

NBC

ADVERTISER *cut out of page*
S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" #25

OK

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

(SEPTEMBER 30, 1935,

(MONDAY

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Picture for Hal Johnson

add lines to intro to Tall & Jimmy

Intro to stars at Regal

How about Chord after seeing

Intro to introduction -

Sign (Blue above) uncertain

Fibber too technical - 2nd episode

Page 3

Page 2.

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

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax tender another tuneful tie-up of tall tales and trombones, piffle and pianos, gags and guitars, with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, LYNN MARTIN, THE JOHNSON MERRYMEN, KATHERINE AND JIMMY JORDAN, AND MARIAN AND JIM AS YOUR WHOLE HEARTED, HAPPY-GO-DUCKY HOUSEHOLDERS, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY:

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

WIL: Now, so we won't have to break into Marcelli's swell arrangements, a word about Johnson's Wax. If you

FIB: AHEM

WIL: Well what do you want?

FIB: I jest wanted to say Harpo, that you're awful polite about bustin' into Marcelli's arrangements. Ye never worried none about bustin' into mine. And I resent it. I don't NEVER like to be interrupted when

MOL: FIBBER!

FIB: Well ... HARDLY ever. AHEM (FADE OUT) Shucks, a feller never gits....

ORCHESTRA UP TO FINISH

WIL: Let's see now ... where was I? Oh yes ... And now before Marcelli swings into the first musical number, won't you please look down at your floors - and make this mental note: Johnson's Glo-Coat, the new, easy-to-use floor polish made by the Johnson's Wax people, keeps your floors beautifully polished, clean and shining and you don't have to do one bit of rubbing or buffing. Remember the name -- Johnson's Glo-Coat.

WIL: -- Now I see Marcelli has his men in formation, The Merry-men are waiting, and the whistle is about to blow for a line plunge into a football and college medley. KICK OFF, MARCELLI! (WHISTLE)

ORCHESTRA: COLLEGE AND FOOTBALL SONGS MERRYMEN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: NOW, IF YOU RUN LIKE EVERYTHING, YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH THE FLIBBERING MCGEES, AS THEY DRIVE AWAY FROM WISTFUL VISTA TO GET A WHIFF OR TWO OF THE FALL AIR. (IF FIBBER ONLY KNEW WHAT ELSE HE WAS GOING TO FALL HEIR TO:

SOUND: MOTOR IN UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG

MOL: My, isn't the autumn air wonderful, McGee?

FIB: Oh, it ain't bad, fer this time o' year. AHEM. Shucks

New York's the place fer real bracin' air in the fall.

MOL: Oh it is, is it?

FIB: Yep. I mind once I got off the horse-car at forty second street and I stopped to talk to a policeman. Hi, McCarty I says. Hi, MISTER McGee he says, touchin' his helmet.

MOL: Helmet?

FIB: Yep, that's what they wore in then days. Nice day, says he. Not bad, says I. Thought fall'd never get here, says he. Nope says I, I was beginnin' to wonder where was the autumn at. The automat says he? Right down the street and block to the left. (LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? The autumn at...and I says

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. (PAUSE) Besides, they didn't have'em then!

FIB: Oh well. AHEM. I jest thought I'd mention it.

MOL: Look at the children playin' football, McGee. Now I KNOW that fall is here.

FIB: Yep. This here is the season of dead leaves and dyin' quarterbacks. I'll never fergit the time I....

MOL: STOP THE CAR MCGEE...STOP IT!

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed....WHAT'S THE MATTER, MOLLY?

MOL: The football, McGee...ye nearly run over the children's football.

FIB: Shucks, I never saw it. Did I hit it?

MOL: And how do I know? ^{Get out} Get out and look, McGee. Twould be a shame to spoil their fun, now.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Find'it, McGee?

FIB: Yep. Taint hurt none. Jest knocked the air out of it a mite. Hi, there, son. This your football?

JIMMY: (FADE IN) Yeah. Thanks for stopping mister.

FIB: Shucks, that's okay, bud. The minute I seen the ball comin', I steps onto the brake like lightnin' so's I wouldn't hurt it. AHEM. What say, Molly?

MOL: Blow the ball up fer the boy, McGee.

JIMMY: Aw I can blow it up, I guess.

FIB: Better let me, bud. Blowin' up a football is quite a art. Let's see now....where's the knot to unlace this here..... hey hand me a hairpin Molly.

MOL: What fot?

FIB: I gotta git this lacin' untied so' I can blow up the football fer...fer..er..what's yer name, bud?

JIMMY: Spike.

FIB: Fer spike, here. THANKS. That your sister over there, Spike?

JIMMY: Who, her? Yeah.

MOL: My my.. a GIRL playin' football! That's terrible.

JIM: I'll say so. She plays too rough.

FIB: AHEM. That's nuthin', Spike. Why when I was a senior at Tickapooka Technical College, we had a gal onto the team.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, are ye.....

FIB: Yes sir. And a real good football player she was, too. Ye see, Tickapooka Tech was jest a small college, Spike, and they wasn't enough men to come out fer football. So that's why Susie come out. Made the team too.

MOL: All of 'em?

FIB: The varsity! Shifty Susie, they called yer, Shifty Susie, the squirmin' Sweetheart o' Sigma Cluck. Shucks, ye should o' seen susie go thru the line. All the other team was afraid o' gittin' spiked by them four inch French heels Susie wore. *scratched up*

KATH: You mean you really had a girl on your football team, mister?

FIB: Yep. Your Spike's sister ain't ye?

KATH: Uh huh. Whatcha doin' to the football?

FIB: Jest blowin' it up fer Spike here, sis. Car hit it and knocked the wind out of it.

MOL: You better be savin' yer breath fer the football, McGee.

JIMMY: Did you really play football in college, mister?

FIB: Who me? Say, ye mean to say ye never read about Touchdown McGee, the Tacklin' Tornado o' Tickapooka Tech?

JIMMY: No.

KATH: Well you're both too young I guess.

BOTH: OH!

FIB: AHEM. That was quite some time ago. Where'd ye git this here football, Spike?

JIMMY: Aw I traded a guy a jackknife and ^{a top} ~~two~~ aggies for it!

FIB: ~~Hum~~. Looks like it was ^{a knife and a top} covered with real genuine groopo skin, ~~too~~ _{just}

KATH: What's a groopo skin?

FIB: Well it's the next thing to cowhide. The groopo is a Brazilian animal and very rare. Only thing is, ye can't leave groopo skin layin' out in the rain very long. It's jest like...er...cardboard that way. But I was gonna tell ye about --

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Blow up the boy's football and let's be goin'. I've shoppin' to do before we get home.

FIB: Okay, okay. Well sir ... Spike, and Sis, ye should o' seen old Touchdown McGee, the Tacklin' Tornado o' Tickapooka Tech into his prime. I'll never fergit the time Tickapooka was playin' Wigwam University, ^{that was when I} and I first ~~perfected~~ ^{invented} the McGee Pass.

JIMMY: What was the McGee Pass, Mister?

FIB: Well sir, could only be used onto a windy day, Spike.

MOL: Well, that would be any day you were playin', McGee.

FIB: Never mind the interference, Molly. AHM. Ye see, Spike and Sis, the McGee pass went like this here.

KATH: ^{Why} Our nine would line up against the Wigwam nine and - ~~S~~ there's eleven on a football' team, Mister McGee.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. Eleven. AHM. Ye see both Tickapooka and Wigwam was small schools so we only had nine to a side. Well sir, we'd git into formation, the whistle would blow, the halfback would call signals...

JIMMY: ^{But} The quarterback calls the signals don't he?

FIB: Wel-l - usually, yes. AHM. But we didn't have no quarterbacks. We traded our two quarterbacks ~~to~~ ^{for} one halfback that season. Next year we traded two halfbacks fer one full back. AHM. Well sir, come the signals, 16 - 68 - 42 - 19 -

MOL: A dollar ninety eight.

FIB: A dollar nin- ... aw shucks. 16 - 42 - 19 - 30, and ~~snap~~, the ball would go to the left end, ^{shot to second to first} ~~back to the center;~~ ^{back} and to me, facin' the wind. Well sir, I'd throw it with all my might and back they'd ^{go} ~~run~~ fer it, but the wind'd take it, stop it into mid-air and bring it right back into my own hands as I run up fer it. Ehy shucks, it fooled 'em every time, Spike. One year we run up a score of 803 to 6 against Pribble Prep. That was the McGee Pass.

MOL: McGee. Pass the ball back to the boy and get in the car.

FIB: Okay. Wait'll I blow it up. Ye see, Spike... (PUFF) I always (PUFF) says that (PUFF) a young feller (PUFF) Like you (PUFF) Can't know too much (PUFF) about the game (PUFF) ...

JIMMY: Hey, that's big enough, Mister.

FIB: Oh no. Shucks, that's too flabby, Spike. Ye got to have (PUFF) a football (PUFF) hard enough to (PUFF) stand the gaff o' (PUFF)

SOUND: LOUD BANG

JIMMY: Aw hey ... now look what you did, mister...

KATH: You busted our football!

MOL: McGee...give the children enough money fer a new football.

FIB: (FARE OUT) Aw shucks, I ... okay. Okay ... here ye are, kids. You run down and buy ye a new...

Reverse Jones

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ORCHESTRA: RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN

APPLAUSE: *With out a word of warning*

ORCHESTRA: "WHY DO STARS COME OUT AT NIGHT" - MERRYMEN
(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well the star of the Tickapooka Tech team must have given Marcelli and the Merry-men the idea for this number. We dedicate it to the players of evening football. WHY DO STARS COME OUT AT NIGHT!

ORCHESTRA: "WHY THE STARS COME OUT AT NIGHT" -- MERRYMEN

APPLAUSE:

WIL: With a rainy fall and a snowy winter coming on, you want your floors to have a - all right Fibber, now what?

FIB: Listen, Harpo do ye -

WIL: Please. This Harpo business is getting me down. Fibber.

FIB: Does it bother ye, son?

WIL: Yes it does, old man!

FIB: That's fine. AHM. Listen, Harpo, how about me handlin' the commercial announcement.

WIL: You?

FIB: Yep. I got a good commercial fer the football season.

WIL: The football season. That's very good.

FIB: You're tellin' me? Listen folks. This comin' football season, the Home Team is gonna tackle their floor problem and beat the scrub team with Johnson's Glocoat. Jest a touch down there with the applicer and ye won't not only have no kick comin', but you can take time out, and run off to the movies. (AHM) Your announcer is Fibber --

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MOL: McGee! Come back here.

FIB: Well you git the idea, Harpo. (FADE OUT) Nuthin' like keepin' into the spirit o' the season so's you kin ...

WIL: Well (LAUGHS) There isn't much to add to that. But here's a point after touchdown:

If you want to have more time for play -- if you want to save yourself all kinds of work -- then you'll be interested to know about Johnson's Glo-Coat -- the remarkable liquid floor polish that requires no rubbing or buffing! Glo-Coat keeps your floors and linoleum shining like new. Here's how easy it is to apply. Just spread a little Glo Coat lightly over the surface of your floor or linoleum with a soft cloth or special Glo-Coat applicer. You don't have to bear down or rub it in. When the surface is covered, you can go about your other affairs. Come back in 20 minutes to find a beautiful bright polish on your floor. From then on, it will be an easy matter to keep the floor clean and shining -- for dirt and dust can't cling to the beautiful Glo-Coat polish. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Glo Coat, in the attractive yellow can. No finer no rubbing floor polish can possibly be made!

Why do stars come out at night

WIL: Now our musical mascot, Little Lynn Martin, stands up in front of the cheering section and with a nod to Marcelli, the Referee of Rhythm, sings - "WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNIN". LYNN MARTIN:

ORCHESTRA: "WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING" -- LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MC GEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"
(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: NOW BACK TO OUR SEATS ON THE 50 YARD LINE AS GRANDSTANDER MCGEE RETURNS TO THE SCENE WITH A NEW FOOTBALL FOR THE KIDS:

ORCHESTRA OUT:

SOUND: MOTOR SOUND IN ... BRING WAY UP AND OUT WITH BRAKES

SCREECH

FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed.

SOUND: HORN:

MOL: Here's yer new football, children.

FIB: Yep. Here ye are, kids. Best one I could find.
Catch!

JIMMY: Gee that's a swell football, Mr. Thanks.

KATH: Thank you, Mister McGee.

FIB: Shucks don't mention it, kids. I'd hate to have all my old college mates back at Tickapooka Tech think I was the kind of a feller that wouldn't make good after bustin' yer football.

KATH: Were you a three letter man, Mr. McGee?

MOL: Sure he was. He got three letters askin' him to git off the team.

FIB: She's jest kiddin' kids. AHM. Sure I was a three letter man. I was a football man, a crew man and a track man.

MOL: Fer the Santa Fe.

FIB: Fer the Sa...AHM.

JIMMY: Were you ALL AMERICAN?

FIB: Eh?

JIMMY: Were you All American?

FIB: Well, pretty near. O' course grandmaw was half ~~Scottish~~ *Scottish*,
~~German~~ *Irish*

Irish, and the other half Dalrymple

MOL: McGee I don't believe you ever went to college.

FIB: Oh is that so.

MOL: Yes, I always heard you was thrown out of the fourth grade.

FIB: Outta the fourth grade? What for?

MOL: Because you'd always come to school without shavin'. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Taint funny, Molly. AHEM. Well..ain't you kids gonna play with the new football?

JIMMY: Sure. Come on, Sis.

KATH: Well maybe Mr. McGee wants to play, too.

FIB: Who me? You betcha I'd like to play, sis. Come on, Molly. Get out and watch me show these kids the fine pints o' the game.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh now. McGee. Act yer age. You don't want to be rollin' all over a vacant lot, with yer good clothes on

FIB: Aw shucks, ^{it} they won't ^{bury my clothes nice} get hurt none. Come on kids. What do ye want me to show ye first? How to block? How to ^{block} tackle er forward pass?

JIMMY: Can you drop kick, Mister.

FIB: Can I ~~drop~~ ^{drop} kick! (LAUGHS) Say Spike, when I was goin' to Tickapooka ~~they~~ they insured my left foot fer 500,000 ~~dollars~~.

MOL: I thought ye kicked with your right foot, McGee.

FIB: I do. But they figgered the right foot was no good unless ye had yer left foot to stand on whilst you was kickin'. AHEM. How do ye want me to ~~drop~~ kick it, Kids? Outcurve, spiral, left hook or ~~end-over-end?~~ ^{spit ball}

KATH: Spiral.

FIB: You betcha. Spiral. Now look. Ye hold the ball like this, see?

KATH & JIMMY: Uh huh.

FIB: Then ye kinda estimate the wind, balance yerself...take two steps forward like this, slow and deliberate, drop the ball over the right toe...and KICK. (GRUNT)

KATH: Oh you missed it.

MOL: (LAUGHS) ^{you'd hold the ball (er) to the feet and} McGee, you couldn't kick a hole in a tissue-paper ~~hoop~~.

FIB: AHEM. Hand 'er here again, Spike.

JIMMY: Okay. Here.

FIB: Thanks. Not git ready to chase it, you kids. I fergot to allow fer not havin' heavy shin guards on before ~~HAVE~~ Ready?

KATH & JIMMY: Kick it!

FIB: Okay. Stand behind me there Molly. One...two... THREE.

SOUND: ~~TWO BUMPS (DIFFERENT SOUNDS)~~

MOL: Ouch! McGee, you needn't knock my hat off with it.

JIMMY: Gee you ain't so hot, Mr. McGee. It went right over your shoulder

FIB: ^{that's what I was aimin' to do} I know. I meant it to. AHEM. Ye see, son, we used the over-the-shoulder kick to fool the opposin' team. AHEM. Sorry Molly. ^{you got in the}

MOL: Oh don't mention it, McGee. Would ye like to try yer spikes out on me ankles?

FIB: Don't git sourcatsic, Molly. AHEM. Now look kids. The reason a football is pointed at both ends like it is, is so's it'll cut thru the wind ye see? So ye gotta kick it so's it go₂ endways and not sideways. Like this. Now watch. One..two..three..

SOUNDS: THUMP . GLASS CRASH!

MOL: McGee. can't you be careful? Now look what you did?
Ernie Kiebaer - Hub. Sis?
Right thru the headlight on our car!

FIB: Aw shucks. I..er..oh well...ye see...well a new football like this here is li'ble to be a mite slippery at first. AHEM.

KATH: Do you always kick 'em sideways like that, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Wel-l..er..yes..and no. I do and I don't. It all depends. AHEM. With real football shoes on, I could show ye better. Mebbe we better give up the kickin' fer a while and take up somethin' else.

MOL: Sure, take up a collection to pay for our headlight (LAUGHS)

FIB: *Shucks*
Go on, Molly..it was cracked anyway. Now come on, kids. I'll show ye how I used to ~~leave thru the line~~ when I was playin' half fer old Tickapooka.

MOL: *Ernie Kiebaer - Hub. Sis?*
Half fer Tickapooka and half fer who else?

FIB: ~~Halfback, Molly. AHEM. Now look...you kids stand there and watch how the Tickapooka Tornado used to flash thru that line.~~

KATH: Why are you wiggling your hips like that?

FIB: Jest limberin' up, sis. AHEM. Now watch.

SOUNDS: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS (FADE OUT AND IN AGAIN)

FIB: *He runs like a duck*
There? Ye see? (PANTS) Shucks I was the..fastest..runn into the...intercollegiate..association..when..

JIMMY: ~~See you're~~ Kinda out of breath, aren't you?

FIB: That's...because I got a..slight cold. (COUGHS)
Ye see?

KATH: Can you tackle, ^{Too}Mr. McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Tackle? You betcha. They wasn't a man livin' that could get past ~~McGee~~ ^{Too} *Tackle* ^{the turn to Tackle} McGee, sis. I'd tackle ye two both at once except I'm too heavy fer ye. Might hurt ye.

JIMMY: Let us tackle you, then.

FIB: YOU..tackle ME? (LAUGHS) Okay (LAUGHS) Watch this, Mol. This is gonna be cute.

MOL: McGee, don't you go bein' rough with them children now

FIB: Shucks, I won't hurt 'em none, Molly (LAUGHS) All right now, kids, I'll take the ball under my arm like this.

Spike..you stand over there. Sis, you stay where ye a

Now when I says three, git ready to tackle me. I'll sh

ye how I used to ^{smash that} wiggle thru the line. Ready?

JIMMY: Ready.

KATH: Ready.

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Be careful of 'em, now, McGee.

FIB: Shucks, I ain't gonna hurt 'em, Molly. ONE..TWO..THREE

FIB: Don't git sourcatsic, Molly. ~~AHEM.~~ Now look kids. The reason a football is pointed at both ends like it is, is so's it'll cut thru the wind ye see? So ye gotta kick it so's it go_{es} endways and not sideways. Like this.

~~Now watch. One..two..three..~~

SOUNDS: THUMP - GLASS CRASH!

MOL: McGee.. can't you be careful? Now look what you did? *True killer - huh. Sis?*
Right thru the headlight on our car!

FIB: Aw shucks. I..er..oh well.. ye see.. well a new football like this here is li'ble to be a mite slippery at first.

AHEM.

KATH: Do you always kick 'em sideways like that, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Wel-l..er..yes..and no. I do and I don't. It all depends.

AHEM. With real football shoes on I could show ye better

Mebbe we better give up the kickin' fer a while and take up somethin' else.

MOL: Sure, take up a collection to pay fer our headlight (LAUGHS) *Sids*

FIB: ~~Go on, Molly..it was cracked anyway. Now come on, kids~~ *Shucks*
I'll show ye how I used to weave thru the line when I was

playin' half fer old Tickapooka.

MOL: ~~Half fer Tickapooka and half fer who else?~~ *Swapped with me. Got to the last draft.*

FIB: ~~Halfback, Molly. AHEM. Now look.. you kids stand there~~
and watch how the Tickapooka Tornado used to flash thru that line.

KATH: Why are you wiggling your hips like that?

FIB: Jest limberin' up, sis. AHEM. Now watch.

SOUNDS: ~~RUNNING FOOTSTEPS (FADE OUT AND IN AGAIN)~~

FIB: ~~There? Ye see? (PANTS) Shucks I was the..fastest..runner~~ *He runs like a duck*
into the..intercollegiate..association..when..

JIMMY: ~~See you're~~ Kinda out of breath, aren't you?

FIB: That'a...because I got a..slight cold. (COUGHS)
Ye see?

KATH: Can you tackle, Mr. McGee? *Too*

FIB: (LAUGHS) Tackle? You betcha. They wasn't a man livin' that could get past ~~McGee~~ *Tough tackle better do Tickapooka* McGee, sis I'd tackle you. two both at once except I'm too heavy fer ye. Might hurt ye.

JIMMY: Let us tackle you, then.

FIB: YOU..tackle ME? (LAUGHS) Okay. (LAUGHS) Watch this, Molly. This is gonna be cute.

MOL: McGee, don't you go bein' rough with them children now

FIB: Shucks, I won't hurt 'em none, Molly (LAUGHS) All right now, kids, I'll take the ball under my arm like this. Spike..you stand over there. Sis, you stay where ye are. Now when I says three, git ready to tackle me. I'll show ye how I used to ~~wiggle thru the line~~ *smash that* Ready?

JIMMY: Ready.

KATH: Ready.

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Be careful of 'em, now, McGee.

FIB: Shucks, I ain't gonna hurt 'em, Molly, ONE..TWO..THREE! Go

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

JIMMY: Grab him sis!

KATH: I got him!

SOUND: CRASHING THUD

MOL: (LAUGHS) What a football player, McGee. Thrown fer a loss by two children. Get up and try it again, McGee.
(PAUSE) MCGEE. Get up. MCGEE! GET UP WITH YE...DON'T LAY THERE ON THE DAMP GROU- ... Ohhhhh fer heavens sake... the man is knocked out...(DOOR SLAM) Come on children... help me lift him up so's ... he can ...

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "PICCOLINO" MERRYMEN

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men and the Johnson Merry-men giving us The Piccolina, from the Picture, TOP-HAT. A bright and new tune. but no brighter and newer than your floors and linoleum will look after you have gone over them with Johnson's Glo-Coat. No matter how dull and dingy your floors look now, Glo-Coat will give them a beautiful polish almost as quickly as it ^{can} ~~takes~~ to tell about it. You don't have to do any rubbing or buffing when you use this remarkable liquid polish. Glo-Coat dries in 30 minutes and shines as it dries, giving you a sparkling, clean floor, in place of a faded, soiled surface. It took years of research in Johnson's Wax laboratories to perfect this fine "no-rubbing" floor polish. Be sure you see the name JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on the yellow can -- and remember it's very economical to buy Glo-Coat in the larger size cans.

There's a saving of almost 1/3 when you buy Glo-Coat in the larger size can

ORCHESTRA: THEME

So, be back with us at this same time next Monday night, when Fibber is going to show one of the neighborhood girls how to ride the bicycle and -

FIB: I jest wanted to ask ye, Harpo...which'd ye rather do? Ride one o' them polo ponies o' yours or a bicycle with a good lookin' gal onto the handbars?

WIL: Why I think I'd rather ride the horse.

FIB: Okay. I'll make all the arrangements fer next Monday then.

WIL: Arrangements?

FIB: Yep. BOOTS and saddles fer you. TOOTS and saddles fer me. Why I

MOL: McGee! Quit buttin' into the announcements.

FIB: Okay Okay. I was jest tryin' to show old Pony Express Wilcox here...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, it seems that next Monday evening at this same hour is the bycycological time to meet Fibber and Molly again. Until then, remember. Just as the best housekeepers use Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Glo-Coat to keep their houses clean and shining -- so the most particular car owners keep their cars sparkling with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner.

This is Glo-Coat Wilcox, your spick-and-span-spokesman, speaking. GOODNIGHT.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO CLOSE

APPLAUSE:

no:er:fb:10:0 AM
9-27-35

NBC

ADVERTISER S C JOHNSON & SON INC

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY #26

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WIS
(7:00 _{TIME} 7:30 PM) (OCTOBER 7, 1935) (MONDAY)
DATE DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

1st

Quinn

See to make of the best

Page 2

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Let's talk about floors for half a minute. Do your floors look as bright and shining as you'd like to have them? Then let me suggest you order some Johnson's Glo-Coat and watch the amazing transformation. Johnson's Glo-Coat makes floors sparkle and gleam without a bit of rubbing or buffing. Look for Johnson's Glo-Coat in the attractive yellow can.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (PAGE 9)

(CONTINUED) if you let Johnson's Glo-Coat give them a gleaming polish. The best part of it is you don't have to do any rubbing or buffing in order to have shining floors, once you learn the easy Glo-Coat method. This remarkable liquid polish shines as it dries without help from you. You merely spread Johnson's Glo-Coat lightly over the floor or linoleum let it dry for twenty minutes and you'll have a floor that shines like new -- a floor that's easy to keep clean, because dirt and dust can't stick to that beautiful Glo-Coat polish. ~~If you don't believe it, just listen to our little boy Martin etc.~~

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (PAGE 12)

*try that full house cleaning
time is here*

and now my sold is entitled "Save yourself a lot of work, and keep your floors shining with Johnson's Glo-Coat " This easy to use floor polish, that requires no rubbing or buffing, was perfected in the famous Johnson's Wax Laboratories after years of study to produce the finest polish of its kind that could possibly be made. Be sure you see the Johnson name on the attractive yellow can. And I'd like to remind you that it is very economical to buy Glo-Coat in the larger size cans. In fact you save as much as one-third on the price. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Glo-Coat, the liquid polish that quickly changes dull dingy floors into bright, gleaming surfaces, without any work of rubbing or buffing.

1s/10:55AM
10/8/35