

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY #32

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS

(7:00-7:30 PM)

(NOVEMBER 18, 1935)

(MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

~~Marcelli~~

Harlow, Page 10
Change words to polishes

H.W.

add. description of Treasure Island

Ask Marcelli for music for Dec 2
"Tom for publicity story"

All set (over)

Page 2

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

WIL: Good evening everyone! The makers of Johnson's Wax let loose another lively load of laughter and lyrics with Rico Marcelli's Orchestra, Kay Donna, Hugh Studebaker, Katherine Hibben (?) and MARIAN AND JIM as those sapient citizens, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

WIL: MARCELLI AND HIS MEN BEGIN THE BROADCAST WITH "BEGIN THE BEGUINE"
- BEGUINE, YOU BEGINNERS!

ORCHESTRA: "BEGIN THE BEGUINE" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

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

ANNOUNCER: When you hear Marcelli's sparkling music just remember that you can have sparkling floors and linoleum without any work of rubbing or buffing. Just try Johnson's GLO-COAT, the easy-to-use liquid floor polish that shines as it dries.

WIL: ONCE AGAIN WE WEND OUR WAY TO WISTFUL VISTA, VIA THE WIRELESS, AND WE FIND FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY TALKING TO THEIR MORE OR LESS HANDY MAN, SILLY WATSON!

ORCHESTRA: OUT

FIB: Know anything about ^{boilers} boilers, Sil?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says, ye know anything about boilers? ^{Marcelli}

SIL: Oh, them. Wah we gotta do to'm?

FIB: Well sir, I dunno, Sil. AHEM. That's what we gotta find out. Now my theory is that they's somethin' obstructin' the draft pipe, which causes the combustion chamber to retard the instantaneous ignition o' the fuel. AHEM. In other words, the oxygen ain't formin' into conjunction with the nitrogen quick enough to cause a necessary rise into the temperature, the acceleratin' the frigidity o' the various rooms. Ye see?

SIL: Yassuh. (PAUSE) But wha you'all think is the matteh wif' de furnace boiler?

MOL: What, Silly?

SIL: I says what's the matteh wif at li'll ole furnace boiler?

FIB: It won't heat.

SIL: Oh.

MOL: There ye are. ~~In words of one syllable. IT WONT HEAT, and if we dont get that fire started again pretty soon I'll be toonumb to care.~~

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Beautiful but numb.

MOL: What was that, McGee?

FIB: (LAUGHS) I..er...AHEM. I says ~~me and~~ ^{Come,} Silly ~~here~~ ^{We} better go downstairs and git started. Come on Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

MOL: Fine. I'll go along with ye to see ye get started right.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, this here's gonna be a cinch. Turn on the light there Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. Wich one?

FIB: Left hand one. Shucks, you been here often enough to know that.

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: CLICK

SIL: Light don't go on down theah, boss.

MOL: Hah...o' course it didn't. Ye turned on the porch light. Tis the right hand one, iggernuts.

FIB: Ye hear that, Silly?

MOL: Do YOU hear it, Foolish? Twas you that told him the wrong one.

SOUND: CLICK CLICK.

SIL: Thea tis, ^{True de cat} boss. Is we goin' down?

FIB: Yep. Come on. ^{See you later} Comin' Molly?

MOL: ~~Sure.~~ Go ahead. ^{Later wotlem - I'm coming with you}

SOUND: (HOLLOW CLATTER OF FOOTSTEPS)

FIB: Ye see, Silly, this here job o' furnace repairin' is a job that calls fer judgment and experience. Taint no job for amateurs.

SIL: ~~Who's gonna help us?~~ ^{Yassie I think so}

FIB: ~~Whatcha mean, who's gonna help us? I don't need no help, except for the heavy liftin'.~~

SIL: Huh? Oh. Yassuh. Yassuh. You bet. You is right.
 FIB: Right about what?
 SIL: Whatevah you was sayin', Boss.
 MOL: You was asleep leanin' against the post there, Silly.
 SIL: Oh no. ma'am. I jes' close my eyes a lil' bit sos I could think bettah how fix this lil ole furnace, ma'am.
 FIB: I'll do the thinkin', Sil.
 MOL: (LAUGHS) You'll try anything once, wont ye, McGee?
 FIB: Yep. I..er..oh is that so. AHEM. Listen here now, Sil. I'll explain this here boiler to ye. Now this here gadget down here toward the base o' the boiler, Silly, is a cinder roller. Ye take the big clinkers and put 'em thru them rollers, an -
 MOL: McGee!
 FIB: Eh?
 MOL: Tis nothin' o' the kind. That's the winger off me washin' machine.
 FIB: Oh. AHEM. Well SOME furnaces has got equipment onto 'em like that. *Silly open up the furnace floor and you take a look inside* Now look, Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh.
 FIB: Take a look inside that door....I'll open 'er up so's ..(GRUNT) dad rat it... the thing's stuck tight so's....(UGH).
 SIL: I guess if yo'all raise up that lil' thing theah it'll open all right, Boss.

MOL: Sure. Raise the catch on it, McGee. Do ye expect it to open at the sound o' yer sweet voice?
 FIB: Aw shucks.
 (CLANK)
 FIB: There, ye see, Sil? Take a look inside there.
 SIL: (VERY FAINTLY) Yassuh....I'm lookin'.
 FIB: What do ye see?
 SIL: (FAINTLY) Nuthin'.
 FIB: Good. AHEM. Wha'd I tell ye Molly? They ain't nuthin wrong onto the inside of it. Maybe the fireclay is cracked off a mite, is all.
 MOL: The what?
 FIB: The fireclay. ALL boilers, Molly, is coated inside with a special kind of plaster. Kind of a clay that resists heat. AHEM. I used to be kind of a expert onto fireclay myself. Fireclay McGee they called me. FIRECLAY MCGEE, THE FINEST, FASTEST FURNACE FIXER FROM FRESNO TO FLORIDA.
 MOL: (GROAN)
 FIB: You wanta hear about it, Silly?
 MOL: *Sil* - *No sure* McGee....are you goin' to waste the day with yer *got to get some background to handle*
 FIB: *2* Now, Now. Molly Shucks, how kin Silly here, *approach* a delicate piece o' work like this here without understandin' the ins and outs? AHEM. Ye see, this here was way back in 1904. Or no....1905..it was..no, 1903..or WAS it five. Let's see... *they* had to shoot old ~~Harry~~ fer killin' the neighbor's sheep in 1902.....
Rover
Barlow

MOL: Oh the poor dog!

FIB: Whatcha mean, DOG? ^{Bruce} ^{read} Old Henry was my uncle. AHEM. Well it guess twas 1905 at that. I was jest mixin' up a batch o' my patented NON-CRACK FIREPROOF MCGEE FIRECLAY one day into a big bar'l, gittin' it to the right consistency -

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says, I was gittin' it to the right consistency.

SIL: Oh, Yassuh. You GOTTA do that allright!

FIB: Yes. Well sir, this here fireclay was ^{really} jest about right... ^{just about as thick as my cousin Michael McGehee's back} like a thin plaster...when all of a sudden a bunch o' tough kids come along, and when my back was turned, they started throwin' gobs o' this here fireclay plaster at me.

SAY, I says, kinda laughin', SAY DON'T PLAY WITH THE FIRECLAY!

MOL: ^{It was in} Never mind the pig latin' McGee. ^{Get on with it.}

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I finally thought they'd had enough fun so I started to chase 'em...but shucks...I COULDN'T MOVE A FOOT ^{an inch} That there plaster had dried on me so hard I was, jest powerless to move my feet and legs...and when they seen that...they jest luffed fit to bust and kept on peltin' me. GOB after GOB o' that there plaster hit me...SMACK...SPALASH... SMACK! ON THE FACE, TH SHOULDERS... THE ARMS... THE NECK... Till I was ^{at that day, plastered on me like meringue on a pie} completely covered up with that fast hardenin' clay. By ^{gaspin'} winkin' fast and breathin' real quick, I kep my nostrils and eyes from closin' up, but my mouth was sealed shut!

MOL: That must have been the hardest to bear, McGee.

FIB: ^{Beats - Shucks, there wasn't a bone upon me.} Yes. Oh is that... ^{well} AHEM. Well sir, ^{finally} after they'd used up all my special plaster ^{in me} that pack o' kids left....

MOL: The mud pack.

FIB: Yess....you listenin' to this, Silly?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says you gittin' the benefit o' this here talk?

SIL: Yassuh. If they's any benefit, ah'm gettin' it. Yassuh.

FIB: Good. Well sir, there I stood...POWERLESS TO MOVE A MUSCLE. That there plaster gittin' harder ^{a heckin' heat} harder all the time. That was on a Tuesday. On Saturday mornin' a feller come walkin' with his gal, and sees me. Hot dog, says he... look Babe, he says...whoever done THAT STATUE knew what they was doin'. You betcha says she...real enthusiastic. ^{He yep all right, but is it out. Cause its out, he says you can't tell what it means, can you.} Best sculpturin' I ever seen. ^{Well sir.} Finally a crowd grew...all complimentin' the feller that modeled that there perfect figure of a man. Then reporters come...and all over the world newspapers come out sayin' "FINEST STATUE EVER MODELED DISCOVERED IN BACK YARD OF BOILER PLANT. SCULPTOR UNKNOWN. MYSTERIOUS STATUE WORK OF UNKNOWN GENIUS." All stuff like that. And all I could do was stand there and watch...gittin' ^{Well sir, weaker & weaker my strength got, just standin' there & gettin' hungrier} weaker and hungrier all the time. Cheated outa my meals and sleep.

Get your heart

Sealed?

MOL: Statues ain't cheated, McGee. They're chiselled.

FIB: Well sir, finally they hauled me away to a art museum and put me onto a pedestal ^{along with the Venus de Milo} where I had to stand, day after daymillions o' people starin' at me.

SIL: Why didn' you-all wink at somebody, boss?

FIB: What say?

SIL: *Don* Why didn' yo-all wink at somebody? *How did she eyes of you at somebody*

FIB: *Ch* I did. Twice. First ti-- I caught ^{a man's} somebody's eye and winked, ~~they~~ jest says, by George, ain't that statue lifelike? Second time, ^{I winked at a gal - she} gal slapped my face and broke two fingers on her right hand. AHEM. Well sir, one day.... jest as my strength was leavin' me...I give one SCOOPREME effort, leaned forward...strainin' every muscle under the plaster...and CRASH onto the floor I fell....smashin' that fireclay coatin' off in a million pieces. I was saved! Twasn't no time till they had me in the hospital, nursin' me back to health.

SIL: Why didn't yo-all sue that museum, boss?

FIB: I did. But they threw the case outa court.

MOL: On what grounds, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, they claimed I wasn't a reliable witness. Said I'd been plastered fer two weeks (FADE) COME ON THERE SILLYwe got to git to work and fix this here furnace.

CHASER: *(Fire and Dandy down for ann)*

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "NO OTHER ONE" ~~(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)~~ --KAY DONNA

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well now that Fibber has vacated his pedestal, we have a REAL work of art to offer you. Our melodius model, MISS KAY DONNA...who sings...and sings LIKE - "NO OTHER ONE". FIRECLAY! I mean fire, Kay!

ORCHESTRA: "NO OTHER ONE" (UP TO AND FINISH) -- KAY DONNA

APPLAUSE: *Fire and Dandy*

WIL: Thank you, Kay. Friends, that was Kay Donna singing NO OTHER ONE. And it might well be the theme song for Johnson's Glo-Coat. For among ^{polishes} floor waxes, no other one can give you the lasting beauty and protection that Johnson's Glo Coat...

FIB: AHEM!

WIL: Oh are you in again, Fibber?

FIB: Whatcha mean, am I in again? Listen here, Harpo -

WIL: HARLOW is my given name.

FIB: Well, give it back. AHEM. You're a polo player, ain't ye, Harpo?

WIL: Why yes. How did you guess that?

FIB: Oh I noticed you was gittin' a little hoarse. But listen Harpo. I got a riddle for you. WHY IS THAT THERE STRATOSPHERE BALLOON LIKE A COAT O' JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT?

WIL: (LAUGHS) That's very good. I like that. Ladies and Gentlemen, -

FIB: Hey wait -- you ain't heard the answer.

WIL: Oh is there an answer? Say you ARE clever aren't you!

FIB: Maybe you didn't hear it. WHY IS THAT THERE STRATOSPHERE
BALCON LIKE A COAT O' JOHNSON'S GLO COAT? GIVE UP. WELL
SIR, THE WEAR AND TEAR OF 74,000 FEET DON'T MEAN NUTHIN'
(LAUGHS)

WIL: Very good. You must tell me the answer sometime. LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN -

FIB: Aw Shucks.

WIL: You know how I like to talk about Johnson's Glo-Coat, the
marvelous no-rubbing floor polish made by the makers of Johnson's Wax!
Well, it seem's I've been challenged by a young woman who says she knows
more about Glo Coat than I do - because she has been using it on her
own kitchen linoleum for several years. She's here in the studio tonight.
Won't you step over here Mrs. Wright -- you're at liberty to say
anything you please about Glo-Coat:

MRS. W: I'm delighted to, Mr. Wilcox. When I started housekeeping not
so many years ago I worked so hard trying to keep my kitchen linoleum
clean, it was pathetic. No matter how often I scrubbed it, the floor
was dirty looking most of the time. Then one day when I was feeling
particularly tired and discouraged a neighbor of mine dropped in and
told me about Johnson's Glo-Coat. I ordered some that very day -- and
I can't tell you what a difference it made in the looks of that
linoleum. It took only a few minutes to do the whole floor -- and it
was so easy to apply the GLO-COAT. It didn't seem like any work at all.
Twenty minutes after I had put Glo Coat on the floor it was perfectly dry
and the linoleum had a grand, bright polish.

MRS. W. CONTINUED

Now my floors stay clean and shining with practically no
effort on my part and I have more time to rest and enjoy life.
Believe me, I'm a real booster for Johnson's Glo Coat -- and any
woman who is tired of floor scrubbing should certainly try it. Oh,
I guess I forgot to mention that you don't have to do any rubbing or
buffing when you use Glo-Coat.

WIL: Thank you Mrs. Wright. ~~Say, if all the women who are~~
~~enthusiastic about Johnson's Glo-Coat could talk about it as well as~~
~~you can, I'd be out of a job.~~

WIL: WHICH BRINGS US TO "TREASURE ISLAND." AN OCEAN OF MELODY SURROUNDING A CHORAL CAY. CHORAL..C.H.O.R...OH WELL IT'S TREASURE ISLAND...~~WITH KAY DOWN SINGING THE CHORUS.~~

ORCHESTRA: "TREASURE ISLAND" -- (TO FINISH) ~~-----~~

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: Now if our engineer, Mr. Harold Stonewall Jackson, will switch us back to 79 Wistful Vista -

SOUND: SPARK GAP

WIL: Thank you! HERE ARE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY AND SILLY WATSON ALL READY TO GO ON WITH THEIR FURNACE FIXING DOWN IN THE MCGEE BASEMENT.

MOL: Well, McGee...ye won't accomplish anything by standin' there lookin' at it.

FIB: Aw now, Molly. I was jest figgerin out ^{my strategy for} the right way to ~~git at~~ this here problem. AHEM. No use rushin' in and gittin' it all balled up. . . let's see now...I suppose the best thing to do is examine the grates.

SIL: Say, boss wha' fo' is that li'll ole glass pipe with the wateh in it fo'?

FIB: Ye mean this here gadget here? Why..er..that there's a barometer, SIL.

SIL: A whatometer?

WIL: WHICH BRINGS US TO "TREASURE ISLAND." AN OCEAN OF MELODY SURROUNDING A CHORAL CAY. CHORAL..C.H.O.R...OH WELL IT'S TREASURE ISLAND...~~WITH KAY DOWN SINGING THE CHORUS.~~

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FIB: Ye mean this here gadget here? Why..er..that there's a barometer, SIL.

SIL: A whatometer?

FIB: BAROMETER. Ye see when the water in the tube gits down to this here mark..it means rain and colder. That means ye gotta build a hotter fire in the furnace. When the water shows up to here, it means fair and warmer. Then ye shut the drafts, bank the fire -

MOL: McGee..tis a lot of foolishness ~~yer talkin'.~~ Sure that's only a gauge to show how much water there is in the boiler

FIB: To show ho m...er..AHM (LAUGHS) Shucks, I knew that, Molly, I jest wanted to see if Silly here'd catch on. Say..ye know what we better do?

MOL: *My best idea better turn off some of yer hot air, + jest getting some from the furnace*
Sure. Get to work and be sensible.

SIL: Wah we bettah do, boss?

FIB: We better build a fire in here so's we kin see how 'she draws. that way we kin tell better what's the matter. *with the grate*

MOL: *See it a good idea*
McGee, that's the first idea you've had today.

FIB: Well you admit when I get 'em they're hot. Git it, Molly? (LAUGHS). Hot idea. Build a fire in the -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Now git to work..both of ye.

SIL: Yas'm. Shall we use these heah papers?

FIB: Yep. Tear 'em up and crumple 'em, Silly so we can.

MOL: HERE HERE HERE..ye can't use those papers. Those are me dress patterns.

FIB: Why shucks, Silly, you oughtta have better sense than that.
AHM.

SIL: Well I didn' think they was no good, boss. They's all full o' li'l holes.

FIB: Moths been at 'em prob'ly. Use them newspapers, there boy

SIL: Yaesuh.

SOUND: TEARING AND CRUMPLING PAPER.

SIL: Wah we gonna use fo' kindlin' that lil'l ole fish, boss?

FIB: What say?

SIL: I say wha we gonna use fo' kindlin' that li'l ole fish.

FIB: Oh, Kindlin'. AHM. Let's see now...On yes, take the hatchet and chop up them long sticks over there. I'll git the paper all set in the grates here so -

SOUND: PAPER TEARING ...CHOPPING SOUND...

SIL: These ole sticks is plumb full o' nails, Mist' McGee.

FIB: Well..don't dull the hatchet on'em, Sil. Smatter Molly... *whatcha lookin' at.*

SOUND: CHOPPING WOOD

MOL: McGee! *that* What's Silly choppin' up?

FIB: Eh? Oh..them long sticks with the nails in 'em. *Probably* some old lengths o' moldin' that was left when -

MOL: OHHHHHHHH fer heavens sake...SILLY! SILLY STOP IT! You're choppin' up me new curtain stretchers! -Look at em. RUINED!

SIL: Oh no, ma'm. They ain't ruined much. Ah jest chopped off a couple li'l pieces is all, ma'am.

MOL: (Oh then everything is all right.) Why don't you two come upstairs and chop up the piano and the dinin' room table?

FIB: Dont need that much kindlin', Molly.

MOL: Oh ye dont. Well now I'm real glad to hear it. ^{that}

SIL: Is this heah li'l ole box good fo' to chop up, ma'am?

MOL: Let's see it. (PAUSE) Yes..go ahead. That's all right. Now is that all the paper and kindling you'll need?

FIB: Yep. You needn't look fer no more, Molly. We'll -

MOL: And who was goin' to? I just wanted to know if it was safe for me to go back upstairs without you usin' the handle off the lawn mower fer yer fire.

FIB: Shucks, Molly...don't be like that. We know what we're doin. Dont we Sil?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOIN' DONT WE?

SIL: Well, I guess you-all know what ah'm doin' but ah dunno what yo-all is doin'.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Well try and use some sense, McGee. (FADE OUT) I've got to

FIB: (CALLS) Hey, Molly!

MOL: Yes? (OFF MIKE)

FIB: When ye git upstairs, open up the furnace drafts will ye? Shucks, we'll have a roarin' fire here in no time ...if she's workin' okay.

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MOL: (OFF MIKE) All right, McGee.

FIB: Hurry up with that there kindlin', Boy.

SIL: Yassuh. (VERY LAZY) Ah's rushin' right along boss.

SOUND: CHOPPING

FIB: Oh, I had a cow... a big brown jersey... her milk was good but her temper was lerssey... hi ho the farmer in the dell.

SIL: Heah you is, boss. Nuff kindlin'?

FIB: I reckon. Say this here papers kinda damp aint it.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Tell ye what, son. Run on up to the top o' the stairs and git that there five gallon red can.

SIL: Yassuh. But...but that's gasoline, boss!

FIB: What in tunket ye think I thought it was? Buttermilk? Go and git it.

SIL: But..but..yc-all aint gonna po' that thea stuff on this heah lil ol' fire is yo, boss?

FIB: Kin you think o' any ^{later} sure way o' makin' 'er burn?

SIL: NO SUH. but

FIB: Then run up and git it.

SIL: (FADE OUT) Yassuh..but that thea's pretty powful stuff an...

FIB: Oh I had a gy-raffe and his name was Harlow...he got him the quincy and he couldn't swarlow, with a hey nonny - nonny... let's see now plenty o' paper...kindlin'.....

SOUND: RATTLE OF WOOD AND PAPER

FIB: There we are....swash 'er good' with gasoline and...HEY THERE..YOU COMIN', Silly?

SIL: (FADE IN) Yassuh. Heah ^{the gasoline} ~~you is~~ boss.

FIB: Okay, hand 'er here.....I'll build a ^{see long-up fire here pick a flash} ~~fire that will be~~ a fire....

SIL: Yassuh. That's what ah is afraid of.

FIB: AFRAID OF (LAUGHS) Shucks, we want a fire dont we? Here.. hold the cap o'the spout. I'll jest dash some o' this here gasoline on...and....

SOUND: RATTLE OF CAN.....GURGLE OF LIQUID.

FIB: Oh I had a horse and his name was...HEY WHERE YOU GOIN', boy?

SIL: Well, I..I jest happened to think..ah..er..I mean..well, I guess you isn't gonna need me no mo' today, I guess.

FIB: What makes ye think that, Silly?

SILLY: Well, ah only think that on account o' ah think you ain't gonna need NUTHIN' mo' today afeh you-all touch a lil'll ol' match to that theah gas, is all boss.

FIB: Ah go on with ye silly. Don't be so dad ratted nervous. Never heard of a cigarette lighter blowin' up did ye?

(LAUGHS) Now..then.. a little move over in the corner there...

SIL: B-b-but boss..you already put on bout two gallon already--- you did.

FIB: Shucks, what of it. Gotta git the fire started, aint we?
It's a...say what's your teeth chatterin' for, you
catchin' cold?

SIL: No suh,...Ah mean..yessah. Ah guess so. I think ah
bettah go home and see the doctor while I got time, boss..

FIB: Okay...But gimme a match before ye go, and say...quit
leaning against that there ^{Smoker} pipe, boy!

SIL: Oh, that's all right, boss...it ain't hot.

FIB: Dad rat it, I KNOW it aint hot. But its loose. It's
liable to come apart at the least bump...and we'll have
soot around here a foot deep. AHEM. Gimme a match

SIL: Yassuh. Noosuh. I..I..aint got no match suh.

FIB: Shucks, ye got some right behind yer ear, boy. Hand me
one. Never mind. I got one. Here we go.

SIL: Yassuh. ah'm afraid SO!

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH (PAUSE)

FIB: Kin ye imagine that? Went out. Better pour the rest o'
this here gas on.

SOUND: RATTLE OF CAN.....GURGLE

FIB: Gimme another match, boy.

SIL: (FAINTLY) Yassuh. Heah you is...and heah ah goes.

FIB: Hey..SILLY..come back here...SILLY!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...(FADE OUT)

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks ..just superstitious./now where'd I put
that dad ratted match...oh yes.

(SCRATCH OF MATCH)

FIB: SHUCKS! KIN YE BEAT THAT? Oh well...I'll git this lit
if it takes me all...

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH

FIB: Now, then----

SOUND: EXPLOSION...LOUD SWISH OF AIR METAL CLANKING

FIB: (CHOKING..GASPING) Dad rat the...(CHOKES) I KNEW that
there pipe...(GASPING) 'd come down...(CHOKES)

SOUND: (WOODEN FOOTSTEPS FADE IN RAPIDLY)

MOL: (FADE IN) Fer heavens sakes..what happened.. McGEE!
Where are ye...I can't see a thing fer the soot!

FIB: (GASPING AND CHOKING)

MOL: Silly!!! SILVIUS! Where's McGee...What's happened to him
...SILLY! Don't stand there rollin' yer eyes..answer me!

FIB: Molly! (GASPS AND CHOKES) ... Molly. DONT YE KNOW ME?
It's Fibber McGee...your husband...(CHOKES). Remember?

CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "I WISH I WERE ALADDIN" } (TO FINISH) --LA VEER
Fine and dandy

WIL: That was Marcell and his men playing "I WISH I WERE ALADDIN"
with that Arabian Knight Charles LaVeer rubbing the piano lamp.
Incidentally, that's where the magic of today has it all over the
wizardry of yesterday. You dont have to do any rubbing or buffing to
work a magical change in the appearance of your floors and linoleum.

(MORE)

(COMMERCIAL)

Is Glo-Coat will keep your floors a beautiful finish

~~If you want to have beautiful polished floors and linoleum -- Floors that won't get scratched and worn -- floors that will stay clean and shining for weeks at a time,~~ Just try using Johnson's Glo-Coat. See how much easier your housework will be, too. GLO-COAT is a remarkable liquid polish that requires no rubbing or buffing. You merely spread a little GLO-COAT lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the long handled GLO-COAT Applier. Let it dry for 20 minutes and your floor will sparkle like new with a polish that resists dirt and dust. You'll save yourself hours of work over a period of time, and you'll win the reputation of being a wonderful housekeeper if you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, the new no-rubbing floor polish made by the makers of Johnson's Wax. And let me remind you it's very economical to try GLO-COAT in the larger size cans. You can save as much as one-third by ordering the larger sizes from your dealer.

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

WIL: You are cordially invited back to see Fibber and Molly McGee on their Johnson Jamboree at NBC -

FIB: (FADE IN) ON NEXT MONDEE, WITH HARLOW AND MEE...WITH MOLLY THAT'S THREE, SO BELIEVE YOU ME, WE'LL BE FILLED WITH GLEE, WITH ADMISSION FREE - SO PLESSE -

MOL: McGEE!

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, Fibber, that's what you get for butting in on my announcement.

FIB: I know, Harpo. I was jest gonna give ye an idea.

WIL: Oh yes? Say, I'm familiar with your ideas, and

FIB: FOLKS! LISTEN. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN LOW WING MONOPLANE OUT OF YOUR OLD JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT CANS JEST SEND AND ASK FER OUR BLUEPRINTS AND SPECIFICATI-

WIL: Now wait a minute. Wait a minute. We're not making any such offer as that and you know it.

FIB: Well, you'll admit it's an idea, Harpo. Besides...

MOL: McGee...come back and set down.

FIB: Okay. Okay...but I still think that with the right promotion.

WIL: Just skip that tin low wing monoplane idea, folks. That was just a flight of Fibber's fancy. And if you want to hear another one, come back with us next Monday night at this same hour, when we understand Fibber and Molly are going to do a little vox-popping-off. Until then may we remind you that 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 Harlow Wilcox, of that Growing Glo-Coat Coterie, speaking. GOODNIGHT!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH.

FMR: 4:00 PM 11/15/35

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MAKE YOUR OWN

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Coat Coterie,

~~cliff~~

25 Harvest Home

2 Wax Pop

9. Xmas Shopping

16. Home Photography

23. Fox Trimming the Tree

ADVERTISER S O JOHNSON & SON, INC

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY"

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

NOVEMBER

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

No