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#30  
(REVISED)

WRITERS: DON QUINN  
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR  
JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 27, 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM PDST

MB

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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:

M

B

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: It's pleasant in this warm weather to work in the kitchen with the windows and doors opened. Pleasant, yes, but... sometimes not so practical. Dirt and dust are blown in and the kitchen linoleum soils quickly. Of course, that little problem never bothers you if you use Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat on your linoleum. Dust, dirt (and spilled things, too) can be whisked off that tough Glo-Coat film with a damp cloth. Keeping your linoleum bright and shining clean is no problem at all. Not only does Glo-Coat give your floors a really rich and glowing luster, but it also gives them the protection they need. Gleaming Glo-Coat actually keeps linoleum looking like new, years longer. With Glo-Coat there's no rubbing or buffing. You merely apply and let dry. It never streaks or smudges. In just a few minutes, your linoleum comes up with a brilliant, shining gloss that will protect it and make it easy to keep clean. Next time, ask for Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. See for yourself how it brings out the beauty of your floors.

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

ORCH:      BRIDGE

WILCOX: ANY TIME YOU SEE A BOOK ON THE TABLE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WITH LIPSTICK ON IT, IT'S BECAUSE THE ORIGINAL OWNER HAS KISSED IT GOODBYE. AND HERE, PERUSING A BOOK INADVERTENTLY LEFT BY A FRIEND, WE FIND A CHARTER MEMBER OF THE "B-B-O-T-M-C" - THE BORROWED-BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, MR. MCGEE OF --

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: What are you reading, dearie?  
FIB: Wimple's Bird Book. He left it here last night. And you never read such a miss of mass-information! It's awful!  
MOL: Well, if it's that bad, why do you read it?  
FIB: It's so garbled up it fascinates me! This book has got more wrong answers than a nervous housewife on "Take It or Leave It"! Look at the title, even! "American Birds and Their Habits". They can't even spell "Habits", see?  
MOL: Where? Oh, that word isn't "Habits", dearie - it's "Habitats".  
FIB: I wana know what their habits are - who cares where they have their habits at? Any bird lover who read this would throw eggs at the publisher.  
MOL: When did you become such a bird lover, lover?  
FIB: *Ever* Since the first time I ~~was~~ had quail with wild rice!  
MOL: What particular statement in that book are you quarreling with?

FIB: Well, listen to what it says about the feeding habits of the pelican!

MOL: All right.

FIB: It says, "The pelican feeds occasionally on other things besides fish - but it definitely prefers marine life". That's ridiculous.

MOL: Why is it?

FIB: There ain't a pelican living that could get in the Marines! They even turned me down twice.

MOL: That isn't what it means, dearie. And besides, I think you're being too critical. After all, you're not much of an expert on bird life.

FIB: Who ain't?

MOL: You ain't. I mean you aren't.

FIB: The heck I aren't. Who was it worked his way through high school raising baby chicks? And even invented a slot machine that would dispense 'em two for a quarter. And who was it that a chewing gum took his idea and beat him to the patent office?

MOL: What chewing gum?

FIB: Chick-lets! That's why I say that--

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR OPENS:

FIB: Oh, it's Wallace Wimple. Hiya, Wimp.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wimple.

WIMP: ...Hello, folks.

MOL: We were just reading your Bird Book, Mr. Wimple. Hope you don't mind.

WIMP: Oh, not at all, Mrs. McGee. I'm glad to know where I left it. I'm afraid I was rather upset when I left here last night.

FIB: Yeah, we noticed that, Wimp! (CHUCKLES)

WIMP: Why? Did I do something?

MOL: Well, we had the radio turned on to a political rally...

WIMP: Ohh, I remember now - a deep voice snarled "Wallace is gonna get the beating of his life!" and I went right out the window. (LAUGHS) Silly me!

FIB: Say, how're you getting along these days with - her, Wimp?

WIMP: You mean Sweetface - my big old wife?

MOL: Yes.

WIMP: Ohh, about as usual. We had a little tiff yesterday - and believe me, Sweetface puts up a tough tiff!

FIB: What was it about, Wimp?

WIMP: Oh, it was nothing, really. She came back from downtown with a new hairdo - and asked me how I liked it.

MOL: And?

WIMP: (SNICKERS) And I told her! "Frankly, Sweetface", I said, "It looks like an explosion in an excelsior factory". I said, "Or a crew haircut with mutiny on the poopdeck"... "I don't blame them for dyeing your hair", I said, "but they waited too long to embalm it".

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MOL: Ohh, no!

WIMP: And then out loud I said, "It looks simply beautiful, dear".

FIB: Well, migosh, how could she object to that?

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Ohh, she knows me so well! She ignored the compliments on my lips and tried to slap the expression off my face! When I ducked, she-- Oh, speaking of ducks, did you enjoy reading my Bird Book?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: No.

WIMP: What?

FIB: Confidentially, Wimp, this book is fuller or tripe than the inside of a cow!

WIMP: (OUTRAGED) OHHHH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. McGEE! This is the finest Bird Book there is! This is THE authority on birds! It tells about the Dodo Bird disappearing... the migratory habits of the snow goose...how the passenger pigeon became extinct --

FIB: Wait a minute! What was that again?

WIMP: You mean about the Passenger Pigeon? Well, it says ~~here~~ on page 49, and I quote - "The Passenger Pigeon, which once swarmed over the North American continent by the millions, has become completely extinct. The last known Passenger Pigeon died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914".

FIB: EXACTLY! That's what I mean! That's a falsehood!

MOL: What do you mean, McGee?

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FIB: I MEAN I SAW A PASSENGER PIGEON TODAY! I'VE SEEN ONE EVERY DAY FOR WEEKS!

WIMP: (EXCITED) Oh my goodness, Mr. McGee, if what you say is true --

FIB: And it is!

WIMP: If you actually saw a real live Passenger Pigeon - why, why, any zoo in the country would pay thousands for one!

FIB: You mean money?

MOL: Thousands of dollars for one pigeon, Mr. Wimple? Are you sure it was a passenger pigeon, McGee?

FIB: Sure I'm sure! HEY! If they're worth that kind of dough I could trap that thing and sell it for-- OMIGOSH, WHERE'S MY TOOLS! WHERE'S MY HAMMER! I GOTTA MAKE A TRAP! WHERE'S MY SCREWDRIVER!

WIMP: I don't know, Mr. McGee. I'm just a guest here and--

FIB: I know! I left 'em right here in the hall clos--

MOL: DON'T OPEN THAT, McGEE, BECAUSE--

DOOR OPENS...CLOSET EFFECT:

(PAUSE)

WIMP: Ooo, that's a wonderful trap, Mr. McGee - set it again!

ORCH: "LITTLE WHITE LIES"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

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FAST HAMMERING...SAWING...CLATTERING, ETC.

MOL: My goodness, McGee, I never saw you work so fast.  
FIB: I gotta work fast, kiddo! I gotta get a trap ready for that Passenger Pigeon before somebody else does - and it's all over town now.  
MOL: The pigeon?  
FIB: No, the news. Wimple's been tellin' everybody and I've already had a call from the Zoo and one from the bird editor of the--

TELEPHONE RINGS

MOL: I'll get it. (CLICK) 79 Wistful Vista - Molly McGee speaking. Yes..yes, he saw one and he plans on trapping it this afternoon....what? \$3000?....Oh no, I'm sorry we can't do that...Thank you for calling, anyway... Goodbye.

HANGUP

FIB: Who was that?  
MOL: That was the State Ornithological Society - offering \$3000 if you catch a Passenger Pigeon. They wanted you to write them the minute you trap it. But we couldn't possibly do that.  
FIB: Why not?  
MOL: Because I can't spell "ornithological" and neither can you.  
FIB: Very good reasoning. We'll sell it to a zoo, <sup>-Z=U!</sup> Boyoboy, I knew the minute I saw that Passenger Pigeon that - but hey, I better get busy.

~~FAST HAMMERING~~

FIBBER MCGEE - 4-27-48

(2ND REVISION) -10-

FAST HAMMERING...DOOR CHIME

MOL: Come in.  
DOOR OPENS  
MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams, the weather man, McGee. Do come in, Mr. Williams.  
GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.  
FIB: Hiyah, Foggy, old man. Hope you don't mind if I go on working?

BRIEF SAWING AND OUT

GALE: Not at all. Is that a pretty good saw you have there - of mine?  
FIB: It's all right, but next time, get one with a heavier blade, boy. This would be okay for slicin' bananas, but for sawin' wood like this with nails in it, it's a little frail.  
GALE: Thank you. May I ask what you're building?  
MOL: A pigeon trap, Mr. Williams.  
FIB: Know anything about pigeons, Foggy?  
GALE: Not very much. Although like so many boys, I once raised homing pigeons. I once owned Featherling's Pinkmose the Fourth. World's Champion four times.

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MOL: Well, heavenly days...Isn't that wonderful!

GALE: Wasn't it? Then, in 1942, I raised carrier pigeons for the United States Navy. Several of my birds were repeatedly promoted. One of them became a Rear Admiral.

FIB: Must of been a fine Democratic sight to see Lieutenant Commanders kneeling down to salute a pigeon!

GALE: Yes. But the greatest value I found for pigeons was their use in carrying weather information from one isolated post to another when I was in Australia.

MOL: AUSTRALIA!! How interesting. Did you see any kangaroos?

GALE: Oh yes, I boxed three rounds with one every morning. But I found the ostriches more intelligent. I brought one home as a pet. He broke his neck one day in New York.

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FIB: Subway accident?

GALE: No, he got frightened on Broadway and tried to stick his head into the sidewalk. Well, I'd better let you get back to work, McGee. Good day - probably! (DOORSLAM:)

FIB: Sometimes I wonder how a guy with his imagination can work for the government when he might be makin' good money. If he ever started writing ...

PHONE RINGS

MOL: I'll get it. (CLICK) 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speaking...Who?...Press?...Oh no, I'm sorry - we couldn't consider an offer like that.... goodbye.

HANGUP

FIB: Criminy, Molly, you're turnin' everybody down. Was that Associated Press or United Press?

MOL: Wistful Vista Press Shop.

FIB: What kind of an offer were they makin'?

MOL: Three ninety-eight. They burned your grey slacks.

FIB: Oh.

HAMMERING

MOL: You know, dearie, you're going at that job like you knew exactly what you were doing.

FIB: I do? Well, I always say that if you smile and work fast you can fool almost anybody. I remember one time--

DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly - Hi, Fibber.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Junior.

WIL: Hey, what's this I hear all over town about you gonna trap a rare pigeon, Pal?

FIB: It's true, Junior - I'm gonna.

MOL: And this is the trap with which he's gonna.

WIL: That's a very elaborate looking little bungalow, Pal - Did you get a building permit for that?

FIB: No, but if there's any trouble I can square it later. You know what they're payin' for a real live passenger pigeon?

WIL: No, and what's more, I think you're kidding. The passenger Pigeon has been extinct for years.

FIB: Oh no, it hasn't! Everybody thinks they're extinct, but I happen to know they're still stinct and what's more I know where there is one! Drop around here about 4 o'clock this afternoon and -

MOL: Do you know anything about pigeons, Mr. Wilcox? Mr. Williams used to raise them, he said.

WIL: So did I as a kid. I had one very unique little bird. Walked with his feet pointed outwards.

MOL: What was so unique about that?

WIL: He was the only people-toed pigeon I ever saw. Incidentally, it was fooling around that pigeon-loft in my boyhood that really made me what I am today.

FIB: And what are you today, Junior - remembering, of course, that there are ladies present?

WIL: I'm always glad to have ladies present when I tell what I am. I'm a Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat salesman.

MOL: Yes, but what has that to do with pigeons, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Why, that's simple, Molly. Every bride knows that when the cooing is over and the billing starts, small economies add up to large savings - and Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat is not only a money-saver, but a time and labor saver, too!

FIB: Yes, but what that gottadown with-

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WIL: - besides the years it adds to the life of your kitchen linoleum, Glocoat also pays off handsomely in dividends of pride and satisfaction! Pride in a gleaming, well-kept kitchen - and the satisfaction of knowing that Glocoat's tough wax film is guarding your linoleum floor covering against dirt and dust and spilled things!

FIB: Yes but those pigeons you raised -

WIL: Absolutely, Pal! When I think of the happy years I've spent selling Glocoat I realize how much I owe to those little pigeons of mine! Bless their little hearts! May I use your phone?

MOL: Help yourself, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Go ahead - I owe you a nickel anyway.

WIL: Thanks. (CLICK) Hello, Operator, Wistful Vista 1096, please....Hello, Mrs. Wilcox? - This is Harlow Wilcox, the Johnson's Glocoat Representative, your husband... Look, baby, I'm taking you out to dinner tonight... I know, but I'm hungry for some squab! See you at 6. Goodbye.

HANGUP

~~FIB: You can't do what tonight, Junior?~~

~~WIL: Eat squab! So long, folks.~~

DOOR SLAM

MOL: My, Mr. Wilcox has a very sensitive appetite, hasn't he?

FIB: Yeah, he's a little like I useta be when I worked at the Tea Company as a tea-totaler.

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MOL: Why, you never told me that you used to total up tea, McGee!

FIB: I never casually mentioned being a tea-totaler, and totaling tea for the Teefer-Too Tea Company??

MOL: YOU NEVER DID!

FIB: Well, pull up a chair!! It was like this! There were three of us there at the tea company, see - two tea-tasters whose task was to test the tea for taste, and me, the tea totaler, who totaled up the tea the two tea-tasters tasted as fast as they gave it the taste-test! Well sir, those two-timin' tea-tasters useta try to trip me up by tastin' tea twice as fast as I could total the tea they tasted, and between their tea-tastin' and my tea-totaling, we roally tested tea! They'd taste it, toss out the tea that tasted bad, while I totaled the tea that tasted good, while the two tea tasters tasted more tea, and between the tea-tasting, the tea-totaling, the toe-tetesting, the test-tasting, the two-timing, the -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: HOLD IT, DEARIE! COMPANY! COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

MOL: Oh, hello, Doctor Gamble. Come in.

DOC: Hello, Molly - Hi, Short Subject. Hey, what's going on around here?



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MOL: You must be the only one in town who hasn't heard, Doctor. Himself here is about to trap a passenger pigeon this afternoon.

DOC: Oh, stop! Even little Fall Guy here knows there aren't any more passenger pigeons! They've been extinct for years.

FIB: (CHUCKLES QUIETLY) That's what you think, Doctor! You and everybody else. But I happen to know they're not extinct. I happen to know they're still stinct!

MOL: And he's going to prove it, Doctor, by catching one. He's got a great big trap.

DOC: He has indeed! He's got the great-biggest trap in town! And the loudest! And the hardest one to shut! And the--

FIB: She means this pigeon trap I'm building, Fatso!

DOC: So that's a pigeon trap, is it? How would it work - if it did?

MOL: Yes, you haven't showed me yet, either, McGee. If it's as confusing to the pigeon as it is to me --

FIB: It will be, don't worry! First, I bait the trap, you see, with maybe some cracker crumbs.

DOC: Why go to all that expense? It looks very crummy as it is.

FIB: Thank you! Okay - so I bait the trap and the pigeon walks into Door "A" here - (SLIGHT CLATTER) stepping on trigger "B" which closes DOOR "C" in back of him.

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MOL: Proceed, Mr. Goldberg. Or may we call you Rube?

FIB: When the pigeon hears the door close he looks around in surprise, sees himself in mirror "D" and thinks it's another pigeon, see?

DOC: You certainly understand the workings of a bird's brain, Birdbrain. I suppose he breaks the mirror and has seven years bad luck!

FIB: Nope, but when he pecks mirror "D", that rings bell "E", I rush out, bring the trap in the house - open the lid, he gets loose in the living room, and between me and Mclly and a butterfly net it should be a cinch from there on! Simple?

DOC: No - it's much too complicated. The greatest ideas are the simplest ideas. Like the way I used to catch rabbits.

MOL: How was that, Doctor?

DOC: With a hare net, Where's my medicine bag? I'm making myself sick! Oh, it's out in my car.

DOOR SLAM

ORCH: "DICKEY BIRD SONG"

APPLAUSE

HAMMERING..FINAL WHACK..HAMMER CLATTERS ONTO FLOOR

FIB: Well, there's the trap ready to set, Molly. Boyoboy, imagine pickin' up a fast ten thousand bucks just for baggin' one pigeon?

MOL: It's nice but do you think a bird in the hand is worth two people like us spending so much time --

FIB: HAY WHAT TIME IS IT?

MOL: Three forty-seven.

FIB: Omigosh, it's almost time.

MOL: It's time something happened. Look out the window. People all over the lawn.

FIB: Yeah, I know. The newspapers have all sent guys, and the radio stations have got sound trucks out there. Kinda exciting, eh?

MOL: And why not? It's like somebody trapping a live unicorn. Or capturing a full grown Democrat in Vermont! Heavenly days, a pigeon that's supposedly been extinct since 1914 is --

DOOR CHIME

FIB: Omigosh, another newspaper photographer. I been famous for two hours and I'm gettin' sick of it already.

MOL: You are not. You're loving every minute of it. COME IN.

DOOR OPEN..CROWD MURMUR...CUT WITH DOOR SLAM

MOL: My goodness, it's the Old Timer. Hello there, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer - haven't got time right now to bat the fat, so if you'll --

OLD T: WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT, KIDS? YARD'S FULL O' CAMERAMAN, NEWSPAPER REPORTERS AND THE FLOWERBEDS ARE FULL O' PEOPLE --- WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

MOL: He's going to trap a rare pigeon, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: PIGEON, EH? Papa used to raise pigeons, when I was a lad. Even now, when I first wake up I kin imagine I hear them, hundreds o' pigeons flutterin' past my window, murmurin' "Ayem, ayem, ayem!"

FIB: "AYEM"! What kind of pigeons were those?

OLD T: Morning doves, Joanny. Afternoon doves go "PEEEE-Em, PEEEE-Em, PEEEE-Em!"

MOL: Well, the one he's after is a passenger pigeon, Mr. Old Timer. Probably the last and only living one in the world.

FIB: Worth a pile o' dough, too, Old Timer. Everybody thinks the last known Passenger Pigeon died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914.

OLD T: Yes..I know Johnny July 5th, at 5:36 in the evenin'.

MOL: How do you know so much about it?

OLD T: I was there, Daughter. I was the bird head-keeper at the Cincinnati Zoo at the time.

FIB: You mean the head bird-keeper.

OLD T: I MEAN THE BIRD HEAD-KEEPER! Used to comb and brush all their little heads. Millie was my favorite, too. That was the passenger pigeon, kids. Smartest bird I ever took keer of. Smarter'n a human bean, in lots of ways.

FIB: ~~A PIGEON...SM. BETTER IN A HUMAN BEING~~ <sup>What do you mean?</sup> ~~IN WHAT WAY?~~

OLD T: Well, fer instance...I hold out my finger - like this  
Kin you jump up and balance on it fer 15 minutes, jist by wigglin' your tail?

FIB: Wel-1-1-no, but--

OLD T: Ahhhhh, poor little Millie! Shore busted me up when she passed on. BUT I GIVE HER THE FINEST FUNERAL ANY PIGEON EVER HAD. AMERICAN LEGION MARCHED, THE SHRINERS DRILL-TEAM DONE MANEUVERS WITH BIRD CALLS, AND THOUSANDS O' SCHOOL KIDS LINED THE STREETS, WAVIN' LITTLE HARVARD PENNANTS!

MOL: Harvard Pennants! Why not American flags?

OLD T: This was the Fifth of July, daughter. You ever try to buy an American flag on July fifth?

FIB: As it happens, Old Timer, I was in Cincinnati that week, and I don't remember anything about it.

OLD T: Johnny...you ought to. You was responsible fer Millie's passin'.

FIB: HOW WAS IT?

OLD T: Well sir, there was a vaudeville act in town that week called "McGee and Nitney" and -

FIB: "MCGEE AND NITNEY!" THAT'S RIGHT!! "MCGEE AND NITNEY, SLAPPY SONGS AND WITTY SAYINGS!"...CARRIED OUR OWN CYCLOPAMA AND A MAGENTA SPOT---

MOL: Quiet, dearie!...I want to hear this. Go on, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD T: Well, it seems little Millie, out for an hour's exercise, had been seen flyin' thru the alley back o' the theayter and heard part of the act. AND THAT DONE IT!

FIB: Done what?

OLD T: SHE BEAT HERSELF TO DEATH AGAINST THE STAGE DOOR TRYIN' TO REACH THAT CORN! SHAME ON YE JOHNNY! SO LONG, DAUGHTER!

DOOR OPEN: CROWD MURMUR: DOOR CLOSE:

MOL: I'll bet he just made that up!

FIB: Certainly. It wasn't the act we had that killed all the birds; it was all the birds we got that killed our act. WELL, LET'S GO, KIDDO! I GOT THE TRAP.....OPEN THE DOOR.

DOOR OPEN: CROWD YELLS: THERE HE IS!! WHERE'S THE PIGEON? LET'S SEE IT...ETC. ETC. ETC.

MOL: Heavenly days, what a mob!

FIB: Yeah. QUIET, EVERYBODY. STAND BACK THERE, LEMME THROUGH! COME ON, MOLLY!

FOOTSTEPS...CROWD MURMURS - "STAND BACK. LET HIM THROUGH. ETC."

FIB: Come on out to the curb, Molly. YOU CAN ALL SEE MY RARE PASSENGER PIGEON AS SOON AS I CATCH HIM! He'll be here any minute. Quiet now, you'll scare him away!

CROWD YELLS...."QUIET EVERYBODY! SHH! QUIET!"....BUT LOUD TRAFFIC NOISES AND BUS FADES IN OVER:

FIB: (EXCITED) HERE HE COMES! LOOK, MOLLY - the PASSENGER PIGEON!

MOL: Where, McGee? I can't see him. That bus is in the way!

FIB: LOOK, ON TOP OF THE BUS! THERE HE IS! When I get on the bus you hand me the trap and -

MOL: For that bird? Why that just looks like an ordinary Post Office pigeon to me, McGee.

CROWD: "A SWINDLE! JUST A PLAIN PIGEON, ETC"

FIB: THAT'S A PASSENGER PIGEON! HE'S BEEN RIDING ON TOP OF THAT BUS ALL DAY! HE'S A PASSENGER ISN'T HE?

CROWD: (DISGUSTED) "AW, LET'S GO HOME...GET YOUR CAMERA, JOE, LET'S GO ETC."

FIB: (YELLING) HE'S RIDING THAT BUS! HE'S A PASSENGER PIGEON! THAT'S A PASSENGER PIGEON, I TELL YOU! IT'S A.....

(YELPS INTO:)

ORCH: "CONFESS" - FADE FOR -

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
4-27,48

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL - Glo-Coat

WILCOX: A few minutes and a bit of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat is the investment. A bright shining kitchen linoleum is the return on that investment. It's as simple as that. Glo-Coat shines as it dries. Without rubbing or buffing, your kitchen linoleum will sparkle and gleam with a new lustrous beauty. Colors will seem fresher and more brilliant. The whole room will be a brighter, more pleasant place to work. Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat will protect your valuable linoleum from wear, too. That tough coat of gleaming wax adds years of service and beauty. Then too, a floor protected by Glo-Coat is so easy to keep clean. A once-over-lightly with a damp cloth will whisk away all dust, dirt and spilled things. Next time your kitchen linoleum needs attention, invest a few minutes and a bit of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, You'll be delighted with the sparkling beauty that such a small investment will bring. You'll find that Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat is the quick, easy way to bring out the beauty of your home.

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

ORCH: BUMPER.....FADE FOR:

(2ND REVISION) -27-

FIB: (DISGUSTED) When I think of the dough we could have made - how famous we could of been - it's disgusting!

MOL: Oh, don't worry about it, dearie.

FIB: Well, this don't throw me, kiddo! I'll make a comeback! I can hold my head up! I can still smile!

MOL: Good.

FIB: It taught me one thing, though, - that old saying is so true - "never count your pigeons until they're caught!" (FEEBLE CHUCKLE) Well, doncha get it, Molly? Geeminy, I says -

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

FIB: YOU SAID IT! IT'S DISGUSTING! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

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 N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)