

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY" (#30)

OK

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

(NOVEMBER 4, 1955)

(MONDAY)

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Review attached

Page 2.

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

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APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: Here are some diverting domestic doings at 79 Wistful Vista; Fibber has taken it upon himself to paper the dining room while Molly surveys his preparations with a skeptical eye.

ORCHESTRA: OUT ---

MOL: McGee...fer the last time, will ye give up the idea?

FIB: What idea's that, Molly?

MOL: Of paperin' yourself.

FIB: I ain't paperin' myself. I'm paperin' the walls, so -

MOL: OF PAPERIN' THE WALLS YERSELF...and ye don't know the first thing about it, now.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly. It don't take no master mind to slap some paste onto some paper and stick it on the wall. Shucks, wasn't I the leadin' label licker at the Loppawalla Licorice Laboratories?

MOL: And what has that to do with paperin' a wall?

JIM: Jest a matter o' size, is ahl. Ye gotta adjust yerself to conditions, Molly or ye don't git along into the world.

AHEM.

MOL: Tis a fine time I'm gonna have adjustin' myself to that purple poppy wall-paper you picked out, McGee. Tis enough to give me the spasmodic horrors!

-4 See regular pages 7, 8, etc

miles a hour till the wind took 'em. Better unroll a couple more rolls, Molly.

MOL: Sure. You go fly your kite, McGee.

FIB: Well sir, UP she went, till the whole cable was unwound and the kite was out o' sight above the clouds. Jest fer fun, I writ me a message onto a slip o' paper, stuck it in a envelope, slapped a three-cent stamp on 'er, and sent it up the cable.

BOY: What kinda message, boss?

FIB: I wrote on the paper, HOW'S EVERYTHING UP THERE, I says. But say, when I seen the envelope when it come slidin' down the cable, why you coulda alev me with a sliver.

MOL: What was it?

FIB: It was my own envelope. . .

MOL: I thought so!

FIB: And it had gone so far it come back marked, 3 CENTS EXTRA POSTAGE DUE! Easy on the water in that paste, Silly. We don't want this too thin.

MOL: Sounds pretty thin to me already.

FIB: Ahem. Then all of a sudden, they come a big gust o' wind, and snapped the cable off the drum on the truck. I reached up like lightnin' and grabbed the end of the cable -- not thinkin' -- and next thing I knew, there I was a mile in the air, hangin' with one hand to the cable.

BOY: Right hand or left hand, boss?

FIB: The left -- dad rat it! What difference does it make.

BOY: It'd make a lot o' difference to me, on account I could never reach mah left hip pocket wif mah right hand.

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BOY: Right hand or left hand, boss?

FIB: The left -- dad rat it! What difference does it make.

BOY: It'd make a lot o' difference to me, on account I could never reach mah left hip pocket wif mah right hand.

MOL: And why would ye want to?

BOY: That's where at I keeps mah rabbit's foot.

FIB: Shucks, a rabbit's foot wouldn't a held enough luck fer me in my perdicament. A elephant's foot wouldn't been none too big. Well sir, there I dangled, getting weaker 'n weaker, and every second getting futher and futher from the ground.

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee. How could a kite stay up with no pull on the cord to anchor it?

FIB: Molly, that's jest what I asked myself -- how could it?

BOY: What happened then, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Well sir, I was jest about to drop off when I get's me an idea.

MOL: And about time too. You was at the end of your rope.

FIB: Well sir, I started goin' hand over hand up the clothesline.

BOY: Ah thought you says it was a steel cable, boss.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. A hen. Well it was, fer half its length -- then it was clothesline the rest o' the way. That way we always got resiliency.

BOY: WHA?

FIB: I SAYS, THAT WAY WE ALWAYS GOT RESILIENCY.

BOY: Resil -- er -- yessuh. I should say so!

FIB: Yes. A hen. Well sir, up I went for miles. Then I seen the kite -- jest a little spee -- away off in the distance. I kept on goin', strainin' every muscle, until about five hours later, I got to the kite, and pulled myself up on the crossbar for a breathing spell.

BOY: Mah goodness, Mist' McGee, Ah'm plumb tuckered out jest listenin' to it.

FIB: Then for the first time I looked down. A t first I couldn't see anything but clouds -- but at last I seen the earth swingin' and swayin' down below,

lookin' no bigger than a Eytalian meatball!

BOY: Say boss, didn't you have no parachute or nuthin.

FIB: No sir, son. I didn't -- and even if I had it wouldn't a done me any good.

MOL: Why not, McGee?

FIB: Why, just lookin' at the size of the earth down there, I knew that if I ever jumped, nine chances out of ten I'd miss landing on it.

BOY: You sho got me up in the air, Mist' McGee. Not happened then?

FIB: Well sir, if it hadn't of been fer the quick thinkin' which all us McGees has been noted for down through history, I mighta still been floatin' around way up there in the air. I seen what kind of a fix I'd got myself into on account of this kite company job!

BOY: So what did yo' all do, boss?

FIB: I RESIGNED!

FIB: Shucks, Molly, you jest saw the sample in the book. Twasn't enough to give ye the idea. You wait till ye see it all over the walls here. You got no idea how it's gonna brighten up this here dinin' room.

MOL: Well, I'll just have to learn to eat with me eyes closed. You'll -

DOORBELL RING. REPEAT. (OR KNOCKING AT DOOR)

FIB: Let him in, will ye Molly? Must be that boy I hired to gimme a hand. Let's see now...scissors...ladder...table...paper...brush... buckets fer ... oh hello there, boy.

MOL: (FADE IN) Just put your coat in the hall there. That's it and what's your name now?

FIB: Considerable Watson's brother, aint ye, bud?

COLORED BOY: Yessuh. Mah name is Silly.

FIB: Shucks, what do we care? Tell us anyway.

BOY: No suh ... I mean my NAME is Silly.

MOL: Well don't feel too bad about it, me boy.

BOY: No ma'am. I mean my name is Silly fo' sho't on account o' mah name bein' Silvius.

MOL: Ohhhhhh.

FIB: That's right, Molly. Considerable told us about this boy. Foolish.

BOY: No suh. Not foolish. SILLY.

FIB: Oh well. AHM. You know anything about paperin', Silly?

BOY: Paperin'?

MOL: Paperin'. Paperin' the walls, like.

BOY: No suh.

MOL: Fine! We all start even.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, this aint gonna be authin'. Jest a case o' matchin' up the edges and slappin' er onto the walls. How do ye like the pattern, Silly?

PAUSE:

MOL: He says how do ye like the design on the paper, Silly?

BOY: Yas'm. I head 'm. I was jest tryin' to think o' how to answer in a nice way is all, ma'am. Ye see -

FIB: AHM. Never mind, son. Artistic tastes differ. Now you help me mix up this here flower paste. Hey, Molly. Unroll a couple o' them rolls o' wall paper and spread 'em out, will ye?

MOL: Face down?

FIB: Yep.

MOL: Thank heaven!

SOUNDS: CLANK OF BUCKET. RUSTLE OF PAPER

BOY: Shall O Po' this heah water right in theah, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Yep. You pour it in and I'll stir it up. Easy now... easy ... shucks, this here's the first time I mixed paste sence I was buildin' kites fer old Carson Kipper.

MOL: Who, McGee?

FIB: Carson Kipper. Had him a kite factory in Cassopolis. The Carson Kipper Cord Control Kite Company, of Cassopolis. Ever hear of it?

MOL: No. Did you?

FIB: No. I mean why shucks, o' course I did. I was construction manager fer old Carson Kipper. We built kites from little eight inch novelties to three hundred foot box kites. Ye see we had us the factory at Cassopolis on account of they's always a strong nor nor east wind always blowin' there. The factory was next door to the Halloway Hog Farms.

MOL: I suppose THEY always had a Sow sow west wind.

BOY: Yo'all mean o' made kites to SELL, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Yep. Commercial kites and Army kites. Army used 'em for signallin' purposes. Shucks, we developed kites that would carry a army mule fer two mile. I'll never fergit the time our model 845 J-K - 32 B run away with me. I ever tell ye bout that, Molly?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: AHEM. Well I imagine Silly, here wants to hear about it, don't ye sill?

BOY: You-all is payin' for my time, boss.

FIB: Yes. I thought you'd want to hear it. Little more flour in that mixture, Silly.

BOY: Yassah.

FIB: Well sir, it was like this. Back in 1907 ... er... no ... 1908 it was. No, 1908. What's today?

MOL: Monday.

FIB: Then it was 1907. HEM. Ye see, I'd jest finished my new model kite. A ninety two footer, twas. Model 845 J.K 33 B.

BOY: 32-B you says befo', Mist' McGee.

FIB: Eh? Oh ... yeas. AHEM. But in the tests we had to add a foot o' tail to it, which changed the model number.

AHEM. All them things count into kite construction. Well sir, this day I put this here big kite onto a truck and started out to the kiteflyin' field. (Better unroll a couple more rolls, Molly)

MOL: Sure. You go fly your kite, McGee.

FIB: Okay. AHEM. Well sir, this here kite was so strong, I used wire cable onto it instead o' string, and the way we flew 'em was to dangle 'em off the back o' the truck at eighty-five mile a hour till the wind took 'em. Well sir, UP she went till the whole seven mile o' cable was unwound and the kite was out o' sight above the clouds. Jest fer fun I writ me a message onto a slip o' paper and sent it up the cable.

BOY: A message?

FIB: Yep. I writ a message that says, HOW'S EVERYTHING UP THERE, KITEY-WITEY? And say when I seen a answer come slidin' right back down the cable why you could o' slew me with a sliver. I never did know where that message come from. But that ain't what I started out to tell ye.

MOL: Oh then you DO remember?

FIB: Why shucks... o' course I do. I was gonna tell ye that -
 (EASY ON THE WATER THERE, SILLY... WE DON'T WANT THE PASTE
 TOO THIN.) AHEM. All of a sudden they come a big gusty
 wind and snapped the cable of the drum on the truck. I
 reached out like lightnin' and grabbed the end of it
 not thinkin'... and next thing I knew there I was a mile
 in the air, hangin' with one hand with that there kite cable
 BOY: Right hand o' left hand, boss?
 FIB: The Lef - dat rat it what difference does it make?
 BOY: It'd make a lot to me. On account of I nevah could reach
 mah left hip pocket wif my right hand
 MOL: And why would ye want to?
 BOY: That's wherah at I keeps my luck, ma'am. Look
 MOL: Ohh a rabbits foot.
 BOY: Yas'm
 FIB: Shucks, a rabbits foot wouldn't aheld enough luck fer me
 in MY pernickament. A elephants foot wouldn't been none
 too big. Well sir, there I dangled, gittin' weaker 'n
 weaker and gittin' father and father from the ground
 MOL: And the facts.
 FIB: Yes... er... NO. AHEM. Well sir, I was jest about ready
 to drop off the danglin' cable when I gits me a idea
 MOL: And about time too. You was at the end of your rope.
 FIB: Well sir, I started goin' up the cable, hand over hand.
 MOL: Why didn't ye tie it around yer waist and ROLL yerself up
 in it, McGee?

FIB: I thought o' that, Molly, but to do that I'd have to look
 at the ground on every roll and that's dangerous.
 Hand over hand, I could keep lookin' up all the time
 AHEM. Well fer mile after mile I went up that there
 clothesline -
 BOY: Ah thought yo'all says it was a steel cable, boss?
 FIB: Eh? Oh yes. AHEM. Well it was, for half its length.
 Then it was clothesline the rest o' the way. That way
 we always got resiliency.
 BOY: Wah?
 FIB: I says, that way we always got resiliency.
 BOY: Resil - er... yessuh. I should say SO!
 FIB: Yes. AHEM. Well sir, up I went fer miles till I got
 to the kite, finished windin' the cable around my arm and
 grabbed the crosspieces on the kite fer a breathin' spell
 MOL: Wait a minite, McGee. how could a kite stay up with no
 pull on the cord to anchor it?
 FIB: Molly, that's jest what I asked myself! How COULD it?
 Little more flour in there Silly, and we're about ready
 AHEM
 BOY: Well how did yo' git down from that ol' kite, Mist' McGee?
 FIB: What say, boy?
 BOY: Ah say, how'd yo' all git down from that ol' kite?
 FIB: Oh I jest held onto the kite till I spliced the cable to
 three times it's length, let 'er uncoil and slid down to
 earth. AHEM. Come on, let's git to paperin'!

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "ISN'T IT A LOVELY DAY"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men playing, ISN'T IT A LOVELY DAY,
TO BE CAUGHT IN THE RAIN. AND THE ANSWER IS, no matter
how gloomy it is overhead, you can always have it shiny
and bright underfoot! Just get a can of glo-coat at your
nearest

FIB: AHEM!

WIL: Well, Fibber?

FIB: If you'll excuse me a mite, Harpo, I'll -

WIL: HARLOW! You must have me confused with Harpo Marx.

FIB: You maybe be confused, son, but it ain't my fault. But
I'm glad you finally caught on

WIL: Caught on to what?

FIB: That other Harpo never says nuthin'. AHEM. Say, Harpo.
I understand The Johnson Wax Company is helpin' the
government organize a bureau fer preservatin' floors

WIL: Oh is that so. Something like the HOLC?

FIB: Nope this is the NRRNB

WIL: NRRNB. N.R.N.B. I see. National Recovery of Natural
Brightness.

FIB: Nope. No Rubbing, No Buffing. But I always says -

MOL: MC GEE!

FIB: And that's what SHE always says. AHEM. Oh well

(FADE OUT) It was jest a idea that

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well if you want to make an application to the
N R N B, here's how. Just apply a little glocoat to the
long handled applicer etc.etc... (INTO COMMERCIAL)

(COMMERCIAL)

If you want to make an application to the U.R.N.B. for
less work, and better looking floors in your house, here's all you have
to do. Order a can of JOHNSON'S GLO COAT from your nearest dealer.
This amazing new kind of liquid floor polish, perfected in the famous
Johnson's Wax Laboratories, gives your floors and linoleum a beautiful
gleaming surface, and you don't have to do one bit of rubbing or buffing.
Just spread a little Glo-Coat lightly over the floor. Go away and let
it dry for 20 minutes - come back to find your floors shining like new,
protected from scuffing and wear. Dirt can't stick to the beautiful,
gleaming polish. Soiled spots are easily wiped away. Glo-Coat makes
floors so much easier to care for. It actually saves you hours of work
over a period of time. Be sure you see the name Johnson's GLO COAT
on the attractive yellow can.

WIL: Now that we've told you how to have bright shining floors for a song, here's the song MISS KAY DONNA, our itsy-bitey blonde balladiste gives us "CONFESS!"

ORCHESTRA: & KAY DONNA "CONFESS"

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: BACK NOW TO THE DINING ROOM OF THE MC GEE HOME... AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA... WHERE FIBBER MC GEE AND SILLY WATSON ARE STRUGGLING MANFULLY WITH THE WALLPAPERING AS MOLLY LOOKS IN OCCASIONALLY TO CHECK RESULTS.

ORCHESTRA: OUT

FIB: You stir that there paste up good, like I told ye, Silly?

BOY: Yassuh. Why?

FIB: Oh I dunno. Seems kinda lumpy under the paper is all

AHEM. Hey, Silly

BOY: Yassuh?

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Does that there strip we got on upside down look noticeable?

BOY: Yassuh

FIB: Aw shucks, it don't nuther. I don't think nobody'd ever think twice about it... even if they.

MOL: MC GEE!

FIB: AHEM. Except mebbe Molly. Smatter, Molly?

MOL: McGee, it looks terrible. Fer heaven's sakes ye haven't even matched the edges, now. Look at it over there

FIB: Where?

WIL: Now that we've told you how to have bright shining floors for a song, here's the song MISS KAY DONNA, our itsy-bitey blonde balladiste gives us "CONFESS!"

ORCHESTRA: & KAY DONNA "CONFESS"

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FIB: Where?

MOL: Right there Why the poppies is cut right in two.
 FIB: Shucks, what's it matter? Poppies is cut flowers ain't they?
 And -
 MOL: And look at me furniture. All splashed up with paste.
 A fine paperhanger you are
 FIB: I told ye about splashin' that paste, Silly
 BOY: Yessuh. You says never mind - it washes off easy, you says
 MOL: Oh McGee says that did he? McGee ... look at yourself.
 There's paste in yer ears and yer hair and -
 FIB: Go on with ye, Molly. Whatcha expect me to do ... put on
 a divers suit or somethin'? (ASIDE) Ready fer another
 strip there, Silly.
 BOY: Yassuh...comin' up You'all got that side?
 FIB: Yep. Easy now ...slide er over a mite .
 MOL: Up a little, McGee. Down on your side, Silly.
 BOY: Yas'm.
 MOL: No. That's too much. Up a little NOT YOU McGee
 FIB: How's this?
 MOL: Don't look at me. look at what yer doin'? Now then ..
 over to the left a little NO NO ... THE LEFT, IGGERNUTS..
 FIB: Here?
 MOL: Sure. That's fine. Stick it right there
 SOUND: SLAP OF BRUSH
 MOL: Well now that's ONE piece ye got on right. If you'd only -
 SOUND: CRACKLE OF PAPER

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MOL: Fer heaven's sakes can't ye even make it stay on the wall?
 FIB: Kin ye beat that? Fergot to put no paste on it. Gimme the brush, Silly.
 BOY: Yassuh. Heah.
 FIB: Okay. How do ye like the room so far, Molly? Gonna look pretty snappy ain't it?
 MOL: I hope ye git it done by Thanksgivin', McGee. We've got company comin' fer dinner ye know. And goodness knows it's not far away. Let's see now... Thanksgivin' comes on a Thursday ... the last Thure- WHAT DATE DOES THANKSGIVIN' COME ON, McGee?
 FIB: Twenty fifth o' December ... er ... NO ... that's Christmas. Chucks, I dunno, this year, Molly. You know, Silly?
 BOY: Wah?
 MOL: Do ye know what date Thanksgivin' come on this year?
 BOY: No ma'am. They gonna have one this yeah again?
 MOL: Don't be foolish, Silly. Or vicey versey. Well, I'll have to look at me calendar. Where is it, McGee.
 FIB: Eh? Where's what?
 MOL: Me calendar. ME CALENDAR. What did ye do with it?
 FIB: Who, me? Shucks, I ain't seen it. Have you, Silly?
 BOY: Uh huh.
 MOL & FIB: Where?
 BOY: Oveh theah. On the wall.

(PAUSE)

MOL: Well fer the ... so THAT'S what makes the paper so lumpy over there.
 FIB: Dad rat it, Silly, didn't I tell ye specially to take that there calendar down before we put the paper on?
 BOY: No suh.
 FIB: Well ... AHEM. I intended to.
 BOY: I just kinda figger'd you-all didn' wan' it no mosh, boss. It had Octobeh on it and Octobeh is all gone McGee... you'll have to tear the paper down, and put some more up. And be sure your coat isn't hangin' on th' wall before ye go on paperin'.
 FIB: Shucks, Molly ... accidents WILL happen
 MOL: Sure. But let somebody else have some accidents. You don't have to have 'em ALL.
 SOUND: PAPER TEARING...REPEAT AD LIB
 MOL: Ahhhh... there's me calendar. Thanksgiving's on the 26th
 FIB: How do ye know. The President ain't says so yet.
 MOL: Sure and its always the last Thursday in November, Silly.
 BOY: Ma'am?
 MOL: I'm talkin' to this other silly. The last Thursday in November.
 BOY: Me too, ma'am.
 FIB: You too, what, bud?
 BOY: Ah gets real thirsty toward the last of Novembeh
 MOL: MC GEE.
 FIB: Eh?

MOL: What are ye gonna do about that bare place up there on the wall?

FIB: Where? Up there? Well ye see, Molly, Silly here musta cut that strip too short and it -

BOY: No suh. YOU cut that piece yo'se'f, Mistuh McGee

FIB: AHEM. Well anyway, it's about eight inches too short to hit the molding, Molly.

MOL: Well?

FIB: Well what?

MOL: Well what are ye gonna do about it?

FIB: Oh I gunno. Match it up, I suppose. Easy to cut a piece off to fit. Or we might hang a pitcher over it. Don't worry about it, Molly. Ready with the next strip, there, Silly?

BOY: Yeassuh.

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Ye see, Molly? Now watch how slick this here piece goes on. First I match up the bottom edge. quick but careful, run the brush up the port side there. now then. the right side. how do ye like that, Molly?

MOL: Fine. but is it necessary fer you to stick your thumb thru the paper?

FIB: WHERE?

MOL: Right there.

FIB: Oh. There. AHEM. Shucks, that won't show none. Move the paste pail over closer, Silly.

BOY: Yassuh.

FIB: Shucks, I think we're comin' along all right. Ye know, I used to have me my own little paperhangin' business, son.

BOY: Issat so?

FIB: Yep. Down in Paducah, Kentucky in 1921, twas. Or was it twenty two? No 21 is right. Or mebbe twenty three, anyway, I had me the best paperhangin' business in town. Did some real delicate work, too. Pastel McGee, they called me Pastel McGee, Plasterin', Paintin' & Paperhangin' fer Peticular Paducah People. I always McGee. take yer elbow out of the paste pail!

MOL: Oh. oh yes. AHEM. Thanks. Ready there, Silly?

BOY: Yessuh. Yo'all wan' me to git on the chain, or yo-all?

FIB: I stay down here and hold 'er steady fer ye. Where ye goin', Molly?

MOL: I've got me work to do, McGee. (FADE OUT) And for goodness sakes try to get the paper on right. It'll look bad enough then.

FIB: Okay there now, Silly... watch yourself. hold it a might higher.

BOY: Yessuh. Bettah get out the way o' that paste bucket, Mist' McGee.

FIB: I'm watchin' it. Now git your top edge even with the moldin' there boy... that's it. up a little more. Now hold it. whilst I git the bottom of it.

SOUND: CRASH. CLANK OF PAIL. TEARING PAPER

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted shucks now look at that carpet.

BOY: Mmmmm-MMM' AIN' THAT A MESS, tho'...

MOL: (OFF MIKE) FER GOODNESS SAKE WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THERE?

FIB: Tell her, Silly... Quick ... think o' somethin'...

BOY: (CALLS) OH NUTHIN' MUCH MA'AM. Mist' McGee... HE DONE KICKED THE BUCKET IS ALL!

MOL: (SCREAM. OFF MIKE)

CHASER: ORCHESTRA

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "GOT A BRAND NEW SUIT". DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: MARCELLI AND HIS MEN PLAY, "GOTTA BRAND NEW SUIT" WITH THE EXTRA PAIR OF TROUSERS BEING WORN BY SERGE LA VEER AT THE PIANO. GET BLUE, SERGE!

ORCHESTRA: "GOTTA BRAND NEW SUIT"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: THAT WAS MARCELLI AND HIS MEN PLAYING "GOTTA BRAND NEW SUIT" THE EXTRA PAIR OF TROUSERS WITH THE VOCAL PLEATS BEING BEAUTIFULLY FITTED TO CHARLES LA VEER AT THE PIANO! SO WE'LL HANG THAT MUSICAL NEW SUIT IN OUR CLOSET AND TELL YOU HOW TO GET A NEW COAT. A NEW AND GLEAMING COAT OF PROTECTIVE LUSTER THAT WILL KEEP YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM... ETC. ETC. ETC...

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

A lustre that will keep your floors and linoleum looking like new. NOW is the time to give your floors a Glo-Coat polish to keep them clean and sparkling and protect them from the dirt and slush that will be tracked into the house this winter. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT works like magic on dull, dingy floors. This remarkable liquid floor polish goes on the floors with practically no effort. You don't rub it in - you don't even have to bear down. In twenty minutes GLO-COAT dries to a beautiful lustre that keeps your floors clean for weeks at a time. It will save you a lot of drudgery through the winter months. It is very economical to buy GLO-COAT in the larger size can. Insist on JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, the finest no-rubbing floor polish that can possibly be made.

ORCHESTRA: THEME

WIL: NOW GLUE THOSE DIALS RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE UNTIL NEXT MONDAY NIGHT WHEN WE'LL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER HILARIOUS, HARMONIOUS HOWDY-DO. WE UNDERSTAND WE'LL MEET FIBBER IN THE GUISE OF SENSATIONAL MC GEE, THE CELEBRATED SHARPSHOOTIN' SERGEANT OF THE SCRAPPY 77TH. AND WE'LL HAVE A BANG UP TIME! SO -

FIB: AHEN!

WIL: Are you here again? What's on your mind?

FIB: Harpo, you don't take this here radio actin' serious do ye?

WIL: Why I certainly do ... why?

FIB: Well ye jest got to keep in mind, Harpo. It's JEST A

LOTTA MIKE-BELIEVE. Git, Harpo? I says --

HOL: TAINT FUNNY, MC GEE...Come back and set down.

FIB: Oh well...

WIL: ALL RIGHT...AND UNTIL WE MEET YOU MONDAY, REMEMBER

(TAG COMMERCIAL)

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

WIL: THIS IS HARLOW WILCOX, THE STRAIGHT MAN. (No Ribbing, No Buffing.) Goodnight.

THEME UP TO CLOSE

(" I GOTTA BRAND NEW SUIT" FROM FOREMAN AND CLARK.)

er: 2:45 PM
11-1-35

NBC

ADVERTISEE: C. JOHNSON & SON INC.

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY #31

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

NOVEMBER 11, 1935
DATE

WRITER

OK

Bob Burke
Joseph P. ...
Smith (*not back*)
(MONDAY DAY)
not back yet

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

RW

I'm a paule - mceady wad

That's all paule alone in Paule

opening -
Smith's like 7 men was telling to Harlow

Very ...
sharp ...