

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER Don Quinn

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ)

Sept. 6, 1937

Monday DAY

8:00-8:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

4265.06

11:00-11:30- Rebroadcast

*Stude
Tham
Peary
Raud*

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: Good Evening everyone!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. BROUGHT TO YOU - BUY JOHNSON'S WAX!

ORK: THEME - TANNER

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "HALLELUJAH, THINGS LOOK ROSY NOW"!

ORK: "HALLELUJAH, THINGS LOOK ROSY NOW" - DOWN FOR -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

FIRST COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Here is the simplest way to keep your floors and linoleum sparkling and clean. Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Let this remarkable liquid polish SEAL your floors against dirt and gems, protect the surface from wear, keep the colors beautiful and bright. Listen to the easy directions for using GLO-COAT -- "Just apply and let dry"---drying time, 20 minutes. What a saving in time and energy to have your floors shine without rubbing or buffing. What a relief to be able to do away with floor scrubbing. Buy JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow. Look for the lettering on the attractive yellow can -- G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)
SEGUE
(MCGEE THEME)

APPLAUSE:

WIL: WELL, SCHOOL OPENS TODAY IN WISTFUL VISTA. AND, AS A CONSCIENTIOUS CITIZEN, WITH ADVANCED IDEAS ON EDUCATION, FIBBER HAS APPOINTED HIMSELF A COMMITTEE OF ONE TO CHECK OVER THE CURRICULUM. MOLLY THINKS IT'S A SILLY IDEA, BUT NOBODY HAS EVER STOPPED A REFORMER. SO HERE, ENTERING PUBLIC SCHOOL #14, WE FIND -

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME)

APPLAUSE:

MOL: McGe, dont you think the principal and teachers and everybody will have enough worries today without you butting in on them?

FIB: Whaddye mean, butting in? I got a few ideas about education they oughtta have.

MOL: McGe...did you ever go past the fifth grade?

FIB: Goin' which way?

MOL: No...really now. Just how far DID you get in school?

FIB: Well, I got thru the eighth and I seen they wasnt goin' fast enough for me so I got a outside teacher named Tutter. Tutter was a fine tutor. She had been a embroidery instructor, but Tutter got tired o' tutorin' tattin' and took up - wait a minute. Here's the principal's office.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Hiyah, bud. You the principal of this school?

MAN: I am ... but why are you children not in your classrooms?
Did your teacher send you to me?

MOL: But we're not pupils, sir.

MAN: Oh you wished to enroll? Then you must go home and come back
with your mother, father or some other guardian.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, BUD, I'M FIBBER MCGEE.

MAN: Ahh yes...rather a large boy for your age, I see. Is this
your sister with you?

MOL: NO I'M NOT HIS SISTER. I'M HIS WIFE.

MAN: HIS W...well, I must say I frown on these schoolboy
marriages. I don't know what the world is coming to when -

FIB: LISTEN BUD. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? I AINT A SCHOOL KID.
I'M FIBBER MCGEE....A CITIZEN AND A TAXPAYER. THIS IS MY
WIFE, MOLLY.

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

MAN: Ahhh yes...I...er...excuse me. I'm a trifle nearsighted,
you know.

FIB: I wanta look over the school and make a few suggestions.

MAN: Ahhh yes. I suspected as much when he said he was a taxpayer.
Whenever a man says he's a taxpayer, we know he's about due
to make some suggestions.

MOL: I'm afraid you're right, Mr. Principal. People think a tax
receipt can also be used as a kibitzer's permit.

FIB: Be that as it may or may not be, bud. I got a few ideas about
a parent-teachers organization. I...what was your name,
again?

MAN: Guffy.K. Elmer Guffy. I am a distant relative of the Guffy who
wrote the famous Guffy Third Reader.

FIB: When I went to school, Elmer, that was pronounced GOOFY.

MOL: You were!

FIB: Yes...er...NO. I wasn't. I mean the reader was.

MOL: McGee!..you'd better tell Mr. Goofy just what you have in mind.

MAN: Guffy, Madam.

FIB: Well, Elmer, my boy. Here's what I propose -

TELEPHONE:

MAN: Pardon me..the telephone.

FIB: Steady there Guff. I'll get it. (CLICK)

OKAY, TOOTS. (CLICK) That's the first object lesson, Elmer.
If you stay in with the parents, they'll stay out of your office.

MAN: I..ah...did you ever actually TEACH school, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Did I ever teach school (LAUGHS) Why back in Columbus, Ohio,
Guff, in my younger days I was the number one educator. It
was a great day when Columbus discovered America, but a bigger
one when Columbus discovered McGee. CURRICULUM MCGEE, I WAS
KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS, Guffy -

MOL: Oh my!

FIB: CURRICULUM MCGEE, THE CLEVER, CONSCIENTIOUS CONTRIVER OF CLASSROOM COURSES, CONTINUALLY CORRECTIN' KIDS CUTTIN' CAPERS IN CHEMISTRY, CAREFULLY CORREALATIN-COOKIN', CARPENTRY, CALCULUS, CRIMINOLOGY & COMMERCE, AND CASUALLY COMPLETIN' A COLLECTION O' COSMIC CLASSICS FROM KICKERO TO KIPLING.

APPLAUSE:

MAN: You must have had the Chair of Applied Sciences.

MOL: No, he had the seat of applied shingles.

FIB: Why, I had degress from every university in America and Europe, Guff. A M.A., from Yale, A B.S. from Princeton, an LL. D. from Berlin, and M.D. from Michigan.

MOL: And a W.A.K. from Johnson.

FIB: Yes. That's when I took a P.G. course with Harpo Wilcox.

MAN: A P.G. Course?

FIB: Yes, peddling Glocoat. Ya see, Guffy..mind if I call you Jake?

MAN: My name is Elmer.

FIB: Honest? Don't he look like a Jake to you, Molly? AHEM. But as I was sayin' Guff, if you take my suggestions on the McGee Method of visual educat-

DOOR KNOCK:

MAN: Excuse me a minute, I'll-

FIB: Sit still Elmer. I'll get it. You got the whole term ahead of you. Come in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

MAN: Oh, it's sour music Instructor - Professor Weems.

FIB: How are ye, Weems? What's on your mind? This is our busy day, ye know.

TED: One of the pupils just submitted a new school song, and I thought.....

FIB: I wrote one myself, Professor. It goes like this:

HAIL TO THEE, PUBLIC SCHOOL 14,
WE'RE LOYAL TO THEE, EVER LOYAL, I WEEN
PHI ALPHA DELTA AND KAPPA PHI
HIT THAT LINE WITH MUD IN YOUR EYE

RAH RAH RAH RAH...well, you get the idea, don't yo

TED: It's wonderful. What' shall we call it? "MY PUBLIC SCHOOL FOURTEEN AND YOURS"

MOL: That's too complicated. Give it a simple Latin title, like "NON CAMPUS MENTIS"

TED: How about just "YOURS AND MINE"

FIB: Swell. Take it, Ted.

ORK: "YOURS AND MINE"

APPLAUSE:

2nd Spot

MAN: Now, Mr. McGee...and Mrs. McGee...if you don't mind...I...er
 ..ah..this is the opening day of school, you know..and ah...as
 principal of Public School 14, it is my duty, you know, to ah...
 MOL: Oh, I see. You want us to get out and let you work, Mr. Guffy.
 MAN: Wel-1-1 yes..

TELEPHONE:

MAN: EXCUSE ME.
 FIB: You get that call, Guffy. I want look over the stuff on
 your desk.
 MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. Hasn't the man ANY privacy?
 FIB: If he wanted privacy what's he doin' in a public school?
 MAN: HELLO...YES THIS IS PRINCIPAL GUFFY. OH YES MR. MAYOR..YES..
 OH YES. THE NEW BUDGET. YES, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN. FIFTEEN
 MINUTES. YES, YOUR HONOR. (CLICK) Hello, SWITCHBOARD.
 GIVE ME MISS FIDDITCH IN THE GRAMMAR CLASS. HELLO MISS
 FIDDITCH...MR GUFFY. CAN YOU TAKE OVER MY OFFICE WHILE I
 GO DOWN TO THE CITY HALL AND...
 FIB: HOLD IT GUFF. HOLD IT. GIMME THAT PHONE. HELLO, FIDDITCH.
 STAY WHERE YOU ARE SIS. I'LL HOLD THE OFFICE FOR MR. GUFFY.
 YES. (CLICK) RUN along Guffy. I handle things for you.
 MAN: But I don't believe -
 FIB: THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, GUFFY, - YOU DON'T BELIEVE!
 In this work you gotta have FAITH.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. You've got no authority to do this.
 FIB: I got a mandate from my conscience, Molly. Besides, you
 heard me tellin' Guffy about my scholastic experiences.
 MOL: Your what experiences?
 FIB: Scholastic.
 MOL: Oh, I thought you said ELASTIC. You WERE stretching it a bit.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in.

DOOR LATCH

WOMAN: How do you do. I am a mother -
 FIB: Congratulations, sis. Boy or girl?
 MOL: MCGEE!
 WOMAN: I am the mother of Winifred Wipperman.
 FIB: Oh hiya, Mrs. Wipperman. Glad to see ye. Always glad to
 meet the mother of our pupils. I think that' the parents
 and the teachers should always be more co-oper-
 MOL: What was it you wished, Mrs. Wipperman?
 WOMAN: It's about Winifred. The last day of last term her cooking
 teacher told her to go home and make a devil's food cake for
 her father. And he wants to talk to you about it.
 FIB: Glad to sis. Where is he?
 WOMAN: Ward seven, Wistful Vista Hospital. (DOOR SLAM)
 FIB: Make a note of that, Molly. This term have Winifred Wipperman
 make her old man a angel's food cake. Then if he gets sicker
 he'll be prepared for anything. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly!
 Angel's food...devil's food...
 MOL: Tain't funny, McGee!

FIB: I'll bet it ain't at that. However, if her old man get's real nasty about her cookin' we'll have to teach her how to make cuss cuptard. AHM. Ye see, Molly, in bringin' the teachers and the parents in closer harmony, we-

DOOR LATCH:

WHEE: WHOOPEEEE...ONE SIDE THERE SKIPPY.....WHERE'S THAT OLD FOSSIL GUFFY?

FIB: Guffy's gone downtown, Grandmaw....I'm in charge here now. You got a complaint to make about--

WHEE: NARY A COMPLAINT SHORTY...IF YOU TAKE AS MUCH EXERCISE AS I DO YOU DON'T HAVE ANY COMPLAINTS...WHOOPEEEE...WATCH ME TURN A HANDSPRING.

SOUND: THUDS.

WHEE: YOWIE...HOW WAS THAT, SONNY? MY FEET AIN'T WHAT THEY WERE BUT YOU CAN'T GIVE AN OLD TRICK NEW DOGS...WHOPEEE!

FIB: EASY THERE GRANDMAW...EASY...WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

WHEE: WHO, ME, SHORTY? WHY, I'M MISS BENDER, THE PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR ...PUT UP YOUR DUKES, SKIPPY AND BOX ME A COUPLE O' ROUNDS... WHOPEEE...

FIB: HEY NIX...LAY OFF...GRANDMAW...WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED?

WHEE: OH YE CANUT TAKE IT EH? WELL YOU TELL THAT OLD STUFFED SHIRT GUFFY TO COME DOWN TO THE GYM AND GET SOME EXERCISE. I'LL GIVE THE OLD AREDALE A CHARLEY HORSE HE CAN ENTER IN THE KENTUCKY DERBY!. YIPEEEE.GET A LOAD OF THE CARTWHEEL, SHORTYWHOPEEEEE..WAHOOOOO!

SOUND SERIES OF THUMPS TO DOOR SLAM

FIB: Somebody must o'-given that old battleaxe a grindstone!

MOL: Look, McGee. Here's a letter from a parent, she says we're giving the children too much homework. What shall I answer?

WIL: TELL HER THAT ALL HOMEWORK IS EASIER WITH JOHNSON'S WAX, THE EASY TO USE POLISH THAT MAKES FLOORS AND FURNITURE -

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: HELLO folksies. Say, may I be excused from classes tomorrow? I want to start football practice.

FIB: Oh yeah, I heard the boys, callin' you Football Wilcox.

WL: Oh, they think I'm an athlete.

FIB: No, they think you're a bag of wind.

WIL: Ever since...oh all right...all right...

DOOR SLAM:KNOCK AT DOOR.

MOL: Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hiyah sis. Come right in. Is that your little boy? Manly little fellow ain't he, Molly?

MOL: What's his name, dearie?

WOMAN: His name is Perry. I am Mrs. Como.

FIB: I'm acting Principal McGee, Mrs. Como. Let the boy sit on your lap, Molly.

MOL: Do you want sit on my lap, little boy?

COMO: I'd rather yousat on my lap.

FIB: Don't be fresh, sonny. What's the trouble, Mrs. Como? You know, our mission here is to have the parents and teachers cooperate to the fullest -

MRS. COMO: Perry doesn't like to study. All he wants to do is sing.

FIB: What does he want to sing?

MRS. COMO: The Lovliness Of You"

FIB: Go ahead, Perry!

ORK: THE LOVELINESS OF YOU

--COMO

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Feels kinda good to be back in the old school, atmosphere, Molly. Though things have kinda changed since I got kicked outa...er..since I graduated. (LAUGHS) I remember I could lick every kid in my class.

MOL: You should have. They were all ten years younger than you.

FIB: AHM. Remember when you used to sit right in front of me in school, Molly? With them little blonde pigtails o' yours danglin' over my desk? I used to snip off a little hunk of your golden hair almost every day.

MOL: Oh McGee....really? were you that sentimental?

FIB: Well-l-l no. I was tryin' to get enough to pad the knees of my football pants. Shucks, I'll never forget how-

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

SCOT: GOOD DAY TO YELASSIE. GOOD DAY TO YE SIRRERR.

MOL: How do you do.

FIB: Hiyah, Scottie. What can we do for you. If you're a parent, I'd like to have a little talk with you about our teacher-parent organiza-

SCOT: I dinna think I'll have the time the noo laddie. I just drrropped in to ask ye to be a wee bit patient wi' ma son Rrrroberrt. He's havin' a wee bit trrrrouble learrn'n' Trrrrigonometry. Ye'll counderstand when I tell ye the lad's only thirrrten.

MOL: Only thirteen! and studying trigonometry?
FIB: Listen Scotty. We dont teach kids that young trigonometry. He oughtta be studyin' simple arithmetic.
SCOT: Aye, laddie. But arrrithmetic books werre sellin' for a dollarrr forrrty nine and I could pick ooop a rarrre barrgain in trigonometry for only eighty thrree. Thank ye.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: It's a good thing he didn't see a volume of Mother goose for ten cents. He'd have to bring the boy to school in a perambulator.

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it, Molly. (CLICK) PUBLIC SCHOOL 14. PRINCIPAL MCGEE SPEAKIN! OH YES, MRS. WASHBURN. WHAT...HE IS? DID THE EYE DOCTOR SAY SO? WELL...AFTER THIS HE CAN FACE THE ROOM. DON'T MENTION IT, MRS. WASHBURN. ALL US TEACHERS IS GLAD TO COOPERATE WITH THE PARENTS IN EVERY RESP- HELLO HELLO. (CLICK)

MOL: What's the matter with the little Washburn boy, McGee?

FIB: They say he had to stand in the corner so often last year he got a little wall-eyed. Oh well, if -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

MOL: Come in!

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: MISTAH GUFFY SUH KIN AH...OH HIYAH MA'AM. HIYAH BOSS.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...SILLY WATSON.

FIB: Hiyah sil. Guffy ain't here. I'm in charge.

SIL: Yassuh. Is you the one ah oughtta complain to about somethin' suh?

MOL: I think so, Silly. What's the trouble?

SIL: Well, ma'am, ah been wo'kin heah as sweepah-uppah for a long time now ma'am.

FIB: Well, it's good honest work, Sil. I'm gonna give a good report on you to our parent-teacher's organisa -

SIL: Yassuh. But ah gotta complaint, suh. Whenevah ah gits me mah pay check has they gotta rub it in that ah'm a awful fool to be wo'kin fo that much dough, please suh? Ah show mah paycheck to mah gal Rosebud, and she say SIL DON' YOU STAN' FO ANY MO' OF THAT STUFF.

FIB: Don't worry about that Sil. Most teachers feel insulted when they see their paychecks, too. What's the matter with yours.

SIL: Well suh, ah does all the jannitin' heah for thuhty bucks a month.

MOL: Well, I can't see anything insulting in that, Silly.

SIL: No ma'am. It ain' the AMOUNT, ma'am. But cain't they say on that lil ole check...TO SILLY WATSON THUHTY DOLLEHS AND NO MO'?

FIB: Ain't that the way the check reads sil?

SIL: Nossuh. It read: SILLY WATSON. THUGHTY DOLLAHS AND NO SENSE. Ah'm gonna go tell Rosebud if they cain't gimme a lil mo digginty ah ain' gonna wo'k heah no mo' an...

DOOR SLAM:

DOOR LATCH:

NICK: Hello Kewpie... Hello Fizzer...are you too busy to be throwing me out?

MOL: Oh Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Hiyah, Nick. Come on in. Always glad to meet a parent.

DOOR SLAM:

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. Parents is always glad to be meeting with teachers also so they can tell me what I am thinking of you.

MOL: Have you a child in this school, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: Sure, Squegee. Seven of him. There is little Nickollas Depopolis - (I AM NAMED AFTER HIM) Demosthenes Depopolis, Ulysses Depopolis, Spyros Depopolis, Diogenes Depopolis, Heroules Depopolis and Ole Olsen Depopolis.

MOL: Heavenly days...OLE OLSEN DEPOPOLIS!

FIB: You got a stowaway, Nick.

NICK: No, Fizzer. Ole Olsen Depopolis is adopting me from orphanages. I am getting him so my little Depopolises are having somebody to play with, you grab me?

MOL: Can't your children have enough fun among themselves?

NICK: No Kewpie. They are being too tough. Every time one of him is kicking somebody else in his puss, he is getting kicked back again. So they are wanting somebody who they can stick up for each other against, you grab me?

FIB: Seems kinda tough on the Olsen kid, though Nick.

NICK: Oh no, Fizzer. He is able to take care of myself. Last week he is biting little Demetrio's ear off in two places. I think he is going to be a doctor when I grow up.

MOL: Well, we'll see that your children get the best attention in school, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: Thank you Squegee. I am just wanting to tell you about Spyros. He is not being so good with arichmetouch.

FIB: Arithmetic?

NICK: Sure. Always he is adding up too much for what is being right answers. I am just wanting to tell you don't tell him any differences. Because he is growing up to work in my cousin Makacopolis's grocery, and he will much rather be having a help which is adding too much than clerks who is making a long division with himself.

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: STRUM OF RUBBER BANDS AND SPLATTER OF SPITBALLS.

ORCHESTRA & TANNER ("THE THINGS I WANT")

(APPLAUSE)

COMMERCIAL - AUTO WAX

ANNOUNCER: It's a shame to let the rays of the sun injure the finish of your car! Let JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX come to the rescue-- protect the paint against heat, cold and road film -- increase the car's trade-in value. Buy JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER from your regular JOHNSON'S WAX DEALER - auto supply store - garage or service station. Don't delay another day. Wax your car the JOHNSON WAY.

ORGH: (MCGEE THEME - FADE)

MOL: When is Mr. Guffy coming back, McGee?

FIB: Pretty soon now. He's gonna arrange a meetin of parents and teachers and I'm gonna give 'em a little talk on co-operation. Ye see, I -

TELEPHONE:

MOL: HELLO...YES PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. WHO? OH YES MRS. GLUTZBAUM. (PAUSE) WHY THAT'S RIDICULOUS. I SHALL SEE ABOUT IT

IMMEDIATELY. YES. YOU SEND HER RIGHT BACK TO SCHOOL AND WE'LL ADVANCE HER A GRADE. DON'T MENTION IT MRS. GLUTZBAUM. (CLICK)

FIB: What was her kid kicked out for?

MOL: Her teacher asked her what was the principal export of Germany.

FIB: What'd she say?

MOL: Finkelsteins. Heavenly days...a bright child like that should be --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

TEE: Hi.

FIB: Oh Hello little girl. Come on in. Is your mother with you?

TEE: Hmhmhmhm?

FIB: I says is your mother with you?

TEE: Well gee, does it look like she's with me?

FIB: Wel-l-l-l no.

TEE: All right.

FIB: Ahem. What was it you wanted? Why ain't you in class?

TEE: What class?

FIB: Well, what class are you in?

TEE: I'm not in any, I betcha. I'm right here.

FIB: I mean, what class are you in when you're in it?
 TEE: Hmmm?
 FIB: Eh?
 TEE: Hmmm?
 FIB: DAD RAT IT SIS...THIS IS MY BUSY DAY... SO MAKE IT SNAPPY.
 TEE: Make what snappy.
 FIB: Whatever it is you want.
 TEE: Sure.
 FIB: WELL...COME ON...SPEAK UP...WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
 TEE: My teacher sent me. I spilled my ink, I betcha.
 FIB: You spilled your ink! Why shucks, sis, that ain't anything to raise a fuss about. You go back and tell your teacher the principal said accidents will happen.
 TEE: Well gee, I did tell him that I betcha.
 FIB: Did you tell him that EVERY kid spills the ink once in a while.
 TEE: Sure I did.
 FIB: What'd he say?
 TEE: He said yes, you little brat but they don't spill it down the back of my neck but gee I couldn't help it I threw my inkwell to Cecil Underwood and he didn't catch it good...but I did...
 OH BOY...DID I CATCH IT GOOD! Can I go now?

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Ye see, Molly. There's a example. If that teacher would go to that little girl's mother and say, listen, madam. Us teachers and you parents should ought to work together for the good of our educational ...

SOUND: SIGNAL BELL...OUT

MOL: What's that? Is school, letting out?
 FIB: Nope. That's the signal for the meeting of parents and teachers in the assembly room. Come on in and hear my speech, Molly.
 MOL: All right, but -
DOOR LATCH: BUZZ OF VOICES
 FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...HERE I AM. GLAD TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU TEACHERS AND PARENTS TURNING OUT. BELIEVE ME THIS IS A BIG DAY FOR EDUCATION IN WISTFUL VISTA.
 MAN: I think so, too, Mr. McGee.
 FIB: FINE! NOW IF YOU'LL ALL BE QUIET A MINUTE...NOW THE FIRST THING I WANTA TELL YOU PARENTS AND TEACHERS IS THIS: WE GOTTA COOPERATE...TEACHERS HAVE GOTTA WORK WITH PARENTS AND VICE VERSA...WE GOTTA PUT OUR BEST FORT FEETWORD...ER OUR BEST FEET...
 MAN: Just a minute Mr. McGee.
 FIB: Eh? Oh Hello there, Guffy. You back again?
 MAN: Yes indeed, Mr. McGee...and we certainly appreciate the way you've been handling things around here.
 MOL: Oh isn't that nice.
 FIB: Shucks, Guff, old man. Think nothing of it.
 MAN: And we've got something...a sort of proposition to put to you. Does Mrs. McGee mind waiting outside a minute?
 MOL: Oh not at all, folks. I realize that this is a confidential matter. (SOTTO VOICE) Tell me about it later, McGee.
 FIB: I'll show you the medal, Molly. Or maybe it'll be a gold watch. (CALLS) WAIT FOR ME OUTSIDE MOLLY.

MOL: All right.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now then, parents and teachers. What is it?

GUFFY: WELL MCGEE...FROM THE WAY YOU CAME IN HERE...WITHOUT EVEN
BEING ASKED...AND HANDLED THINGS THE WAY YOU DID...WE FEEL
THAT YOU DESERVE EVERY BIT OF WHAT WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU.

CHEERS:

FIB: Pahaw, now, you don't have to do anything at all. I just

GUFFY: OH WE'RE VERY HAPPY TO DO THIS MCGEE. WE PARENTS AND TEACHERS
HAVE DECIDED TO FOLLOW YOUR SUGGESTION AND GET TOGETHER ON
THIS.

FIB: YES BUT -

GUFFY: ONE...TWO...THREE!

CYMBAL CRASH...THUDS...BUMPS...DOOR SLAM.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...MCGEE...WHAT HAPPENED...ARE YOU HURT?

FIB: No-no...I ... I guess not...B-brush me off, Molly...

MOL: BUT WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT DID THEY SAY? WHAT DID THEY DO?

FIB: Everthing I asked of 'em. They got together and put their
best foot forward...

MOL: And what was their aim?

FIB: Perfect.

ORK: & "GOOD NITE MY LICKY DAY" DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL:

SECOND COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Linoleum floors are playing a big part in the scheme of
modern decoration. Some of the finest new homes and
apartments are particularly interesting because of
colorful linoleum floors which harmonize with the walls
and furniture. If you have any linoleum floors or rugs
in your home be sure to protect them with JOHNSON'S
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT so they will always stay
beautiful as new. You'll have no floor cleaning problems
if your linoleum wears a GLO-COAT polish, for dirt
cannot stick to the shining surface -- scuffing feet
cannot harm the floor. If you have never used JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT on your linoleum we urge you to try this easy
to use liquid polish right away. Enjoy the pleasure of
having beautiful floors with practically no work. Your
dealer will tell you that it's very economical to buy
GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

ORK: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

SIGN-OFF

ANNOUNCER: This is Harlow Wilcox, thanking you for your splendid loyalty to the JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS. Your enthusiasm for these superior wax polishes makes it possible for FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY to come to you every Monday night.

ANNCR: (MUSIC CREDITS) Fibber McGee & Molly have come to you thru the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

na/9:30
9/4/37

NBC

DON QUINN

ADVERTISER JOHNSON WAX

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

WRITER

OK

PROGRAM TITLE

WMAQ

SEPTEMBER 13, 1937

MONDAY

CHICAGO 8:00 - 8:30 PM

11:00 - 11:30 PM RED

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

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REMARKS

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