

NBC

ADVERTISER S O JOHNSON & SON, INC

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY" #33

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS

(7:00 - 7:30 PM)

NOVEMBER 25, 1935)

(MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

Page 2

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

WIL: Good evening, everyone! The Makers of Johnson's Wax give you another gay gathering, going the gamut from gorgeous glissandos to gleeful gusto - with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, KAY DONNA, and MARIAN AND JIM AS THAT HOKUS POKUS HUSBAND AND WATCHFUL WIFE, --

--- FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY !

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: OUT

WIL: Marcelli and his men give us WHAT MIGHT BE the Glo-Coat song, from "Linoleum" - "YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME" Pour it on, Rico!

ORCHESTRA: "YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME" (DOWN FOR SHORT COMMERCIAL) (UP TO FINISH)

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: It's Harvest Home week at the McGees. and they are getting ready for Thanksgiving in a big way. Molly is in the kitchen, aided by little Teeny, as Fibber sits in the living room with the daily paper.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER

FIB: (SINGS TO HIMSELF) Oh I had a hound with a very bad habit
Always chased a polecat instead of a rabbit
Heigh-ho, don't give up the ship

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

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SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Oh I had a frog and his name was - AHEM. Hmm. New train with Diesel engine makes record run over Rockies in... betcha you could make a riddle outa that. If a dozen diesels drove daily from Dallas to Denver

MOL: Fibber-T-T-

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: FIBBERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

SOUND: (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: MCGEE!!

FIB: Eh? er. AHEM I er. yes, my love. Want me, Molly?

MOL: Yes, I do. I want you to come out in the kitchen and help me make out a list of.

FIB: Hey, Molly. Did ye read here where this here feller suggests the Government oughtta pay fer election campaigns? (LAUGHS) Shucks, we already got the best elections money kin buy. It'd git so anybody into the country that owned a long tailed coat and a two gallon hat would run fer -

MOL: McGee! Quit stallin'.

FIB: Stallin'! Why, Molly. You don't mean that, Molly. Jest because a feller

MOL: On your feet, McGee.

FIB: Okay....

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

FIB:I was jest comin' out to see if I could give ye a hand with anything. AHEM. Whatcha want?

MOL: I'm makin' up me list fer Thanksgivin' stuff whilst me fruit cake is bakin'. (FADE SLIGHTLY) and I want ye to write 'em down as I call 'em off.

FIB: (FADE IN) Okay. Hello, there Teeny. How ye gittin' along with yer work?

TEE: Hi, Mr. McGee. I'm getting along dandy, I betcha Mrs. McGee is going to let me make a little pie. All by myself.

FIB: Well now that's somethin' ain't it? What kind of a pie? Mincekin?

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says you gonna make a mincekin pie?

MOL: Mincekin pie? ..and what might that be, McGee?

FIB: Mean to say ye never heard of a mincekin pie? Half mince and half punkin? Why, shucks, when I was camp cook at Camp Custer

TEE: You made Custer pies, I betcha.

FIB: AHEM. I was gonna say, when I was camp cook, I ALWAYS made mincekin pies fer Thanksgivin'. Ye see, I'd take a can o' punkin' and a pint o' mincemeat, mix 'em up together and

MOL: Here. Hold this box of raisins.

FIB: AHEM. Okay. What shall I do with -

MOL: ..and hold this, too. Now then. We got plenty of raisins. Plenty of popcorn...or is that plenty of popcorn, McGee?

FIB: I dunno. Let's see.

SOUND: RATTLE OF POPOORN BOX BEING SHAKEN

FIB: Don't sound like enough to me, Molly.

TEE: Me either, I betcha.

MOL: Oh dear Well, we'll have to get some more then I wonder is six pies will be enough.

FIB: How many ye expectin' fer dinner, Thanksgivin'? I'll figger it fer ye

MOL: Twelve And how can ye figger it?

FIB: By algebra, Molly Ye divide twelve people by 3 1416 and -

MOL: What's three one four one six?

FIB: That's the pi. AHM. (LAUGHS) Ye git it, Molly? I says

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee

FIB: Oh well.

SOUND: CLINK OF GLASS. GLUB GLUB OF POURING

MOL: ...and KEEP OUT of the cider!

FIB: Shucks, can't a feller taste it once?

MOL: Once! Hah ONCE IS IT! How many times has he tasted the cider, Teeny?

TEE: Gee he tasted one bottle all up, I betcha.

FIB: Who, me? Why shucks, I...er...AHM Say what is that that smells so good.

MOL: That's me fruit cake, McGee. It's.. NO NO NO don't be openin' me over door. It'll fall.

FIB: Shucks. it wouldn't nuther. I'd of caught it.

MOL: You sure would o' caught it--- and not what you mean either. Now then..what else will we want. A lot of vegetables. Some doughnuts. Walnuts, Are ye writin' them down, McGee?

FIB: Nope I kin remember 'em. Doughnuts, walnuts, popcorn Here... take this pox o' popcorn, Molly.

MOL: Set it down someplace, McGee

FIB: Okay Say where'd you git this popcorn, Molly? I never heard o' this kind

MOL: I bought it from a peddler. He said it was real good.

FIB: I don't believe it And I oughtta know, too.

TEE: Why, Mr McGee? Huh?

FIB: Why shucks, on account o' because I used to be the biggest popcorn perducer o' Packer's Point. Why my corn used to pop so good I sold more of it onto the Fourth o' July than I did the rest o' the year Why when a purchaser picked a package o' Packer's Point Popcorn, he got...

MOL: A box of nutmeg

FIB: No sir He gota oh Ye want me to write down a box o' nutmeg.

MOL: McGee, we've got to go out and do some shoppin' Is the car runnin'?

FIB: You betcha. Runs like a watch.

MOL: It should It's a second hand car. Don't be climbin' up on the chair, now Teeny.

TEE: All right.

FIB: What else we need, Molly?

MOL: Well let's see. We've no turnips. No carrots. No onions No cranberries.

FIB: No rubbing. No Buffing.

MOL: Be quiet McGee I'm tryin' to concentrate.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: (CLINK OF GLASSES)

MOL: McGee! Let the cider alone.

FIB: AHEM. (ASIDE) I thought you was tryin' to concentrate. I was jest fixin' the cork in tight, Molly.

MOL: Sure. You was goin', to pound it in with the drinkin' glass, I suppose.

TEE: Hey, Mrs. McGee MR. McGee.

FIB: Smatter, Teeny?

TEE: If you go out for a ride shopping can I go with you, huh? Please, can I?

MOL: MAY I, Teeny

TEE: Uh-huh I guess we both can, I betcha.

FIB: You bet, Teeny. Glad to have ye come along! I'll show ye how a expert picks vegetables. Why I mind the time I had me a little truck farm down in -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Oh heavenly days .who could that be. How does me hair look?

TEE: It looks dandy I betcha.

FIB: I'll see who tis, Molly. Probly one o' the neighbors wants my advice onto how to -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh hello there Geraldine. SHUT THE DOOR, McGee.

FIB: What's on your mind, Geraldine?

GER: Hello, Mrs McGee and Mr McGee and Teeny. (GIGGLES) I just ran over to borrow a couple of eggs if you can spare them (GIGGLES) Gerald always calls them prairie oysters. He says they're only good to eat in the months that have Wednesdays in them. (GIGGLES) Isn't that ridic? I mean isn't it really?

FIB: Here's a half a dozen eggs fer ye, Geraldine. But why -

GER: Oh I know. You're wondering why our chickens don't give us some eggs (GIGGLES) Gerald says he doesn't know either. He says they're union hens, and he doesn't know whether they're laying off or off laying. (GIGGLES) Gerald says the cutest things. I mean he actually does. I told him I needed some rutabagas, an what do you think he said? (GIGGLES) He said he'd go to the football game Saturday and bag some rootabe (GIGGLES) Isn't that just too disconcerting? I mean, isn't it really? (GIGGLES) Well, thanks for the eggs.

MOL: Sure that's all right, Geraldine.

FIB: AND say, Geraldine. If ye need any-

GER: Oh we don't need another thing, thank you EVER so much. Gerald says he doesn't understand how I get along so well (GIGGLES) I just made one mistake last week. I was making some cookies and used cold cream for shortening. (GIGGLES) COLD CREAM... can you imagine? Gerald says I must have been making ice box cookies. Well thanks a lot for the McGees, Mr. Egg. I mean thanks a lot for the eggs, Mr. McGee....thanks Mrs. McGee BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Phew! Them eggs'll git shell-shocked before she gits home.

TEE: Gee she talks fast don't she?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Sure Fast and to the point. To the point of distraction

FIB: Well I suppose we better git started, Molly if we're

SOUND: (LOUD POP) PAUSE (TWO MORE POPS) PAUSE (SEVERAL POPS)

MOL: Now what in the world

SOUND: POPPING NOISE ..FASTER AND LOUDER.. THRU DIALOG

TEE: Gee the popcorn is popcorning I betcha.

FIB: Hey look, Molly...LOOK Kin ye beat -

MOL: MCGEE .DID YE HAVE TO SET THE POPCOEN DOWN ON TOP OF THE OVEN?
LIFT IT OFF MCGEE ..LIFT IT OFF...OH FER THE..OF ALL THE

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: INTRO TO: "THEM THERE EYES" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: MISS KAY DONNA, THAT THERE SWEET LITTLE SINGER ON THIS HERE PROGRAM, GIVES US "THEM THERE EYES" Kay Donna

ORCHESTRA: "THEM THERE EYS" KAY DONNA

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was "THEM THERE EYES", as I may have mentioned. And what could PLEASE them there eyes more than the gleaming, spotless surface of a floor or linoleum that has been Glo-Coated to a-

FIB: Hey, Harpo!

WIL: HARLOW is the name.

FIB: What's the address?

WIL: 314 East...well what do you care?

FIB: I jest wanted to send you and everybody listenin' in a copy o' my new song

WIL: Oh you've written a song. Hillbilly?

FIB: Be still, silly AHEM No sir. This here song is kind of patterned after the National Anthem. It's the Glo-Coat National Anthem. I call it THE FLOOR SPARKLED MANNER. It goes like this here

OH SAY CAN YOU SEE, BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
HOW YOUR FLOOR LOOKS SO SHINY AND GLEAMIN' AND BRIGHT.
IT'S THE GLO-COAT YOU -

SOUND: GONG

MOL: McGee! I'm ashamed of ye makin' parodies on the Star Spangled Banger!

FIB: Shucks Mollie, I didn't mean no harm. I

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, we don't accept Fibber's anthem. but we have heard many a hymn of praise for the Labor saving. etc. etc.
(INTO COMMERCIAL)

ORCHESTRA: "THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK"

FOLLOWING COMMERCIALORCHESTRA: STARTS "LAZY RIVER" INTERRUPTED BYSOUND: LOUD VOICES ...CONFUSION OFF MIKE. (MUSIC OUT)

WIL: Holdit, Rico WHAT'S THE MATTER OVER THERE? CAN'T YOU SEE
WE'RE ON THE AIR?

VOICE: This man says he has some apples and potatoes for Mrs. McGee
He says she ordered them.

MOL: Heavenly days I wanted them delivered to Wistful Vista.

FIB: Shucks, might's well git 'em while ye got 'em, Molly Come on
in, boy.

JOE: (FADE IN) Gee, I'm sorry if I butted in...but Mrs. McGee said
she wanted the apples and potatoes delivered and I thought

MOL: Now then that's all right, Mr...er...Mr...

JOE: Bolen Joe Bolen, ma'am.

FIB: Set down over there, bud, and listen to the rest o' the
broadcast

MOL: Well what's the matter, Mr. Bolen? Did ye never see a studio
before?

JOE: No I guess not. Gee, I've always wanted to sing on the
wireless.

FIB: You a singer, Joe? Where'd ye study?

JOE: Bass Lake, Indiana. Done a lot of hog callin' in my time.
They say I got a real powerful voice. Want to her it?

MOL: Oh no, I don't think we...

FIB: Tell ye what, bud Marcelli's gonna play somethin' anyway, so
you jest join in and sing the chorus. They's a slight charge
fer the use o' the micropho-

MOL: McGee!

FIB: AHEM! GO AHEM, Marshmelli. Git ready, bud.

ORCHESTRA: "LAZY RIVER" JOE BOLEN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MC GEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: NOW WITH THE WINK OF AN EYE..(AND A TONGUE IN THE CHEEK) WE
SWITCH THE SCENE TO WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY AND TEENY ARE RIDING
ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...LOOKING FOR A VEGETABLE STAND..

SOUND: UP FOR MOMENT AND DOWN.

MOL: McGee how much gas did ye put in?

FIB: Shucks, Molly. PLENTY. Five quarts anyway. You warm enough,
Teeny?

TEE: Uh huh. I'm dandy, I betcha. How far we goin'?

FIB: What say, Teeny?

TEE: How far we goin'?

FIB: Oh I dunno. Till we come to a -

MOL: STOP, MC GEE...STOP THE CAR. THERE'S A STAND

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: My this looks like they might have all the vegetables and
stuff we'll need. Want to get out, Teeny?

TEE: Yes please

FIB: Shucks, they don't seem to be nobody around.

MOL: Blow your horn, McGee

SOUND: WHEEZY HORN

TEE: There comes a lad, I betch.

FIB: Looks kinda grouchy, too... musta woke her up or somethin'

Hy-yah, ma'am

WOMAN: (ALA TOURIST CAMP VOICE) Good afternoon.

MOL: How do ye do. I see ye have some vegetables and stuff fer sale

WOMAN: Yes, we have it for sale but I'm sure I don't know why because nobody ever seems to stop and want any but if you're sure you want something I'll do what I can but it probly won't be much

FIB: How about some turnips, ma'am? Got 'ny turnips?

WOMAN: Yes, I have some turnips but I don't know if you'll want 'em after you see 'em because the turnips we got this year don't seem to of done so good but after all what I say is a turnip's a turnip and you can't make a bartlett pear out of it step around to the barn please.

MOL: Sure, ma'am. Lead the way.

WOMAN: Better come around this way. (FADE OUT) The other side of the yard is kind of torn up we tore it up because we thought we was goin' to plant some plum trees but we got to thinkin' what if a wind should come up (FADING OFF) and blow 'em down after we planted 'em so we never...

FIB: (ASIDE) Hmm. Reall optimist, ain't she

TEE: Gee why does she talk like that, Mr. McGee

FIB: Quiet, Teeny. That's jest her way, I reckon. Probly shouted herself hoarse when Grover Cleveland was elected and never got over.

SOUND: (HORSE HOOFS APPROACHING AND INSERT COMMERCIAL CREDIT (LATER))

MOL: 'McGEE' Be still... she'll hear ye.

FIB: AHEM. Real nice little farm ye got here, ma'am.

WOMAN: Yes but it ain't what it was before the cinch bugs and the wheat rust and the corn borers got it though I do say the swamp down there in the hollow raises some of the biggest oat tails you ever see in your born days what kind of vegetables you say you wanted?

MOL: Oh some turnips... and some... er... and some carrots... and some squash and maybe a pumkin or two. And maybe -

SOUND: CLUCK...CLUCK CLUCK... (FADE OUT)

TEE: Gee... look at the chicken, Mr. McGee.

FIB: That's a Plymouth Rock, hen, Teeny. You can always tell Plymouth Rock's on account o' because they're always eatin' gravel.

WOMAN: That's a pheasant.

MOL: Did ye year, McGee? It's a peasant!

WOMAN: You just look over the vegetables if you want and pick out what you need and if you don't see what you want never mind because we probably haven't got any of it anyway.

MOL: All right. Let's see nos . . . turnips . . .

FIB: This here kind o' reminds me of a farm I used to have, ma'am.
(PAUSE) Yes sir, I THOUGHT you'd like to hear about it. My farm was biggest in the state. Twenty round miles

MOL: Ye mean twenty SQUARE miles, McGee.

FIB: Nope. ROUND miles. We figgered in ROUND miles on account o' the crop rotation. AHM. That there harness onto the wall there reminded me. I had me a team o' hosses once. Used 'em to haul gunpowder fer the government. Never fergit one time I was joggin' along in a light buckboard loaded down with gunpowder and when I lit my pipe and tossed the match behind me . . . right into the gunpowder.

WOMAN: Well I hope your horses was better the pore brutes we got they're so lazy we have to lay 'em down on the ground to shoe 'em what was you sayin' about the harness?

FIB: Nuthin'. That jest reminded me o' the gunpowder and me tossin' a lighted match into it. (PAUSE) Well ain't ye interested into what happened ma'am?

WOMAN: No, I guess not.

TEE: I am, Mr. McGee. What happened?

FIB: AHM. Shucks, plenty. Burned half the gunpowder up before I could stomp 'er out. AHM. How ye comin', Molly?

MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE) All right, McGee. My, I think these are real nice vegetables, ma'am.

WOMAN: Oh I guess they're all right only we don't have much call for 'em and it don't mean much one way or the other to try and raise nice truck because we don't eat so much we eat what we can an' what we can't eat we CAN! What's your name little girl?

TEE: Teeny.

FIB: Real nice young 'n ain't she ma'am?

WOMAN: Oh I guess she is. Thought she seems kind of peaked maybe she don't get enough milk and eggs I always like to see a child full of life and play like I was when I was a girl are you findin' what you want, lady?

MOL: Sure. McGee you can start carryin' this stuff out to the car.

FIB: Okay. AHM. But mebbe ye better git it all together first. then ye kin tell better how much ye owe. AHM.

MOL: You mean then I can help ye carry it.

FIB: Why shucks, Molly, I never thought o' sech a thing. Have a apple, Teeny?

TEE: Thank you.

WOMAN: Those are real good apples only I wouldn't eat it till you wash it off because we spray 'em with arsenic and folks say it isn't very good for you to eat arsenic though my goodness I don't know why not the pigs seem to thrive on it it's real cold today ain't it?

FIB: AHEM Yes er yes it is. AHEM. Jest this kind of a day I had me that funny experience with the rawhide harness. Want to hear about it, ma'am, whilst Molly finishes pickin' out the vegetables?

WOMAN: Don't step in the whitewash bucket there, little girl.

TEE: All right, thank you. I wont.

FIB: I THOUGHT YOU'd wanta HEAR ABOUT IT. Well sir, this here harness I had was made o' rawhide. Real good and strong too. Only one day. a day jest like this here one, I was drivin' home and a peltin' rain come up.

TEE: Up or donw, Mr McGee?

FIB: Don't be fussy. Teeny AHEM. Well sir that there rawhide harness begun to stretch inch by inch. foot by foot as it got wetter till the hosses was thirty foot ahead o' the wagon Shucks. I thinks, that'll never doo. So ye know what I done?

WOMAN: Try them onions too, lady they ain't as bad as those other vegetables only I wouldn't say they was too good theirselves but after all the only thing a body can do is raise 'em and trust to luck is what I always say.

FIB: Well sir, I...you listenin' ma'am?

WOMAN: Not very clost.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, when that there harness started stretchin', I lept off the wagon, run ahead and got onto one o' the hosses and rode home. By that time the harness had stretched so much the wagon was way outa sight behind. So I unhitched, put the team up and tied the reins around a stump into the front yard. And say, next mornin' I got up a hour or so after sunrise which the heat of the sun had started to shrink the harness again and I was jest in time to look out the window and see the wagon pull into the yard. (LAUGHS) Ye see, the sun had dried 'er out and took up the slack in the harn-

WOMAN: ...seems to me a body ought to be more careful than throwin' a match in a wagon load of gunpowder

FIB: Yes er the gunpow er the harness. SAY, THAT WAS . I mean...AW SHUCKS YE BOUT READY, MOLLY?

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK"

WIL: WE HOPE THAT FIBBER AND MOLLY'S HARVEST GETS HOME ALL RIGHT, AND THAT THEY AND YOU WILL HAVE A HAPPY THANKSGIVING. AND THAT BY NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT THIS SAME HOUR YOU WILL HAVE RECOVERED FROM THAT TURKEY DINNER ENOUGH TO- Well Fibber... are you in again?

FIB: I jest wondered, if you know anything about zoology.

WIL: Zoo-ology. Well...what do you want to know, my boy?

Page 19

FIB: Well sir, I was jest figgerin'...everybody wants a drumstick,
and they bein' only two drumsticks to a bird, if a turkey
could be crossed successful, with a centipede, why --

MOL: MCGEE! COME BACK HERE

FIB: Oh well...you be thinkin' about that, Harpo, whilst I

WIL: (LAUGHS) That was a swell theory of Fibbers, but we don't
think he has a leg to stand on, scientifically. Anyway, come
back with us next Monday night at this same hour, when we'll
join Fibber McGee and Molly as they conduct a sidewalk
broadcast and interview passersby on important questions.
Until then, may we remind you, -

(SHORT COMMERCIAL)

This is GLO-COAT WILCOX, the Old Naturalist, who tells you
how to have Fauna fixing your Floora. Good nighta.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH

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OPENING OVER MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: If you want your linoleum and floors to have a beautiful bright polish -- and if, at the same time you'd like to save yourself a lot of work -- remember that Johnson's Glo-Coat makes your floors gleam like new without any work of rubbing or buffing. You can't buy a finer no-rubbing floor polish than JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

SOUND: HORSE HOOPS APPROACHING

WILCOX: Whoa!

SOUND: HORSE NEIGHS

WILCOX: Pardon me madam Are you the Farmer's Daughter?

WOMAN: Why yes, I'm the daughter.

WILCOX: Well, I'm the traveling salesman, and I have here a can of the finest no-rubbing floor polish you can possibly buy. Notice this attractive yellow can. See this lettering "JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT". This liquid polish is so easy to use. Why, you merely spread a little GLO-COAT lightly over your floors or linoleum. You can do the whole room in a few minutes time. When the surface is covered, go away and forget about it for 20 minutes. Come back and find your floor gleaming like new with a bright, protective polish -- a polish that resists dirt and wear and keeps your floors sparkling for weeks at a time. Think how much time and work it will save you -- think how much better your linoleum will look. And remember, you don't have to do any rubbing or buffing when you use Johnson's Glo-Coat -- the remarkable liquid floor polish made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: And now I'd like to tell you what one million housekeepers think about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. They have discovered, just as you will, that GLO-COAT is the easiest, quickest floor polish they have ever used. For GLO-COAT requires no rubbing or buffing. It dries in 20 minutes -- and without help from you gives your floors a beautiful sparkling polish. Dirt can't stick to the shining surface. Soiled spots wipe off easily. If your linoleum is dull and dingy, GLO-COAT will quickly make it gleam like new again with practically no work on your part. And here's a suggestion. It's very economical to buy GLO-COAT in the larger size cans. You can save as much as one-third by buying the larger sizes. Why not order some GLO-COAT from your dealer right away and make your kitchen floor bright and cheerful for Thanksgiving Day.

TAG COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: 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.

1s/11:30AM
11/23/35