

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
Fibber Gets His Hand Caught in a Bottle

JANUARY 28, 1941
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST, NBC

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM.....WITH FIBBER
MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-
POLISHING

MOLLY...WRITTEN BY DON GLO-COAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE AND

BILLY MILLS' QUINN, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND

Country Needs ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH: "What This

is More Love".

ORCH: "WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE LOVE"

(FADE FOR)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Here's a question for all you good housekeepers. Do
you

PROTECTIVE know what the experts mean by the term,

what this means. HOUSEKEEPING? Let me give you my idea of

simply cleaning Take your floors, for example. Instead of

coat of genuine and dusting them, you PROTECT them with a

make them more JOHNSON'S WAX. In this way, you not only

with a tough beautiful, but you PROTECT them against wear

makes your film of wax. And this wax-protection also

floor is so easy housework easier, because a JOHNSON WAXED

applies to
merely cleaning
you PROTECT
all the beauty
fact, PROTECTIVE
besides floors,
extra uses for
famous wax polish
LIQUID forms,
for furniture

ORCH:
(APPLAUSE)

WIL:
SO DIZZY

THE SAME TIME,

ABOUT NEEDING

IS CELEBRATING

ALLOWANCES FOR

THE FIRST PART

to keep clean and spotless. The same thing
your furniture and woodwork. Instead of
and dusting your table tops and chair arms,
them with JOHNSON'S WAX -- which brings out
of the wood, and PROTECTS that beauty. In
HOUSEKEEPING applies to many other things
furniture and woodwork. There are over 100
genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. You can buy this
in three forms -- the old familiar PASTE and
and the new CREAM WAX especially formulated
and woodwork. Your dealer has all three.

(SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

THE SOCIAL WHIRL AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA IS GETTING

THAT THERE ARE TWO PARTIES GOING ON NOW, AT

IN THE LIVING ROOM. ONE PARTY IS GOING ON

50 CENTS FOR CIGARS, WHILE THE OTHER PARTY

THE INSTALLATION OF A BUDGET WHICH HAS NO

CIGARS AT ALL. AND SO WE FIND THE PARTY OF

AND THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART -

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: But Molly, that budget's all wrong. Why didn't you make

provisions for my cigars?

MOL: Because your cigars aren't provisions.

FIB: Be that as it may, or may not be - or not, I'm entitled to

you that 50 cents for a few smokes. After all, I gave

money in the first place.

MOL: Oh ho! So you're just an Indian giver!

FIB: Come to think of it - my grandfather was part Indian. His

was a big buck mother was an Irish Colleen and his father

kinda half-buck. among the Cherokees. That made grandpa a

about lettin' me And talkin' about half-bucks, Molly - how

have - -

MOL: McGee, as the warden of the Moscow prison says when he

unsuccessful chase - brought back the bloodhounds after an

FIB: Yes?

MOL: "Not one red cent"!

FIB: YOU'RE A HARD WOMAN, MRS. MCGEE!

MOL: Oh no I'm not, dearie. I've only got 35 cents and I need that

to pay the milkman.

(3RD REVISION)

FIB: Very well. GIMME the 35 cents and I'll hand it to the milkman

when he comes.

MOL: I've already put it out on the back porch in
the milk bottle.

FIB: You have? Well - guess I'll go outside and
have a breath of
fresh air.

MOL: A good idea. (FADE) It's much better than
inhaling those
horrible Havana hay-burners of yours.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

FIB: Ah... (BREATHING DEEPLY) Lovely day, ain't it,
McGee. Yes, it
is, McGee - nice day out.

SOUND: (CLATTER OF MILK BOTTLES)

FIB: Well, well, well, look at that - a milk bottle
- (JINGLE OF

Lucky thing I've got a
COINS) with 35 cents in it! My! My!

mouth. (GRUNTS) It's
small hand and this bottle's got a wide

(JINGLE OF COINS IN
a tight squeeze, but - There! I got it.

Shucks, I got that hand
BOTTLE - JINGLE STOPS) Now for a --

Oh! Oh! I can't
IN that bottle all right - (GRUNTS AGAIN)

- what'll I ---
get this dad-ratted bottle off my hand - ooh

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

MOL: (FADING IN) McGee - What are you doing with
that milk bottle
in your hand?

FIB: Me? I haven't got any milk bottle in my hand.

MOL: Oh, no?

FIB: No. I've got my hand in a milk bottle.
MOL: Well, take it right off.
FIB: I can't - it's stuck.
MOL: Now why would any grown man want to ---- McGEE!
YOU WERE

AFTER THAT 35 CENTS!

FIB: Now, Molly, I need a cigar a darn sight worse
than I need a
get it, Molly.

glass of Guernsey Gruel. (LAUGHS) Don'tja

it "Guernsey -

Instead of using the word "milk", I called

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE!

FIB: Okay, I'll pour it back in the bottle.

MOL: To think that you'd stoop low enough to take 35
cents out of

a milk bottle.

FIB: Oh, it wasn't much of a stoop. Molly, how'm I
going to get

this off?

MOL: Come on into the house and I'll get it off.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS UPSTEPS AND DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MOL: Let me look at it...why, all you have to do is
open your hand

and it'll slip right off.

FIB: I can't open up my hand. Gee, I wish Uncle
Dennis was around,

he'd get me out of this jam.

MOL: How?

FIB: That guy can get more out of a bottle than -

MOL: McGEE! Now, let's sit quietly, dearie, while I
figure this

out ...

SOUND: (KEY FIDDLING IN LOCK)

MOL: Shhh - what's that?

FIB: (WHISPER) Tain't me.

SOUND: (DOOR UNLOCKING, OPENING AND CLOSING)

FIB: Stop! Who goes there? Who - Oh, it's you,
Boomer!

BOOM: Oh!! Excuse me for breaking in like this -
thought nobody
was home.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well, it's a lucky thing I recognized
you Horatio,
or I'd have bopped you on the bean with this
gottle.

BOOM: Oh, threatening me with a glass glove? Why,
that's
unsporstmanly, it's childish, my little cad.

MOL: No, no - it's because he can't get it off, Mr.
Boomer - maybe
you know how we can get his hand out of that
bottle?

BOOM: I can offer a solution in two short words.

MOL: What is it, Mr. Boomer?

BOOM: Glass-cutter.

MOL: A glass-cutter - wonderful.

FIB: Yes - let me have it.

BOOM: Certainly, my little bottle baby. Now where'd I
put that
glass-cutter? Had it right here a minute
ago.....
glass-cutter, glass-cutter....here's a set
of skeleton keys
that'll get me into any jail in the country
- if I'm not
careful..... a kangaroo bill-fold....you

should have seen

him..... present

cooler....it's a muffler

the Shop-lifter...

door.....now,

revolving door....

FANCY THAT, NO

left it in

that was a neat

such a short time

in my money belt.

to you, Pickled

the fellow jump when I took it away from

for my brother, Luke, who's in the

to keep Luke warm a wire from Sheila

says the police caught her in a revolving

that's wrong - they caught her WITH a

and no check for a short beer! WELL, WELL,

GLASS-CUTTER, EITHER! Come to think of it, I

that jewelry store window last night. Ah,

job. I never pulled down so much money in

since the day one of my garters got caught

Well, good day, my dear, and a sad farewell

Paws.

ORCH:

"SAY SI SI"

(SECOND SPOT)

(THIRD REVISION)

FIB:
longer. Get the

Dad-rat it, Molly, I can't stand it any

hammer and break the bottle.

MOL:
besides, we've

No - no, I can't! It might hurt you. And

paid a nickel deposit on that bottle.

FIB:
here and twiddle

Well, what am I supposed to do....just sit

my thumbs?

MOL:

It's a neat trick if you can do it. Can't you

go about

your regular work?

FIB:
tied up by

Nope. Sorry, Molly - but all my industry is

this bottleneck.

MOL:

Well, what are we going to do about this --

SOUND:

(BRISK DOOR KNOCK)

MOL:

I wonder who that can be?

FIB:
best knockers.

Sounds like Mrs. Uppington - she's one of our

MOL:
JUST THE

Oh dear - and the house in such a mess! COME IN

SAME, MRS. UPPINGTON!

SOUND:

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

UPP:

How do you do, Mrs. McGee. AND Mr. McGee!

FIB:

Hiyah, kid!

UPP:
I'm no kid.

Kid? Mr. McGee, I'll have you understand that

FIB:
yester--

That's exactly what Molly was saying only

MOL:

McGEE! Don't mind him, Mrs. Uppington.

FIB:
Uppy?

Whatcha waving your hand around like that for,

MOL:
never seen

Why, McGee - it's a big diamond ring. I've

that one before, Abigail.

UPP:

(GIGGLES) I just got it this morning.

FIB:
diamond, Uppy?

Don't tell me that's a real, genuine 100%

UPP:

But of course, Mr. McGee - Six carats!!!!

MOL:
from a

Why that diamond is so big, you can't tell it

rhinestone.

FIB: Well, there's one way of telling whether it's
real or not.

UPP: You do you mean, Mr. McGee?

FIB: If it's a genuine diamond, it'll cut glass.

UPP: Of course my diamond will do it....Now if we
only had some
glass we could use....

FIB: Now let me see....We had some around here a
few minutes
ago...WHYYYYYYYYYYY heeeeeerrrrrrre we are -
what d'ye know -
a milk bottle with somebody's hand in it.

UPP: HEAVENS, MR. MCGEE....WHOSE HAND IS IT!

FIB: Lemme see - oh! It's mine.

UPP: Yours?

MOL: Yes, he just stuffed his hand into the bottle
and now he
can't get it out.

FIB: I bet I can get out in no time, if Uppy'll
lend me her
diamond.

UPP: Of course, Mr. McGee....here you are.

FIB: Thanks - now if I start slicing right
here....(SCRATCHING)

MOL: Be careful, dearie --

UPP: (LAUGHING) Oh, he can't hurt it --

SOUND: (MORE SCRATCHING)

FIB: Say, this is a pretty tough bottle.

UPP: Is it coming off, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Something's coming off - but I'm afraid it
isn't the bottle.

UPP: WHAT DO YOU MEAN? LET ME SEE.....OH! MY
BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND!

IT'S RUINED! YOU'VE WORN IT RIGHT DOWN TO
THE NUB!

MOL: See, McGee....people in glass bottles shouldn't
play with
stones.

UPP: But I can't understand it. Oh, my beautiful
diamond. Why,
when Mr. Boomer sold it to me, --

MOL: Boomer?

FIB: Oh, no wonder--

UPP: But he gave me a written guarantee. Why, I have
it here
in my bag....Now let me see, where did I put
that guarantee...
had it here a moment
ago....guarantee...guarantee.....

GUARANTEE AT ALL!
Ah, here it is - OH, DEAR, IT ISN'T A
Oh, this is terrible! I've been rooked! I've
been
bamboozled! I've been bilked!

FIB: What'd he give you, Uppy?

UPP: A check for a short beer!!-Goodbyeeeeee!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Well, there's another good idea gone wrong.

MOL: Serves her right for trusting Mr. Boomer - why
even his
voice has a phony ring to it.

FIB: But I'm telling you, Molly, I don't know how
much of this
I can stand.

MOL: I just thought of something, McGee....Suppose
we fill that
bottle full of water, put it in the
refrigerator and when

it freezes, that'll break the bottle.

FIB: Say - don't forget, my hand'll be in that
bottle--

MOL: I didn't think of that - say, try to unclench
your fist -
maybe--

FIB: I can't Molly. We'll have to find another way
to--

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

NICK: Hello, Fizzer and Kewpie. Creeping and
Salutaters and
all stuffings like that there!

MOL: Oh, hello, Mr. Depopolis. Maybe you can help
us.

FIB: Yeah, Nick - this is getting to be an
emergency - do you
know how I can get my hand outta this milk
bottle?

NICK: Hmmmmmm..that is looking like a very pretty
predikillpuss
you are in up to the neck of, to put it in
plain English.

FIB: I know that, but what should I do?

NICK: Just give me a momentum to fiddle with your
riddle, Fizzer.
(HUMS) By Crackers, I got it!

MOL: You have?

NICK: Sure - All Fizzer needs to do is push the rest
of him
into the bottle, turn around and come out
head first.

FIB: What a lot of help you are!

NICK: Thank you. And you are giving me a big helping,
too,

Fizzer?

FIB: Whatcha mean, Nick?

NICK: I am grabbing myself a terrifical idea for my
restaurant's

menu out of what is happening to you - and
it shouldn't

to a dog.

MOL: What kind of dog?

MICK: Pigs Knuckles Under Glass, a la Fizzer McGee!
Well, so

soon, be sure

you in the

street.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Pigs Knuckles Under Glass! Molly, we've got to
get this

starting to get

claustrophobia in that hand!

MOL: What's claustrophobia?

FIB: I think it means discomfort when shut up in
small places.

MOL: Oh, a fancy name for tight shoes, eh?

FIB: Now, Molly, don't joke - this bottle's gonna
be my

downfall -

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

WIL: (FADING IN) Hi, folks! Say, I just met Mrs.
Uppington and

she told me about the trouble you're in,
Fibber, so I came

right over to get you out of the bottle.

MOL: That's mighty nice of you, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Yes, thanks, Harlow - though any time you display your generosity, you usually display a little Johnson's Glo-Coat too.

WIL: You've got me all wrong, pal - and just to prove it, I won't even mention it. Now, let's have a look at this problem. Why, I can get this bottle off.

FIB: How?

WIL: Hypnotism!

FIB: Hypnotism? We've tried everything else so far ... and I'm getting desperate. Go on, Harlow, hipnotiz me.

WIL: Okay. Now just sit in this chair ... now go limp ...

FIB: Like a piece of liver?

WIL: Limper. Ah, that's it. Now look into my eyes and repeat after me - "I am going to sleep".

FIB: I am going to sleep.

WIL: I have no thoughts of my own.

FIB: I have no thoughts of my own.

MOL: You never did.

FIB: I never did.

WIL: I will only think the things Mr. Wilcox thinks.

FIB: I will only think the things Mr. Wilcox thinks ...

(DREAMLIKE) I am relaxed ... I am free ...

no more

... no

house ... all

dry to a hard,

and I have a

which protects

free ... peace,

a-t.

WIL:

If he

water on him.

SOUND:

MOL:

FIB:

hand's free,

again - (clunk)

Harlow - say,

MOL:

FIB:

me. Me, with

promise about not

- Oops, there

drudgery ... of housework and messy floors

more fears of dirt tracking into the

I do is apply Johnson's Glo-Coat ... let it

glassy polish in 20 minutes ... or less ...

beautiful, clean kitchen floor surface ...

the linoleum and ... I am relaxed I am

it's wonderful ... spelled G-l-o-hyphen-c-o-

Well, I'm all through now. Wake him up, Molly.

doesn't come to, just throw a bucket of

Goodbye.

(DOOR SLAM)

McGee, wake up!

Eh? What? Oh! Sayyy, Harlow, now that my

it's great to be able to scratch my nose

OUCH! Dad rat it, that bottle's still on,

where's Harlow?

He's gone.

Of all the silly things - trying to hypnotise

all my will power. At least he kept his

mentioning Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat

I went and mentioned it.

MOL: Well, dearie, sometimes it doesn't hurt to -

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

FIB: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

FIB: Oh, hello there, little girl.

TEE: Hello, Mr. McGee, whatcha doing - building a
ship in
a bottle?

FIB: No, I'm not, sis.

TEE: I know what kinda ship it's gonna be, I betcha.

FIB: What kind?

TEE: A bottle ship.

FIB: You mean a battle ship.

TEE: Will you give it to me when you finish it,
huh, will you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Well, maybe I will, if - Dad rat it, sis, I'm
not building
any ship!

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee you look silly with your
hand in the bottle.
How ja do it?

FIB: Well, it's a long story, little girl, chuck
full of
details, points, a plot and old anecdotes.

TEE: I knew one old story once, I betcha.

FIB: You did? How did it go?

TEE: (DOES IMMITATION OF A GOAT)

FIB: I says "anecdote" - not nanny goat.

TEE: What's the difference, huh?

FIB: Well, an anecdote is a short tale.

TEE: This one had a short tail.

FIB: I mean different kind of tale - one you can tell.

TEE: Oh, you could tell this one had a tail.

FIB: But that isn't -

TEE: The fact is, Tall Tale had a tell-tale tail.

FIB: No, no, you don't - hey, what's this tall tale you're telling?

TEE: Oh, that was the name of this nanny goat.

FIB: Oh, come on, sis. Nobody ever named a goat Tall Tale.

TEE: Oh, yes they did.

FIB: OH, NO THEY DIDN'T.

TEE: OHHHHHHHHHHH, YES THEY DID!

FIB: OHHHHHHHHHHH, LET'S CUT IT SHORT -

TEE: What, the tale?

FIB: Yes - I MEAN NO - Why did they call this goat Tall Tale?

TEE: Because it loved to sleep in the middle of the road.

FIB: I don't see what that's got to do with its name.

TEE: Welllll, no matter how often you would tell this Tall Tail,

it would just lie there.

FIB: Lay there.

TEE: It sure did, didn't it, Mister. So long.

APPLAUSE

KINGS'S MEN: "IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW"

THIRD SPOT

FIB: Molly, let's call the plumber or the Fire Department - I'm

as shaky -

MOL: Well try and forget it for a while. Sit down
and read the
newspaper.

FIB: Can't read the paper.

MOL: Why can't you?

FIB: Can't turn the pages.

MOL: Why not?

FIB: Gotta hold the paper with one hand, don't I?

MOL: Sure -

FIB: Then how can I wet my other thumb?

MOL: You poor lad...Oh, McGee! Maybe this is how
we'll get that
bottle off - we'll wrap the electric heating
pad around it
that'll expand the glass.

FIB: Okay - where's the heating pad - never mind, I
know exactly
where it is. (FADING) It's right here in the
hall -

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND AVALANCHE THUNDERS OUT)

FIB: Closet. Gotta straighten out that closet one
o' these
days.

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

MOL: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

OLD M: Good afternoon, kids. (SING SONG) Got any rags,
any bones,
any bottles today? I'll buy 'em if you won't
GIVE 'em away.

FIB: Well, Old Timer, I don't know. I've got a
bottle with some

any rags on bones in it, on the one hand, but I haven't
the other hand. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: (LAUGHING) That's pretty good, Johnny, but
that ain't the way I heered it = the way I heered it,
one fellow says to t'other feller, "SAYYYYYYYYYY", he says,
"I SEE WHERE N.B.C. IS HAVING A SPECIAL BROADCAST FRIDAY
NIGHT - THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PLANS TO INSTALL FIBBER
McGEE AS PRESIDENT." "YEP", says t'other feller,
"LEAVE IT TO McGEE TO GET MIXED UP IN AN INSTALLMENT PLAN!"
Heh, heh, heh. Well, I gota be gettin' out to the lake now.
Papa chopped a hole in the ice this mornin' and I'm going
fishing. FIB: Whatcha gonna fish for, Old Timer?
OLD M: Fer Papa.....so long, kids.
SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)
FIB: (SCORNFUL) Can you imagine - fishing for
his father in the lake.
MOL: Well, it's a lot more honorable, than fishing
for 35 cents in a milk bottle, dearie.
FIB: Now why would you have to mention that? Why,
I'm so fed up with being handcuffed to this Jersey Juice
Jar, I don't think I'll ever be able to look a cow in the face
again.

MOL: Dearie, if ever a remark called for an answer,
that one did -

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Come in - quick.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

HAL: (FADING IN) Good day, Mrs. McGee. Hello,
Fibber. I came
lemons - we just
over to see if I could borrow a couple of
ran out. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Well you can run right back again,
Gildersleeve - do you
think lemons grow on trees?

HAL: That's a fine way to greet a neighbor. What's
gotten
into you, McGee?

MOL: It's not what's gotten into him, Mr.
Gildersleeve - it's
hand.
what he's gotten into - just look at his

FIB: Aw, Molly -

HAL: What? Where? Oh ! (LAUGHS) Oh, this is rich!
The
caught in a
president of the Chamber of Commerce -
quart! (LAUGHS)

MOL: It's no laughing matter, Mr. Gildersleeve.
We've been
hours.
trying to get that bottle off his had for

HAL: Oh, you have, eh? Why, it's the simplest thing
in the
world to do.

FIB: How?

HAL: Just raise that arm over your head and hold it

there

the hand,

again.

MOL:
on ...

Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL:
looks like

How'd you

FIB:
back porch when I

bottle - so I just

HAL:
this takes

FIB:
took

pitch a punch

the posies

HAL:
hooligan!

MOL:

FIB:

HAL:

MOL:

for two minutes. The blood rushes away from

the hand shrinks and presto! You're free

Why, that's a wonderful idea. Try it, McGee! Go

there ... higher ... now how's that,

Fine - he'll be free in no time. In fact, he

the Statue of Liberty already. (LAUGHS)

maneuver yourself into such a mess, McGee?

Oh, I just happened to be strolling on the

noticed 35 cents in the bottom of this

reached in for it.

Welllll - I thought I'd heard everything - but

the barbed-wire bath mat, McGee!

Dad rat it - I've taken about all I'm able to

today ... one more nasty remark and I'll

to your paunch that'll have you pushin' up

pronto.

Now look here, McGee....you little half-baked

Who's a hooligan?

I am.

You are not!

He is too!

FIB: Gildersleeve, if you contradict my wife once
more, my

arm's gonna come down awful sudden - AND YOU
KNOW WHERE.

HAL: Why, you insignificant, chicken-chested, little
mugwump,

I'm going to make you eat your own
bridgework!

FIB: (FIERCE) Well, that finishes it!

MOL: McGee! What are you going to do?

FIB: I'm gonna take my arm down - the two minutes
is up.

Maybe it'll come out now. (GRUNTS) I think
it's coming -

(GRUNTS) No, it won't - (GRUNTS) I knew it
wouldn't work.

HAL: Well, no wonder! You've got your fist closed -
open it

up and I'll bet it'll come out.

MOL: Yes, dearie, that's what I've been telling you
all along.

FIB: But I can't open my fist.

HAL: Oh, you've got all kinds of room - now go on!
Open your hand -

FIB: WHAT? AND LET GO THE 35 CENTS!

ORCH: "HI THERE MR. MOON"

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Do you have as much leisure time these days as you'd
like....enough time for visiting with your
friends,

playing bridge or reading? I can tell you
how you can

have more time for yourself - that is,
unless you're

already using JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-
COAT on your

GLO-COAT linoleum floors. For many thousands of women
has become one of the most important labor-
savers in the home. GLO-COAT saves time in more ways
than one. It does away with tedious floor
scrubbing....keeps linoleum clean and sparkling with almost no
work at all. GLO-COAT is SELF-POLISHING - needs no
rubbing or buffing. You just apply and let dry, and in 20
minutes your floor gleams with a beautiful, lasting polish.
Spilled things are quickly wiped up with a damp cloth. And
your linoleum will last much longer, too. I can't think of
a single reason why you shouldn't be using JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Why not order some today?

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

FIB: Say, Molly - I think my hand's coming outa
this bottle --

SOUND: (LOUD POP)

FIB: There! It's free!

SOUND: (TINKLE OF COINS FALLING OUT)

MOL: Give me that 35 cents, McGee. We're going down
to Kramer's
Drugstore right now.

FIB: Oh, to get me some cigars?

MOL: No, dearie - for a much better cause....to

contribute

this money to the March of Dimes campaign.

FIB: Oh, that's right!

MOL: And Ladies and gentlemen, the dimes and dollars
we give

Infantile now finance the year-round fight against
Paralysis.

FIB: -- So mail your dimes to the President and
support the
community.
President's Birthday Celebration in your

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnite, all.

ORCH: THEME

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox....speaking for the
makers of

GLO-COAT....
JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING

Good night.

ANNOUNCER: This is the National Broadcasting Company.