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\*\* THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM \*\*

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

JUNE 7, 1937

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ORCHESTRA: 1ST PHRASE:

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAS PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: 2ND PHRASE

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

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME:

WIL: JIMMY GRIER AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "JAMMIN".

ORCHESTRA: "JAMMIN" DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL

(REVISED) -1-

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Think what fun you could have this summer if you owned a beautiful de luxe Covered Wagon Trailer completely equipped with modern comforts! You could vacation near a lake or in the woods without having to pay cottage rent or hotel bills. Well you are offered an opportunity to win a luxurious COVERED WAGON TRAILER in the great contest now being conducted by the makers of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. All you have to do is complete the following statement: "I LIKE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER BECAUSE--" Finish this statement in 50 words or less. Each week for twelve weeks a de luxe COVERED WAGON TRAILER valued at \$1,000 is given away in this easy contest. There are many cash prizes as well, so get busy. After you have tried JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER on your own car it will be easy for you to tell why you like these remarkable products. Buy a combination package of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER right away, from your regular wax dealer, auto supply store, garage or filling station. Complete contest rules are found in each package. Read the rules carefully. Then mail your entry to S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin. This weeks Trailer Contest closes midnight, Saturday, June 12th. The winner of last weeks contest will be announced later in this program.

WIL: THERE HAS BEEN A MINOR TRAGEDY AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA. MOLLY HAS LOST HER DIAMOND RING, WHICH FIBBER GAVE HER YEARS AND YEARS AGO. AND HERE - FRAMICALLY COMBING THE PREMISES FOR THE MISSING JEWEL, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME ("RIDIN' AROUND")

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Well, dad rat it..I can't imagine where it could a been lost.

MOL: Nor me. Heavenly days, I've moved every bit of furniture a dozen times...I've turned everything inside out. I've simply been through EVERYTHING.

FIB: Been through the vacuum cleaner?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: How was it, kinda cramped and uncomfortable?

MOL: Oh, McGee...I wish you'd be more serious about this. It was the ring you give me when we were engaged.

FIB: Well, they told me then it was a well-mounted ring, - but I didn't know it would ride away after 20 years.

MOL: Now WHERE could it have gone...let me see....

FIB: Maybe we'll git some results from the advertisement I inserted this mornin'.

MOL: What'd you say in it?

FIB: I gotta copy of it here. I says:  
"ARE YOU A WALLFLOWER?"...

MOL: Heavenly d-

FIB: LISTEN!:-

"ARE YOU A WALLFLOWER?"

Conquer that timidity. Become a social favorite by learning to play the piccolo. Astound your friends! Free lessons at Professor McGee Studio. 79 Wistful Vista.

How's that, Molly?

MOL: WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? You were supposed to advertise in the Lost and Found for me diamond ring. And you put something in about piccolo lessons. Why YOU CAN'T EVEN PLAY THE PICCOLO..and what's more -

FIB: Now now now...wait a minute, Molly. Hold on. I thought this was kind of a cute idea. Look.

MOL: I WANT ME DIAMOND R-

FIB: DAD RAT IT..I'M COMIN' TO THAT. Now look. Suppose somebody comes to the house for a piccolo lesson. To play the piccolo he has to hold his hands up and wiggle his fingers don't he? And I can see like a flash if he's wearin' your ring or not? Ye see? They'll never suspect that-

MOL: MCGEE DID YOU INSERT THAT PICCOLO ADVERTISEMENT IN THE PAPER?

FIB: Wel-l-l no. I was thinkin' of that as a last resort. What I put in says: LOST: DIAMOND RING. FIBBER MCGEE. 79 Wistful Vista. Reward.

MOL: Wel-l-l...that's better. Now help me lift up the rugs. Maybe it rolled underneath one of 'em.

FIB: Why should it? What you been doin'..turnin' handsprings?

MOL: GET A HOLT OF THE RUG, iggernuts.

FIB: Okay..Okay...

SOUND: SLIGHT SUCCFFLING

MOL: (TO HERSELF) I wonder.....I wonder if it could have dropped down the drain when I washed me hands.

FIB: I suppose you'll want me to stroll through the city sewer system with a candle...like this here Gene Valgene.

MOL: Be quiet...I'm thinkin'.

(LONG PAUSE)

FIB: Been kneading any dough?

MOL: Of course not. Do you think I PAWNED IT?

FIB: No, I meant kneading dough for pies or somethin'. You coulda -

MOL: I hope we find that ring....though it wasn't so much the value of it, as the sentiment attached to it. I'll never forget the night you put it on me finger. The night we got engaged.

FIB: Oh shaw!

MOL: Remember, McGee? We were settin' on the horsehair sofa in the parlor.

FIB: Horsehair is right. I slept on it at your house during a blizzard one night and it threw me four times.

MOL: Well, you busted those springs yourself, clumsyfoot.

FIB: Oh I never.

MOL: Yes you did. Remember when you jumped up on the sofa to turn the gaslight up, when you heard me father comin' downstairs?

FIB: That guy could find more excuse for comin' downstairs again, after he went to bed.

MOL: Be more respectful of my old man.

FIB: Okay..but it's funny how soon they knew we were engaged. I'd no sooner got the ring on your finger than him and your ma come dashin' in with a bottle of dandelion wine, to congratulate us. You don't suppose they were listening through the hot air register?

MOL: They were probably listening to see if your hot air WOULD register. It did. Remember how you kissed me fingers before you put the ring on?

FIB: Awww, I never-

MOL: You did, too.

FIB: Shucks, I was jest wettin' your finger so's it'd slip on easier. Ye see, your knuckles were so big..er...I mean that ring was originally made for a much smaller...that is, I..er..

MOL: You better keep quiet. Ohhh, dear...where COULD I have mislaid it! It couldn't be under the - MCGEE!

FIB: No, it couldn't be under the McGee, because I've kept movin' arou-

MOL: FIBBER...listen. DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU'D SWALLOWED SOMETHING IN THE RESTAURANT LAST NIGHT?

FIB: That's what people usually go into restaurants for.

MOL: No no...I mean..didn't you think you'd swallowed a little piece of bone or something? I wonder if that coulda been me ring.

FIB: I suppose you think I leaned across the table and snapped at your hand. I suppose you think I go around bitin' wimmin's rings offa their fingers.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Saved! There's somebody who found the ring and saw my advertisement.

MOL: Thank goodness...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Welcome, bud. Did you find the...Oh hiyah, Jimmy.  
Molly...it's Jimmy Grier.

JIMMY: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Come in, Jimmy. Where did you find it?

JIMMY: Find what? Ohhh, you mean your diamond ring?

FIB: That's it. Hand it over, Jimmy.

JIMMY: I haven't got it.

MOL: Oh dear... then why-

JIMMY: I just came over to tell you that my boys MIGHT come  
across it during this next number. We're playing  
SPRING CLEANING!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "SPRING CLEANING"

SECOND SPOT

MOL: McGee...did you sift those ashes in the basement like I  
told you?

FIB: Yep. That is..er..I got Silly Watson doin' it.

MOL: Has he found me diamond ring yet?

FIB: If he has he ain't come leapin' upstairs with it. I'll  
call him. (PAUSE) (OFF MIKE) HEY SIL...COME ON UP A  
MINUTE.

MOL: Maybe we better move all the beds and the dressers once  
more.

FIB: What..AGAIN? Shucks, I've moved all the furniture so  
often it jumps every time I come into a room. I'll  
bet you'll find that ring in a pair of gloves, or somewhere.

MOL: It hasn't been cold enough for gloves, iggernuts.

SIL: (FADE IN) You call me, boss?

FIB: You betcha, sil. How you comin'?

SIL: Comin' wif wah?

MOL: Sifting the ashes, Silly. Have you screened all of 'em?

SIL: No, ma'am. Ah'm on'y abou' haf th'ough 'em.

FIB: Well, hustle up and finish, Sil. If it ain't in them  
ashes we want to know it.

SIL: Yassuh. Tha's the bes' thing, ah reckon. (PAUSE) But  
boss -

MOL: What is it, Silly?

SIL: Abou' them ashes, ma'am. WAH WE LOOKIN' FO'?

FIB: What are we lookin f-...WELL FER THE...YOU MEAN YOU  
SIFTED HALF THAT PILE O' ASHES WITHOUT KNOWIN' WHAT FOR?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah do, ah did..and ah don't.

MOL: Well, didn't you think to ask somebody, Silly?

SIL: Ya'sm. Ah did think of it once, ma'am, an' then ah says  
to mahself, Hush yo' mouf, boy..it ain' none o' your  
business..so ah din' say nuffin'.

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: Well..you go on back and finish Sil. And I hope you  
find it.

SIL: Fin' wah?

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE, WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE BOY.  
Listen, Silvius I lost my diamond ring. We think it  
MIGHT have gone into the ashes. THAT'S what you're  
looking for.

SIL: Yas'm,..is it?

FIB: Yes, Sil. You haven't seen it have you?

SIL: Ah dunno, please suh. Ah might have passed it way back  
in them ashes but ah din' know wah we was lookin' for,  
so maybe ah din' pay no attention to no lil ole  
diamon's, or stuff.

MOL: Well, finish with the residue and let us know what happens.

SIL: Wif de wah?

FIB: The residue, Sil. RESIDUE.

SIL: Yassuh, Residue..MMMM MMMM! Ain' that somethin'.  
Residue.. If ah'd knowed that was real residue in them  
ashes, ah'd have been mo' efficautious. Residue..(FADE  
OUT) Residue..rezzimatezzidue..Do de doo do...<

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: And you didn't even tell him what we were lookin' for.

FIB: Well shucks, I didn't -

FIB: Ye know. I used to be a jewelry detective myself, back  
in Peoria. Gem Judger McGee, I was knowed as in them  
days.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: GEM JUDGER MCGEE, THE Jim Jam Gem of the Jewel jaspers,  
judgin' genuine jade in a jiffy and generous with the  
jitters to the jade gyppin' gentry from Joplin to  
Jamestown.

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: That couldn't have been a very smart advertisement you  
put in. Or we'd have heard-

SOUND: DOORBELL

FIB: I'll get it. Get out the checkbook. We may have to pay  
the reward.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh, it's Mrs. Wearybottom...HIYAH, WEARY!

WEARY: Oh hello folks, I read in the paper where you'd lost a  
diamond ring that's too bad But you'd better just kiss it  
goodbye I never knew anybody to get one back yet my  
brother had a lovely diamond ring but he dropped it one  
day and what do you think it rolled right around the  
corner and into the door of Jake's Pawnshop, it was a very  
bright diamond Goodness me - don't you ever shave?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: That dame oughta form a harmony trio with Faith and  
Charity. Hey, Molly..did you think to look in your  
jewelbox?

MOL: Yes, I thought of it, but I didn't look.

FIB: You didn't...well WHY NOT?

FIB: Ye know. I used to be a jewelry detective myself, back in Peoria. Gem Judger McGee, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: GEM JUDGER MCGEE, THE Jim Jam Gem of the Jewel jaspers, judgin' genuine jade in a jiffy and generous with the jitters to the jade gyppin' gentry from Joplin to Jamestown.

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: That couldn't have been a very smart advertisement you put in. Or we'd have heard-

SOUND: DOORBELL

FIB: I'll get it. Get out the checkbook. We may have to pay the reward.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh, it's Mrs. Wearybottom....HIYAH, WEARY!

WEARY: Oh hello folks, I read in the paper where you'd lost a diamond ring that's too bad But you'd better just kiss it goodbye I never knew anybody to get one back yet my brother had a lovely diamond ring but he dropped it one day and what do you think it rolled right around the corner and into the door of Jake's Pawnshop, it was a very bright diamond Goodness me - don't you ever shave?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: That dame oughta form a harmony trio with Faith and Charity. Hey, Molly..did you think to look in your jewelbox?

MOL: Yes, I thought of it, but I didn't look.

FIB: You didn't...well WHY NOT?

MOL: I'm savin' that for the last thing. If it isn't there, I'll simply faint.

FIB: Well, we don't seem to be gettin' anywhere. Maybe we better wait till the stars come out and make a wish. You know, starnight, starlight -

WIL: WHAT COULD MAKE YOUR CAR SO BRIGHT THE NEIGHBORS SAY, "YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN 'ER BEFORE THEY USED THAT JOHNSON CLEANER. AND JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX IS...."

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, folks. What are you looking so worried about?

MOL: I lost my engagement ring!

WIL: Oh are you two engaged? Well, - congratulations! Is it a secret?

FIB: Dad rat it, Harpo, - we been married for years and years.

WIL: Married! For years!! Say you're full of surprises - married for years and now you're engaged - well, - I hope you'll be very very happy!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: I'll bet if I ever had a nervous breakdown, that guy'd try to soothe me by filin' a saw. He's always -

SOUND: DOORBELL

MOL: Oh oh. Cross your fingers, McGee...maybe this is me ring back.

FIB: If you'd a kept your fingers crossed you wouldn't o' lost it.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh...HIYAH GERALDINE!

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh Hello, Mr. McGee...Hello Molly. (GIGGLES) I just read your advertisement in the paper about losing the ring. (GIGGLES) (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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GER: I told Gerald you'd lost a ring, and he said yes, it must be a piston ring, he noticed you'd been pumping oil for some time. (GIGGLES) Wasn't that cute? I mean wasn't it really? (GIGGLES)

FIB: You tell Gerald he better-

GER: Oh Gerald says the DARLINGEST things...he really does. (GIGGLES) Gerald says an engagement ring is just like a prize ring; every palooka thinks he's getting a knockout till he takes it on the chin a few times...(GIGGLES) Can you imagine? (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well Gerald oughta know the ropos, he's -

GER: (GIGGLES) Well, I just thought I'd come over and cheer you up about losing your ring. (GIGGLES) Oh yes... (GIGGLES) GERALD said another awfully sweet thing. He said any boy who was thinking of buying an engagement diamond ought to be put into solitaire confinement. (GIGGLES) Solitaire confinement!

FIB: Gerald is a clip.

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh, Mr. McGee...you say the cleverest things... you really do..really. (GIGGLES) I told Gerald about your wise cracks and Gerald said those weren't wise cracks, he said you were just coming apart. (GIGGLES) Wasn't that just too too repulsive? I mean wasn't it really?

FIB: Yes, I suppose he-

GER: Well, I certainly hope you locate the ring, Mrs. McGee... I've got to get home and hear Tommy Harris sing "On A Little Dream Ranch". (GIGGLES) Gerald says a dream ranch is where all the cowboys ride nightmares. (GIGGLES) Well, I simply MUST be off...

FIB: I'll say so.

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "ON A LITTLE DRIM WRENCH" --

-- HARRIS

(APPLAUSE)

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THIRD SPOT

MOL: McGee..I wonder if I could have lost me diamond ring at that night Club where Uncle Dennis took us the other night.

FIB: I'll call 'em up. Maybe it was found and turned in. (CLICK) HIAYH SIS..GIMME THE HOTCHA CLUB. (PAUSE) HELLO, HOTCHA CLUB? FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'...REMEMBER ME? I WAS THERE WITH MY WIFE AND A GENTLEMAN NIGHT BEFORE LAST AND WE LOST A DIAMOND RING, SO I THOUGHT MAYBE SOMEBODY HAD.... WHAT? YOU DID? WELL...THAT'S A RELIEF...UNDER A TABLE, EH? THANKS A MILLION, BUD. (CLICK)

MOL: Did they find the ring, McGee?

FIB: No..they found Uncle Dennis.

SOUND: DOORBELL

MOL: Oh dear...one disappointment after another. Go to the door, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Hiyah, bud. Who are you and what -

FAST TALKER: HELLO THERE...ARE YOU MR. AND MRS. MCGEE? NEVER MIND, ARE YOU THE ONES WHO LOST THE RING AND ADVERTISED IN THE ARGUS-GAZETTE? NEVER MIND. I CAN SEE BY YOUR WORRIED LOOK THAT YOU ARE.

MOL: Listen, if you got the ring hand it over, sir.

FATS: WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT KIND OF RESULTS DID YOU EXPECT TO GET BY ADVERTISING IN THE GAZETTE? DON'T YOU KNOW THE TATLER TRIBUNE IS NINETY AND TWO TENTHS PERCENT EFFECTIVE?

FIB: Well, listen bud, we -

FAST TALKER: WHY FOR EVERY SINGLE LINE OF CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING IN THE GAZETTE - THE TRIBUNE GETS TEN TIMES THE SUBSCRIBER RESPONSE THAT THE WEEKLY AND SUNDAY EDITIONS? LISTEN. OUR PAPER GOES INTO THE HOMES WHERE PEOPLE FIND THINGS. HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET THAT RING BY ADVERTISING IN A PAPER LIKE THE GAZETTE? THAT'S JUST STUPID, MCGEE. IT'S IGNORANT.

MOL: Well, PLEASE..just a minute.

FAST TALKER: Sorry..can't spare a minute. What time is it? Gotta watch?

FIB: Here's a watch, bud, but -

FAST TALKER: Thanks..nice watch. I'll borrow it for a while for a demonstration.

FIB: HEY GIMME MY WATCH BACK, YOU-

FAST TALKER: WAIT...I'LL TAKE THIS WATCH OF YOURS, MCGEE AND LOSE IT. YOU PUT AN AD IN THE TRIBUNE TOMORROW AND SEE IF YOU DON'T GET IT BACK INSIDE A WEEK. THAT'S TRIBUNE SERVICE FOLKS.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well fer the -

MOL: All right, we'll just SEE if we get it back, the smarty.

SOUND: DOORBELL

FIB: Well, THIS had better bring some results, or -

MOL: Be quiet till I see who it tis.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh how do you do sir.

OLD MAN: Hello there daughter...you the ones that advertised?

FIB: That's us old timer. Did you find it?

OLD MAN: Eh? What say?

MOL: He said did YOU FIND IT?

OLD MAN: Oh that's all right. I don't mind it at all.

FIB: No, I says DID YOU FIND IT. The engagement ring.

OLD MAN: Well, I think I know where it tis, sonnyboy. I come over the minute they told me about it.

MOL: Oh that 's wonderful. Where is it?

OLD MAN: Eh? What say?

FIB: (SHOUTS) WHERE IS IT?

OLD MAN: Turn your head away, if you wanta sneeze, boy.

FIB: I didn't sneeze. I says WHERE IS IT?

MOL: WHERE'S ME ENGAGEMENT RING?

OLD MAN: Oh yes...THAT. I saw one down on the corner of 14th and Oak.

FIB: Well dad rat it..why didn't you pick it up and bring it with you?

OLD MAN: Couldn't. There was a lot of people using it.

MOL: Using my engagement ring?

OLD MAN: Eh? What say?

FIB: YOU SAY THERE WAS A LOT OF PEOPLE USING THE ENGAGEMENT RING?

OLD MAN: Engagement r - ....OHHHH, I THOUGHT THEY SAID SKATING RINK. Excuse me!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Skating rink! Shucks, this is like the young feller that met Sonia Henie at the skatin' match. It's an ice how-do-ye-do.(LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says it's an ICE how-do-you.



MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Well, anybody can get a cold reception at a skatin' match.

I -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Now I wonder what kind of a false alarm THIS is.

FIB: You answer the door, Molly. I've moved so much furniture  
I got nixtwistus of the doorknob.

SOUND: LATCH

MORT: Haw haw haw...HELLO FOLKS....

MOL: Oh it's Mort Toops...won't you come in, Mr. Toops?

MORT: HAW HAW HAW...NO Thanks. Just thought I'd drop by and see  
what I could do to help find the ring. HAW HAW. Funny  
where those things go to, ain't it? HAW HAW...Knew a  
feller once who painted a imitation dresser on the wall to  
fool his collarbuttons. HAW HAW HAW HAW..WAS THAT RICH....  
OH BOY....

MOL: Well, this wasn't a collarbutton. It was a diamond ring.

MORT: Don't make much difference...haw haw...say, I just heard  
a lulu at the lunchroom. One fellow says to the other  
fellow...haw haw get this one now...it's a pip...haw haw....  
one feller says to the other feller, say, he says...haw haw..  
listen he says...haw haw .... He says, I see by the papers  
where Germany just lost one of her pocket battleships....  
haw haw...what's a pocket battleship, says he...and the  
other feller whips back with...oh boy...HAW HAW...WELL  
HE SAYS...A POCKET BATTLESHIP IS WHERE THEY KEEP THE  
WATCH ON THE RHINE...HAW HAW HAW...OH BOY...WAS THAT A  
SNAPPER HAW HAW...WELL, I HOPE YOU FIND THE RING, FOLKS....  
HAW HAW HAW.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ")

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: The makers of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER announce with pleasure the winner in last weeks Trailer Contest. A beautiful de luxe COVERED WAGON TRAILER goes to Mr. R. P. Clift, 2963 South Edsel Street, Detroit, Michigan. We congratulate you, Mr. Clift, and we know that JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER will keep that new trailer of yours shining like new!

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

FIB: Say, Molly, have you looked on the piano or the radio?  
MOL: No, - but there can't be any rings on the furniture, - it's got Johnson's Wax on it.  
FIB: No, - I mean---  
SOUND: DOORBELL  
FIB: Well, this had better be something or, I'll begin to think that ad was no good.  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH  
SCOT: Good day to ye laddie. Good day to ye, lassie.  
FIB: Hiyah Scottie. What can we do for you?  
SCOT: What is the rrrrwarrrrd, laddie, forrrr findin' you'rrrr diamond ring?  
FIB: Three bucks, Scottie.  
SCOT: Three dollars. Well, I dinna think I could sparrrrre the time to look forrrr it at that price, laddie. Good day to ye.  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM  
FIB: I suppose he thought we'd give him the ring and keep the reward ourselves.  
SOUND: DOORBELL  
FIB: AHM. I'll go.  
SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM  
FIB: Hiyah, bud...what's on your mind?  
BARRY: Ahh my boy, I see by the daily journals, where you have suffered a severe loss...a jewel from milady's hand... a diamond, in fact, which glitters like the wreckers' beam upon the rocky coast...a shining falsity...a gleam of abandoned hopes.

MOL: Heavenly days...you talk like an actor.

BARRY: Yes my doar.....I am a membah of that noble profession.... temporarily at liberty, through the exigencies of these modern times.

FIB: Oh laid off eh?

BARRY: Let us say rather - RESTING BETWEEN Parts, my boy. Laid off is rather a sordid way of putting it. But my mission with you, is to offer by way of replacement of the ring you lost a keepsake I have cherished through these many years. A diamond, forsooth - that -

FIB: What? A diamond tooth?

MOL: Quiet, McGee. I don't believe we wish to buy another, sir. Maybe we'll get our own back....

BARRY: Ahh yes.... As Shakespeare has so well said my doar, WHAT IS THIS FATEFUL TOUCH OF FORTUNES FIRE, WHICH MAKES US DROP OUR JEWELS IN THE MIRE AND WHICH BY REASON OF UNREASON SOUND...IS HARDLY WORTH A LINE IN LOST AND FOUND...

FIB: Did Bill really say that, Bud?

BARRY: Of course not. Don't be a fool. Everybody in the theatah knows Shakespeah better than Shakespeah...you know that! Why I have just discovered that his real name was William Peere. It was us actors who gavo him the shakes.

FIB: Well if we don't find the ring bud, we'll get in touch with you.

BARRY: Thanks. You can find me at the Kevere House. In Room number - or - in the lobby.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Listen, Molly..I think we'll both feel better if you make us a cup o' good coffoe.

MOL: That's a good idea, McGee...I'll do it right now. (FADES)

FIB: And make it STRONG. That last coffee. you made was so weak it couldn't even run outa the cup.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR. DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh hello there, little girl.

TEE: Hiah mister.

FIB: What was it you wanted, sis?

TEE: Well gee, one of the kids said you lost a diamond ring, I betoha. Didja?

FIB: You bet we did, sis. Did you find it?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says DID YOU FIND IT?

TEE: What?

FIB: The diamond ring, DAD RAT IT. The diamond ring. Where is it?

TEE: Well, if I found it do I get the weeorrd?

FIB: The what?

TEE: The weeorrd, Gee, the kinds said there was a weeorrd.

FIB: REWARD..not weeorrd.

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Eh? Sure what?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says..you..SAY WHAT IS THIS..DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT FIND THAT DIAMOND RING?

TEE: Well...is THIS IT?

FIB: Let's see it. (PAUSE) (LAUGHS) Well, this MIGHT BE it...

TEE: Gee goody. What's the weeorrd?

FIB: Oh..how about a dime, sis?

TEE: Okay.

FIB: Here you are. Where'd you find this beautiful ring?

TEE: In a box of crackerjack...and gee now I can get two more boxes...

(FADE OUT) Hey kids, C'mon...he fell for it all right...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: For the (LAUGHS) ...HEY Molly...did you hear that?

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Yes...come here and get your coffee.

SOUND: CLINK OF CUPS AND SILVER.

MOL: I don't know WHEN I've been through such a day...here... have your coffee. (CLICKS) NOW what's the matter?

FIB: This coffee,,Shucks, this is just water, with a suntan.

MOL: Why, McGee...that's GOOD coffee...I make it like I always do.

FIB: That's what I'm complainin' about. Gimme one O' them cookies..

MOL: Here, They're your favorite walnut cookies.

FIB: Good. But I still think you should o' ground up one more bean for this coffee..

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE. STOP IT. I'm worried to death about me ring being gone and you complain about the coffee bein' weak.

FIB: OUCH!!!

MOL: What's the matter...did ye break a tooth, McGee?

FIB: What the...SAY...WERE YOU MIXIN THESE COOKIES WITH THAT RING ON?

MOL: (EXCITED) I THINK I WAS..AND TO THINK YOU FOUND IT IN A COOKIE...HAND IT HERE.

FIB: Hand what there? This is just a piece o' walnut shell.... but I thought I had it there for a minute. (LAUGHS) I'm sorry if I got your hopes all...(PAUSE) Say can you tell fortunes in coffee grounds, Molly?

MOL: No. You tell fortunes by tealeaves.

FIB: No, I think you can tell fortunes by coffee grounds too. Even in such weak coffee as this. Lock. HERE'S YOUR RING IN THE BOTTOM O' MY CUP!

SOUND: TINKLE

MOL: Oh McGee...don't try any more of your funny...WELL HEAVENLY DAYS THERE IT IS...IN YOUR CUP...THANK GOODNESS... NOW I KNOW WHERE I MISLAID IT. I HID IT IN THE COFFEE CUP WHEN WE WENT TO THE MOVIES!! AND TO THINK IT WAS RIGHT HERE ALL THE....McGee! Where are you going?

FIB: Down cellar...to help Sil.

MOL: You don't have to now..the ring's found.

FIB: I know, BUT I THOUGHT IF I COULD FIND A RING IN THE COFFEE MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME COFFEE IN THEM ASHES!

ORCHESTRA: "HONEY BUNCH" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL)

SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: The weather man tells us we're going to have some sizzling days this summer. Smart housewives are heeding the warning and putting their homes in order now, so they can take life easy when hot weather comes along. Here's a housekeeping tip that will save you hours of work, give you more time for relaxation, and keep your linoleum and floors clean and shining so you'll be proud of them. Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! This remarkable liquid floor polish dries in twenty minutes, and shines without rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply! It never streaks or smears on the floor. Even dull, faded linoleum takes on new life and beauty with one application of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Dirt can't stick to the gleaming surface - scratches and stains are warded off by this wonderful protective polish. Order GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. And remember, you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

TAG

FIB: Say, Molly, I just got some news from our sponsor. Here it is in a telegram addressed to us here at NBC Hollywood.

MOL: What does it say, - read it!

FIB: It says: "Because we particularly want to earn our listeners friendship this summer for Johnson's Wax polishes we have decided to continue the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcasts every Monday night straight through the summer without interruption. Best Wishes. Signed H. F. Johnson, Jr.

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Well, folks, that's good news to us too. We'll be more than glad to broadcast through the summer and we hope you'll be listening wherever you are. Good night.

MOL: Goodnight all.

ORCHESTRA: (SIGNATURE) Segue REPRISE ("JAMMIN")

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Monday night. Goodnight.

ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS)

Fibber McGee and Molly have come to you from Hollywood, over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

THE JOHNSON WAX COMPANY, INC.

Presents

"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

N B C - Red

Monday, June 14th  
1937

5 & 8 P.M.

---

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME

WIL: Jimmy Grier and his orchestra open the show with --

"DREAMY EYES"!

ORCHESTRA: "DREAMY EYES" DOWN FOR-

WIL: 1st Commercial.

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME

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"DREAMY EYES"!

ORCHESTRA: "DREAMY EYES" DOWN FOR-

WIL: 1st Commercial.

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Imagine the thrill of winning a handsome COVERED WAGON TRAILER -- a real HOME ON WHEELS, equipped with everything you need for happy, comfortable living -- ice box - stove - closets, water tank and two double beds with special springs! Each week the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER are giving away one of these magnificent DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILERS (valued at \$1,000) - delivered to your door. You can't appreciate the luxury of this COVERED WAGON TRAILER built by the world's leading specialists in trailer coach manufacture until you see it yourself. All you have to do to enter this great contest is to complete this sentence, in 50 words or less: "I like JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER because --" Just finish this sentence, telling your experience with these two remarkable products. Complete contest rules are printed in each combination package of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER for sale at your regular JOHNSON WAX DEALER, auto supply store, garage or filling station. Remember you have a good chance to win a thousand dollar DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILER this very week. Don't delay. This week's contest closes midnight Saturday June 12th. Each Saturday night thereafter marks the close of another contest. Send your entry to S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN.

ORCHESTRA: "SWELL UP "DREAMY EYES""

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

FIRST COMMERCIAL

**WILCOX:** Imagine the thrill of winning a handsome COVERED WAGON TRAILER -- a real HOME ON WHEELS, equipped with everything you need for happy, comfortable living -- ice box - stove - closets, water tank and two double beds with special springs! Each week the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER are giving away one of these magnificent DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILERS (valued at \$1,000) - delivered to your door. You can't appreciate the luxury of this COVERED WAGON TRAILER built by the world's leading specialists in trailer coach manufacture until you see it yourself. All you have to do to enter this great contest is to complete this sentence, in 50 words or less: "I like JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER because --" Just finish this sentence, telling your experience with these two remarkable products. Complete contest rules are printed in each combination package of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER for sale at your regular JOHNSON WAX DEALER, auto supply store, garage or filling station. Remember you have a good chance to win a thousand dollar DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILER this very week. Don't delay. This week's contest closes midnight Saturday June 12th. Each Saturday night thereafter marks the close of another contest. Send your entry to S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN.

**ORCHESTRA:** "SWELL UP 'DREAMY EYES'"

(APPLAUSE)

**ORCHESTRA:** ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

**ORCHESTRA:** FINISH SELECTION.

**APPLAUSE:**

**ORCHESTRA:** McGEE THEME DOWN FOR

**WIL:** THE VACATION BUG HAS BITTEN THE McGEES, AND THEY HAVE RENTED A COTTAGE FROM A REAL ESTATE AGENT, SIGHT UNSEEN. AND HERE...IN THE HEART OF THE DEEP DARK FOREST, ABOUT TO LEAVE THE CAR, WE FIND - FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY!

**APPLAUSE:**

**SOUND:** CAR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKES SCREECH.

**FIB:** I gotta get them brakes fixed.

**MOL:** Well...which way do we go now? Can't we drive up to the cottage?

**FIB:** No. Don't you remember what the salesman says? He says there'd be a "SHORT BUT DELIGHTFUL JAUNT THROUGH THE PINE-SCENTED WOODS TO REACH THE QUIET SOLITUDE OF LOVELY "BIDE-A-WEE" COTTAGE."

**MOL:** I know...but you'll remember he says he'd never seen the place himself. All he knew was what other people had said about it.

**FIB:** Sure...and the last people who had this here BIDE A WEE cottage says they'd never THINK o' goin' anyplace else for a summer vacation.

**MOL:** Hummmph! I been thinking THAT over, too.

**FIB:** Well come on Molly.

**MOL:** I wonder if it's safe to leave the car here.

**FIB:** I think so. The most anybody can do is steal the tires. And this one on the left rear here is -

**SOUND:** (BLOWOUT BANG AND HISS)



MOL: You kicked it too hard. Well, come on. You take the box

SOUNDS: of groceries, and the camera and the suitcase and I'll carry the pillows and the magazines and my knitting bag.

FIB: How about my fishin' tackle and stuff?

MOL: You can carry that, too.

FIB: Oh yeah? Shall I run home and get the piano, too? Here.. put this can with the groceries..

MOL: What's in it? It don't seem...OOOOOHHHH...WORMS!

FIB: Certainly, worms. What'd ye think I was gonna use for bait, - French pastry?

MOL: Heavenly days...you and your fishin'!

FIB: Don't scoff at my fishin', Molly. I used to be the champion fin finagler of Pittsburg. Pole-toter McGee, I was knowed as in them days -

MOL: Oh My...

FIB: POLE TOTER MCGEE, THE PEAK OF PISCATORIAL PERFECTION, PERSISTENTLY PURSUIN' PIKE, PICKEREL AND PRETTY PERCH FROM POOL TO POOL, AND PADDLING THROUGH EVERY POSSIBLE PUDDLE AND POND FROM PUNKATAWNEY TO PITTSBURG.

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Well, I hope we don't have to walk very far. It's getting pretty late.

FIB: Oh this is just the time of afternoon, Molly, when it's nice to hike through the woods..to see the gay little butterflies flittin' hither and thither among the hither. To hear the melodious twitter of the bob white. Ever hear me imitate a bob white?

MOL: No, but I've seen you make a cuckoo of yourself many times.

FIB: Listen...I'll see if I can get a bob white to answer me.

SOUND: (BOB WHITE WHISTLE)

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Hello, there.

FIB: Hello. WHO ARE YOU?

VOICE: BOB WHITE. WHO ARE YOU?

FIB: FIBBER MCGEE. HOW ARE YE, BOB?

VOICE: SWELL, FIBBER. BE SEEING YOU.

FIB: Ye see, Molly?

MOL: Is Jenny Wren a friend of yours, too? Come on..gather up the stuff. (SOUNDS) Which way do we go? This path goes two ways.

FIB: The salesman says to turn left off the highway.

MOL: But that was if we came in from the north. We came in from the south.

FIB: Lemme see now...comin' in this way...left...that way is... no, it's...southwest..THAT WAY'S NORTH AIN'T IT?

MOL: No. THAT way's north.

FIB: Why it CANT be, Molly. Look at the moss on them trees.

MOL: Very pretty, but what about it?

FIB: Well shucks, every woodsman knows the moss always grows on the east side of a tree. Therefore, if he face the moss, south is to the left.

MOL: To the right.

FIB: Okay, let's go straight ahead!

SOUND: CRACKLING OF BRUSHWOOD.

MOL: What a place! It don't look like there'd been anybody through here for years.

(REVISED)

FIB: Well, the salesman says it was away from everything. He says...Hey, there's a fellow sittin' on a log over there...we can ask them. HIYAH BUD.

MOL: How do you do, sir. Will you please tell us... Well, heavenly days...it's Mort Toops!

MORT: HAW HAW HAW...HELLO FOLKS...

MOL: What are you doing up here in the woods, Mort?

MORT: HAW HAW HAW...I'm a Hermit. Haw haw.

MOL: A Hermit!

MORT: Sure. AHHEM. Thought I'd get away from everybody for a while and think up some new jokes. HAW HAW HAW...thought of a few pips, too. HAW HAW...wanta hear some?

MOL: No, I don't think so.

MORT: Come on...they're lulus! HAW HAW HAW...For instance, one feller says (get this now) He says, say, he says... HAW HAWHAW....I see where Bing Crosby's got himself a couple o' race horses and a jockey. (HAW HAW HAW) Sure says the other feller...he give the jockey a pair o' mounts contract. HAW HAW HAW...OH BOY...that's one of my topical ones.

MOL: Well, I'd say it's one of your typical ones. So you decided to be a hermit and practice your jokes, in solitude.

MORT: Sure. HAW HAW. Used to rehearse my jokes out behind the woodpile. HAW HAW HAW...and say, I thought that kindling would split...(Haw Haw Haw) catch on? Haw Haw...

MOL: Well, I think being a hermit is your right vocation, Mort.

(REVISED)

-7A-

MORT: Yes, HAW HAW..and it's the cheapest vocation I ever took.. Haw Haw. Was that a nifty!...Haw Haw...well, if you pass by here next spring stop and holler...I'll be a settin' in my cave, there..HAW HAW....Ohh, I'M A HERMIT, BUMP TIDDY AH AD...HAW HAW HAW.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("HEAT WAVE")

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND SPOT)

SOUND: BRUSH CRACKLING

MOL: McGee...I can't walk any farther without takin' a rest. We'll be walkin' around here all night if we don't find that cottage pretty soon.

FIB: Don't worry about it, Molly. I been makin' some mental calculations. Look. From the way the leaves point on them oak trees, and the way the birds fly kinda sideways, I figger there's about a five mile wind blowin'. Presumin' the birds are flyin' north, that gives us a two degree variation from the magnetic pole. Ye see how it works out if you just use your head?

MOL: Sure...BUT WHERE ARE WE?

FIB: Well, I dunno, but -

OLD MAN: Hello there, pardners. Nice evenin' ain't it?

MOL: Ohhhh, you startled me. How do you do.

FIB: Hiyah, old timer. Say, can you tell us where the Bide a Wee cottage is?

OLD MAN: Eh?

FIB: Bide a Wee, Bide a Wee.

OLD MAN: Don't mind if I do have a bite to eat.

MOL: No no. Not a bite to eat. THE BIDE A WEE. It's a cottage.

MOL: Oh dear. Let's go find it ourselves, McGee.

FIB: Wait a minute, Molly. HOW'S THE FISHIN' ROUND HERE, BUD? FISH BITIN' ON FLIES?

OLD MAN: Nope.

FIB: Worms, eh?

OLD MAN: Nope.

FIB: What do you do....cast?

OLD MAN: Nope.

FIB: Now don't tell me they ain't bitin' on SOMETHIN'.

OLD MAN: Ain't bitin' on nothin'.

MOL: Why not?

OLD MAN: Ain't no fish.

FIB: You mean to say there's no fish in the rivers around here?

OLD MAN: Ain't no river. She's a crick.

MOL: Well, why didn't you say so. How's the fishin' in the crick?

OLD MAN: Ain't none.

FIB: No FISH?

OLD MAN: No crick. She dried up last year.

MOL: Oh dear...well thank you any way, Mister. We got to be going.

OLD MAN: Oh yes. GOT SOME SEWING TO DO MYSELF. TORE MY BRITCHES COMIN' THROUGH THE BRUSH. WELL SO LONG FOLKS. HOPE YOU FIND YOUR DOG.

MOL: Heavenly days..who said anything about a dog?

FIB: Think you can carry that pack a little farther, Molly?

MOL: I..I think so.

FIB: Can ye carry mine, too? So I can scout around a little and see if -

MOL: Don't you dare go away and leave me alone in these woods.

FIB: Okay..okay. Let's walk on. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the cottage was around a turn in the trail here someplace.

7/4/57 Miller McGee in woods  
cottage in woods (REVISED) -10-

SOUND: BIRD CALLS

FIB: Listen...meadowlark.

MOL: What's a meadowlark doing in the woods? He must be lost too. Look, McGee...here comes somebody else.

FIB: Well fer the...must have been a convention around here someplace.

MOL: Heavenly days...it's a little girl. She must be lost.

FIB: I'll find out. HI THERE LITTLE GIRL.

TEE: Hi..

FIB: You acquainted around here?

TEE: With who?

FIB: I don't mean the people. I mean the locality.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says - I don't - listen Sis -

TEE: Okay.

FIB: Listen!

TEE: All right.

FIB: Say, will you be quiet?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: I - dad rat it - do you know a cottage called the Bide-A-Wee?

TEE: No - do you?

FIB: Of course I - well naturally not -

TEE: Hm?

FIB: I says o'course I don't. Do you think I'd inquire where it is if I knew?

TEE: Knew what?

FIB: Knew where it was.

TEE: What?

(REVISED) -10A-

FIB: Dad rat it - I - aw for the - shucks - skip it!

TEE: You mean skip the cottage named Bide-A-Wee that we don't know where it is?

FIB: No. I mean yes - forget I ever asked about it.

TEE: Okay - I'll try.

FIB: (SIGHS)

FIB: Aw fer the - - Say you ain't lost in the woods here are ye,  
Sis?  
TEE: No. I'm playing Indian, I betcha.  
FIB: Oh ye are, eh? (She's playin' Indian, Molly) You ain't  
gonna scalp us are ye sis?  
TEE: Hmmm?  
FIB: I SAYS..YOU AIN'T GONNA SCALP US ARE YOU?  
TEE: NOOOO. I'm portraying ~~the~~ the more civilized type of  
redskin, who refuses to revert to the savagery of his  
ancestors or indulge in such barbaric practices. G'by  
now.

ORCHESTRA: "SWEET HEARTACHE" -- HARRIS

APPLAUSE:

(THIRD SPOT)

SOUND: (BRUSH CRACKLING)  
FIB: Hey, Molly...slow down. What's the hurry?  
MOL: We've got to find that cottage before long, McGee...it's  
going to be dark, soon.  
FIB: Well, suppose I run on ahead and light a light in the  
cottage. They you'll be able to find it easy.  
MOL: How'll YOU find it?  
FIB: Well, there's that, too, I guess. It's...oh oh. HERE  
COMES A INDIAN. I'll ask him. HIYAH CHIEF.  
INDIAN: How do.  
MOL: How do.  
FIB: How do we find our cottage, Chief? The Bide a wee?  
INDIAN: Me no know. You lost?  
FIB: Sure. Me lost. Where are we?  
INDIAN: How me know? Me lost too.  
MOL: Heavenly days...an INDIAN...LOST?  
INDIAN: Sure. No can find Tepee.  
MOL: He must have rented it from the same agent we did. What  
tribe you from, sir?  
INDIAN: Lost tribe. Lost Tribe Israel. (FADE OUT) Oyoy OY OYOY  
oyoyoyoy.  
MOL: Well, if I thought I could find my way back to the car,  
McGee, I'd leave this minute. The idea...renting us a  
cottage we can't even find.  
FIB: Yeah...next time I see that rental agent, it'll be his  
finish.  
WIL: Well, IF IT'S A NICE FINISH, HE'D BETTER PROTECT IT WITH  
JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND POLISH. IT'S EASY TO USE AND  
MAKES -  
FIB: Harpo!

WIL: Oh hello folks.

MOL: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox, what are you doing up here in the woods?

WIL: Oh, I've got a place up here.

FIB: Well, THAT'S a relief.

WIL: Why?

FIB: Well I was sayin' to Molly just the other night, I says, Molly, I says, DO YOU THINK THERE'LL EVER BE A PLACE FOR HARPO? and she says -

MOL: Oh be quiet, McGee. What kind of a place have you got, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, I..er...I..er...(LAUGHS) You see...

MOL: (ASIDE) What's the matter with him?

FIB: He's lost his place.

WIL: Say...what are YOU two doing up here?

MOL: We're looking for OUR cottage. The Bide A Wee.

WIL: Which one?

FIB: Whaddye mean which one?

WIL: Why all the cottages around here are named either the Bide A Wee, or the Dew Drop Inn. There was one guy last year who changed the name of his place to Shady Rest, but we threw him out, - the RADICAL.

FIB: Well, I guess we don't get any help from you, Harpo.. as usual.

WIL: Say, I know where there's a swell trout stream.

FIB: Honest? WHERE?

WIL: I wont tell. You're mean to me. So long, Molly...

SOUND: WOOD CRACKLE FADE OUT

FIB: A fine sportsman...won't even tell a guy where there's fishin'.

MOL: He IS a sportsman, McGee. They say he plays a fine game of polo.

FIB: Well, why shoudn't he? He's played polo since he was three. Used to sit on his kiddie car and swat moth balls around with a tack hammer.

MOL: Well, be that as it may, I'm getting awfully tired of carrying all the stuff around these woods.

FIB: Well...lemme think a minute. I...HEY THERE GOES SOMEBODY. MAYBE HE KNOWS WHERE....HEY BUD...WAIT A MINUTE!

RUSS: (FADE IN) Allo Tovarichich,..ALLO BABOUSHAKA. What is de matter?

MOL: We're lost. Do you live around here?

RUSS: Chure, babouscka. I am always leeving in woods. I am a lomblejerk.

FIB: You're a what, Vodka?

RUSS: I am a lomblejerk. I am coting down trees for lomble.

MOL: Ohhhhhh, a lumberjack.

RUSS: Da.

FIB: Well listen, Vodka...we rented a cottage up around here someplace and we can't find it. The name is the Bide A Wee.

RUSS: By De Weeds. All cottages up here is by de weeds, Tovarichich. Weeds is growing faster than trees is growing hop. Weeds is growing so big around here I am maybe soon being a weedlejack. Coting down weeds. Ha hah hah.

FIB: Then you don't know where our cottage would be, oh, 'bud?

RUSS: No, Tovarich, and for your own goodness, I am hoping you are navar finding him. Sommer cottages are always fool of relatives, And cottages fool of relatives is something: I am crazy about not having some. (FADE OUT) (SINGING)

MOL: MoGee...I'm getting discouraged. I simply can't walk any - OH THERE'S JIMMY GRIER... Hello Jimmy..YOO HOOOO....

FIB: Hiyah, Jimmy..come here a minute.

GRIER: Hello folks. What's the matter?

MOL: We've lost a cottage, Jimmy...I mean..we can't find where we are.

FIB: You're getting it all balled up, Molly. Ye see, Jimmy, to put it into plain words, we rented a cottage that ain't here...that is, it's here but we've mislaid...I mean, we can't find where it's supposed to be, and we've looked all over, and it certainly is because it can't be any place else, but how do we know?

JIM: What are you talking about?

MOL: Do you know where there is a cottage called the BIDE A WEE, Jimmy?

JIM: No.

FIB: (SIGHS) Well, that's settled. I see you been fishin', Jimmy. Catch any?

JIM: Oh I caught a number.

MOL: What's the number.

JIM: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW."

ORCHESTRA: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"

APPLAUSE

SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Now, we are glad to announce the winner in last week's TRAILER CONTEST, sponsored by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER. Mr. G. A. BURDICK of 1115 W. FRANKLIN AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, wins the luxurious DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILER, the finest TRAILER you could ever hope to own. We know Mr. Burdick's family will have a wonderful time this summer in that magnificent trailer -- for it is completely equipped for housekeeping, and it's roomy enough to accommodate four people very comfortably. And don't forget, Mr. Burdick, JOHNSON'S WAX AND CLEANER will keep your COVERED WAGON TRAILER beautiful and bright for years to come.

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

SOUND: (BRUSH CRACKLING)

MOL: McGeo....I'm all in. Lot's sit down under that big tree  
 ever there a while, and rest.

FIB: Okay. Not that I'm tired, o'course, but just to...HEY  
 MOLLY. THERE'S A LAKE! See it? Through the trees?

MOL: (WEARILY) Describe it to me. I'm too tired to look.

FIB: Well you set down here and rest whilst I take a look along  
 the shore....

MOL: NO SIR...you stay right here, I don't wanta have to come  
 and look for you, too.

FIB: Aw shucks...okay. Move over. (GRUNTS) Kinda good to sit  
 down at that.

MOL: What a day! We rent a cottago for a week and it'll take  
 us our whole vacation to find it.

FIB: Well, it can't be far away now, It's probably on that  
 lake. Funny the agent didn't mention the lake.

MOL: And I'd rather you didn't mention the agent. SIT STILL...  
 HEAVENLY DAYS WHAT ARE YOU SQUIRMIN' ABOUT?

FIB: Where's my fishhooks? Guess I musta lost 'em.

MOL: You put 'em in your hip pocket.

FIB: Oh so that's what I did with 'em. I thought we was settin'  
 on a ant hill.

SOUND: (CLANGING OF BELL FADE IN)

WHEE: Whoooooppeee! ONE SIDE THERE, SKIPPY! WHOOOOPPEEEE!

SOUND: (CLANG CLANG CLANG)

FIB: HOLD IT!!!! GRANDMA! Hey, what's the idea of a woman  
 your age whoopin' and hollerin' through the woods and  
 bangin' a dadratted boll? Who are you anyhow?

WHEE: I'm Minnie Waters, the moonshiners daughter. WHOOOOPPEEEE!

SOUND: (CLANG CLANG)

FIB: Moonshiner's daughter?

WHEE: Absolutely, shorty. My old man runs the biggest still  
 in these parts. You musta heard the old saying about  
 him...WATERS' STILL RUNS DEEP....WHOOOOPPEEEE....

SOUND: (CLANG CLANG CLANG)

FIB: Dad rat it...calm down a minute...I still don't know  
 why you're clanging around the woods with that boll.

WHEE: Well, sonny, after fifty years, I decided to try out  
 the old man's stuff...so I took a sip...and I been kickin'  
 the gong around ever since. WHOOOOPPEEEE!

FIB: Listen, grandma, we rented a cottago around here someplace,  
 the BIDE-A-WEE!

WHEE: Oh yes, the BIDE-A-WEE...That's the cottago Jack Benny  
 stayed in last year.

FIB: It is?

WHEE: Sure is, shorty. Only he called it WHY-DA-BEE?  
 WHOOOOPPEEEE!

SOUND: (CLANG CLANG CLANG)

WHEE: So long shorty, - Who's got a mountain lion they want  
 strangled? (FADE OUT)

FIB: Imagine that old blister, Molly?

MOL: Well, at least she's enjoyin' herself...which is more than  
 I am. HEAVENLY DAYS! WHAT ARE YOU SQUIRMIN' ABOUT?

FIB: Where's my fishhooks? I musta lost 'em.

MOL: You put 'em in your hip pocket.

FIB: Oh so that's what that was. I thought I was settin on a  
 ant hill.

MOL: Well, stand up, Iggernuts.

FIB: Tell ye what I'll do, Molly. I'll step over to the lake  
 and look up and down the shore...might see the cottago.



WHEE: Absolutely, shorty. My old man runs the biggest still in these parts. You musta heard the old saying about him...WATERS' STILL RUNS DEEP....WHOOOPPPPEEEEE....

SOUND: (CLANG CLANG CLANG)

FIB: Dad rat it...calm down a minute...I still don't know why you're clanging around the woods with that boll.

WHEE: Well, sonny, after fifty years, I decided to try out the old man's stuff...so I took a sip...and I been kickin' the gong around ever since. WHOOOPEPPEEEEE!

FIB: Listen, grandma, we rented a cottage around here someplace, the BIDE-A-WEE!

WHEE: Oh yes, the BIDE-A-WEE....That's the cottage Jack Benny stayed in last year.

FIB: It is?

WHEE: Sure is, shorty. Only he called it WHY-DA-BEE? WHOOOPEPPEEEEE!

SOUND: (CLANG CLANG CLANG)

WHEE: So long shorty, - Who's got a mountain lion they want strangled? (FADE OUT)

FIB: Imagine that old blister, Molly?

MOL: Well, at least she's enjoyin' herself...which is more than I am. HEAVENLY DAYS! WHAT ARE YOU SQUIRMIN' ABOUT?

FIB: Where's my fishhooks? I musta lost 'em.

MOL: You put 'em in your hip pocket.

FIB: Oh so that's what that was. I thought I was settin on a ant hill.

MOL: Well, stand up, Iggernuts.

FIB: Tell ye what I'll do, Molly. I'll step over to the lake and look up and down the shore...might see the cottage.

MOL: Well..allright..but hurry back.

SOUND: (BRUSH CRACKLE FADE OUT)

MOL: Oh dear, why did we ever come on this...

MAN: Howdy ma'am..You look kinda tuckered out.

MOL: I am, that. Me, husband and I are lookin' for our cottage and we can't find it. The BIDE A WEE - Know where it is, sir?

MAN: Reckon I do, ma'am. But I'll have to row you over to it...

MOL: Well, thank goodness. MCGEE...COME HERE A MINUTE. It's very kind of you sir.

MAN: No trouble atall, ma'am. Was goin' across the lake anyhow.

MOL: You know the agent never mentioned this lake to us.

MAN: Aint been here long.

MOL: You haven't?

MAN: I have. Lake hasn't. They just built a dam down thar and it backed up to make a lake.

FIB: (FADE IN) Hiyah, Molly. You call me?

MOL: Yes, McGee...this gentleman knows where BIDE A WEE IS. He'll row us over to it.

FIB: Oh...that's fine. Much obliged, doc.

MAN: That's okay stranger. Carry your bundle for you, lady?

MOL: Oh thank you.

FIB: Great. Now you carry mine, Molly, while I fit my fishin' tackle togeth -

MOL: CARRY IT YOURSELF, IGGERNUTS.

FIB: Okay.

MAN: Here's the rowboat ma'am. Watch yore step.

SOUND: CLATTER AND SPLASHING...

MOL: It's a nice boat you have here, sir!

SOUND: OARS

MAN: The best boat on the lake.

MOL: It is?

FIB: It is?

MAN: It shorely is.

MOL: And to think our cottage is right near this sweet little lake.

FIB: You'll have to admit I can pick 'em, Molly.

SOUND: OARS

MOL: Where's Bide A Wee cottage from here, sir?

MAN: Well, ma'am. Ought to be right about in here somewhere.

FIB: In here. Are you balmy, bud? This is the middle of the lake.

MAN: Shore it is. Bide A Wee is about forty foot below... right under the boat.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS.

FIB: YOU MEAN TO SAY WE RENTED A COTTAGE THAT'S FORTY FOOT UNDER WAT- .....gimme the key to that cottage, Molly.

MOL: Here...but what...MCGEE....WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

FIB: I'm gonna dive down there and shut off the water, Molly. That last tenant musta went away and left it runnin'!

SOUND: LOUD SPLASH

ORCHESTRA: "GOOD MORNING" DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND

LAST COMMERCIAL OVER MUSIC

WILCOX:

When hot, depressing weather comes along, no woman wants to do tiresome housework. That's why millions of clever housewives have adopted the modern, easy method of keeping their floors and linoleum bright and sparkling: They use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT the remarkable liquid polish that shines without rubbing or buffing -- saves linoleum from dirt and wear and does away with the drudgery of floor scrubbing. If you want to take life easier this summer -- play more, and work less -- Try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your floors. GLO-COAT never smears or streaks. It dries in just 20 minutes, making old linoleum shine like new, warding off scratches and stains. Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer. Look for the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T on the attractive yellow can, and remember, the larger sizes save you money.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL "GOOD MORNIN' - FADE OUT ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Well, Molly, how much longer do you think we'll be here in Hollywood?

MOL: Well we oughta finish up our picture, "This Way Please," one of these days, - unless we have an accident like me Uncle Dennis had.

FIB: What happened to Uncle Dennis - I thought he was a director for western pictures.

MOL: He was, but up in the mountains the other day, somebody handed him his megaphone wrong-end-to, and he directed himself right over a cliff!

FIB: He direc- - AHM! Good night.

MOL: Good night all.

ORCHESTRA: SEGUE REPRISE OF "DREAMY EYES" FADE SLIGHTLY ON CUE.

WILCOX: Don't forget, it's not too late to enter the big Johnson Wax Covered Wagon Trailer contest. Full details can be secured from your dealer. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us next Monday night. Good night.

ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS)

Fibber McGee and Molly have come to you from Hollywood over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.