

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#91)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ ( JANUARY 14, 1937 )

( MONDAY )

7:00-7:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Not Correct*

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: FINISH THEME: (tanner)

WIL: Ted Weems and his orchestra open the show with "HALLELUJAH"

ORK: "HALLELUJAH" - EVERYTHING LOOKS ROSY NOW"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME - (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T):-

THIS IS OUR FIRST BROADCAST IN THE NEW YEAR, AND WE'RE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT. WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE RELIEF FROM ALL THESE RESUMES OF WHAT HAPPENED IN 1936: WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A REST FROM PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR 1937: WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A HOLIDAY FROM GREETINGS AND RESOLUTIONS: WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU - WELL, WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU - "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...what is that you're workin' on.  
FIB: It's a problem Country Washburn gimme. You know Washburn. He's the fellow who plays the big tuba in Ted's band.  
MOL: The big tuba what?  
FIB: The big bass horn. Good musician too, Country is. Good tuba players are born, not made, ye know.  
MOL: I knew that.  
FIB: How did you know?  
MOL: They could never get into that thing after they grew up. What's the problem?  
FIB: Look. Here's a little box about ten inches long with a little hole in each end.  
MOL: Yes.  
FIB: There's a mouse in the box, see? And he goes to one end and looks out through the hole in the box. Then he goes back twice as fast and looks out the other end.

MOL: I know. It's Minnie looking for Mickey.  
FIB: No no no...the problem is this: he goes to one end slow see? He runs back at ten feet a second. Back again at 20 feet a second. Back again at 40 feet a second. Twice as fast every time.  
MOL: But just what's the problem?  
FIB: Well I gotta figger out how fast the mouse has to go before his head is stickin' out both ends o' the box at once.  
MOL: I'm afraid I'll have to help you.  
FIB: Why?  
MOL: Well on that problem two heads are better than one.  
FIB: All right, but I'll have to draw a box bigger than - Oh Hello Harpo.  
MOL: Hello Mr. Wilcox.  
WIL: Say, I want you two to give me credit.  
FIB: Okay. No cash though.  
MOL: Credit for what, Mr. Wilcox?  
WIL: Well, remember I didnt interrupt you once last week with a plug for Johnson's wax.  
MOL: He's right, McGee...he didnt.  
FIB: Much obliged, Harpo.  
WIL: Oh that's all right. I was tempted though, when you spilled that chicken soup on the floor. I was going to pop in and say something about the SOUUPERIOR polish that Johnson's Glococ gives your floor and linoleum.

FIB: That would have been all right for Chicago soup. But what if it'd been mushroom soup? What'd you have said then?

WIL: That ROOMS look MUSH brighter with Johnson's self-polishing glocoat on the floor.

MOL: They must have docked his salary last week, McGee. He's got two of 'em in already tonite.

WIL: Oh yes. And if it had been Salary soup, I'd have said WITH JOH--

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: I'm sorry. (FADE OUT) But I just wanted you to realize how I'd let you alone with the....

FIB: Hmm. Well, Molly. I think we could have solved that mouse problem with Harpo.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, he's gettin' so he sticks his head out of both ends of this program at once. Shucks if a little mouse can do it, a big rat like Har-

MOL: McGee...he isnt a rat.

FIB: No, I guess he aint. His whiskers aren't long enough.

MOL: You mustent talk that way about Mr. Wilcox. He's a fine boy.

FIB: Sure. I know. But I still think we should o' tried him on Mulligatawney soup.

WIL: WELL IF YOU HAD GLOCOAT ON YOUR FLOORS, BOY, - WOULD MOLLY GO TONEY!

MOL: Ohhh dear. I knew we should have let him in last week.

FIB: He's four shows ahead of us now. If he'd only -

RUSS: ALLO, BABOUSHKA...ALLO TOVARISCH!

MOL: Ohh, how do you do.

FIB: Hey get outa here, Vodka. This is a broadcast.

RUSS: Sure it is a broadcast. I am coming in here for some addition to broadcastching.

MOL: We dont need any additions to this broadcast.

RUSS: I am hearing different story, babouscka. What am I doing for addition?

FIB: LISTEN, OG-PEW, WE TOLD YOU WE DIDNT WANT ANY ADDITIONS TO THIS SHOW. NOW SCRAM.

RUSS: No. TOVARICHICH. I AM COME FOR ADDITION AND I AM BEING ADDITION OR I WILL TRY DYING.

MOL: You mean die trying.

FIB: I heard him the first time. WHERE'D YOU GET THE IDEA YOU COULD BE AN ADDITION TO OUR SHOW, SAMOVAR?

RUSS: I AM SEEING BIG N B CHEE MAN. HE IS SAYING, YOU HAVE FINE VOICE FOR BROADCASTCHING. SO I AM COMING HERE FOR ADDITION.

MOL: Ohhhhh, he means AUDITION, McGee.

FIB: I bet he does at that. I'M SORRY BROTHER. THIS AINT AN AMATEUR SHOW.

RUSS: WELL, IT IS HAVING ALL THE EARMUFFS OF AMATRUER BROADCASTCH, TOVARICHICH.

MOL: Earmarks.

RUSS: NITCHEVO. YOU ARE NOT MARKING SO MANY JOKES AS MUFFING SOME.  
 FIB: LISTEN BUD.. WE GOTTA SHOW TO PUT ON. YOU GO OUT AND TELL THE  
 MAN AT THE DESK YOU'RE HEAR FOR AN AUDITION. AUDITION, SEE?  
 RUSS: CHURE. I AM DOING IT. MY BRAIN IS MADE UP TO BE BROADCATCHER  
 AND WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: OF ALL THE ---  
 ELMO: SAY, Fibber...  
 MOL: Oh, Elmo Tanner.  
 FIB: Smatter with you, Elmo?  
 ELMO: Have some peanuts.  
 MOL: Ohhh thank you.  
 FIB: Much obliged, Elmo.  
SOUND: CRACKLING OF PEANUTS.  
 ELMO: Good, arent they? One of my fans sent 'em.  
 FIB: Likes the programs eh?  
 ELMO: He sure does. He runs a peanut-stand and he's got a radio on it.  
 MOL: Really?  
 ELMO: Yes and he says every time I whistle he does twice as much  
 business.He says I whistle better than his stand does.  
 FIB: I see. He does more business and he thinks it's the whistle.  
 ELMO: No, he thinks it's the nuts. (FADE) Hey, Perry...have some  
 peanuts. One of my fans....  
 FIB: Well fer the- Say, Molly...next time he starts to whistle I'm  
 gonna start eatin' a dill-pickle right in front of him.

MOL: You know when Elmo whistles his lips remind me of a bird  
 FIB: A canary, eh?  
 MOL: No, - a would-pucker.  
 FIB: TAIN'T FUNNY, Molly. Say, I see where President Roosevelt  
 dont want anybody shippin' arms and ammunition to Spain  
 MOL: What about it?  
 FIB: And all the English Actors want to keep American Chorus girls  
 outa England.  
 MOL: So what?  
 FIB: Well, if we cant ship Arms to Spain or Legs to England, what  
 are we gonna do?  
 MOL: We'll have to do business with Ball-Ball.  
 FIB: Oh now, Molly. I'm...  
 GER: (GIGGLES)  
 FIB: Oh HELLO THERE GERALDINE !!!  
 GER: (GIGGLES) Hello there, Mr McGee...Hello Molly - Imagine seeing  
 you here. (GIGGLES) It's a small world isnt it? (GIGGLES)  
 I told Gerald it was a small world and what do you think he  
 said? (GIGGLES) Oh it was priceless - I mean really. (GIGGLE  
 Gerald said he always thought it was a small world too, till the  
 morning after New Years. (GIGGLES) THEN HE SAID HE KNEW IT  
 HAD TO BE PRETTY BIG TO HOLD HIS HEADACHE. (GIGGLES) Oh I  
 wish you knew Gerald. (GIGGLES)

MOL: You know, when Elmo whistles his lips remind me of a bird  
 FIB: A canary, eh?  
 MOL: No, - a would-pucker.  
 FIB: TAINT FUNNY, Molly. Say, I see where President Roosevelt  
 dont want anybody shippin' arms and ammunition to Spain  
 MOL: What about it?  
 FIB: And all the English Actors want to keep American Chorus girls  
 outa England.  
 MOL: So what?  
 FIB: Well, if we cant ship Arms to Spain or Legs to England, what  
 are we gonna do?  
 MOL: We'll have to do business with Bali-Bali.  
 FIB: Oh now, Molly. I'm...  
 GER: (GIGGLES)  
 FIB: Oh, HELLO THERE GERALDINE !!  
 GER: (GIGGLES) Hello there, Mr McGee...Hello Molly Imagine seeing  
 you here. (GIGGLES) It's a small world isnt it? (GIGGLES)  
 I told Gerald it was a small world and what do you think he  
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 morning after New Years. (GIGGLES) THEN HE SAID HE KNEW IT  
 HAD TO BE PRETTY BIG TO HOLD HIS HEADACHE. (GIGGLES) Oh I  
 wish you knew Gerald. (GIGGLES)

FIB: I got enough troubles now without -  
 GER: (GIGGLES) YOU KNOW I SIMPLY HAD TO come down and hear Perry  
 Como sing. I THINK HE'S THE DARLINGEST THING...REALLY.  
 (GIGGLES) I TOLD GERALD I'D RATHER HEAR PERRY SING THAN EAT  
 AND GERALD SAID HOW DO YOU KNOW - YOU NEVER HEARD HIM EAT.  
 (GIGGLES) WASNT THAT MEAN? I MEAN WASNT IT REALLY? (GIGGLES)  
 FIB: Yes but, Perry Como is really a fine -  
 GER: (GIGGLES) Oh you dont have to tell me. (GIGGLES) I told  
 Gerald I went for Perry in a big way and Gerald said he used  
 to feel the same about Kate Smith. (GIGGLES) Wasnt that  
 simply incredible? I mean wasnt it really? (GIGGLES) Tell  
 me, what's Perry going to sing?  
 FIB: Ted Weems says he's gonna sing Frost on the Moon, Geraldine.  
 GER: (GIGGLES) Really? FROST ON THE MOON.....Oh I'd better run  
 home and get my telescope. (GIGGLES) I simply MUST be off.  
 FIB: I'll say so.  
 GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE.  
 APPLAUSE:  
 ORK: "FROST ON THE MOON"  
 ORK: MC GEE THEME (DOWN FOR ANNOC'M'T):  
 WIL: OUR SCENE TONITE IS THE WISTFUL VISTA ANTIQUE SHOPPE, AT  
 14th AND OAK STREETS. THE PROPRIETOR LEFT ON A BUYING EXPEDI  
 AFTER FIBBER HAD CONVINCED HIM THAT HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ANTIQUES  
 WAS NOTHING LESS THAN PHENOMENAL. SO HERE...GAZING AROUND  
 THE SHOP WITH WHAT HE BELIEVES TO BE AN EXPERT EYE, WE FIND  
 FIBBER MCGEE, WITH HIS EVER PRESENT CHECKER-UPPER, - MOLLY.

MOL: Well, McGee...you've got yourself in another mess. What on earth do you know about antiques?

FIB: Oh, it's old stuff to me, Molly. AHM.

MOL: You dont even know the different styles.

FIB: Sure I do. I know all the periods from Early Rehaissance to Late Grand Rapids. Spinnet desks, harpsichords, refractory tables, electric chairs -

MOL: Electric chairs? I hope you wouldnt class an electric chair as period furniture.

FIB: Why not? It comes at the end of a sentence, dont it?

MOL: Well I'm going to enjoy workin' here anyway, with all these lovely things.

FIB: Thanks Molly.

MOL: I didnt mean you, Iggernuts. I meant the furniture and things. Wouldnt you just LOVE to have that sweet little spinning wheel.

FIB: What for? I couldn't even ride one of the dad-ratted things.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh how do ye do, bud. What can we do for ye?

MAN: (SLIGHTLY LA-DE-DA) I...I'm looking for something nice in a love seat.

MOL: I understand.. McGee,...he's looking for something nice in a love seat.

FIB: You're goin' at it wrong, bud. The idea is to get the love seat, and then look for something nice.

MAN: Oh I see. Thank you.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: What was I sayin', Molly?

MOL: Nothing, as usual.

FIB: Ye know, I been lookin' at this stuff in here and the trouble with it is, that it dont look antique. They aint enough worm holes in it. Now if I only had me a shotgun and some number 2 birdshot..

MOL: Heavenly days ..is that how they do it??

FIB: Well that's one way. Now when I had my antique shop I raised my own worms. Kept 'em hungry fer a week or so, then I'd lock 'em in a room with concrete walls and a few pieces of furniture. I misjudged it once though and let 'em get too hungry. When I opened the door to get the stuff out again I was shy two pianos, a walnut bedstead and two end-tables. All I could see way my thousand worms.

MOL: Overstuffed?

FIB: I ll never forget the time the woman come in and asks to see a antique bed. I showed her one and told her George Washington had sat on that bed. Why SAT? she says. Well says I. George couldnt lie, you know.

MOL: Did she take it?

FIB: Yes. on the lam. I always tried to -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

CLUBWOMAN: How do you do. Are you the proprietor?

FIB: You betcha sis. That is, I'm the proprietor, Pro Tom.

WOMAN: You mean PRO TEM.

FIB: No. Pro Tom. Tom Jones owns the place and he's away for the day. Get the idea? Pro Tom?

WOMAN: It sounds like a lot of foolishness to me.

MOL: Tom-foolishness. What can we do for you madam?

WOMAN: I am looking for ju-u-u-st the right thing for our clubrooms. I am Mrs. J. Mitchell Twitchell, Acting Secretary.

FIB: Oh, acting secretary eh? Well, wipe off your greasepaint sis, and take it easy. What kind of furniture you looking for?

WOMAN: A highboy.

MOL: I think I know what you want, Mrs. Twitchell. Step right over here.

WOMAN: Thank you. Have you anything in Chippendale?

FIB: Oh you betcha, sis. All the furniture on this side is Dale -

MOL: and this over here is Chippin'.

WOMAN: I see you have a- OH WHAT A LOVELY CHAIR.

FIB: Nice little hunk o' carpentry aint it, sis?

WOMAN: Yes indeed. What period is it, may I awsk?

MOL: Adam

WOMAN: Thank you. But there is no upholstery on it.

FIB: That's how we know it's Adam.

MOL: McGEE. Why dont you try to find what Mrs. Twitchell wants?

FIB: I was just going to. How do ye want it, Twitchie? Seltzer or ginger ale?

WOMAN: What on earth are you talking about?

FIB: Dad ratt it ye wanted a highball didnt you..?

WOMAN: HIGH BOY!!

FIB: Hi - Sis! Remember me? Proprietor Pro Tom?

WOMAN: Oh! Ah! Yes -- but -- about the highboy?

FIB: Listen, Twitch ... I dont think we got just the thing for you. If we git one in today where'll we send it on approval?

WOMAN: Send it to Mrs. J. Mitchell Twitchell at the Wistful Vista Cultchah Club. As Acting Secretry, I am intensely interested in securing only authentic pieces of antique furniture for ouah clubrooms. You undahstand, I'm suah?

MOL: Oh certainly.

FIB: You bet, Twitch. If it ain't a authentic antique, I'll snap it back to the factory so fast IT'll blister the varnish.

WOMAN: Thank you so much!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: I can see right now you won't keep this job long.

FIB: Oh is that so. I guess I can think fast enough to keep it. Self Preservation is the first law o' man you know.

WIL: Yes and THE FIRST LAW OF JOHNSON'S IS THE PRESERVATION OF FLOORS AND FURNITURE.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi Harpo. Want something?

WIL: Yes, I'd like a nice tapestry chair.

MOL: Oh we have some lovely ones.

FIB: Try this one Harpo. Sit down. That's it.

WIL: OUCH! Say what's the idea?

FIB: My mistake Harpo. That wasn't tapestry.

WIL: What was it?  
 FIB: Needlepoint.  
 WIL: I get it!  
 MOL: We knew you'd get the point.  
 FIB: IN THE END.  
 WIL: Oh, all right!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee...I wonder why they've got all those old bottles on the shelf there.  
 FIB: Oh lots of people collect old glass, Molly. That's Early American stuff.  
 MOL: They look like a lotta milk bottles to me.  
 FIB: Well, a milkman is about the earliest American there is, I guess. I'm gonna sit down on this box a while and... say what period is this old music Box, Molly? Henry the 8th?  
 MOL: Open it up, maybe it tells on the inside.  
 FIB: Okay.

SOUND: THUD: SOUND OF SHRILL MUSIC "YANKEE (WITH HIGGUPS) DOODLE"

DOOR THUD

FIB: Just what I thought. Drunken Fife!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

MOL: Ohhh it's Silly Watson.  
 FIB: Hiyah Sil.  
 SIL: Hi Yah, ma'am ... hi is ya boss? Yo' wo'kin heah now?  
 FIB: You betcha Sil. What can we do for ye?

SIL: Well, Mis' W'eedledeck she sen' me down fo' some animal crackers.  
 MOL: ANIMALS CRACKERS!  
 FIB: You better go to the grocery store, Sil. We don't handle no animal crackers.  
 MOL: The closest we could come would be a piecrust table.  
 SIL: No ma'am. She say come to the lil ole antique shoppy and git some nice animal crackehs.  
 FIB: She's looney.  
 SIL: Yassuh. Ah think so too, please suh. But she say DO it and ah Do it.  
 MOL: Maybe we better call her up McGee, and see if Silly got it right.  
 SIL: Oh ah got it right, ma'am. She say ANIMAL CRACKERS right out.  
 FIB: Well any animal crackers she got in here'd be so old she'd git indigestion.  
 SIL: Wah?  
 MOL: Does she eat those things herself, Silly?  
 SIL: Eat wah?  
 FIB: The animal crackers.  
 SIL: Oh she ain' gonna EAT 'em, MisT' McGee. She gonna hang 'em on a chain and stuff.  
 MOL: She's going to hang 'em on a chair and ... HEAVENLY DAYS, McGee... What IS this?



FIB: Lemme get this straight, Sil. Mrs. Wheedledeck wants some animals crackers to hang on a chair.

SIL: Yassuh. AN' the sofa, too. She say it keep folks from soillin' the holstuppery.

MOL: The what?

SIL: The holstruppery.

FIB: You mean the UPHOLSTERY don't you?

SIL: Yassuh Wah'd ah say?

MOL: You said holstuppery.

SIL: Yas'm. That's what ah meant. She say the hqlstuppery don' get so soil' if them lil ole chalah and stuff got animal crackers on 'em.

MOL: Ohhhhhhh, MCGEE...HE MEANS ANTIMACASSARS.

SIL: Yas'm. That's what ah says. You got some

FIB: NO!

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days...animal crackers. And all the time he meant antimacassars.

FIB: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Imagine a dumbbell like that? (LAUGHS)

AHEM. Say Molly.

MOL: What?

FIB: What ARE antimacassars?

MOL: Oh he's a dumbbell but YOU'RE smart! Antimacassars, iggernuts are little tidies you hang on the backs of chairs.

FIB: Honest? Say I didn't even know Mrs. Wheedledeck HAD a baby!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "DANCING TAMBOURINE" -- TANNER

WIL: That was Ted Weems, playing Dancing Tambourine, featuring the whistling of Elmo Tanner.

COMMERCIAL:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL, BUSINESS, SUCH AS IT IS, IS GOING ON AS USUAL AT THE WISTFUL VIST ANTIQUE SHOPPE (Fibber McGee, Proprietor Pro Tom). HERE IS FIBBER TALKING ON THE PHONE AS MOLLY WIELDS A FEATHER DUSTER.

FIB: YES...YES...WHO'S SPEAKIN' PLEASE? OH...OH MRS. TWITCHELL. YES MRS. TWITCHELL..... NO...YOU'RE HIGHBOY AIN'T COME IN YET. NO. ALL RIGHT...AS SOON AS WE GET ONE WE'LL SEND IT RIGHT OVER. YOU BETCHA TWITCHY ... NO TROUBLE AT ALL, HARDLY. OKAY. (CLICK)

MOL: (FADE IN) Who was that, McGee?

FIB: That was Mrs. J. Mitchell Twitchell again. She wanted the lowdown on her highboy. Told her we'd send it out when we got one in.

MOL: You know very well the chances are a million to one against our ever getting one in here.

FIB: I know. But all wimmin who buy antiques are optimists, Molly. Ye can't crush their delicate little hopes with no brutal truths. You know that. SAY DO YE HAVE TO RAISE ALL THAT DUST?

MOL: This stuff has to be cleaned off. I'm certainly glad we don't have to work here all the time. Imagine coming back to this shop every day and having to clean it all over again.

FIB: Well, you know the old sayin', Molly. TO DUST WE SHALL RETURN.

MOL: Oh dear, it -- AND WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?

FIB: I was just tryin' this old bed here. Funny lookin' old thing, ain't it? I suppose it come over on the Mayflower.

MOL: It's too big. They'd have had to tow it across.

MOL: Well get off it and help me clean up around here.

FIB: I just wanta lay back and see how the springs are. It's -

SOUND: RATCHET AND LOUD SLAM:

MOL: McGEE ... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SOUND: MUFFLED THUMPS:

FIB: Hey ... lemme outa here...(FAINTLY) Hey, Molly ... LEMME OUT...

MOL: Hold it, McGee...I'm trying to find out how to open it...

SOUNDS: THUMPS

FIB: Hurry up, Molly. I'm smotherin'

SOUND: RATCHET...THUMP

FIB: Whew...oh boy ...

MOL: I told you to get off that bed.

FIB: Well how'd I know it folded up. It's a good thing you were here.

MOL: Oh I don't know.

FIB: What would anybody ever want one o' them things for?  
They're liable to kill somebody.

MOL: They probably used 'em for the guest room in the old days.

FIB: Shucks, even Paul Revere couldn't o' got anybody outa that kind of a bed.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh hiyah, ma'am. What can I do fer ye?

WOMAN: Have you anythin' in Italian Renaissance?

FIB: In what, sis?

WOMAN: I said have you anythin' in Italian Renaissance?

FIB: No, but I got a few hundred bucks, in Swedish Match, preferred. Accordin' to my broker, it -

WOMAN: No no you don't understand! ... I mean Italian renaissance furniture.

MOL: You know, McGee. Eytalian Rennazance.

FIB: Ohhhhhh, THAT. You betcha sis. Here's a beautiful chair right here.

WOMAN: That's not a bad-lookin' chair -- but it's suttinly NOT Italian. That is ordinary REED furniture.

FIB: It's Italian, sis.

WOMAN: 'Tain't nothing of the sort! That's nothin' but wicker work.

FIB: I tell ye it's Eytalian. Step back here and look at it.

WOMAN: I'm looking.

FIB: Well, don't it look like a pile o' old spaghetti?

WOMAN: Oh! Fiddlesticks!!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Now see what you did, McGee? She went off in a huff.

FIB: She drive it herself?

MOL: Oh you --

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh how do you do. What can we do for you?

NEW: Hello. I'm looking for some old FIRniture...something CoLoNial.

MOL: Oh I see. Something colonial. Do you see anything you like

NEW: No, I don't see anything CoLoNial I like. How much is that ship in the Bottle!

MOL: The ship in the bottle...where?

FIB: Over there in the stand, Molly. That full rigged ship in the bottle. That thing has quite a history, Bud.

MOL: Oh yes. QUITE a history.

NEW: Well, if it's histoRIcal I'd like to have it, if I can't find anything CoLoNial...what's Historical about it...

MOL: Why...er...it's...er...YOU tell him, McGee.

FIB: Well, bud...that's a Spanish ship. From the Spanish American war. You'll remember how Admiral Dewy bottled up their ships in the harbor?

MOL: Sure That's the bottle and one of the ships.

FIB: Twenty five bucks...take it or leave it.

MOL: Don't drop it now.  
 NEW: Thank you very much. It's very interesting...though I'd rather have had something COLONIAL...

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ye know, Molly ... I always wondered how they ever got them full rigged ships into them bottles.  
 MOL: Getting a schooner into a bottle is no stranger than getting a bark into a dog. WELL...WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' SO DREAMY ABOUT?  
 FIB: I was just thinkin'. If I only had as much wind as Harpo I could blow a bottle around the Queen Mary.

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Hello. Yes...The Wistful Vista Antique Shoppy. Fibber McGee speakin'. Have what? HAVE WE A POWELL AND PICKFORD DESK? Why...er...I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, sis. Hold the wire. (ASIDE) Hey Molly, this dizzy dame wants to know if we got a Powell and Pickford desk. What does she mean?  
 MOL: William and Mary.  
 FIB: Hello. NO. (CLICK) Tryin' to take me for a chump.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

FIB: Hi there, Brother...what can I do for you?  
 BLOT: Good day to you, My little antique-peekers.  
 MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.  
 FIB: What ye got there bud? Footstool to be repaired? You come to the right place. What we don't know about antiques ---

MOL: Is amazing. What's the matter with it?  
 BLOT: Not a thing...not a thing. I just dropped in to offer you a rare bargain in a genuine antique ottoman.  
 MOL: Whattaman?  
 BLOT: No, OTTOMAN. OTTO.  
 FIB: Hi Otto.  
 BLOT: Yeah, man. YES I HAVE HERE A GENUINE Hepplewhite ottoman.  
 MOL: You mean apple green don't you?  
 BLOT: No, not applegreen. HEPPL white.  
 FIB: Looks like Louy the fourteenth to me.  
 BLOT: (DON'T ASK ME WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE TO ME) ... I MEAN ... This, my friends is a rare bargain. Yes yes ... a rare bargain. It's only offered for sale because my cousin, the Marquis de Pravity has his back to the wall.  
 FIB: Why didn't he keep the footstool so he could sit down.  
 BLOT: This, I might say is only one of the thousands of heirlooms and treasures which I might dispose of to you, if I am offered a reasonable sum for this remarkable example of the craftsmanship of old Europe.  
 MOL: How much do you want for it?

BLOT: Well, I couldn't really say...wait till I look at my memoranda..... Let me see now...memorandum...memorandum... here's my bowie-knife... I mean pocket-knife...Christmas cards...a small garter snake...wonder how that got in there...don't remember passing a haberdashery...a peppermint ...guts for a tennis racket... I got a lot of those...street car transfer...and a short beer. SORRY...I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MY MEMORANDA HERE...But I'll let it go for the small sum ) of three dollars.

FIB: SOLD! Here's the dough, bud. Looks like we gotta bargain here, Molly.

MOL: Oh I don't know...Look what it says on the bottom of it. Made in U.S.A. 1926.

BLOT: Exactly, my good woman. U.S.A. 1926. Meaning, the UTHUR SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, 1926 B.C. Thank you and good day!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hot dog...won't the boss be tickled when he sees what we got for him. Molly?

MOLLY: Oh I don't know. SAY MCGEE ISN'T THIS BEAUTIFUL, OLD SILVERWARE OVER HERE? MY MY ... I'd love to have some of this.

FIB: Kinda battered up though.

MOL: Well, it's antique, foolish. I suppose somebody had this in their family for generations. Imagine being able to turn some silver like this over to your heirs!

WIL: AND WHEN YOUR HEIRS HAVE TURNED TO SILVER, TELL THEM TO USE JOHNSON'S SHINUP, THE MARVELOUS, EASY-TO-USE SILVER POLISH'

FIB: AHM. What was I sayin', Molly?

MOL: How pleased the owner would be when he came back and found -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: In here Bud...Come right in ...

OLD MAN: Okay sonny.

SOUND: (TEMPO BLOCK)

OLD MAN: OUCH...Why don't you get a door high enough for folks to come in by.

MOL: Well why don't you look where you're goin'. You must be about 6 feet seven.

OLD MAN: 6 feet eight, girlie. And I'm lookin' for a bed long enough for me to get into. These beds they make nowadays are too short.

FIB: Well, bud, I don't think we got one long enough for you right now.

OLD MAN: I was afraid of that, Shorty! Been lookin' for one fer eighty years now. Looks like 'M goin' to have to have one built if I don't find one before long.

MOL: Eighty years...heavenly days. You must be about ninety five, then.

OLD MAN: 96 goin' on 97, girlie.

FIB: BUD...I GOT AN IDEA.

OLD MAN: Good fer you, youngster. What is it?  
FIB: TAKE THIS NOTE TO THIS ADDRESS. BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY, TOO.  
OLD MAN: RIGHT! I'M ON MY WAY...AND MUCH OBLIGED!  
DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: What's the idea, McGee...where did you send him for the bed?  
FIB: Hold everything, Molly. Gimme that phone. (CLICK)  
HELLO OPERATOR. GIMME 678923456788. IN A HURRY.  
MOL: But McGee.  
FIB: Quiet, Molly. HELLO? MRS. JAY MITCHELL TWITCHELL I JUST  
WANTED TO TELL YOU TWITCHY...YOU'RE ANTIQUE HIGHBOY IS ON  
HIS WAY OVER.  
ORK: CHASER:  
APPLAUSE:  
ORK: CLOSING NUMBER - DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND TAG GAG  
APPLAUSE:  
ORK: MUSICAL TAG:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC. - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL  
MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1937 - WMAQ-RED - 7:00-7:30 PM - ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Now that the holidays are over your home may show a few signs of wear and tear. Smart housewives who protected their floors and linoleum with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, before Christmas, have found it much easier to keep their floors clean. GLO-COAT saves the surface by sealing the pores and cracks of linoleum and wood so dirt can't get a foothold. You don't have to worry about things getting spilled on the floor -- you don't have to worry foot marks and wear when your floors are protected with GLO-COAT. This remarkable liquid polish makes old floors sparkle like new and keeps new floors always beautiful and bright. GLO-COAT is self-polishing. It requires no rubbing or buffing and it dries to a gleaming polish in just 20 minutes. Order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer and make all your floors beautiful and easy to care for. Insist on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, made by the Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX, and spelled G L O hyphen C O A T -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

SECOND COMMERCIAL

Recently I was checking over a list showing the outstanding reasons why women prefer JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Here's what women themselves say:

1. GLO-COAT saves both time and work. It gives a beautiful bright polish to linoleum and floors -- without any work of rubbing or buffing.
2. GLO-COAT is very easy to apply. It dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries.
3. It is never sticky or gummy -- never leaves streaks on the floor.
4. GLO-COAT protects linoleum from dirt and wear -- and does away with the drudgery of floor scrubbing.
5. GLO-COAT is made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX -- so you can depend on it to give brighter luster -- longer wear!

Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow, from your dealer. Look for the attractive yellow can, and remember it's very economical to buy the larger sizes

ct/1105  
1/4/37

JOHN: And the time shall be filled with music, and the cares that infest the day, shall fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away...And so, goodbye...All is well.

ANNOUNCER: SIGN OFF ANNOUNCEMENT

Every Sunday afternoon at this same time the makers of Johnson's Wax invite you to THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD for a half hour of music, poetry and friendly philosophy. May I suggest that if you enjoy these Sunday afternoon entertainments, that you mention the radio program to your Johnson's Wax dealer. He will be glad to know that you like the House by the Side of the Road. The program is based upon the copyrighted poem of the same name by Sam Walter Foss.

ro/1/24/35  
2:00 PM