

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" (#104)
CHICAGO OUTLET (WMAQ)
7:00-7:30^{AM}PM (APRIL 5^{part} 1937)

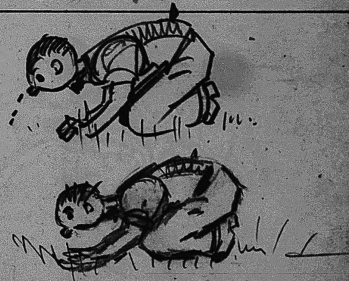
WRITER DON QUINN
OK

(MONDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS



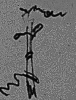
→ Isabel Randolph →



W.I.N.D. - 9 Tonight.

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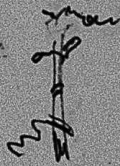
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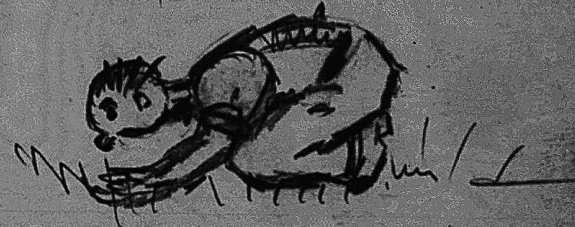
ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



→ Isabel Randolph →



W.I.N.D. - 9 Tonight:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC. FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY CREDITS ADDITIONAL
MATERIAL WMAQ RED MONDAY APRIL 5, 1937 7:00 - 7:30 P.M.

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

Once you try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors and linoleum you will be so enthusiastic you'll be telling all your friends about this wonderful, no-rubbing floor polish. GLO-COAT makes floors shine like new -- keeps linoleum looking fresh and bright -- and saves hours of floor-cleaning time. Dirt and dust can't cling to the beautiful, polished surface. And GLO-COAT is so easy to use! It dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries, without any work of rubbing or buffing. If you want to have lovely, clean floors that everyone will admire, order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer. GLO-COAT is made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX -- ~~wax~~ ~~authorities on floor maintenance problems.~~

Floor finishing authorities for over 50 years.

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SECOND COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Molly tells me she has something she wants to say to you. ~~I thought at first she was joking, but she~~ ^{says} she's really serious, and I know you're as interested as I am in what ~~Molly~~ ^{she} has to say. She's right here.

MOLLY: I just want to say thank you to all you friends who have been so loyal to Fibber and me. We like your letters and we certainly appreciate it when you tell us you use GLO-COAT on your floors. Every time you go to the store and ask for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT you're not only getting a wonderful floor polish that's going to save you all kinds of work, but you're also showing our sponsor that you like our radio program, and you want it to stay on the air. So again, let me thank you most sincerely and say that I hope we'll all be together for a long, long time.

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: There's just time left for me to remind you that you save money by ordering GLO-COAT in the larger sizes. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF*POLISHING GLO-COAT.

js 12:30
4/5/37

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM - WITH MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN
AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY & TED WEEMS ORCHESTRA!

ORK: THEME - (TANNER) TO FINISH.

WIL: TED WEEMS OPENS THE SHOW WITH _____

ORK: SELECTION. (DOWN FOR)

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1.

(C o m m e r c i a l)

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MEGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT):-

WIL: WELL...FIBBER HAS FINALLY FOUND A HOBBY! HE HAS TAKEN
UP GARDENING IN A COLOSSAL WAY, ~~BUT UNFORTUNATELY, HE~~
~~HASN'T FOUND MANY PEOPLE TO SHARE HIS ENTHUSIASM.~~ SO
HERE, IN A ^{friendly} ~~DESPERATE~~ ATTEMPT TO FIND CONGENIAL SPIRITS
BY MEANS OF AN AUDIENCE POLL, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE
AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: ~~Shucks, Molly...in three or four hundred people, we~~
~~oughtta find one or two amateur gardeners - don't you~~
~~think?~~ *in the studio*

MOL: ~~Oh I'm sure of it. Or where did they get all those~~
~~tomatoes they threw at us last week?~~

FIB: ~~Well, they might of bought 'em.~~

MOL: ~~Go ahead, McGee.~~

FIB: ~~Okay. FRIENDS, WITH YOUR KIND PERMISSION -~~

MOL: ~~Or without it.~~

FIB: ~~AHEM. QUIET, MOLLY.~~ ^{folks} WITH YOUR KIND PERMISSION I AM
GOING TO ASK A FEW OF YOU TO STEP UP HERE TO THE MICROPHONE
AND GIVE THE FOLKS LISTENING IN SOME IDEA OF YOUR HOBBIES.
(Mine, I might add, is gardening.) ^{folks, would you mind stepping up here} Brother...you in the
second row there...will you come up on the platform? That's
it...now just talk into the microphone here...a little
closer...fine!

Haso will used to body for you - no? well

MOL: Will you please tell us, sir, if you have a hobby of any kind -

FIB: Such as gardening?

MAN: Well....(LAUGHS) I....I...knit.

MOL: You what?

FIB: Did you say you gnat, bud?

MAN: (LAUGHS) That's right. I knit.

MOL: What is your name, please?

MAN: O'Shea. O...teardrop, S.H.E.A. O'Shea.

FIB: Whaddye mean, teardrop?

MAN: Oh I always think of an apostrophe as a little teardrop, don't you? (LAUGH)

FIB: Well...AHM. I can't say as how it ever exactly occurred to me that way, bud. So you're a knitter, eh? Whaddye knit?

MAN: Ohhhh(LAUGHS) Everything. Socks...mittens...sweaters.. (LAUGHS) and stuff. I crochet, too...And tat.

FIB: Tat a boy!

MOL: What do you expect to do with your knitting, Mr. O'Shea?

MAN: Oh...(LAUGHS) I hope to open a knitting shop, sometime. I'll call it O'Shea's Crochet Shop. (LAUGHS)

FIB: How about the Chez O'Shea. Kind of a slogan like this. "CROCHET? OKAY, SASHAY AWAY TO THE CHEZ O'SHEA."

MAN: Oh, that's ducky. (LAUGHS) Just for that, I'm going to knit you a pair of mittens, for your gardening.

MOL: Don't do it. He's clumsy enough barehanded.

FIB: Much obliged, bud. Did you..er..did you ever...er... consider gardening as a hobby yourself?

MAN: I should say not. (LAUGHS) Whaddye get? Bugs on the roses, bees in your hair and mud on your knees. I think it's stupid. (LAUGHS) If you'll excuse me.

MOL: Certainly...he'll excuse you.

FIB: Yes, with pleas...why certainly bud. AHM. ~~WILL THE LADY IN THE FRONT ROW ON THE LEFT THERE...~~ (ASIDE) Hope she's a gardener!

MOL: Yes, madam...you. Just step a little closer please. Have you a hobby, madam?

WOMAN: Not any more, - he ran away with a chorus girl in 1915.

FIB: I see. But we didn't mean HUBBY, sis. We says HOBBY.

WOMAN: What's that?

MOL: ^{a hobby} That's what you do to amuse yourself, in your spare time.

WOMAN: Is that what a hobby is?

FIB: That's it.

WOMAN: Oh, then my hobby is picture tearing.

cut woman?

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FIB: I see. Tearing around from one picture show to another, eh?

WOMAN: No. TEARING PICTURES. Of my husband. I tear 'em up into little tiny pieces.

MOL: Well, that's a very interesting hobby, I'm sure.

FIB: Kinda expensive aint it sis?

WOMAN: Yes, but I always say, if it gives you pleasure it's worth what it costs. Of course, if I'm a little short of money, or tired, I just tear up snapshots.

FIB: Hmmm. Ever think or...er...well, did it ever occur to you that some more peaceful pursuit...such as gardening, might-

WOMAN: OH DONT TALK TO ME ABOUT GARDENING. THAT'S THE MESSIEST DIRTIEST, MOST BORING AND PRIMITIVE OCCUPATION I CAN THINK OF.

FIB: ~~That...er...that answers the question, sis.~~ AHEM (TRY TO PICK OUT A GARDENER MOLLY) ~~MENT~~.

MOL: *He's a familiar face*
The foreign looking gentleman in the third row, please. What is your name sir?

FIB: A little closer to the microphone, please, doc.

RUSS: OKAY, TOVARICHICH.

FIB: Ahem. A little farther way from the microphone, please. There. Now what was the name again?

RUSS: What difference is name making to you?

MOL: Well, we just -

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RUSS: A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL PRETTY GOOD, TOO. MY NAME IS NICKOLAS, NOCKOLEAVNA, NICKOLAI, NICKOLAVITCH.

FIB: Handle this guy carefully, Molly. He's full o' the old nick.

MOL: Have you a hobby, sir?

RUSS: WHAT IS DOT, BABOUSHKA? WHAT IS HOBBY BEING?

FIB: A hobby, vodka, is a sideline. Something you do for personal enjoyment. For your own happiness.

RUSS: For MY OWN HAPPINESS, TOVARICHICH. I AM DOING NYOTTING. HAPPINESS IS FOR DOMBLEBELLS. INTELLIGENCE PEOPLES IS NOT FOR BEING HAPPY. I WISH TO SOFFER.

MOL: Oh you wish to suffer.

FIB: I think that can be arranged, bud. AHEM. But didn't you ever walk out into a garden, as the dew was gleaming on the tender little bud of a -rose....a lovely rose?

RUSS: ROSES ARE ALSO FRO DOMBLEBELLS, TOVARICHICH. I CANNOT SOFFER WEETH ROSES.

MOL: Well you can always stick yourself with a thorn, if you want to be like that.

RUSS: NOW YOU ARE TALKING, BABOUSHKA. I THINK YOU ARE HAVING SOMETHING THERE. EXCUSE ME PLEASE...I THINK I AM GOING BACK TO LISTEN TO REST OF PROGRAM.

FIB: Why, bud...what's your hurry?

RUSS: I WEEESH TO SOFFER) FADE OUT) SINGING)

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RUSS: I WEEESH TO SOFFER) FADE OUT) SINGING)

MOL: (TO HERSELF) "Happiness is for dumbells". YOU SHOULD BE
PRACTICALLY IN A STATE OF ECSTASY, MCGEE.

FIB: Why?

MOL: Never mind now. Will the gentlemen with spectacles step
up to the microphone, please. Thank you.

FIB: Now then, bud. What is your hobby?

MAN: Stamps

MOL: Postage stamps?

MAN: What other kind of stamps are there?

FIB: Well, there's ...er...there's...SO YOU COLLECT POSTAGE
STAMPS DO YOU?

MAN: YES.

MOL: That must be very interesting.

MAN: YES.

FIB: I suppose you learn a lot about history and geography
and stuff studyin' stamps, eh bud?

MAN: Yes.

FIB: Been collecting 'em long?

MAN: YES.

MOL: Does it take a lot of your time.

MAN: YES.

FIB: HMMM. If you ever got tired of stamps, bud, would you
ever think of takin' up some other hobby? Such as...as...
well...maybe gardening?

MAN: No.

MOL: Why not?

MAN: Why should I?

FIB: Well, that's a point, bud. AHEM. But think of what it means to get into closer touch with nature...to feel that you're responsible for each little sprout that peeps thru the earth in the springtime..wouldn't that give you kind of a thrill?

MAN: No.

MOL: What would?

MAN: STAMPS.

FIB: AHEM. Thank you bud, for that very interesting talk on stamps. I'm sure we all realize what a lot of enjoyment and...er..and...where you goin', Molly?

MOL: I'm going down and sit next to that Russian gentlemen.

FIB: Why?

MOL: I ~~will~~ suffer.

FIB: *too much to*
Perry is going to sup + (mol) then see stay here
"SMOKE RINGS"

-- GOMO

APPLAUSE:

WIL: ~~(THAT WAS PERRY GOMO - ETC)~~ WELL, NOT TO BE DISCOURAGED, BY LACK OF ENCOURAGEMENT - FIBBER HAS STARTED HIS SPRING GARDENING. AND HERE, IN THE FRONT YARD AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE/FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, WITH SEEDS, TROWELS, SPADES, RAKES, GARDENING BOOKS, SEEDS...SCISSORS, SEEDS AND MORE SEEDS.

MOL: McGee...you got enough seeds here to cultivate the Imperial Valley! What's the idea of getting so many?

FIB: Well, shucks, who am I to stint nature? You know the old poem, Molly, -

"SPRING-SCATTERS WITH A LAVISH HAND...er..

MOL: "HEADCOLDS THROUGH OUR LOVELY LAND"..

FIB: AHEM.. That aint what I had in mind, but...HEY..GET OUTA THERE! SHOO...BEAT IT!

SOUND: SQUAWKS AND CLUCKS...FADE OUT

FIB: Those dad-ratted egg-poppers sneak up behind me and eat the seeds before they hit the ground.

MOL: Well, they have to eat, don't they?

FIB: They don't have to eat at my expense. If that guy next door don't keep his poultry at home, I'll report him to the Secret Service ~~Police~~.

MOL: The SECRET SERVICE! What for, ~~seednaping?~~

FIB: Well, I got most of these seeds from Congressmen, so it's Federal business.

MOL: Oh quit fussing, McGee...you can't chain chickens up like a dog.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, I ain't runnin' a cafeteria for anybody's cluckers. Hand me that big trowel will ye, Molly?

MOL: This one?

FIB: No no...that BIG one. That's it.

MOL: This isn't a trowel, iggernuts. It's a shovel.

FIB: I know, but you cant call a spade a spade on the radio.

AHEM. Hey...where'd I better plant this Baby's Breath?

MOL: Baby's Breath! Isn't that a sweet name for a flower?

FIB: Never mind the sentiment, Molly. Where'll I put 'em?

MOL: (Baby's Breath...how cunning!) You know, I think it would be darling to plant 'em right between the mums and the Poppies.

FIB: Say this is just a small garden...not a nursery. Now let's see....I think I'll put the Calliopsis next to the Zinnias. And the Bachelor Buttons next to the Ladyslippers.

MOL: What! - and start a scandal?

FIB: Ye know, Molly, I'll bet I have the prettiest garden in Wistful Vista this year. ~~Probably get the annual prize from the Argus Gazette. They always - DAD RAT IT GIT OUTA HERE!~~

SOUND: SQUAWKS...CLUCKS...(FADE OUT)

MOL: By the way, McGee...what's in this envelope. There's no picture or printing on it.

FIB: Oh, those seeds? Daisies.

MOL: How do you know?

FIB: They won't tell. AHEM.

MOL: I think you're planting this stuff too early, McGee.

FIB: It's ~~only three~~ ^{almost four} ~~thirty~~.

MOL: I mean the SEASON, foolish.

FIB: Oh no. I know what I'm doin', Molly, Shucks, at one time I was the Champion gardener of Michigan. CALLALILY MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: CALLALILY MCGEE, THE COLLOSSAL CULTIVATOR OF CAPTIVATING CARNATIONS, CLEAN-GUT CONTRIVER OF COLORFUL CALLIOPSIS, CUTE COAXER OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS AND KING KONG OF KALAMAZOO'S CABBAGE CROP.

FIB: Hand me some o' them seeds, Molly.

MOL: Here...what kind of seeds are these?

FIB: Shake the package.

VOICE: HEIGH-HO- EVERYBODY!

FIB: I thought so Rudys of the Vallee - Now let's see...

MOL: Hurry up, McGee...it's real chilly out here. I'll bet your plants freeze tonight.

FIB: Oh no. The almanac says warmer and fair.

MOL: The almanac in the kitchen?

FIB: Yes.

MOL: That's for 1922.

FIB: Well, these seeds don't know that. ~~I always...~~ ~~bit me on~~ the foot.

MOL: ~~Here~~ ... say, aren't you planting those seeds pretty deep?

FIB: Oh I dunno. I gotta give 'em time to grow because they ain't picked till the fourth of July.

MOL: The Fourth of July. What are they?

FIB: Punks.

MOL: Let's see. Oh you mean PINKS.

FIB: Is that what it is? I thought it says punks. Oh well -- I guess my plainin' instinct is still okay.

MOL: Well I should know something about, it, too. Me Uncle Dennis was quite a planter in his day.

FIB: A planter? Your Uncle Dennis? I thought he was a fight promoter.

MOL: Yes .. a Madison Square Gardener .. raising cauliflowers and that isn't all. He used to make beautiful rock gardens.

FIB: I know in Sing Sing, Ahem, had me them seeds there.

MOL: Oh - here's the ones I like. Candytuft.

WIL: YES AND IT'S CANDYTUFT ON YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM NOT TO PROTECT THEM WITH JOHNSON'S ^{self}GLOCOAT. THE NO-RUBBING NO-B-

FIB: HARPO.

WIL: Oh hello, folks. What are you doing?

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: What are we do-...WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE WE'RE DOING?

WIL: Feeding your chickens?

FIB: OUR chi.... HEY GET OUT OF THERE ... BEAT IT ... SCAT!!!!

SOUND: SQUAWK ... CLUCKS ... ETC...

MOL: We're planting a garden, Mr. Wilcox. You know Flowers, vegetables

FIB: Yes and listen Harpo. We're pretty busy. You better run along and work in your own garden.

WIL: How did you know I was working in my garden?

FIB: Oh you got kind of a seedy look.

WILL: Okay okay ... (FADE OUT)

FIB: Ye know, I heard that guy build a shack just to plant his fleur-de-lis against.

MOL: Why? *Flour-de-lis*

FIB: Someboyd told him they were shanty iris.

MOL: Say McGee is ^{how}this garden soil...have you had it analyzed to see if it's fertile?

FIB: Oh it's ~~fertil~~ all right. I had it tested the other day. ~~Just~~ get the analysis back this morning.

MOL: How'd it test?

FIB: 100%

MOL: 120% what?

FIB: ^{100%}Dirt. AHM. But the book here says SOIL CAN BE IMPROVED UPON BY ADDING ATWO-INCH LAYER OF EQUAL PARTS OF SAND AND PEAT MOSS.

MOL: Peat Moss? Who's he?

FIB: Prob'ly the guy that wrote the book. He ...

TED: Hello folks.

FIB: Ted Weems, Hiyah, Ted?

MOL: Hello, Ted.

TED: What are you doing?

FIB: What are we d-...Well, confidentially, Ted. We're layin' the keel for a new submarine for the Navy.

TED: Well what are all the seeds for?

FIB: Naval oranges. Keeps the cres from gettin' scurvy.

TED: Let me take a handful. My first violinist is getting scurvier all the time.

MOL: Have you got a hobby, Ted?

TED: Sure. I've got a hobby.

FIB: What is it?

TED: Not gardening.

MOL: Well what IS it. What IS your hobby.

TED: That's it. Not gardening. I hate gardening. I think gardening is the silliest thing there is. Grubbing around in the dirt from morning tonight for waht? So three months later you can pick a handful of mangy looking tulips and a few undersized radishes.

FIB: Ted. *Gardening - Foray*
Uranus!

~~TED: What?~~

FIB: When you say that - PLAY!

"CANT LOSE THAT LONGING FOR YOU" ORCHESTRA:

TO BE INTERRUPTED BY

TIME CHANGE ANNOUNCEMENT

APPLAUSE:

WIL: And now back to 79 Wistful Vista, where Fibber and Molly are still working in their garden.

MOL: You know what you're going to have to get for your garden, McGee?

FIB: What's that?

MOL: A weeder!

FIB: A weeder?!

MOL: Yes .. for weeding. - Me Uncle Dennis was a great weeder.

FIB: What's he been weeding lately?

MOL: Oh he's been weeding a lot of womances. The Woad to Woam, Wittle Wed Widing Hood....

FIB: Well I'll have him come over and weed to me while I weep my harvest next Fall. That is if he .. DAD RAT IT GET OUT HERE... SCAT...SHOO...

SOUND: SQUAWKS ... CLUCKS.....

MOL: I KNOW WHAT WE OUGHTTA HAVE IN THE GARDEN MCGEE.

FIB: What?

MOL: A bird bath. I think a bidbath is lovely in a garden.

FIB: No ye don't. OH NO YE DON'T. No birdbaths in this garden. No Sir.

MOL: Well heavenly days...why not? I think they're sweet.

FIB: No sir. Not after what happened to Zan. (That's my brother Alexander) Zan had a pretty bitter experience that way.

MOL: What happened.

FIB: Shucks, Zan had a swell garden, and he thought a bird-bath would be nice, just like you -

MOL: A bird-bath just like me!

FIB: No, I mean he thought just like that a bird bath would look kinda hotsy in his garden , so he built one.

MOL: Whodid?

FIB: Zan. (That's my brother - Alexander)

FIB CONTINUED:

Well sir, he built this gorgeous bird bath, in a nice spirit o' humanity and the love of wild creatures and what do you suppose happened?

MOL: What?

FIB: Why shucks, he went out one morning and the dadratted thing had run over and flooded the whole garden. THEM FOOL BIRDS HAD WENT AN LEFT THE WATER RUNNIN'!

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: What are these seeds, Molly?

MOL: Why, imagine that McGee! They're WAX beans! ~~And on this program too.~~

FIB: ^{Did you say?} Wax beans, you say? ~~WAX beans?~~ Hey Harpo. Aren't you listenin?

WILCOX: (BROAD ENGLISH)

Righto, ~~old fellow.~~ ^{and} Ladies and Gentlemen, if you've bean waxing with anything ~~else~~ but Johnson's you cahn't know.....

~~FIB: HARPO:~~

~~WIL: Hello some more.~~

FIB: Harpo, you're beginning to get in my seeds. If you butt in again I'm gonna be kinda furious.

MOL: Ah, there are furies at the bottom of our garden.

WIL: Well gee, I didn't mean any harm. Can't I watch you plant something?

MOL: Why certainly, Can't he McGee?

FIB: Well Harpo, I'll tell ye. You watch me plant something and then I'll watch you plant something. How's that?

WIL: Swell, go ahead.

FIB: Okay. Now watch. See, I make a little hole in the ground with the trowel -

WIL: Hand trowel or dish trowel?

MOL: TROWEL, Mr. Wilcox. If there was a litter of shovels, this would be the runt.

WIL: Oh I see. Go ahead, Fibber.

FIB: Then, I take this little crooked seed -

WIL: What does the little crooked seed grow into?

FIB: Bent Grass. AHM. I drop the seed in the earth...

SOUND: CLUNK

MOL: A lot of iron in this soil.

FIB: Then I cover it up .. see? Now it's your turn, Harpo.

WIL: Fine...what do I plant?

GIB: ^{Plant} ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER ... THAT WAY!

WIL: (FADE OUT) Aw gee, I wanted to watch you....

FIB: Now then, what was I talking about?

MOL: What difference does it make?

FIB: AHM. Ye know, Molly I'd liked to of ~~worked with old Luther Burbank.~~ There was a guy! He was a wonder!

MOL: Why would you have wanted to work with him, McGee?

FIB: Well, I've often wondered if he could of grafted a milkweed onto a pine tree and crossed it with iceberg lettuce so the pine tree would bear ice cream cones. Ye see - HEY GET OUTA HERE ... BEAT IT ... SCRAM!

SOUND: SQUAWK ... CLUCKS ETC...

MOL: (OFF MIKE) MCGEE QUIT CHASING THOSE CHICKENS COME BACK HERE. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

FIB: I'm gonna see this guy next door here. I've had enough of this.

SOUND: KNOCK KNOCK AT DOOR. DOOR LATCH.

WOMAN: YES...WHAT WAS IT PLEASE?

FIB: You the lady of the house, sis?

WOMAN: Yes.

FIB: These your chickens?

WOMAN: Yes they are. Why?

FIB: Well do you mind if I ask you a favor? You're chickens are awful fond of the seeds I'm trying' to plant -

WOMAN: Yesssss?

FIB: So I think maybe if I plant 'em in your yard here, the chickens won't have so far to walk for lunch. Ye see -

DOOR SLAM *Shucks, she hung up on me.*

FIB: ~~Oh well ... nothing ventured, nothing planted. Take it Elmo Turner.~~

ORCHESTRA: APRIL SHOWERS.

APPLAUSE:

WILL: WELL THE SCENE REMAINS THE SAME BUT IT'S ^{two} ONE WEEK LATER. FIBBER HAS GONE OVER THE GROUND WITH A FINE TOOTH RAKE BUT THERE'S NARY A SPROUT IN SIGHT. A LITTLE WORRIED HE HAS SENT FOR AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERT. THE EXPERT IS EXPECTED ANY MINUTE.

(Keef) FIB: ~~Shucks, I wonder what I done wrong, Molly. They oughtta be comin' up by now.~~

MOL: ~~Maybe you planted the seeds upside down.~~

FIB: ~~LOOK at that garden. Might as well be the Gobi desert for all the stuff that's growin' in it.~~

4/5/37 - Garden

ZMOL: ~~Yes...it looks like Nature had given you the Gobi, all~~

FIB: ~~Let's see...I put the zinnias over about here...and the Asters...where'd I put the Asters, Molly?~~
right
the rest of the desert

MOL: I don't know, but I hope it was a prominent place. An Astor is used to the best.

FIB: Well, I hope this expert that's comin' can give us the right dope. Though I probably know more about it than he does.

MOL: Oh sure. You -

FIB: Hey - there, little girl. Don't step in the rows.

TEE: Ham?

FIB: I says DONT STEP IN THE ROWS.

TEE: What rose. I don't see a rose.

FIB: Not A rose. THE ROWS. The rows of plants. I've planted stuff here *flowers here*

TEE: Why?

FIB: ~~Well, because I...it's kind of pretty to have... I mean the vegetables are always...WELL BECAUSE I'AM, THAT'S WHY!~~
sub

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: ~~I SAYS BECAUSE...listen, sis. PLEASE don't step on the flowers.~~

TEE: I don't see any flowers, I betcha.

FIB: Ye don't eh? (LAUGHS) She don't see any flowers, Molly.
O'COURSE YE DON'T SIS. They're just seeds now. They
grow up into flowers.

MOL: You hope.

FIB: Ye see, sis, seeds are like little eggs. Mother earth gets
'em warm and hatches 'em out and they grow up to be nice
strong narcissusses and stuff. See?

TEE: Awwwwwww.

FIB: Get a load of the expression on that sweet little face,
Molly. That egg-and-mother-nature stuff was a new thought
to her. DID YOU CATCH ONTO THE IDEA, SIS?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says did you grasp the idea o' Mother nature hatchin'
out all them tiny little seedlings, so' they'd grow up
into beautiful little flowers and parsnips and stuff?

TEE: Sure I did, I betcha

FIB: That's fine!

TEE: But when you get a little older, mister, you'll find out
it's just the action of the solar rays combined with
the expansion of moisture within' the seed that causes them
to grow - don't let anybody kid you with that egg stuff.
So long mister.

FIB: Well fer the...imagine HER tellin' ME what makes....

~~MOL: McGee...I just had a wonderful idea.~~

FIB: You mean about why this stuff ain't growin'?

MOL: No no no....listen. Considerin' that we change our
broadcast time next week, suppose we send every radio Editor
in the country a little bunch of columbine...get the idea?
Columbine for Columnists..?

FIB: Well, I dunno, Molly...maybe forget-me-knots, would be more
appropriate...Ye see, these radio editors are -

SOUND: AUTO FADE IN HORN..BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: He better get them brakes fixed. Who's that, do you
suppose?

MOL: Maybe it's that seed expert.

FIB: What? In spats and a derby? If he's a farm expert I'm
a ballet dancer.

MOL: Well, up on your toes then...here he comes.

MAN: (FADE IN) This 79 Wistful Vista?

FIB: That's right, bud. Are you the expert on agricul-..

MAN: MR MCGEE? FIBBER MCGEE?

MOL: That's us, Mister.

MAN: All right. I am W. Aldington Tump, the seed expert.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hiyah, "W". You don't look much like a farmer.

MAN: I am not a farmer. I am a PH.D., M.A., SC.D., B.S.,
in GEOLOGY, BOTANY, PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND PLANT ENGINEERING
OF THE AGRICULTURAL UNIVERSITYS OF PARIS, BERLIN AND WARSAW.

MOL: Heavenly days...all that just to see why our crocuses don't come up!

FIB: With all them titles, bud you must have to use both sides of your business card.

MAN: I don't need a business card. Everybody's heard of me.

MOL: Hmm.. That's lovely.

FIB: Well let's get down to brass tacks, W. What's the matter with this garden?

MAN: Just a moment till I adjust this microscope...there...will you hand me a small pinch of soil, please..

FIB: Take a handful, bud. We got lots of it.

MAN: No..I want to analyze it.

MOL: Here, Mr. Tump.

MAN: Thank you...Hmm...very very interesting.

FIB: If you see any seeds in that dirt bud..how do they look? Unhappy?

MAN: This soil, Mr. McGee...is intensely interesting. It has a large proportion of volcanic ash, probably a residual basin of the carboniferous era.

FIB: NO! Really?

MOL: Well why doesn't the stuff grow?

FIB: Don't rush the professor, Molly. He's on the track o' somthin'. How's about it, Prof?

MAN: YES INDEED...THIS IS A HIGHLY INTERESTING STRATA. ~~HIGHLY INTERESTING. I CAN JUST PICTURE THE ICE CAP, DEPOSITING A TREMENDOUS BURDEN OF THIS QUARTZITE FORMATION...PERHAPS WITH THE HEMATITE CRYSTALS REDUCING THE POTASH CONTENT TO A MINERALOGICAL MINIMUM. ON THE OTHER HAND,~~ THERE ARE INDICATIONS THAT THIS TERRITORY WAS ONCE RICH IN POTASSIUM CARBONATE BUT IT HAS BEEN ADULTERATED WITH NON PRODUCTIVE AND NON-GENERATIVE SUBSTANCES SUCH AS PYRITES, THUS CREATING A GEOLOGICAL CONDITION WHICH IS IN A DIRECT REVERSE RATIO TO ITS BOTANICAL OR SAXICOLOUS PROPERTIES.

FIB: Ye heard that Molly? You hear what the Prof says?

MOL: Sure...but why don't the onions sprout?

MAN: MADAM, I SHALL DO MY VERY BEST TO EXPLAIN AWAY ANY BOTANICAL INCONGRUITIES, OR GEOLOGICAL PERPLEXITIES WHICH MAY BE TROUBLING YOU.

MOL: That's fine.. You can also tell us WHY THIS STUFF DOESN'T COME UP.

FIB: Look, bud. I followed all the rules in the book...soil to the right depth...seeds just so far apart...tamped the earth down firmly...and look...what happens? Nothing.

MAN: Why...er..I er..(LAUGHS) Excuse me madam, but I should like to speak to your husband a moment about this..it's a rather peculiar situation.

MOL: Why...why certainly. Go ahead.

FIB: What is it, bud. (CALLS) Souse me a minute, Molly.

MAN: Listen, sir...In all my experience in agricultural work and soil study, I have never met with an equal situation.

FIB: Really? Well shucks, I THOUGHT this dirt around here was -

MAN: wait a minute...(MUTTERS TO MCGEE)

FIB: (AT INTERVALS) NO! YOU REALLY THINK SO? WELLLL FOR THE I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!....WELL I'LL BE A...Well, bud, I certainly appreciate it. We'd never NEVER have known it if it hadn't been for you. You send me a bill for your services.

MAN: I'll do that sir. I'm indebted to you for a remarkable experience. Good day sir. GOOD DAY MADAM.

MOL: Good day, Mr. Expert. Now then, McGee...what did he say was the matter?

FIB: Oh nothin'.

MOL: MCGEE.

FIB: Well he just says it was...well, it's kind of personal matter, Molly. I really wish you wouldn't ask.

MOL: MCGEE YOU'LL TELL ME BEFORE I STIR A FOOT OUTSIDE THIS GARDEN. WHY DIDN'T YOUR SEEDS COME UP?

FIB: Well, he says...I...er...(LAUGH NERVOUSLY) I...er...well, shucks, he says I forgot to take the seeds outa the envelopes!

ORK: MUSIC: "FROM THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD"

DOWN FOR:

OVER LAST MUSICAL NUMBER "TOP OF YOUR HEAD"

WILCOX: With apologies to Fred Allen, we give you a preview of the typical American family next Monday night, April 12th.

WILCOX: At the dinner table.

TEENIE: Mama, may I be excused now?

WOMAN: No, not now. Not till you finish your pudding.

TEENIE: But I can't! I gotta go! I wanta hear Fibber McGee & Molly!

WOMAN: No, darling - you can just finish your dessert. Fibber and Molly are on ONE HOUR LATER TONIGHT!

MUSIC UP THEN DOWN

WILCOX: In a taxi.

MAN: Gosh, man, hurry. What's holding us up?

DRIVER: I can't do nothin' about dis traffic! Where's the fire?

MAN: I tell you I've got to hurry. I want to get home to my radio. I want to hear Fibber McGee & Molly!

DRIVER: Oh, that! Well just keep your seat, mister. IT'S ONE HOUR LATER TONIGHT!

MUSIC UP THEN DOWN

WILCOX: On the farm.

WOMAN: Looky here, Hyran, seen this artickle 'bout hog callin'--?

FARMER: Dog take it, Maria, I ain't got time to do no readin' I'M just 'bout ready to tune in Fibber McGee & Molly on the raddio!

WOMAN: Well, land o' Goshen, Hy, ain't you heard? They're on ONE HOUR LATER TONIGHT!

MUSIC UP TO FINISH

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APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: DOWN FOR

TAG GAG:

MOL: McGee...what on earth are you looking for?

FIB: Broom and dustpan..let's see..I saw one arou-

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT A BROOM AND DUSTP 'N FOR?

FIB: Well, you know we move outa this time next week and I want to leave it just as nice as we found it when we moved in. AHEM. Good night.

MOL: Good nite, all!

APPLAUSE:

SIGNOFF:

ct:jg:mr:12:00
4-5-37

Don't drown last line of weed jumping

Halew - Candy tuft

Get clear Hays jumping feet

And run before we go on with slow

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