

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

#37

WLS

7:00-7:30 PM CST

DECEMBER 23, 1938 MONDAY

Page 2.

1. ORCHESTRA: FANTASIE
2. WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!
3. ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)
4. WIL: Good evening everyone! The Makers of Johnson's Wax
5. hereby hand you a whole-hearted half-hour of ha-ha and
6. hay-hay, with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, EMERY DARGY,
7. (CAST)
8. and MARIAN AND JIM as that tomfooling team of toptofly
9. tree-trimmers, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!
10. APPLAUSE!
11. SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP... SUPPLEMENT WITH JANGLE BELLS.. TALKING.. ETC...
12. WIL: It's a beautiful moonlit night in the town square of
13. Wistful Vista, where the municipal Christmas tree is about
14. to be officially decorated. While the city fathers
15. consider the matter, Marcelli and his Wistful Vista Silver
16. Cornet Band in the bandstand on the village square blow on
17. their fingers, stamp their feet and swing into "NO OTHER ONE"
18. ORCHESTRA: "NO OTHER ONE" - (DOWN FOR 25-SECOND COMMERCIAL)
19. OPENING (OVER MUSIC)
20. If you want to have beautiful shining floors that won't
21. collect dust and dirt, use Johnson's GLO-COAT, the
22. remarkable liquid floor polish that shines as it dries
23. without rubbing or buffing.
- 24.
- 25.

1. APPLAUSE:
2. SOUND: DRUM ROLL UP...LAUGHTER...TALKING...MOTOR HORNS...ETC
3. DRUM ROLL AND GYMBAL CRASH
4. MEGAPHONE VOICE: ATTENTION LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I HAVE THE HONOR
6. TO PRESENT, THE HONORABLE... (Put that snowball down,
8. Willie Toops!) TO PRESENT THE HONORABLE OSCAR APPLEPUSS,
7. THE MAYOR OF WISTFUL VISTA, - MAYOR APPLEPUSS!

CHEERS

9. SUSTAINED G CHORD
10. MAYOR: MY FRIENDS AND FELLA CITIZENS OF WISTFUL VISTA. (CHEERS)
11. WE ARE GATHERED HERE THIS EVENING TO PERPETUATE AN OLD
12. WISTFUL VISTA TRADITION.
13. WHEED: You don't say, Oscar. The town ain't been built more'n
14. five years. (LAUGHTER)
15. MAYOR: QUIET PLEASE, SISTER WHEEDLEDECK.
16. WHEED: Quiet yourself, ye old windbag. How about the new pavement
17. for Maple Street.

18. CHEERS: LAUGHTER

19.

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1. MAYOR: AN OLD WISTFUL VISTA TRADITION, MY FRIENDS. THAT Hallowed
2. CUSTOM... THAT ANNUAL EVENT WHICH BRINGS JOY TO THE HEARTS
3. OF OUR CITIZENS AND WONDER TO THE SHINING EYES OF OUR
4. LITT-UL CHIL-DRUN. (CHEERS) I REFER TO THAT TIME-HONORED
5. OCCASION, THE TRIMMING OF OUR MUNICIPAL TREE.... (CHEERS).
6. WE HAVE AMONG US TONIGHT, A MAN... WHO, WHILE A
7. COMPARATIVE NEWCOMER IN OUR COMMUNITY HAS HAD, IN HIS
8. EXCITING AND USEFUL CAREER, A VAST EXPERIENCE IN THIS VERY
9. WORK. HE ADMITS HE HAS TRIMMED THE MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS
10. TREES IN THOUSANDS OF CITIES FROM THE ROCKBOUND COASTS OF
11. MAINE TO THE SUNKIST SHORES OF CALIFORNI-AY. AND I HAVE
12. ASSIGNED HIM THE HONOR OF SUPERINTENDING THE DECORATION
13. OF OUR TREE TONITE. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I PRESENT
14. OUR ESTEEMED FELLOW CITIZEN, MR. FIBBER MC GEE!

FIBBER CHEERS

15. SHOUTS: SPEECH... SPEECH... SPEECH
16. MOL: Go on up there, McGee... they want ye to make a speech.
17. FIB: Shucks, Molly ... I don't wanna make no speech. What'll
18. I say...
19. SHOUTS: SPEECH SPEECH
20. MOL: Heavenly days... just thank 'em for the honor, Iggermats.
21. Go on, now. Ye bragged yerself into this... now get yerself
22. out.
23. FIB: Shucks. Oh well....
24. CHEERS... DRUM ROLL AND GYMBAL CRASH
- 25.

1. FIB: Thanks, folks. I ...er...AHEN. It ... er ...IT
 2. STRIKES ME, FELLOW CITIZENS O' WISTFUL VISTA...IT STRIKES ME
 3. SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND CLINK
 4. FIB: OUCH! Who threw that snowball? Mrs. Wheedledeck, did you
 5. throw that?
 6. WRECK: No indeedie. If I'd throwed it I'd a put a brick into it!
 7. LAUGHTER
 8. FIB: ANTM. Well, as I was sayin', folks. I certainly appreciate
 9. the honor ye give me tonight o' trimmin' this here tree.
 10. This here's one o' the BIGGEST trees I ever trimmed, and I
 11. trimmed THOUSANDS O' 'em. AHEN. And as I was about to
 12. remark before, when I look at this here mighty monarch of
 13. the forest, this here Wistful Vista Christmas tree, it
 14. strikes me -
 15. SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND CLINK
 16. FIB: OUCH DAD RAT IT! WHO...
 17. MOL: Finish yer speech and git out a range, McGee. (LAUGHTER)
 18. FIB: AHEN. (FAST) I-wish-to-thank-the-mayor-fer-the-honor-and-
 19. I'll-git-right-onto-the-job-I-thank-you!
 20. APPLAUSE: CHEERS
 21. MOL: Well, McGee...ye didn't do so bad. But fer heavens sake what
 22. do YOU know about trimmin' a Christmas Tree? Ye never trimmed
 23. one in yer whole life and ye...
 24. FIB: SHHHH. Quiet Molly. Shuchks, I...AHEN. Oh helle there,
 25. Mayor. You met Mrs. McGee, aint ye Oscar? This here's the
 26. Mayor, Molly.

1. MOL: Oh how do ye do.
 2. MAYOR: Ah, it is an honor, Mrs. McGee. To meet the wife of
 3. such a public spirited citizen.
 4. FIB: Yes, I was jest tellin' Molly. That this here tree kinda
 5. reminds me o' the one I trimmed fer Pop Center, a suburb
 6. o' Cincinnati. Why that tree was...
 7. MOL: Look, McGee...here comes Mr. Toops and Geraldine.
 8. SOUND: HORSES ROOFS FADING IN WITH SLEIGH BELLS
 9. FIB: Hi, Mert!
 10. SOUNDS: ROOFS AND BELLS UP TO MIKE AND OUT. (OCCASIONAL JINGLE OF
 11. BELLS BEHIND DIALOG)
 12. GYRA: Oh helle everybody!
 13. TOOPS: Whoa! Jake!
 14. MAYOR: How do you do, Geraldine and Mr. Toops.
 15. MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Toops...Helle there Geraldine.
 16. TOOPS: Hiyah, folks. Hi-yah, Molly. Hi-yah, Oscar. Hiyah,
 17. there, Fibber ye old tree toad. HAW HAW HAW. Understand
 18. your gonna climb the tree fer the folks. HAW HAW HAW.
 19. Well, it jist goes to show. Darwin was right. HAW HAW HAW.
 20. MOL: (LAUGH)
 21. FIB: Taint funny, Toops. You gonna stick around and watch me
 22. trim it, Geraldine.
 23. MOL: Look, I ain't trimmin' a tree no more. Hi.
 24. MOL: Oh helle there, Molly.
 25. MOL: Oh helle there, Molly.
 26. MOL: Oh helle there, Molly.

1. GERA: Oh I can't. Mr. McGee though I really WOULD love to see you
 2. up a tree, (GIGGLES) I told Gerald you had volunteered to
 3. trip the tree and he said it was the only case he ever
 4. heard of the sap rising in the trees in the winter. (GIGGLES)
 5. Isn't that devastating? I mean isn't it really?

16. TOOPS: HAW HAW HAW. Get up Jake.
 17. SOUND: HORSES HOOPS AND JINGLE BELLS FADING OUT
 18. MOL: Well, McGee...ye better be gettin' to yer trimmin'.
 19. FIB: You betcha. How's about my helpers, Oscar?
 20. MAYOR: You'll find them over there by the tree, Mr. McGee. I
 21. requisitioned the services of a few men from the city street
 22. department. I told them you were in charge.
 23. FIB: Good. AHEM. Shucks, I aint trimmed a tree as big as this
 24. one sees I was - Oh hello there Teeny.
 25.

1. TEE: HE, Mr. McGee. Hi, Mrs. McGee. Hi, Mr. Applefuss.
 2. AD LIB HELLOS
 3. MOL: Aren't you out pretty late, Teeny?
 4. FIB: You gonna watch me trim that there tree, Teeny?
 5. TEE: No, I guess not, I betcha. I and Willie Toops are
 6. FIB: WILLIE TOOPS AND I, Teeny.
 7. TEE: Awaw (GIGGLES) YOU aren't 'ein' it. It's me and Willie.
 8. We're makin' a snow man.
 9. FIB: Comin' along nice, too, Teeny. Maybe the Mayor here'll let
 10. ye take his silk hat. How bout it, Oscar?
 11. MOL: Don't be silly, McGee. The children would ruin it with
 12. snowballs.
 13. MAYOR: Yes...er...I...the fact is, I...
 14. FIB: Well you run along and finish your snowman, Teeny. I
 15. gotta git to work.
 16. TEE: All right. Gee it's gonna be a dandy snow man I betcha.
 17. He's gonna have a big stumick, like Mr. Applefuss.
 18. FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh that Oscar? (LAUGHS) A big stumick like
 19. ZNA.
 20. (LAUGHS)
 21. MOL: Oh, now Teeny. Ye don't mean...
 22. FIB: (LAUGHS) That's pretty good. (LAUGHS) Big stumick like
 23. Oscar here. (LAUGHS)
 24. TEE: (GIGGLES) Yes and it's gonna have a big mouth like you,
 25. Mr. McGee.

LAUGHING

1. FIB: AHEN. Come on, Molly. You kin hold my coat whilst I
 2. go up the tree. You leavin', Oscar?
 3. MAYOR: Well, yes. I have a meeting of the commissioners tonight.
 4. But I'll try to be back before you're finished. And I
 5. want to thank you once more, Mr. McGee...for undertaking
 6. this task. I feel sure that I speak for the entire
 7. community of Wistful Vista when I express appreciation for
 8. your good work. Especially considering the case of Mr.
 9. Elbert Whinnery, who trimmed the tree for us last year.
 10. MOL: What about him, Mr. Mayor?

11. MAYOR: He fell down and broke his neck. WELL, Good evening, all!

12. GROUND RECORD UP

13. MOL: Come on McGee! (PAUSE) Hey! What're you lockin' so pale
 14. about?
 15. FIB: Huh-huh. Hear that, Molly? The last feller that trimmed
 16. the tree busted his neck.
 17. MOL: Oh! Are ye scared now?
 18. FIB: Who, Me? (LAUGHS) Shucks, no. Well come on over and we'll
 19. git started Molly. You kin stand below and hold my coat
 20. Hold yer coat. Are ye crazy, McGee, ye'll FREEZE!
 21. FIB: Oh I'll be warn enough Molly. This here's a FIR tree.
 22. (LAUGHS) Git it? I says I won't →
 23. MOL: Taint funny, McGee.
 24. FIB: Oh well. AHEN. Say ain't that some tree, Molly? Must
 25. forty-fifty foot high. Biggest one I ever see.

1. MOL: Yes, it's real big ain't it? But then, it's ...
 2. MAN: Sense no, folks. You Mr. McGee...that's gonna trim the tree?
 3. FIB: That's so, son. Why'd ye ask?
 4. MAN: I'm Joe. Joe Klenflick. The Mayor says I was to help you.
 5. FIB: Ohhh. Oh yes. This here's Mrs. McGee. Molly,
 6. this here's Joe. All set to get started Joe.
 7. JOE: Yeah. Seems the rest o' the light bulbs get here. You
 8. done a lot o' this stuff, huh?
 9. FIB: Oh yes. I was jest tellin' Molly...Mrs. McGee, here
 10. that this here tree aint NUTHIN' to what I trimmed.
 11. MOL: McGee...you says this was the biggest you ever saw.
 12. FIB: Well, yes. The biggest AROUND. But it aint very tall.
 13. AHEN. I'll never forget the one I trimmed out in Decatur
 14. Illinois, once. Darn devil McGee, I was knowed as then.
 15. Darn-devil McGee, the Death Defyin' Demon Decatur o'
 16. Decorator. I mean the Demon Decorator o' Decatur.
 17. Why one year - we had a tree 304 foot high. You want to
 18. hear about it, Joe?
 19. JOE: Sure do - Chief?
 20. FIB: WELL SIR, Joe, my boy. As I says, this tree was 306 foot
 21. high, and...
 22. MOL: 304 you says, McGee.
 23.
 24.
 25.

1. FIB: I know. But we picked it out, chopped her down,
 2. dragged 'er in and set 'er up so fast twas still growin'.
 3. AHEM. Before I got 'er all trimmed she was 321 foot high.
 4. MOL: You're sure twas a Christmas Tree and not a rubber plant?
 5. FIB: You betcha. One o' the finest specimens o' balsam ye
 6. ever popped a peeper onto. Well sir, the whole town
 7. o' Springfield was out to see that there tree decorated.
 8. And when...
 9. JOE: Sense me, Chief. You said this was in DECATUR, Illinois.
 10. FIB: Well...er...AHEM. Yes. It WAS. But the tree was so
 11. tall it could be seen easy from Springfield. AHEM.
 12. TEE: Well sir, I put my spurs on, to go up the tree...
 13. MOL: Now don't tell us ye rode a HORSE up the tree, McGee.
 14. FIB: CLIMBIN' spurs, Molly. Like the telephone repairmen uses.
 15. AHEM. Well sir...
 16. TEE: (FADE IN) Hey, Mrs. McGee and Mr. McGee...come and look
 17. at my snow man that Willy and I made. Gee it's a dandy I
 18. betcha.
 19. FIB: In a few minutes, Teeny. I'm busy now.
 20. TEE: (FADE OUT) All right...but gee you better hurry up
 21. before the moon comes out and melts it.
 22.
 23.
 24.
 25.

1. JOE: Well, I gotta go over and git them ladders and wires fixed
 2. so you -
 3. FIB: Don't be in a hurry, Joe. Smekts, you ASKED for this story
 4. and you're gonna git it. AHEM.
 5. MOL: And if ye didn't ask for it, Joe, you'd STILL get it!
 6. FIB: Well sir, as I says, I put on my climbin' spurs and up the
 7. tree I goes, carryin' light bulbs, glitter gadgets, festoons,
 8. and stuff, strapped onto my back. Ye see I always trim
 9. trees from the top down so when I gits to the top o' the
 10. tree, I blows a kiss to the admirin' citizens and does a few
 11. acrobatics to git limbered up.
 12. MOL: Just a old limberjack.
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ORCHESTRA: CHORD

1. **MOL:** Listen, NoDee. The Bands gonna play something'

2. **MEGAPHONE VOICE:** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. BEFORE TH MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS
3. TREE IS TRIMMED, EVERY DARCY WILL FOR US - HE HAS
4. CHOSEN OREGON TRAIL! MR. DARCY!

5. (APPLAUSE)

6. **ORCHESTRA:** OREGON TRAIL -- DARCY

7. **APPLAUSE!**

8. **FIB:** Hey, Teeny - that's some snow man ya got there.

9. **TEE:** Uh huh. I betcha it is, I betcha. Me and Willie made it.

10. **FIB:** Ye don't say!

11. **MOL:** Fer heavens sake, Teeny. You mean you and Willie made that
12. big snow man all by yourself? My, my....a corncob pipe and
13. everything.

14. **FIB:** How'd ye reach WAY up to the head there, Teeny?

15. **TEE:** Oh a man helped us; I betcha.

16. **MOL:** What man, Teeny?

17. **FIB:** Mort Toops, Teeny?

18. **TEE:** No. Another man. He went away I guess.

19. **FIB:** Well sir, all I can say Teeny is that's one o' the most
20. lifelike snowmen I ever did see. You ought be kinda
21. proud that -

22. **MOL:** NoDee! LOOK!

23. **FIB:** Eh? Smatter, Molly?

24. **MOL:** LOOK. The snow man. It's McVIN'.

25. **FIB:** So 'tis, Molly! Why, it's crackin' wide open!

1. **WIL:** Hello, Folks. If you'll just take that pipe out of my mouth...

2. **WIL:** Ah...thank you.

3. **FIB:** What were you doin' inside that snow man, Haroo?

4. **WIL:** Just waiting to tell you that there is no treatment like
5. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT to make your floors and linoleum shine like
6. new. Glo-Coat is so easy to apply with a soft cloth or the
7. inexpensive Glo-Coat applicator. This liquid polish dries in
8. 20 minutes and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing.
9. You'll be amazed when you see what a beautiful bright polish
10. Glo-Coat puts on your floors. But the real satisfaction
11. will come later when you find how long the polish wears and
12. how much floor-cleaning it saves you. For Glo-Coat sheds
13. dust and protects the floor from wear. Look for the attractive
14. yellow can with the lettering "JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT."

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1. FIB: Now then, Joe. When I git up into the branches there past
 2. the top o' the ladder, you throw me up the rope tied to a
 3. basket with them bulbe and stuff into it. Ye git the idea?
 4. JOE: Okay Chief. Hold that ladder steady, Bill. Go ahead, Chief.
 5. FIB: You betcha. I jost been PAVIN' the ground to git up there
 6. and do my stuff. G-b-Bye, Nolly.
 7. MOL: Be careful, McGee.
 8. FIB: Steady with that ladder there, son. (TO HIMSELF) Thanks,
 9. nebbe this won't be so bad after all.... (CROWD RECORD OUT)
 10. JOE: Hey, Chief! (OFF NIKK)
 11. snatter now?
 12. JOE: You better take this hunting knife, Chief. Cut the little
 13. branches outa your way.
 14. FIB: OKAY. Toss her up. I used to be a old knife catcher into
 15. vauzeville.
 16. SOUND: WHISTLE CRESCENDO SLAP.
 17. FIB: OUCH. But that ain't the kind o' knives we used. ANEW..Now
 18. let's see...I'll...dad rat this dad ratted pitch sticks a
 19. feller all up so...HEY HOLD THAT LADDER STRADY WILL YE?
 20. CROWD RECORD UP
 21. JOE: I guess the mugg knows what he's doin' at that, guys.
 22. MOL: And who are you callin' a mugg, ye mugg?
 23. JOE: Oh. Excuse me, ma'am. I didn't see youse.
 24. MOL: No. And one more crack about my husband and ye won't be able
 25. to see stall. Now get ready to throw him up the rope. HE'S
 way up past the top o' the ladder.
 JOE: Okay, lady. Ready with the rope, Bill... (SHOUTS) OKAY UP THERE?

1. FAIRER VOICE: OKAY!
 2. MOL: Fine. He's doin' all right.
 3. JOE: Say he's too high to catch the rope if I did throw it.
 4. JOE: Oh look.....he clipped!
 5. MOL: Heavensly days!!! what in the world. NOBODY! WHAT'S
 THE MATTER?
 6. FAINT VOICE: UNINTELLIGIBLE WORDS.
 7. MOL: WE CAN'T HEAR YE...COME ON DOWN A BIT!
 8. FAINT VOICE: I CAN'T...I'M STUCK.
 9. JOE: Looks like he's hanging by his belt on a branch up
 10. there. He'll have to...HEY WHERE YOU GOIN' LADY?
 11. MOL: I'M GOIN' UP AND HELP HIM. Let go of me, ya young
 12. whipper-snapper....
 13. JOE: Oh no ya don't, sister. I ain't gonna be responsible
 14. fer you breakin' YOUR neck, too. HEY EVERYBODY...
 15. THAT GUY'S CAUGHT ON SOMETHIN' UP THERE. WHAT'LL WE
 16. DO?
 17. CROWD NOISES UP: SHAKE THE TREES! MAIL HIM A PARACHUTE! PILE UP
 18. SOME SNOW AND TELL HIM TO JUMP!...ETC. ETC.
 19. MOL: OH DEAR OH DEAR. NOOHE IS HANGING UP THERE ON A BRANCH
 20. AND IF HE OUTS HIMSELF LOOSE HE'LL FALL...
 21. VOICE: SOMEBODY CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!
 22. CROWD CHEERS.
 23. MOL: (CALLS) Hang on, McGee....we'll get ya down....
 24. FAINT VOICE: HURRY UP.....IT'S COLD UP HERE....
 25. JOE: Here comes the fire department!

1. **SOUND:** FADE IN FIRE ENGINE RECORD
2. **GROUND NOISES UP... CONVERSION...**
3. **MAYOR:** All right - all right - what's the matter here?
4. **JOE:** There's a guy stuck up in the tree, there, and -
MOLLY: It's no husband... Fibber McGee... he's up there and can't get
 6. **ETC:** down.
 Get that man down from there, Mr. Mayor... before he falls...
 Mayor...
7. **MAYOR:** All right... one at a time... and STAND BACK THE FOLKS. GIVE US ROOM. Now then... as Mayor of Wistful Vista and Chief of the Wistful Vista Volunteer Fire Department, I call upon all you good citizens in the name of good government to -
11. **VOICE:** (OFF MIKE) They call him to save a guy's life and he makes a speech.
12. **MAYOR:** Who said that?
14. **MOL:** Listen, Mr. Applefuss... me husband, Fibber McGee, is up in the tree there and he's caught on a branch. Do somethin', will ye? Put up a ladder... or send up a balloon... but DO SOMETHIN'!
19. **MAYOR:** Don't worry, Mrs. McGee... We'll save our fellow citizen. Put up the long ladder, boys.
20. **JOE:** Your long ladder ain't long enough, Mr. Mayor. You gotta use the net.
22. **MAYOR:** Just what I thought myself. BRING THE NET BOYS... STAND BACK EVERYBODY. BACK THERE, PLEASE... MAKE ROOM. Now then, my megaphone, Charley.
24. **MOL:** Oh! Hurry up! Poor McGee!
25. **MAYOR:** Be quiet, madam. WHERE'S MY MEG?

1. **VOICE:** (OFF MIKE) Who do you think you are, Rudy Vallee?
2. **MAYOR:** SILENCE.
3. **JOE:** Here's the megaphone.
4. **MAYOR:** NOW THEN... QUIET EVERYBODY. GET THAT NET READY BOYS...
5. **CHORUS:** ALL SET, MR. MAYOR.....
6. **MAYOR:** (IN MEG) CAN YOU HEAR ME UP THERE, MCGEE?
7. **FAINT VOICE:** YES BUT HURRY UP... THIS BELT'S CUTTIN' ME IN TWO.
8. **MAYOR:** ALL RIGHT. NOW WHEN I SAY READY... YOU REACH AROUND BEHIND YOU AND CUT YOUR BELT... WE'LL CATCH YOU IN THE NET. UNDERSTAND?
9. **FIB:** Okay.
10. **CHORUS:** READY!
11. **MAYOR:** (IN MEG) ALL RIGHT UP THERE... ONE... TWO... THREE! CUT!
12. **SOUND:** DRUM ROLL BEHIND CRACKLING OF WOOD... CRESCENDO... GYMBAL CRASH! WITH BOUNCING EFFECT. DIMINUENDO.
14. **GROUND RECORD UP!**
16. **MOL:** McGee... are ye hurt, McGee... ARE YE HURT? Speak to me, McGee.
17. **FIB:** (FADE IN) Shucks, Molly, I'm all right. I just come back for my handkerchief. AHEN. Ye see, I...
18. **JOE:** HEY, HOLD THE NET AGAIN, BOYS... HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!
20. **FIB:** Another one! Shucks, I didn't know they was somebody else up there....
22. **SOUND:** DRUM ROLL AND CRASH AS BEFORE.
23. **WIL:** Thanks, boys. I just dropped in to tell you that now is the time to give your floors and linoleums a beautiful polish
24. **MOL:**
25. **MAYOR:**

1. WIL: Thanks, boys. I just dropped in to tell you that now is the
 2. time to give your floors and linoleums a beautiful polish
 3. with Johnson's Glocoat. This easy-to use no-rubbing polish
 4. dries in just 20 minutes. It gives a hard, protective finish
 5. to your floors -- yet this finish is not brittle. It will
 6. not chip. Any time you want to touch up a certain spot you
 7. merely wipe on a little more Glo-Coat and it will blend
 8. perfectly with the rest of the polish. Glo-Coat never
 9. requires rubbing or buffing. It shines as it dries without
 10. help from you. Instead of having dull, dingy floors that
 11. require constant care, you can easily have bright shining
 12. floors and linoleum that all your friends will admire. The
 13. surface will stay beautiful for weeks at a time, with
 14. practically no care, when it is protected with Johnson's
 15. Glo-Coat. And here's a reminder -- you save as much as one
 16. third by ordering GLO-COAT in the larger size cans.

17. WIL: (AFTER COMMERCIAL) You didn't know I was up in that tree
 18. with you, did you, Fibber?

19. FIB: Nope. I didn't, Harpo. What branch was you on?

20. WIL: The LOCAL Branch of the S. C. Johnson & Son Company, who make
 21. it easy for you to save as much as one third by buying Glocoat
 22. in the large-sized cans. Well, I'll be seeing you, folks.

23. Merry Christmas.

1. MOL: And the same to you, Mr. Wilcox.

2. FIB: Same to you, Harpo.

3. WIL: Thank you. Say, do you know what the Wistful Vista Silver
 4. Cornet Band is going to play now?

5. FIB: No, but if it's the Trail o' the Lonesome Pine, I'll shoot the
 6. lot of 'em.

7. WIL: (LAUGHS) No sir. Marcelli has arranged a toy symphony. All
 8. his men are using genuine toy musical instruments right from
 9. the toy counter. They'll play SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN &
 10. GIDDY A; LITTLE ROCKIN' HORSE. ALL NIGHT, RECO!

11. ORCHESTRA: "SANTA CLAUS IS COMIN' TO TOWN."

12. APPLAUSE:

13. WIL: NOW A WORD ABOUT MARCELLI'S SONG CONTEST.

14. Rico Marcelli is happy to announce that he is receiving many
 15. very fine entries for the amateur song writer's contest, and
 16. the prize winning music will be published by Irving Berlin,
 17. Inc., and the writer will receive all standard royalties.
 18. S. C. Johnson & Son, sponsors of this program, are also
 19. offering a special cash award of \$100 for the winning song.
 20. This amateur song writer's contest closes January 1st. For
 21. further details, address Rico Marcelli -- or Johnson's Wax,
 22. c/o National Broadcasting Company, Chicago.

23. So we leave you until next Monday night at this same hour, when
 24. we'll rejoin Fibber McGee and Molly as they make a bit of
 25. whoopse at the Wistful Vista Night Club. CAN'T YOU just hear
 26. these corks pop?

OLD MAN VOICE: I SURE CAN, SONNY!

1. WIL: Thank you, Pop. Until then, may I remind you that -
2. (SHORT COMMERCIAL)
3.
4.

5. THIS IS WAIKIKI GLOOGAT WILCOX, WIDDING YOU A
6. WICKI-WAXI-WOO AND HARLOWA OR, UNTIL NEXT MONDAY.
7. GOOD NIGHT!
8.
9.

10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21. EU
22. 10/10/30 A.M.
23. 12/19/55
24.
25.
26.

NBC

ADVERTISEE B. G. JOHNSON & SON CO. INC

WRITEDON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY #38

OK

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

DECEMBER 30, 1935)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct