

NBC

ADVERTISER
PROGRAM TITLE **J. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.**

WRITER
OK **DON QUINN**

CHICAGO OUTLET **FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY**

TIME **WMAQ** () ()
DATE **AUGUST 23, 1937** DAY **MONDAY**

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

4237.75

*Stu.
Thom.
Harold Peary
John Goldsmith*

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ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

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

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - Tanner

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH: - "YOU"!

ORK: "YOU" - Down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

IRGG? (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEQUE

(MCGEE THEME) (FADE)

WIL: WELL, MCGEE IS TIRED AGAIN. HE NEEDS ANOTHER REST. SO, AFTER SCANNING THE ADVERTISEMENTS FOR SUMMER RESORT HOTELS, HE AND MOLLY PACKED UP AND DROVE OFF. AND HERE, APPROACHING THE IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE TO "THE BREAKERS" ON LAKE LULU, WE FIND FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORGH: (MCGEE THEME)

APPLAUSE:

MOTOR IN UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: My my...isn't this a beautiful hotel, McGee! and they say the service here is wonderful.

FIB: Who said that?

MOL: The advertisement.

FIB: Oh. Well, they might be a little prejudiced, ye know. Now if they had REAL service, there'd be a bellboy out here this minute to grab these bags.

BELL: THERE IS SIR. I'M RIGHT IN THE BACK SEAT.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS!

BELL: GO RIGHT IN MR. MCGRAW. I'LL BRING YOUR LUGGAGE IN IMMEDIATELY.

FIB: The name's McGee, bud. But that's close. Where'd you come from?

BELL: I SWUNG ABOARD AT THE FOOT OF THE DRIVE SIR. JUST AN EXAMPLE OF OUR SERVICE. DID YOU HAVE A PLEASANT DRIVE FROM MUSTY PISTOL?

MOL: Not Musty Pistol, boy. WE'RE FROM WISTFUL VISTA.

BELL: Pardon me, madam. My report reads Mr. McGraw from Musty Pistol. Must have misinterpreted the signals, madam.

FIB: Whaddye mean, signals, bud.

BELL: We take the license number of each car when it gets within a mile of our hotel sir. Then we check on residence and ownership. We know that guests like to be greeted by their own names, Mr. McGraw.

FIB: MCGEE.

BELL: Yessir. Would you mind being called Mr. McGraw during your stay with us, sir? Just to keep our records clear?

MOL: Why can't you change your records to keep Us clear?

BELL: Oh, no, madam. - That isn't the way our hotel does things. Nothing changes our records but fires and floods, Mrs. McGraw.

FIB: McGee. Well, I can arrange a fire for you, bud, but I'll have to give a little thought to workin' up a flood.

BELL: By the way, sir, you must have driven pretty hard. I see one of your bags is pretty well knocked out of shape.

MOL: That's a guitarcase.

BELL: Oh, really. Go right in please. Our receptionist, Mr. Smoothbore will take care of you.

MOL: Thank you. By the way, McGee...why on earth did you have to bring that horrible old guitar?

FIB: Whaddye mean, horrible old guitar? I brung that guitar strictly fer sentimental reasons, Molly. Remember when I was courtin' you, and we'd go canoein'? I'd play the guitar while you sat in the stern and et Turkish Delight?

MOL: Yes, you wowed me with your wooing.

FIB: (LAUGHS) And remember how I lost the paddle overboard once and had to paddle with the guitar and you says I was lucky I hadn't took up the flute? (LAUGHS) Watch the door, Molly.

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Ohhh, whata LOVELY hotel. So comfortable looking!

FIB: Shucks, they ALL look comfortable in the lobby. But they won't let ye sleep there. HI THERE, BUD, WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A -

MAN: Yes yes yes, Mr. McGraw. And how did you enjoy your drive from Musty Pistol?

MOL: WISTFUL VISTA, and the name is MCGEE.

MAN: I'm sorry. My memorandum says Mr. & Mrs. McGraw.

FIB: The name, bud is MCGEE. Big M, little C Big G, two little E's.

MAN: A regrettable error sir. I shall put through a correction immediately. In the meantime, I'm afraid all our employees will know you as Mr. & Mrs. McGraw.

FIB: Okay! What's your name again?

MAN: Smoothbore, sir, Fitzmaurice Smoothbore, and allow me to say that I hope you will consider The Breakers your own home during your stay. NOTHING is too good for our guests.

MOL: Please don't consider it your own home, dearie. You'll have cigar ashes all over the place.

FIB: AHEM. Well hotels have made great strides in service since I was in the hotel business, Smoothbore.

MAN: Oh were you a hotel man too sir?

FIB: Was I a hotel man. Hear that, Molly? WAS I A HOTEL MAN?

MOL: Oh he certainly was, Mr. Smoothbore. He used to run the eleva-

FIB: THAT WAS BACK IN RACINE WISCONSIN, BUD..YEARS AGO. Remember what they make in Racine?

MAN: Wait a minute now..sir..DON 'T TELL ME...ah...give me a hint..

MOL: It beautifies floors and furniture and protects....

MAN: JOHNSONS WAX. Am I right, Mr. McGraw?

FIB: That's right, bud. All but the McGraw. Yes sir, I used to operate the old Ramsay House in Racine. RESORT RUNNER MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh my.

FIB: RESORT RUNNER MCGEE, THE RESOURCEFUL, READY ROOM-RENTER, REJECTIN' THE RABBLE, RIBBIN THE RESPECTFUL TO REGULAR RESIDENTS WHO RESENTED RAUCAUS RADIOS IN RECREATION ROOMS, REFUSIN' TO RENT ROWBOATS TO ROWDY RUMMIES, REGALIN' RICH ROOMERS WITH RARE RECIPES AND REALLY REVOLUTIONIZIN' THE RESORT RACKET FROM RACINE TO RHODE ISLAND!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: By the way...what rate do we pay here?

MAN: Well, madam..to a fellow hotel man like Mr. McGraw...

FIB: MCGEE, DAD RAT IT.

MAN: I don't believe I have ever heard McGraw pronounced like that before, sir.

MOL: But it ISN'T MCG....Oh never mind, what were you saying?

MAN: That to a fellow hotel man I shall take the responsibility of giving you a half rate. Thirty dollars a day.

FIB: THIRTY DOLL...What's the name of this place again, bud?

MAN: The BREAKERS.

FIB: And our rate?

MAN: Thirty dollars?

FIB: And the name again?

MAN: The Breakers.

FIB: Hello.

MAN: Hello. (BELL) BOY..TAKE MR AND MRS. MCGRAW TO ROOM 918.

BOY: Yessir. This way, please. and here is your home town paper sir The Wistful Vista Gazette.

MOL: Thank you but we've seen it, this morning.

BOY: You shouldn't have done that, madam. You should have REALIZED that we present each guest whit his home town paper.

FIB: Be that as it may bud...we'VE READ IT. Throw it away.

BOY: WHAT sir? and NULLIFY the Service for which we are noted.
Oh no sir. I shall place it in your room.

FIB: Okay bud. You win. Hey -- WHO'S THE SKINNY GUY ACROSS THE LOBBY THERE?

BOY: Oh, that's Mr. Weems, he's the head of our Swing Service.

MOL: Well well...YOO HOO...TED.

FIB: Hiyah, Ted.

TED: (FADE IN) Oh Hello, Molly. Hello Fibber..Boy - take good care of my friends, Fibber McGraw and Molly?

FIB: The name. Ted, is MCGEE.

TED: Oh, you're here incognito, are you?

MOL: What's your next number, Ted?

TED: "IS IT LOVE OR INFATUATION"-from your picture "This Way Please" and Perry Como's going to sing it. Do you mind?

FIB: Would it do any good if we did?

TED: Not a bit.

FIB: Not that we do..but go right ahead.

ORK: ("IS IT LOVE OR INFATUATION")

APPLAUSE:

--TANNER

2ND SPOT:

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MOL: Well - this is a very nice room, McGee...but THIRTY DOLLARS A DAY!

FIL: Shucks, don't worry about that, Molly. I'll give 'em so many pointers on runnin' a hotel, they'll tear up the bill for the week.

MOL: Yes, or they'll tear up the road for the sherrif. What shall I lay out for you to wear tonight?

FIB: Well, I suppose we better put on the dog a little bit. Lay out my tuxedo coat, my white pants, that new blue shirt and my tan shoes. How about that red checkered tie - too formal?

MOL: Oh no. I don't think so. But as long as you're wearin' your tuxedo coat I think you should wear black shoes.

FIB: Noooo, I don't think so. I was lookin' thru and I didn't see anybody wearin' black shoes with a tux coat and white pants.
(ACCIDENTAL HIT OF GUITAR)

MOL: Get that guitar out of my way.

FIB: Okay. (LAUGHS) Say, I can hardly wait till I git you out in a canoe, like the old days, Molly. Remember how I used to play The Moon Shines Tonight on Pretty Redwing? Hey...where's my pick?

MOL: Your what?

FIB: My pick.

MOL: Oh goody..what are you going to do? Bury the guitar?

FIB: No no no...the PICK. That little celluloid thing I strum the strings with. Oh here it is.. Listen..

SOUND: BAD CHORDS ON GUITAR.

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FIB: (SINGS)*Ohhhhhh, the moon shines tonight*.....
Ahhhhh...it all comes back to me.

MOL: You didn't sent it far enough away.

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come on! I wonder who that could be.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

SIL: Scouse me, folks.

MOL: Oh, it's Silly Watson.

SIL: Hijah ma'am, Hijah boss.

FIB: Hi - Sil!

SIL: I brought you yo' home town papeh, please, suh!

FIB: Oh that's fine, Sil - put it in the wastebasket.

SIL: Yassuh. Does you-all b'long to dat lil ole gittah, please suh?

FIB: Why'd you ask Sil? You play the gitter?

SIL: Ah dunno suh. Ah neveh tried. Lemme see it a minute.

FIB: Here....try it. NO...HOLD IT LIKE THIS.

SIL: Yassuh. Like this...

SOUND: (EXPERT STRUMMING OF SOMETHING FAST)

SIL: It sho do make nice musio, don't it, though? Wish ah could play one o' them things.

FIB: Oh, it's easy, Sil - here lemme show ya.

SOUND: (FUMELING CHORDS OF PRETTY REDWING.)

FIB: Oh the Moon shines tonight on Pretty Red Wing. AHEN.
You musta done something to it, Sil. Kinda outa tune I guess you ain't very musical, Sil.

SIL: Mah brother Considerable, he play a awful sassy saxophone. He gotta offeh to play wif de New York Giants.

MOL: That's a baseball team Silly.

SIL: Is it, ma'am. Well maybe it was de Brooklyn Dodgers, they play baseball to?

FIB: There's a difference of opinion about that Sil - ahem - I ever tell you about introducin' the ukulele to the Hawaiian Islands, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Sev'el times, suh.

FIB: WELL SIR, THAT WAS WAY BACK IN 1889...or was it 1888? No, it was 1887. Now it wasn't either...It was later than that. About 1900. Lets see now...Zan...that's my brother Alexander - Zan had two teeth pulled, out of his leg in 1896.

MOL: Out of his LEG!

FIB: Yes...he fell on a rake. AHEM. Harpo Wilcox started raisin' bird dogs in 19 ought 2.

SIL: How he do?

FIB: Failed. Went into retrievership in 19 ought one.

MOL: He failed a year before he started.

FIB: Yeah...Harpo was always a little backward in business. Well, anyway. I was walkin' along the beach at Waikiki, when Josie Cooakalaka and three other Hawaiian gals come up to me. Aloha Oe, they says. Oh helloa, says I, Cooma hooa liliiki? Meanin', what's on your mind, gals? Well sir, they was all perturbed. Seems like the traders that called at the islands in them days used to swap harmonicas for coocanuts. And the natives was all discontented because nobody can play a mouth organ and eat coocanut, too. The shreds get into the reeds.

MOL: You can't eat Chili con carne and play the zither either. Smoke gets in your eyes.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Sil wants to hear about the Hawaiians, don't you Sil?

SIL: Noesuh.

FIB: Sure you do. AHEM. Well sir, I kinda went for them Hawaiian gals so I thinks fast. Then I stoops over and picks up a old cigar box outa some drift-wood. I slaps a handle on it, strings it with some palm fibers and starts strummin' it with a oyster shell. (GUITAR SOUND) Well sir, you shoulda seen their faces light up. Maka boola hula? I says? Meaning, is everybody HAPPY? Oh Boola BOOLA HULA! THEY shouts, meanin' OH VERY VERY HAPPY. Well sir, they was jst TWITCHIN' to get hold o' that new musical instrument, and the louder I played it, the more they twitched. Finally, a crowd o' tourists gathered and heard them gals squirm' and shoutin' HULA...HULA...and thought it was a newdance. And it was. That day, Sil, both the Ukulele and the Hula-Hula was born.

MOL: That makes you sort of a musical obatetrician.

FIB: Anyway, Sil that was how I happened to take up the guitar. Come over some day, and I'll give you a few tips!

SIL: Yassuh! Dat's more'n I git at dis hotel. (FADE OUT) So long boss.

APPLAUSE.SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh my, I'm certainly going to enjoy a week of this. I just LOVE the LAKE and the woods and the shore and summer resorting.

WIL: Yes, AND AMONG HOUSEWIVES WITH TROUBLESOME FLOORS - SUMMER RESORTING TO THE FAMOUS JOHNSON WAX TREATMENT WHICH SHORE IS GOOD FOR ALL WOODS. TRY IT! ---

FIB: HARPO! What are you....Hey Molly....look! Harpo's hangin' on a hook in the closet.

MOL: Well, heavenly days, Mrs. Wilcox, what's the idea?

WIL: Oh, I had this room yesterday and my girl phoned me. I took the phone into the closet here so I could talk to her privately.

FIB: Well how did you get up there?

WIL: I hung up on her. Help me down, will you? (SCUFFLE) Thanks pal - so long, now!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Sometimes I think that guy is all there, and then again I think he's left for good.

SOUND: TELEPHONE.

MOL: I'LL GET IT. (CLICK) HELLO. WHAT? NO...NOT MCGRAW...MCGEE. YES...EVERYTHING IS FINE. YES...YES WE'RE PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE. WHAT? YES, WE RECEIVED OUR HOME TOWN PAPER. YES. THANK YOU FOR...WHAT? YES WE WILL. YES. THANK YOU. YOU'RE WELCO...IT ISN'T MCGRAW...IT'S MCGEE. YES. (CLICK) They wanted to know if everything was all right, McGraw, I mean, McGee.

FIB: Sure everything is all right. Except that fly over there.

MOL: Well, swat him, helpless.

FIB: I ain't got the heart. Maybe he's payin' thirty bucks a day, too.

MOL: Well, I'll call up and tell 'em. (CLICK) HELLO. THIS IS MRS. MCGEE IN ROOM 918. THERE'S A FLY IN HERE AND WE...ALL RIGHT. (CLICK) They'll take care of it.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR.

MOL: Come in!

DOOR LATCH: MARCHING FEET FADE IN

MAN: Companeeeee.....Halt!

SOUND TWO BEATS AND OUT.

MOL: Heavenly days...what is this?

MAN: Mr. and Mrs. McGraw?

FIB: No, McGee.

MAN: Sorry sir. Wrong room. I was informed that there was a flea in 918. I am Mr. Sprayforth, manager of the Extermination Division.

MOL: Oh yes..the fly. This is the room. But it's not MrDraw it's McGee!

FIB: And it's a fly -- not a flea...

MAN: It is? ATTENTION MEN! (CLICKS) FIX SWATERS! What kind of a fly was it, folks? An ordinary housefly, or Musca Domestica?

A horse fly - Gallopus Whinnycus, or-a dragonfly - Zippus Odonata?

FIB: I think it was a pop fly - Smackus Thirdbasus. There he is..settlin on the window sill.

MAN: Ah yes. Musca Domestica, with prehensile bisuspids. That calls for mixture 678 in the SPRAY guns. ATTEN*****SHUN! SPRAY GUNS OUT.

READYAIM.....FIRE!

SOUND: WHISH WHISH WHISH.

MAN: CEASE SPRAYING! There you are sir, the fly is gone. And here sir is your hometown paper. (BUGLE)RIGHT ABOUT ...FACE..FORWARD..MARCH.

SOUND: (MARCHING FEET FADE OUT. AND INTO RHYTHM OF SELECTION)

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: (I'M IN A DANCING MOOD" --- GOMO

WILCOX (COMMERCIAL)

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE)

FIB: Oh, McGee look at that full moon! Ain't it beautiful?
Shuks, for the rate we're payin' we oughtta have Halley's Comet.
But it'll be beautiful when we get out there in a canoe with
my guitar. Wait'll I tune it up.

SOUND: STRUMMING ON GUITAR.

FIB: Ohhh, the moon shines tonight on Pretty Redwing. The breezes..

AHEM. I guessit's okay.

MOL: You're easily convinced. Where do we go to get this canoe, McGee?

FIB: Over this way I think..

TEE: Hey!

FIB: Oh...excuse me, little girl. I didn't see you in the dark.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I'M SORRY I BUMPED INTO YOU.

TEE: So am I, I betcha.

FIB: But a little girl like you shouldn't be walkin' around these woods
in the dark.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, you might meet a bear.

TEE: A bear?

BIF: A bear...oh let it go.

TEE: All right. I will if I catch one.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says you er..AHEM...Listen sis where do we go for a canoe?

TEE: Gee do you go for canoes? I go for speedboats myself, I betcha.
FIB: You don't get the idea, sis. We're goin' out on Lake Lulu in a canoe. Where can we hire one?
TEE: A higher one than what?
FIB: I HIGHER ONE TH...I SAID..DAD RAT IT, Ilisten sis...now pay attention..
TEE: All right.
FIB: WE...would ...like to...take a ride..in a canoe....NOW WHERE ARE THEY?
TEE: Hmmm?
FIB: I(GROANS) Oh well, I suppose -
TEE: Say, mister, I betcha if you like canoes I know where you can rent one I betcha.
FIB: WELL THAT'S WHAT I BEEN ASKIN' YOU ALL THE TIME!
TEE: Gee..is it?
FIB: Yes.
TEE: Hmm .
FIB: Oh, for the..all right, sis. Where are the canoes? Hurry up, we can't stand here all night on this wet grass.
TEE: Gee. the grass aint wet, I betcha. You got one foot in the lake. S*long mister.
(APPLAUSE)
FIB: Shuoks..she didn't tell us where to get a canoe..Oh..there they are. Hey Bud, can we....

GREEK: Well for scrim's sake...Hello Fizzer. Hello Kewpie.
MOL: Well heavenly days..Nick Depopolist
FIB: Harya, Nick? You in charge of the boats here?
GREEK: Sure. Restaurance business is being dead on my feet, so I am for to makin' some pins money with renting canoes.

MOL: It's going to be beautiful out on the lake tonight.

NICK: Sure, Kewpie, we have got some nice moonlights nights tonights, I'm thinking. It is making even Depopolis feeling so lovely- dovely I am catching me holding hands with myself. Ha ha. Tell me, Kewpie and Fizzer, how are you liking these fine Hotels Services.

FIB: Never saw so much service in my life, Nic. Shucks, we got a stack of home town papers in our room so big we're gonna hafta sleep half way out the window. Except for that, they got grand service on every floor -

WIL: AND A GRAND SURFACE ON EVERY FLOOR CAN BE HAD BY USING JOHNSONS WAX, THE EASY-TO-USE POLISH THAT -

FIB: HARPO!

NICK: Hello, Mister Willscotch.

MOL: You back again, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, we're having our supper out on the lake.

FIB: Ye are eh? (LAUGHS) Oh you gonna dine in a dory.

WIL: No we're going to lunch in a launch. Well...so long folks. Happy paddling!

FIB: Lunch in a launch...I hope he gets jabbed with a jib. OKAY NICK...I'LL GET IN FIRST AND YOU HAND ME MY GUITAR.

NICK: Sure. Fizzer.

MOL: Can't we tow the guitar along behind, McGee?

FIB: No sir. This is gonna be a moonlight serenade. HOLD 'ER NICK...

SOUND: THUMPS...GURGLE OF WATER

FIB: Okay, Nick. Hand me the guitar. Thanks. GET IN, MOLLY.

NICK: Easy, Kewpie! Bottoms of canoes is not being made for jumping on it. Watch your step in.

MOL: WHAT?

NICK: I am only saying that getting into canoes is something people should be doing with my eyes open. OKAY. Take care of myself Fizzer. And remember, anybody who is being roughstuff in canoes is having water on my brains, you grab me?

FIB: I gotcha...we'll be careful...HERE WE GO!

SOUNDS: GURGLE OF WATER...OCCASIONAL THUMP...SPLASHES DURING DIALOG.

FIB: Shhhh this is the stuff. Look at that moon. How about strikin' up a little wahoo on the plunk-box, Molly?

MOL: Oh no...let's just be quiet, McGee.

FIB: Oh you forget how music sounds on the water, Molly. HEY. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STRINGS ON MY GUITAR?

MOL: That's the paddle. Here's your guitar.

FIB: OH. (CLATTER)

SOUNDS: GUITAR CHORDS AND STRUMMING.

FIB: What'll I play?

MOL: Hide and Seek. You hide the guitar and we'll seek a little quiet.

FIB: No...I mean what song? Pretty Redwing?

MOL: Can you play anything else?

FIB: No.

MOL: Well, why don't you play - ah - Redwing?

FIB: I thought you'd choose that one. AHM.

SOUND: GUITAR CHORDS AND STRUMMING

FIB: (OFF KEY) Ohhh the moon shines tonight on pretty redwing...
Say, who was Redwing. Was it a girl or a bird?

MOL: I think it was a bird.

FIB: The breeze sighing the nightbirds crying...say don't this
kinda make your spine tingle, Molly?

MOL: Yes, but I think it's because the bottom o the canoe is
all wet.

FIB: (STRUMMING) OH THE MOON SHINES TONIGHT ON PRETTY REDW- ...
kinda like the old days, ain't it, Molly? Remember that
parasol you used to lug along on canoe rides...to hide your
blushes behind?

MOL: Oh, McGee...

FIB: You was awful coy in them days, Molly. And the prettiest
girl in town.

MOL: McGee...stop.

FIB: Of course it was a small town, but...(STRUMS) OH THE MOON
SHINES TONIGHT ON PRETTY REDWING...THE BREEZES SIGHING...
THE NIGHTBIRDS CRYI-...Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Love me?

MOL: Of course, darlin'.

FIB: Gotta kiss for me?

MOL: Well, if you...MCGEE...SIT STILL! YOU'LL TIP US OVER!

FIB: Okay. No wonder all them rich millionaires buy yachts.
Canoes ain't very practical for -

SOUND: MOTOR BOAT...FADE IN RAPIDLY.

FIB: HANG ON, MOLLY...HANG ON...THAT MOTOR BOAT IS COMIN' AWFUL
CLOSE...HEY...WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'...YOU...YOU'LL
CAPSIZE US...

MOTOR BOAT UP.

MOL: SCREAMING...SPLASHES.. MOTOR BOAT OUT.

FIB: It's all right, Molly...(BLUB BLUB) I GOTCHA...PULL HER
ABOARD...BOYS...

MAN: WE GOT HER.. YOU'RE SAFE MADAM...NOW YOU SIR...

FIB: Okay...(SCRAMBLES...SPLASHES) (PANTS) SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA
O' TIPPIN' US OVER...YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE...

MOL: THE IDEA...COMIN' SO CLOSE TO A CANOE YOU TIP IT OVER...
WHY...WHY...

MAN: NOW NOW NOW...I'M VERY SORRY...WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME UP
SO FAST...I'M SURE THE HOTEL WILL APOLOGIZE SIR...AND MAKE
IT RIGHT WITH YOU.

MOL: The HOTEL?

FIB: WHAT'S THE HOTEL GOT TO DO WITH IT?

MAN: This is our Service Speedboat sir. AND THE MANAGEMENT
THOUGHT, THAT AS A SPECIAL SERVICE TO YOU...AS OUR GUESTS...
THE MOON BEING SO BRIGHT, THAT....er...

Page 25.

FIB: THAT WHAT?
MAN: THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HAVE A COPY OF YOUR HOMETOWN PAPER
TO READ BY MOONLIGHT.
FIB: OUR HOMETOWN NEWSP....oh pshaw!
(APPLAUSE)
ORK: "YOU" (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)
WIL: COMMERCIAL:

js:mr inate:mc:
8/23/37: 10:20 AM

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. MONDAY AUGUST 23, 1937 ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

Whenever women get together and begin discussing their housekeeping problems, one of them is always sure to tell the others about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use floor polish that saves so much work. It does seem miraculous, the way Glo-Coat makes dull, drab linoleum sparkle and shine without any work of rubbing or buffing. If you want your kitchen linoleum to stay polished and clean so that everyone will admire it -- and if at the same time you'd like to do away with the drudgery of floor-scrubbing, buy a can of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer. Look for the attractive yellow can. Read the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, and remember you save money on the larger sizes.

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

Perhaps you have beautiful new linoleum in your kitchen, so clean and spotless that it gives brightness to the whole room. Then it's hard to realize that in a short time the linoleum will lose its sparkle -- the colors will become dull and faded if you don't protect it from the daily wear of scuffing feet -- the accumulation of dirt and stains. If you are a wise housekeeper you will buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT at once. This remarkable liquid polish goes on without effort and dries in 20 minutes. Now let people tramp over the floor as much as they please. GLO-COAT will protect the surface from wear -- keep the colors bright -- seal the pores so dirt can't penetrate. Remember linoleum manufacturers warn you against scrubbing linoleum. Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and keep your floors beautiful as new without scrubbing.

COMMERCIAL:

Do you know that the ultra violet rays of the sun, that the moisture of the air, that road film and dust -- all work together to ruin the finish of your car? It's true! But here's a positive way to protect your car against all weather conditions and keep it bright and gleaming! Buy JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER from your regular wax dealer, auto supply store, garage or service station. Don't delay another day. Wax your car the Johnson Way.

js 9:45
8/21/37