

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY (# 33)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS
(7:00-7:30 PM)

(SEPTEMBER 16, 1935)

(MONDAY)

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Possible cut Page 788

Pig latin

man - time after thupel

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax present the twenty third chapter in this history of harmonious hilarity, with Rico Marcelli's Orchestra, - Lynn Martin, - Laveer & Winston, - The Johnson Merryman, - and Marian and Jim as those domestic deliverers of devastating diversion, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Rico Marcelli's fine band gets some vocal assistance from that dandy octette, the Johnson Merryman, which makes it FINE AND DANDY! WRAP IT UP, RICO!

ORCHESTRA: "FINE AND DANDY" -- (DOWN FOR 25-SECOND COMMERCIAL)
UP TO FINISH.

COMMERCIAL: (OVER MUSIC) While Marcelli's music sets your feet tapping, please remember to look down at your floors and make a mental note: Johnson's Glo-Coat will give a marvelous polish to your floors and linoleum -- keep the surface shining for weeks at a time and save you all the work of rubbing or buffing. It's the finest no-rub floor polish that can possibly be made -- Johnson's Glo-Coat.

SOUND: DOOR BELL: REPEAT

MOL: Oh dear....I suppose I'll have to answer it. (FADE OUT)
Take yer feet off the chair, McGee and try and look
respectable, whilst I go see who....

FIB: Okay, Molly. (HUMS TO SELF)

I had a pig and his name was Herman..
Granted in French and Swiss and German
Vo de oh do...vo de oh do.
Herman chewed off his tail with vim.
Twas always behind but twirly for him..
Vo de oh -

MOL: Come in, Mr. Bortleford. (FADE IN) Fibber, this is
Mr. Bortleford. My husband, Mr. Bortleford.

MAN: How are you, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Kinda tired, brother. AHEM. How's your self?

MAN: Splendid thank you. I -

FIB: You workin' your way thru college? On account of it ye
are, I might's well tell ye, I won't have time to read no
magazines till I ketch up onto the Sunday Papers. Ye see....

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Mr. Bortleford is from the Chamber of Commerce. Set down
and make yerself comfortable, Mr. Bortleford.

FIB: You betcha! Set down and build yourself a lap, Borty.

AHEM. What kin I do fer ye?

MAN: Well, Mr. McGee....I am a committee of one, representing the
local Chamber of Commerce, to welcome you and Mes McGee
to our little community.

MOL: My my...now isn't that nice!

FIB: Say now, that there's kind of a coincidence, brother. I'd
been plannin' on goin' down there to the Chamber o' Commerce
and givin' 'em a little advice onto how to improve the
town. I got some ideas about widenin' Main Street, and
few other little suggestiong, all FREE!

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: I see, AHEM. I'll take that up, with ye later, Mr.
Fordleburp.

MAN: Bortleford, Mr. McGee. As I said, I am a committee of
one, to welcome you to our little community. I am
authorized to extend the hand of fellowship and give you
the keys to the city...

FIB: What's smatter? They lock it up every night?

MAN: (LAUGHS) Oh no. That was just a metaphorical expression.
We want you to feel at home in our shops and public
buildings, our churches and our schools. Personally, I
might say that as proprietor of the Bortleford Bon Ton
Bootery, I'll be very glad to see that you are takin care
of in the matter of footwear. We're having a special
sale this week on - shoe trees, socks, insoles....

FIB: Jest a mite, there, Borty. You a shoe man, ye say?

MAN: Why...er...yes. The Bortleford Bon Ton Bootery, you know.
On Main Street right next to the -

FIB: Well tap me with a tombstone, if that there ain't funny!
(CHUCKLES)

MOL: And what's so funny about it, McGee.
 MAN: Yes, I fail to see the...er...the...
 FIB: You don't git the idea, eh, brother? Well sir, it jest struck me all of a heap that we should ought to be welcomed to the town by a brother shoe man.
 MAN: ~~ANYWAY~~ ^{brother} shoe man?
 MOL: Oh now, McGee, are you goin to -
 FIB: Am I gonna tel Borty here how I used to be the biggest shoe man in Santa Balona? You betcha I am. Have a cigar, Borty?
 MAN: Thanks, I have one.
 FIB: Oh. AHM. Ye got TWO?
 MOL: McGee.
 FIB: Come to think of I'll smoke my pipe. Yes sir, Borty, I'll never fergit the time ~~me and Oscar Dosker~~
 MOL: Who, McGee?
 FIB: Oscar Dosker. AHM. Of the Denver Doskers. Ever hear o' Oscar-Dosker, Borty?
 MAN: Why no, ...er...I never...er...
 FIB: That's funny. He was the biggest shoe man in Denver. Which was natural, him ownin' all them iron mines.
 MAN: Iron mines? Shoes?

Oscar Dosker of the Denver Doskers comes up to me and says,

FIB: Yep. Horse shoes. AHM. Well sir, one day Oscar comes to me and says to me. He says, Cutaway, says he...I was known as Cutaway McGee...then CUTAWAY McGEE, the card cuttin' Killer o' Colorado. I was runnin' a poker game in them days and always wore a cutaway coat. AHM. Well sir.
 MAN: If you don't mind, Mr. McGee...and Mrs. McGee, I'll have to run along and -
 FIB: Ye can't run along and tell the boys about me till ye know all the facts, Borty. AHM.
 MOL: Maybe he wants to get away, Cutaway.
 FIB: ~~ANYWAY, Oscar Dosker comes up to me and says, Cutaway, he says, how about me and you goin' into pardnership onto a business proposition, NAME'ER, I snaps, drawin' my six shooter like lightnin and knockin' the left ear offer a cowhand that was takin' aces out of his sleeve. What's the proposition, I says. Well sir, says Oscar I got me forty two acres o' flootch trees down into Santa Baloney and I want you should go into pardners with me.~~
 MAN: Pardon me...did you say flootch trees?
 FIB: Yep Flootch trees. F-L-O-O-T-C-H Flootch trees.
 MOL: And what might be a flootch tree be, McGee?
 FIB: It's a shoe tree. Ahem. Borty here, speakin' o' shoe trees into his store reminded me of it. The natives all cals 'em shoe trees, the scientific name fer 'em is flootchius, Bothfootium. AHM. Way say, Molly?

MOL: Climb it Stepladdercum, McGee. That's the scientific term for "we'd better be hangin' the curtains."

FIB: Okay. But Borty here wants to hear about the shoe trees, dontcha, Borty?

MAN: No, I'm afraid I -

FIB: WELL SIR, to make a long story short, or a short tail curlier, me and Oscar Dosker went down to Santa Balona and started cultivating them shoe trees. Ye see the natives down there had been pickin' shoes offer 'em fer years and they was kinda run down. The Flootch or shoe tree sort of a tough pod onto 'em..kind of a cross between a melon and a cocoanut, which when dried out, tanned and eyelets put into 'em makes shoes that'll outwear leather by five times. Only thing was they was inclined to be either too loose or too tight, and all them natives had foot trouble.

MAN: You say the natives picked their shoes right off the trees, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yep. Ye see our problems was to cultivate these trees so's we could git any size shoes offer 'em. Any size and any color. So we cross-grafted the trees with redwood trees fer big shoes and peanut plants fer little sizes. Wasn't long before we could go out into the flootch orchard and pick off a pair of shoes any size from 2½ triple A to 14 quadruple D. The best time to pick 'em was jest at dawn.

MOL: I see. You shod 'em at sunrise.

FIB: Yes, we....eh? Oh. (LAUGHS) Shod 'em at sunrise. I didn't git it, at first.

MAN: I should think there would have been a great demand for riding boots down in that country.

FIB: They was. That's why we had a special tree grafted from horse-chestnut trees. We grew the finest ridin' boots ye ever see. And we got carpet slippers from the hickory grafts....hickory bein' real RUGGED. (LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? Rugged...carpet slippers.

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay. AHM. Well sir, Borty, me and Oscar Dosker cleaned up a cool million onto them shoe trees, till Oscar, who was always experimentin' around, tried to grow ladies evening pumps by crossin' flootch trees with the night-bloomin' serious and we lost all we made...then a forest fire cleaned us out...all but a couple trees. But....say ye ain't goin' are ye, Borty?

MAN: I'm afraid I must be going, Mr. McGee. It's been a very interesting afternoon, I'm sure. Good day, Mrs. McGee.

MOL: And good day to you, Mr. Bortleford. When I need some shoes, I'll be in.

MAN: Splendid. I hope to see you both..er..by the way, Mr. McGee...what happened to the two .. er.. shoe trees you managed to save?

FIB: Ohhhh them. (LAUGHS) Shucks, I give 'em to Oscar Dosker.
He took 'em down to Central America to a friend's plantation.

MAN: Plantation?

FIB: Yep. Rubber Plantation. He's tryin' to raise shoes with
rubber heels. Well, we'll be seein' ye, Borty! So long.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "BODY AND SOUL" **

** LAVEER & WINSTON

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli's pair of perfecta Grandio piano
persuaders, Laveer & Winston, putting their hearts and
hands into BODY & SOUL! and we might say right here, that
we can put our heart and soul into the statement that
Johnson's Wax is - all right all right Fibber. Now what?

FIB: Listen, Harpo. I jest thought of a -

WIL: HARLOW is the name. Can't you get that thru your head?

FIB: Sure. In one ear and out the other. AHM. I was jest
gonna say, Harpo, that with you always tryin' to sneak
in somethin' about Johnson's Glocoat, I writ me a little
song, kind of in warnin'.

WIL: Now wait. You wrote a song to warn me about talking so
much about Johnson's Glocoat?

FIB: Yep. Ye wanta hear it?

WIL: No.

FIB: Well sir, it goes like this hear....(SINGS)
(Ala - Glow-worm) "NIX ON THE GLO-COAT, HARPO, HARPO --
McGee ... what are ye doin'?"
MOL: Givin' Harpo here a music lesson, why?
FIB: Well school's out. Now come and set down.
MOL: Okay...okay. (FADES OUT) I was jest doin' my best to
warn him...
WIL: (LAUGHS) Well if Fibber thinks he can stop ANYBODY from
talking about GLOCOAT, once they have seen what it can do,
he's badly mistakin'.

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

Johnson's Glo-Coat is making life easier for hundreds of
thousands of housekeepers. With this marvelous no-rub
floor polish you can keep your floors sparkling and clean
without any work of rubbing or buffing. You merely spread
a little Glo-Coat lightly over your linoleum or wood floor,
using a soft cloth or the special Glo-Coat applicator. You
don't have to bear down or rub it in. In 20 minutes the
floor will be gleaming like new -- ready to walk on.
Glo-Coat shines as it dries without help from you. Scientists
in the famous Johnson's Wax laboratories spent many years
in developing this perfect no-rub floor polish. You are
entitled to the best, so be sure to insist on Johnson's
Glo-Coat in the attractive yellow can with red lettering.
G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T.

(FROM COMMERCIAL INTO LYNN MARTIN INTRO TO GOME.)

ORCHESTRA: (Martin selection) -

--- LYNN MARTIN.

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: McGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (Down for announcement.)

WIL: Now then...from Harmony to Homework. We'll take you back along the hot air waves, to Number 79 Wistful Vista, where Molly's suggestion about putting up the curtains is bearing fruit. Did we say FRUIT? Yes indeed...take a look at Fibber holding a bunch of drapes!

FIB: Dad rat it, Molly...how do ye know which ones go where?

MOL: Well lay 'em down, McGee...do ye want to get 'em all wrinkled up? Look. THIS one is fer THIS window. THAT one is fer THAT window....this one...

FIB: Hey wait a mite. You're gittin' me all mixed up so -

MOL: And what are ye doin now?

FIB: Markin' 'em with a pencil so's I'll know which...

MOL: STOP it, McGee...fer heaven's sake. Fer two weeks I sew and wash and iron the curtains and then you want to mark 'em up with a pencil.

FIB: Well shucks, ye mark SCREENS fer the right window don't ye? Why not mark curt --

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it, Molly.

MOL: You stay right where ye are, McGee. Put the curtains on the reds. I'll answer the phone.

FIB: If it's that there Considerable Watson boy tell him to come rightover so's he can help -

MOL: (IN PHONE) Hello. Yes, Mrs. McGee speakin'. Oh, oh yes, well now, that's real nice of ye. Thank ye. Yes, we will. Good bye.

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: Who was it, Molly?

MOL: Twas the meat market, invitin' us in to see the store.

FIB: Shucks, I saw 'em Saturday and it cost me eighty two cents.

MOL: And what of it? Tis real nice of em to call and ask for our ^{trade} business. That shoe man now, with his...MCGEE...what are ye doin'?

FIB: Dad rat it, whatcha think I'm doin'? I'm puttin' the curtain onto the rods.

MOL: Well take 'em off and put 'em on the RIGHT rods. The narrow curtains on the short rods...the wide curtains on the LONG rods.

FIB: Aw suchks, what's the difference? They'll.

MOL: And DONT DRAG 'EM ON THE FLOOR, Iggernuts.

FIB: Okay okay. .but I can't keep a holdin' 'em up over my head all the time...and ye won't let me fold 'em or lay 'em down no place, so -

MOL: Here now. Here's one all ready to hang up. Bring the stepladder over.

FIB: Oh I'll jest stand onto a chair, Molly. I can reach.

MOL: You'll do nuthin' of the kind, McGee, and scratch the chairs all up. Bring the ladder.

FIB: Well dad rat it, I -

MOL: BRING THE LADDER, MCGEE.

FIB: What say I use the ladder, Molly? Probably be better'n a chair, AHEM.

MOL: Well then. It's time ye used yer head.

FIB: Ye don't use your head onto a step ladder, Molly. Ye use yer feet. (LAUGHS) Git it? I says -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Bring the ladder here.

SOUND: WOOD RATTLE.

FIB: Don't look very solid to me, Molly.

MOL: Well you're no Primo Canorra. Climb up and I'll hold it for ye.

FIB: Okay...okay. (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) You'll find my insurance policy into the left hand drawer o' the table in the -

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Can ye reach?

FIB: Yep. Hand 'er up.

MOL: Here. Steady now....

WOOD RATTLE

FIB: HEY...hold that there ladder will ye, MOLLY? These here curtains'd make a dad ratted poor parachute. Hold it... now....

MOL: My it seems real good to have curtains up once more. It never seems like home till the rugs are down, the curtains are up ~~and the pictures are hung.~~

FIB: HOME! Shucks, this here's a GCG camp. I been workin' till my hands....

MOL: ~~Well come down and move the ladder to the next window, McGee.~~

~~MOL:~~ A GCG camp is right. GCG fer cussin', complainin' and.... and....

FIB: Curtains. AHEM. Hold the ladder, Molly.

SOUNDS: CREAKS AND WOOD RATTLES

MOL: Well...and what are you standin' there squintin' at the ladder for?

FIB: I was jest wonderin' Molly if ye couldn't sell that ladder to a museum. I'd bet four bits it's the same one Alexander the Great used to climb up onto his hoss with. Shucks, I --

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: I get it.

MOL: I'll get it, McGee. Move the ladder over.

SOUNDS: WOOD RATTLE CREAKS

MOL: (INTO PHONE) Hello. Yes, Mrs. McGee speakin'. Sure. Oh it tis! Well now that's real nice, I'm sure. Thank you. Good bye. What? No, Mr. McGee isn't hear just now.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Hey....I am too!

MOL: Thank ye. I'll tell him. Goodbye. (CLICK)

SOUND: (CLICK)

FIB: Say what's the idea o' tellin' people I ain't here? Shucks, it might've been important. Shucks, Molly...NEVER...NEVER say I ain't here. ALWAYS let me do my own talkin'. Who was it?

MOL: 'Twas the cigar and candy store invitin' our trade. They said that they recovered the lead nickel you put in the slot machine and thought ye might want it back, thinkin' it was a good luck piece or something.

FIB: Oh. AHEM.. why...er...AHEM. Well it might be a good thing to always find out what folks want before ye interrupt me with them and their trivial calls, Molly, AHEM. Where's the curtain fer this window?

MOL: In yer hand.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. That's what I thought. Hold the ladder, whilst I - HEY HOLD IT WITH BOTH HANDS.

MOL: Ah don't be so nervous, McGee.

FIB: NERVOUS. Who's nervous? (LAUGHS) Shucks, I'm jest worried about fallin' down and soilin' these her nice fresh curtains o' yours. AHEM. Nervous. Hah! Say did I ever tell ye bout the time I skun up the side of that there 450 foot smokestack o' Kutkamps without usin' the ladder? I hung on by my teeth to the rivetheads, and -

MOL: Listen, steeplejack. Come down. There's a dozen more curtains to be hung.

FIB: Okay okay. I jest wanted to tell ye twasn't the LADDER I was afraid of. It was...HEY...QUIT SHAKIN' IT.

MOL: Well come off it, McGee. My my, you're as clumsy as a cub bear with forty feet of grapevine.

FIB: Well dad rat it...onto a stepladder with fallen arches ain't no place to do no graceful ballroom dancin'. Where's the next curtain?

MOL: Right here on the -

SOUND: TELEPHONE. *Dear*

FIB: Dad rat it...take the receiver off the hook.

MOL: Sure, and have the phone company out here to see what's wrong. Tis probably the drug store solicitin' our business.

SOUND: CLICK.

MOL: Hello. Yes. Sure..this is the McGee residence. Baker's Bakery? Ohhh, Biker's Bakery. Oh yes, no...not today. Sure, we'll be in. Thank ye. Goodbye..

SOUND: CLICK.

MOL: That was the bakery, McGee. My, they must all want our business. They're sendin' over some baked goods, complimentary...what do ye say to that?

FIB: I'd say...LOOKIE LOOKIE LOOKIE. HERE COMES COOKIES. Hold the ladder Molly.

MOL: *Up with ye. You lub I giv e.*

SOUND: WOOD RATTLES CREAKS.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Shucks, I could make me a better ladder' this here one with a handful o' matches and a piece o' chewin' gum. Hand me the curta in, Molly. I'll try and --

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

MOL: Oh now...fer the...stand steady, McGee...whilst I answer the phone.

FIB: HEY...LEEME GIT DOWN FIRST, Molly. Don't let go of it... HEY...

MOL: Oh you'll be all right McGee. (FADE SLIGHTLY) Just stand steady...(CLICK) Hello...hello...yes...this is Mrs. McGee.. who? Oh, the Dry Goo ds Store? Why yes...yes....

FIB: Hey...Molly...this here ladder is shakin' like...a...HEY... MOLLY! I'M FALLIN' !!!

SOUNDS: TERRIFIC WOOD CLATTER...CYMBAL CRASH...GLASS CRASH. FIB GROANS....

MOL: Hush up. McGee...stop your clownin'. Can't you see I'm telephonin? (ASIDE) Hello...mens suits have come down? Yes.' (FADE OUT) Yes, indeed...we'll be glad to come in and see.....

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

ORCHESTRA: "AND THEN SOME" --

APPLAUSE: -- MERRYMEN --

WIL: That was AND THEN SOME, played with gusto, and then some by Marcelli and his men, assisted by the Glee coat gloclub.. I mean the Glocoat glee club, otherwise known as the Johnson Merry-men, and I might add, that you'll join the Johnson Glee club yourself, when you see how ~~spotless and shining~~ your ~~place can stay with.....~~ *try go yourself*

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

If you are tired of having floors that always look a little dull and dingy -- and if you are weary of constantly having to scrub your linoleum -- then you'll be simply delighted when you try Johnson's Glo-Coat. This easy-to-use, no-rub floor polish works like magic -- dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful bright polish while you are thinking about something else. You never have to do any rubbing or polishing when you use Johnson's Glo-Coat -- and once it's on -- your linoleum and floors stay clean and shining for weeks at a time. Dirt and dust can't cling to the bright, protective polish. Your dealer is offering you a very special price in a can of Johnson's Glo-Coat and a long-handled applicator -- a saving of one-third the regular price. Just try some Glo-Coat on your floor tomorrow, and see what a difference it makes.

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - (Down for announcement)

WIL: Get out your little blue network engagement book now, and write this down...F.M., W.V., N.M.E., S.T. Got it? That means FIBBER AND MOLLY, WISTFUL VISTA, NEXT MONDAY EVENING. SAME TIME. F.M., W.V., N.M.E., S.T., - O.K.?

FIB: P.S., Folks!

WIL: Oh are you in here again?

FIB: Yep. I jest wanted to tell the folks, whilst you were doin' all them initials, N.T.F.T.J.G.C.

WIL: Meanint what?

FIB: Not To Forget Their Johnson's Glo Coat. (LAUGHS) Git it, Harpo? I say -

WIL: S.C.R.A.M!

FIB: What's that mean?

MOL: That means come back and set down, iggernuts.

FIB: Oh well. R.S.V.P.

WIL: (LAUGHS) R.S.V.P., says Fibber, meaning, RECEIVING SETS VERY PROMPT, AT SEVEN NEXT MONDAY EVENING. Until then, -

(SHORT COMMERCIAL)

The best housekeepers the country over use Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Glo-Coat to save themselves work, and keep their homes shining and clean -- just as the most particular car owners keep their cars sparkling like new with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner.

This is Harlow Wilcox, - I.S.O.M. In spite of McGee.

Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO CLOSE

mo/9/13/35
11:15 am

1. Choral Group - "Fine + Daddy"
2. Afro - instead of Amice dies
3. Piano duo.
4. Mally too harsh - end of 2nd kind of part.
5. Then Some - Choral - Solo trumpet.

organ - dirig.
too heavy organ
with apple tree