

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#84)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ,
(7:00-7:30 PM)

(NOVEMBER 16, 1936)

(MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

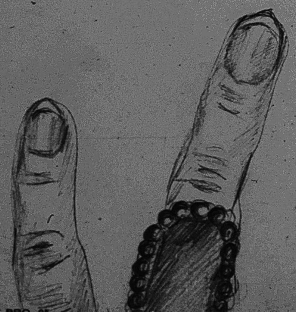
ENGINEER

REMARKS

REBROADCAST: 11 - 11:30

~~Hugh - 6 ties. 1st show~~

Horse Coffee



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ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: FINISH THEME

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "PICTURE ME WITHOUT YOU"!

ORK: "PICTURE ME WITHOUT YOU"

APPLAUSE:-

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT:

WIL: DO YOU REMEMBER "MY BABY", -- THE HORSE THAT FIBBER AND MOLLY HAD TO TAKE HOME FROM THE RACES IN LIEU OF CASH A FEW WEEKS AGO? Well, THEY had almost forgotten it, too, - UNTIL THE FEED BILL CAME IN! The horse has been sleeping and eating - (yeah, man!) at a boarding stable in Wistful Vista. And here, wondering what to do about the matter, and talking to the owner of the boarding stable, we find -
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

FIB: Yes but listen here, bud...thirty bucks is kinda steep isnt it, fer six weeks board for a horse?

MAN: No sir...it isn't.

MOL: Heavenly days, we could live on thirty dollars for six weeks ourselves.

MAN: Well, some horses eat more'n others, lady.

MOL: WHADDYE MEAN BY THAT?

FIB: Listen , bud, do you mean to tell me this is the regular charge for boardin' a horse?

MOL: You can board a street car for five cents. HA HA HA.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. AHEM. What you been feedin' ^{My Baby} this nag, bud? Imp-orted hay? Or have ye been puttin' cream and sugar on his oats?

MAN: Listen here, young feller. Thirty dollars is a reasonable charge fer six weeks stablin'. You goin' to pay or not?

FIB: Tell ye what I'll do, bud. I'll tear up the bill and you keep the horse. How's that?

MAN: No sir. T'wont do. What good's the horse to me?

MOL: Heavenly days, you could rent him out to people, couldn't you? It's a five gaited horse.

FIB: Yes, five gaited, bud. Trip, stumble, buck , shy and fall. (LAUGHS)

MOL: McGee's just jokin' of course.

FIB: Sure. Here's a real racin' hoss, bud, that you got a chance to take off our hands at a bargain. Think of it, 30 bucks, fer a thoroughbred like My Baby!

MAN: No sir. Taint no use arguin'. Pay the bill or I'll sue.

FIB: You mean to say you couldnt make dough with that hoss, bud?

MAN: No sir. I can't. Let one lady ride her and she didn't get home for twelve hours. This horse saw a load of hay and followed it way out into the country. Lady couldn't do anything with her.

MOL: Oh wasnt that cute, McGee? My Baby thought the load of hay was you! -

FIB: ME!

MOL: Yes...you always need a haircut.

MAN: Well. I dont want the brute. All she does is eat and sleep.

FIB: What'd ye expect him to do? T_ab in washing?

MOL: ((If she could only cook!))

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MAN: You mean stanima.

FIB: That's it, - stanima. They gotta have stanima. Why I remember when I was senior vet in the 3rd Virginia Cavalry. Vertabrae McGee, they called me in the days. VERTABRAE MCGEE, THE VIGILANT, VALUABLE VITAMIN VETERAN AND VERICOSE VEIN VERIFIER OF THE VALOROUS VIRGINIA VOLUNTEER VETS!

MOL: ~~Oh doc~~ You mean you used to be a veterinarian?

FIB: You betcha.

MOL: Just vegetables - no meat?

FIB: Just vegeta-...I SAYS VETERINARIAN...NOT VEGETARIAN.

Now this, horse here, I'd judge to be about...er...lemme see now...incisors wore off on the near side... upper bicuspids need treatment on the gingival line...lower incisors ...oh I'd say she's about...well, what do you think Doctor?

SCOT: About what?

FIB: About this horse's teeth?

SCOT: Aye. They'll do.

MOL: Sure. They'll do us out of house and home.

FIB: No, I mean HOW OLD would ye say she was, Doc?

SCOT: Well, lad, tis a bit deeficult to judge. But I'd estimate about/...

FIB: Four years and three months is about right, aint it, Doc?

SCOT: Mebbe four years three months and ten days. Maybe twelve days.

FIB: Ye're verra conserrrvative, lad. I'd say about thirrrty-five yearrrs!

FIB & MOL: THIRTY FIVE!

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SCOT: Aye.

FIB: Oh now doc...this horse aint that old. She just looks that way because she ~~has been worried~~

MOL: So have I. Heavenly days. 35 years! She hasnt got many years ahead of her as a race horse, has she?

FIB: SHE aint got many years ahead as a HORSE. How's her heart, doc?

SCOT: Herre's ma stethoscope, ld. Listen to the hearrrt yersel'.

FIB: Okay...what do I do...put these gadgets in my ears? Oh yes.

SOUND: (PUMP-DIDLEY-BUM-BUM - PUMP- DIDDLEY-BUM-BUM ON KETTLEDRUM)

FIB: Hmmmmm. Listen to this Molly. Got a real strong heart. In spots.

MOL: Let's hear it.

SOUND: TRICKS ON SNARE AND BASSDRUMS

MOL: I think she's been smoking too much.

FIB: How about her lungs, Doc? Lemme listen to them.

DOC: Aye...Go ahead.

SOUND: (SAXAPHONE INHALE: PICCOLO EXHALE. REPEAT. REPEAT AGAIN.)

FIB: Wonderful! If I could jest shut my eyes - and my nose - I'd swear I was tuned in on the Philadelphia Fillyharmonic. Try it, Molly.

MOL: All right.

SOUND: REPEAT.

MOL: Well heavenly days. Say Mr. Liveryman. Nobody lost an accordian in the hay loft, did they?

FIB: Slide that stethoscope back a little, Doc. I'd like to hear her play "I'm Just a Vagabond Liver".

MAN: What did I tell you? That hayburner aint worth her feed bill.

FIB: That's what I think. Let's shoot the bill and tear up the horse. I mean, let's -

MOL: Oh no ye dont, McGee. Even if this man wont buy it, we wont be cruel. Thank ye very much Doctor.

SCOT: Aye lass. Twas worrth it. The animal is rrrready for the Smithsonian Institute.

MOL: And she must know it, the way she's been stuffing herself.

MAN: All right, McGee. HOW ABOUT MY FEED BILL. Thirty bucks. And it's pretty near feeding time. That'll be another two bucks.

MOL: I'm afraid you're getting the a la carte before the horse, mister. What'll you do if we refuse to pay?

MAN: I'll sue you. That's what I'll do.

FIB: Suppose ye win the suit and they make ye keep the horse? What then?

MAN: Oh-oh! Gee! I never thought of that. Cant you give her away?

FIB: Wait a minute... Lemme think...

SOUND: WHINNY BLUBBER. (HORSE LAFF)

FIB: Shut up, My Baby! Say, Molly, do ye suppose we could give her to Harpo fer Christmas as a Polo pony?

MOL: We might give it to Ted Weems for a mascot.

FIB: Or we might sell her to the movies as a trick horse.

MOL: Can she do any tricks?

FIB: Well, I'll bet she'd walk a tight rope across Niagara Falls if there was a bucket o' bran on the Canadian side. We might put on a exhibition and sell tick... (PAUSE) I GOT IT!

MOL: You got what?

FIB: WE'LL SELL TICKETS AND RAFFLE 'ER OFF! ~~PRINT TICKETS IN~~
~~THE SHAPE OF A HORSE-SHOE... NUMBER 'EM UP TO A HUNDRED~~ *with scribble* ~~tickets~~

SELL 'EM FOR A DOLLAR APIECE AND HOLD THE RAFFLE ON OUR FRONT PORCH! Whaddye think, Molly?

MOL: Well, I - I don't believe --

FIB: WHADDYE YOU THINK, bud?
MAN: Oh, I dont -
FIB: WHADDYE YOU THINK, MY BABY?
SOUND: BLUBBER. *Horse laugh*
ORK: CHASER: *A*

APPLAUSE:
ORK: "YOU TURNED THE TABLES ON ME" -- -- COMO

APPLAUSE:
ORK: MGEE THEME (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT) *

WIL: WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE FIBBER HAS GOT SOMETHING HERE! HE'S HAD A HUNDRED ^{raffle} TICKETS PRINTED AND HAS ALREADY SOLD A LOT OF THEM. OF COURSE, ~~THE BUYERS HAVENT SEEN THE HORSE YET, BUT THEY THINK THEY CANT LOSE AT A DOLLAR A THROW. That's what THEY think!~~ BUT HERE ARE FIBBER & MOLLY, ON THEIR FRONT PORCH AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, ^{where} HARANGUING A CONSIDERABLE CROWD ^{has gathered} WHICH HAS BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE LARGE SIGN FIBBER PUT UP!

SOUND: CROWD UP... FADE TO

FIB: We done pretty good so far, Molly. Lemme see...forty...forty three...fifty...eight...62 tickets. Only 38 to go! HOW ABOUT YOU, BROTHER? HOW ABOUT TAKIN' A CHANCE ON THE RAFFLE? ONLY A BUCK TO GET A THOROUGH BRED HORSE. AND THE HORSE, BUD, IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND?
MAN: (OFF MIKE) I'm only a boy, buddy, and me best friend is me mudder.

MOL: Well, this horse is a mudder, too. Step up and buy a ticket. A thoroughbred horse for only a dollar.. WHO'S NEXT?

CROWD UP: FADE TO -

MOL: You know ..somehow it dont seem right to me, Mogee. If we sell, all the tickets and pay the feed bill, we'll profit about forty dollars, even with the printing, and all.

FIB: Well, Molly the Indians only got a string o' beads and 25 bucks for New York, and they thought they were overpaid.

MOL: They were.

FIB: You mean to say it dont seem right to you to earn forty bucks on a legitimate proposition after bein' thirty bucks, in the red on a feed bill? (LAUGHS) Say dont be silly!

MOL: Well, it seems a little liek --

FIB: Quiet, Molly, here comes a fekker fer a ticket! ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT STEP RIGHT UP HERE FOLKS...THE BIGGEST OPPORTUNITY OF THE CENTURY! ^{The chance on my baby} A REAL RACE HORSE, A THROUGHOUGHRED BLUE*BLOODED KENTUCKY MARE FER THE SMALL SUM OF ONE SMACKER. ONLY TEN LITTLE DIMES, BROTHER FER A TICKET ON THE BIG RAFFLE!

DEAF: What say, young feller?

MOL: He said why not buy a ticket and win a racehorse?

DEAF: Stop mutterin'. Speak up.

FIB: I SAYS HOW ABOUT BUYIN' A TICKET ON THE BIG RAFFLE, BUD?

FIB: WHADDYE YOU THINK, bud?

MAN: Oh, I dont -

FIB: WHADDYE YOU THINK, MY BABY?

SOUND: BLUBBER. *horse laugh*

ORK: CHASER: *A*

APPLAUSE:

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MOL: He said why not buy a ticket and win a racehorse?

DEAF: Stop mutterin'. Speak up.

FIB: I SAYS HOW ABOUT BUYIN' A TICKET ON THE BIG RAFFLE, BUD?

DEAF: No thanks - I dont care for apples.

MOL: He didnt say apple! He said RAFFLE...RAFFLE!

DEAF: Yes sir -- It baffles me, too, lady.

FIB: ~~Say what the... LISTEN BUD WE'RE SELLIN' TICKETS ON A RAFFLE. YOU MIGHT WIN A HORSE!~~

DEAF: No...I dont care for winter sports, either. Besides, its none of your business.

Mel
FIB: ~~Okay Okay. Let him go Molly. OKAY BUD...SKIP IT.~~

DEAF: Eh? What say?

FIB: I SAYS SKIP IT!

DEAF: Oh yes...great singer, Tibbett I like Perry Como, too.

Say, can you give me some information?

MOL: What information?

DEAF: Eh What say?

FIB: ~~WHAT INFORMATION?~~

DEAF: ~~I dont get it.~~

MOL: WHAT DID YOU WANT TO KNOW?

DEAF: What's the matter, cant you hear good? (FADE) I was goin' to ask you where this raffle was bein' held but you ^{drumskulls} ~~deaf~~ seem to know what It's all ab...

SOUND: CROWD UP ... FADE TO ...

MOL: ~~Run after him, McGee...it's us he's lookin' for.~~

FIB: ~~No sir. Not me. He'd never be able to hear My Baby's hoofbeats~~

Fuh
MOL: ~~to know whether she'd be galloppin' or singlefootin'.~~
~~He but she eats real loud. She- Oh hello, there, Mrs.~~

Wearybottom. McGee...you remember Mrs. Wearybottom.

FIB: Oh hello there, Weary. How are ye?

WEARY: Well, I guess I'm all right, except for a touch of influenza but I suppose everybody has to go thru that sometime during the winter so I don't worry about it very much and besides the doctor says I've got a real strong constitution if it had a few amendments to it, but then he's always joking what are the tickets for?

FIB: AHEM. Why...er see the sign up there, Mrs. Wearybottom? We got a racehorse we're rafflin' off tonight. Tickets are only a dollar.

WEARY: Well goodness me imagine that, raffling off a race horse. Where'd you ever get that idea raffling off a race horse?

MOL: Well, we had a race horse -

FIB: So we thought we'd raffle it off. ^{Fish} Kinda simple, when ye get right down to it. Want a buy a couple of tickets, Mrs. Wearybottom? Only a buck a throw.

WEARY: Well now my goodness I don't hardly know if I do or not I just love horses but RACEHORSES I don't know, our yard isn't big enough for a race track and besides I don't believe my husband would care for the idea he likes to bet on the races but he likes to bet on different horses all the time and if we had a racehorse he'd have to bet on ^{just the one} it and he'd be real annoyed about it gimme three tickets.

FIB: Eh? You mean you -

MOL: Here. Here's three tickets, Mrs. Wearybottom. I hope you win.

WEARY: I hope I don't, because I don't know where we could get a jockey for it my goodness we haven't got any children and the little boy next door is too mischievous (FADE OUT) and our basement is too small too keep a horse in it and...

CROWD RECORD UP FADE TO

FIB: Say, if she's so scared she'd win why did she buy them three tickets?

MOL: Fer the same reason you bought the accident insurance and haven't had so much as a hangnail since.

FIB: Well, there's 65 bucks, in the kitty, Molly. Goin' good, eh? Boy when I get a idea, it's hot!

MOL: Yes, I think we're gonna get scorched on this one. It still seems like cheatin' to me. Racehorse! That fat, lazy, ~~god-for-nothing-corn-cruncher!~~

FIB: Oh now, Molly - the worst plug in the world is worth a dollar.

WIL: (FADE IN) ALL RIGHT, Gimme a dollar!

FIB: Yiyah, Harpo.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Give you a dollar for what?

WIL: For the worst plug in the world.

FIB: Where is it?

WIL: Listen: YOU MAY BUY A TICKET ON THE RAFFLE OF A HORSE
BUT GLO-COAT IS THE WINNER ON LINOLEUM AND FLOORS.

There! Isn't that the worst plug in the world for the
best product in the world?

FIB: Say, that's worth TWO dollars, Harpo.

WIL: Thanks. I'm pretty bad when I really try, don't you think?

MOL: You're pretty bad even when your ~~good~~ *and try*

WIL: Gee, thanks, Molly.

FIB: Look at him blush! ALL RIGHT FOLKS... (OVER CROWD)

CROWD RECORD UP...

WHO'S NEXT TO TRY THEIR LUCK? ONLY TWENTY LITTLE NICKELS
TO WIN A HANDSOME RACE HORSE. ~~STEP RIGHT UP... TICKETS~~
~~ARE GOIN' FAST YE KNOW... ONLY A FEW MORE LEFT.~~ *tickets* YOU'LL
HAVE TO HURRY HURRY HURRY -

SIL: Is it Town Hall tonight, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Quiet Sil.

MOL: Oh hello, Silvius.

SIL: Hiyah, Ma'am.

FIB: How about takin' a ticket on the raffle, Sil?

SIL: Wah raffle?

FIB: Say, ain't you heard Sil? Whaddye think this crowd is here
for?

SIL: Yassuh. A dunno, please suh.

MOL: WE're raffling off that race horse we got at the tracks,
Silly. Selling chances on it for a dollar.

FIB: You gotta dollar, Sil?

SIL: Yassah.

FIB: Okay. Here's a ticket.

SIL: Waffo?

FIB: Fer the dollar.

SIL: MY dolleh?

FIB: Sure, you want to take a chance don't ye?

SIL: Nossuh

MOL: Smart boy, Silvius.

FIB: (Not so loud, Molly.) AHM. Sil, this is the chance of a
lifetime.

SIL: Yassah.

FIB: HERE IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE GENERATION....

SIL: Yassuh (louder)

FIB: HERE IS THE FINEST PROPOSITION OF ITS KIND TO BE FOUND...

SIL: YASSUH (Eagerly)

FIB: THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO REAP A FORTUNE IN THE WHIRL OF
THE WHEEL.

SIL: Yassuh (Enthusiastically)

FIB: SO YOU DO WANT A TICKET EH?

SIL: Nossuh!

FIB: Ah fer the... say, what is this? Listen, Sil Here I offer
you a chance to clean up a pile O' dough with this race
horse, if ye win it, and you won't plunge a measly dollar
on it.

Provide cut

Why? Why not?

SIL: Yassuh, - ah won't. Yo' see, Mist' McGee, please suh, if ah win this lil ole hossy, she gotta eat, ain' she?
MOL: You'd be surprised, Silly!
SIL: Yas'm. Iffen ah, win, lil ole hosse eats. Iffen ah don' bet, AH eats. So long, Mist' McGee. So long - Ma'am!

CROWD UP

MOL: (LAUGHS) Silly must have heard rumors about our horse, McGee. Somebody probably told him that My Baby was just a big appetite with a tail.
FIB: PLEASE Molly...you wanta ruin the sale?
MOL: Yes, I think I do. It don't hardly seem right that..
FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS.... ONLY A FEW TICKETS LEFT...STEP RIGHT UP AND GET A TICKET TO PROSPERITY FOR ONLY ONE BUCK. ONE SPIN O' THE WHEEL AND YOU'RE A RACE HORSE OWNER THINK OF IT FOLKS TEN DIMES FOR THE DERBY! SARATOGA FOR A SIMOLEON! ACQUEDUCT FOR A BUCK! WHO'S NEXT...how about you down there John? You interested?
CHINK: Me velly much intellected.
FIB: Good. How many tickets you want?
CHINK: No wanchee tickee. Who paintee big sign?
MOL: McGee painted that sign himself.
CHINK: Velly bum sign. Oppotlunity spell all long. Sign say one P, two n. Oppotlunity spell two p-s - one n. Velly bum sign.

CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Why don't you call it off while you still have time, McGee? Refund the money and give -
FIB: SHHH...Quiet, Molly. Somebody sent a little girl over to buy some tickets. Hi there, sis.
TEE: Him mister.
MOL: Oh hello there, little girl.
FIB: You come for some tickets, sis?
TEE: Huh?
FIB: I say, somebody send you over fer some tickets on the raffle? Let's see now how many I can spare...twenty...twenty-five...twenty six.. I better hold some so I can take care of *the sponsor*
HOW ABOUT TWENTY...Sis?
TEE: Twenty what?
FIB: Twenty tickets
TEE: Where you goin?
FIB: Dad rat it, I ain't goin' anyplace
TEE: Then whatcha got the tickets for?
FIB: They're for... LISTEN...Didn't somebody send you over for some tickets?
TEE: Who?
FIB: You
TEE: Who sent me?
FIB: Smucks, how do I know who sent you?
TEE: Me, too, I betcha.

FIB: You too, what?
 TEE: Huh?
 FIB: I says where did...er...who... say LISTEN. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
 TEE: I wanna see the monkey I betcha.
 FIB: MONKEY!... WHAT MONKEY?
 TEE: HUH?
 FIB: I dad r...listen. What give ye the idea they was a monkey here?
 TEE: My pappa. He lives over there. And he said there was some man across the street that was gonna make a monkey of himself with a horse. ~~Can I see it, Mister. Huh? Can I please? I never saw a man turn into a monkey and ride a horse.~~
 FIB: Aw fer the... HEY TED... YOU GOTTA TICKET?
 TED: YES. I HAVE. WHY?
 FIB: WHAT NUMBER DID YOU GET?
 TED: IT ISN'T WHAT NUMBER DID I GET. BUT WHAT NUMBER ARE YOU GOING TO GET
 MOL: And what's that?
 TED: COUNTRY WASHBURN SINGING "PAPA TREETOP TALL." All right, boys!
 ORK: "PAPA TREE TOP TALL" ... WASBURN

APPLAUSE:

WILL: 2nd Commercial:

~~-COMMERCIAL-~~

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (Down for announcement)
 WILL: NOW BACK TO 79 WISTFUL VISTA FIBBER MCGEE IS ABOUT TO SPIN THE WHEEL SO SOMEBODY MAY WIN THE HORSE. BUT FIRST THERE ARE A FEW TICKETS TO BE SOLD, AND THEY'RE GOING LIKE HOT CAKES. WELL, WARM CAKES ANYWAY. MOLLY STILL DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN FAVOR OF THE RAFFLE BUSINESS... HERE THEY ARE... FACING THE LARGE CROWD GATHERED IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.
 CROWD UP: FADE FOR
 MOL: How many tickets you got left, McGee?
 FIB: Only five, Molly, It won't be long now. And those will... WHAT YOU SHAKIN' YOUR HEAD FOR, MOLLY?
 MOL: Oh I dunno, McGee... I've got a hunch this business will...
 TOUGH: HEY YOU UP THERE...
 FIB: Who, Me?
 TOUGH: Yeah, YOU. You runnin' this clambake?

MOL: It isn't a clambake. It's a horse raffle.

TOUGH: ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT...So it's still a clambake, see? WHERE'S DE NAG?

FIB: Why... er... why the horse, brother, it... is down at the stable. Why? Did ye think we was gonna bring it up here and let it sit in the porch swing while we held the raffle?

TOUGH: Well, I wanna see de nag.

MOL: Have you got a ticket?

TOUGH: No, I ain't got no ticket.

FIB: Then you ain't got any right to see the horse anyway

MOL: I suppose if you were thinkin' of buyin' a sweepstakes ticket you'd wanta see the broom.

TOUGH: Okay Okay. Gimme a ticket. How much

FIB: One buck, brother. Okay thanks

TOUGH: Now let's see de nag.

SEVERAL VOICES: YEAH...WE WANNA SEE THE HORSE. SHOW US THE HORSE..

CROWD UP

FIB: QUIET, EVERYBODY. QUIET! LADIES AND GENTS: I KNOW YOU ALL WANTA SEE THE BEAUTIFUL RACE HORSE WE'RE RAFFLIN' OFF, BUT IT AIN'T PRACTICAL. THE HORSE IS HAVIN' ITS LUNCH

CROWD UP AND DOWN

MOL: How do you know My Baby is havin' lunch, McGee?

FIB: She always is.

TOUGH: ALL RIGHT, SMART GUY...BUT THERE BETTER BE A HORSE, SEE?

FIB: Don't worry, brother. This here is the horse of your dreams. ALL RIGHT NOW...WHO'S NEXT TO STEP UP AND TAKE A CHANCE ON A REAL KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED RACE-HORSE? HOW ABOUT YOU DOWN THERE SISTER...YOU IN THE PICTURE HAT...

WHEE: Are you talkin' to me, Skippy?

FIB: Oh hello there, Granmaw. How about buyin' a chance on the raffle?

WHEE: Well, sonny, I don't know.

FIB: Oh come, on, Granmaw... ^{he a sport} ~~haven't you got any sporting blood?~~

WHEE: Well, yes I have, sonny - by transfusion

FIB: By TRANSFUSION

WHEE: You heard me. I was in an auto accident with a bookmaker and he gimme a transfusion. Ever since then I can't resist a bet. Gimme two tickets

FIB: Here ye are...Granmaw. I picked you fer a sporty gal the minute I saw ye. Like raffles do ye?

WHEE: No sonny, I HATE raffles.

FIB: Well if ye hate raffles, why buy the tickets?

WHEE: Well, I LOVE horses. I'm a Belle of old Kentucky, shorty. ^{gimme a new structure}

FIB: ^{I triggered you for a ringer, granmaw.} ~~shells up aut no bell~~ ^{you're just an old bugger}

WHEE: ^{and too,} YES SIR... A BELLE OF OLD KENTUCKY LOUISVILLE LOU, THE MOONSHINERS DAUGHTER. COME OVER AND SEE MY PICTURES SOMETIME.

FIB: Movies?

WHEE: No, STILLS! Well, I'll be seeing you shortly

CROWD RECORD UP

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...JUST TAKE IT EASY...THE RAFFLE WILL BE HELD IN JUST A MINUTE...DON'T GET EXCITED...

MOL: How many tickets you got left, McGee?

FIB: Two.

MOL: Well, Mrs. Toops just called up and wanted us to save two for them. I tried to talk her out of the idea, but she insisted.

FIB: You tried to talk her OUT OF IT. Why, Molly. and here...

MOL: I don't care, McGee. I still think that no good will come of it. I -

FIB: Oh now, Molly, don't be like that. Well, that takes care of all the tickets. Now fer the raffle. ALL RIGHT FOLKS.. ATTENTION PLEASE. ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

CROWD UP AND FADE DOWN

FIB: , ALL THE TICKETS ARE SOLD, FRIENDS. ONE HUNDRED OF 'EM. WE WILL NOW PROCEED TO SPIN THE WHEEL AND SEE WHO WINS THE RACE HORSE.

CROWD UP

WOMAN: (OFF MIKE) What's the horses name?

FIB: MY BABY.

WOMAN: Don't be so fresh, young man. I said what's the horses name?

MOL: THAT'S HER NAME madam. My Baby.

GROWD UP

FIB: ALL RIGHT...QUIET EVERYBODY. NOW BEFORE WE SPIN THE WHEEL WILL SOMEBODY COME UP OUT OF THE CROWD AND INSPECT THE WHEEL. THIS HERE IS A LEGITIMATE HONEST RAFFLE AND WE DON'T WANT ANY BEL...er...any CRABBIN' AFTER THE SPIN. WILL SOME GENT STEP UP HERE ON THE PORCH PLEASE.

MOL: Here comes somebody McGee. He's...MCGEE.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Heavenly days...it's Colonel Boomer...the one who gave us the horse.

FIB: WELL FER THE...HI THERE COLONEL.

MOL: Hello Colonel Boomer.

BLOT: Yes, yes, my little stabel-stumblers.. Yes..yes. Very glad to see you again. Just out of sentiment for My Baby, I'll be glad to assist in the raffle.

MOL: Well that's very kind of you, Coloael.

BLOT: Don't mention it...don't mention it...I'm the holder of two tickets myself. Number 21 and 66. Mind if I spin the wheel myself?

FIB: No bud. I'll spin the wheel.

BLOT: Oh yes...certainly,...just a little idea I had. Just a little idea. Well, let's get on with it. Where is the gimmick?

MOL: Where's the what?

BLOT: The gimmick...the gimmick? The control. How do you stop the wheel where you want it?

FIB: Whaddye mean how do we stop it where we want it? This raffle is on the up and up, Colonel, and don't you forget it.

BLOT: Just as I suspected. They shouldn't allow these raffles to be put on by amateurs. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.....
(CROWD UP AND DOWN) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...I HAVE INSPECTED THE WHEEL AND I ASSURE YOU THAT EVERYTHING IS IN PERFECT ORDER. IT IS STRICTLY UP TO CHANCE AND EVERY SUCKE....er.. EVERY PARTICIPANT HAS AN EVEN BREAK.

CROWD ROAR

FIB: All right folks...HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY PLEASE...ONE SPIN O' THE WHEEL IS ALL WE GIVE. ONE SPIN AND SOMEBODY WINS A GENUINE BLUEBLOODED KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED RACE-HORSE JUST ONE SPIN O' THE WHEEL AND -

CROWD UP

FIB: ALL RIGHT...WHAT'S THE COMMOTION DOWN THERE?

MOL: There's a man running thru the crowd, McGee IT'S THE STABLE MAN.

VOICE: (FADE IN) HEY MR. MCGEE...I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU.

MOL: Don't tell us My Baby is eating again.

MAN: No mam, she won't never eat nothing no more!

FIB: You...you don't mean....

MAN: Yessir. SHE'S DEAD! BEEN DAID FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES. DOG SAYS IT WAS OLD AGE!

FIB: Well fer the -

CROWD UP...VOICES: WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK...GIVE US OUR DOUGH....
CHEATING US WE WANTA REFUND!!...ETC ETC....

MOL: Oh dear oh dear...I KNEW something like this would -

FIB: Better go in the house, Molly...they look kind of ugly.

CROWD UP

FIB: QUIET DOWN THERE...QUIET! Listen everybody...The RAFFLE IS GOIN ON AS USUAL!

CROWD UP

FIB: BE QUIET...LISTEN! YOU ALL TOOK A CHANCE ON A HORSE. THE HORSE WAS FULL OF PEP AND HEALTH WHEN YE BOUGHT THE TICKETS

CROWD UP

FIB: QUIET, DOWN THERE...HAVE I GOTTA CALL OUT THERE!ICE?
ALL RIGHT THEN...WE GOTTA GO ON WITH THE RAFFLE OR WE WON'T KNOW WHOSE HORSE IT WAS THAT DIED X HERE SHE GOES!

SOUND: RAFFLE WHEELCROWD

FIB: NUMBER 36 WINS. NUMBER THIRTY SIX. WHO'S GOT NUMBER THIRTY SIX?

MAN: I have. But what good is it?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN WHAT GOOD IS IT? HERE'S YOUR DOLLAR BACK, BUD. NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT FIBBER MCGEE DIDN'T GIVE FAIR PLAY.

MAN: Much obliged.

CROWD UP

FIB: Hey Colonel...they look like they was gonna tear the house down. What'll I do.

BLOT: LEAVE IT TO ME, MY BOY...LEAVE IT TO COLONEL HORATIO K. BOOMAH. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY, OUR FRIEND, MR. er....

FIB: Fibber McGee....

BLOT: MR. FIBBER MCGEE HAS COME THRU SPLENDIDLY. HE HAS MAINTAINED THE FAIR NAME OF SPORTSMANSHIP IN THIS MAGNIFICENT CITY OF WISTFUL VISTA...HIS HEART BREAKING OVER THE LOSS OF A CHERISHED, FOUR FOOTED FRIEND...HE CARRIED ON...YES YES...BUT not very much - YES HE CARRIED ON. YOU WHO HAD TICKETS AND LOST WOULD HAVE LOST ANYWAY. THE MAN WHO WON GOT HIS DOLLAR BACK... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THREE CHEERS FOR MR. MCGEE.... THE VERY ESSENCE AND SPIRIT OF FAIR PLAY.

SOUND: CHEERS ... THREE TIMES.

FIB: Well Colonel...it looks like they're gonna leave quietly. Much obliged.

BLOT: That's quite all right, my boy. Let that be a lesson to you, NEVER PICK A MAN'S POCKET WITHOUT FIRST GIVING HIM A LECTURE ON VIRTUE AND MORALITY. YES YES...WELL I MUST BE OFF...(FADE OUT)

CROWD UP AND FADE OUT....

FIB: Whew...what a day!

MOL: (FADE IN) Well McGee...is it all over?

FIB: All over, Molly...and we cleaned up about fifty bucks clear. AND TO THINK O' THAT DAD RATTED HAY BURNER PASSIN' OUT ON US JUST AS I WAS GONNA SPIN THE WHEEL! THE UNGRATEFUL BUZZARD.

MOL: McGee...don't speak so of the departed, even if it's only a horse.

FIB: That thing a horse. The only race she ever won was the feed-bag Handicap. It's a good thing you stayed in the house, Molly. The crowd looked ugly.

MOL: I didn't.. I went out to mail a letter.

FIB: Ye did eh? (LAUGHS) Oh well...let's take a look at the dough, Molly.

MOL: What dough?

FIB: Why... why the money...the money we made on the raffle. We gotta pay the feed bill you know.

MOL: I paid it.

FIB: Well where's the rest of it?

MOL: I gave it away.

FIB: YOU WHAT?

MOL: I gave it away.

FIB: You...you gave it AWAY! Oh, I getit. The double cross!

MOL: NO...THE RED CROSS!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL

ORK: "DID I REMEMBER"

APPLAUSE

ORK: MCGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG GAG.

TAG GAG: APPLAUSE MUSICAL TAG

mc/na/11:30
11/13/36

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL -- JOHNSON'S FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY -- NOVEMBER 16 1936

MONDAY

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...QUIET, PLEASE. THE RAFFLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. THE TICKETS HAVE ALL BEEN SOLD, AND -----

RUSS: ALLO, TOVARISHICH. ALLO BABOUSHKA.

MOL: Quiet, Mister.

FIB: Pipe down, Bud. We're holdin' a raffle, here. ALL RIGHT FOLKS EVERYBODY PLEASE HAVE THEIR TICKETS READY FOR THE -

RUSS: I HAVEN'T GOT SOME TICKETS. YOU WILL PLEASE SELLING ME A TICKETS.

FIB: DAD RAT IT. I told ye they were all gone.

RUSS: HOW MANY HAVE YOU GOT GONE. TOVARICHICH?

FIB: One hundred.

RUSS: Dobra! THEN GIVE TO ME ONE OF THOSE. I AM NOT FUTCHY

MOL: How can we give you one of those when they're already sold?

RUSS: THAT IS NOT TROUBLES FOR ME, BABOUSHKA. I AM WANT TICKETS I HAVE GOT PLANTY MONEYS FOR BUYING TICKETS.

FIB: We can't take a ticket away from somebody to sell to you, bud. You know that?

RUSS: I know nyotting. ALL I AM KNOWING IS TO BUY TICKETS. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS HALSE.

FIB: Here bud... I'll present you with a ticket with my compliments. GIMMIE A PENCIL MOLLY...THANKS. Here bud Ticket number 101. That won't cost you a thing.

RUSS: Thank you very much, tovarichich. (PAUSE)

MOL: Well...what are you waiting for?
RUSS: The man is giving me tickets with his complimentch. Where is complimentch??
MOL: Give the man your compliments, McGee.
FIB: Oh yes. AHM, Nice necktie you got on there, bud.
RUSS: I don't think so myself, but complimentch is complimentch. Okay, Tovarichich...okay Babouschka...

CROWD UP

MOL: Quiet, everybody...the raffle is about to begin!

CROWD UP I said QUIET, PLEASE...THE RAFFLE IS

(CROWD UP) QUIET, YE LOOGANS!

CROWD FADE:

FIB: AHM. YES SIR, FOLKS...YOUR KIND ATTENTION PLEASE. NOW EVERYBODY HAS A EQUAL CHANCE IN THIS RAFFLE. WE SPIN THE WHEEL ONCE. AND IF YE WIN, THE HORSE IS YOURS TO KEEP...

WIL: AND I ~~RIGHT~~ ^{and} ~~ADD~~ ^{mean by} THAT HOUSE-KEEPERS EVERYWHERE ADMIRE THE EFFICIENCY AND THRIFT ~~OF~~ JOHNSONS WAX. THE WAX THAT HAS MADE -

FIB: HARPO! I said horse to keep; not HOUSE to keep. O.R - not o. U

WIL: Oh you what?

MOL: Oh you just keep quiet till we finish the raffle.

FIB: YES...NOW THEN FOLKS...HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY...WE'RE ABOUT TO SPIN THE WHEEL JUST ONCE?...READY???

CROWD UP AND DOWN

FIB: All right...here she goes.

SOUND: FAINT TELEPHONE

~~FIB: What's that?~~

MOL: It's the telephone ^{in the house} inside the house.

FIB: Open the window and I'll answer it ^{molly}

SOUND: TELEPHONE OFF MIKE...WINDOW OPEN AND PHONE RINGS ON MIKE.

CLICK

FIB: HELLO. HELLO...YES? SURE...THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE. WHO? THE STABLE? IS THIS YOU SCOTTY? YOU GOT BAD NEWS FOR ME?

~~MOL: ^{Stop calling Scotty} ~~Heavenly days...don't tell me that My Baby is~~~~

FIB: HOLD THE WIRE...SCOTTY. I'LL BE BACK WITH YE IN JUST A MINUTE. ALL RIGHT FOLKS...ONE SPIN O' THE WHEEL. SPIN 'ER MOLLY!

MOL: But McGee...if My Baby is...I mean, it isn't fair to the people if...WELL-WHAT DID THE STABLE MAN SAY?

FIB: I dunno yet, and I don't WANNA know till we finish this raffle. ^{Spinler, Molly}

MOL: Oh dear...well...here she goes.

SOUND: CLICK OF RAFFLE WHEEL. DIES OUT

CROWD UP & DOWN

MOL: Quiet everybody. THE WINNING NUMBER IS. 43...43 WINS THE BEAUTIFUL KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED. (CROWD UP) GET ON THAT

PHONE AGAIN, MCGEE!
FIB: ~~Goodness, well My Baby~~ Hello...hello Scotty. McGee again. NOW THEN...WHAT WAS YOU GONNA SAY ABOUT MY BABY? SHE WHAT? Well, it's funny. She looked healthy this morning! Okay. Thanks Scotty. (CLICK).

MOL: What is it, McGee? Is she - Is she --
FIB: ATTENTION FOLKS. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU (SADLY) (PAUSE)
MY BABY HAS JUST ---- BECOME A MOTHER

CROWD AWWWWWWWWWWW!

FIB: Now then...who won?

WHEE: I did, shorty!

FIB: ~~Well, grandma... that'll cost ye another fifty cents~~

CROWD UP

ORK: CHASER

APPLAUSE

WILL: COMMERCIAL -

ORK: "DID I REMEMBER "

APPLAUSE

ORK: McGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG-GAG

TAG GAG

THEME UP TO CLOSE AND SIGN-OFF

na/9:45
11.16.36

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL - JOHNSON'S FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY - NOVEMBER 16, 1936

MONDAY

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...QUIET, PLEASE. THE RAFFLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. THE TICKETS HAVE ALL BEEN SOLD, AND ----

RUSS: ALLO, TOVARISHICH. ALLO BABOUSHKA.

MOL: Quiet, Mister.

FIB: Pipe down, Bud. We're holdin' a raffle, here. ALL RIGHT FOLKS EVERYBODY PLEASE HAVE THEIR TICKETS READY FOR THE -

RUSS: I HAVEN'T GOT SOME TICKETS. YOU WILL PLEASE SELLING ME A TICKETS.

FIB: DAD RAT IT! I told ye they were all gone.

RUSS: HOW MANY HAVE YOU GOT GONE. TOVARICHICH?

FIB: One hundred.

RUSS: Dobra! THEN GIVE TO ME ONE OF THOSE. I AM NOT FUTCHY.

MOL: How can we give you one of those when they're already sold?

RUSS: THAT IS NOT TROUBLES FOR ME, BABOUSHKA. I AM WANT TICKETS I HAVE GOT PLANTY MONEYS FOR BUYING TICKETS.

FIB: We can't take a ticket away from somebody to sell to you, bud. You know that!

RUSS: I know nyotting. ALL I AM KNOWING IS TO BUY TICKETS. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS HALSE.

FIB: Here bud... I'll present you with a ticket with my compliments. GIMMIE A PENCIL MOLLY... THANKS. Here bud. Ticket number 101. That won't cost you a thing.

RUSS: Thank you very much, tovarichich. (PAUSE)

MOL: Well....what are you waiting for?
RUSS: The man is giving me tickets with his complimench. Where is complimentch??
MOL: Give the man your compliments, McGee.
FIB: Oh yes. AHM, Nice necktie you got on there, bud.
RUSS: I don't think so myself, but complimentch is complimentch. Okay, Tovarichich...okay Babouschka...

CROWD UP

MOL: Quiet, everybody....the raffle is about to begin!

CROWD UP I said QUIET, PLEASE...THE RAFFLE IS

(CROWD UP) QUIET, YE LOGGANS!

CROWD FADE:

FIB: AHM. YES SIR, FOLKS...YOUR KIND ATTENTION PLEASE. NOW EVERYBODY HAS A EQUAL CHANCE IN THIS RAFFLE. WE SPIN THE WHEEL ONCE.. AND IF YE WIN, THE HORSE IS YOURS TO KEEP..

WIL: AND I MIGHT ADD THAT HOUSE-KEEPERS EVERYWHERE ADMIRE THE EFFICIENCY AND THRIFT OF JOHNSONS WAX. THE WAX THAT HAS MADE -

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CROWD UP AND DOWN

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SOUND: TELEPHONE OFF MIKE...WINDOW OPEN AND PHONE RINGS ON MIKE.

CLICK

FIB: HELLO. HELLO...YES? SURE...THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE. WHO? THE STABLE? IS THIS YOU SCOTTY? YOU GOT BAD NEWS FOR ME?

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FIB: HOLD THE WIRE...SCOTTY. I'LL BE BACK WITH YE IN JUST A MINUTE. ALL RIGHT FOLKS...ONE SPIN O' THE WHEEL. SPIN 'ER MOLLY!

MOL: But McGee...if My Baby is...I mean, it isn't fair to the people if...WELL WHAT DID THE STABLE MAN SAY?

FIB: I dunno yet, and I don't WANNA know till we finish this raffle. Spin'er, Molly.

MOL: Oh dear...well...here she goes.

SOUND: CLICK OF RAFFLE WHEEL. DIES OUT

CROWD UP & DOWN

MOL: Quiet everybody. THE WINNING NUMBER IS. 43..43 WINS THE BEAUTIFUL KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED. (CROWD UP) GET ON THAT PHONE AGAIN, MCGEE!

FIB: Hello...hello Scotty. McGee again. NOW THEN...WHAT WAS YOU GONNA SAY ABOUT MY BABY? SHE WHAT? Well, it's funny. She looked healthy this morning! Okay. Thanks Scotty. (CLICK).

MOL: What is it, McGee? Is she - Is she --
FIB: ATTENTION FOLKS. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU (SADLY) (PAUSE)
MY BABY HAS JUST ---- BECOME A MOTHER

CROWD AW'WWW'WWW'WWW!

FIB: Now then...who won?

WHEE: I did, shorty!

FIB: Well, grandmaw...that'll cost ye another fifty cents

GROWD UP

ORK: CHASER

APPLAUSE

WILL: COMMERCIAL -

ORK: "DID I REMEMBER "

APPLAUSE

ORK: McGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG-GAG

TAG GAG

THEME UP TO CLOSE AND SIGN-OFF

na/9:45
11.16.36

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
Fibber McGee & Molly
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM
Monday, November 16, 1936

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Imagine keeping your floors and linoleum always shining with a beautiful polish, without having to do a bit of rubbing or buffing. Well, it's easy when you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Just spread a little of this remarkable liquid polish lightly over the floor surface. Then go away and forget about it for 20 minutes. Come back and find your floors gleaming like new, protected from dirt and wear. GLO-COAT is self-polishing. It doesn't need any help from you. Listen to what women say about it:

WOMAN'S VOICE: GLO-COAT saves me hours of time I used to spend cleaning my floors. It keeps my linoleum looking like new. Dirt and stains can't get ground into the floor when the surface is protected with GLO-COAT.

WILCOX: Yes, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT will save you hours of work, and save your floors and linoleum too. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. GLO-COAT, made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
Fibber McGee & Molly
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM
Monday, November 16, 1956

THIRD COMMERCIAL

While we are waiting for Fibber and Molly I want you to hear this letter written by a woman who has kept house for many years. Quote:

"When I was a little girl, my mother used JOHNSON'S WAX on all our floors, and I can remember how beautiful the floors in that big old house looked. When I grew up and had a home of my own, naturally I too depended on JOHNSON'S WAX to protect my floors and give them a rich, mellow polish. Then, when the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX introduced their easy-to-use, no-rubbing polish, GLO-COAT, I immediately ordered some, and I must say I've never known anything like GLO-COAT for keeping linoleum clean and sparkling with so little work. I wish you could see my kitchen shelf today. You'd find JOHNSON'S WAX, GLO-COAT, JOHNSON'S SHIN-UP for Silver, and that wonderful NEW CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH -- all the JOHNSON products in a row.

My husband is just as loyal to JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and POLISH and the AUTO WAX as I am to the household polishes. I'm sure you haven't any better satisfied customers in the whole country." unquote.

The Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX appreciate such letters from their customers. For fifty years this great company has devoted itself to producing the finest polishes that can be made for use in your home.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
Fibber McGee and Molly
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM
Monday, November 16, 1956

SECOND COMMERCIAL

May I take just a minute to remind you that you'd better order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow if you want your floors and linoleum to look as beautiful as new, with scarcely any work on your part. If your linoleum is looking dull and faded GLO-COAT will immediately give it new life and lustre. Now you might think I am exaggerating if it weren't for the fact that nearly 5 million housewives have proved what I am saying by using GLO-COAT on their own floors. Where linoleum is new, it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that GLO-COAT keeps it always looking beautiful and bright and easy to care for. Where linoleum is old, GLO-COAT restores its lustre and gives it a new lease on life. Remember, there's no work of rubbing or buffing when you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- for this remarkable liquid is self-polishing and it dries in just 20 minutes. Try a little GLO-COAT on your linoleum tomorrow and see if your friends and family don't notice the difference at once.

And by the way -- you save money by ordering GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
Flibber McGee & Molly
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM
Monday, November 16, 1936

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Flibber McGee & Molly
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM
Monday, November 16, 1936

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HW:CF

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Fibber McGee and Molly
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM
Monday, November 16, 1958

SECOND COMMERCIAL

July

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HW:CF

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL - JOHNSON'S FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - NOVEMBER 16, 1958

MONDAY

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS... QUIET, PLEASE. THE RAFFLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. THE TICKETS HAVE ALL BEEN SOLD, AND -----

RUSS: ALLO, TOVARISHICH. ALLO BABOUSHKA.

MOL: Quiet, Mister.

FIB: Pipe down, Bud. We're holdin' a raffle, here. ALL RIGHT FOLKS EVERYBODY PLEASE HAVE THEIR TICKETS READY FOR THE -

RUSS: I HAVEN'T GOT SOME TICKETS. YOU WILL PLEASE SELLING ME A TICKETS.

FIB: DAD RAT IT. I told ye they were all gone.

RUSS: HOW MANY HAVE YOU GOT GONE. TOVARICHICH?

FIB: One hundred.

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MOL: How can we give you one of those when they're already sold?

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RUSS: I know nyotting. ALL I AM KNOWING IS TO BUY TICKETS. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS HALSE.

FIB: Here bud... I'll present you with a ticket with my compliments. GIMMIE A PENCIL MOLLY... THANKS. Here bud. Ticket number 101. That won't cost you a thing.

RUSS: Thank you very motch, tovarichich. (PAUSE)

MOL: Well...what are you waiting for?
RUSS: The man is giving me tickets with his complimentch. Where is complimentch??
MOL: Give the man your compliments, McGee.
FIB: Oh yes. AHEM, Nice necktie you got on there, bud.
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CROWD UP

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CROWD UP I said QUIET, PLEASE...THE RAFFLE IS

(CROWD UP) QUIET, YE LOOGANS!!

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WIL: Oh you what?

MOL: Oh you just keep quiet till we finish the raffle.

FIB: YES...NOW THEN FOLKS...HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY...WE'RE ABOUT TO SPIN THE WHEEL JUST ONCE?...READY???

CROWD UP AND DOWN

FIB: All right...here she goes.

SOUND: FAINT TELEPHONE

FIB: What's that?

MOL: It's the telephone inside the house.

FIB: Open the window and I'll answer it.

SOUND: TELEPHONE OFF MIKE...WINDOW OPEN AND PHONE RINGS ON MIKE.

CLICK

FIB: - HELLO. HELLO...YES? SURE...THIS IS FIBBER MCGEE. WHO? THE STABLE? IS THIS YOU SCOTTY? YOU GOT BAD NEWS FOR ME?

MOL: Heavenly days...don't tell me that My Baby is -

FIB: HOLD THE WIRE...SCOTTY. I'LL BE BACK WITH YE IN JUST A MINUTE. ALL RIGHT FOLKS...ONE SPIN O' THE WHEEL. SPIN 'ER MOLLY!

MOL: But McGee...if My Baby is...I mean, it isn't fair to the people if...WELL WHAT DID THE STABLE MAN SAY?

FIB: I dunno yet, and I don't WANNA know till we finish this raffle. Spin'er, Molly.

MOL: Oh dear...well...here she goes.

SOUND: CLICK OF RAFFLE WHEEL. DIES OUT

CROWD UP & DOWN

MOL: Quiet everybody. THE WINNING NUMBER IS. 43 ..43 WINS THE BEAUTIFUL KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED. (CROWD UP) GET ON THAT PHONE AGAIN, MCGEE!

FIB: Hello...hello Scotty. McGee again. NOW THEN...WHAT WAS YOU GONNA SAY ABOUT MY BABY? SHE WHAT? Well, it's funny. She looked healthy this morning! Okay. Thanks Scotty. (CLICK).

MOL: What is it, McGee? Is she - Is she --
FIB: ATTENTION FOLKS. I GOT NEWS FOR YOU (SADLY) (PAUSE)
MY BABY HAS JUST ---- BECOME A MOTHER

CROWD AW'WWW'WWW'WWW!

FIB: Now then...who won?

WHEE: I did, shorty!

FIB: Well, grandmaw...that'll cost ye another fifty cents

GROWD UP

ORK: CHASER

APPLAUSE

WILL: COMMERCIAL -

ORK: "DID I REMEMBER "

APPLAUSE

ORK: McGEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG-GAG

TAG GAG

THEME UP TO CLOSE AND SIGN-OFF

na/9:45
11.16.36

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
Fibber McGee & Molly
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM
Monday, November 16, 1936

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Imagine keeping your floors and linoleum always shining with a beautiful polish, without having to do a bit of rubbing or buffing. Well, it's easy when you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Just spread a little of this remarkable liquid polish lightly over the floor surface. Then go away and forget about it for 20 minutes. Come back and find your floors gleaming like new, protected from dirt and wear. GLO-COAT is self-polishing. It doesn't need any help from you. Listen to what women say about it:

WOMAN'S VOICE: GLO-COAT saves me hours of time I used to spend cleaning my floors. It keeps my linoleum looking like new. Dirt and stains can't get ground into the floor when the surface is protected with GLO-COAT.

WILCOX: Yes, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT will save you hours of work, and save your floors and linoleum too. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. GLO-COAT, made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

HW:CF