PEDDLER, I hear you just passed the medical examiners by the skin of your teeth. They asked you to describe the bone structure of the elbow and you said it was just a knuckle in your arm.
MOL: McGee, I think you're just making this all up. Isn't he, Doctor?

DOC: My dear, I've known your husband for many many years. I've looked at him with a microscope, thru a fluoreoscope and an Ex-Ray, and if there's a word of truth in him it's hiding behind an electron. Well, I've got to be getting over to the drug store.

MOL: Need some medical supplies, do you Doctor?

DOC: No, but somebody just told me the pinball machine is out of whack and it's paying off like crazy! And that thing owes me 76 dollars. (FADE) See you later, Children.

FIB: So long, Doc.

MOL: Isn't he a sweet old character?

FIB: He's old and he's a character, but--- HEY BUD! FOUND MY RESERVATION YET?

CLERK: What was the name, sir?

MOL: The name is still McGee. Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee.

CLERK: Oh yes...certainly. Just sign here, please..(PAUSE) Thank you. How long will you be with us, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Just overnight, Bud. Hardly long enough to learn which hot water faucets the cold water runs out of. HEY IS THERE A SHOWER IN OUR ROOM?

CLERK: There was for awhile sir, but so many people complained about it, that we moved it into your bathroom. (BANGS BELL) FRONT!! Boy, show Mr. and Mrs. McGee to 733

OLD T: I shore will, Mr. Cravenshaw! Jest follow me, folks and...WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONE....HELLO THERE KIDS!!

MOL: Well, my goodness, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: How long you been a bell boy here, Old Timer?

OLD T: Jest started this week, Johnny. Been laid up with a busted arm and three busted ribs before that. Had an accident.

MOL: What kind of an accident?

OLD T: Rode my bicycle into a excavation, Daughter. The DANGER sign fell onto my neck and I got all cut up from the glass on them lanterns.

FIB: Well, my gosh, Old Timer, if there was danger signs and lanterns all around, how come you hit the excavation.

OLD T: Johnny, back in '9 ought three, my daddy took me onto his knee, and he says Lancelot, he says -

MOL: Oh, is your name Lancelot?

OLD T: No, Lancelot was my brother but daddy was kinda near sighted. Anyway, he sets me onto his knee and says, real solemn, "Son", he says, "THIS IS AN ELECTION YEAR. AND IN AN ELECTION YEAR, DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU SEE, READ OR HEAR!" So, when I see all them danger signs I thought it was jest propaganda! WELL, COME ON, KIDS... I'LL ROOM YE!

ORCH: KING'S MEN. "CINCINNATI"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

-19-

SOUND: ELEVATOR WHINE: UP TO STOP: DOOR OPEN WITH CLANK:

OLD T: Here we are, kids. Ninth floor. Follow me!

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR CLANK SHUT: WHINE FADE OUT:

OLD: Turn left down the corridor, here, kids....

MOL: Wait a minute, Mr. Old Timer!

OLD: Eh?

MOL: I thought our room was number 733.

OLD: Lemme look at the key....(JINGLES) YUP, 733.

FIB: Then why did we get off here on the ninth floor?

OLD: Well, Johnny, we had a Legion convention here last year, and ever since then the seventh and eighth floors have been missin'. 733 is now on the ninth floor. Moved ever'thing up.

MOL: Why don't you carry one of those suitcases, McGee?

FIB: I ain't one to interfere with a guy that's tryin' to make an honest living.

OLD: Thank ye, son!! How long you kids gonna be with us?

MOL: Just overnight.

OLD: OVERNIGHT! What's all the luggage fer? Jeeminy - I spent three years in the Seabees with less luggage than this here.

FIB: Well, you know me, Old Timer....when I travel, I travel in comfort. I figure I don't have to lug them bags, why not take plenty? So I -

OLD: Here we are, kids....733!

DOOR KEY FUMBLE....DOOR OPEN:

OLD: After you, daughter!

MOL: Thank you. My, what a nice room.

FIB: Very comfortable, Old Timer. Them walls are painted a very pretty color. Incidentally, you almost never see wallpaper on hotel room walls any more. Why is that?

OLD T: Guests are too-light fingered, Johnny. They useta peel it off and take it home with 'em.

MOL: THEY USED TO STEAL THE WALLPAPER?

OLD T: Used to steal EVERYTHING, Daughter! And what do I mean "USED TO?" They still do. (FADE) Well, I'll see if you got plenty towels and soap, kids...and open a couple windas...

MOL: Oh, isn't this fun, dearie? Shall I unpack your suitcases for you?

FIB: NO NO NO!!!....PLEASE....I'LL....er....you....er...you just take care of your stuff, kiddo. I'll....ha ha.. I'll unpack for myself.

MOL: Well, all right, I was just trying to be helpful. Nice furnishings, aren't they, McGee? My what a nice settee!

FIB: Sáy, you know I had a settee just like that when I was a kid?

MOL: You did?

FIB: Yes....and I had me a setter pup named Sam that used to ~~set~~ ^{eat} on the settee while I et my breakfast.

MOL: You never told me about your setter pup, McGee!

FIB: I NEVER TOLDJA ABOUT SAM THE SETTER, THAT SAT ON THE SETTEE?

MOL: YOU NEVER DID.

FIB: Well, geewhiz, I should of mentioned -- Well sir, we had this setter pup, Sam, see - and he was just like one of the family. In fact, any time we went out, we always hired a sitter to sit with the setter, and the sitter would set on the settee, see? But - Sam like to sit on the settee, too, like any other setter likes to sit, of course - and as soon as the sitter came to sit with the setter, the sitter and the setter would both set sail for the settee, ~~which always set just south of the sideboard~~ - where Sam, the settee-sitting setter and his settee-sitting setter-sitter sat sideways, snarling and scowling and sitting -

OLD T: (FADE IN) Well, I guess that's everything, Johnny. If ye want anything else, jest call the bell captain and ask fer number 18. That's me.

MOL: Number 18.

OLD T: Yup. Used to be Number 19, but I got demoted.

FIB: What for?

OLD T: Lady calls the bell desk and says she wants a boy to take her dog out fer a walk. I says "what kind of a dog is it, lady", and she says "PEKE", and I says, "I can't - your transom's too high." Well, call me if you need anything kids!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Well, let's unpack, dearie.

FIB: Okay...does this shirt I got on look all right for dinner and dancing?

MOL: Welllllllllll....I've seen you wear shirts that looked fresher. Maybe you'd better take a clean one out of your suitcase.

FIB: Haven't got a clean one in my suitcase.

MOL: WHAT? AND TWO FULL SUITCASES WITH YOU?

FIB: Yeah.....I just noticed this morning I been forgettin' to put 'em in the laundry. This one I got on is my last clean one. ~~These suitcases are full of dirty shirts.~~

MOL: BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? OUR LAUNDRY WON'T GET THEM BACK TO YOU FOR THREE WEEKS.

FIB: (LAUGHS MERRILY) Yeah...I know. Why do you think we came to a hotel? (RECEIVER UP) HELLO, ROOM SERVICE, PLEASE..

MOL: I'm not hungry or thirsty, dearie, if that's what you---

FIB: HELLO, ROOM SERVICE? HOW SOON CAN I GET SOME LAUNDRY BACK? TWENTY FOUR HOURS? WELL, SEND RIGHT UP TO 733 FOR ~~NINE~~ ^{two suitcases full of dirty} SHIRTS. THANKS..(RECEIVER UP) Well, kiddo

let's----Hey, where you goin' Molly?

MOL: Where am I going? I'm going to run home and get the rest of the laundry.

ORCH: "PASSING FANCY" - FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Rain or shine, hot or cold, every day in the year your kitchen linoleum should be wearing a coat. It should be wearing a gleaming, shining coat of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Glo-Coat adds beauty to kitchen linoleum, and makes it look its glowing best...the whole room becomes a more cheerful place to work, because linoleum colors sparkle with an extra luster. The new Glo-Coat now shines nearly twice as bright as before, and believe me, that extra lustre is important in the room where you homemakers spend most of your time. It's so easy to make a kitchen bright and shining with Johnson's Glo-Coat. You merely apply and let dry. There's no rubbing or buffing. And that protective film of wax can be kept spotlessly clean by an occasional ~~wipe~~ wipe or two with a damp cloth. Yes, friends, for shining beauty, for protection, for ease in cleaning...your linoleum should be wearing a coat of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. It really brings out the beauty of your 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: My, that dinner was wonderful, McGee.
FIB: Swell.
MOL: And it was such fun dancing again.
FIB: Yep - well let's go up to our room, kiddo. I'm bushed.
HEY BUD, GIMME MY KEY, WILLYA ?
CLERK: Yessir, what was that name again?
MOL: McGee. Mr. and Mrs. Fibber McGee.
FIB: Big M, little C, Capital G double E as in geewhilla-lakers.
CLERK: Oh yes, Mr. Whilla-lakers - just a minute, there's some mail here for you.
FIB: Oh, this is ridiculous. Goodnight.
MOL: Goodnight all.
ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF
WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products, Racine, Wisconsin, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?... Goodnight.
ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)