"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"
for
JOHNSON 'S WAX

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

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Water Repellent Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Gale Gordon, Dick LeGrand, Cliff Arquette and me, Harlow Wilcox. The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by the King's Men and Billy Mills ' Orchestra!

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLIY
IUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1950

## OPENIING COMMERCIAL

## WIICOX: Fibber and Molly join us in a moment.

When you want your home to look its isest, here's one thing you should always remember. You can't have a beautiful home without beautiful floors. And the best way to make your floors beautiful -and keep them that way -- is to wax them regularly with Johnson's Paste Wax.

That's right. For more than three generations, Johnson's Paste Wax has been a favorite of meticulous homemakers. This tough, long-lasting flocr wax gives your floors the real protection from wear and tear that only a fine wax gives. More than that, Its hard, smooth surface makes floors far easier to keep clean, because dirt, dust and grime just whisk right off at the flick of a cloth or dust-mor. And finally, nothing beautifies a floor or brightens a room like the rich,' luster of Johnson's Paste Wax. No other, wax gives quite the same lustrous beauty, in quite the same way.
Tomorrow, ask your dealer for this finest of fioor waxes. Ask for Johnson's Paste Wax.
ORCH: BRTDGF TO OPENING

## (2ND REVISION) -4-



In the front yard at 79 Wistful Vista, there is a shade tree which badly needs pruning. The logical man to do this job is a professional tree surgeon

FIBBER McGEE AND MOJIY!!

SOUND:
MOL:

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FIB:
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I'm gonna prune that shade tree there, kiddo - gonna even off a few of the raggeder-lookin' branches off of it. Look'at that thing - it's as one-sided as a Rùssien election! careful now!

I will - I won't hurt myself.
It's not you that I'm worried about; but there's the cutest little woodpecker that lives in that tree and I don't want you to frighten him away. Wighten HM? HAF. That red-eyed little get the evening paper! He don't know en Irishman from a pole!

Oh, he's just playful, dearie - he's like a friendly little puppy.

WILcox: In the front yard at 79 Wistful Vista, there is a shade tree which badly needs pruning. The logical man to do this job is a professional tree surgeon but logic is rarely found at the hame of --

FIBBER MCGER AND MOILY:!

## APPLAUSE

SOUND:

## CIANK AND CLATTER OF TOOIS: BIRD NOISES:

What are you going to do with all those tools out here, McGee?

I'm gonna prune that shade tree there, kiddo - gonna even off a few of the raggeder-lookin' branches off of it. Look at that thing - it's as one-sided as a Rùssien election!
Well, it does look a little uneven. But you be careful now!-
FIB:
I will - I won't hurt myself.
It's not you that I'm worried about; , but there's the cutest littlie woodpecker that lives in that tree and I
don't want you to frighten him away. /
ME frighten HIM? HAH! That red-eyed little
FIB:
hammerheed dives on me every time I go out to get the evering paper! He don't know an Irishman from a pole!
Oh, he's just playful, dearie - he's like a friendly little puppy.
MOL:
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FIB:
MOL:
FIB:
MOL:
FIB:
MOL:
FIB:
MOL:
FIB:
Oh yeah? First puppy I ever saw with a built-in icepick. I don't need him like I don't need a hole in the head! (CLATTER OF TOOIS, BEAIND:) Lemme see - I got my saw - pruning shears screwdriver - friction tape - awl, HEY, WHERE'S MY AWL?
You loaned it to Mort Toops, dearie, and I admire you for \(1 t\).
Whataye mean?
I admire any man who would give his awl for a friend.
Aw, pshaw. (CLATTER BFHIND:) Pliers - crowbar CROWBAR? What I need is a woodpecker bar. Hammernails and embroidery scissors.
What on earth are the embroidery scissors for? You're not going to trim that tree with scalloped edges? Nope - the scissors is to cut the end off my cigar with.
Why don't you just bite the end off of it? Too unsanitary! After all, that cigar goes in my mouth, you know! Hold the steplader for me, kiddo - I'm gonna start right here.
SOUND: CREAK OF LADDER: SAWING SOUNDS:
MOL: (OVER) Be careful now - this is a pretty old
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ladder!
SOUND:

## (2ND REVISION) -6-



OLD M:

Well, good fer you, Johnny - I like to see a man git an early start. Whatcha gonna trim it with Colored lights and candy canes? I wouldn't put the presents under it yet, though, might git some bad weather between now and Christmas.
No, no, no, take it easy. I'm not trimming the tree for Christmas - I'm just pruning it down a little. It's limbs aren't even.
Whose limbs is, Johnny? Mine ain't. I got a 32 inch arm and a 36 inch leg - Hey, you want me to help you? I was an interne at one time fer a tree surgeon. Really? In a nursery, I suppose, sprinkling talcum powder on the little seedlings.
No, daughter - I was a pre-med student with the Gilbert School of Tree Surgeons in Red Oak, Iowa. But I got threw out of the profession for malpractise. I made a serious mistake.
What were you doing - treating a Chinese Elm for Japanese Beetles?
No, it was my first major operation, daughter. The patient was a big Oak tree. I performed a saparotomy and left him with a 6 -foot incision in the torso. Well, I laid all my instruments out and I says to Doctor Gilbert - I says - "What do we do now, Doc, nail him shut"? "No," says the doctor, "Fill the incision with wet cement."
Did you do it?

OLD M: Yep, I plugged it up, let it harden, and started peckin


## (2ND REVISION)

-10 \& 11-
TIEF: We don't have any school today, I betcha. Our teacher's home with the brown-kiytis.
FIB: She catch cold handling all them wet overshoes at school, sis?
TEE: Oh no, mister- it was out on the playground at/school.
She broke her leg.
FIB: Broke her leg?
MOL: How mas that, Teany?
FIB: I thought you said she had brown-kytis?
THEE: She has, I betcha. That's how she got her broken leg she tripped over Willie's brown kite.. He left it laying on the playground and...
SCUND: FAST BLAST FROM WOODPECKER
TEE: Oboy, look mister McGee - a robin redhead!
FIB: That's not a robin, sis.
MOL: That's a woodpecker, Teeny.
FIB: And if he don't quit botherin' me I'm gonna get my slingshot and break every window in the block.
TEE: Hey, Mister McGee. Why do woodpeckers always go around bangin' their heads against trees and telephone poles and stuff? Himm? Why do they. Himm? Why? Himm?
FIB: You mean you don't know, sis?
TEE: Suri I don't, I betcha.
FIB: Well sir, once upon a time, there was a big tree in the" middle of a fleld and it was attacked one day by MIILIONS AND MIHIIONS of seven-year locusts -

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MOL: By the way, why are they called seven-yoar locusts?
FIB: Because a good gag about locusts comes along about every
    seven years and I just done one two years ago, WELL SIR,
    them locusts started eatin' and eatin' and cevourin' that
    ponr tree, leaf by leaf, stem by stem and limb by lin.b...
TTEE: Ohhhhh, gee.
FIB: And the tree started to cry, bein' a weepin' willow and
kind of emotional, and it hollered for help and a bunch of
red-headed, kind-hearted littlebirds flew to the rescue
and ate up ALL the locusts!
TES: op boy....GOODY!!
FIB: - and the treo was So grateful it said, THANKS BIRDS, I
SURE APPRECIATE WHATT YOU DONE. WHAT DO I OWE YOU? And the
birds says, OH WHATEVER YOU THINK IS RIGHT...and the troo
scid NO, YOU NAME YOUR PRICE and the birds sRid, WELL,
WE'LL HAVE TO TWITTER ABOUT IT A WHILE AND LET YOU KNOW.
And the tree said, OKAY, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, YOU JUST SEND
YOUR BILL IN TO ME. And they did. And they been doin'
it every since. Every time nne of these rod-hoadod birds
sees a tree, he sends his bill into it. Isn't that
interesting, sis?
THEE: Gee, it really was, Mister. Only you overlooked one
thing, I betcha.
FIB: I did? What'd I overlook?
.ITEF: Your ladder - it's falling down. You botter jump off -
    quick!
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[^0]FIB: Eh? OH, MY GOSH, I -
SOUND: THUD OF JUNPING DOWN AND CRASH OF IADDER:
FIB: Thanks, sis!
TEE: That's okay, mister. So long, Miz McGee.
MOL: Goodbye, Teeny. (PAUSE) You know, MeGee - I think yau've taken too many limbs off the north side of that tree.
FIB: That's a simple thing to rectifry, kiddo - I'll just take a few more off the south side. You pick up the stepladder while I pick up ny saw.
SOUND: RATTIE OF IADDER
WIL: (FADING IN) No, no, Molly - here, let mo handle that ladder for you.
MOL: Oh, thank you, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hyyah, Junior.
WII: Hello, Pal -- Hey, what happened to your tree?
MOL: McGee.

## FIB: Whattaya want?

MOL: I wasn't talking to you - I was answering Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Oh. Well, this tree was a little lopsided, Junior - so I'm trimmin' off a few bienchoe.
WIL: That's a pretty sloppy-lookin' job, Pal - why don't you get somebody over here who knows something about pruning

## trees?

FIB: Whattaya mean - somebody who knows somethin'? Who knows more about it than I do?

FIB: Eh? OH, MY GOSH, I -
SOUND: THUD OF JUMPING DOWN AND CRASH OF LADDER:
FIB: Thanks, sis!
THEE: That's okay, mister., So long, Miz McGee.
MOL: Goodbye, Teeny. (PAUSE) You know, MeGee - I think you've taken too many lismbs off the north side of that tree. *
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SOUND: RATTIE OF IADDER
WIL: (FADIVG IV) No, no, Molly - here, let me handle
that ladder for you.
MOL: Oh, thank you, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hyyah, Junior.
Hello, Pal -- Hey, what happened to your tree?
M.Gee.
Whattaya want?
I wasn't talking to you - I was answering Mr. Wilcox.
Oh. Well, this tree was a littile lopsided, Junior - so
I'm trimmin' off a few bianches. )
That's a pretty sloppy-lookin' job, Pal - why don't. you
get somebody over here who knows something about pruning
trees?
Whattaya mean - somebody who knows somethin'? Who
knows more about it than $I$ do?

## -15-

[^1]Well, I asked him why he was running and he told me. H9'd sold out all his Johnson's Paste Wax, but there was such a demand for it, because, after all, it is the finest protection that money can buy for floors, woodwork, fine furniture, leather goods, and so many other of your priceless possessions - because Johnson's Paste Wax seals them against dust and dirt and dampness and maikes it so easy for them to retain that sparkling luster, that be was running back to the factory for another supply!
Why didn't you give him a lift, tightwad?
I did, pal, I did - because I knew myself how smart housewives everywhere demend the best in household protection - which is just another way of saying Johnson's Paste Wax. I took him back to my car and gave him a lift to the next big town. Matter of fact, it was in the papers the next morning.
In the paper? What did it say?
It said: "PRISONER OF WAR ESCAPES FROM COLORADO PRISON. POLICE SEBHK ACCOMPLICE WITH GEMAWAY CAR." That was me, kids, the accomplice!
Migosh, I'll vet you laid low for a while after that! I didn't go out of my back yard for three weeks - just stayed home and planted tulips. So long, kids. Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox. Look, MaGee, it's getting late and jou've still got a lot of pruning to do.


[^2]
## (2ND REVISION)

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GAIE: Any success?
FIB: Only in reverse. I had a fine crop of canteloupes the
    size of grapes. Stuffed 'em with pimentoes and soid
        'em for olives., Well, if you'll excuse me, La Triv...
        I gotta get back to work.
GALE: - Of course. Go right ahead. And when I get heck to the
office I'll send our city forester over to help. Wait
a minute, McGee. Let me see that sew a minute.
MOL: Here, Mr. Mayor....what's the matter with it?
GALE: Oh nothing. It looks like the one I used to play when
I was in the Coast Guard. Entertaining the crew.
Yes . . same kind of a saw...
STRIKES NOTE: WHANGGGGGGG!
GALE: It's a llttle flat.
5. FIB: I like to work with a flat saw. Goes thru the wood
16 better.
MOL: Play something for us, won't you, Mr. Mayor?
Now let me see...
FEN TENIATIVE NOTHS ON SAW. . THEN FEN' BARS OF "THTRD MAN THBME"
MOL: Very pretty. VER-Y PRET-TY! What wás tluat?
GALE: The Third Man Theme.
FIB: Sounds l1ke he struck out. I'd like to hear it played
good, sometime.
GALE: Well, that can be arranged. Listen to this, and good
    day!
ORCH: THIRD MAN THFME
APPLAUSE
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GAIE:
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I8 GALE:
    Be happy to, Molly. Hand me that hammer. Thank you.
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SOUND: FAST SAWING. ..CRASH OF LTMB
FIB: How am I doing, Molly - is the tree even yet?
MOL: No, it's lopsided, on the other side now, Mcee. You
cut off too much again. Look out, here comes the
woodpecker again.
SOUND: BLAST FROM WOODPECKER ON TREE
FIB: SHOO! GET OUT OF HERE! SCRAM! Didja see that guy this
time, Molly? If I hadn't ducked, he'd of parted my hair
clean down to my chin!
MOL: Well, I don't know what you can do about it.
FIB: I do.
VOL: What?
FIB: Hand me my old ait raid warden helmet out of the tool chest.
SOUND: CLANK OF TOOLS
MOL: Here you are.
FIB: Thanks. By George, now let that little flying rivet-gun
try to - Oh, hiyah, Ole!
MOL: Well, hello, 0le!
OLE: Hello, McGee - Hello, Mrs. Hey - why are you messing up
the shade tree, McGee? Nature don't make trees good
enough for you?
MOL: He's trying to even it up, Ole. But he keeps cutting one
side too short, and then he has to trim the other side
again.

## (2ND REVISION) -21-

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OLE: Well, like I always tell my kids -
MOL: By the way, how are the children, Ole? Good, I hope.
OLE: No, Missus, they're not good, but they feel flne. Full
of mischief. My littlest kid, Lars, is rehearsing for
school play.
SIB: What's the school play, Ole? Something for Easter?
OLE: Yeah.* Little Lars is Easter Bunny In it..He's got good equipment for the part, too. Everytime he looks in
looking glass he can't believe his ears.
MOL: Boes he like to rehearse, Ole?
OLE: Oh, he takes it very serious, Missus. Eats only carrots
        and lettluce for dinner, hops around on furniture like
        bunny, and my missus say if he starts laying colored
        eggs she skin him alive.
FIB: (CHUCKIES) Well, it's lots of fun raising children, 0le..
OLE: Sure. That's what all my friends with no kids tell me...
        Say, you look very good in that iron helmet, MeGee -
        makes me think of my cousin Gustav. He was in the Army -
        a second blooey.
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FIB: You mean "second looey".
OLE: No - one second he was practising with hand grenades - the
next second -- BLOOEY!! (CHUCKLES) That was Gustav all
over..... So long, everybody.
MOL: You know, McGee, that tree is beginning to look awfully
skinny. You've got more branches on the ground than you
have on the tree.
FIB: Well, my trouble is that when I'm up on the ladder, I can't
stand back and look at it at the same time. Can't get the
right prospectus from up --
MOL; LOOK OUT, HERE CONES THE WOODPECKER AGAIN!
FIB: Let him come - I'M reaity for him! GO ON, LIGHT ON MY HEAD,
YOU LITTILE MUTT!
CATTER OF WOODPECKER ON METAL HETMET...BIRD SQUAWKS AND FADES
MOL: Heavenly days!
FIB: (LAUGHS LIKE HENL) That'll teach him a lesson! Look at
him - his bill is bent like a buttonhook! That'll teach him
to - Oh, hi, Bua!
CLIFF: Good day, sir. I am from the Park Department. Mr. MaGee
sent me over to see you, Mr. Mayor.
MOL: I think there must be some mistake, sir - we are Mr, and
Mrs. McGee.
FIB: Yeah, the Mayor musta sent you over, bud. You the City
Forester?
CLIFF: Yes, I am - I am the oldest city forester in the service.
(2ND REVISION) - $23-$
MOL: Oh how nice! I wish Uncle Dennis was here - he just loves Old Foresters :... Did you ever' meet my uncle, Mr. Driscoll? CLIFF: (PAUSE) Sho's talking to you, Mr. Driscoll.
FIB: No, no, she's talkin' to you, bud.
CLIFF: Ohh, DI'm afraid you're confused, sir - I am not Mr. Driscoll.
MOL: Of course not - Mr. Driscoll is my uncle.
CLIFF: Are you really, sir? I'd never guess it. You look old enough to be her father.
FIB: She IS my father! I mean - Look, bud! Our náme is McGee! Mr. and Mirs. Fibber. Your name is what?
CLIFF: No, my name is Nuckwinkle - Elrod Nuckwinkle, The Thipd.
MOL: How do you do, Mr. Third. You're a tree man are you, slr?
CLIFF: Yes, I am! I'ma tree expert! I have an office in the big elm tree on cak Street. That's my branch office, of course. द́
FIB: That'se political job you got, ain't it, Nockwurst?
CLIFF: Yes - that's why I'm located out on a limb. I used to be in the National Park Service, but they considered me a bad security risk. I was indiscreet. / MOL: What did you do?
CLIFF: I was caught working with some pedwoods.
FIB: Well, that's tough, bud - but I got a problem here. We need some advice about this tree. Look up there - see?

CLIFF: Hmm, that's a very interesting - uh - thing. You know, I'll bet that was a nice tree, at that.
FIB: It ain't completely lost, is it, bud? I mighta cut off too many branches - over-pruned it a little - but there must be somethin' I can do about it! Ain't there?
CLIFF: Oh, of course there is! I know exactly what to do about it - and it's quite simple, too.
MOL: Oh, good!
CLIFF: Have you an old bowling ball around the house?
FIB: Bowling ball? Yeah, sure - but I ain't got time to go bowling now, bud, because -
CLIFF: Oh no, sir - my advice is - take those las,t four branches off the tree -
FIB: Yes?
CLIFF: Get your bowling ball.
$\qquad$ Yes? Yes?
CLIFF: Put it on top of the tree - and run downtown and buy a big American Flag -
FIB: HOT DOG! THAT'S WONDERFUL, BUD! WE'LL BE THE ONLY FAMILY IN TOWN WITH A REAL, LIVE, GROWING FIAGPOIE!
MOL: And LONG MAY IT WAVE!
ORCH: STARS AND STRIPES. ... SEGUE INTO CLOSER. . . .FADE FOR:
APPIAUSE

## WILCOX: Fibber and Mol return in a moment.

No other wax gives quite the same beauty and protection to fine wood floors as Johnson's Paste Wax; And here's an easy way to get that beauty. Use the Johnson Beautiflor Electric Polisher ... the almost magical polisher that lets you quickly give your own floors a gleaming, perfect, professionel wexing.
It's so easy. The Beautiflor's big whirling brush does all the buffing, while you merely walk along and guide. Without hard work, and in just a few minutes' time, you can polish your floors to gleaming brightness.
Tomorrow -- get Johnson's Paste Wax, at your dealer's. While you're there, ask to see the Johnson's Beautiflor Electric Pollsher. You can buy one at low cost. Or rent one by the dey, if you prefer. /
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FIBBER MCGFE AND MOLLY CLOSING CUI-II COMMERCIAL TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1950

## LOCAL CUR-IV: WMRF, LEWIstown TAKES LOCALIY ONIY

SECMIONAT CUT-IN: WSM, Nashville TAKES LOCALIY AND FEFEDS KARK, Little Rock, Central Group

SECTIONAL CUI-IN: WRC, Washington TAKES IOCALIK AND FEEEDS WMBC', Richmond, Southeastern Group, Florida Group, and all Basic and Basic Supps, stations in Eastern Time Zone (except WMRF) which are not included in the sectional from NBC, Chicago.
CUI-IN ANNOUNCER CUR-IN (TIMING: 47 seconds - 122 words)

ANNCR: No other wax gives quite the same beauty and protection to fine wood floors as Johnson's Paste Wax. And here's an easy way to get that beauty.
Use the Johnson Beautiflor Electric Polisker ... the almost magical polisher that lets you quickly give your own floors a gleaming, perfect, professional waxing. It's ao easy. The Beautiflor's big whirling brush does all the buffing, while you merely walk along and guide. Without hard work, and in just a few minutes I time, you can polish your floors to gleaming brightness. Tomorrow -- get Johnson's Paste Wax, at your dealer's. While you're there, ask to see the Johnson's Beautiflor Electric Polisher. You can buy one at low cost. Or rent one by the day, if you prefer.

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\text { (2ND REVISION) - } 28-
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FIB: Ladies and gentiemen - we'd like to offer a salute

FIB: Goodnight. -
MOL: Goodnight, all.
ORCH: PIAYOFF.
WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's WaterRepellent Glocoat - Racine, Wisconsin and Brantford, Canada - bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?

## (SWITCH TO HITCH)


[^0]:    MOL: By the way, why are they called seven-yoar locusts? FIB: Because a good gag about locusts cames along about every seven years and I just done one two years ago, WELL SIR, them locusts started eatin' and eatin' and cevourin' that poor tree, leaf by leaf, stem by stam and limb by linb... THE: Ohhhhh, 800 .
    FIB: And the tree started to cry, bein' a weepin' willow and kind of emotional, and it hollered for help and a bunch of red-headed, kind-hearted littlebirds flow to the rescue and ate up Aill the locusts !

    ## TIEE: Oh boy....GGODY!!

    FIB: -and the treo was so grateful it said, THANkS BIRDS, I SURE APPRECIATE WHAT YOU DONE. WHAT DO I OWE YOU? And the birds says, OH WHATEVER YOU THINK IS RIGHT...and the troo said NO, YOU NAME YOUR PRICE and the birds said, WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO TWITTER ABOUT IT A WHILE AND LET YOU KNOW. And the tree sald, OKAY, BUT WHATEVER IT IS, YOU JUST SEND YOUR BILL IN TO ME. Añ they did. And they been doin' it every since. Evory time one of these rod-hoadod birds sees a tree, he sends his bill fnto it: Isn't that - interesting, sis?

    THEE: Gee, it really was, Mister. Only you overlonked one thing, I betcha.
    FIB: I did? What'd I overlnok?
    ITEE: Your ladder - it's falling down. You bottor jump off quick!

[^1]:    WIL: Well sir, I was driving through a little town in Colorado one afternoon, when I saw a soldierly-looking young fellow running across a field. He had on blue denims with a big "P W" across his back. "Oh-Oh,"
    I said - "A prisoner of War!" and I jumped out of nuy car and gave chase.
    FIB: How did you know his name was Chase?
    MOL: And what did you give him?
    WIL: I mean I ran after him - chased him for a mile. When I finally caught up with him, I stopped him and spoke to him in his own language. "Hold it, Mac," I sald "Parley voo Germen?"
    FIB: What was he, an eye-talian fellow?
    WII: Couldn't of been;) Pal - he answered me in pidgin English. He gave me a strange look and said "Coo-Coo!" "Look," I said, "youtre an escaped prisoner of war - I can tell by the P.W. on your, back." And he said "That isn't prisoner of war - that stands for Pasté Wax. I'm a Johnson's sales-man from Racine, Wisconsin."
    NOL: That WAS an interesting story.
    WIL: I'm not through yet.
    FIB: Well, get through.

[^2]:    MOL: Why did you give it up, Mr. Mayor?
    GALE: It got a little confusing, Molly - my students kept trying to get their livestock on the Bride and Groom program. Anyway, I preferred horticulture. Plentiig, spraying, pruning and grafting. That sort of thing.
    FIB: And from grafting, it was just a short step to politics, eh, La Triv?
    GATE: Uh....yes. BUT, when I was in school, we performed some rexy interesting experiments with plents- Like crossing onions with violets for tea room salads.
    MOL: MCGee has done a lot of interesting things like that too, Mr. Mayjor. Haven't you, McGee?

    ## FIB: Such as what, tootsie?

    MOL: Oh, you can think of something.
    FIB: Sure I can. I mind one time, La Triv, I figured out a way to cross canteloupes with Concord grapes, so I could raise grapes as big as cant-lounes.

