

FIB: Oh I dunno, Molly. Shucks, neither one of 'em is worth enough to -

MOL: DID YOU SAY THE DOORBELL WAS OUT OF ORDER, McGee?

FIB: Eh? Oh oh yes. Miss Spootherwinn here had to knock, on account -

WOMAN: .itherspoon.

FIB: Yes AHEM. Shucks, ma'am I kin hardly wait fer winter, so's I'll have time to drop into the lib'ry and git caught up onto my readin'. I hope you got somethin' there besides them sappy love stories, where a feller takes six years of his life and three hours o' your time to git up enough corage to kiss the gal onto page 314. Shucks, I -

MOL: McGee AHEM. Tis never time enough I can get for good books- Longfellow and .er..and and ..Robinson Cruso and er Shakespeare and all.

WOMAN: Did you care for the Taming of the Shrew?

MOL: Oh dear no. Sure I leave all the wild animals stories for McGee.

WOMAN: And how about G.B.S ?

MOL & FIB: Who? What?

WOMAN: GBS. Shaw, you know.

FIB: Ohhhshaw! AHEM. You betcha. She's one o' my favorites. I'll never fergit the time I was visitin' my Uncle Mortimer. Great book man, Uncle Mort was.

MOL: Oh yes. I remember, McGee. He was in the book business.

FIB: Yep. A bookmaker

WOMAN: ~~Indeed~~. How interesting. A bookmaker

FIB: You bet. (LAUGHS) You bet and he covers it. AHEM. Well, as I'll never fergit the time Uncle Mort showed me over his library into his country house. Ye know where the Blink River is, in Massachusetts, ma'am?

WOMAN: The Blink River? N-no, I don't believe I do.

FIB: Well Uncle Mort has him a country home (built right onto the banks of it. HOMESTEAD ON THE BLINK he called it, and you should o' seen HIS library, Withy.

MOL: Miss WITHERSPOON, to you, McGee

FIB: Oh yes. AHEM. Well sir, Uncle Mort musta had two million volumes.

WOMAN: My that WAS a library wasn't it!

FIB: Shucks, that was jest a week's readin' fer Uncle Mort. Well sir, of these two million books, ma'am, ONE million was bound into genuine cowhide which he kept onto the north side o' the library! Them was history, philosophy, psychology and all heavy heavy stuff. On tother side o' the lib'ry he kep the detective stories, fiction and love stories. them was small books bound in calf.

WOMAN: Really? ~~Indeed~~

FIB: Yep. Well sir, one night whilst I was sleepin', I was woke by a terrible commotion downstairs. Well sir, I grabs me a leaps into my slippers and bathrobe and rushed down into the library where all that there noise was comin' from...



# NBC

ADVERTISER S. G. JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY #24

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

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

( SEPTEMBER 23, 1935 )

( MONDAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

SECOND CORRECTION

cut Reprise 4



Margaret Holmes  
816 Dewar St. Evanston  
\$1,500 -

"Librarian" Margaret Holmes

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - DOWN FOR

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax send you  
of salubrious syncopation and self  
with Rico Marcelli's Orchestra, - Ly  
Johnson Merryman, and Marian and Jim  
concoctors of contagious comedy, - F

APPLAUSE:

WIL: We understand that Marcelli and the  
melt the microphones with a masterly  
Go on, Marcelli, STRIKE ME PINK!

ORCHESTRA: "STRIKE ME PINK" (DOWN FOR 25 SECONDS)

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE R

WIL: Now we'll go out of the somewhere in  
Studio E to Fibber McGee, at 79 West  
here has started to fix a refractory

ORCHESTRA: OUT

MOL: And what are ye snoopin' along the b  
Ye look like a setter pup after a

FIB: Shucks, I'm tryin' to trace this her  
Must be a break into it somewhere.

MOL: And sis ye go down and look at the b  
ye ever stop to think they might be

FIB: WORE OUT! Say we only had 'em a wee

MOL: Sure In that week the doorbell has  
times by the butcher the baker and t



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

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax send you another socko session of salubrious syncopation and self starting situations, with Rico Marcelli's Orchestra, - Lynn Martin, - the Johnson Merryman, and Marian and Jim as those carefree concoctors of contagious comedy, - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: We understand that Marcelli and the Merryman are about to melt the microphones with a masterly musical movement. Go on, Marcelli, STRIKE ME PINK!

ORCHESTRA: "STRIKE ME PINK" (DOWN FOR 25 SECONDS NO MORE NO LESS)

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNGM'T)

WIL: Now we'll go out of the somewhere into the, here, or from Studio E to Fibber McGee, at 79 Wistful Vista, where our here has started to fix a refractory doorbell.

ORCHESTRA: OUT

MOL: And what are ye snoopin' along the baseboard for, foolish? Ye look like a setter pup after a rabbit.

FIB: Shucks, I'm tryin' to trace this here doorbell wire down. Must be a break into it somewhere.

MOL: And sis ye go down and look at the batteries, iggernitz? Did ye ever stop to think they might be wore out?

FIB: WORE OUT! Say we only had 'em a week!

MOL: Sure In that week the doorbell has been rung 60,789 times by the butcher the baker and the candlestick maker.

*Began*  
FIB: Look, Molly I've found <sup>the wire</sup> it. Here it goes...look...

MOL: Well hurry up and get it fixed, McGee The back porch is still to be scrubbed.

FIB: I know I know. AHEM. But this here electrical business can't be rushed, Molly. Now let's see...over the door there... thru the wall say do ye suppose the mice might o' gnaw the insulation off, Molly?

MOL: Might of what?

FIB: Gnew the ignition off.

MOL: Ye mean chewed?

FIB: No, Gnew. When they <sup>gnaw</sup> the wire, its GNEW off ain't it?

MOL: No. It's not gnew. It's gnawed.

FIB: Why it ain't gnawed now. it's gnew. This here was a new wire before it was all gnew off by them mice.

MOL: Well gnaw or new now or then. hurry up with it

FIB: I'm hurryin' Shucks, ye don't want it to catch the house afire and burn us to a <sup>crisp</sup> like that there toast ye made this mornin do ye? AHEM. Let's see. now..hey Molly. why do ye suppose they led this here doorbell wire out the window here?

MOL: It's ain't the doorbell, dumbell Tis the aerial wire for the radio.

FIB: Oh..oh, shucks. ess it tis at that. How about this one?

MOL: That's the ground wire, McGee.



FIB: Phhh yes. The ground wire. AHEM. Might be interesting to hitch up the radio to the doorbell. Then we could ring the gong on them amateurs ourselves.

MOL: ~~Sure. That'd be fine, McGee. Then we could go out and ring the door bell every time we wanted some music on the radio.~~  
Come on now. Hurry up.

FIB: Shucks, you're always hurryin' a feller, Molly Shucks, Rome wasn't built in a day!

MOL: I know. But I wasn't there then. Now what are ye doin'?

FIB: I got it now. Molly...here it goes...come on

MOL: And why should I come on. YOU'RE fixin' the doorbell. I've got me mendin' to do.

FIB: Aw come on, Molly, and bring the tire tape with ye. It's onto the chair there.

MOL: Oh it is, is it? Then what's that stickin', to the back o' yer pants?

FIB: Where? (PAUSE) Oh. (LAUGHS) Shucks, I musta set down onto it. Come on, Molly. ~~Here it goes.~~ shucks, I never will know why they have to hide doorbell batteries into the cellar..like you was ashamed of 'em Turn the light on in the cellar, Molly.

SOUND: CLICK

MOL: Ye'd better quit runnin' yer hand along them wires, McGee. Do ye want to be electrocuted before yer time?

FIB: Go on with ye...they ain't enough power in that there wire to. OUCH!

MOL: Aha..what did I tell ye, Iggernuts? *It's a shock!*

FIB: I didn't git me a shock. I jabbed my finger onto a nail. Where's that wire go from here Molly?

MOL: Down the wall and under the stairs there, McGee.

FIB: Well come on down and show me.

SOUND: GLATTER OF FEET ON WOODEN STEPS

MOL: There it goes, McGee, up on the ledge there.

FIB: Where...up here? I don't feel nuthin'. It's...

SOUNDS: LOUC CLICK

FIB: OUCH...DAD RAT IT...WHAT THE...HEY MOLLY...WHAT'S THE IDEA O' PUTTIN' A MOUSE TRAP WHERE A FELLER CAN'T SEE IT... HERE...take it off me...Ouch Oooooo

MOL: Well hold still. Quit wavin' it around. (PAUSE) THERE now...

FIB: Shucks, it pretty nigh cut my finger off. If it hadn't been fer ..AHAAAA

MOL: And what are you aaaa-in fer now?

FIB: Look? Ye see that there bare place into the wire? There's yer trouble Molly. That's why she won't ring.

MOL: And what's bare spot in the wire got to do with it. It's touchin' nuthin' that I can see.

FIB: That don't make no difference. It's the insulation that holds the electricity into the wire. When the insulations wore off the juice leaks out.

MOL: Oh



FIB: I'm surprised ye didn't know that Molly. AHM. Why when I was into the Signal Corps, over into France, repairin' telegraph wires to headquarters, they used to call me, Wonder McGee, the Wire Wizard o' the World War. AHM. Hand me them pliers, Molly.

MOL: They're stickin' in yer belt, McGee.

FIB: Oh. Oh yes. AHM. Ye see, I'll clip these here wires, tape 'em up again so's they'll be insulated good. Ye see? All ye gotta do is...

SOUND: WIRE CUTTING AND LOUD CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY

MOL: McGee...what are ye doin'! Fer heaven's sake.

FIB: Why ... er ... I ... er AHM. Ye see that there flash o' blue light, Molly? that means the wire dead into the negative Pole. AHM. It gives a PINK light when the positive wire is dead. AHM. I'll never fergit the time I-

SOUND: BUZZ AND CRACKLE...CRASH

MOL: ARE YE HURT, McGee? Are ye hurt?

FIB: N-no...no. I guess not. Knocked me back onto my heels is all. Now jest hand me that there tape, Molly and I'll have her tied up in a jiffy. Thanks.

SOUND: RIPPING

MOL: You've tore off enough tape there to wrap up the Pacific Cable, McGee.

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SOUND: RIPPING

MOL: You've tore off enough tape there to wrap up the Pacific Cable, McGee.



FIB: I know. But I never was one o' these here electricians to skimp onto my work. Let's see now ... positive...negative... ye see Molly. Ye always got to wind the tape from right to left...like this here. It's a well knew fact that electricity twists from right to left as it goes along the wire. So ye gotta be ... careful ... to ... keep ... it ... THERE YE ARE. All fixed. Let's go.

MOL: Are ye sure it's all right now, McGee?

FIB: AM I? Baby, when I fixes 'em they're FIXED. I know more about wires and pliers and tape than this here Signor Macaroni.

SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD STEPS

MOL: Well fer once, McGee, ye fixed somethin' right. Congratulations

FIB: Go on with ye. When it comes to electricity I'm the ampere's Grampere. Where's the door bell? That it up over the stove there?

MOL: It is.

FIB: Good. Now look, Molly. You go out onto the front porch and ring the bell, whilst I stand here and see if it rings loud enough.

MOL: (FADE OUT) All right. And then you can get to work and scrub the porch, McGee wilst I ...

FIB: (HUMS) Oh, I had a doorbell, it had a bum buzzer. I threw it away and got me anuzzer.

YOU RINGIN' IT MOLLY?

MOL: (AWAY OFF MIKE) I've rung it seven times, McGee.

FIB: Try 'ER AGAIN!

MOL: All right.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Shucks...now what in tunket did...I wonder if...

MOL: (FADE IN) Well, McGee...did it ring?

FIB: AHEM. Well...er...not very loud, Molly. I gotta do me some adjustin' on it, I guess. Ye see the coil is probably fouled with the condenser which makes the superheterodyne co-equal to the resistance. AHEM. But when I ...

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: McGee...I won't have you monkeyin' with them wires again. Tis once you scared me to death with your live wires... I'M

FIB: Hey ... whatcha gonna <sup>do</sup> do, MOLLY? Where ye goin'?

MOL: (FADE OUT) I'm goin' to call the hardware store and ask 'em to send an electrician.

FIB: (OFF AND ON MIKE AGAIN) Aw shacks, Molly, I kin fix it, I tell ye. You don't have to call nobody else when I'm -

MOL: Leggo the phone, McGee. Me mind is made up.

SOUND: CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. THREE FLAST CLICKS

MOL: (IN PHONE) Hello. Hello Operator. HELLO (PAUSE) HELLO... OPERATOR: (CLICK CLICK) Hello. Hello. (PAUSE) McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: The phones dead!



FIB: Dead eh? Shucks, that's funny. I -  
 MOL: FUNNY IS IT? ~~DO YE KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO GERNUTS?~~  
 YOU CUT THE PHONE WIRES INSTEAD O' THE DOORBELL WIRE.  
 AND HERE WE ARE WITHOUT...MCGEE...MCGEE WHERE ARE YE GOIN  
 ...MCGEE COME BACK HERE...

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "I'VE GOT TO PASS YOUR HOUSE" - LYNN MARTIN

(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: Now - just to check-up on whether you're using the easy  
 Glocoat way to keep your floors bright and shining -  
 we're sending our little checker-upper, Lynn Martin, to  
 peek in your windows as she sings "I've Got To Pass Your  
 House" Lynn Martin!

ORCHESTRA: "I'VE GOT TO PASS YOUR HOUSE" - MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

HARLOW: Thanks, Lynn! Now a word or two about Johnson's Glo-Coat -  
 If your floors are --

FIB: AHEM!

WIL: Well now Fibber, can't I get in ONE announcement without  
 you kihitzing?

FIB: Excuse me a mite, Harpo, but -

WIL: HARLOW!

FIB: Yes. But listen, Harpo, - I -

WIL: HARLOW!

FIB: Harpo!

WIL: Harlow!

FIB: AHEM. Hey there control room!

VOICE THRU AMPLIF: What's the matter?

FIB: They's a bad echo out here ye better take care of. AHEM  
 Listen, son, ye know what rules they're gonna use tomorrow  
 night into the Louis-Baer fight?

WIL: Why...er. Marquis of Queenbury, as usual, I suppose.

FIB: Nope. They're usin' Johnson's Glo Coat rules tomorrow,  
 instead.

WIL: Glo Coat rules?

FIB: Yep. No Rubbing, No Buffing, put 'em on the floor, and  
 polish off like nuthin at all! COMIN', MOLLY!

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well - we're afraid Fibber has used up all the  
 time for our commercial announcement - so we're going to  
 forget it - and present an unusual feature!



HARLOW:

It isn't often that the President of a big corporation makes a personal appearance before the microphone on his own radio program. And probably never before has the head of an important company brought you news of so spectacular and unusual an enterprise as that about which you will now hear. We have the honor and pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Herbert F. Johnson, Jr., President of S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc., who will tell you briefly of his forthcoming scientific expedition by airplane to the little known regions of North Eastern Brazil.

MR. JOHNSON: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox. I am happy to have this opportunity to talk for a minute to so many friends and customers of our Company. After a year of careful planning, we expect to leave this country at Miami about October 1st in a twin-motored Sikorsky Amphibian for Northeastern Brazil. Our trip will consume about three months. It is primarily for the purpose of establishing closer contacts with the only source of Carnauba Wax the principal raw material used in the manufacture of Johnson's Wax and Glo Coat.

The personnel of our expedition includes two pilots, our research chemist and purchasing director, and Dr. Dahlgren, Curator of Botany of the Field Museum here in Chicago. Complete photographic equipment will be carried, as will scientific equipment and a field laboratory.

The plane carries a two-way radio set and all the latest safety devices. Before our return we expect to fly 22,000 miles over regions which very few white men have ever seen.

We hope our trip will not only yield important scientific data, but will specifically insure a future supply of the highest grade Carnauba Wax, so that we can continue to manufacture better products for American housewives.

Thank you.

(APPLUSE)



HARLOW: Thank you, Mr. Johnson, and I am sure everybody listening in tonight will join with me in wishing you good luck and happy landings.

And Marcelli and the Johnson Merry-men tip their Top Hats in Farewell as they give us "Cheek to Cheek"

ORCHESTRA: "CHEEK TO CHEEK" -- MERRYMEN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: McGEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN."

WIL: Back to Wistful Vista now - and we find Molly darning socks, while Fibber has apparently given up the doorbell fixing in favor of the afternoon paper!

ORCHESTRA: OUT

MOL: Fibber

(PAUSE)

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: Fibber!

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: Oh...I...er...yes, my love. AHM. You speak to me?

MOL: I did. Could I be interruptin' yer meditations long enough to ask did ye scrub the back porch like I told ye?

FIB: Who, me? AHM. The back porch? Why...er...ye see, Molly, it kinda looked like rain so...er...well, shucks, after all, a feller....

MOL: McGEE. DID YE OR DID NOT SCRUB THE BACK PORCH?

FIB: I'm glad ye asked me that, Molly. AHM. Ye see, the back porch is....

MOL: DID YE?

FIB: AHM. No. But shucks....

MOL: And is it more important to ye, McGee, to set there and read the paper than to have a clean house to live in? Is it, McGee?

FIB: You betcha. I mean why o'course not. Say did ye read about this here Lawson Little winnin' another golf champeenship? Pretty good golfer that boy. If he'd of only taken my advice I wrote him about them wood shots o' his, why shucks, NUTHIN'd stop that boy. Why when I played golf at the Cockleburr County Country Club -

MOL: McGee, if golf was played with the mouth you'd win the open championship every year. Now about the back porch...

FIB: I know...I know. I was gonna take that up with ye a little later, Molly. AHM. Say...who do ye think'll win the Baer-Louis fight tomorrow night, Molly?

MOL: And how should I know? Which one of 'em is Irish?

FIB: Neither one.

MOL: Then what difference does it make? Now about the back porch, McGee....

FIB: I know...I know...I jest wanta finish the paper first, Molly. AHM. Say ye know what's gonna happen over there in Ethiopia? Look it. It's jest like a card game. This here Selassie feller's got a spade flush, but the Eytalians have got the advantage.

MOL: And why have they?

FIB: On account o' the Duce's wild. HEH HEH HEH. Ye git it, Molly? I says, them Eytalians will win because -



MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Okay okay. But ~~look~~ <sup>jester</sup>. I got this here Ethiopian thing all figgered out.

MOL: Oh ye have!

FIB: Yep. Ye see, Molly...on account o' the British holdin' control o' the Suez Canal, and the location o' Gibberalter what it is, they ain't any doubt that Spain, bein' jest across the water, will git mad at France because Russia's tryin' to edge into China. That means, Molly, that Sweden and Norway, which is usually neutral, will have a tough time persuadin' Greece to let Poland and Austria keep the freedom o' the seas which, <sup>is</sup> the Portuguese blockade goes on, Australia and Canada gits up onto their hind legs and there ye are. Shucks, I donno how <sup>who Sweden</sup> Denmark's gonna keep out of it, myself

MOL: Maybe we can ask the peace conference to send an ambassador over here to scrub our back porch, McGee.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, I'll -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Go see who's at the door, McGee.

FIB: Who, me?

MOL: Yes.. you... BUT PUT YOUR SHOES ON FIRST

SOUND: KNOCKING. LOUDER

FIB: Dad rat it...I'm comin' as fast as I...these laces is always gittin' tangled up when a feller...which door, Molly?

MOL: The front door, iggernuts. The front door. Hurry, McGee.

FIB: ~~Well why don't they ring the bell, if it's so imp~~

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING

FIB: Okay okay.



(FOOTSTEPS) DOOR LATCH

FIB: Howdy do, ma'am. What kin I do fer ye?

WOMAN: How do you do. Are you Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha.

WOMAN: Is Mrs. McGee at home?

FIB: Yep. Come right in, Ma'am.

WOMAN: Thank you.....

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

WOMAN: ....I didn't know whether there was anyone here or not. I rang and rang and rang the doorbell, but -

FIB: The doorbell? Ye say ye rung the doorbell? Shucks, <sup>well</sup> it must <sup>be</sup> busted. We didn't hear nuthin'.

WOMAN: ...and then I heard voices and I KNEW there must be someone here.

FIB: Sure...we're both here. Come right in here, ma'am and meet Molly. HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: (FADE IN) Ye...what is it? If it's...oh Oh how do ye do

FIB: This here's Molly...er...Mrs. McGee, ma'am. Molly this here is er...is...Now don't tell me .. lemme guess.

WOMAN: Oh you'll never guess. I'm Miss Witherspoon, Mrs. McGee. From the Public Library.

MOL: Oh now isn't that nice. McGee

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Give the lady a chair, McGee

FIB: Sure take any one, ma'am...They're.. NO not that one.

WOMAN: Oh.

FIB: Take one o' the others. That one's got a leg busted that I gotta fix when I git time to - HEY...WAIT. Don't set on the one either. The springs busted into it and you're li'ble to git stabbed in the -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: The upholstery.

MOL: Ye see, ma'am...Miss Witherspoon, we've just moved in a week or so ago and we're not quite settled yet. Sure it's nice of ye to come and call so soon.

WOMAN: Oh not at all. I suppose you are both great readers.

FIB: Who, us? Shucks, yes. I'll never fergit the time I had readin' this here Less Miserables and -

WOMAN: Lay Miserab'!

FIB: Yes and that too. They're both good. Why shucks...

MOL: My my we'll both be glad when we're settled down and can drop in your library fer some good books ..won't we, McGee?

FIB: Eh? Oh .oh you betcha, ma'am

WOMAN: I er I see you haven't unpacked your books yet, and I don't blame you a bit. It shows you are real book lovers when you keep your books to unpack last so they won't get scuffed and scratched.

MOL: Oh my goodness, we wouldn't have anything happen to our books for the world, would we McGee?



MOL: I suppose twas Philo Vance playin' leap frog with the Three Musketeers

FIB: Nope But ye'd never guess the sight that met my <sup>eyes</sup> eyes when I busted into that there library, ma'am

WOMAN: And what was that?

FIB: Well sir, I can't hardly believe it myself, but there, bumpin' across the floor was all them little calfbound books, waggin' their little flyleaves. And what do ye suppose they was doin'? Crawlin' over to join them big cowhide bound books. It was motherhood callin', and twasn't NO TIME before they was a calf skin book snuggled, up to each cowhide book. A calf and a cow, a calf and a cow / just like that. Cutest sight ye ever hope to see. AHEM. Now if you'll excuse me, ma'am. I gotta go out and scrub the back porch

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, that must have been a circulating library of Fibber's Uncle...and seeing that he had difficulties with both his cows and his calves, we'll ask Marcelli and his Johnson Merry-men to sympathize, with DOUBLE TROUBLE

ORCHESTRA: "DOUBLE TROUBLE" MERRYMEN

APPLAUSE

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WIL: Will you do me a favor? I wish you'd just look down at your floors. Do they have a beautiful polish -- or are they beginning to get dull and shabby? You can make them look like new again in a few minutes' time if you use Johnson's Glo-Coat. This wonderful new liquid polish works like magic on linoleum or wood floors. Right before your eyes it changes unattractive floors to bright shining floors and saves you all the work of rubbing and buffing. Glo-Coat dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries, without help from you. Once your floors and linoleum are protected with Glo-Coat they stay clean for weeks at a time. Dirt and dust can't stick to the beautiful, gleaming polish. Your dealer is making you a special offer right now. A can of Glo-Coat and a long-handled applicator at a saving of one-third the regular price. Be sure you see the name Johnson's Glo-Coat on the attractive yellow can.

ORCHESTRA: THEME -- DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: Be back with us next Monday evening at 7:00 o'clock Central Standard Time when we'll meet these happy householders, Fibber and Molly McGee. Remember next week it's one hour later than usual for those nor living in a Daylight Saving Zone. This is Harlow Witcox saying "Hasta La Vista, at Wistful Vista!" Goodnight

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH

er/lb/fb/mo/2:45PM  
9/23/35