

# NBC

ADVERTISER **B. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.**

WRITER **DON QUINN**  
OK

PROGRAM TITLE **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY**

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ** ( ) ( )  
( **8:00** <sup>TIME</sup> - **8:30 P.M.** <sup>DATE</sup> **SEPTEMBER 20th, 1937** <sup>DAY</sup> **MONDAY** )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

**REPEAT - 11:00 - 11:30 P.M.**

*4292.38*

*Not Correct*

*Stud.*

*Thomp.*

*Peary*

*Raul*

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ORK: **1st PHRASE:**

WIL: **The Johnson Wax Program!**

ORK: **2nd PHRASE:**

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

ORK: **THEME:**

WIL: **TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "YOUR BROADWAY  
AND MY BROADWAY"!**

ORK: **"YOUR B'WAY & MY B'WAY. Down for -**

WIL: **1st COMMERCIAL -**

FIRST COMMERCIAL

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In the days of high button shoes and pompadours, housewives believed that in order to keep their linoleum clean they had to get down on their hands and knees and scrub their floors. So, at least once a week, out came the old scrub bucket and brush and the conscientious housewife went to work. Hard, back-breaking work it was too!

Nowadays the modern housewife laughs at such a primitive, unsatisfactory method of floor cleaning. She keeps her linoleum bright and sparkling with JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use liquid polish that requires no rubbing or buffing! GLO-COAT does more than just polish. It protects floors against wear -- SEALS out dirt and germs, SAVES HOURS of cleaning time. If you want your kitchen linoleum to stay as colorful and beautiful as it was the day you bought it, protect it at once with GLO-COAT. G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

(MCGEE THEME) (FADE)

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WIL: WELL, THE WISTFUL VISTA NATIONAL BANK HAS BEEN HELD UP AGAIN! THE WHOLE TOWN IS IN A JITTERY DITHER AND A PALPITATING POTHER. AND HERE, ON THE CORNER OF 14th & OAK STS., AMONG AN EXCITED GROUP OF CITIZENS, WE FIND -  
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

BUZZ OF VOICES:

MOL: Heavenly days...it's terrible. They say it was the same bunch of robbers who held up the bank before.

MAN: They say the head cashier has had his hands up in the air so much lately he's going to quit and take up paper hanging.

(LAUGHTER)

MAN:(2) What do you say, McGee? You haven't expressed an opinion.

MOL: Don't you feel well, dearie?

FIB: Dad rat it, o' course I feel well. I just ain't the type to go around spreadin' unfounded rumors, that's all.

VOICES UP EXCITEDLY:

HAUGHTY: What do you mean, Mr. McGee. What rumors?

FIB: Well, I heard...(PAUSE) Nope. I better not say anything. It'd be all over town in ten minutes. Sorry folks.

MOL: McGee...what on earth are you talking about.

MAN: We won't say anything about, McGee...what did you hear?

FIB: Wel-l-l-l...all right...but don't pass it on. It's strictly confidential.

CHORUS OF ASSENTS:

FIB: (LOWERING VOICE) I got it on pretty good authority, that them bank robbers buried the money in a certain guy's back yard before they left town. (EXCLAMATIONS) Mind you, I think it's a silly idea, but that's the way I heard it... It'd cause a awful ruckus if it leaked out. Well, so long everybody. Come on, Molly.

HAUGHTY: But, Mr. McGee...wait a minute...WHO'S BACK YARD WAS IT?

MOL: You might as well tell all of it, McGee...or do you know?

FIB: Of course I know...but you don't think I want our back yard all dug u-...I mean...oh pahaw! If I ain't the dumbest... SAY FORGET IT! SAYS ANYTHING WILL YOU FOLKS? Comp'on Molly.

BUZZ OF VOICES FADE OUT

MOL: McGee Do you realize what you've done? We'll have everybody in town scratching around in our back yard.

FIB: Why Molly...you don't think they'd TRESPASS, do you? Besides we got a big back yard.

MOL: Just the same you shouldn't have passed on that silly rumor.

FIB: Well, I didn't wanta tell 'em. It was just a slip of the tongue.

MOL: Slip of the tongue. You've been on a vocal sleighride for years.

FIB: Me? Why ordinarily, Molly, I'm as mum as a clam. They used to call me Limburger McGee. Strong and Silent.

MOL: It should have been Camembert. Pale and spready.

FIB: AHEM. But if you think they're liable to dig up our yard we better duck home and keep a eye on things.

MOL: I should think so! You might as well made a newsreel of it as to mention it to those people - and speaking of newsreels where is our movin' picture "THIS WAY PLEASE" going to be shown?

FIB: I hear we're gonna have our world premeer at the Bijou Theatre in Hope, Arkansas. We got a good spot, too. It's playin' double features and we're next-to-closing.

MOL: Yes...I suppose that's the best the theatre could do...next to closing.

FIB: I wonder how I am in it.

MOL: That's what somebody asked me this mornning. How is HE in it!

FIB: Well, shucks, I --  
 TED: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber.  
 MOL: Oh, Ted Weems.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Ted.  
 TED: Say what is this I hear about ahundred thousand bucks buried  
 in your back yard?  
 MOL: A hundred thousand!  
 FIB: If that dough keeps growin', we'll have to bury it out on the  
 golf course.  
 TED: Oh then you admit -  
 FIB: I DON'T ADMIT NOTHIN', Ted. It's just a rumor.  
 TED: Well, you don't mind if the boys and I dig up a -  
 MOL: Ohhh, Ted. You, too?  
 FIB: You're one o' them vandals, too, eh? Messin' up a fella's  
 yard just because you think there's -  
 TED: I DIDN'T MEAN YOUR YARD. I was going to ask if you minded if  
 we dug up a swell little number called "LOVE IS ON THE AIR  
 TONIGHT".  
 MOL: You think we'll like it?  
 TED: Oh it's rightin your back yard!  
 FIB: It's right in our...AHM. Go ahead, Ted.  
 ORK: "LOVE IS ON THE AIR TONIGHT"

APPLAUSE:

END SPOT :

MOL: McGee. take a look out the window and see what you've done!  
 Spreading that rumor about that bank money buried here.  
 There's a dozen people diggin' in our back yard and more coming  
 everyminute.  
 FIB: Shucks, they're even ignorin' that sign I put up.  
 MOL: What sign...what'd it say?  
 FIB: It says: NOTICE! PEOPLE DIGGIN IN THIS YARD WILL BE PERSECUTED  
 TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW AND A LARGE  
 BULLDOG. THERE IS NO MONEY BURIED HERE, SO DO NOT DIG  
 WITHOUT OWNER'S PERMISSION WHO IS ENTITLED TO HALF  
 OF WHAT YOU FIND. Signed, Fibber McGee.  
 MOL: Oh, that's fine.  
 FIB: I thought so.  
 MOL: Didn't you have time to get out engraved invitations?  
 FIB: That'd be too expens...er...WHADDYE MEAN?  
 MOL: Well, it just makes me sick...can't we call the chief of  
 police..?  
 FIB: He ain't in his office right now.  
 MOL: Where is he?  
 FIB: He's the fat guy out there with the long handle spade.  
KNOCK AT DOOR AND LATCH  
 SIL: Hiyah, ma'am, Ha is yo' boss?  
 MOL: Oh, it's Silly Watson.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Sil. Don't mean to tell me you're fool enough to believe  
 that rumor about the bank money bein' buried out there.

SIL: Yassuh...ah'm even a biggah fool 'n that, please suh. Ah'm gonna do me some diggin'. Does yo' all mind, Mist' McGee?

MOL: Of course we mind. do you think we want ourback yard all ruined and ...

FIB: Shucks, Molly..he might as well dig as them others.

SIL: Yassuh. Thank, suh. Is it really fifth thous'n buCks?

FIB: 50,000! Somebody musta seen that patch o' catnip and thought it was the mint.

MOL: How did you hear about this Silly?

SIL: Well, ma'am...mah gal Rosebud..she heard it real confidential oveh the radio and she kinda hinted she wanted me to go dig up some money.

FIB: Oh she kinda hinted, eh?

SIL: Yassuh...she stick a shovel in mah hand and push me out de do'.

MOL: I'm afraid it's just a wild goose chase, Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. Maybe. but ah'm gonna be satisfied wif a tail-feather offen fifty thousan' bucks.

FIB: Well, go ahead, Sil. But listen. If you dig down about forty feet and strike somethin' soft and mushy, don't dig it up. Leave it there.

MOL: Why, McGee...What do you think it'll be?

FIB: Vaudeville. Go ahead, Sil. As long as Rosebud wants you to, I wouln't spoil your romance.

SIL: Yassuh...tha's wha Rosebud say..she say SIL, YO GRAB DIS HEAH SPADE AN GIT BUSY FO' YO' WOMAN. SHE SAY DIS BDE AGE OF SHOVELRY. Scuse me now, ma'am.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Oh dear, McGee. ..look. They're simply ruining our nice big back yard. They're tearing up all the sod.

FIB: That's true...

WIL: YES AND IT'S SOD BUT TRUE THAT SOME HOUSEWIVES DON'T REALIZE THAT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT CAN SAVE THEM HOURS OF WORK, AND MAKE-HARPO!

FIB: Heavenly days, Mr. Wilcox!

WIL: Hello folksies.!

FIB: Whaddye want, Harpo.?

WIL: I heard there was \$75,000 dollars burried around here some place.

FIB: \$75,000! We're gonna have tomove to a bigger place, Molly.

WIL: Mind if I scratch around in the yard a while?

MOL: Why not...everybody else is.

FIB: See it's you, Harpo..and listen. Look out the window there. See where that little mound o' fyeah dirt is over there by the water faucet?

WIL: (EXCITED) Yes.. yes...

FIB: Where it looks like the earth had been kinda disturbed recently

WIL: Yes...yes...

FIB: (SOTTO VOICE) Well, you dig right there!

WIL: You think I'll find the money?

FIB: Harpo..it'll be a pipe.

WIL: A pipe? Oh, all right....

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Poor Old Harpo. If his prospects were as big as his hopes, he'd -

SOUND: CRASHES...THUDS..

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...THERE GOES THE BACK PORCH. THEY'RE UNDER MINING US!

FIB: OH THEY ARE ARE THEY...I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Hey..you out there.talk it easy.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Oh my..oh my.what a mess...LOOK MCGEE...THERE'S EVEN A CHINAMAN OUT THERE!

FIB: THERE COULDN'T BE! THEY AIN'T HAD TIME TO DIG DOWN THAT FAR!

DOOR KNOCK:

MOL: Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Hey where's the guy that owns this place?

FIB: I own this place BEAT IT, BUD. What do you want?

MAN: LISTEN.Would you mind giving me your car keys? I wanta move that old monoxide go-cart of yours so I can dig under the floor

MOL: of your garage.  
Well of all the nerve!

FIB: WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF BUD.Unleash the bulldog, Molly?

MOL: What bulldo...OH THE BULLDOG...all right.

MAN: GO WAN....You haven't got a bulldog. And besides that money belongs to the bank and you haven't got anything to say about it, see?

FIB: Listen, bud, one more crack outa you and I'll slap you so cold you can use the Aurora Borealis for a cigar-lighter.

MAN: Oh yeah? I'll fold you up like a carpenter's ruler and stick you in your own back pocket.

MOL: Please...GENTLEMEN!

FIB: One side, Molly. I'm gonna jar this mugg so hard he'll think he's two ice cubes in a cocktail shaker.

MAN: Is that so? SAY, I'LL JUMP YOU AROUND LIKE A POGO STICK.

FIB: THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU, YOU SHORT-WEIGHT SACK OF MULE FEATHERS. I'M GONNA PASTE YOU SO HARD YOUR EYEBALLS'LL JUMP AROUND LIKE POPCORN.

MAN: YES AND I'LL...SAY, you got a shovel I can borrow?

FIB: Sure...right down in the basement. Help yourself.

MAN: Thanks.

ORK: "DON'T EVER CHANGE" -- -- GOMO

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (SHORT COMMERCIAL)

3RD SPOT:

MOL: McGee...look out the window again. There must be a hundred people digging out there.

FIB: I don't mind 'em diggin', but when they walk in and ask what we got for supper it kinda vexes me.

MOL: And to think you started all this with your silly rumor that those bank robbers had buried their loot in our yard...aren't you a little ashamed?

FIB: Well shucks, Molly....HEY...LOOKA THE GUY WITH THE CONCRETE BREAKER...COME ON...LET'S GO OUT IN THE YARD AND KEEP A EYE ON 'EM.

MOL: It's about time.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. CONCRETE AIR HAMMER IN AND UP

FIB: HEY THERE...WHAT'S THE IDEA.....

SOUND OUT:

MOL: Why are you breaking up our sidewalk?

OLD MAN: What say, girlie?

FIB: She says WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BUSTING UP OUR SIDEWALK?

OLD MAN: Oh I had an idea them burglars might a buried the money under the walk.

MOL: BUT THIS WALK HAS BEEN HERE FOR YEARS.

OLD MAN: What say?

FIB: WE SAID THIS SIDEWALK HAS BEEN HERE FOR YEARS.

OLD: What of it, Johnny. I heard they stole nothin' but old bills. One side there and lemme work.

AIR HAMMER UP AND FADE OUT

MOL: Well, they seem to have taken over the place, McGee.

FIB: Imagine that guy tearin' up our walk? I don't mind these fortune hunters in the abstract, but I hate 'em in the concrete. HEY THERE SIS...YOU'RE GOIN' AT THAT DIGGIN' ALL WRONG.

GIRL: Why am I?

MOL: Well that dirt you're diggin' in was thrown there by somebody else just a few minutes ago. You won't find anything in that.

GIRL: I know, but it's much softer to dig in.

FIB: Sis, you got us.

MAN: HEY...LOOK EVERYBODY...I FOUND SOMETHING!

CHORUS OF EXCLAMATIONS: What'd you find...lets see it...etc....

MAN: I guess it's nothing but a necktie...but it shows somebody has been here.

MOL: Hold it up, please, sir...(PAUSE) McGee...that looks like that beautiful orange and purple necktie I gave you last Christmas!

FIB: Say, it does, don't it!..I was wonderin' if anybody'd ever find...er...I WONDERED WHERE THAT TIE WENT! Shucks, it looks even prettier now than it did then..

MOL: McGee...look...what's the wire running across the lawn? See, it goes right into the side window of the house?

FIB: Hmm...looks like somebody's tappin' the house for current... let's follow the wire...there it goes...around the bushes there.

MOL: This way;....WHY HEAVENLY DAYS...IT'S MR. DEPOPOLIS...  
FIB: Hiyah, Nick...what you doin' with the electric wire?  
NICK: Oh hello Fizzer. Hello Kewpie. I am trying out my new  
apparatus. It is bein run by electwitchity and the man  
who is selling me to it, says it will without a doubt find  
anything which is hiding under the ground.

MOL: Oh and electrical locator.

FIB: Let's see it work, Nick?

NICK: I can't do it, Fizzer. Every time I am turning him on,  
he is making a vibratium whiv is tickling my hands so much  
I am havin to let go with laughing. Look....

SOUND: BUZZING

NICK: HEH HEH HEH.....See, Fizzer and Kewpie? HEH HEH...It is  
tickling me so much I can hardly hear yourself think..  
HEH HEH...Stop it, Depopolis...You can't stand it.. STOP IT...  
HEH HEH DON'T I HEAR YOU? STOP IT!

BUZZING OUT:

MOL: Well, if it tickles you so much when you use it, Mr. Depopolis,  
why don't you lay it aside and use a shovel like the rest of  
these people.

FIB: This is one case where the old fashioned method works best,  
Nick.

NICK: Squeezegee, that is just what I am saying to Demetrios, my  
oldest boy right after breakfast last night.

MOL: Breakfast last night!

NICK: Sure. Demetrios stays up late.

FIB: Besides, I thought Aristophanes was your oldest boy.

NICK: He is, Fizzer. But he is going back to school last week,  
with a policeman, and while he is gone, Demetrios is my  
oldest boy. Well, I am saying to Demetrios, DEMETRIOS, I  
am saying, shaking his face in my finger....DEMETRIOS, I  
am saying...well, I forget what I was saying, but believe  
me, Squeezegee, it was a lesson I will NEVER FORGET, If I can  
remember it again, sometime. Well, so long, Fizzer. So  
long Kewpie... If you see me later, how's everything?

FIB: That's tough...to have a gold finding machine and be too  
ticklish to use it. Like an old etymologist I used to know.  
Chased butterflies with a net for eighteen years and never  
caught a one. He found out later he had spots before his eyes.

MOL: Oh dear...how you can stand there so calmly McGee...when they're  
makin' a wreck of this yard...

FIB: Well, ye gotta take it philosophi...HEY BUD...YOU AIN'T  
SWINGIN' THAT SHOVEL RIGHT?

MAN: Wet's de matter with de way I do it?

FIB: You ain't usin' the overlappin' grip. Look. Take it like  
this...Left footback...chin up...swing it with a free and  
easy motion...see? And more follow thru.



MAN: Chee...tanks...youse must be a professional.  
 MOL: Yes if work was done by mouth instead of by hand he'd be the  
 Open Champion.  
 MAN: Dat's me partner over dere. He's two up on de second hole.  
 I guess I'm only a amateur after all...  
 FIB: Well don't worry, bud...you gotta strong back and a week - er...  
 MAN: A WEAK WHAT?  
 FIB: A week or so to dig...  
 MAN: Yeah...I suppose it looks easy to youse people.  
 WIL: BUT NOTHING IS AS EASY TO USE, PEOPLE, AS JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT,  
 THE NO RUBBING FLOOR POLISH THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES AND -  
 FIB: HARPO!  
 WIL: Say, Fibber do we get half of whatever we get digging?  
 FIB: Absolutely.  
 WIL: Swell. I got a lame back. Well, I'll be seeing y....  
 FIB: That's grattude for you, Molly.

CHEERS OFF MIKE

MOL: Heavenly days ... what's goin on over there?  
 FIB: Let's go see...  
 MOL: Maybe they found the money!  
 FIB: No, I don't think..(VOICES CHATTERING) HEY WHAT'S THE HOLLERIN  
 FOR, BOYS?  
 WOMAN: This gentleman just struck oil, Mr. McGee.  
 MAN: LOOKS LIKE HIGH GRAD' STUFF TOO!  
 FIB: It oughtta be. I pay nine cents a gallon for it!  
 MOL: You've busted into our furnace oil tank, ye loogans.  
 MAN: Oh that's all right, Mrs. McGee...don't apologize. I realize  
 you didn't know we were coming so close to it.  
 MOL: Well, all right. Come on, McGee...let's go in...I can't  
 stand the sight of this yard bein' wrecked.  
 ELMO: Ohe, Hello- Folks!!  
 MOL: Oh, it's Elmo Tanner. Hello Elmo.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Elmo., Why ain't you diggin' with the rest o'them  
 prospectors?  
 ELMO: Hell, Molly. Hell Fibber. They won't let me.  
 FIB: Why not, Elmo?  
 ELMO: They said they couldn't keep time to my whistling. They  
 said I was exceeding the spade limit.  
 MOL: Heavenly days, he's getting a brogue.  
 FIB: What were you whistling, Elmo?

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ELMO: "HAVE YOU GOT ANY CASTLES, BABY?"

FIB: Castles! If they keep diggin' there I ain't even gonna have a house. Let's hear it, Elmo.

ORK: "HAVE YOU GOT ANY CASTLES, BABY"

TANNER

APPLAUSE

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AUTO COMMERCIAL

Everywhere you go you see beautiful, shining automobiles - cars that gleam like new because of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. You can easily protect your own car from the burning sun - from sleet and snow - from scratches and road film - so don't delay another day. Wax your car the JOHNSON WAY.

ORK: (MCGEE THEME)

MOL: McGee...I cant stand it to look out that window once more.  
They've simple RUINED our nice big back yard. AND WHY? BECAUSE  
SOME BIG IDIOT SPREAD THE RUMOR THAT BANK ROBBERS HAD BURIED  
SOME MONEY HERE.

FIB: Why, Molly...are you callin' me a big idiot?

MOL: Well, You helped spread the rumor.

FIB: Well shucks, it was while I was off guard. I didn't mean to -

SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS AND THUDS.

MOL: Goodness..what's that?

FIB: Hey, Molly...that steam shovel they brought over has busted  
the dining room window. Come in here and see...

SOUND: STEAM SHOVEL.

MOL: SAYYYY...YOU BIG LOOGANS...WHAT ARE YOU DOIN THERE?

SOUND: UP AND QT.

MAN: What's the matter, Macushlah?

MOL: WHAT'S THE IDEA? ANYWAY?

FIB: YEAH...AINT IT ENOUGH THAT WE LET YOU USE THAT STEAM SHOVEL  
OUT THERE WITHOUT YOU DUMPIN' THE DIRT INTO OUR DININ ROOM?

MAN: DININ' ROOM! HEY...MICKEY...THAT'LL BE TWO BITS YE OWE ME  
NOW. SURE AND THAT'S A FOINE JOKE ON MICKEY, MAVOURNEEN, HE  
THOUGHT IT WAS THE BUTLER'S PANTRY. GOWAN O'ROURKE...YE BABOON  
...GET BUSY!

SOUND: STEAM SHOVEL UP WITH WHISTLE...AND OUT

MOL: I've had enough, McGee...I'm going to complain to the  
authorities. I'll have 'em call out the militia.

FIB: If you'll wait a while, we'll have trenches all built for 'em  
and....

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: If that's somebody wantin' to rest a while in the guest room,  
I'll -

DOOR LATCH:

TEE: Hiyah, Mister.

FIB: Oh, Hiyah, little girl. Whaddye want?

TEE: Is that your back yard out there?

FIB: Yes, it is.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I said YES...IT IS.

TEE: Is it?

FIB: Yes.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says....er...WHY?

TEE: Gee, I dunno why, I betcha. Don't you know why?

FIB: Well, I'm beginning to wonder, myself.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I...LISTEN...WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED. I SUPPOSE YOU  
WANTA DIG FOR THAT MONEY, TOO.

TEE: Sure, I got my own shovel and pail, too.

FIB: Ye have eh? (LAUGNS)

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I SAYS YE HAVE, EH?

TEE: Sure.  
 FIB: WELL...I..ER...WELL WHAT DID YOU WANT? WE CANT STAND HERE ALL DAY.  
 TEE: What time is it?  
 FIB: After two o'clock.  
 TEE: I guess we can't then, can we?  
 FIB: CANT what?  
 TEE: Stand here all day, I betcha.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: If that's somebody wantin' to out down our elm tree.

DOOR LATCH:

MOL: Oh, it's Mrs. Uppington, McGee...from next door.  
 FIB: Oh Hiyah, Uppy...you seem kinda perturbed.

HAUGHTY: INDEED I AM. THIS REDICULOUS BUSINESS OF DIGGING! DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED JUST NOW?  
 MOL: What happened, Mrs. Uppington?  
 HAUGHTY: I WAS GIVING MY LAUNDRESS SOME INSTRUCTIONS IN THE BASEMENT AND SUDDENLY/WITH A SHOVEL BROKE THRU THE BASEMENT WALL ...  
 FIB: Say, that's too bad, Uppy.  
 HAUGHTY: BUT THAT ISN'T ALL...HE HAD THE IMPUDENCE TO ASK ME HOW I LIKED LIVING IN A CAVE! THE IDEA!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: That's enough...I've stood all I'm gonna. That's the last straw!  
 MOL: Fine...I've got enough of this business.  
 FIB: I'VE GOT ENOUGH TOO...I'M GOIN OUT THERE AND -  
 MOL: Why go out there...you've been running back and forth out there all afternoon...why don't you call the authorities.  
 FIB: WAIT..

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: HEY YOU OUT THERE...LISTEN...EVERYBODY...QUIT DIGGIN' AND LISTEN...YOU'RE ALL WORKIN IN VANE...THEY AINT ANY GOLD BURIED THERE. NOW TAKE YOUR SPADES AND STEAMSHOVELS AND GO ON HOME.

WOMAN: (OFF MIKE) How do you know there isn't any gold here, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I GOT IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY, That's all.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: HAND ME THE PHONE, MOLLY. Thanks. Hello...gimme Wistful Vista 1937....

MOL: That's not the police station. That's M<sub>ort</sub> Toopses.  
FIB: I know it. HELLO...MRS. TOOPS? FIBBER MCGEE...IS MORT THERE.  
THANKS.  
MOL: McGee...who told you there wasn't any god there?  
FIB: Shucks, I knew it all along. HELLO MORT? FIBBER. IT WORKED!  
I GUESS WE'RE ALL SET TO GO FISHIN' NOW. I GOT ENOUGH WORMS  
DUG. (CLICK)  
ORK: "RIDIN' HIGH"  
APPLAUSE:  
ORK: DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL AND TAG GAG

COMMERCIAL

Here are the simple directions for keeping kitchen linoleum clean and beautiful. Spread a little JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT lightly over the floor surface. This amazing liquid polish is so easy to use - goes on so smoothly that a child can apply it without any difficulty. GLO-COAT never streaks or smears - never becomes gummy. It dries in 20 minutes! - becomes a sparkling, gleaming surface without any work of rubbing or buffing! The floor that wears a GLO-COAT polish is protected from the wear of scuffing feet - dirt and stains can't cling to the shining surface. If you want to receive many compliments on the appearance of your beautiful polished linoleum - order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT from your dealer. Look for the attractive yellow can - and remember, you save Money on the larger sizes.

ORK: (MUSIC UP- FADE ON CUE)

SIGN-OFF

This is Harlow Wilcox thanking you for your loyalty to all the JOHNSON

WAX products. Your purchases of these famous wax polishes makes it possible for FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY to come to you every Monday night.

js:  
mp:  
mc:  
gs: 10:30 9/20/37

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN  
OK

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

CHICAGO OUTLET ( WMAQ )

( 8:00-8:45 PM  
11:00-11:30 PM )

( SEPTEMBER 27, 1937 )

( MONDAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Not Correct*

*Stu  
Thom  
Peary  
Raid.*