

NBC

ADVERTISER. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #135

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

WMAQ

8:00 - 8:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 8, 1937

MONDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

11:00 - 11:30 P.M.

Loew

Find better copy

Page 2

ORCH: 1st Phrase

WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

ORCH: 2nd Phrase

WIL: *The Johnson Wax Program*
Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee & Molly!

ORCH: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" Tanner

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "WHO PUT THAT MOON IN THE SKY?"

ORCH: "WHO PUT THAT MOON IN THE SKY" - Down for -

Intro

WIL: (OPENING COMMERCIAL)

In this modern age, smart housewives want newer and easier ways of doing their housework. That's why millions of up-to-date women have become enthusiastic users of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT, the easy-to-use liquid floor polish that requires no rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT keeps their linoleum and floors shining like new -- protected from dirt and wear -- very easy to clean. Why don't you try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on your kitchen linoleum tomorrow? See the gleaming polish! Then hear the compliments of your family and friends! You'll agree that GLO-COAT is a miracle worker -- changing dull, unattractive floors into bright, beautiful floors -- right before your eyes. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T --- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE)

WIL: This should be an interesting evening for the McGees. They have received word that they are to be interviewed by a representative of the Combined and Amalgamated Newspaper Association. Molly is slightly nervous about it, but to Fibber all goes as planned. AND HERE, MOMENTARILY EXPECTING THE INTERVIEWER..WE FIND .. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME

MOL: McGee, quit fiddling with your necktie. What's the matter with you.

FIB: Who, me? Nothin', I'm just thinkin' o' what to tell that interviewer. Where'll I tell her I was born?

MOL: Where you were born? Peoria!

FIB: I dunno...oh, I got it... Why not tell her I was born in the lonely cabin of a gold miner's camp, in the flickerin' lights of the aurora borealis, where my father was a forty-niner.

MOL: A 49-er. Lovely. That would make you about 90 years old now. AND QUIT FIDDLING WITH YOUR NECKTIE. You don't see me doin' that do you?

FIB: Shucks. I never thought to bring a necktie for you. Sorry.

MOL: ~~Kim~~ ^{Kim} a little scared about this interview, but I'm just going to be myself...BUT YOU...with your new tie...and your shoes shined...and that haircut.

FIB: I even got my pants pressed.

MOL: I WONDERED why you stood up all the way down here in the taxicab.

FIB: Oh well -

WOMAN: Pardon me - are you Mister McGee, and Molly?

FIB: Why...er...you betch sis...but you'll have to excuse us. We're waitin' for a interviewer, so --

WOMAN: I think I'm the interviewer you're waiting for. I'm Miss Blivens.

MOL: Oh, how do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hiyah, Bliv. Got your notebook ready? All set? WELL, I WAS BORN OF RICH BUT HONEST PARENTS IN A LITTLE LOG CABIN ON PARK AVENUE.

MOL: In Peoria. Don't forget me, McGee. I was born, too.

FIB: Oh yes. Me and Molly was schoolgirl...sweethea--er...schoolboy sweet-- childhood play... Well, we grew up together. It was love at first sight. With Molly, anyway. I ain't so easily convinc--

MOL: MCGEE!

WOMAN: I see...and how did you two first get into radio work?

MOL: Well, we -

FIB: WELL SIR BLIVVY, one day at old station WIBO one of the singers didn't show up, and they had to do somethin', quick, when the janitor points to a handsome lad settin' modestly on the bench in the studio and says...TRY HIM...HE CAN SING!

WOMAN: And you went on the air and saved the day! *And you were the singer*

MOL: No, McGee was the janitor.

WOMAN: Well now, if you don't mind we'll take some pictures. Alright Joe.

FIB: Oh...Oh yes. My left profile is best, Blivvy. Barrymore is like me that way. Shall I sit on the piano?

MAN: A little to the left, Mrs. McGee...

MOL: Like this?

MAN: That's it...

SOUND: LOUD-CLICK

FIB: Now you can take one of me at the microph-

MAN: NOW ONE SITTING DOWN, Mrs. McGee. FINE!

SOUND: LOUD CLICK

FIB: How about one of me leadin' the orches--

MAN: RAISE YOUR CHIN A LITTLE FOR THIS ONE MRS. MCGEE...NOW FACE LEFT
...SMILE!

SOUND: LOUD CLICK

FIB: Glad you got some of Molly. She shows up good in pictures, too.
Now how shall I pose?

MAN: Hey, Miss Blivens...shall I get one of this guy?

WOMAN: That's Mr. McGee, Joe. Yes...take one if you want to.

MAN: Okay. All right, McGee. One of you like you was workin' hard,
see? Untie your necktie.

FIB: It don't untie. It unhooks...Okay...ready...shoot!

SOUND: LOUD CLICK...WHIRR OF SPRINGS...GLATTER OF PARTS...

MOL: McGee...look what you did to the man's nice camera.

FIB: Why I never...

MAN: That's all right lady. He couldn't help it.

FIB: Why no, I -

MAN: A guy looks like he looks, that's all.

FIB: AHEM. Hey why don't you fix it up so's you can take pictures of
Harpo...no, not Harpo. Take Ted Weems and Elmo Tanner and
Perry Como.

TED: You can take Elmo and me, if you like but Perry isn't here.

FIB: & MOL: HE WHAT?

TED: Perry isn't here. He had a chance to make some personal
appearances on Monday nights for a while, so I told him to go
ahead.

MOL: Well, he's still with your band, isn't he, Ted?

TED: Oh sure.

FIB: Well, say, this is serious. I gotta do something about this.
I'll either have to get another vocalist for a while or sing
myself.

MOL: Get another vocalist, dearie.

WOMAN: Say I'm sorry but I must get back to the office with these
pictures and a story.

MOL: Oh yes...certainly.

FIB: I didn't finish givin' you the interview, sis. BACK in 1920,
when radio was in it's infancy...

MOL: What do you mean, infancy?

FIB: I mean, it made funny little noises, and everybody was stayin'
up nights with it. AHEM.

WOMAN: Yes, and now if you'll excuse me, I'll have to get back and -

FIB: Hold it, Blivvy. I'm just gettin' to the romantic part. YEAH
SEE WHEN I TOOK FIRST PRIZE IN 1922 at a walkathon -
AND WHEN YOU WALKATHON WAX, YOU SAVETH YOUR FLOORS...Hello,
Kitty.

WOMAN: Oh hello, Harlow.

WIL: Say I was just going out for a bite to eat...join me?

WOMAN: I'd love to. Come on...thank you, Mrs. McGee...thank you Mr.
McGee.

FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE...I DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT WHEN I ...

DOOR SLAM:

*Ed: Imagine her running out on me while the
rest no more
Mol: Weems' gone good here*

MOL: Don't forget to show me the clippings, McGee.

FIB: DABRAT THE DADRATTED....

ORCH: "MAMMA'S GONE GOODBYE"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Hey, Molly...we gotta do something about findin' a singer.

Maybe we can find one right here in the studio.

MOL: Oh now, McGee..aren't you pretty optimistic?

FIB: Whaddye mean?

MOL: Look at Major Bowes. He's been at it for years and he's STILL lookin! (PAUSE FOR LAUGH) Besides, you're no judge of singin'.

FIB: Oh, I ain't, ain't I? Why, I'll always remember the time three of us fellas in Bangor, Maine, formed a quartette that was famous for miles around.

MOL: How could three of you form a quartette?

FIB: One of the boys, Ket Kettering worked in a clothin' store and every night he'd sneak one of the dummies out and at that time I sang both Tenor and barytone and I'd double for the dummy. (LAUGHS) Shucks nobody ever would o' found it out if old Ket handt pulled a dumb stunt.

MOL: What'd he do?

FIB: Well, we got thru singin a concert one night, and Ket says goodnite to the dummy and throws me into the basement window of the store! It was saturday night, and I couldn't get out till they unlocked the door on Monday!

MOL: What about the other...er...I mean what about the dummy all this time?

FIB: Well, sir, I never did figure that out. I was workin at the city hall then, and they say that dummy sat at my desk all day Sunday, I thought it was a gag till I found a check for over-time at the end o' the month. (AHM)

TED: Say, excuse me, Fibber but who's going to sing tonight?

FIB: We was just talkin' about that Ted.

MOL: Can you sing, Ted?

TED: Certainly. The only reason I don't is that it keeps two other people out of work.

FIB: TWO others?

TED: Yes, a singer and his agent.

MOL: Let's hear you sing, something Ted. Maybe "It Looks like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane".

TED: All right. ARPEGGIO, O'Brien!

PIANO: ACCOMPANIMENT

TED: SINGS: It looks like Rain, in Cherry Blossom Lane,
The sunshine of your smiles no lo-

FIB: HOLD IT...HOLD IT...thanks Ted.

TED: Not bad, eh? Never took a lesson in my life, either.

MOL: I think you underestimated yourself, Ted. If we let you sing, we'd ALL be out of work.

TED: Gee, am I THAT good?

FIB: Well, you're THAT. Now let's see...IS THERE ANYBODY IN OUR AUDIENCE TONIGHT WHO CAN SING:?

SHOUTS: YELLE

MOL: Heavenly days, they ALL sing!

BILL: (IRISH) (FADE IN) Ye needn't be lookin' anny farther me bye. Tis me own sweet Irish voice and the accomaniment of Mither O'Brien - a foine lad, O'Brien, I'd say, from the name - that'll be -

FIB: Just a minute there, bud. We'll give you a chance but what's your name again?

IRISH: Hennessy, is the name, Patrick Joseph Hennessy.

MOL: What's your occupation, Mr. Hennessy.

IRISH: Macushla, I'm an officer of the law. Me father was also an officer of the law, and me bye Michael, too.

MOL: Heavenly days, three policemen in one family.

FIB: Must be those Three Star Hennessys. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? I says it must be --

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY MCGEE.

FIB: I'll pour it back. AHM. All right Hennessy. Will you sing a few bars of it LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOS...

IRISH: I will not...and what's the matter with the fine old Irish ballads. Rose of Tralee, Me Wild Irish Rose, Rose of Killarney.

MOL: If everything is roses in Ireland, why did you come over here?

IRISH: We wanted to plant them in a pot, Mavourneen, but we didn't have one over there. (SINGS) ME WILD IRISH ROOOOOOOOOOSE...THE SWEEETEST...

FIB: HEY HODL IT...HOLD IT HENNESSY.

IRISH: What's the matter now?

MOL: We want you to sing IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN APPLE BLOSSOM LANE

FIB: Ye see, Pat, we want everybody to sing the same thing for purposes of comparison.

IRISH: ~~As a matter of fact?~~ ALL RIGHT O'BRIEN ME FOINE BUCKO! PLAY! (SINGS)
IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE
THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS...

MOL: That's all, Mr. Hennessy. Thank you. Just go and sit down while we try a few others.

WIL: Say, how about me?

MOL: Oh are you a singer, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Who, me? Why, I'm practically engaged to Sweet Adeline.

FIB: Ever sing A cappella, Harpo?

WIL: How does it go?

FIB: AHEM. Well, I'll tell you. Try a few bars of IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE.

WIL: All right.

FIB: ALL RIGHT BOYS...A LITTLE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR HARPO. ~~THE NUMBER IS IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE.~~

SOUND: THUNDER SHEET...RAIN

WIL: (SINGS) IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE
(TALKS) But don't mind that, folks, because wet & muddy feet won't hurt ^{your} floors ^{if they are} protected with Johnson's ^{way} ~~best~~ the ~~rain~~ ^{protective} polish that

FIB: HARPO. Go sit down, Harpo.

WIL: All right .. all right. Gonna play favorites, eh?

FIB: Yes and I always play favorites right on the nose, catch on?

WIL: Oh is that so. Well let me tell -

MOL: GENTLEMEN...GENTLEMEN...PULLEASE! Mr. Wilcox...aren't you ashamed, and you so much larger than McGee?

WIL: OH THAT REMINDS ME. YOU SAVE UP TO ONE THIRD ON THE LARGER SIZES FOKS...YOUR NEAREST DEALER WILL....

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Okay, pal. I can take a hint, I guess. (FADE OUT) But one of these days, I'll

FIB: Who's next Molly? I think we better try to get a -

TEE: (FADE IN) Please can I try it once? Hmmm. Can I please?

FIB: Oh hello there little girl. Do you sing?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says are you a vocalist?

TEE: That isn't what you said before, I betcha.

FIB: Well, it amounts to the same thing.

TEE: Does'it?

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says I ... it...you...ain't you pretty young to be auditioning for a radio job?

TEE: Well gee, my music teacher says the future of American music is in the hands of the rising generation and that's me, I betcha.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh it is eh? Well, I guess ye are at that.

TEE: (LAUGHS) Hmmm?

FIB: I says for a minute I didn't know whether you were a midget singer or one o' singer's Midgets. (LAUGHS)
By the way, who IS your music teacher?

TEE: Professor Cantatta.

FIB: Ohhh Professor Cantatta. I know him. Great fellow, the Prof!

TEE: Why? ~~I don't think so, I betcha.~~

FIB: Well, for a lot of reasons, sis.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says he's a great fellow for a lot of reason. A, he's ambitious. B, he's benevolent. C, he's colossal. D, he's determined, E, he's eager, F, he's fatherly, G, 'ee, he's bald!

FIB: AHEM: H, he's handsome, I, he's industrious, J, he's Jenerous?

TEE: Jenerous?

FIB: Yes. He's....er...No. Jolly.

TEE: All right.

FIB: K, he's kiever, L, he's lovable, M, he's musical, N, he knows his business, O, he's a oboe player, P, he's playful, Q, he's quiet, R - well, you get the idea, sis?

TEE: Sure, I do. I betcha. R, he's rough, s, he's a sourpuss, T, he's terrible, U, he's ugly, and ^{TU}VWXYZ, I don't like him! Well, so long mister.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Well, we don't seem to be gettin' any place, Molly. Let's try a few more and see what -

SIL: (FADE IN) Hiyah ma'am, Ha is yo' boss?

MOL: Heavenly days...Silly Watson.

FIB: Hiyah, Sil? Are you a singer?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah reckon so, please suh.

MOL: What kind of a singer are you, Silly?

SIL: Ah's a SCAT singer, ma'am.

FIB: Say, that's somethin, Molly. Sil's a scat singer. *What kind of a scat singer? (Singing) - It was in V's show & got callin' in them old niggas! See datin' card!*

MOL: Did you want to try out tonight, Silly?

SIL: No ma'am, but ah think ah knows wheah at you-all jin grabyo' se'fs off a real good lile ole tenah, ma'am. If yo' is innahestid

FIB: Of course we're interested, Sil. Perry Como won't be with us for a while and we gotta have somebody.

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: TRAFFIC. CAR SOUND UP WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: This cabby oughtta get them brakes fixed. How much driver?

MAN: Well, to tell the truth, buddy, I forgot to pull the flag down on the meter. But I make this trip often and it runs around three bucks.

MOL: It WHAT?

MAN: It runs around three bucks.

FIB: Well, let it run around a little longer. Here's fifty cents.

SOUND: (CAR DOOR SLAM) (CAR FADES AWAY)

FIB: Well, come on, Molly. Crowded tonight, doorman?

MAN: Yessir.

MOL: Well, open the door for us!

HEAVEY: Sorry, madam, you're not dressed.

MOL: I'm not dr...WHY THE VERY IDEA...MCGEE DID YOU HEAR...

FIB: I think he means we ain't dressed warm enough. Must be a aircooled place. That right, bud?

HEAVY: No sir. I mean patrons of the ^{Club} ~~Club~~ must be in formal clothes.

FIB: Well fer the - High hat, eh?

HEAVY: If you prefer, sir. Although a derby is de rigueur with black tie.

MOL: I TOLD you you were silly to wear that yellow tie tonight, McGee.

FIB: Okay, Bud. It's no epidermis off my proboscis. - we'll go someplace else where they know how to treat members of the press.

MAN: Oh, the press, just a minute sir. Perhaps you'd better go on in. The head waiter will talk to you anyway.

FIB: Nope. We don't wanna go in now. I know when I ain't wanted.

MOL: But McGee...we wanted to hear this sing-

MAN: I'm sorry sir...but you know how it is...I...I'm just doing my duty sir...and I'm married...I need this job...

MOL: Any children?

MAN: Yes, madam.

FIB: How many?

MAN: 13, sir.

FIB: WE'll go in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. VOICES AND LAUGHTER UP GLINK OF DISHES

MOL: Heavenly days...it's so dim in here I can't see.

FIB: All nite clubs is like this, Molly. You grope your way in and gripe your way out.

FIB: ^{mac} There's the ^{silly} ~~headwaiter~~ ~~HEAVY HEAD~~. ^{Hey Sil}

MAN: Yes sir?

MOL: The man outside said we must be formally dressed, but I notice hardly anybody here is?

MAN: Yes madam. We always try to make it tough as possible to get in. If we welcomed everybody, we wouldn't have any business. Have you a table, sir?

FIB: Eh? We gotta bring our own tables, too?

MAN: I meant have you a table reserved?

MOL: ~~Oh no. We just dropped in for a minute. We want to hear your singer.~~

MAN: ~~Oh yes...he'll be on in just a few moments...WATSON...WATSON..~~

SIL: ~~Yassuh, boss. Oh Hija ma'am. You sho' got heah quick.~~

MAN: ~~Show these people to a table, Watson.~~

SIL: ~~Yassuh. Right oveh heah, Mist McGee...~~

MOL: ~~Thank you, Silly.~~

SOUND: VOICES AND GLASSWARE.

Heah y an table

SIL: Heah you is, please folks. Ringside.

MOL: Hold my chair, McGee.

FIB: Why? Gotta leg loose on it?

MOL: No, foolish. I just wanted you to act like, a...oh thank you Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. Yo folks gonna ordeh somethin' while you is waitin'?

MOL: I want a chocolate ice cream soda.

SIL: Yas'm, anything for the chaser.

FIB: AHEM. Got any vintage stuff, Sil?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Vintage stuff. You know...

SIL: Oh yassuh. We sho have. We got some real ole Brooklyn 1935, some Sparklin' Gincinnati 1936 an' some A.T.& T. at 150.

FIB: Gimme a slug of root-beer.

SIL: Yassuh. (FADE OUT) I'll be bask as soon as....

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, I don't know what people SEE in these places.

FIB: Well, it's some people's idea of fun, Molly. They come down here with a hundred bucks, and try to get away from it all, and they generally do.

WIL: P.A. SYSTEM Ladies and GENTLEMEN...WE NOW PRESENT THE SECOND SECTION OF OUR FLOOR SHOW. IF YOUR FLOORS SHOW ANY SIGNS OF SCRATCHING OR SCUFFING JUST TRY JOHNSONS SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT....

FIB: HARPO: X

WIL: (P.A) AH YES...NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE CLUB CHEZ NEUF, TAKES GREAT PRIDE AND PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THEIR GREAT LITTLE TENOR, CLARK DENNIS!

APPLAUSE: NOISE MAKERS CHEERS.

ORK: ONCE IN A WHILE

APPLAUSE:

4TH SPOT

SOUND: VOICES DISHES LAUGHTER, ETC.

MOL: McGee, I think that boy has a lovely voice.

FIB: Yes, his moderato was particularly fortissimo, I thought. I ^{tried} asked Sil to bring him over to the table...

MOL: And here they come...nice looking boy, too. What's his name again?

FIB: Denny Clarkis, I think. Hiya, Sil. This him?

SIL: Yassuh. Mistah Dennis, this heah is Mist' and Mis' McGee.

CLARK: Hello. *Am glad to meet you.*

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

FIB: Dennis, eh? Sit down. Where you from, Dennis?

CLARK: Australia.

MOL: Sidney or Melbourne?

CLARK: Just call me Clark.

FIB: We meant er... say that was a nice song you just put out there, bud.

CLARK: *Thanks. Am glad you liked it.*

SIL: Yassuh, it show was, Mist' Dennis.

CLARK: *I'm glad you liked it. Thanks water!*

MOL: We came all the way down here to hear you, Mister Dennis.

FIB: You betcha, bud. Ye see we got an opening on our show -

CLARK: An opening! I heard somebody say there's holes in it a yard wide.

MOL: You don't understand, Mr. Dennis.

FIB: All ye gotta do is sing one song on Monday night.
CLARK: ~~Do I get overtime for extra choruses?~~ ^{what show is it}
MOL: ~~We'll take that up with the sponsor.~~ You know...Johnson's Wax.
CLARK: Johnson's...?
FIB: WAX...Johnson's Wax. What ^{IT} IS/YOU PUT ON ALL YOUR FURNITURE.
CLARK: Oh...a down payment.
MOL: No..no...but really now would you like to come on our show?
CLARK: Well, gee, I'd sort of miss this place -
FIB: Don't worry about that, Bud. We'll supply you with a tank full o' cigar smoke. And the sound man can clatter some dishes. Come on..what say?
CLARK: All right. I'll do it. Where do I sign.
FIB: You're word's good, bud. But you ain't asked about salary.
CLARK: Oh...salary too, eh?
MOL: Why...why...of course. Is it a deal?
CLARK: It's a deal. Where do I go?
FIB: Come up to THE NBC ~~tomorrow~~ ^{next Monday} night and ask for Fibber McGee and Molly.
CLARK: All right. Thanks, Molly.
MOL: I'M Molly. He's Fibber.
FIB: Whew...THAT'S A LOAD off my mind...SIL, we're much obliged to you, too...Here's your five bucks for finding us a singer -
SIL: Thanks, Mist' McGee. That's the easiest 5 bucks ah evah made -
MOL: Well - why are you taking off your apron - where you goin?
SIL: Ah'm goin up an see Mist' Johnson up in Racine - ah knows wheah ah kin git him a couple comedians, ~~for this show~~, too -

ORK: "I'M IN MY GLORY"- DOWN FOR
WIL: 3RD COMMERCIAL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: If you have linoleum on your kitchen floor don't run the risk of spoiling it by floor scrubbing! If you scrub your linoleum it will soon lose its life and color. Later it will crack and get bumpy and finally it will have to be replaced with a new floor covering. The best housekeepers keep their linoleum bright and sparkling with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This remarkable no-rubbing polish seals out dirt, protects floors from wear and saves you the drudgery of floor scrubbing! Use GLO-COAT on inlaid or printed linoleum, linoleum rugs, rubber tile, asphalt, painted and varnished wood floors.

Buy GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can and remember you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

na/mr/js 12:30
11/8/37

NBC

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Not Correct

SECOND CORRECTION