

ORCHESTRA S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

WIL: The "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

#55

ORCHESTRA SERGE WLS "THEY'RE YOURS" (DANCE HALL)

WIL: 7:00 - 7:30 P.M. DECEMBER 16, 1936 MONDAY

the cards against dullness, and deal you a pleasing crowd
also hand - with RICO MARCELLI'S DANCE HALL taking some of
tricks, high honors to the King and Queen of melody,
FRIDAY NIGHT FUNK, - that Jack of all trades,
HOGEY STUBBINS, and Mariah a 1/2 in an show, see in
entertainment, a FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

APPEARANCE:

ORCHESTRA SERGE WLS "THEY'RE YOURS" (DANCE HALL)

FOR THE APPEARANCE

WIL: The company of a "MCGEE" show to bring

WIL: Molly McGee has decided to take a vacation in

WIL: leaving, and the instruction is directed to the

WIL: as follows: Will you get Molly McGee

MOLLY: Well, what are you going to do?

WIL: (LAUGH)

MOLLY: I will get you the record, will you?

FIB: Yes

MOLLY: Put a record on the phonograph, while I go out and

WIL: try to remember what I might have done for you, which I hope I haven't.

FIB: Okay. Put a record on, Will.

WIL: (LAUGH)

WIL: (LAUGH)

WIL: (LAUGH)

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"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

#55

WLS

7:00 - 7:30 P.M. DECEMBER 16, 1936 MONDAY

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE

1. WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

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

3. WIL: Good evening everyone! The makers of Johnson's Wax stack
4. SIL: the cards against dullness, and deal you a gleaming grand
5. FIB: slam hand - with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA taking tuncful
6. MOLLY: tricks, high honors to the king and queen of melody,
7. FIB: EMERY DARCY & KAT DONNA, - that Jack of all Spades,
8. HUGH STUDEBAKER, and Marian and Jim as those aces in
9. entertainment, - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

10. APPLAUSE:

11. ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

12. DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

13. WIL: The cultural level of Wistful Vista is going up!
14. MOLLY: Molly McGee has decided to take a few lessons in
15. bridge; and the instructor is expected momentarily,
16. as Fibber and Silly Watson get things ready!

17. MOLLY: Well...what are you two doin'?

18. (PAUSE)

19. MOLLY: I said WHAT ARE YOU TWO - Oh well....McGee!

20. FIB: Eh?

21. MOLLY: Put a record on the phonygraph, while I sit down and
22. try to remember what I might have forgotten to do,
23. which I hope I haven't.

24. FIB: Okay. Put a record on, Sil.

25. SIL: Wah?

1. FIB: I says put a record on the phonograph.

2. MOLLY: Di it yerself, McGee. What's that one ye got there?

3. FIB: Thos here one? Let's see...(GIT OUTA THE LIGHT SIL)

4. SIL: Yassuh. Gouse me, boss.

5. FIB: This here is SNAPPY O'SNEEK AND HIS SOUTHERN SOCKOS,
6. Molly. Playin' "When your Hair has Turned to Fenna, I Will
7. Turn to a Blonde I know." Kind of a cute title

8. MOLLY: I don't like it. What's on the other side?

9. FIB: Four scratches and no label.

10. MOLLY: Well, play that.

11. FIB: Probly turn out to be one o' them dad ratted Cuban
12. tangorumbloes, played with two geetars and a gourd full
13. o' beans. But say - here's one you'll like - listen!

14. SOUND: SCATCH AND CLICK OF RECORD

15. WIL: (MAGAPHONE?) RICO MARCELLI AND HIS MEN GIVE US...SUGAR

16. PLUM! TAKE IT, RICO!

17. ORCHESTRA: "SUGAR PLUM" (DOWN FOR 25-SECOND COMMERCIAL)

18.

19.

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21.

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25.

If you want to have beautiful, polished floors with only 10 minutes

1. work, use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, the remarkable liquid floor polish that
2. shines as it dries without running or buffing.

3. APPLAUSE:

4. (PAUSE)

5. MOL: Well, now I feel better. You, Fibber, What good are you doin'
6. settin' there on...on your easy chair..get up and get goin'
7. FIB: Now wait a mite, Molly. I was jest lookin' for the best place
8. to set the table. AHEM. Let's see now...with the bridge lamp
9. there.. and the table THERE....it'd be...

10.

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25.

1. MOLLY: And what are YOU doin', Silly?
2. SIL: Wah!
3. MOLLY: I say WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' TO HELP?
4. SIL: Ah's done helpin' McGee. Well now, isn't that just fine?
5. MOLLY: He's a left-handed leader and your his right-hand man. MCGEE.
6. FIB: Eh? Smatter, Molly?
7. MOLLY: Do ye expect to do ALL yer work settin' down?
8. FIB: Well some folks do, Molly. Six day bike riders, piano
9. players, - Shucks, look at Napoleon. HE didn't go rushin'
10. round like a dad ratted flea in a skillet. He jest set
11. there on his hoss, looks over the slyeashun, and says,
12. Okay boys, he says, jest capture them two towns over there
13. fer me, and -
14. MOLLY: Skip it, Napoleon. Yer talkin' to Molly Waterloo McGee.
15. Now get that card table up. And YOU, Silly....
16. SIL: Yas'm.
17. MOLLY: Get two chairs out of the dinin' room. Hurry now.
18. SIL: Yas'm. (FADE OUT) I was jes' gonna do that, Mis', McGee,
19. but....
20. FIB: Who ye gonna have to play, Molly? Besides the teacher?
21. MOLLY: Well, there's me, and you -
22. FIB: ME!
23. MOLLY: Yes you, Me and the teacher and you, and -
- 24.
- 25.

1. FIB: Aw shucks, Molly. I ain't gonna set here like a dad
 2. ratted pink tea hound and play bridge with a bunch o'
 3. wimmin. I got me a date to play some pool with Mort
 4. Toops.
 5. MOLLY: Oh, yer not gonna play bridge?
 6. FIB: Nope. I ain't.
 7. MOLLY: Oh, yer not, aren't ya?
 8. FIB: Put the piano stool down, Molly - I'll play!
 9. MOLLY: Well now, that's lovely, McGee.
 10. SIL: (FADE IN) Wheeah at does yo all want THESE heah chaises,
 11. Mis' McGee?
 12. FIB: What say, Sil?
 13. SIL: I says weah at does you-all want these lil ole chaises?
 14. MOLLY: Set 'em down anyplace, Silly. But I told ye to bring in
 15. TWO of 'em.
 16. SIL: Yas'm. I heard yo'. But ah thought ah'd betah bring
 17. one at a time, so's Ah'd be sure'n bring the right ones,
 18. ma'am
 19. MOLLY: The right ones! The dinin' room chaires are all alike.
 20. SIL: Yas'm. Tha's why it's so ha'd to pick ou' the right
 21. ones, ma'am.
 22. FIB: (LAUGHS) Fast thinkin', Sil! All ye gotta do is -
 23. MOLLY: McGee. Put up the table.
 24. FIB: AHEM. Okay, Molly. But you didn't say who was gonna be
 25. the fourth hand.

1. MOLLY: Oh yes. Well, Mrs. Toops said she'd -
 2. SOUND: TELEPHONE
 3. MOLLY: Oh dear. There's the telephone. I'll get it!
 4. SOUND: TELEPHONE. REPEAT. CLICK OF RECEIVER ARM
 5. MOLLY: Hello. Wastful Vista. Molly McGee speakin'. Yes. Ohhh,
 6. hello, Mrs. Toops. Sure. The teacher? No, but we
 7. expect her any minute. Yes I... (PAUSE) Oh, Oh. Well
 8. now, I'm real sorry, Mrs. Toops. Sure, now, we'd kind
 9. o' counted on you. Oh now don't you worry about it atall.
 10. We'll find somebody. Sure. Better luck next time,
 11. Mrs. Toops. Thank ye fer callin'. Goodbye.
 12. SOUND: (RECEIVER CLICK)
 13. FIB: (FADE IN) S'matter, Molly? Can't she git here?
 14. MOLLY: No. I suppose now, I'll have to call Miss Witherspoon and
 15. see if she kin get away from the library this evenin'.
 16. FIB: How about Mrs. Thomas?
 17. MOLLY: She's gone to visit her sister. Now be quiet and lemme
 18. think.
 19. SIL: Mist' McGee.
 20. FIB: Eh?
 21. SIL: If you all ain't got 'nough to nbay this head bridge-stuff,
 22. why don' yo-all roll them dice?
 23. FIB: What say, Sil?
 24. SIL: Ah says, why don' yo-all roll them lil' ole bones?
 25. FIB: Dice!...why, shucks, Sil...THAT'd be gamblin'!
 SIL: Oh. (PAUSE) Well, when yo all plays bridge, yo-all
 say fo' NUTHIN'?

1. FIB: Sometimes. Or mebbe a tenth of a cent or somethin' easy.
 2. Why?
 3. SIL: MMM. Well...how much yo-all have to bet befoe ye call it
 4. gamblin', boss?
 5. FIB: That ain't the point, Sil. It's whether ye LOSE or not.
 6. AHEN. If ye lose, it's gamblin'. If ye WIN, it's jest good,
 7. clean fun. Ye see thru it?
 8. SIL: Oh!
 9. MOL: Say, have'n't you two got that bridge table up yet?
 10. FIB: Nope, I...er AHEN. I...er ain't quite decided jest where -
 11. SOUND: DOORBELL
 12. FIB: Doorbell, Molly.
 13. MOL: Heav'nly days, I hope it isn't the instructor already, Silly,
 14. you go and see who 'is.
 15. SIL: Yes'm.
 16. MOL: No...wait a minute. McGee...you better go. If it's the
 17. teacher, talk loud so's I can hear ye in time to run up and
 18. change my dress.
 19. SOUND: DOOR BELL
 20. MOL: Hurry up now.
 21. FIB: Okay. (CALLS BACK) You be outtin' up the table, Sil.
 22. SIL: (OFF MIKE) Yaseuh.
 23. SOUND: DOORLATCH
 24. FIB: Oh, Hello ther, Geraldine. SAY? You're jest the one we
 25. wanted to see. C'men in.

1. GER: Oh, no, I couldn't really, Mr. McGee. (GIGGLES) Gerald says
 2. I don't know enough to come in out of the rain, but it isn't
 3. raining, so nobody can say a THING if I stay out. (GIGGLES)
 4. Isn't that logical? I mean isn't it really?
 5. FIB: Yes, but I was jest thinkin' about you. Ye see, Molly has a
 6. GER: Oh were you really thinking of me? (GIGGLES) Well I must have
 7. got the message. Telepathy, you know. (GIGGLES) Gerald says
 8. the human mind is just like a radio station. They send and
 9. receive but most of them haven't any so oncore. (GIGGLES)
 10. Isn't that just too, too convulsive? I mean, isn't it really?
 11. FIB: Yes, but Molly was thinkin' of askin' ye to -
 12. GER: Oh now don't tell me. She was going to to ask me for my
 13. Welsh rabbit recipe. Oh, it's simply delicious. It really
 14. is. (GIGGLES) Only Gerald says it's too rich for him. He
 15. says next time I make it I can have the rabbit and he'll
 16. Welsh. (GIGGLES) Gerald says the CUTEST things. I mean he
 17. really does...
 18. FIB: Yes, I know...but...er. Molly was gonna ask ye to play bridge
 19. for a while with -
 20. GER: Ohhhhh BRIDGE. Oh for goodness sakes. If there's ANYTHING
 21. I adore, it's bridge. I really do. (GIGGLES) Gerald says
 22. it's probably because my uncle was shot for having an see-
 23. king-queen in his sleeve. (GIGGLES) Gerald says they
 24. buried him with simple honors. (GIGGLES)
 25. FIB: Yes, but --

GER: Oh I really do love bridge. But Gerald doesn't. (GIGGLES)
 Gerald says the only kick he gets out of it is under the table.
 (GIGGLES) can you imagine?
 FIB: I know, but what shall I tell Molly about -
 GER: Ohh. Tell her I'm terrible sorry. I mean I really am. Really.
 I only stopped by to thank Mrs. McGee for loaning me her waffle
 iron. Oh Gerald just worships waffles. I mean he really does.
 (GIGGLES) Gerald says if he had just three wishes in this
 world he'd ask for two carloads of waffles and just a simple
 marble headstone. (GIGGLES) ISN'T that preposterous? I
 mean isn't it really? But DO tell Mrs. McGee, I'm sorry I can't
 play. Some other time, I hope. Biddle Biddle biddle....

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Shucks! Kin ye beat that? Poor Molly had her heart set onto
 some... HEY MOLLY! That was Geraldine. And she says she
 can't -
 MOL: Never mind, McGee. I heard every word of it.
 FIB: Did ye call Witherspoon?
 MOL: I did that. and she can't possibly get away before eleven o'clock.
 (TEARFULLY) Oh dear, and I DID want everything to be all right.
 And now...and now...
 FIB: Now now now...Molly. Shucks, don't you feel bad. If necessary,
 I'll go out on the street and DRAG somebody in and...WELL, SIL,
 did ye get the card table up?
 SIL: Yaasuh.

1. MOL: Well...that's the first thing accomplished today.
 2. SIL: Yas'm...but Mis' McGee, ma'am. That lil ole table seems kinda
 3. wobbly, ma'am.
 4. FIB: Go on with ye Sil. Shucks, that there table's as solid as...
 5. LET'S SEE IT.
 6. SIL: (FADE OUT) Yaasuh....(FADE IN) Theah tis, boss. She done
 7. shake like evahthing, boss.
 8. MOL: It does seem a bit weak, McGee. Silly's right.
 9. SIL: Yas'm.
 10. FIB: Go on with ye. WEAK! (LAUGHS) Shucks, that there table's
 11. built to stand a weight o' more'n five hundred pounds. A MAN
 12. could jump up and down onto it. Hey, Sil...how much you
 13. weigh?
 14. SIL: Wah?
 15. FIB: How much you weigh?
 16. SIL: Ah weight....(PAUSE) How much you say that lil ole table stand
 17. up urdah, boss?
 18. FIB: 500 pounds. How much YOU weigh?
 19. SIL: 502 exactly, boss.
 20. MOL: Oh fer heaven sake, McGee, what difference...
 21. FIB: Shucks, Molly, K'm jest tryin' to show how solid that there
 22. table really is. I braced it myself, Silly. In accordance
 23. with the best scientific engineerin' principles. Distributin'
 24. the stresses from suspension points to withstand the force o'
 25. gravity plus the co-sign, giving a resistance per square inch
 26. of 29,000 pounds Centigrade, U.S. formula, as indicated by the
 Consolidated Cast Steel Card Table Construction Corporation o'
 Canada. AHEM. That's how 'tis, Sil.

1. MOL: Well...that's the first thing accomplished today.

2. SIL: Yas'm...but Mis' McGee, ma'am. That lil ole table seems kinda wobbly, ma'am.

3.

4. FIB: Go on with ye Sil. Shucks, that there table's as solid as... LET'S SEE IT.

5.

6. SIL: (FADE OUT) Yassuh....(FADE IN) Theah tis, boss. She done shake like evanthing, boss.

7.

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9. SIL: Yas'm.

10. FIB: Go on with ye. WEAK! (LAUGHS) Shucks, that there table's built to stand a weight o' more'n five hundred pounds. A MAN could jump up and down onto it. Hey, Sil...how much you weigh?

11.

12. SIL: Wah?

13.

14. FIB: How much you weigh?

15. SIL: Ah weight....(PAUSE) How much you say that lil ole table stand up updah, boss?

16.

17. FIB: 500 pounds. How much YOU weigh?

18. SIL: 502 EXACTLY, boss.

19. MOL: Oh fer heaven saks, McGee, what difference....

20. FIB: Shucks, Molly, I'm jest tryin' to show how solid that there table really is. I braced it myself, Silly. In accordance with the best scientific engineerin' principles. Distributin' the stresses from suspension points to withstand the force o' gravity plus the co-sign, giving a resistance per square inch of 29,000 pounds Centigrade, U.S. formula, as indicated by the Consolidated Cast Steel Card Table Construction Corporation o' Canada. AHEM. That's how 'tis, Sil.

1. SIL: Well ah always...you.. YASSUH. Ah should say SC!

2. FIB: Well then...git up onto the table and show Molly how solid it tis.

3.

4. MOL: Heavenly lays, McGee. Don't ye be -

5. SIL: Boss, does ah have to?

6. FIB: UP with ye Sil!

7. SIL: (WEAKLY) Yassuh.

8. SOUNDS: (CLATTER AND CREAK)

9. SIL: Heah ah is, Boss. (OFF MIKE)

10. FIB: Shucks, boy..stand up straight. That's it. There. Ye see, Molly? That table is built like a battleship.

11.

12. SOUND: SLIGHT TEARING NOISE

13. SIL: Yassuh... and ah is SUNK!

14. SOUND: LOUD TEARING SOUND..WOOD BREAKING AND LOUD THUMP

15. MOL: Heavenly lays, McGee...now look what you've done! You've made Silvius bust right down thru the middle of it!

16.

17. FIB: Well shucks, Molly, I...er..

18. MOL: Get out of there, Silvius.

19. SIL: Yas'm. But HOW? Ma'am? ah cain't move, ma'am! Ah'm stuck..

20. FIB: Say, Molly, I got a idea!

21. MOL: Oh ye have! Well listen to me, Fibber McGee, if -

22. FIB: Look. Let's leave Sil jest where he is in that hole in the table, see? He can stand there, and with four people settin' at the table, he kin be reféree. Ye see, with him in the middle, that way...HEY MOLLY...QUIT...LEAVE ME ALONE MOLLY..

23.

24.

25. (LAUGHS) FADE OUT.

1. **SOUND:** RUNNING FOOTSTEPS... FINISH WITH DOOR SLAM
2. **ORCHESTRA:** "WHY SHOULD I?" --- **KAY DONNA**
3. **APPLAUSE:**
4. **MOL:** (FADE IN) Oh, I see ye managed to git out of the table all
5. right, SALLY.
6. **SIL:** Yes'm. I je's leaned oveh, an' tipped the lil ole table
7. oveh and erwaled out, ma'am.
8. **MOL:** Well, I hope yer feelin' aint hurt, Qivius.
9. **SIL:** No'm Not me FEELIN's, ma'am. But ah...
10. **FIB:** (FADE IN) Say....who was playin' the phonograph? You, Molly?
11. **SIL:** Noosuh. That was me, boss. Yo-all was makin' so much noise
12. gittin' chased arou', that I thought ah bettah git some
13. music.
14. **FIB:** Shucks, sounded real good from where I was hidin'. I mean
15. from where I was. AHEM. Which record was it?
16. **SIL:** That one with the red label, boss.
17. **MOL:** Fer haven sake, we got a hundred records with red labels.
18. Who was that singin'?
19. **SIL:** Ah couldn't read it, ma'am. Ah got thowed otta school real
20. early, ma'am.
21. **MOL:** (LAUGHS) From the fifth grade, I suppose?
22. **SIL:** Fifth grade? That's COLLEGE, ain't it?
23. **FIB:** He was playin' another MARGARET record, Molly, WHY SHOULDNT I
24. with that there Kay Donna singin'. I'll bet she's kinda cute,
25. ye know is. I always says, if I ever met a gal like that I'd -

1. **MOL:** McGee!
2. **FIB:** AHEM. I'd TELL her jest how much I think o' you, Molly.
3. I'd say, shucks, babe, I'd say if you was only like my
4. Molly.
5. **MOL:** Ah! McGee! You an' yer blarney! But I love it!
6. **FIB:** Shucks, Molly!
7. **MOL:** Now, you just sit there comfortable, dear, and I'll bring
8. yer slippers. (FADE) Sure you'll be glad ye stayed home.
9. **FIB:** (CALLS) (OFF MIKE) My slippers are in the closet there,
10. Molly - on the floor.
11. **MOL:** (ON MIKE) Yes - I've found them, (SCREAMS)
12. **FIB:** What's the matter, Molly?
13. **MOL:** There's FEET in these slippers.
14. **FIB:** Yes, but think of the feet that scuff and track snow and
15. mud across you floor and linoleum.
16. **INTO COMMERCIAL:**
17. **FIRST COMMERCIAL:** It's so easy to keep your linoleum clean and
18. ~~shining, once you have protected it with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.~~ why
19. Because GLO-COAT gives your floors a tough, wear-resisting polish
20. that sheds dust and dirt. Glo-Coat makes the colors in the linoleum
21. look brighter and fresher and the floor won't get worn and dingy
22. around the ~~doorways~~ or in front of the stove. The Glo-Coat polish
23. will keep it looking like new. Remember you don't have to do one bit
24. of rubbing or buffing when you use this remarkable liquid polish that
25. dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries. Ask your dealer for
- Johnson's GLO-COAT made by the Makers of Johnson's Wax.
- Now, if you'll excuse me, I have three more closets to hide in today
- before I'm through. See you later!

1. MOL: McGee!
2. FIB: AHEN. I'd TELL her jest how much I think o' you, Molly.
I'd say, shucks, babe, I'd say if you was only like my
3. Molly.
4. FIB: Ah! McGee! You an' yer blarney! But I love it!
5. MOL: Shucks, Molly!
6. FIB: Now, you just sit there comfortable, dear, and I'll bring
yer slippers. (FADE) Sure you'll be glad ye stayed home.
7. FIB: (CALLS) (OFF MIKE) My slippers are in the closet there,
Molly - on the floor.
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before I'm through. See you later!

- LADY: (SOUND) DOOR SLAM
1. SOUND: DOOR SLAM
2. MOL: Heavenly days.. I though sure we was goin' to be...MOGEE...
3. SIL: WHAT ARE YE SHAKIN' FOR? Twas only Mr. Wilcox.
4. FIB: Shucks, m-a-a-cly, I knew that. AHEN...I..er..and I ain't
shakin', nuther.
5. MOL: Oh no? (LAUGHS) Look at yer knees!
6. SOUND: BUMPING SOUND IN RHYTHM
7. FIB: Shucks, what of it? That's er...that's jest RHYTHM, Molly.
Play somethin' on that ohonograph, Silly.
8. SIL: Yassuh. How bout this one, boss?
9. MOL: What is it, McGee?
10. FIB: Let's see it, Sil. On this here's that EMERY DARCY RECORD,
Molly. Emery Darcy singin' TAKE ME BACK TO MY BOOT AND
SADDLE, accompanied by Maverick Marcelli and His Mustang
Muchachas. Play that, Sil.
11. SIL: Yassuh.
12. SOUND: RECORD
13. ORCHESTRA: "BACK TO ROOTS AND SADDLES" — EMERY DARCY
14. APPLAUSE:
15. SOUND: DOORBELL
16. MOL: Oh, that must Miss Corbin, McGee! Go to the door, Silvie.
17. SIL: Yes'm. (FADE OUT)
18. SOUND: DOOR LARCH. SLAM
19. SIL: (FADE IN) Yas'm. Mis' McGee and Mistuh McGee...they's right
in heah, ma'am.

LADY: OH, How do you do, Mrs. McGee.
 MOL: My my I real glad ye come, Miss Corbin. It's real anxious I
 FIB: am to get started. Take Miss Corbin's coat, Silving.
 SIL: Yas'm.
 CORB: Thank you.
 MOL: This is me husband, Miss Corbin.
 CORB: Oh, how do you do?
 FIB: Hi-yah, ma'am.
 MOL: Miss Corbin.
 FIB: Miss Carbaran.
 MOL: Corbin.
 FIB: That's what I says. Tell me you slip over a finessey, ma'am.
 CORB: I beg your pardon?
 MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Here, Silly...take Miss Corbin's hat and
 gloves.
 SIL: Yas'm.
 CORB: Thank you. I've been looking forward to giving you your ifrst
 lesson, Mrs. McGee. Have you played much bridge?
 MOL: Well now, I wouldn't say so. (ASIDE) Dome right in here,
 please. I've just played a little auction now and then but no
 contract.
 CORB: Oh, but contract is the game. NO ONE plays auction now
 FIB: Oh now I dunno, ma'am. Some o' the boys down at Frellwebens
 Pool Parlor ring up a pretty hot game of auction. Ye see...
 CORB: Have YOU played much, Mr. McGee?
 FIB: Well, I'll tell ye, Miss Coupen, I -

MOL: Miss CORBIN, McGee.
 FIB: Yes, AHEM. I ain't so much onto bridge. But chucke in my day
 they wasn't a Kape dealer west o' Clamper's Gulch that could
 beat me to a ace. Why I was knowed then as Two Draw McGee.
 AHEM. Two draw McGee, the Trump Takin' Terror o' the Teton
 Trail. Yes sir I was -
 CORB: TWO DRAW? In what game, may I ask, does the player draw twice?
 FIB: Poker, in them days, ma'am. Ye drew three cards with the left
 and a six shooter with the right. AHEM. Why I mind the time
 old Horseface Hennigan tried to -
 MOL: McGee!
 FIB: AHEM. Set down, Miss Carbaran.
 CORB: Corbin.
 FIB: Oh yes. Smoke?
 CORB: Thank you, no.
 SIL: Mis' McGee, ma'am.
 MOL: Yes, Silly?
 SIL: Mis' McGee, ah dome put up that ole table like ye says, but
 ye-all bettah ge easy on it.
 MOL: Oh yes. Thank you Silvious. AHEM. You see, Miss Corbin, we..er.
 our good card table..er, we had a slight accident a while ago..
 and..this is an old one we had in the attic and..er..
 Ye see, ma'am..our butler, Silly there, he stuck his feet thru
 it and ..
 SIL: Yasuh, but --

1. FIB: And shucks first thing we knowed there he was...standin'
 2. hip-deep in the card table. So we a
 3. SIL: Yassuh, 'nig' --
 4. FIB: Quiet, Sil. AHEN. That's the way with Nutlers, ma'am. Always
 5. BUT-kin. AHEN.
 6. CORB: This table seems quite adequate, I'm sure. But...er...way I ask
 7. who is to play fourth hand?
 8. MOL: Oh dear...that's what I wanted to tell ye, Miss Corbin. The
 9. lady who was to come over couldn't be here and everyone I called
 10. was either out or busy.
 11. CORB: I see. Well, it's really much better to instruct with four
 12. players, ANY four players, but with Mr. McGee here, we can play
 13. dummy bridge for today.
 14. FIB: You betcha. I can...OH IS THAT SO? With me here you kin play
 15. DUMMY bridge, eh? Well shucks, if that's the case, I..
 16. MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Miss Corbin only meant one hand would be face
 17. up on the table.
 18. FIB: Oh! AHEN. Yea. That's what I thought. AHEN. Where'll we set,
 19. ma'am?
 20. CORB: Well now, let me see...you across from me, Mrs. McGee...and you
 21. to my left, Mr. McGee..Your partner will be the dummy,
 22. appropriately enough.
 23. MOL: (LAUGHS) Oh dear!
 24.
 25.

1. FIB: What's the joke? I don't get it? Oh I see (LAUGHS). I'm to play
 2. the both of ye. HEY HEY HEY. That's pretty good.
 3. 8. (EVERYBODY LAUGHS LOUDER)
 4. FIB: You got quite a sense o' humor, ma'am. Nobody's o' suspected it.
 5. AHEN. Okay, sis. Deal 'em out. How bout deuces wild to start?
 6. MOL: McGee...they don't play deuces wild in bridge.
 7. FIB: Be a bette game if they did. But shucks, suppose we play four
 8. hands around and a dealer's choice? Which do ye like best,
 9. ma'am? Stud, draw, 335, seven-card Pat, or spit-in-the-lake?
 10. CORB: Are you SURE we can't find a fourth hand, Mrs. McGee, or
 11. preferable a third AND fourth hand?
 12. FIB: (MUTTERS) Oh, gangin' up on me he?
 13. MOL: No, I'm afraid not. I real sorry, too. Heavenly days, I've
 14. called everyone I could could of and -
 15. CORB: Well it really doesn't matter. Although four hands makes the
 16. instruction so much better. Then we have a choice of dummies.
 17. FIB: Shucks, if a fourth hand is all ye want, I kin fix that. HEY
 18. SIL.
 19. SIL: Yassuh?
 20. FIB: You play cards, Sil?
 21. SIL: Well?
 22. MOL: For heaven's sakes, McGee..what are you tryin' to -
 23. FIB: How's yer bridge-work, Sil?
 24. SIL: Pretty good, Reas, Cept fo' mah wisdom test.
 25. FIB: No, I mean...er...you know cards, Sil? Playin' cards?

1. **SIL:** YASSUH, BOSS! Ah she' does. **[EAST]** Stakin' at the bottom,
 2. they is de dancy, de troy, little joe, five spot, box cak's,
 3. **SIL:** lucky seven, eightball, bad luck, ten-spot, de ribs,
 4. **WOL:** typewitch gal, bigshot and 'at lil' ole ace!
 5. **NOL:** Fer heavens sakes!
 6. **CORB:** Gracious!
 7. **FIB:** There ye are, folks? Smucks, what more do ye want? You
 8. don't mind the butler settin' in do ye, Miss Corbatone?
 9. **CORB:** Corbin!
 10. **FIB:** Yes...
 11. **CORB:** Well...er...I...er **(LAUGHS)** Well, I - er...
 12. **NOL:** Ohhmy!
 13. **FIB:** That's the spirit, Corby! Grab a chair, 'il, and take a hand
 14. and remember -
 15. **SIL:** Yassuh?
 16. **FIB:** Remember, if you git better card's than we, I'm still the
 17. boss, see?
 18. **SIL:** **(CHUCKLES)** Yassuh, But boss...
 19. **NOL:** Now, what's the matter Silvius?
 20. **SIL:** Does ah have to SET-DOWN, na'am.
 21. **NOL:** Why -- why...why not?
 22. **SIL:** Well na'am...ah mean...well when I come bustin' down thru...
 23. 'at lil' ole table na'am, I kinda got bruised, kinda na'am...
 24. and if you-all don' min'...ah jus' as soon play standin' up,
 25. na'am, is all.

1. **NOL:** Well maybe you just better go out in the kitchen and fix the
 2. **FIB:** sandwiches and things like I told you, Silvius.
 3. **SIL:** YASSUH.
 4. **NOL:** Did ye order the ice cream?
 5. **SIL:** Wah?
 6. **FIB:** Did you order the ice cream, Sil?
 7. **SIL:** Yassuh. They say the man be right ovan.
 8. **NOL:** Fine. All right, Miss Corbin. Let's get started.
 9. **CORB:** Very well. Perhaps I had better explain some of the principles
 10. of contract bridge, as opposed to auction.
 11. **FIB:** **(MUTTERS)** I'm opposed to both of 'em myself.
 12. **NOL:** What's that, McGee?
 13. **FIB:** I say YES. I'm s'posed to know both of 'em. AHEM.
 14. **CORB:** You see...in contract. Oh - do you play Culbertson or Sims?
 15. **FIB:** Oh, we play catch-as-catch-can, sis. As Culbertson says, that
 16. covers a multitude of Sims.
 17. **NOL:** McGee!
 18. **FIB:** **(Taint funny, McGee)**
 19. **CORB:** In contract, you only score what you bid. Score is marked up
 20. below the line, the surplus, with honors, being credited above
 21. the line. Do you understand?
 22. **NOL:** Sure. Go ahead,
 23. **FIB:** Clear's crystal, sis. If ye lay down three jacks, four, five &
 24. six of hearts, see three dukes onto somebody else's laydown,
 25. ye git stuck with what ye got left into your hand. Smucks,
 that's simple.

MCGE: Well maybe you just better go out in the kitchen and fix the sandwiches and things like I told you, Givius.
 FIB: YAS'N.
 MCGE: Did ye order the ice cream?
 SIL: Nah?
 FIB: Did you order the ice cream, Sil?
 SIL: Yastuh. They say the man be right ovah.
 MCGE: Fine. All right, Miss Corbin. Let's get started.
 CORB: Very well. Perhaps I had better explain some of the principles of contract bridge, as opposed to auction.
 FIB: (MUTTERS) I'm opposed to both of 'em myself.
 MCGE: What's that, McGee?
 FIB: I s'pose I'm s'posed to know both of 'em. AHEM.
 CORB: You see...in contract. Oh - do you play Culbertson or Sins?
 FIB: Oh, we play catch-as-catch-can, sis. As Culbertson says, that covers a multitude of Sins.
 MCGE: McGee!
 FIB: ('tain't funny, McGee)
 CORB: In contract, you only score what you bid. Score is marked up below the line, the surplus, with honors, being credited above the line. Do you understand?
 MCGE: Sure. Go ahead.
 FIB: Clear's crystal, sis. If ye lay down three jacks, four, five & six of hearts, toss three daskets onto somebody else's laydown, ye git stuck with what ye got left into your hand. Smuks, that's simple.

1. CORB: Yes, aren't you?
 2. FIB: Eh?
 3. CORB: I mean, ISN'T IT?
 4. FIB: Yes. AHEM.
 5. CORB: Another thing. The purpose in contract is to gather the idea of partners and opponents strength in hand value by the bidding. You understand about quick tricks?
 6. FIB: You betcha. Here's one: I take the deck like this here..
 7. FIB: without lookin' at it. Now you take a card. TAKE ANY CARD, Corby, and I'll tell ye which card ye --
 8. MCGE: McGee! Be quiet.
 9. FIB: D.I. But I dunno what your so finicky about. That trick panicked 'em at the pool room. AHEM.
 10. CORB: Perhaps I should deal this hand before going into further details. Out, please, Mr. McGee.
 11. FIB: You betcha, Sis.
 12. (SOUND: - SLAP OF CARDS)
 13. FIB: There ye are, Sis. The McGee Out, with the Gynsey's Curse.
 14. CORB: Now, Mrs. McGee, if you have a biddable suit, show it.
 15. MCGE: All right.
 16. FIB: What kinda of a suit, sis?
 17. CORB: A biddable suit.
 18. FIB: Ohhh. AHEM. Yes.. a biddable suit. I thought you says a suitable bid. But you mean if you ain't got a suitable bid in a biddable suit that suits the bidder, then the bidder better hide his bid till he gets a better bid in a biddable suit for a suitable bid.
 19. SIL:

WOL: Fibber, Dear...will you please keep out --

SOUND: (MELLOW CLUNK)

FIB: QUIN: Who kicked me? YOU kick me, Corby?

CORB: No. With Gilbertson System opponents partner gets first kick. Your hands, please.

SOUND: HUSTLE OF CARDS...CARDS BEING RAPPED INTO PLACE

FIB: Shucks, I got one o' them burros.

CORB: You mean a YARBOROUGH, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Nope. A BURRO. This hand'd make a jackass outa anybody.

AHEM.

CORB: Well, have you a bid, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Shucks, gimme time, sis. (TO HIMSELF)

Oh I had a dog, a little brown beastie
Had a eye like a bat and a nose like a eagle,
The "Night" o' the Weddin' o' Larry McGraw.

I'll open for a dime

CORB: One pass. And you, Mrs. McGee.

WOL: Well now, let me see. (PAUSE) Oh dear, I don't believe I have a single thing I can.

FIB: Hey, Corby, did ye ever lay a card onto your thumb like this, put a nickel onto it and flip the card out from under it?

LOOKS: Shucks, it took me YEARS to learn how to --

SIL: Mrs. McGee...ma'am. Souse no, ma'am.

WOL: Well, what is it, Silvius?

SIL: Everything's ready, ma'am. 'Ceatin that ice cream ain't showed up yet, ma'am.

1. WOL: Well sit down. It'll be here cretty soon. Now let me see.

2. SIL: Look at this hand, Miss Corbin and tell me what I have.

3. CORB: All right. Well...you have very bad distribution. One and a half honor tricks and --

4. WOL: ...

5. FIB: Hey, Corby, take a peek at my hand, too...and tell me what I got?

6. FIB: ...

7. CORB: Certainly. (PAUSE)

8. FIB: Well...what have I got?

9. CORB: A very bad habit of biting your nails. And my gracious!

10. WOL: What's the matter here?

1. WOL: Where?

2. FIB: Whatcha mean, sis?

3. CORB: Why, these cards - they --

4. SOUND: DOORBELL

5. WOL: That'll be the man with the ice-cream, Silly. Go get it and then put some nice quiet music on the phonograph

6. SIL: Yea'm (FADE OUT) I'll put some ice cream on the phonograph and tell the man to be quiet, ma'am....

7. WOL: Now then, Miss Corbin. What were you sayin' about the cards?

8. FIB: Ye don't think I been stackin' the cards, do ye, sis? Shucks, I never do that. Now that I CAN'T though. They's one trick I do, where ye call any card into the deck and I shake it out of a deck in a wine glass. AHEM. Got a wine glass on ye any place, Corby?

9. WOL: McGee! What was you sayin', Miss Corbin?

1. CORB: I was just observing that
 2. SIL: (FADE IN) - Mis' McGee. That man he got a brain no ice cream,
 3. no'am. He bring some'n else, ma'am.
 4. MOL: What did he bring?
 5. WIL: I brought you some Johnson's Glocat, Mrs. McGee. (FADE IN)
 6. FIB: HARPO. Oh here again?
 7. WIL: Yes. I brought you your order of Johnson's Glocat.
 8. MOL: Why we already have plenty. We ordered no Johnson's Glocat.
 9. FIB: Shucks, we ordered ICE CREAM.
 10. WIL: ICE CREAM! (LAUGHS) Well that explains it. I though you
 11. said a nice gleam. And if there's ANYTHING THAT WILL GIVE
 12. YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM A NICE GLEAN IT'S JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT
 13. Why... Well, anyway, I'm going to tell you how JOHNSON'S
 14. GLO-COAT makes your floors and linoleum gleam and sparkle
 15. with only 10 minutes' work. You simply spread a little
 16. Glo-Coat lightly over the floor with a soft cloth or the
 17. special Glo-Coat Applier. Then go away and forget about it.
 18. Come back 20 minutes later and you'll find your floor shining
 19. like new, protected from dirt and wear with a tough,
 20. long-lasting polish. Johnson's Glo-Coat requires no rubbing
 21. or buffing. But please don't confuse Glo-Coat with any
 22. cheap polishes that become sandy and collect dust. GLO-COAT
 23. sheds dust... and assures a brighter lustre - longer wear
 24. You save money by ordering JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT in the larger
 25. size cans.

1. MOL: But Mr. Wilson, We want some ice-cream. Can't we
 2. WIL: Can't you save more by buying Johnson's Glocat in the large
 3. size can? Why, certainly. Up to one third. Well, I'll get
 4. right back and fix up that order for you. So long, folks.
 5. SOUND: DOOR SLAM
 6. FIB: Dad rat that feller, I'm gettin' so's I'm afraid to cut on
 7. my socks in the mornin' for fear he'll be hidin' in the toe.
 8. MOL: Fergit it, McGee. Now then, Miss Corbin?
 9. CORB: I was about t' remark that this is a very peculiar deck of
 10. cards.
 11. MOL: Why, now?
 12. CORB: Notice your hand, Mrs. McGee. You have the ten and ten of
 13. diamonds and the nine of spades and the queen of clubs.
 14. FIB: So what, Miss Corbin?
 15. CORB: Well for heavens sake...so he has..MCGEE..where did you get this
 16. deck of cards?
 17. FIB: Who, me? Shucks, I told Billy to git 'em. Hey, SIL.
 18. SIL: Yeah.
 19. FIB: Where'd you git these here cards, Sil?
 20. SIL: Right when you told me too, Boss. Outa the deck draw, boss.
 21. FIB: Yo-all told me to pick out a nice clean deck and I did. I
 22. picked out some'n from all them decks till I had one nice
 23. clean one.
 24. CHASER: APPLAUSE

1. Well, here's that man again. HERE'S A WORD ABOUT MARCHELLI'S
 2. SONG CONTEST:
 3. And now a special announcement about the amateur song-writer's
 4. contest now being conducted by Rice Marchelli. If you have
 5. an original melody which you think might be made into a popular
 6. song, send it to Rice Marchelli, in care of the National
 7. Broadcasting Company, Chicago. It is not necessary to buy
 8. anything in order to enter this contest. Everyone is eligible
 9. excepting professional song writers. A cash prize of \$100
 10. will be awarded by the sponsors of this program --
 11. S. G. Johnson and Son, and in addition the winning song will
 12. be published by Irving Berlin, Inc. who will pay the writer
 13. standard royalties. The winning song will also be featured
 14. on one of the Fibber McGee future broadcasts. This amateur
 15. song writer's contest closes January 1st, 1936. For complete
 16. information about contest rules, address Rice Marchelli, in
 17. care of National Broadcasting Company, Chicago.

1. WID: DON'T FORGET, WE'VE POLISHED UP ANOTHER DAVE FOR YOU AT THIS
 2. TIME SAME HOUR NEXT MONDAY NIGHT, when we'll join Fibber and Holly
 3. as they help decorate the Wistral Vista Municipal Christmas
 4. Tree: "And if it's as hard to do as to see, we'll see who
 5. gets the trimming. Till then, let me say:
 6. THINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE FLOOR
 7. DAY-BY-DAY YOU GET NEW MORE
 8. JOHNSON'S GLOCKER MADE YOU BRIGHT
 9. This is Harlow Wilcox, folks,
 10. GOODNIGHT!

11. ARCHER: THERE "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (TO CLOSURE)

12. ~~ARCHER~~

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NOTHER DARE FOR YOU AT THIS
 We'll join Fiddler and Molly
 Viscia Municipal Christmas
 as to see, we'll see who
 it is say!
 TITLE FLOOR
 FEN NONE Marchetti
 MADE YOU BRIGHT
 coz, folks,
 GOODNIGHT!
 GGR1.

1. Rice Marchelli is happy to announce that he is receiving many very
 2. fine entries for the amateur song writer's contest, and the wise
 3. winning music will be published by Irving Berlin, Inc., and the
 4. writer will receive all standard royalties. S. C. Johnson & Son,
 5. sponsors of this program, are also offering a special cash award of
 6. \$100 for the winning song. This amateur song writer's contest
 7. closes January 1st. For further details, address Rice Marchelli -
 or Johnson's Wax, c/o National Broadcasting Company, Chicago.

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- 11. 10/3:45 P.M.
- 12. 12/14/38
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- 1. "FIBBE
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