

FIBBER McGee & Molly
Fibber Tries to Learn Piano

January 21, 1941
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

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

ORCH: THEME

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

GLO-COAT PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY....WRITTEN BY

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

ORCHESTRA. THE SHOW OPENS WITH "LOVE IS".

ORCH: "LOVE IS" (FADE FOR)

Opening Commercial

ANNCR: Do you ever say to yourself, "Oh boy, I feel lazy today!"

Don't let it worry you, if you do, because you've got
lots of company. No-one denies that work is man's
greatest need and almost his best friend. But that
doesn't mean unnecessary work. Take your floors, for
example. You could go on scrubbing your linoleum floors
all your life -- and what would it get you? Well, an
aching back and red hands, for yourself -- and ruined
linoleum in the bargain. So you wisely protect YOUR
floors with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT...saving
yourself unnecessary work, keeping your linoleum always
bright and shining, making it last longer. And with the

hours of time you save with GLO-COAT, you CAN do important

things that perhaps you've had to neglect....reading,

playing with your children, seeing your friends.

JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT saves work because it is self polishing,

needs no rubbing or buffing. Look for the familiar red

and yellow GLO-COAT package at your dealers.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)....APPLAUSE

WIL: THE McGEES ATTENDED A PIANO CONCERT LAST NIGHT AND SINCE

THEN OUR HERO HAS BEEN IN AN ARTISTIC DAZE. THE IDEA OF
LEARNING PIANO HAS OPENED A NEW, AND EVEN MORE WISTFUL VISTAS

TO HIM. AND HERE, ON THEIR WAY TO THE MUSIC STORE, TO

ARRANGE FOR PIANO LESSONS, WE FIND --

--FIBBER McGEE & MOLLY! --

APPLAUSE: SOUND: TRAFFIC UP & FADE FIB: I'll bet I'll be pretty popular
at parties when I get so I

can really slap a Steinway around.

MOL: You thought you'd be pretty popular at picnics when you took

up the mandolin, too.

FIB: Well, I--

MOL: BUT WHO WAS IT THAT WAS ALWAYS SENT BACK HOME FOR MORE
POTATO SALAD?

FIB: Piano is different. It's got class.

MOL: Do you realize what it's gonna cost you to take piano lessons?

FIB: It ain't gonna cost anything. What I save on barbers will

pay for the lessons.

MOL: How so?

FIB: Did you ever see a musician with a haircut? Come on - here's

the music store.

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

MAN: Yes sir....something in musical instruments, sir? We are

having a special today on sweet potatoes....a dollar 95.

Two and a quarter with gravy.

FIB: Does this store arrange for piano lessons, Bud?

MAN: Only with the sale of a new piano, sir.

FIB: Well - we could use a new one. What you got in the way of

pianos, Bud?

MAN: Stools. But we could move them to one side if you didn't

mind standing up to play.

MOL: Look, McGee....We're not buying any new piano. We haven't

paid for the one we got yet!

FIB: Okay....Look, Bud....how about a book on piano playin' for

beginners?

MAN: Certainly, sir. Here's one right here, entitled:

"CANTATAS FOR THE KIDDIES, or, HOW TO MAKE A LOUSE OUT OF STRAUS"

FIB: Wrap it up.

MOL: Oh - but, McGee....that's for children....you don't--

FIB: I ain't proud. I gotta start at the very beginning, ain't

I? I don't expect to be on a par with Fritz Kreisler over
night.

MAN: KREISLER is a violinist, sir.

FIB: Don't he play the piano?

MAN: No, sir.

FIB: Oh, then I AM on a par with Kreisler. That's encouraging.

MOL: You're also on a par with Gene Autrey's horse. He can't
play the piano, either.

MAN: Here is your book, sir. Two dollars.

FIB: Okay, Bud. Here you are.

MAN: Thank you - and I sincerely hope, sir, that you get along
nicely with your music. I - myself - am by way of being a
composer, you know.

MOL: Oh, how interesting! What have you composed?

MAN: I wrote an impressionistic little thing for string ensembles.

It was a descriptive piece about a man waiting outside the
Maternity Ward.

FIB: Kind of a cute idea, Bud. Whadja call it?

MAN: "HUBBY LOBBY". Well - good luck with the lessons, sir!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE...TRAFFIC UP & FADE

FIB: You know, Molly....I gotta feeling this marks a turning
point in my life.

MOL: You've had so many turning points, you'll soon be known as

Whirling Fibber McGee

OLD M: (FADE-IN) Well, hello there, daughter. Hello, Johnny.

Whatcha doin'?

MOL: McGee just decided to take piano lessons, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: Zat so? I come from a musical fambly myself, kids. Papa

was a surgeon and just to relax, he used to play tunes on

his saw.

FIB: I'll bet his patients loved that.

OLD M: We never knew. Trees don't talk.

MOL: Oh, he was a tree surgeon!

OLD M: Yep. Spent four years as a interne in a lumber yard.

FIB: I had a cousin that was a tree surgeon. Specialized in

optical work, on bird's eye maple.

OLD M: Heh heh heh....that's pretty good, Johnny. BUT THAT AIN'T

THE WAY I HEERED IT. THE WAY I HEERED IT....ere...you play

any other instrument, Johnny?

FIB: Used to. When I was Wootin' Molly here, I used to play the

mandolin on canoe rides. But she made me give it up.

OLD M: What for, daughter?

MOL: Because I got tired of doing all the paddling - that's why.

OLD M: OH!...heh heh heh. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD TOO DAUGHTER. BUT

THAT AIN'T THE WAY I -- by the way, you read music, Johnny?

FIB: I did once and I can pick it up again pretty fast. Why

when I was a kid, I studied for a long, long time under the

famous Professor Ware. LONG UNDER WARE MCGEE, I was

knowed as in them days....

MOL: Oh dear.

OLD M: Heh heh heh....THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT--

FIB: LONG UNDER WARE MCGEE, THE MIGHTY MUCK-A-MUCK OF THE

METRANOME, MAKIN' MUGGS OF THE MEDIOCRE MUSICAL MUTTS
MUDDLIN' THRU A MESS OF MONOTONOUS MEDLEYS. MAKIN'

MILLIONS MARVEL AT THE MINOR MELODIES MADE INTO
MAGNIFICENT MASTERPIECES BY THE MIRACULOUS MOVEMENTS
OF MY MAGIC MITTS. MIFFIN' MANY A MAESTRO AS I
MODULATED FROM MARCH MILITAIRE TO MINUET IN G.....

and that's the story of Long Under Ware McGee!

APPLAUSE
ORCH: "PERFIDIA"

APPLAUSE

2ND SPOT

SOUND: MESSY FINGER EXERCISES ON PIANO...REPEAT!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee....can't you give that tired old piano

a rest? I've had three phone calls from the neighbors

complaining about the noise.

FIB: Can't stop now, Molly, I'm just gettin' the hang of it....

(PIANO EXERCISES)
MOL: Getting the hang of it! It'll be years before you can even

play Chopsticks without getting a nasty note from the

Chinese Ambassoador.

FIB: Oh, I dunno....(EXERCISES) I'm catchin' on pretty fast.

Only thing that bothers me is these pedals underneath. I

dunno which is the brake and which is the clutch. Maybe if

I ---
DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: McGee, Mrs. Uppington is at the door.

FIB: She would be! Well give the old war-horse some hay and

slap her into a stall.

MOL: Hush. After all, she's the one who gave us the tickets to

the concert. COME IN, ABIGAIL!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE: PIANO EXERCISES:

UPP: How do you do, Me Deah...and how do YOU do, Mr. McG....

WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A PIANIST, MR. MCGEE!

FIB: Didn't ye, honest, Uppy? (LAUGHS) Shucks!

UPP: And I DEARLY love piano music. Tell me, do you know

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony?

FIB: No, I don't Uppy. I started to add that to my reppertoyer

once, and then I thought, shucks, I thought, why learn that

till it's finished, then I can play the whole thing. So I

never -

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh how amusing....(LAUGHS) I studied the piano

once myself, you know. My instructor always said the nicest

things about my contrapuntal bravure.

MOL: Did you slap his sassy face, Abigail?

UPP: Ohhhh, Mrs. McGee!

FIB: What'd he have to say about your piano playin', Uppy?

UPP: Oh I was a veddy brilliant pupil! I won scholarship after

scholarship. The minute I would enter one conservat'ry

they would give me a scholarship and send me somewhere else.

It was a VEDDY broadening experience.

MOL: Yes, so I see. I always said they made those piano stools

too narrow. Incidentally, Abigail, we want to thank you for

your ticket to the concert. We enjoyed every minute of it.

FIB: Yes, though personally, I thought the guy was pretty high-hat

Uppy. In one number when he got pretty good, I tossed four

bits up on the stage and all I got was a dirty look.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Well, I hope you get along nicely with your

practicing, Mr. McGee. May I try your piano?

FIB: Sure, go ahead, Uppy. Though it ain't in very good shape.

We've used it so little, some of the keys have turned

black.

UPP: Let me see now Oh yes

PIANO: BRILLIANT RUNS AND CHORDS ... SMARTLY DONE:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee ... she can give you the lost chord,

with knots in it!

FIB: Pretty good, Uppy. What was the name of that number?

UPP: That was a little folk song I picked up in Brittany, Mr.

McGee. It is called "Frappe Moi, Mon Pere, Huit a la

Mesure."

MOL: Meaning what?

UPP: "Beat Me Daddy, Eight To The Bar." Well, SO glad you

enjoyed the concert. Goodbyeeeeeee!!!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: And YOU were going to show HER how to play the piano.

(LAUGHS)

FIB: You wait. I'll show you. Wait'll my teacher gets here.

MOL: YOUR TEACHER!

FIB: Yep. I looked up a piano teacher in the classified

directory. She oughtta be here any minute.

PIANO: BAD FINGER EXERCISES ... REPEAT MONOTONOUSLY ... WITH MISTAKES

FIB: Hey, Molly. What's an octave?

MOL: An octave is eight notes.

FIB: It is?

MOL: Yes remember that dirty octave we got from the piano

company last month?

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE:

WIL: HEY, MOLLY....I was just passing by when I heard you

dusting the piano so I thought I'd drop in and suggest

that a little Johnson's Wax would -

MOL: I wasn't dusting the piano, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: That was me, Harlow. I was practicin' my piano lesson.

WIL: YOU.....TAKING PIANO LESSONS (LAUGHS)

FIB: Laugh if you wanna.....but I've started this and I'm goin'

through with it!

WIL: (LAUGHING) Well let me know if you get stuck on any

technicalities.

MOL: Why, Mr. Wilcox.....are you a musician?

WIL: In a way. I am an expert in domestic harmony. For

instance, I KEEP HARPING on the fact that housework is much

less TREBLE, if you take SHARP MEASURES in your FLAT to

BAR dust and dirt with Johnson's Wax. JOHNSON'S WAX gives

you as a matter of CHORUS, THE KEY to a better SCALE of

living. So go OVERTURE nearest dealer's and see the man at

the COUNTER - POINT to Johnson's Wax as the MAJOR product of

its kind. DUET today!

MOL: Heavenly days! Do you know what you deserve for a salestalk

like that?

WIL: Sure.....but it won't hurt because I have a pillow stuffed in

my pants. See?

FIB: Oh, you saw it coming, eh?

WIL: Yes.....I call this my pun-cushion. Well, see you later

folks.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (MUTTERS) See the man at the counterpoint to Johnson's

Wax! As the barber says to the guy that was just gettin'

outta the chair ... "What'll he think of NEXT!" Oh

` well

PIANO MORE FINGER EXERCISES ... REPEAT:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ain't this a panic, Molly ... here we've had the

piano all this time and I never knew till now that I was a

musician!

MOL: That's nothing. My grandfather was eighty years old before

he discovered he was an octegenarian.

SOUND: PIANO PRACTICING:

FIB: One two three five four ... Oh I thought he ate meat. One

two-two-three-four-five-four-three-two-one-and a half. DAD

RAT IT!

MOL: Now what's the matter?

FIB: My thumbs ... they're too short. Maybe if I put thimbles

on 'em they'll be --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: I hope that isn't another neighbor, to complain about your

practicing. COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

BERN: Excuse it please, but is Mr. McGee living here?

FIB: You betcha, sis. I'm him.

BERN: I'm the teacher. You are calling me hop for some music

lessons.

MOL: Yes ... come right in, dearie. Here's your little pupil

right here. Pupil, here's teacher.

FIB: Hiyah, sis. Let's get started right away, whaddye say?

BERN: Cointently. What kind of piano are you wishing to learn,

please? Classic, jittlebugging, conserwative, or

buggy-wuggy?

FIB: All of 'em. I wanna be a finished pianist as soon as

possible.

MOL: That's funny ... that's exactly what I want you to be!

FIB: Please, Molly! You ain't got the right attitude about this.

Here I am about to bring art and culture into our drab

lives and what do you do?

MOL: Oh I just stand around here, like little Audrey .. and laugh and

laugh and laugh.

FIB: Okay okay ... but I say I'M gonna learn piano and I'm goin'

thru with it. Now look, sis ... er ... what's your name?

BERN: Mine married name is being Highwater.

MOL: And what's your first name, dearie?

BERN: Helen.

FIB: I see. AND I'M GONNA LEARN PIANO IN SPITE OF IT!

Now come on sis\ TEACH!

BERN: Coitenly. First is sitting on the piano stool, relaxed.

(CHORDS INDICATING FIBBER SLUMPED ON PIANO)

MOL: Don't go to sleep deerie - just relax.

BERN: Then is placing the fingers on the keys ... like this ...

My, my, such interesting hands you got yet!

FIB: Whatcha mean, sis?

BERN: Well, I am also being a fortune teller, Mr. McGee. From

de lines on de hands, I am tellink you are a pest - present

and future. For instance from dis line here, I am seeing

that you are neturally very domesticated.

MOL: SHE'S WONDERFUL McGEE! THAT'S WHERE YOU CUT YOURSELF

WITH THE CAN OPENER!

FIB: Go on, sis. What else do my hands say?

BERN: HMMMMM ... It's lookingk like bed news ... there is somethingk

about a financial difficulty ... in the near future ...

FIB: There is, eh? (LAUGHS) Shucks, that won't be any ... hey ...

incidentally, how much you charge for piano lessons?

BERN: Twenty dollars for a hef-hour

MOL: OH HEAVENLY DAYS ... WHY THAT'S -

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T SIS ... THAT'S TOO MUCH ... I WON'T PAY IT.

SORRY YOU HAD YOUR VISIT FOR NOTHING BUT THE DEAL'S OFF.

MOL: Shall I call you a taxicab?

BERN: Thank you ... No. My texi is waiting outside ... I told

him I'd be right out.

FIB: WHAT? YOU ... HOW DID YOU KNOW?

BERN: I told my own fortune before I left home. Goodbye.

DOOR SLAM:

ORCH: "OLD ROCKIN' CHAIR" - KING'S MEN - APPLAUSE

PIANO: FINGER EXERCISES REPEATBAD DISCORDS

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted....

MOL: Did you have this much trouble learning the mandolin?

FIB: I should say not. When I took up the study of mandolin,

I sat at the feet of one of the great masters.

MOL: And what did he do?

FIB: He kicked me! So I taught myself. Just like I'm gonna

teach myself the piano.

FINGER EXERCISES:

SOUND: DOOR OPEN VIOLENTLY

HAL: NOW LOOK HERE, MCGEE....WHAT'S THE IDEA OF IRRITATING THE

WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD WITH YOUR RUM TIDDY BUM....RUM TIDDY BUM!

FIB: I ain't goin' rum tidddy bum, rum tidddy bum. All I was

doin't is--

SOUND: FINGER EXERCISES

HAL: STOP IT!....STOP IT, FOR GOODNESS SAKES! (GROANS) THIS ETERNAL DO
RE MI HAS ME FRANTIC!

FIB: YOU MEAN THIS?

SOUND: FINGER EXERCISES

HAL: (SHRIEKS)

MOL: Oh for goodness sake, Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Well, I'm a music lover.

FIB: YOU....a music lover! (LAUGHS) That's a laugh,

Gildersleeve. WHY, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

IF SOMEBODY STUCK YOUR HEAD IN IT, AND I THINK THEY OUGHTA.

HAL: IS THAT SO!

FIB: YES, THAT'S SO!

HAL: YOU'RE A HARRRRRRD MAN, MCGEE. AND BY GEORGE, THIS

TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!

MOL: Well, he knows the way back.

HAL: YOU'VE TRIFLED WITH ME ONCE TOO OFTEN, MCGEE. IF I HAD

A TAPE MEASURE, I'D BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!

FIB: YEAH? DON'T GET GAY WITH ME, YOU BIG BLIMP, OR I'LL

LET YOU HAVE IT.....AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME YOU COULD
USE A LITTLE.

HAL: A LITTLE WHAT?

FIB: A little "It".

HAL: (DOES TAKE)

MOL: Now boys.....let's not quarrel. McGee's piano studies

won't last long, Mr. Gildersleeve. It's just a passing

fancy with him.

FIB: IT'S NEVER NO SUCH THING. I'VE STARTED LEARNIN' PIANO
AND I'M GOIN' THRU WITH IT.

HAL: (WHEELING) Look, little chum.....let's get together

on this.

FIB: Okay, Gildy. Let's get together. You sit next to me, and

we'll both go --

PIANO FINGERING

HAL: NO NO NO NO.....STOP IT!!! What I meant was - can't we

make a deal? How about selling me the piano. I'll pay

any price that isn't downright fantastic.

MOL: We can't sell it, Mr. Gildersleeve. It isn't ours.

HAL: WHOSE IS IT?

FIB: Wistful Vista Piano Company's. Still owe a few back

payments on it.

HAL: Hnnnnnnnnnn.....back payments, eh? Very interesting. Matter-of-

fact, the President of the Piano Company is a very good

friend of mine. (LAUGHS) Yes, indeed....Well, if you'll

excuse me, I have to go see a man about a dog.

FIB: So long, Gildy.

HAL: Goodbye....FIDO! (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Fido!....what'd he mean by that?

MOL: Search me, dearie. But look....now that you've begun to

USE this piano, hadn't you better finish paying for it?

FIB: Oh, they ain't gonna make trouble after all these years.

But maybe I better call 'em up and straighten it out.

Gimme the phone.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. (CLICK) HELLO, OPERATOR: GIMME WISTFUL VIS---

OH IS THAT YOU, MYRT? GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 9999 WILLYA
MYRT? THANKS.....HELLO....IS THIS 9999? EH? WHAT NUMBER

IS IT? OH....I'M SORRY. (CLICK CLICK CLICK) HEY MYRT,

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU....I CALLED 9999 AND YOU GIMME

6666. EH?....OH....I SEE. WELL NEVER MIND, THANKS, ANYWAY! (CLICK)

MOL: How'd she happen to give you 6666 instead of 9999, McGee?

FIB: She says they got her so busy she's standin' on her head.

Well, I better get on with my practisin'....

PIANO: FINGER EXERCISES KNOCK ON DOOR

FIB: Well! As Fibber McGee says - when he heard

somebody knockin' at the door, "Who's that"?

MOL: Search me! COME IN!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MAN: We're from the Wistful Vista Piano Company, Doc. We

come for the piano.

MAN #2 IT'S REPOSSESSED, BUDDY

FIB: Aw now, wait a minute, fellas....you can't do this to

me. A friend of mine is a good friend of the

President of the Piano Company. He was gonna speak to him

about them back payments.

MAN: He did.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Oh-oh!!

FIB: Gildersleeve!....Why that dirty....now look, fellows....I'm

studyin' how to play this thing, see? You don't want me to

grow up in ignorance of the finer things in life, do you?

You don't wanna stunt my character by denyin' me the

cultural advantages of -

MAN: GRAB DAT END OF THE BOX...CHARLIE...DAT'S IT.

MAN #2 HEY...IT WON'T GO T'RU DAT DOOR! HOW'D HE GET IT IN HERE?

MOL: We've had the door weatherstripped since we bought the

piano, boys. You can't get it out without damaging the door.

FIB: AND IF YOU MAKE ONE MARK ON THAT DOOR, I'LL SUE THE PIANO COMPANY FOR PLENTY. SEE?

MAN: He's got us, Charlie!

MAN #2: OH NO HE AIN'T, PERCY. DAT'S A BIG WINDOW OVER DERE..WE CAN GET IT OUT DAT WAY. OPEN IT UP.

SOUND: WINDOW OPENING: THUDS & GRUNTS

MOL: Well, there goes your musical career, dearie...right out

the window.

FIB: OH YEAH?...THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! DROP THAT PIANO, YOU BIG PALOOKAS!

SOUND: THUD

FIB: OUCH!...I DIDN'T SAY ON MY FOOT.

MAN: EASY NOW, CHARLIE...IT'LL GO T'RU DE WINDOW OKAY...

MAN #2 I GOT IT, PERCY...

SOUNDS: CLATTER...THUDS...GRUNTS

FIB: OH NO YOU DON'T...IF YOU TAKE THAT PIANO OUTA HERE, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME WITH IT.

MAN: OKAY

MAN #2: IT'S A DEAL!!!

MOL: McGEE!!.....LET GO OF THAT PIANO! YOU CAN'T.....

SOUNDS: SHOUTS...TERRIFIC COMMOTION...GLASS CRASH...
CRASH OF PIANO OFF MIKE WITH JANGLE OF KEYS.

MOL: Oh McGee....McGEE....ARE YE HURT DARLIN'?...

FIB: (OFF MIKE) N-no....I guess not. Gimme a hand back thru

the window willya?

SOUND: SCRAMBLINGS...MINOR GLASS TINKLE: THUD:

FIB: Ahhhhh.....dad-rat the dad-ratted...

MOL: McGEE.....I'M PROUD OF YOU!

FIB: You mean for puttin' up a fight for that piano?

MOL: No. For your musical persistence.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

MOL: YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO GO THRU
WITH IT....AND YOU DID!

FIB: Oh pshaw!

ORCH: "SOMEONE".....FADE FOR COMMERCIAL
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER:

Probably no floor in your entire home gets harder wear

than your kitchen floor. It gets heavy traffic - wet

and muddy feet track across it regularly -- and it gets

more than its share of things spilled on it. In fact,

your kitchen floor could easily be your problem floor --

if it weren't for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

This easy-to-use floor polish has simply eliminated

that problem altogether. First, because GLO-COAT

protects the linoleum against scratches and dirt
penetration. Second, because GLO-COAT makes a linoleum
floor beautiful -- makes it gleam and sparkle, keeps
its colors like new. Third, because GLO-COAT actually
makes the linoleum last much longer. And fourth,
because it saves you so much hard work, JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT needs no rubbing or buffing -- simply apply
and let dry -- and in 20 minutes your floor gleams
under its protective polish. Put GLO-COAT on your
next shopping list.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE
TAG GAG

FIB: I told you, Molly. It takes more than a guy like

Gildersleeve to get the best of a McGee.

MOL: I'll say it does, dearie.

FIB: Yes sir...

PIANO: FINGER EXERCISES...REPEAT...AGAIN:
MAN: Pardon me, sir....you'll have to leave now.

MOL: Why?

MAN: The Wistful Vista Piano Company Warehouse always closes

at six.

FIB: Oh. Okay Bud. Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

CLOSING TAG

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

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

inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night.

(TO FOLLOW CLOSING TAG)

Note

This 30-second closing commercial is to be delivered by a separate announcer from a quiet studio.

If you own an automobile, you'll be glad to know

about CARNU, JOHNSON'S sensational new auto polish.

Whether your car is old or new, you can improve its

appearance, increase its trade-in value, add to

your pleasure of driving....simply by giving it a

CARNU beauty treatment. All of this at low cost and

with very little work, because CARNU both cleans and

wax polishes at the same time - in half the time it

used to take. Write this down on your memo pad

tonight! I want to wax polish my car with JOHNSON'S

CARNU -- spelled C-A-R-N-U.

Goodnight.

ORCH: UP TO FINISH: APPLAUSE:

CREDITS.....SIGNOFF: