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Wood
file
(REVISED)

#4

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

OCTOBER 26, 1948

7:30 - 8 PM P.S.T.

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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 and Johnson's Self-Polishing
Glocoat 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:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Now's the time to get your kitchen glowin' with Glo-Coat. Because now, Glo-Coat gets your kitchen linoleum glowin' brighter than it ever has. Yes, there's a new glow in Johnson's Self Polishing Floor Wax Glo-Coat. A brighter, glossier shine that shows up beautifully every time you apply Glo-Coat to your linoleum.

To see the new glow, just spread some Glo-Coat on your kitchen linoleum...and forget about it. Then come back to the kitchen in twenty minutes. You'll see that Glo-Coat has produced a new, more beautiful luster, without any help from you...it shines itself as it dries.

As a result, the whole kitchen lights up; looks prettier. And it's easier to keep pretty. Because that tough coat of Glo-Coat protects your linoleum. And dust, dirt, and surface spots come right off that shining surface with a few strokes of a damp cloth.

So ask your dealer for Johnson's Glo-Coat. That's G-I-O C-O-A-T. Glo-Coat's got a new glow that gets your kitchen...glowin'!

ORCH: BRIDGE TO OPENING

WILCOX: IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S LAZY;
HE WON'T BESTIR HIMSELF AT ALL,
WHICH IS WHY HE LOAF'S ALL SUMMER
AND STARTS HIS LABORS IN THE FALL.
SO HERE'S THE SQUIRE OF WISFUL VISTA
EXHIBITING HIS NORMAL FOLLY
AS HE PLANTS HIS LAWN SIX MONTHS TOO LATE--
BUT LISTEN TO --

--- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: RING OF SPADE ON HARD EARTH: MCGEE GRUNTS. REPEAT.

FIB: My gosh, this ground has got a crust on it like a bride's first ^{BISCUIT} ~~apple~~ ~~rollert~~

MOL: It seems to me to be a little late in the year to dig for fishworms anyway. My goodness, they'd have all built cocoons and turned into butterflies by this time.

FIB: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) I ain't diggin' for worms, tootsie. I'm spadin' up the lawn to plant grass seed.

MOL: GRASS SEED? IN ALMOST NOVEMEER? Isn't grass seed usually planted in the spring?

FIB: Maybe - by guys that like bald-headed lawns. That the birds have ate all the seeds out of. But not by me, tootsie. Besides, in the spring I always get a case of fever that has me laid flat on my back in the hammock, too weak to lift a shovel. In the fall I got plenty of pep.

SOUND: RING OF SHOVEL: GRUNTS...

MOL: You'll need more than mere pep to turn that turf, dearie. You'll need an air hammer. That ground is packed down like a boarding-house mattress. Anyway, who ever heard of a farmer planting anything this time of the year?

FIB: ~~CHUCKLE~~ ^{WNY}...THIS IS EXACTLY THE TIME WHEN EXPERT AGRICULTURALISTS PLANT THEIR WINTER WHEAT!!!

MOL: It is? Well, for goodness sakes! How did you learn so much about botany?

FIB: (MODESTLY) Well, you know me...widely read. They even got a special chair for me at the public library...they say I'm one of the widest readers that comes in there.

MOL: Yes, I guess reading is almost as broadening as eating. Well, what are your plans, sweetheart? Going to change that shovel for a pick ax?

FIB: Well, it's a cinch I ain't gonna get far with this thing. Look...(RING OF SPADE) It bounces!

MOL: It'd be a pretty tough job even if the ground were soft, wouldn't it?

FIB: Nahhhh! My gosh, the lawn is only about 20 by forty foot. That's eight hundred square foot. Three shovelfulls to the square foot is...lemme see now... three times eight hundred is two thousand four hundred shovelf-- TWO THOUSANDS FOUR HUNDRED SHOVELFULS!!! Wooooo! I gotta think of a different way to dig this --

~~SOUND~~ ~~STEP IN~~

OLD TIMER: (FADE IN) WELL, HELLO THERE KIDS!! What's up?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer.

OLD: Whatcha doin' with the shovel Johnny?

MOL: Well, the lawn is going to be dug up to plant grass seed...according to the King of Spades here.

OLD: Daughter, anybody that'll plant grass seed this time o' year ain't any king. He's a silly ace! Heh heh heh!

FIB: Oh, yeah? Well, for your information, my ancient friend, I have forgot more agriculture and more botany and more horticulture than I ever knew.

MOL: How was that again, dearie?

FIB: I was just saying, that of the three of us standing here, I am the best authority on when to plant what, and where.

OLD: Well now, Johnny, I don't know about that. I ever tell ye bout the time I was manager of a farm fer a widder woman down in Mississippi?

MOL: No, I don't believe you ever --

(2ND REVISION) -7-

OLD: WELL SIR, SPENT SOME OF THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE
DOWN THERE. Ahh, them hog jowls and hominy grits;
that fat-back and cracklins, them black-eyed peas,
that pot-licker and corn pone!!! What memories!!!
I kin close my eyes right now and remember how I used
to git up in the night with a indigestion that'd
kill a grizzly b'ar!

MOL: How big was this lady's farm, Mr. Old Timer?

OLD: Well, daughter, settin' in the porch swing of an
evenin', I could git my arm clear aroun----(PAUSE) Did
you say farm, or farm?

FIB: FARM. A four-letter word meaning a hunk of land that if
you get up early enough mornings, and work late enough
at night, it'll make you rich if you strike oil on it.

OLD: Well, the farm I worked on was more what you might call
a plantation, kids. Cotton and tobacco.

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MOL: Did you enjoy plantation life, Mr. Old Timer?

FIB: I don't think I'd like it. Them southerners are too
hot tempered. They run my cousin outa Norfolk, Virginia
one night when he was playin' Richard the Third on a
showboat.

OLD: What happened, Johnny?

FIB: He got careless with his sword and nicked a stagehand.
The audience couldn't stand the sight of a Virginia
Ham slicing people.

OLD: Heh heh heh..that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't
the way I heered it! The way I heered it, one feller
says to tother feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says, "DID YE
SEE THE POSTER OF DEWEY, AND A DETECTIVE AND TRUMAN
WALKIN' INTO THE POLLING PLACE?" "NO," says TOTHER
FELLER, "What was that for?" "WELL," says the first
feller, "THE IDEA IS TO GET EVERY TOM, DICK AND HARRY
OUT TO VOTE!" Heh heh heh...see you later, kids!

ORCH: ~~"SAYYYYYY"~~ LAUENDAR BLUE

APPLAUSE:

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SECOND SPOT:

FIB: Hey, Molly...take a look out in the driveway!
I rented a tractor. Gonna plow up the front
yard.

MOL: A TRACTOR!! To plow our ^{little} front yard?

FIB: (PROUDLY) Yup!

MOL: Isn't that a little like renting a pile driver
to crack walnuts?

FIB: Oh, I dunno. I think it's pretty practical.
Ground is too hard to spade up. So, I got me
a tractor with a plow and a harrow attachment.
When I finish plowing, you'll find me harrowing.

MOL: (PAUSE) No, Molly. Don't say it! BUT, McGee,
I'm afraid you'll hurt yourself. Those tractors
are pret-ty powerful.

FIB: You ain't humming Il Trovatore, Loveboat!
Drivin' it home, I accidentally hooked onto a
street car without knowing it. You know the
Oak Streetstreet cars?

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MOL: Yes?

FIB: Well, one of 'em ain't on Oak Street any more. It's
on 14th Street.

MOL: But there are no car tracks on 14th Street!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, they can always convert it into a
lunch wagon. COME ON OUT, SNOOKY, AND WATCH OLD
FARMER MCGEE RIP UP THE TOPSOIL!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN - FOOTSTEPS DOWN OFF PORCH ONTO PAVEMENT

MOL: My, it's a pretty little thing, isn't it?

FIB: Yeah! And just listen to her purr!

SOUND: BRIEF STARTER GRIND AND MOTOR STARTS WITH ROAR.
THROTTLE DOWN. SLIGHTLY

MOL: Hold it, McGee. Here comes Doctor Gamble. (MOTOR OUT)
Yoo Hoo...hello, Doctor!

FIB: Hiyah, Doc!

DOC: (FADE IN) Well, hello, there, Molly. Hello, Ploughboy.
What do you think you're doing on that agricultural
hot-rod?

MOL: He's going to dig up the front yard and plant grass
seed, Doctor. He says.

DOC: Now, that is what I'd call a typical McGee project!
Who ever suggested planting a lawn at this time of the
year, City Yokel? Why don't you wait till we have
three feet of snow and make it REALLY tough for
yourself?

FIB: Look, Plasma Huckster, you stick to planting people and let me plant the lawns. In other words, Nosey, if somebody knows more about something than you do, let somebody do it!

MOL: Don't be rude, McGee. Remember, the Doctor raises roses as a hobby.

FIB: He oughta raise lilies. He creates his own market for 'em.

DOC: I'll open an account for you, Guttersnipe.

MOL: McGee says he's always too tired in the spring to plant a lawn, Doctor, so he's doing it in the fall, while he has lots of pep. Which you'll admit is a pretty reasonable argument.

DOC: My dear, that loud little lump of fatty tissue and calcified cranial content to which you are so unfortunately married has yet to do, say, or think anything which I could consider reasonable. He's so -

FIB: NOW JUST A DARN MINUTE THERE, SI! I KNOW SOME THINGS ABOUT YOU, TOO, BUT I DON'T GO NOISING 'EM AROUND. HOW'D YOU LIKE IT IF I REPEATED WHAT THE MEDICAL JOURNAL SAID ABOUT YOU LAST MONTH?

MOL: Heavenly days...what was that? And where did you ever read a medical journal, McGee?

FIB: In Doc's office. There was an article that said he was no doubt the greatest obstruction in State medical circles. Right there in black and white, it accused him!

DOC: Pardon me. It didn't say obstruction. It said obstetrician. And why you were in my office that day?

FIB: It was on account of my eyes. Every time I read something, the print kinda blurred. Couldn't make out the words. I think probab--

DOC: The defense rests! And another thing--

FIB: WELL, I GOTTA GET TO WORK, SEE YOU SOME MORE, DOCKY!!

DOC: So long, Hayseed. I'll be at my office if you need me -- and I do mean WHEN!

MOL: Goodbye, Doctor.

SOUND: ROAR OF TRACTOR...IN GEAR...FADE DOWN

MOL: Heavenly days, look at the man handle that tractor! And loving every minite of it...bouncing around like a celluloid ball on a park fountain! I wish I -- Oh, hello there, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: (FADE IN) Hello, Molly...what's going on here? Where's Fibber? And who's running that tractor?

MOL: A. The yard is being plowed up. B. On the tractor, and C, He is.

WIL: Well, why didn't--

SOUND: TRACTOR ROARS UP. CUT MOTOR WITH BACKFIRING

FIB: (OFF A LITTLE) Hiya, Junior, old kid! How do you like my new jalopy? (FADE IN) This thing has got more power than a Justice of the Peace with three motorcop brothers.

WIL: Yeah...very handsome hunk of machinery, Pal...but what--
FIB: Hey, look what I dug up on the other side of the yard, Molly! Two mason jars full o' rubber bands!
WIL: What idiot would bury two jars full of rubber bands?
FIB: I did. During the war. Didn't know when I'd be able to get any more, so I buried 'em.
MOL: And he never could remember where he hid them. Keep looking, dearie. Maybe you'll stumble across those ten cans of anchovies.
FIB: Oh, I found those two years ago when I was diggin' fish worms. Everything I buried is accounted for now except the trusses.
WIL: TRUSSES!
MOL: Yes, he heard they were freezing trusses at midnight once in 1942, and dashed out and bought eighteen of them.
FIB: Cornered the local market, Junior. Not very patriotic, I guess, but nobody can ever say I hoarded anything useful. Hey, you wanna run this tractor? ~~Sweetest running motor you ever stuck a plug into. And talk about POWER!! My gosh, this thing could drag a kind word for the 80th Congress outta Harry Truman! Wanna take a whiff with it?~~
WIL: No thanks, Pal. My cousin, Big Bulldozer Wilcox, got fractured in two places with one of those things.
MOL: Oh, how terrible. What two places, Mr. Wilcox?
WIL: The Bank and the Credit Bureau. That was in 1939 and he's still paying on the tractor.
FIB: Where's he working now, Junior?

WIL: He's my office boy. Answers the telephone and stuff. Like when somebody calls up and asks about Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat, he tells 'em.
FIB: You mean there are people who don't KNOW about Glocoat?
WIL: Isn't it incredible?
MOL: I don't believe it!
FIB: Me, either. I'll bet you could go to the Artic Circle, march up to an Eskimo and say "WHY ARE YOU BLUBBERING, MUKLUK?" and he'd say "GOT NO LINOLEUM. NO CAN USE GLOCOAT".
WIL: Well, he could use Glocoat on the paddle of his kayak.
MOL: It certainly is strange to me that everybody in the world doesn't know about the new glow in Glocoat, too. How it has added ingredients that give an added luster to even worn and weary linoleum.
WIL: Yes, and it--
FIB: And how it makes floor covering more impervious than ever to dust, dirt and dampness. How the new Glocoat with the new glow gives housewives a new leisure, because it saves so much time --
WIL: That's what I--
MOL: I suppose you refer to how easy and simple it is to use Glocoat, McGee? Like the mere minutes it takes to dry to a beautiful protective luster?
WIL: Yes, we always --
FIB: That's what I meant, Tootsie. The new Glocoat with the new glow is BUT HEY...WE'RE MONOPOLIZING THE CONVERSATION. What were you trying to say, Waxey?

WIL: Gee, I dunno. I came over here for something, but I've forgotten what it was.

MOL: Maybe you'll remember next week.

WIL: If I don't, I'll be back singing "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride" in Chatauqua. (FADE) So long, now.

MOL: Was he really a singer in Chatauqua, McGee?

FIB: Nobody knows. I've asked people who used to be connected with Chatauqua and they just turn pale and walk away fast.

WELL, BACK TO WORK!

SOUND: START MOTOR

FIB: Wanna ride, Molly?

MOL: No thank you. I'll just sit here on the steps out of the way and - Oh, hello, Mr. Wimple. MCGEE HERE'S MR. WIMPLE!

SOUND: MOTOR OUT

FIB: Huh? Oh, hiyah, Wimp.

WIMP: Hello, folks. My goodness, took the fenders off your car and painted it red, didn't you?

MOL: No, that's a tractor he rented to plow up the yard, Mr. Wimple. And how have you been?

WIMP: Oh just fine, Mrs. McGee. Just dandy. Sweetface and I -

FIB: Who, Wimp?

WIMP: Sweetface...that's my Big, Old Wife.

MOL: Oh yes.

WIMP: Sweetface and I spent the morning reading to each other.

MOL: How nice!

FIB: Very domestic. What were you reading, Wimp?

WIMP: I was reading her the grocery bill and she was reading me the riot act. Now, before I was married, I...I... ..before I was married, I -- I...

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wimple...why there are tears in your eyes!!

WIMP: Yes...I always feel sentimental about the time before I was married. That's when I was in the detective business.

FIB: YOU WIMP? YOU, A DETECTIVE?

WIMP: Oh yes, indeedy. I was in partnership with a man named Snoop Witherspoon. We specialized in following people. And we were pretty good too!

MOL: You were, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: Oh yes indeedy. Snoop used to pick them up at their homes and follow them to work. I'd pick them up when they left their offices and follow them all evening.

FIB: Split it up, eh?

WIMP: Yes...Snoop was the House Trailer and I was the Five o'clock shadow. But I don't want to keep you from your work, Mr. McGee. I just stopped in for a minute on my way home from the bird store.

MOL: Well, you had better get busy, McGee, at that. It's getting late.

FIB: Okay. Watch how easy I handle this baby, Wimp. Like a bright kid with a new tricycle!

WIMP: All righty.

SOUND: MOTOR STARTS...JERKS AND IDLES--JERKS AGAIN AND IDLES

MOL: Looks like he got the plow blade caught on something Mr. Wimple. (CALLS) What's the matter, McGee?

FIB: Caught on a root or something. Must be a big one. But don't worry...This tractor's got power enough to drag it out, come you-know-what or high water.

WIMP: Do it, Mr. McGee....Let's show that old root!

FIB: You said it, kid! WATCH THIS!!

SOUND: MOTOR UP...JERKS...UP AGAIN..CIANK AND SUDDEN ROAR OF WATER. MOTOR OUT

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!!..HE TORE UP THE WATER MAIN!!!.LOOK AT IT! IT'S SHOOTING THIRTY FEET HIGH!!

WIMP: (CHUCKLES) Well, there's his high water, and I guess he'll get the you-know-what from the water department...

FIB: (OFF) Dad rat the dad ratted...TRACTOR ROAR INTO MUSIC

ORCH: ~~AND KING'S MEN. "LAVENDER BLUE"~~
12th ST. RAG

THIRD SPOT

UP AND

(REVISED) -19-

CHUG OF TRACTOR IDLING...OUT

FIB: Well, there's your front yard at last kiddo - plowed, ~~raised~~^{harrowed} and planted. All we gotta do now is wait till spring.

MOL: It won't seem like a long wait - we'll be busy till spring just cleaning up the damage! My goodness, the hedge all mashed down - my lilac bush ruined - the front steps crushed - the water main broken --

FIB: Yeah, I had a little trouble with --

MOL: Say, incidentally, where were you when the men came to shut off that broken pipe, anyhow?

FIB: In the basement. Back of the furnace. What'd they say?

MOL: Well, I didn't get all of it -- but the foremen said something about how you must have a mighty powerful tractor.

FIB: (PLEASED) He did, eh?

MOL: Yes, he said it would take an awfully big jerk to tear up that water pipe.

FIB: (GRUNTS)

MOL: They said they'd be back with a crew in the morning to put in a new water main.

FIB: Well, they better be careful, that's all I got to say. If they start trampin' around on this lawn, after I spent all day plantin' my grass seed, I'll raise so much - Oh, here comes La Trivia! HI, LA TRIV!

(2ND REVISION) -20-

MOL: Hello, Mr. Mayor! Pull up a porch step and sit down.

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee. Well, McGee, what are you building here - a swimming pool?

FIB: Nope, I just planted a new lawn, La Triv. Drop around about ~~March~~^{April} the First and we'll play some croquet.

GALE: Love to. If I can borrow some hip boots.

MOL: Oh it'll be dry before ~~March~~^{April}. Say, how does the election look by now, Mr. Mayor? Everything going well?

GALE: Yes, I'm not worried. The newspapers have been sniping at me a little - trying to get my temper up, of course - but I've been simply ignoring them.

FIB: That's the way to do it boy! Just keep calm, like always.

GALE: I shall! I'm not answering their jibes at all - I'm just playing possum till after the election.

MOL: Good for you! After a hard day at the City Hall, I imagine you find a game like that pretty relaxing, Mr. Mayor.

GALE: Yes, I--(PAUSE) A game? What game?

FIB: Possum. How do you play Possum, La Triv? I've played Duck-on-a-Rock, and Puss-in-the-Corner, and Dog-in-the-Manger--but I never played Possum.

GALE: Uh --- I don't think you quite understand. When --

MOL: Is it anything like Run-Sheep-Run, your honor? I used to love those animal games!

(2ND REVISION) -21-

GALE: Look! When I said I was "playing possum" I merely used an old expression - "playing possum". That did not mean I was actually playing! I was not PLAYING at all, understand?

MOL: He probably means he was hunting possum, McGee. My brothers used to hunt possum all the time. They never found any, but --

FIB: Me too. And you're absolutely right, La Triv, when you say that's not playin'! That's work, boy, poundin' through that brush!

GALE: I didn't say anything about--

FIB: The way I did it, I'd take a shotgun, two dogs and a case of rootbeer, in case of snakebite, and head for the hills, see--

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(REVISED) -22-

GALE: BUT THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH--

MOL: Next time you go possum hunting, take McGee with you. He'd love to--

GALE: I AM NOT HOE-ING GOSSUM PUNTING! POSSUM HUNTING!
I PATE HOSSUMS! HATE POSSUMS!

MOL: Well, for goodness sake Mr. Mayor - don't get so excited! After all--

FIB: He'll never get any possums bein' that noisy. You gotta stalk a possum, La Triv. I'll show you how to --

GALE: (ROARS) I DON'T WANT TO BALK A STOSSUM! SQUAWK A BLOSSOM! LOOK - WHEN I SAID I WAS ~~BEATING POSSUMS~~ - PLAYING POSSE - POSSUM, I MERELY MEANT I WAS LOWING LYE! ER, LYING LOW!....I NEVER SAID I WAS - YOU'RE THE ONE THAT ALWAYS MISCONWORDS MY STRUES..STRUE REMARKS MY WORDS!....EVERY TIME I STAKE A SIMPLE MATEMENT - MAKE A STAPLE MINIMENT - STINKEL SATEMENT - MINKEL STATEMENT
....~~BEATING POSSUMS~~...YOU WERE THE ONE...I...YOU.....
(DEFLATES) (PAUSE).....McGee.

mb

FIB: Yes.

GALE: I wonder if you could help us out at the City Zoo this week. Our superintendent is having trouble getting the Polar Bears fed.

FIB: Glad to, La Triv. You short of help?

GALE: No - we're short of meat! Good day!

MOL: Goodbye, Mr. Mayor! My, isn't he an interesting conversationalist, McGee?

FIB: Yeah, if you like small talk. But - I got no time to brood over La Trivia's shortcomings, kiddo. Let's just sit here and dream about that broad sweep of beautiful green lawn we'll have next spring.

MOL: Yes, twenty feet wide - and hip deep...All summer.

FIB: Betcha! I'll get back what it cost to rent the tractor just chargin' people a buck apiece to walk around in it with their bare feet!

MOL: It will be nice to have some grass for a change. The only grass we had last year grew through that crack in the front sidewalk.

FIB: Well, it'll be different this year, all right! I musta planted five pounds of grass seed out here. I'm gonna set me a lawn chair under that maple tree and -- Hey look! There goes Wallace Wimple coming back.

MOL: What happened, Mr. Wimple? Get locked out again?

WIMP: No, I just now missed it and I hurried right back here. I left it on your front porch here and --

MOL: Left what, Mr. Wimple?

WIMP: My bag of birdseed. I bought a big bag of birdseed to trap a blue-bellied Baltimore Barn Owl and -- Oh, here it is!

FIB: Good. For a minute I --

WIMP: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh no, it isn't either. This bag says "Grass Seed." I wonder what became of my birdseed.

FIB: Was - was it - in a brown paper bag, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes it was, Mr. McGee.

MOL: (PAUSE) McGee?

FIB: (THOUGHTFUL) Yep, I guess I did. Hey, Wimp?

WIMP: Yes?

FIB: Next spring you won't have to go to the country to watch birds. Come over here and sit on the steps. We'll have a yard full!!

ORCH: "UNTIL" .. FADE FOR:

FIBBER AND MOLLY SHOW
OCTOBER 26, 1948

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Don't forget, the new words....are new glow. *Yes, new glow.*
~~how that?~~ There's a new glow in Johnson's self-polishing
Floor Wax, Glo-Coat. A glow that gives your kitchen
linoleum a far brighter finish than before. Far brighter
than before...and mind you, as easily as ever. Here's
all you do to make your kitchen linoleum sparkle from
border to border. Quickly apply Johnson's Glo-Coat to
your linoleum. Then walk out of the kitchen for twenty
minutes. When you come back, you'll see that Glo-Coat
has produced its own shine, with no polishing, no help,
no work from you. And while Glo-Coat is drying to a
brilliant finish, it is also forming a tough coat over
your linoleum. So your linoleum is protected from dirt
and spilled liquids. When it does get soiled...a quick
stroke with a damp cloth whisks dirt away. Get this
tough linoleum coating...with the bright new glow. Use
Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, G-L-O G-L-O-A-T.
Ask your dealer for Glo-Coat tomorrow.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC: FADE FOR:

MB

(2ND REVISION) -26-

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, the Community Chest campaign is
now on, and we'd like to ask your help.

MOL: This is the one annual appeal which combines the most
and the best of many, many worthy causes, such as baby
clinics, hospitals, home services, and juvenile
delinquency prevention.

FIB: Your gifts to the Community Chest will be spread among
the 12 thousand and more Red Feather services; and with
all these measures under one management, your money goes
much farther because the administration of funds is
screened and simplified. So please give - as generously
as you possibly can - to your Community Chest.

MOL: With all these Services under one head, let's each of us
see how much we can do with one heart.

FIB: Good night.

MOL: Good night, all!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

WIL: Fibber McGee and Molly are brought to you by the makers
of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing GLOCOAT,
Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada. And don't forget
Fred Waring on Monday and Wednesday mornings. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS N.B.C.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.
(CHIMES)

W