

# NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#85)

OK

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

( NOVEMBER 23, 1936 )  
DATE

( MONDAY )  
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Don Quinn*

*Thanksgiving Historical Play*

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: PRESENTING MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE AND  
MOLLY!

ORK: THEME UP TO FINISH -- -- TANNER

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

ORK: "PITCHER ME WIT'OUT YOUSE"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNOUNC'T:

WIL: WELL...IT'S ONLY A FEW DAYS UNTIL THANKSGIVING AND THE LITERARY, PINOCLE AND DRAMA CLUB OF WISTFUL VISTA HAS DECIDED TO PUT ON A THANKSGIVING PLAY. ONE OF THE MEMBERS - (guess who!) ~~ADMITTED HE HAD CONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE IN THESE MATTERS, AND~~ APPOINTED HIMSELF AUTHOR, PRODUCER, DIRECTOR AND STAR OF THE PRODUCTION. ~~AND HERE AT HOME, HARD AT WORK ON THE FORTHCOMING PLAY WE FIND,~~ - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Ye know, Molly - WHAT'S GOT ME STUCK RIGHT NOW IS NAPOLEON'S UNIFORM. WHETHER HE OUGHTTA WEAR A -  
MOL: NAPOLEON! WHERE DOES HE COME IN.  
FIB: 2nd ACT. SCENE TWO. HE-  
MOL: NO. I MEAN WHAT'S HE GOT TO DO WITH THE PILGRIMS?  
FIB: YOU BETTER WAIT AND READ THE WHOLE PLAY, MOLLY. YE SEE, NAPOLEON ENTERS <sup>from the wing</sup> ~~STAGE~~ RIGHT IN A ROWBOAT -  
MOL: <sup>all right</sup> THAT'LL BE EFFECTIVE. HOW DO YOU MANAGE THAT?  
FIB: I AINT WORKED OUT THE DETAILS YET. I'LL EITHER FLOOD THE STAGE OR PUT WHEELS ON THE BOAT.  
MOL: Sweet!

FIB: Anyway, Napoleon hops outa the boat registerin' Anguish... see? And he strides up to Rip Van Winkle and says - please ...Please let me leave my island of exile! Why? Says Rip. Because I aint got enough elba Room, says Napoleon. That's the smash part of the act, Molly. Then Pocohontas -  
MOL: What on earth have Napoleon and Rip Van Winkle got to do with Thanksgiving Day?  
FIB: Well...I needed Napoleon fer drama, Rip for suspense and Pocohontas fer love interest. Ye see, when Pocohontas wakes up from her 20 years sleep, she -  
MOL: You're all wrong, McGee. It was Rip Van Winkle who slept.  
FIB: Yeah but not in this play. Listen. I got Hiawatha walkin' softly acrost the grass...real quiet...then he bends over Potohontas and kisses her to wake her up from her long sleep. Imagine that scene with soft, music, a baby spot and pink foots.  
MOL: Pink foots! Have you got to talk baby talk besides the rest of your foolishness? Pink Foots!  
FIB: That means Pink footlights, Molly.  
MOL: Well anyway...Pocohontas didnt have anything to do with Hiawatha.  
FIB: Why not? He was a nice kid.  
MOL: Heavenly days...why dont you stick to your history?

Page 5.

FIB: Why should I? What'd history ever do for me? Besides, Molly...this isnt a realistic play. ~~It's what all the papers will probably refer to as a gripping psychological drama with a historical background.~~ <sup>It</sup> ~~Which~~ indicates the trend of social unrest among the post-war upper crust. ~~Ye see this play covers a lotta territory, Molly.~~

MOL: ~~It covers a lot of paper.~~ <sup>But</sup> And I dont think they'll have two "p's" in that "Gripping", either.

FIB: Dont be destructive, Molly. Ahem now I wonder what Napoleon's uniform was -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: I still dont know what Napoleons doing in a play about the first Thanks giving in America.

FIB: Well, what's Rip Van Winkle got to do with it? Tell me that?

MOL: How should I know?

FIB: Well then, dont talk about Napoleon. Ahem. I got Pocohontas in, havent I? And Captain John Smith? John Smith! Shucks what can you do with a character with a name like that?

MOL: I suppose you have Pocohontas saving Captain John Smith's life.

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MOL: I suppose you have Pocohontas saving Captain John Smith's life.

FIB: Sure. Old Sitting Bull is just about to swing the axe when -

MOL: It wasn't Sitting Bull. It was...er...it was...well, it wasn't Sitting Bull.

FIB: Well he can sit there till I remember the right one. Ye see when Pocohontas first meets Columbus -

MOL: Columbus! Heavenly days...is he in it too?

FIB: Sure.

MOL: I suppose you'll have him riding down the center aisle on a bicycle with little Eva on the handle bars.

FIB: Sayyyyyyy ...I think you got somethin' there, Molly!

MOL: ~~So do I. (But the rest of me family was all normal people.)~~

FIB: I suppose to liven things up I oughtta have a couple o' blackouts about all these Hollywood weddings. Like Barrymore and Elaine, and Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers.

MOL: I ~~suppose~~ <sup>think</sup> Buddy Rogers. <sup>made a bad choice</sup> I suppose he'll change the name of Pickfair to Fair Pick.

FIB: And if John and Elaine build a house ~~I suppose it'll be~~ <sup>they ought to name it</sup> "The Barries".

MOL: And if her folks move in, it'll be "The Elder Berries".

FIB: What I'm worried about now is a socko climax fer the second act curtain.

MOL: Well you could have an actor come out and recite "Napoleon's Farewell to His Men." <sup>That's a beautiful speech</sup>

FIB: How does it go?

MOL: "MEN.....FAREWELL!"

FIB: AHEM. Well, it's good...but it aint got the wallop. Incidentally I wonder about Napoleon's uniform.

MOL: Are you writing Wellington in, too?

FIB: Nope. Eddie Cantor's got him sewed up. We'll keep Wilcox.

MOL: I didnt say Wallington. I said Wellington. You've got a mixture so you might just as well have the Duke.

FIB: Yes but about Napoleon's uniform...I wonder -

MOL: ~~I can tell you one thing about it. He always kept his coat unbuttoned even when he wasn't fighting.~~

FIB: ~~What for?~~

MOL: ~~Oh just to keep his hand in. (LAUGHS)~~

FIB: AHEM. Hand me the phone, Molly.

MOL: Here. Shall I look up a good sanitarium?

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Hello, Operator. Give me 2,2,2,~~2,2~~ divine. That's right. (ASIDE) (Wait'll ye hear the number I got Ted Weems workin' on where the Queen of Sheba comes in on ice skates and-)hello. Wistful Vista Costume Company? This is Fibber McGee the playwright. Eh? No no no...not a hayride. The playwright. **PLAYRIGHT!**

MOL: ~~They oughtta see you at the bridge table!~~

FIB: Hello. Yes I wanta inquire about uniforms for Napoleon. Was he union or confederate?

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: What? Well, we dont wanta offend either side. This play is goin' on the air too, ye know, and in radio ye gotta avoid any controversial subjects. Yeah So all you can talk about is the weather --

MOL: And then only on nice days.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Hello. So ye dont know whether Napoleon was Union or Confederate eh? Well... we better play safe Send us one Confederate Hat and one Union Suft. G'bye! (CLICK)

ORK: "HOME"--

-- COMO

APPLAUSE:

MC GEE THEME UP AND OUT:

WIL: THAT WAS ~~COMEDIAN~~ <sup>rehearsed</sup> TED WEEMS AND HIS PILGRIMS PLAYING "HOME" AND NOW TO THE WISTFUL VISTA OPERA HOUSE AT 14th & OAK STREETS. WHERE THE CURTAIN IS ABOUT TO GO UP ON FIBBER'S GREAT CONTRIBUTION THE DRAMA, SLIGHTLY CUT AND ALTERED. THE TITLE OF THE PLAY IS "THE FIRST THANKSGIVING", or, "WHY THE GOBBLER'S CHILDREN ALWAYS GO BAREFOOT". AND HERE, BACKSTAGE WITH JUST A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP, ARE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY AND THE REST OF THE CAST.

BUZZZ OF VOICES:

FIB: Quiet everybody. Quiet! Pretty near time fer the overture. Now does everybody know their parts? ~~Harpe?~~

WIL: ~~Bent worry about me. I got John Alden down Pat. Stage-door Johnny - that's me.~~

FIB: ~~How about Priscilla? Who's doin' Priscilla?~~

WHEE: ~~That's me, Shorty.~~

FIB: Okay. Who's doin' the promptin', Molly?

MOL: Silly Watson. Where is he? Silvius! Where are you?

SIL: Yas'm. H'yah come.

FIB: Listen Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You're prompter...you know that dont you?

SIL: Yassuh Ah's prompter'n Mos' anybody, suh

MOL: No, Silly. McGee means you prompt the actors.

SIL: Ah do wah?

FIB: Listen Sil. You stand here in the wings, See? You gotta script?

SIL: Nossuh. Ah ain' gotta skip. Ah gonna stay right heah.

FIB: I didnt say skip. I said Script. (RATTLE PAPER) One of these

SIL: Oh yassuh.

MOL: Thats fine. Then, all you have to do is stand here in the wings and when somebody forgets what they should say, you throw them the line.

SIL: Yas'm An' then ah yanks 'em off a stage. Yas'm. That's good idea, Ma'am.

RIB: No no no Sil, you don't throw 'em a rope. You give 'em their cue.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Their cue Cue. Whaddye play billiards with?

SIL: Mah brother.

MOL: Oh dear the curtain will be going up and then listen. Silly.

SIL: Yas'm

MOL: You stand right here. Understand? And you follow the lines in this script. If anybody gets confused, you're supposed to whisper the right lines to them. Now do you understand?

SIL: Yas'm. Ah catch on. Ah's de corrector.

FIB: That's the idea, Sil. Pay attention now.

VOICE: On stage everybody! Three minutes! Take your places! 3 minutes!

MOL: Where you goin, McGee?

FIB: I gotta go out and make a curtain speech. Try and keep everybody quiet back here, will you?

SOUND: BUZZ OF VOICES

FIB: Hiyah Ted. Hi Yah, boys. Gimme a chord.

ORK: RAGGED CHORD

FIB: Ahem. That chord's pretty frayed. Try it again with a knot in the end of it.

ORK: GOOD CHORD WITH FIGURE AT END:

FIB: That's better. Good evening ladies and gentlemen. On behalf of our cast and the other members of the Wistful Vista Literary Pinochle and Drama Club, I wish to welcome you tonight. I think that after you see this presentation of "The First Thanksgiving" you'll be well repaid.

GIBBS: You mean we get our money back?

FIB: Quiet, Bud. Ahem. Now before the curtain goes up I'd like to explain the plot of the play for a minute. Ye see, when the Pilgrims landed in 1492 - in Boston -

WOMAN: You mean Columbus.

FIB: I mean Boston!

WOMEN: Than you mean 1620.

FIB: 1492.

WOMAN: 1620. I guess I know my dates!

FIB: Any gal that dont, better stay home. Ahem. Anyway, folks..

our first scene is between John Alden and Priscilla, this is one of history's big love scenes, we didn't have time to build us a log cabin set, so we're usin' the closest thing we got to it. A curtain showin' Columbus circle.

Our ~~last~~ <sup>leg</sup> scene is that dramatic one of Pocohontas savin' Hiawatha's life.

WOMAN: Does she save it?

FIB: Sure she does? Why...hey... where you goin' sis?

WOMAN: Come on Mabel -- we're in the wrong theatre I thought this was Dead End

FIB: Ahem. Jest one thing more, folks. We got some Indians in the ~~second~~ <sup>show</sup> act, and they aint so hot with their bows and arrows. Anybody gittin' hit with a arrow, will please turn it in at the box office. Thank you. I hope you enjoy the show.

CHORUS: ~~because~~ ~~oooooooooooo~~ (FADE OUT)

FIB: How'd I do, Molly?

MOL: Wonderful, McGee. ~~You had them <sup>Bill</sup> <sup>Boys</sup> <sup>Boys</sup>~~

FIB: Thanks. I thought so, too! Ahem. Hey Harpo!

WIL: What's the matter?

FIB: Listen Harpo. You got just time enough to stick your head out the curtain and see what kind of a house we got

WIL: All right. I'll take a look and ~~..(FADE)~~

MOL: What's the idea, McGee...you were just out there?

FIB: I know. But Willie Toops is in the front row with a bean shooter and I wondered if he -

WIL: Ouch! Why the dirty little -

FIB: Yep. He's still theret. Thanks Harpo. Okay, everybody

Overture!

ORK: OVERTURE (SHORT.)

FIB: Curtain!

SOUND: CREAK OF ROLLERS

FIB: (SCOTTO VOCE) Hey Molly.

MOL: What? (" *SWH*)

FIB: Why didn't you tell me the Grocers Convention had took a block of seats.

MOL: Grocers Convention! Are they out front?

FIB: They must be. I saw a lotta guys with tomatoes and stuff

MOL: *we also get a week the show -* Shhhh. I want to hear this, McGee. My my doesn't Harlow make a Handsome John Alden!

*Wheeler - Old - Overture*  
*page 16*

FIB: Yes but I wish we could o' got somebody besides granmaw out there for Priscilla. She aint no Helen Wheels. I mean Helen Hayes.

MOL: No but she claimed to be the only one who could run a spinning wheel. Be quiet...listen ...

WIL: (FADE IN) Ahh there Priscilla, you are Priscilla, are you not?

WHEE: That's me, Skippy. Priscilla Mullins. Come sit by my spinning wheel, sonny and spin me some yarns. What's your name?

WIL: I am John Alden. I bear a message from.. from...er...from...er...

SIL: Psssst...F'am Mist Stannish, Please suh.

*Cub*

WIL: Oh yes...I Bear a message from our brave Captain, Miles Standish. I think you know him?

WHEE:\* Oh yes Sonny. I saw him yesterday. I went for Miles through the woods, but Miles didnt go for me. (LAUGHS) As a pilgrim, Shorty he's the grimmest Pill in Jamestown.

WIL: Oh no, Priscilla --

WHEE: Oh just call me Silla, Jackie. And sit a little closer to me.

WIL: Thank you.

WEE: Thank you! Well...What about old Stanny-wanny? What's he fussin' about now? Why didnt he come instead of sending you?

WIL: He perforce must stay in camp and keep an eye on the Indians.

WHEE: Oh yes.. the Indians. They're in the training camp now, I suppose. They got any good Pitcher this year?

WIL: I meant Indians, Priscilla...Redskins. But my message was this Miles Standish seeks your hand ..in in marriage.

WHEE: Ahhhh ..Well why dont you speak for yourself, Johnny?

WIL: Because I speak for the thousands of housewives who say Johnson's Glocoat is the finest no-rubbing no-B-

SIL: Shhh. No No ..No suh...That's wrong

WHEE: Let's do it again. Why dont you speak for yourself, John?

WIL: Ahhhh...I cannot. Miles Standish is my friend.

WHEE: Awww come on Johnny. I been six times a bridesmaid and never a bride. Whaddye say, Shorty?

*Cub*

WIL: Wel-1-1 Now, I

DOOR SLAM

WHEE: Oh there's Father. Father this is John Alden. We're going to be married. Arent we Johnny?

WIL: Oh now Priscilla, this is so sudden. .I hardly know

WHEE: Is that <sup>ah-haw</sup>blunderbuss loaded, Father? It is? Well, Johnny, how about it?

WIL: Well...all right. Who am I to make a mugg of history?

CHORD: APPLAUSE: BOOS:

MOL: That was wonderful, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Swell! You too, Grandmaw.

WHEE: Thanks Skippy. Were my lines all right?

FIB: Hard to tell with that hoopskirt, Grabmaw. Ahem. Hey Harpo.

WIL: Yeah. say how was I?

FIB: Great, Harpo ...you had 'em half crying when the curtain came down.

WIL: Half crying eh? Really? <sup>Through</sup> I ~~was~~ sure I heard somebody Boo.

FIB: That's what I mean. If they Boo-hoo, they're cryin' If they just Boo, they're only half cryin' AHEM All right there -- get those scenes changed?

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (COMMERCIAL) (LAUGHS) Well, while the stage hands set the scenery for the next act, I'd like to leap forward about 316 years and ~~tell you what modern housewives do~~ (INTO COMMERCIAL)



WIL: (FROM COMMERCIAL) And now, just to get you in the proper mood for the great final act of "The First Thanksgiving", Ted Weems, the ~~Mayflower Maestro~~, plays "Turkey in the Straw"

ORK: "TURKEY IN THE STRAW"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCH'T)

WIL: Well the curtain is about to rise again <sup>on</sup> ~~for the last act of~~ Fibber's hand-written play. ~~If we weren't afraid he'd get the gong, we'd almost suggest this play for the no-ball prize. Incidentally, he didn't care much for Capt. John Smith as a character, it was such a common name, -- so he~~ <sup>substituted</sup> ~~changed it to~~ Hiawatha. ~~It's almost time for the curtain to rise again!~~ *Here we are ball stop*

MOL: Now dont forget, Silly. If we miss our lines, you give us the right one.

SIL: Yass'm....Ah'll stan' right heah. Yo'all ready, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Jest about Sil...except these dad ratted Moccasins keep droppin' off. How's my make-up, Molly?

MOL: You got too much on. Your supposed' to be an indian, not an end man.

FIB: Well, ~~maybe Hiawatha was a crow Indian.~~ (LAUGHS) ~~Git it, Molly? Maybe Hiawath~~

MOL: ~~Taint funny...Oh (FADE) I've got to get out on the stage... It's about time.....~~

VOICE: *Fib* ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY...QUIET...CURTAIN!

ORK: INDIAN MUSIC...TOM TOMS...ETC...

MOL: And what does my father, the mighty chief Powhatan, think of my lover?

BLOT: Well now, my little beaver Dam...er...dame. I hardly know. I dont even believe I caught the name.

MOL: He is Hiawatha...a great warrior. A mighty hunter. He has slaw many Caribou

BLOT: He has what my dear?

MOL: Slaw many Caribou.

BLOT: You mean he has slew them, daughter. Yes yes

SIL: Pssst. Nossuh. Slain! Mist Powehtan! Slain!

BLOT: That's what I said, Slain. But my daughter, you say Hiawatha is a great warrior.

MOL: Yes, father. He is strong. He is brave. He is handsome. He is...Well, in fact, popsy, he's ~~the nertz.~~ *Bob Fryer with father*

BLOT: ~~Yes yes...Nertz...and old Indian word, meaning good Medicine. (Good Medicine...I hope he can take it.)~~ Well, Pocohontas, you seem to go for this stranger in a big way...but Powhatan he no care for strangers. He would see his Little Moonbeam share her tepee with a warrior of her own tribe. Yes yes.. (And if you're like your mother, Princess Talking-Moose, It'll take some warrior.)

MOL: Hush Father...He comes! Hiawatha comes!

TOM TOMS IN: OUT WITH GADGET. (SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT)

FIB: Hi, yah, Pocohontas.

MOL: Hiyah, Watha! Whither comest thou hither, from?

FIB: From the Shining Big Sea Water, from the shores of  
Hodchie-Kootchie - from the Huh? What say, Sil?

SIL: Nossuh...Gitchee Goomie, suh. Gitcheee Goomie

FIB: Oh yes...from the shores of Gittchee Goomie. from the  
Shining Big Sea Water...Out upon the Ocean's bosom...  
out upon the broad Pacific -

MOL: ~~Up~~ On the Shores of California, where you hear the sea-moan  
seamooan.

FIB: I have come to see my loved one...come to see my Pocohontas

MOL: Welcome, Welcome, teep our topees...er...to our tepees,  
Hiawatha, Mighty warrior.

FIB: And who is this that stares at strangers .stars at  
Hiawatha's feathers...stares at Hiawathas arrows...tell  
the fellow he must amscray...tell him Hiawatha said so.  
Tell him -

MOL: Say not so, my Hiawatha...He is but the Chief, my  
Father. He is Powhatan the Mighty. Father, this is  
Hiawatha. Hiawatha is my boy friend.

BLOT: Hello my boy...I hear you're smotten...

FIB: Smoten?

MOL: Smitten.

BLOT: Smot or smoten, smit or smatten, it's the same, there is no  
difference. Welcome Welcome Hiawatha. Stick around and  
meet your in-laws.

FIB: Okay Pow...er...I mean...er... *(What's the sense Sil)*

SIL: *You do better come here Jimtown Hutter*  
~~Thanksgivin' please suh...Thanksgivin'... remember?~~

FIB: Oh yes...I have come from Jamestown thither they are  
all in quite a dither...they are planning a Thanksgiving

BLOT: They should be thankful they are living.

MOL: And what of us, My Hiawatha...How does this affect the  
redskins?

FIB: We are all invited hither...we must go and Don the feed  
bag, it's a break, we mustnot muff it.

BLOT: I should say, so, Hiawatha...I must go and change my  
feathers. Is this party plain or formal? Do I wear my  
white or black tie? (FADEOUT)

MOL: ~~At my~~ Hiawatha...How I've missed you...Tell me where you  
have been hunting.

FIB: I have been with old Nokomis. She taught me ~~how~~ to catch the sturgeon....chase the wicked Pau-puk-keewis

MOL: What on earth's a Pau-puk-keewis?

FIB: Pau Puk Keewis is a spirit, haunting woods and C.C.C. camps. But I hurried quickly back here, just to see my Pocohontas.

MOL: What ~~is~~ this gossip, that I'm hearing, Who's this maiden, Laughing-Water?

FIB: Just an old friend of the family. Just a squaw that men forget. She gave me one hah-hah to many ~~two~~ many-hah-ha's was she giving.

MOL: Ah then, come, my Hiawatha...Let us walk into the forest.

FIB: That's a thought, My Pocohontas. we will walk by Spruce and Birch tree,..by the whispering pines and Hemlocks.

BIRD CALLS:

MOL: By the gurgling streams and brooklets -

WIL: By a can by Johnson's Glocoat. By it in the larger sizes.

SPUND: TWANG AND SLAP

WIL: Ahgggg... You got me!

FIB: Hiawatha never misses...where-for is my little spear for? I always keep my spear for herefore...my herefor spear for .. fear spor er...spore here is my...er...<

SIL: Muddy Keewis ..please suh?

FIB: (LOUD WHISPER) Muddy what?

SIL: Kee wis...kee wis.

FIB: Oh yes...Now I feel the mighty West wind Mudjee Keewis blowing softly.. bringing scent of turkey dressing...shall we go and grab a drumstick?

MOL: Say not so , My Hiawatha. let us stay here in the forest..  
*full wheels*  
Ah what is that? I hear a crashir ...

FIB: Probably a bear or plover -

MOL: Or Henry Wadsworth turning over.

SOUND: DRUMS AND WAR WHOOPS

MOL: Look...they come, my Hiawatha...It is Powahatn my father... He and all the tribe are coming...

FIB: Hiawatha hears them whooping. It is not their spears I fear it is just their whoops, my dear.

DRUMMS WHOPPING.

MOL: You must go, my Hiawatha...all the warriors have on war paint...even Powahatn my father...he is wearing all his nose paint... you must flee, or they will catch you.

FIB: Nay not so, My Pocohontas...I will stay and give them battle...They are jealous of the stranger...they are...say whaddye you Muds want anyway?

MOL: McGee'...that's wrong.

FIB: Sure it's wrong, they oughta enter the other side of the stage. Say you...er...ahem...Hiawatha asks a question. Why are warriors all so angry. Speak and answer, mighty Chieftan.

*no*  
 BLOT: ~~Well~~ my boy, you see it's this way My warriors, seem to  
 resent my daughter marrying outside the ~~mob~~ ~~or~~ ~~the~~  
~~gang~~ the tribe...you get the idea, they seem to think  
 we should beat your brains out. All right boys. grab him.

SHOUTS COMMOTION:

MOL: Stop them, Father. Stop your warriors Let them harm  
 not Hiawatha.

FIB: Never mind them Pocohontas. It appears they just dont  
 want us -- if these boys are really sore that's all there  
 is...there aint no more

BLOT: Blindfold him! That's it...now bring him over to this big  
 stump...Kneel down, Stranger.

MOL: Fatherrrrrrrr!

BLOT: Careful there...be quiet, daughter. This guy jilted  
 Laughing Water. Just got this wire. Racine, Wisconsin.  
 Where Minniehaha works for Johnson. She says she had him  
 in the halter, but he faded at the alter. All right boys!

SOUND: DRUMS WAR WHOOPS

BLOT: All right. when I say three...bash his brains out.. (Maybe  
 we should have brought a smaller club.)

MOL: Oh, Hiawatha darlin'...don't let them bump you off.

FIB: I knew that Minnehaha would git me up a stump one o' these  
 days. Goodbye, Pocchontas...tell Nokomis I died with  
 my moccasins on.

*Brower: not so my boy. <sup>2</sup> can't do it.*  
*Fib Why not?*  
*Brower Because custom says you were saved and*  
*who am I to make a mix out of history.*

BLOT: All right boys...one...two...

MOL: SCREAM No No No!..You cannot do it (THUD) Or if you  
 must...let me die with him. Speak...Hiawatha...speak to  
 me...

SOUND: GABBLE OF VOICES (DRUMS FADE OUT)

MOL: Speak to me Hiawatha!

FIB: I cant..when you threw (GASP) yourself on top o' me  
 (GASP) you knocked...my...wind out...whew.

MOL: You are saved!...Pewhatan has gone...Hiawatha is saved...  
 and we will live happily every after.

PAUSE

FIB: Well...where's the applause? Didnt they get the idea?

MOL: Didnt who get the idea?

FIB: The audience.

MOL: Oh them! They went home long ago!

FIB: They went h - you mean they - well fer th- why --  
 why the -- can you imagine wh- why the LOWBROWS!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL DURING

ORK: "WHEN DID YOU LEAVE NOLA?"

APPLAUSE

PRESENTATION OF RADIO GUIDE MEDAL

MC GEE THEME UP TO FINISH.

SIGNOFF... (PLEASE DO NOT MENTION CHICAGO STUDIOS)

mc: 11/23/36: 11:40 AM

*End*

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM  
MONDAY NOV. 25, 1936

THIRD COMMERCIAL

With holidays not far off you women who keep house are going to have some pretty busy days ahead and you will want to be spared any unnecessary housework. So let me suggest that you order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow. Put some of this remarkable liquid polish on your floors and linoleum. See how beautiful it makes your floors look in a few minutes time. GLO-COAT you know is self-polishing -- so you don't have to do a bit of rubbing or buffing. Twenty minutes after you apply GLO-COAT the floor is dry, and shining like new. And from that minute on linoleum and floors are going to be much easier to care for. Dirt and dust can't cling to the bright, sparkling polish. Your house will look much more attractive for the holidays and you'll have much less floor cleaning work if you order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow. Look for the attractive yellow can -- and remember you save money by ordering GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

HW:CF

*no rubbing unnecessary used  
seen 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup>*

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY NOV. 25, 1936  
WMAQ-NBC 7 PM  
ALSO REBROADCAST

THIRD COMMERCIAL

Just one more reminder about beautifying your floors and linoleum before the holidays. When you go to your dealers for a no-rubbing floor polish, be sure to insist on JOHNSON'S <sup>Self-polishing</sup> GLO-COAT if you want a polish that gives brighter lustre, longer wear. GLO-COAT is the finest no-rubbing polish that can possibly be made. You can depend upon it because it is made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX. It pays to ask for that name, no matter what type of polish you are buying. For your automobile -- your woodwork, furniture, floors, or silverware there is a perfect type of polish for each individual need -- made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

HW:CF