

# NBC

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

WRITER **QUINN**

PROGRAM TITLE **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**  
6:00-8:30 P.M.

DECEMBER 20, 1937

(MONDAY

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS REBROADCAST: 11:00-11:30 P.M.

*Not correct*

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ORK: 1ST PHRASE:

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

ORK: 2ND PHRASE:

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program - starring Marian and Jim Jordan as

Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"- TANNER

WIL: Ted Weems and His Orchestra open the show with "JUBILEE"!

ORK: "JUBILEE" - DOWN FOR --

WIL: COMMERCIAL # 1

Millions of wise housekeepers are saving themselves a lot of extra work over the holidays by protecting their kitchen linoleum and other floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This easy-to-use, no-rubbing polish dries in twenty minutes to a beautiful gleaming lustre that stays clean and bright. Any food spilled on the polished linoleum can be wiped off quickly without leaving a stain. GLO-COAT protects floors from scraping shoes that track dirt into the house. It keeps linoleum in perfect condition -- sparkling like new! You'll save yourself hours of cleaning and you'll get lots of compliments on your beautiful shining linoleum if you protect it now with GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T --JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS FALLEN FOR A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN "HOW TO BECOME A DETECTIVE" AND HAS NEARLY COMPLETED THE LESSONS. AND JUST IN TIME, TOO, BECAUSE A CRIME WAVE HAS HIT WISTFUL VISTA. MRS. PERKINS' VALUABLE PEKINESE DOG HAS BEEN STOLEN, AND IS BEING HELD FOR RANSOM.

AND HERE, AT HOME WITH HIS MAN WATSON (STUDYING THE CASE) WE FIND THAT POSTAGE STAMP PINKERTON, FIBBER, (SO-YOU-WON'T-TALK) McGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

SOUND: BASS VIOL BADLY PLAYED --- UP AND OUT.

FIB: You know, Sil. I' glad I had the idea to borrow this thing. There's somethin' to the idea that music helps a detective think.

SIL: Yassuh, but Mistah Sherlock Holmes jes played a lil' Ole violin. Why yo git that big bass fiddle?

FIB: Well, I'm twice the detective he was - AHEM -

DOORBELL:

FIB: See who's at the door, Sil.

DOOR LATCH

SIL: Mailman suh.

MAN: Large envelope for you, Mr. McGee. From the Traillem and Naillem Detective School, Cell 345, Shyster Bldg., Habeus Corpus, New Jersey.

FIB: Oh that's probably my next to the last lesson, on the Principles of Deduction.. Lay it aside till March Sil. I'll use it on my Income Tax,

SIL: Yassuh,

FIB: That all, mailman?

MAN: No it isn't. You correspondence School students must quit banging the corner mailboxes late at night. The Dean of Men says there's too much rowdyism on the campus.

FIB: Who's the Dean of Men?

MAN: Jim Farley.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh well ...one more lesson and I graduate...a full fledged Detective. I can see myself now, walkin' up to the postoffice for my diploma, in cop and gun...er cap and gown....

SIL: Yassuh, but abou them folks steelin' this dawg, suh?

FIB: Imagine holdin' a innocent little Pekinese for ten thousand dollars ransom! Just wait till Operative K -9 gets on the job.

SIL: Tha's a lotta money fo' a dog, suh. Ah had me a cat once that earned me 10% fo every mouse it caught at de grocery sto'.

FIB: How'd you get paid, per diem?

SIL: Nossuh. Pro Ratta.

FIB: Let's see now...didn't this same woman, Mrs. Perkins, have that dog swiped once before?

SIL: Nossuh. Jus' sidesiped. By a taxicab, suh.

FIB: Oh that was it. (BLEND) I ever tell you how I trailed Wilhelm Smorgasbord, the international jewel thief, Sil, but had to let him go?

SIL: Uhuh. Seve'l times, suh.

FIB: Well what's the odds. I tell it different every time, anyways.  
Well sir, Sil, that was way back in 1898...er..no...1889, it was.  
Or was it? No, I think it was 19 ought one. Or maybe ought two.  
Let's ee now...in 1897 I was a athlete at Princeton...playin'  
third jerk on the tug o' war team. Charlie McCarthy was only an  
acorn in 1899. Well, anyway, AHEM, I trailed him to Grant Central  
Station in New York where he flipped a rattler for Philly see?

SIL: Wah he want wif a lil ole snake, suh?

FIB: No no...not that kind of a rattler. I mean he caught a train for  
Philadelphia...with me right behind him. I seen he noticed me, so  
I slipped into a disguise, and pretended to be a coal-miner. He  
was still suspicious, particularly after he felt my muscles. But  
I told him I was a SOFT-coal miner and got away with it. Well  
sir, I switched disguises 17 times during the trip, and that done  
it. He got away.

SIL: How, suh?

FIB: Well, everytime I got into a new disguise the conductor'd charge  
me another fare, and when I went broke they heaved me off the  
train at Trenton. Well sir, I never --

DOOR BELL

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

MAN: (MYSTERIOUS) Are you....McGee...the DETECTIVE?

FIB: W-w-why...y-yes, bud. Wh-wh-who are you?

MAN: I...am the Shadow. (DIRTY LAUGHS) (NANCE) Betcha can't catch me!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, anyway, the word's gettin' around that I mean business, I  
guess. Ye know them two guys that escaped from Alcatraz, the  
other day, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Well, I dreamed last night I'd caught 'em. Single-handed. Then I  
woke up.

SIL: You DID?

FIB: Yep. But I fell asleep again and they got away. AHEM. Hand me  
my Bass Fiddle. I wanta think.

SIL: Gain't yo' think jus' as good wif de radio suh?

FIB: Oh that reminds me, Sil. Turn it on...

CLICK

FIB: Thanks. I just remembered I was sittin' up last night and I got  
some foreign station...maybe we can catch it now...

SOUND: RADIO NOIZES...

VOICE: Very sorry...very sorry...very sorry...very sorry...

FIB: HOT DOG! JAPAN!

CLICK

FIB: Maybe we better try the phonograph, Sil. Play something to  
celebrate my takin' over the Perkins Purloined Pekinese Plot.

SIL: How abou' this one, suh? ROCKIN' THE TOWN.

FIB: Played by Ted Weems and his Orchestra. Gimmie that record -  
that's fine...now then...Quick Watson, the needle!

ORK: "ROCKIN' THE TOWN."

APPLAUSE

2ND SPOT:

FIB: Hand me my bass fiddle, Sil. I wanta think. I gotta concentrate on how to solve this dognappin' case. Thanks.

SOUND: FIDDLE PLAYING..

FIB: I got it. I'll go over and examine the scene of the crime. You bring the fiddle, Sil. You'll go down in criminal history as the first crime caddy.

SIL: Yassuh. Wah you gonna do first, please suh?

FIB: I'm gonna restore this little dog to his home and family. I'm nuts about dogs, Sil. Now let's see...what disguise had I better wear? How about Number 34, Submarine Captain. Or 76, a Pretzel Bender. Or 28-J, a Ward Heeler. No, that wouldn't do. My eyes are too homest.

SIL: How about numbah 49, suh. A Rug Peddlah.

FIB: Fine...I'll wear a beard. What's a rug dealer without fringe. Howb this jaw-grass look, Sil?

SIL: Ain't you suppose to GLUE that lil ole beahd on suh?

FIB: I tried that once. But the lesson on disguises says "TO REMOVE FALSE BEARD WHICH HAS BEEN GLUED ON, DIP FACE IN BOILING WATER FOR THREE MINUTES." When I tried that, the beard stayed on and my face came off. I'll just hook it on over my ears...now a touch o' grease paint on the eyebrows....a wad o' cotton in each cheek.. THERE! I'll bet my own mother wouldn't know me now.

SIL: Nossuh. An' even if she did, she probly wouldn' speak to you, suh.

FIB: Now then...my magnifying glass...handcuffs..fingerprint outfit.. skeleton key...my revolver. Ever see me shoot a gun, Sil?

SIL: N-no 'suh.

FIB: You haven't? It's a revolution...er.. revelation. Look..watch me pot that knothole in the bookcase.

SOUND: SHOT: (THREE VOICES) OUCH!..OUCH: OUCH! (WHINNY)

FIB: See that Sil? went right thru the Three Musketeers, and Black Beauty. Come on Sil, Bring that bass viol.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR SLAM: TRAFFIC UP

FIB: The Perkins place is just down the street, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh...but iffen you is suppose to be a rug peddlah, shouldn' you oughtta be totin' a rug, suh?

FIB: JUST sold the last one, Sil. Been doin' a fine business. This Oriental stuff is right up my allah.

SIL: Yassuh...look, Mist' McGee..heah come Mist' Ted Weems, suh.

FIB: I see him. (LAUGHS) Watch him walk right by without speakin'. He won't recognize me in this disguise.

SIL: No suh. Ah reckon not, suh. HIYAH, Mist' Weems, suh.

TED: Oh Hello there, Watson. (PAUSE) What's the matter, Fibber? Don't you feel good? Why don't you get a shave..you got a beard down to here. Well, see you later....

TRAFFIC UP.

FIB: I wonder how he caught on. Lesson number 8 said a good disguise would always -

GIRL: Oh hello there, Mister McGee...

FIB: Hiyah sis. As I was sayin', Sil... a good disguise is a...HEY HOWD THAT GAL KNOW WHO I WAS?

SIL: I dunno suh.

FIB: Oh well...that must be the Perkins house over there, Sil.  
I'll ask this old man - Hey - old timer - ain't that the Perkins residence over there?

OLD M: Eh? What say?

FIB: I says WHERE'S THE PERKINS RESIDENCE?

OLD M: Nope. Can't name all the presidents. Always get stuck after Monroe.

FIB: No, I says where does MRS. PERKINS LIVE? PERKINS.

OLD M: Oh you mean Mrs. Perkins . One that had the dog stole?

FIB: That's the one! Where is it?

OLD M: Don't know. Somebody stole it.

FIB: I don't mean the dog. I mean the HOUSE. HOW DO I GET THERE?

OLD M: Eh, whatsay?

FIB: LISTEN, GRANDPA. CAN... YOU.. DIRECT...ME...TO ...THE PERKINS RESIDENCE. RESIDENCE.

OLD M: I'll try, sonny. First there was WASHINGTON. Then Adams, Then Monroe.

FIB: No no no. Not PRESIDENTS. RESIDENCE. HOUSE.. HOME!

OLD M: Guess I better at that. Supper must be about ready. Try me again later, sonny. I'll look 'em up in the meantime. (FADEOUT)  
Washington...Adams...Madison...Monroe....

FIB: Aw fer the.. COME ON Sil. I guess this is it. HEY OFFICER IS THIS WHERE THE DOG WAS STOLE?

GOP: And what's it to ye, if it is?

FIB: Easy there, bud. I'm Fibber McGee, the Private Detective.

GOP: Private, eh? Well whaddye doin' out in public?

SIL: He gonna catch them ole dognappehs, suh.

GOP: Oh, he is, is he?

FIB: You betcha, Bud. Ye see, with my training, I-

GOP: WHERE'S YER LICENSE?

FIB: Why...er..I aint got a license yet, Officer. I ain't finished the last lesson. But I got real high marks in shadowing, fingerprinting and browbeating.

GOP: What's the lad carryin' there?

FIB: Who, Sil? This is my assistant, Silly Watson, officer. He carries my musical instrument that I concentrate with. Ye know what it is?

WIL: IT'S A BASE, VILE, THING TO EXPECT A HOUSEWIFE TO SCRUB FLOORS ON HER HANDS AND KNEES, WHEN JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT WILL-

FIB: HARPO!

COP: Go wan in, McGee.

FIB: And that ain't all, Harpo. I gotta definite suspicion that Clark Dennis is gonna avoid the Silent Nightees and sing the greatest Christmas Song ever written. HOME SWEET HOME. Go ahead, Clark. Take it, Ted.

ORK: "HOME SWEET HOME" -- - CLARK DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Now then, Mrs. Perkins. Let me introduce myself. I'm Fibber McGee, the Great Private Detective, and I'm gonna get your Pekinese back for you.

OLD LADY: Oh I hope you do...dear little Rachmaninoff...he was SO sweet.

FIB: Oh, so the dog's name was Rachmaninoff, eh, sis. Take that down Watson.

SIL: Rackman - Rackman - ah'll leave the rest off --

FIB: AHM...now if you'll co-operate with me, sis, I'll solve this case before you can say BOW WOW. Now then, how many servants you got in the house, when did you see this dog last, and do you think it's an inside job answer yes or no.

LADY: Well, I hardly ..

FIB: COME CLEAN NOW, Sis. Make a note sil. Evasive answers.

SIL: Yessuh. Ah got that.

FIB: I'll wanta see the ransom note, and grill a few suspects. How do you like your suspects grilled, Sis?

LADY: Medium rare.

FIB: Good. Describe the missing dog, Mrs. Perkins. No, wait. IS THAT A PICTURE OF HIM ON THE PIANO? Looks more like an Airedale than a peke.

LADY: That's my husband.

FIB: Oh. Sil, remind me to apologize when I meet the dog.

FIB: Any distinguishing marks, sis? Operations...birth marks..moles.  
 LADY: Oh he had a mole.  
 FIB: Where?  
 LADY: Under the back porch.  
 FIB: Now then, sis...what kind of a bark did this dog have? Soprano, tenor, alto...bass?  
 LADY: Ohhh, just medium, I should say, Mr. McGee.  
 FIB: Got that, Sil?  
 SIL: Yessuh. Mutt-so Soprano.  
 FIB: NOW THEN...WHERE WERE YOU ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 8TH . MRS. PERKINS?  
 LADY: Why?  
 FIB: Eh? I dunno. But lesson 13 says to ask that. Just routine, sis. Ahem...let's see the ransom note, sis. My magnifying glass, sil.  
 SIL: Heah you is, suh.  
 FIB: I gotta examine this note for fingerprints, sis.  
 LADY: Oh, I knew you would...I had everybody in the house handle it, so there would be plenty of prints for you.  
 FIB: Thanks, Mrs. Perkins. Nice goin'. It ain't often we get such co-operation from citizens. Nice goin'. AHM.  
 SIL: Heah it is, suh - it's all wrote in long-hand.  
 FIB: Very observant, Watson. Examine servants to see which has got the longest hands.  
 SIL: Yassuh. Wha's lil ole ransom note say, suh?

FIB: It says. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.  
 YOUR POOGH WILL BE RETURNED WHEN YOU DELIVER US 10,000 BUCKS. IN UNMARKED BILLS OF LOW DENOMINATION. DO NOT COMMUNICATE WITH POLICE OR GOVERNMENT. IF YOU MUST HAVE A COP, CALLIN FIBBER MCGEE...HE'S HARMLESS ...WE WILL TELL YOU WHERE TO SEND MONEY LATER..  
 SIGNED .. PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1  
 Mind if I case the joint, sis? I mean...er...look over the premises?  
 LADY: Oh not at all.  
 FIB: Thanks! Where you leave the fiddle, Sil?  
 SIL: In the hall, suh.  
 FIB: Go out and stay with it, ready for a call...never know when I might have to stop and think.  
 SIL: Yassuh...  
DOOR SLAM  
 LADY: Do...do you think you can bring my doggie back, Mr. McGee?  
 FIB: If I can't sis, I'll sleep in his kennel myself. This case is practically solved. Ye see, I never --  
DOOR LATCH  
 WIL: (BREATHLESS) Ohhh what a crime...HURRY INTO THE LIVING ROOM FIBBER...IT'S ALL OVER EVERYTHING...THE FLOOR...THE FURNITURE... THE WOODWORK...WHAT A CRIME! HURRY UP.  
 FIB: What's all over everything, Harpo?  
 WIL: DIRT...DUST AND SCRATCHES...WHAT A CRIME NOT TO HAVE PROTECTED THEM WITH JOHNSON'S WAX...WHAT A CRIME...OHhhh OHhhh OHhhh...  
DOOR SLAM  
 FIB: See what us dicks are up against, Sis?  
 LADY: Mr. Wilcox is my nephew.

FIB: Oh so YOU one of 'em eh? I knew he had aunts, the minute I saw him. The way I work on all my cases sis, is this. First I -

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Any news, dear?

LADY: No dear...Mr. McGee...this is Mr. Perkins...my husband. Wormser this is Detective McGee.

MAN: HIM...a detective? (LAUGHS)

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now then...the servants. What help have you got, Sis?

LADY: A maid, a cook, a houseman, a man who takes the dog out, a man who takes the garbage out and a man who takes the maid out.

FIB: They been with you long?

LADY: Oh yes...they're old family retainers. Very faithful. Some of them have been with us for several weeks.

FIB: Well, as servants go, that's a long time. Say, sis, I think I better stay for dinner, so .. er... so I can observe the way the help act. What have we got?

LADY: Veal loaf.

FIB: Well, I'll see how they act tomorrow night, then. What's in that room there?

LADY: That's the dumb waiter.

FIB: Tell him to come out. I wanta talk to him.

LADY: No, you don't underst -

FIB: Sis...I got this case solved right now, I think. Lemme see that ransome note again. You may go, Sis. Ahaaaaa WATSON!

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: Yassuh...you call me suh.

FIB: Yes. Gimme my fiddle. I wanta think.

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: BASS FIDDLE...

FIB: I got it. I remember!

SIL: You remember wah, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Never mind. Take this fiddle home. I don't need it any more. This case is in the bag. Bring me all the fan mail for our show for this last six months. Bring records of all our last 25 programs.

SIL: Yassuh...but why -

FIB: That's all Watson.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks, why didn't I think of this before.

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh Elmo Tanner. What's the red coat for, Elmo?

ELMO: I've been assigned to work on this case, Fibber. I'm with the Northwest Mounted, and we always get our dog!

FIB: Well, that's fine. Well, why don't you whsittle that song about the Mounted Police...you know...CANADIAN COPPERS?

ELMO: That's Canadian Capers.

FIB: Well, blow me down!

ELMO: All right.

ORK: CANADIAN CAPERS



(APPLAUSE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

Every woman who is interested in keeping her furniture beautiful -- free from scratches and finger smudges -- should know about JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH. This entirely new type polish contains no oil to collect dust. It gives an exquisite wax lustre admired by everyone -- keeps wood from drying out -- preserves its beauty for years to come. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH in the handsome glass bottle.

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE)

SOUND: HAMMERING (HAMMER ON SOLID WOOD)

FIB: Nope...nothin' there...(HAMMERING) Nope...

DOOR LATCH:

ACTOR: (HAMFAT) Well, my boy...do you have to make all that noise.. Don't you realize somebody might be sleeping?

FIB: At this time o' day? No sir. Besides, bud...I'm tappin these walls for secret panels...(HAMMERING...SUDDEN HOLLOW TAPPING)

Ahaaaa! There's a hollow place!

ACTOR: Yes, it certainly is...that's the door to the bathroom.

DOOR SLAM:HAMMERING:

FIB: Oh well - you can't always --

DOOR LATCH:

CHINK: Whatsa malle you doing there, big slot? You makkee too muchee noisy, poundy on wally.

FIB: I'm lookin' for clues, John. Maybe sleclet passage, you savvy?

CHINK: Sure. Big mystley, like Charlie Chan, mebbe so.

FIB: Oh, I dunno. What's Charlie Chan got that I haven't go?

CHINK: Movie contlact, big slot. You tell missee you wanchee see me?

FIB: Yes I do, John. What's namee?

CHINK: What's nammee whatty?

FIB: What's namee by you b'long?

CHINK: Me coaky - Me Chew Wing.

FIB: Good. You chew wing, you blingee me dlumstlick. Or maybe wishy bony.

CHINK: No got.

FIB: Well listen, Wing, my boy. I'm takin' samples of the handwriting of everybody in this house, see?

CHINK: Okay. You likee have me scribble. Look. He do.

FIB: That's the idea...HEY...not with a brush...use a pen.

CHINK: No can do. China boy all time no usee pen. Always blush.

FIB: I'd blush too, if I couldn't write any better'n that. AND THIS IS WRITTEN IN CHINESE.

CHINK: Sure. Velly good chinese liting.

FIB: Yes, but I can't read it...what's it say?

CHINK: No savvy. Just can light. No can lead. Velly solly.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh well...I can't expect to have the whole case solved before

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Are you Detective McGee?

FIB: That's me, sis. You the maid?

GIRL: Yes sir.

FIB: Sit down...I wanta talk to you.

GIRL: Gee, it must be wonderful to be a great big brave detective. I'll bet you've had some thrilling experiences. Have you ever been shot?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Say one night over at Herman's Place, I was so..AHM. Well. That's all sis. Stick around till I call you.

DOOR SLAM

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Well, now I'm beginning to get service. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: All right, bud..you the houseman? Well..OH, IT'S NICK DEPOPOLIS...HIYAH, NICK.

NICK: Hello, Fizzer. I am hearing a peoples saying that you are a defective with a handcuffs, and a revolving shooter and a magnafaking glasses who is thinking that crime is not paying somebody to do it. Am I yes or no?

FIB: That's right, Nick. You know anything about the kidnapping of this pooch?

NICK: No Fizzer. These dognippings is not being implicated with me, I'm thinking. If I am being guilty of stealing a dogs from under his nose, I am not being able to look you right in my eye and saying, DEPOPOLIS IS AN INNOCENT PEOPLE, JUDGE. If I am doing it, Fizzer it is while I am walking with my sleep, and I am getting much sleep lately, so I am not walking much, so I am not doing it. Not GUILTY.\*

FIB: Well, I knew you weren't guilty anyway, Nick. But I gotta quiz all the people in the house you know.

NICK: Sure. I am knowing that. I am taking your third degree above zero with a good gracious. But if there is anything I can do to clearing up this mysteripuss cases, Fizzer, don't be a chumps, because I am knowing less about him than I do, which is more than you can say about me.\*

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Now let's see....I hope SIL got back with the stuff I sent him...

DOOR LATCH:

OLD LADY: Oh, Mr. McGee...everything is ready for the showdown.

FIB: Fine, sis. Let's go....

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: You got everybody assembled in the drawing room?

LADY: Yes, everybody's is there.

FIB: Good. Got the phonograph there?

LADY: Yes, indeed.

FIB: Swell. My boy Watson get back with the stuff I sent him for?

LADY: Yes, he's waiting too...OH MR. MCGEE...TELL ME YOU CAN BRING LITTLE RACHMANINOFF BACK TO ME?

FIB: I promise, sis. The dog is safe. Let's go in the drawing room.

DOOR LATCH: MURMUR OF VOICES

FIB: ALL RIGHT EVERYBODY. BE SEATED. This is where the case winds up. Watson.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Gimme that big bundle there....thanks...

FIB: ALLRIGHT FOLKS...QUIET. Does the guy wrote that 10,000 dollare ranson note. Wanta confess? One of you here is guilty. AND I KNOW WHO IT IS.

PAUSE:

FIB: Oh, so you won't talk, eh? I recognized the handwriting on that note. It was the same as on a fan letter we got criticisin' my actin'. I KNOW WHO IT IS. Now...wanta talk?

PAUSE:

FIB: Wind up the phonograph and lock this door, Watson.

SIL: Yassuh....

FIB: All right folks...we may be here a long time, but just to pass the hours away, I'm gonna play somethin' on the phonograph for you. It's the (STEP) of our last 25 programs.

All right Sil...go-Let it go.....

CLICK:

ORK: 1st PHERASE.

WIL: When you walk on Wax, you save your floors!  
ORK: 2nd PHRASE.  
WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presing Marian and Jim Jordan...  
MAN: (SCREAMS) NO NO NO! ! NOT THAT! ! ..I CAN'T STAND IT!...  
ANYTHING BUT THAT.. I DID IT!....I'M GUILTY..I'LL BRING  
THE DOG BACK- SHUT THAT THING OFF...  
FIB: I thought it was you, Perkins. Slap the darbies on him, Sil.  
(APPLAUSE)  
ORK: ("THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER AGAIN") (DOWN FOR COM'L)

\*\*\*\*\*

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

There are several important reasons why you should specify JOHNSON'S  
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT when you buy a no-rubbing polish  
for your linoleum and floors. GLO-COAT never streaks or smears. It goes  
on the floor so easily that anyone -- a child, even, can apply this liquid  
polish -- and have beautiful -- sparkling floors in a few minutes time  
without rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT tightly seals the pores of linoleum  
against dirt and wear -- keeps the colors clear and beautiful. Remember,  
GLO-COAT is easier to apply -- it wears longer -- gives brighter lustre --  
and saves you the drudgery of floor scrubbing! Your dealer sells  
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can. He can  
show you that you save money on the larger sizes.

ea:mr:js:mk:12/20/37  
10:50 AM

DEPOPOLIS BIT

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hiyah Bud, are you the housema-...OH NICK DEPOPOLIS! HIYAH.

NICK: What are you doing here?

NICK: Hello Fizzer...I might be asking myself the same thing with you, only curiosity is killing a tomcat and I am not wishing to commit a catricide, you grob me?

FIB: Well, I'm here as a private detective, Nick. To investigate this dognapping, and-

NICK: Oh sure. Privates detectives is being a fine thing for to be one. One of him is arresting my brother Diogenes once. Diogenes is being the black goat of the Depopolis families. He is commuting so many crimes, I am ashamed to have you look yourself in the face when I tell me about it.

FIB: What kind of crimes, Nick?

NICK: He was a bungler.

FIB: You mean a burgler.

NICK: Sure. he is a second story man but he is leaving bad luck when he is going to Lees Angeloss where they are having only some bingalows to work with, and a second stories man is not doing so goodly with a bingalow, I'm thinking.

FIB: But they pinched him, eh?

NICK: Sure Fizzer, they are slapping him in the goosehow so fast it is making my head swim or its back. And when They are taking him with a jail, he is saying to the Warden, he is saying Hello, Warden you cute kid, and the warden he is saying, you are cute too, kiddo.. Electrocute! Ha hah!

FIB: Don't tell me they electrocuted him for burglary.

NICK: No, Fizzer. But Diogenes is saying at those times, if they are making me sit on the hot squatses, I am wishing for once I was a polite people for giving up my seat to a lady. HA HAH. But he was only serving himself fifteen years with a rock piles, which is nice work if you don't have to do it. I'm thinking. Well, so long Fizzer, if there is anything I can do with helping you on this case, ask somebody else. I am busy.

DOOR SLAM:

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FIB: Well folks, Molly is getting better slowly but surely and while the doctors can't give us a definite date for her return to the program they assure us she can come back before very long. The makers of Johnson's Wax and Glo-Coat and All the members of our cast join Molly and me in wishing you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year - Goodnite, folks.

ORCH. (SIGNATURE) - SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax at Racine Wisconsin, and reminding you to do your bit and help a great cause. Buy Xmas seals, now. Be with us again next Monday night. Goodnight.

ANN: (CREDIT)

mr:3:50 PM  
12-20-37

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ  
( 8:00-8:30 PM )

DECEMBER 27, 1937  
DATE

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

11:00-11:30 PM *Dat*