

ADVERTISER S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#102)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
(7 to 7:30 PM)
TIME

(MARCH 22ND, 1937)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

For March 29th

*Mail Tickets for O'Brien - 510 Lee St, Evanston
2 tickets - 1st class and 6 for last if possible.*

Orin Pans 3 tickets - 1st "

*Wm can cash 25 or 30 tickets for Evanston by seats
" " " Candid Camera right
about 35 minutes*

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC. CREDITS ADDITIONAL MATERIAL WMAQ RED
MONDAY MARCH 22, 1937 7:00 - 7:30 P.M.

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

This is the season of the year when floors and linoleum seem to cry out for polishing. Well, here's the easy, quick way to make them sparkle like new. Just put a little Glo-Coat on those floors and watch them take on a beautiful, bright lustre, right before your eyes. GLO-COAT is the remarkable liquid polish that dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries, without rubbing or buffing. Your cleaning work will be much easier and your home will look fresher and more attractive for spring if you protect your floors and linoleum now with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Millions of women have learned this new easy way to keep their floors beautiful. Ask your dealer for GLO-COAT, spelled G-L-C hypen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

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SECOND COMMERCIAL:

Before we turn back to Fibber McGee & Molly let me answer a question asked frequently. "How do you apply GLO-COAT to a floor?" That's easy! Just pour a little of this remarkable liquid polish right out of the can onto the clean floor or linoleum and spread it lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER. It requires no skill -- no hard work -- for GLO-COAT can't streak or smear. Twenty minutes after you apply JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT the floor is ready to walk on -- shining with a beautiful, bright polish that sheds dust and dirt. There's no excuse for having dull, dingy floors that are hard to keep clean. Now you can easily have floors that everyone will admire -- floors that stay clean with practically no work. Order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow in the attractive yellow can, and remember -- it's very economical to order the larger sizes.

js 12:10

3/22/37

ORK: 1st PHRASE:WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!ORK: 2nd PHRASE:WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly!ORK: FINISH THEME - Tanner.WIL: Ted Weems opens the show with "RED LETTER DAY"!ORK: "RED LETTER DAY", sure enough. (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL.)APPLAUSE:ORK: MGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT): -

WIL: TONIGHT THE MCGEES ARE BEING VERY VERY CIVIC! WISTFUL VISTA IS PUTTING ON A GREAT HOMECOMING CELEBRATION, WITH STREET DANCING, VAUDEVILLE AND EVERYTHING. SO FIBBER, WITH HIS NATURAL TALENT FOR PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT, HAS OFFERED TO INTERVIEW PROSPECTIVE THEATRICAL TALENT FOR THE SHOW. AND HERE, ON THE BARE STAGE OF THE BIJOU THEATRE, LOOKING MORE OR LESS LIKE GREAT IMPRESARIOS, WE FIND, - FIBBER MCGEE. AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

CROWD MURMUR:

MOL: Get goin', McGee. Get goin'!

FIB: Okay (RAPPING) ALL RIGHT FOLKS... QUIET... QUIET EVERYBODY. Q
QUIET!

PAUSE:

FIB: That's better. FOLKS... YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE... I'M GONNA INTERVIEW EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YE FOR A BIG SHOW WE'RE PUTTIN' ON THIS WEEK IN WISTFUL VISTA. I'LL CALL YE ONE BY ONE, AND YOU GIMME YOUR NAMES, ADDRESSES AND SPECIALTIES AND MAYBE GIMME A SAMPLE. NOW DON'T CROWD... YOU'LL ALL GIT A EQUAL CHANCE...

MOL: Psssst... scrap books.

FIB: Oh Yes. AND ANOTHER THING. I DON'T WANNA SEE ANY OF YOUR CLIPPINGS OR PRESS NOTICES SEE? I'LL JUDGE FOR MYSELF WHAT YOU CAN DO. JUST ONE MORE THING; I'M AN OLD VAUDEVILLAIN MYSELF AND I CAN DO ANYTHING YOU CAN DO - SO DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME. Ahem.

MOL: How about a soprano solo, McGee... could you do that?

FIB: Certainly. Didn't you ever hear of Double Voice McGee, The Mystery Coloratura-Basso?

MOL: No. What happened to that act?

FIB: I sold one of my voices during the depression. AHM. All right.. Who's first?

MOL: That man over there, McGee. The funny lookin' one.

FIB: Be more specific. They're ALL funny lookin'. Oh that one. ALL RIGHT BUD... WILL YOU STEP UP HERE PLEASE.

MOL: What's your name?

MAN: GUSTO. GUSTO THE HUMAN GOAT.

MOL: What's the first name... Billy?

FIB: QUIET, Molly. WHAT'S YOUR SPECIALTY, GUSTO?

MAN: I'm a glass-eater. I eat bottles, light bulbs, window panes and tumblers.

COMMOTION:

FIB: QUIET OUT THERE... PIPE DOWN... what was the commotion, Molly.

MOL: A Couple of acrobats left in a hurry. They heard this man say he ate tumblers.

FIB: AHM. I'm afraid bud, you're act won't quite fit our celebration. Some people might be kinda squeamish....

MOL: Heavenly days yes....

MAN: Oh but you never saw me work, Mr. McGee. I gotta very refined act. Look..... I take a piece o' glass... like this.....

SOUND: CRUNCHING.

MOL: Oh-ohohohhhhhh.....

FIB: SHUCKS... IT'S A FAKE!

MOL: How about a soprano solo, McGee...could you do that?

FIB: Certainly. Didn't you ever hear of Double Voice McGee, The Mystery Coloratura-Basso?

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MOL: What's the first name...Billy?

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MAN: Oh but you never saw me work, Mr. McGee. I gotta very refined act. Look.....I take a piece o' glass...like this.....

SOUND: CRUNCHING.

MOL: Oh-ohohohhhhhh.....

FIB: SHUCKS,..IT'S A FAKE!

MAN: Oh yeah...well YOU TRY IT. YOU said you could do anything we could do.

FIB: Well, I meant...why shucks, I.... well..

MAN: OH GONNA BACK DOWN, EH?

MOL: Oh, McGee don't try...

FIB: ALL RIGHT, BUD...NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT MCGEE WAS A WELCHER. GOT A SMALL LIGHT BULB...LIKE OUT C A CAR HEADLIGHT?

MAN: No, I just got forty-watts, and sixty-watts.

FIB: SORRY. I M ON A DIET. WHO'S NEXT DOWN THERE.....

WOMAN: I am, I think.

MOL: Name and specialty?

WOMAN: MITZI GLORIA LORETTA DELORES GLOTZ. I do imitations.

FIB: Do you imitate Mae West?

WOMAN: No

FIB: You're hired. *What's next? (Fib) be specific - things all funny looking*

MOL: *That funny looking man.* NEXT! I THINK ~~IT'S~~ *(Fib) that tall man with the black beard, McGee.*

FIB: Say, that's quite a beaver he's got there. Wonder what he does

MOL: I know what he DOESN'T do.

FIB: What?

MOL: *I think he has* ~~Run~~ a trained flea act. *(Fib) Not with that beard.*

FIB: OKAY BUD..YOU OVER THERE WITH THE CHINCHILLA CHIN.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOL: NAME & SPECIALTY

MAN: I am the GREAT SVENGALI!

FIB: Oh hiyah Sven. I knew your brother, By'. Good old BY Gali.
He was -

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: AHEM. What do you do, bud?

MAN: I AM THE GREATEST HYPNOTIST WHO EVER LIVED. ~~Look..see what
the Grand Rapids Herald said about my act when I played The
Regent. And look at these clippings from the Kansas City
Star. where I played the Main Street Theatre...and look...~~

MOL: PLEASE...we don't want to look at clippings.

FIB: No bud...skip the press agent junk. Besides this hypnotism
stuff is a lotta malarkey.

MAN: But please...I ASSURE YOU -

FIB: NO GO BUD...IT'S NO GO. You can't make a monkey outa me.

FIB: Oh hiyah Sven. I knew your brother, By'. Good old BY Gali.
He was -

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: AHEM. What do you do, bud?

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stuff is a lotta malarkey.

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FIB: NO GO BUD...IT'S NO GO. You can't make a monkey outa me.

MAN: Oh no..? Look into my eyes! PAZAZZA! ABRACADABRA, PRESTO!
MOGLI!...YOU ARE A MONKEY!

MOL: McGEE...QUIT SCRATCHING YOURSELF...FIBBER...STOP IT...STOP
JUMPING AROUND LIKE THAT...Oh please mister...dont do that to
him...UN-HYPNOTIZE HIM.

MAN: All right, madam. But let that teach him a lesson. REVERSO!
CHANGO...PRESTO. BE A MAN AGAIN!

FIB: - as I was sayin' bud, I dont think...SAY WHAT'S EVERYBODY
LAUGHIN' AT?

MAN: You, FOOL!

FIB: What was he sore about? Oh well...Let's call the guy with
the grind organ next.

MOL: GRIND ORGAN...there's no one here with a grind organ.

FIB: Really? I'd of swore I heard a grind organ a minute ago...
While that lady handed me a penny.

MOL: WHO HANDED YOU A PENNY?

FIB: Why the...AHM. Shucks, maybe I dreamed it. Who's next?

MOL: That man with the long red beard.

FIB: Another beard - We can use him in our show for a curtain
raiser - usin the razor on that red-curtain. All right bud
name?

AL: BOTTORFF.

MOL: Full name please.

AL: AL BOTTORFF.

FIB: Whaddye do, Al

AL: How do ye do.

FIB: Fine thanks, I - NO. Dad rat it,...not HOW DO YE DO...WHAT
do ye do.

AL: I play the xylophone.

MOL: Oh good. ...I LOVE a zylophone.

FIB: So did your Uncle Dennis.

MOL: Whaddye mean, me Uncle Dennis? He never played the xylophone.

FIB: He should have. He spent his whole life poundin' around from
one bar to another. AHM. Whaddye wanta play, Al?

AL: Oh anything. Look at what the Omaha News Bee said about me
when I played the Brandels Theatre there. They said---

FIB: DAD RATT IT NEVER MIND THE CLIPPINGS. I says. Play something.

MOL: What will you play for us, Mr. Bottorff?

AL: How about "FLAPPERETTE?"

FIB: That'll be okay bud, go ahead.

AL: Now?

FIB: Sure. Never Bottorff till tomorrow what you can *fall off*

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: AHM: GO ahead, bud. FOLKS...AL BOTTORFF playin' Flapperette
on the tap-table

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-- BOTTORFF

XYLOPHONE: "FLAPPERETTE."

A PAUSE:

MOL: Lovely!

FIB: That was fine, bud. I think you're hired.

NEXT

MOL: That man in the tights is next McGee. Just step over to the table here please. Thank you. (ASIDE) Heavenly days, McGee... Look at the muscles!

FIB: I'll say so. Phew. Must be a wrestler or a weight lifter. K'd hire him on the strength o' that physique. Boy...what a man! ^{Shrews} ~~What is~~ hire you right now, bud?

MAN: Oh, I think that would be adorable!

FIB: & MOL: ~~It would be~~ WHAT?

MAN: Just too sweet! ^{words} Look what the Detroit News said about me when I

FIB: AHEM. NEXT!

MOL: Right over here please. It's that man with the white beard, McGee.

FIB: What? Another set of jaw grass? What is this anyway, a strike in a mattress factory?

MOL: What's your name, sir?

MAN: ~~HARPO~~ JOHNSON.

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MOL: That's a coincidence. That's our sponsor's name.

FIB: What's your specialty, sonny.

MAN: I'M A MONOLOGIST.

FIB: Amonolo... a ma nnalla... (ASIDE) HEY MOLLY... what's a mannalle-gyst? Tricky bicycle rider or a dog act?

MOL: Neither one, iggernuts. He does a monolog.

FIB: Well why didn't he say so. AHEM OKAY BUD... First time I ever saw a monolog artist with a beard like that. Where'd you play last?

MAN: I was in a floor show.

MOL: Oh a floor show.

MAN: YES, AND YOUR FLOOR SHO' WILL LOOK A LOT BRIGHTER WHEN YOU USE JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT THE NO-RUBBING -

FIB: HARPO! TAKE OFF THAT BEARD..... I KNOW YE!

WIL: AWW GEE.

MOL: I THOUGHT there was something familiar about that voice.

FIB: What's the idee, Harpo. You must be kinda desperate to try a gag like that.

WIL: I am desperate. I'm the sole support of a polo pony.

MOL: Ohhhhh

FIB: Well, in that case, I'll have to give you a job.

WIL: Oh thanks, Fibber. What do I do.

FIB: Well, as a polo player you're able to follow the ball aren't you?

WIL: Absolutely.

FIB: Fine. Well, after the big ball Wednesday nite, you can sweep out the hall.....

WIL: Awwwww.....

FIB: ~~NEXT~~ Who's next, Molly?

MOL: ~~That goodlooking young man over there.~~ OVER THIS WAY PLEASE.
~~YES YOU. NAME PLEASE, young man? Oh, Hiyah, Sil!~~

MOL: Oh, Silly Watson!

SIL: Hiyah, ma'am. Hiyah boss.

FIB: What you doin' here sil? This is a audition.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah knows it. Ah come oveh to audish.

MOL: Oh you wanta audish. Audish him, McGee.

FIB: Whaddye do, Sil?

SIL: Ah jiggles.

MOL: you what?

SIL: Ah jiggles.

FIB: Well, I dunno, Sil. We'll probably have enough dancin' on this program, but -

SIL: Nossuh. Not DANCIN'. Please suh. Ah JIGGLES. Ah jiggles stuff in the aiah.

MOL: Oh you mean JUGGLE.

SIL: Yas'm. Wha'd ah say?

FIB: You said jiggles.

SIL: Yassuh. That's what ah does. Ah'm a fusht class a-numbeh X jiggleh.

FIB: Used to be quite a juggler myself Sil. On the old Orpheum time. Look at this. ~~An ink well, a fountain pen and a book... one two three.....(TRUNTS)~~

~~SOUND: CRASH.....GLASS CRASH...TRUD.....~~

MOL: OUCH...HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE...YOU GOT INK ALL OVER EVERYTHING!

FIB: ~~AHEM. I'm a little outa practice, I guess.~~ What do you juggle, Sil?

SIL: Ah jiggles a fryin' pan a mop and a flat iron. All at once.

MOL: Well heavenly days.. I never knew you could do that, Silly.

~~SIL: No ma'am.~~

FIB: ~~Listen. Sil. You mean to stand there and tell us that you can juggle a fryin' pan a mop and a flatiron all at once.~~

~~SIL: Yassuh.~~

MOL: I don't believe it.

SIL: No ma'am. Ah didn't eitheh, till las' nite Rosebud she got made at me and THREW ALL them things at me. Ah had to catch 'em so's they wouldn't bus' no window's an' the flatiron' was awful hot and ah couldn' hang onto it long and the fryin' pan, too, and ah got a sliver off the mop, an' BOSS. AH KEP' THEM THINGS IN THE AI'AH FO' FIFTEEN MINUTES. SO iffen you needs a jiggler, please suh. call on Silly.....(FADE OUT)

FIB: Poor old Sil.

MOL: If Rosebud ever starts throwing carving knives at him he'll show up here with a sword swallowing act.

FIB: Used to be quite a juggler myself Sil. On the old Orpheum
time. Look at this. ~~An ink well, a fountain pen and a book...
one two three.....(TRUNTS)~~

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show up here with a sword swallowing act.

FIB: NEXT! Who's next, Molly?

MOL: That goodlooking young man over there. OVER THIS WAY PLEASE.
YES...YOU. Name please, young man?

COMO: COMO. PERRY COMO. In a sugar

~~FIB: We gotta Perry Como with Ted Weems orchestra. Any relation?~~

~~COMO: Yes, I'm him the one that we~~

~~MOL: I THOUGHT there was a resemblance.~~

~~FIB: What's your specialty, son?~~

~~COMO: Oh I sing...every once in a while.~~

MOL: I see. You lay around till they want a roundelay.

FIB: Well listen, bud...maybe you're a singer and maybe you ain't.
I don't wanta hear any fakin', understand? Remember, I used
to be quite a crooner myself. Used to be a choir boy, but
when I was 14 my voice changed and they fired me because
they thought I was yodeling.

FIB: NEXT! Who's next, Molly?

MOL: That goodlooking young man over there. OVER THIS WAY PLEASE.
YES...YOU. Name please, *young man?*

COMO: COLO. PERRY COMO. *In a surge*

FIB: ~~We gotta Perry Como with Ted Weems orchestra. Any relation?~~

COMO: Yes, ~~I'm him the one that we~~

MOL: ~~I THOUGHT there was a resemblance.~~

FIB: ~~What's your specialty, son?~~

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I don't wanta hear any fakin', understand? Remember, I used
to be quite a crooner myself. Used to be a choir boy, but
when I was 14 my voice changed and they fired me because
they thought I was yodeling.

MOL: Keep quiet, McGee. Let the young man sing something. Is
t at your music you've got there, young man?

COMO: No. These are my clippings. Listen to what the St. Louis
Post Dispatch said when I sang at the --

FIB: | NEVER MIND THAT BUD. Whaddye wanta sing for us?

COMO: Summer Night.

FIB: Summer Night, eh? That's the song the Hollywood producers
made 'em quit playin', *ain't it? cause it cool so much*

MOL: Why should a ~~movie producer stop anybody from playing~~
Summer Night *cool so much in Hollywood*

FIB: ~~I dunno. I guess they were thinkin' of the star's overhead~~

MOL: ~~Taint funny, McGee,?~~ *Hardly worth the effort*

FIB: ALL RIGHT BOYS...PLAY SUMMER NIGHT FOR ~~THIS YOUNG FELLOW~~
Perry Como

ORK: "SUMMER NIGHT". -- *COMO*

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Very good, son. You're hired. Sorry I couldn't o' got a
better orchestra to accompany you, but you know how it is
with these pick up bands.

TED: WHHADDYE MEAN, a pickup band!

FIB: Who are you, bud?

TED: I'M the leader.

MOL: Name please.

TED: Theodore James Hamilton *Wilfred* Augustas Henry Weems.

FIB: What's your FULL name?
 TED: Ted Weems.
 FIB: That's better. AHEM. (LAUGHS) Reminds me o' the time, I led the New York Symphony...Orchestra..
 MOL: Now, McGee. ~~nothing~~ ^{stick to} but the truth ~~you know!~~
 FIB: I know...this was once I happened in on their rehearsal, and I thought they were way off key...and said so. (LAUGHS)
 TED: I thought you said you LED the New York Symphony.
 FIB: I did. I led 'em for twenty blocks till they gave up the chase.
 MOL: Twenty blocks! Well, they'd been taught, just to follow a score.
 TED: Listen. How about my boys playing a number for you? ~~would like to play for this WistfulVista dance.~~
 FIB: Later on bud. We'll listen to your outfit. (But listen! NO FAKIN'! Remember I can do anything any of your men can do Now go sit down, Fred. -
 TED: TED.
 FIB: ED?
 TED: No, TED.
 MOL: All right. Jed. Go sit down and we'll call you later NEXT.
 RUSS: I am next, Tovarichich.
 MOL: Name and address?
 RUSS: ~~Chure.~~

FIB: ~~Sure what?~~
 RUSS: Sure I have got name and address. You think I am an orchid?
 MOL: You mean orphan. An orchid is a lovely flower
 RUSS: Okay, babouschka. Then you are an orchid.
 MOL: Oh now PLEASE, Mr. er..Mr..er.. what was the name again?
 RUSS: The name is not again. I have given no name ONCE yet.
 FIB: Well dad rat it...what IS the name?
 RUSS: Ivan Petruscka Devolnik Vondervov Andreivitch, I am ROSSIAN.
 FIB: NO! Shucks, bud, I had you tagged for a Eskimo. What's your specialty?
 RUSS: I AM ROSSIAN DANCER.
 FIB: Russian dancer eh? Let's see you do a step or so...and LISTEN!
 RUSS: What?
 FIB: I'm an old russian dancer myself, so don't try to put anything over. Make it legit.
 RUSS: Chure, Tovarichich. MUSIC, COMRADES!
 ORK: FEW BARS OF RUSSIAN MUSIC WITH BUMPS. OUT
 RUSS: ~~How am I doing, Babouschka.~~
 MOL: ~~I thought it was wonderful.~~ Did you see that, McGee? The way he'd squat and stand up, squat and stand up. How do you ever do that sir?
 RUSS: That's easy. ^{When I was very young} I was a BOUNCING BABY, and I am still bouncing. CALL ME IF I AM DOING MY STOFF, Kiddo.

Woul be wonderful

FIB: Shucks, that was nothin'. I could dance like that twenty years ago.

MOL: Where? AND WHO TAUGHT YOU TO DANCE LIKE THAT?

FIB: It was out west, on a ranch...and I taught myself. Tried to sit down on my heels at the campfire one night and I was bouncin' around there for hours. I'd forgot I had my spurs on. NEXT!

MOL: Here comes a lady, McGee...wonder what she does? She's..OH, it's Mrs. Wearybottom. Hello, Mrs. Wearybottom.

FIB: Hiyah Weary?

WEARY: Oh hello folks...I just heard you were interviewing talent for the vaudeville show and I just thought I'd come over and remind you that I used to be in showbusiness myself.. I used to have a trained seal act with my husband only somebody played a dirty trick on us one day they stole our seal and left a walrus I remember it was a walrus because it happened in Tuskalooosa, and my husband was a little short-sighted and he never noticed what big teeth our seal had until he bent over to take a bow and the walrus snagged him by the seat of the pants and tossed him up into the balcony, the audience just loved it and I suggested to my husband to keep that business in the act but he said we didn't have an act because our contract was in his back pocket and the walrus had torn it up well I just thought I'd let you know there's some egg on your chin.

FIB: Well fer the...imagine old Wearybottom with a walrus act?

(LAUGHS) Reminds me o' the time I had my dog and pony act on the Orpheum circuit. They was a theature out on the Bronx I played one and one O'my dogs started to act funny. He kept runnin' off the stage and sniffin' at the door O' the manager's office. That manager gyped me out of about three hundred bucks, too.

MOL: Well, what was the matter with the dog?

FIB: He'd been raised as a huntin' dog and he KNEW that manager was a fox. Well sir -

MOL: NEXT!

ELMO: I'm next I guess

MOL: Name ^{please} and address

ELMO: Elmo Tanner, General Delivery

FIB: GENERAL DELIVERY?

MOL: *El* He's probably got a mail quartet. What's your specialty, Mr. Tanner?

ELMO: I whistle

FIB: You what?

ELMO: I whistle. I've whistled for a living ever since I left college.

FIB: Oh a college man eh? Let's hear you spell something.

TANNER: Whistle. W.I.S.S.E.L

MOL: Heavenly days, he IS a college man!

FIB: Must be. AHEM. Listen Bud... I'll listen to your stuff, but lemme give you a little warning. I'm quite a whistler myself so don't cheat on the high notes. I got quite a ear for music.

ELMO: I noticed you had quite an ear but I didn't know what it was for.

FIB: AHEM. What do you want to whistle?

ELMO: Well-1-1...now about FLOATING ON A BUBBLE?

~~MOL: Sounds real pretty, doesn't it, McGee?~~

FIB: FLOATIN' ON A BUBBLE EH? Well, don't whistle too loud at it, bud, or it's liable to bust in your face.

ELMO: That's all right. I like to wet my whistle now and then.

~~MOL: All right orchestra. WILL YOU PLEASE PLAY AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR MR TANKER?~~

~~ELMO: TANNER.~~

~~FIB: TAKE 'ER!~~

ORK: FLOATING ON A BUBBLE --

-- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd COMMERCIAL:

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

WIL: Now back to the bare stage of the Bijou theatre, Wistful Vista, where Fibber and Molly are still interviewing talent for the big vaudeville show.

FIB: Well, we gone thru an awful lotta talent here, Molly, what did ye think o' that animal act?

MOL: Well, I thought the lions were good in the mane, but the leopard's were a little spotty

FIB: That's what I thought. And I speak as a old animal trainer myself. I used to have an act with the circus where I'd stick my head into a tiger's mouth. I broke up the act just in time to save my life.

MOL: How?

FIB: Well, there was a couple o' trainers that wanted my job

and I discovered 'em puttin' catnip in my hair tonic. HXKX!

MOL: And you were going to tell nothin' but the truth McGee.

FIB: Say I was, wasn't I? Well to tell the truth it wasn't with a circus at all. Just a carnival. But it was the BIGGEST MOST COLLOSSAL CARNIV- oh hello there little girl

TEE: Hi

FIB: Whaddye want?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says make it snappy. We're interviewin' theatrical talent here

TEE: I'm one, I betcha

FIB: Your one what?

TEE: I'm a theattical tallen

FIB: YOU? What can you do?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says what can you...just what do...WELL WHAT'S YOUR SPECIALTY.

TEE: I dunno what that means I betcha.

FIB: I mean what can you do on the stage?

TEE: Recite.

FIB: Okay Recite something. What'll it be? The Boy Stood on the burning deck?

TEE: Why?

FIB: Why what?

TEE: Why did a boy stand on a burning deck? He was crazy I betcha.

FIB: That's the name of a recitation, sis. Like the Wreck of the Hesperus.

TEE: HMM?

FIB: Like the wreck of the hes....DAD RAT IT...WHAT DO YOU WANTA RECITE?

TEE: Mary had a little goat.

FIB: You mean lamb.

TEE: (I guess I know what I wanna recite, I betcha.

FIB: Yes but Mary didn't...Oh well..dad rat it go ahead. But make it snappy.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says go AHEAD...HURRY UP...GET GOIN'!

TEE: Okay. MARY HAD A LITTLE GOAT
IT'S FLEAS -

FIB: Fleece

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: FLEECE...NOT FLEAS.

TEE: Okay. MARY HAD A LITTLE GOAT.

IT'S FLEECE - Okay mister,? IT'S FLEECE WAS WHITE
AS SNOW.

SHE FED IT EMPTY GLOCOAT CANS
AND HOW IT'S COAT WOULD GLOW Ta-daaaaa!

Fib: Ah... Wince recite

BOOM: I'm next I believe, ~~My little stooge-manager.~~

MOL: What is the name, please?

BOOM: I am HORATIO K. BOOMER, My dear. Professionally known as Presto, the Prestidigitateur.

MOL: The what?

FIB: Careful how you talk in front o' the lady, there, brother! Now then...what was that again?

BOOM: YES YES...I SAID I AM PRESTO...THE FAMOUS PRESTIDIGITATEUR.)

MOL: Dear me! (*Shocked*)

FIB: ~~A prestigit... or... a prestigit... pre~~ SORRY BUD. WE'RE PU TTIN' ON A CLEAN SHOW FOR THE FAMILY TRADE. WE CAN'T USE THAT STUFF.

BOOM: What stuff?

FIB: That prestigit...OH NO YE DON'T!

MOL: Maybe we better find out what it is, McGee. What is that stuff, Mister?

BOOM: Magic My dear. The most mystifying, baffling and terrifying exposition of shleight-of-hand ever performed in the American theatea! YES YES.

FIB: Ohhhh, MAGIC. Why didn't you say so, bud. What kinda stuff you do, Presto?

BOOM: Magic of all kinds, my boy. SEE WHAT THE GINCINNATI ENQUIRER SAID OF MY PERFORMANCE WHEN I PLAYED THE -

MOL: NEVER MIND THE CLIPPINGS, PLEASE.

BOOM: All right. Come to examine them...they aren't about me, anyway.

FIB: What kind o magic you say you do, bud?

BOOM: EVERYTHING, MY BOY. ILLUSION, ^{legislation} ENCHANTATION, SUBSTITUTION AND LEVITATION.

FIB: Sounds like a greatline o' stuff, bud. Give us a sample or two. And remember.. I'M AN OLD MAGICIAN MYSELF.. SO YOU BETTER BE PRETTY SLICK. I GOT AN EYE LIKE A EAGLE FOR THAT STUFF!

MOL: Close your beak for a while, eagle. Go ahead mister.

BOOM: Well my first trick will be a simple bit of card manipulation. Take a card, my boy. ANY CARD. ^(OK) Fine. What card is it?

FIB: Ace o' diamonds.

BOOM: Just what I thought. The ace of diamonds.

MOL: Heavenly days. How does he do it?

FIB: I don't believe you called that one, bud.

BOOM: Oh didn't I? Well try it again. Take a card. ANY CARD.

FIB: Okay.

BOOM: YOU ARE HOLDING THE SEVEN OF HEARTS.

FIB: Nope. You're wrong. This a note o' some kind. It says IF YOU DON'T PAY YOUR BILL AT THIS HOTEL BY THE FIRST OF THE -

BOOM: OH IN SOME ~~PLACE~~ IN THERE (LAUGHS)

Well, I like to inject a bit of comedy in my act. Yes, yes.

~~HIM: Very funny. My next trick will be a bit of mystifying transformation. Done with the aid of acrylfissa, narrow or concealed wires.~~

FIB: Here ye are, bud. Got it for Christmas. Beauty ain't it?

MOL: It's 17 jewels, too.

BOOM: Well, well... imagine that. 17 jewels. Very interesting.

VERY interesting. Now watch closely. one two three.

DRUM ROLL PLEASE!

SOUND: DRUM ROLL. END IN CRASH.

MOL: And PRESTO! Gone!

~~MOL: There's your nice watch, McGee. gone with the... (LAUGH)~~

FIB: That's pretty clever, bud.

BOOM: You'd be surprised, my boy. Now I'll transform it into a flock of pigeons. I'll step behind this curtain. ANOTHER

DRUM ROLL... PLEASE

SOUND: DRUM ROLL CRASH

MOL: All right, Presto. Come out now. (PAUSE)

FIB: OKAY BOOMER. BRING ON YOUR PIGEONS! (PAUSE) Give him another drum roll, boys. Maybe he didn't hear it.

SOUND: DRUM ROLL AND CRASH.

(PAUSE) VOICES UP.

FIB: ALL RIGHT BUD. YOU'VE HAD TIME ENOUGH. COME ON OUT.

(PAUSE)

Fib: OK, bud make it sleepy -
 Boomer: Boomer then large cabinet - solid Top
 sides + bottom

Mol: Ugha, fees gone
 Fib: My watch is gone - my wallets are gone
 Mol: Heavenly days, your steel pen gone - your cuff links are gone - your pants are gone -
 - Don't just stand there. Say something, McGee
 Fib: I can't! My script is gone -

MOL: Well what on earth...DO YOU SUPPOSE HE COULD HAVE FAINTED,
MCGEE?

FIB: ~~Did you say FAINTED, or fated?~~ I better look...(OFF MIKE)
HEY MOLLY...HE AIN'T HERE!!!!!!...HEY...BOOMER...PRESTO..

VOICES UP..

VOICE: YOU SAID YOU COULD DO ANYTHING ANYBODY ELSE COULD DO! WHY
DONT YOU MAKE HIM APPEAR AGAIN? HAH HANA...(LAUGHTER)

MOL: GO AFTER HIM, MCGEE...HE MUST HAVE RUN AWAY..

FIB: AND MY NEW WATCH TOO...THAT WATCH WAS WORTH FIFTY BUCKS..THE
DIRTY...COME ON, MOLLY...LET'S GO! EVERYBODY DISMISSED!

CHORD:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: TAKE ANOTHER GUESS DOWN FOR SOMM'L AND TAG GAG.

FIB: Can You imagine that dirty so and so swipin' my watch?

MOL: It was terrible McGee. And you'd need it too, on April
twelfth.

FIB: Why?

MOL: Why that's the day we change our broadcast time. You know..
an hour later except on the west coast?

FIB: Oh yes. But that dirty...and he asys he was a magician! Why
the -

MOL: You oughtta get the pilice after him.

FIB: I'll get the whole world after him. America, the French cops,
Scotland yard.

MOL: What IS Scotland yard?

FIB: It's the British police force in London, why?

MOL: I just wondered if you knew. Mrs. Wearybottom told me
yesterday she thought you were so dumb you thought Scotland
Yard was 35 inches.

FIB: She said I was AHEM GOOD NIGHT

MOL: Good night, all!

MUSICAL TAG.

APPLAUSE

SIGNOFF:

gh:mr:ll:25
3-22-57

cur
7ib. Sell one voice -

Bottom - cut press twice

Wally. Hell do a sword swallow

7 ib Fed, Fed.

You are a monkey.
Be a man again

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC. CREDITS ADDITIONAL MATERIAL WMAQ RED

MONDAY MARCH 22, 1937 7:00 - 7:30 P.M.

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

This is the season of the year when floors and linoleum seem to cry out for polishing. Well, here's the easy, quick way to make them sparkle like new. Just put a little Glo-Coat on those floors and watch them take on a beautiful, bright lustre, right before your eyes. GLO-COAT is the remarkable liquid polish that dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries, without rubbing or buffing. Your cleaning work will be much easier and your home will look fresher and more attractive for spring if you protect your floors and linoleum now with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Millions of women have learned this new easy way to keep their floors beautiful. Ask your dealer for GLO-COAT, spelled G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

Page 2

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

Before we turn back to Fibber McGee & Molly let me answer a question asked frequently. "How do you apply GLO-COAT to a floor?" That's easy! Just pour a little of this remarkable liquid polish right out of the can onto the clean floor or linoleum and spread it lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER. It requires no skill -- no hard work -- for GLO-COAT can't streak or smear. Twenty minutes after you apply JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT the floor is ready to walk on -- shining with a beautiful, bright polish that sheds dust and dirt. There's no excuse for having dull, dingy floors that are hard to keep clean. Now you can easily have floors that everyone will admire -- floors that stay clean with practically no work. Order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow in the attractive yellow can, and remember -- it's very economical to order the larger sizes.

js 12:10

3/22/37