

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN
PAUL HENNING

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

OK

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

DECEMBER 27, 1937)

(MONDAY)

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

11:00-11:30 PM

Not Correct

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: When you walk on Wax, you save your floors!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee and Company with Ted Weems Orchestra.

ORK: THEME - TANNER

WIL: The Orchestra opens the show with "I DOUBLE DARE YOU!"

ORK: "I DOUBLE DARE YOU" - Down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

ORK: SWELL TO FINISH (Yes, isn't it!)

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "SAVE YOUR BORROW" DOWN FOR -

WIL: GUESS WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT FIBBER FOR CHRISTMAS!
A LETTER FROM AN ATTORNEY NAMING FIBBER ONE OF THE HEIRS
TO THE ESTATE OF HIS LATE UNCLE, ZEKE MCGEE, OF
JULEPVILLE, KENTUCKY. FIBBER HAS NEVER SEEN OR HEARD
OF UNCLE ZEKE, BUT IS HEADED SOUTH TO CLAIM HIS LEGACY.
AND HERE, ABOARD THE PINE MOUNTAIN LIMITED, WITH HIS
VALET, SILLY WATSON, WE FIND, FIBBER, (Pardon My Southern
Accent), MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME - OVER

SOUND: RAILROAD TRAIN...DISTANT WHISTLE....TRAIN UP AND DOWN.

FIB: That's kind of a lonesome sound ain't it, Sil? That
Whooooo, whoooo, who, whooooo! Sounds like we musta
caught the owl train.

SIL: Yassuh. But wha was all the rush, Mist' McGee, suh. This
heah armacy O' yours ain't gonna run away is it.

FIB: It ain't a armacy. It's a legacy. Not that it matters,
me bein' one o' the joint heirs. AHM. But it says in
the will, Sil, that I gotta claim my share immediately
or it goes to next of kin. It's one of the conditions, and
you know what that means.

SIL: Yassuh. You is heir-conditioned, How big a Es-tate you
got, suh?

FIB: I dunno yet, Sil. Not more'n a few thousand acres I
suppose. Small plantation. I hope it's got a big
colonial house with big white pillars. You like big
white pillars, Sil?

SIL: Ah ain' fussy, suh. Ah kin sleep mos' anyplace.

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE....TRAIN UP AND DOWN....

FIB: Shucks, this is the slowest train I ever rode on.

SIL: Sho is rough, too, suh. Real bumpety.

FIB: I'll ask the conductor how much further we got to go.
HEY, BUD, WE GETTIN' PRETTY CLOSE TO JULEPVILLE?

CON: Y....ep!

FIB: Good. We'll be there soon, eh?

CON: N.....ope!

FIB: We won't?

CON: N.....ope.

FIB: What's the matter? Can't this train go any faster?

CON: Y.....ep. If we can jump her back onto the rails.

DOOR SLAM. WHISTLE UP AND OUT

FIB: Wonder if Uncle Zeke raised horses on my plantation.
Anything I like, is good horses.

SIL: Yassuh, me, too. Only this is awful hilly country to
raise hosses.

FIB: Oh well....he could raise a few hill-fillies. ye see,
SIL, all us McGees has been great horselovers, and I aim
to raise the finest herd o' hayburners in the Bluegrass.
SIL: Yassuh, ah...IN THE WAH?
FIB: In the blue grass. The grass down here in kentucky is
blue, you know.
SIL: Abou' wait?
FIB: Dad rat it, not about anything. It's just a blue color,
that's all.
SIL: What coloh is de-hosses, suh?
FIB: What difference does it make. Anyway, if I raised horses
you think you could help take care of 'em for me?
SIL: Well, ah dunno suh...ah raised rabbits once.
FIB: They don't need much help. AHM. Incidentally, I think
I'll put you in charge of the cotton gin.
SIL: Okay suh. Ah won' drink any.
FIB: You don't get it, Sil. Down south, a gin is kind of a
powerhouse.
SIL: It ain' no milkshake up North.

TRAIN WHISTLE UP AND OUT

DOOR LATCH

CON: Julepville...all out fer Julepville.
FIB: Oh, are we there already, Conductor?
CON: N.....ope.

FIB: But didn't you say "all out for Julepville"?
CON: Y.....ep.
FIB: Listen, bud...do you know what you're talkin' about?
CON: Y.....ep.
FIB: Well, don't this train run thru Julepville?
CON: Y.....ep.
FIB: And we ain't there yet?
CON: N.....ope.
FIB: THEN DAD RAT IT, I DON'T HAVE TO GET OUT, DO I?
CON: N.....ope. But the train's on fire.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: The nerve of that guy. We'll just sit here till the...
HEY WHAT DID HE SAY?
SIL: He say lil ole train's buhnin' up. Suh.
FIB: Well what are we waitin' for...GRAB THEM BAGS, SIL...HAND
ME MY HAT...HURRY UP...COME ON! GET OUTTA HERE...
SOUND: SCRAMBLE...DOOR SLAM...
FIB: Whew...I'm glad we got outa there...the train MUST be on
fire...smell that wood smoke?
SIL: (SNIFFS) Don' smell lak no wood smoke to me, suh. Smell
no' like shotgun powdeh...

SHOTS.....SHOTS

FIB: Hey, what the...HEY CONDUCTOR...WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
CON: Feud.

FIB: Who's Feudin'?

CO N: The Martin's and the Coys. Here comes one o' the Weems, boys, he'll explain it to you.

FIB: One o' the Weems boys, eh. Take it, Ted.

ORK: "MARTINS AND THE COYS"

APPLAUSE:

2nd Spot

FIB: Let's see, Sil - my plantation oughtta be along in here someplace - I'll ask this guy here - Hey bud' - where's the McGee home?

MAN: Right over than, strangeh - See whar I'm a-pointin'?

FIB: Oh yes - up past that one black hill over there?

MAN: Tain't no black hill - you lookin' at my fingernail.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes - Say you dont mean that old log cabin is Uncle Zeke's plantation?

MAN: Nevah heard it called that, strangeh - but yonder's where old Zeke McGee lived.

SIL: Don' look lak they's any big ole white pillows does they, boss?

FIB: Hmmm! Well, thanks bud - Hey Sil - You go back to the team and get the bags - I'll go in and see whas what -----

SIL: Yassuh - (FADE) Ah'll be right back wif de---

FIB: Well this aint exactly what I expected, but, I never was one to look a gift house in the eaves.

KNOCK AT DOOR - REPEAT

FIB: HMMMMMM- Nobody home.

DOOR LATCH - SLAM

FIB: Anybody here?

VOICE: Nope

FIB: Well - maybe they'll be back soon. (YAWNS)
That bearskin rug on the floor looks pretty good to me. I think I'll lie down and take a little nap until.....

OLD M: HEY GITT OFFA ME. WHAT'S THE IDEA?
 FIB: OH...I'M SORRY BUD. THEM WHISKERS OF YOURS FOOLED ME.
 OLD M: Eh? What say?
 FIB: You must be a cousin o' mine. You a McGee, old timer?
 OLD M: Only on pappy's side. Maw was a Calhoun.
 FIB: She was eh?
 OLD: Eh? What say?
 FIB: SO YOUR MOTHER WAS A CALHOUN?
 OLD M: She was eh? Often wondered.
 FIB: You often w.....AHM. I'm Fibber McGee, bud. One of the heirs to the estate of Uncle Zeke.
 OLD M: He aint here. He's dead.
 FIB: Yes, so I heard.
 OLD M: Heard what?
 FIB: I heard he was dead.
 OLD M: Ye don't say! What'd he die of?
 FIB: He...AHM. Say, where is everybody? You the only one around?
 OLD M: Eh? What say?

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: LEM! Quit that hollerin'. You'll have evrybody on the ridge thinkin' yore beatin' me. They'll think it mighty queer yore beatin' me before supper. OH!
 FIB: Howdy, madam. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Fibber McGee, of Wistful Vista. I'm one of the heirs to Uncle Zeké's estate
 WOMAN: Whar's Wistful Vista. That in Kentucky?

FIB: Nope. That's hundred of miles from here.
 WOMAN: Ah caint understand why folks want to live so fur away. Say...sence you come from the city, I reckon you know a lotta what's goin' on.
 FIB: You betcha, sis...I'm a human news flash. I suppose down here I'll be kind of a wilderness Winchell.
 WOMAN: What's a Winchell?
 FIB: A Winchell? He's a newspaper man. On Sunday nights you can hear him from Coast to Coast.
 OLD M: Had a uncle like that. Voice like a bull.
 WOMAN: Quiet, Paw. Go on, Cousin.
 FIB: Well, at the last session O' congress, President Roosevelt...
 WOMAN: Hear that, Paw? I TOLD ye Teddy'd be elected!
 FIB: It aint Teddy, sis. It's Franklin.
 OLD M: Who? What say?
 FIB: FRANKLIN.
 OLD M: Franklin' eh? Old Ben must be pretty old by now.
 FIB: No no no ... not BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT.
 AHM. I suppose you know that China and Japan are fightin'!
 WOMAN: I hear tell they's quite a parcell o' them Chinese folks.
 FIB: Millions, sis. In fact every fouth child born is a chinese.

WOMAN: Taint so. I've had 24, and they aint a one of 'em Chinesey.
WIL: No, BUT YOUR FLOORS WILL SHINE-EASY IF YOU APPLY A LITTLE
JOHNSON'S WAX, THE PROTECTIVE POLISH THAT ---
FIB: HARPO.
WIL: Hello, Fibber.

FIB: Say, cousin...er...what was your name again?
WOMAN: Lulu.
FIB: Well say, cousin Lulu, I've had quite a dusty trip down
here...mind if I have a glass of water?
WOMAN: What you aimin' to wash?
FIB: Wash? I dont wanta wash anything. I wanta drink.
WOMAN: Water? to DRINK? Hey Paw...here's a McGee that drinks water.
OLD MAN: Told ye the line was peterin' out, Maw. Waters no good
hereabouts, sonny.
FIB: What's the matter with it?
WOMAN: Our old well went dry on us. Dug bout nine new ones and
all they brung in was some black greasy stuff.
FIB: Oh, that's too bad..EH? SOME BLACK GREASY STUFF? YOU MEAN
...er...I mean...er...AHM. Well...I'll have a look at
them wells, cousin. But how about a drink?
MAW: Pass cousin Fibber the stump syrup, paw.
FIB: No thanks...I...er....I dont think...I ...er...

KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Is this the McGee home?
FIB: You betcha bud. I'm Fibber McG--
MAN: That's fine..now just take a look at these blueprints.
The government is going to dam up the river here and give
everybody in these hills cheap electricity. The P.V.A.
Pine Valley Authority. Imagine that! Raise the standard
of living completely.. Electric stoves..flatirons...fans..
light...heat...power...marvelous, isn't it?

MAW: Might be, stranger, but there haint a river fer 400 mile .

MAN: There isn't? Oh, DARN IT!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Say, where'll I sleep tonight? I see you got a trapdoor to the attic. How do ye get up thar...er..up there?

WOMAN: Gaint git up thar, cousin. Ladder's busted. Fell down one night y'ars ago whilst young Jeff Davis McGee was a-sleepin' up thar. Never got around to fixin hit.

FIB: Well, how did little Jeff Davis McGee ever get down?

WOMAN: Never did git daown! Must be a pretty strappin' big boy now, He's...

KNOCK AT DOOR:

WOMAN: Somebody at the dor, paw. Hand me the squirrel gun.

FIB: Pretty loud knock for a squirrel, sig. Sounded more like a -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

WOMAN: IFFEN YORE A HIGGINS, COME IN A-SHOOTIN'. IFFEN YORE A MCGEE, JEST COME IN!

DOOR LATCH: SLAM

WOMAN: Oh it's Clark. Cousin Fibber meet up with yore cousin Clark Dennis McGee. Clark this hyar's yore cousin from the city.

FIB: Glad to know ye, bud. Yore a helthy lookin' varmint!

CLARK: Oughtta be. I was a bottle baby.

WOMAN: Yes, Clark was too little to hold a jug. Why don't ye sing fer cousin Fibber, Clark? I'll play the dulcimes fer ye -

FIB: Oh that'll be fine, folks. I'd like to go out and look at those wells..

WOMAN: Oh they aint no call to git in an uproar about it, cousin. Go on Clark - sing

CLARK: All right...Say what you got on yore feet?

FIB: Oh, them are shoes, bud.

CLARK: Shoes? How do ye steer 'em?

FIB: How do I...AHEM. Go ahead Clark. Whatcha gonna sing?

CLARK: When the Mighty Organ Played O'Promise Me.

FIB: I'd shore admire to hear it. Are you Thar, Ted?

ORCHESTRA: "MIGHTY ORGAN" DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 3RD COMMERCIAL:

ORCHESTRA: THEME DOWN FOR -

3RD SPOT

BIRD CALLS UP AND OUT

FIB: Come on Sil...hurry up. I think I'm on the track o' something.

SIL: Yassuy, but ah sho' wishd ah had me a drink o' watah.

FIB: That's what I'm talkin' about Sil. Cousin Lulu says the wells here dont bring in water. (LAUGHS) Imagine that.. inheritin' land without any water on it?

SIL: Might been worse suh.

FIB: How?

SIL: You might a got yo' some watah without no lan' on it.

FIB: Listen, Sil..from what they said...I GOT REASON TO BELIEVE THERE'S OIL on this property! That's where we're goin now.. to take a gander at them wells. And if they ARE pumpin' oil..you know what that means!

SIL: Yassuh. It mean we dont git a drink o' watah.

FIB: Oh forget the water...it means we're RICH. Them people back there dont realize what they got. Why a few millich dollars ...and I'll make a veritable garden spot down here.

SIL: A vegetable gahden spot? But -

FIB: No no no...I mean I'll make this place a paradise....I'll build roads.. put up some colonial mansions...swimming pools.. drain the swamps.. swamp the drains...I'll call it McGeeville, and I'll be the first mayor...then maybe Governor...and maybe even...well, maybe it's a little premature, Sil..but how.. er...how would I be as President?

SIL: Oh wah?

FIB: Of the Unites States.

SIL: We got one, suh.

FIB: Yes, I know...but...OH HIYAH SIS!

GIRL: (GIGGLES) Haowdy, mister.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Cute, ain't she Sil? Looks like a real hill-nelly. Live hereabout, Sis?

GIRL: (GIGGLES) Yep.

FIB: What's your name, sis?
 GIRL: (GIGGLES) Won't tell.
 FIB: Why not?
 GIRL: Name's Daisy. (GIGGLES)
 FIB: Oh. Daisies won't tell eh. (LAUGHS) You a McGee, Daisy?
 (GIRL: Waal - - be you a Higgins?
 FIB: Nope.
 GIRL: Yep. Ah'm a McGee.
 FIB: Me, too. Fibber McGee, cousin.
 GIRL: Reckon yore mah own kith and kin, then.
 FIB: Reckon I am. Kin I have a kith?
 GIRL: You kin.
 SOUND: KISS
 SIL: Mist' McGee, that kith and kin stuff is a awful old joke,
 please suh.
 FIB: Sil, a gag as useful as that will NEVER grow old.
 GIRL: You all come daown heah fo' the feud, cousin?
 FIB: No Daisy. I've outgrew that stuff. Though I used to be quite a
 feuder, when I was a young sprout. Why, I've blew away so much
 buckshot in my day, I crawl under the table to eat my caviar,
 AHEM, Bullet-Bouncer McGee, I was knowed as in them days ,Daisy.
 GIRL: Ah declar'.

FIB: (Bullet Bouncer McGee, the big Bold bush-billy, brave beyond
 belief, brilliantly bumpin' off black-bearded backwoods boys,
 bombardin' billions o' baffled, befuddled bozos behind boulders
 and back o' beechtrees, bandyin' bright banter with big bunches
 of befuddled braggin' bullies the best known buckthorn battler
 from Baltimae to Birmin'ham!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: So it just goes to show, Daisy, that I aint any stranger to a
 feud.
 WIL: AND IF FEUD TRY JOHNSONS WAX, STRANGER, DIRT AND DUST WOULD GIVE
 UP THE FIGHT, BECAUSE IT'S THE GREATEST, EASIEST-TO-USE -
 FIB: HARPO!
 SIL: Hiyah Mis' Wilcox, suh.
 WIL: Hello Fibber Hiyah Watson.
 FIB: Daisy, this is Mr. Wilcox. Harpo, my cousin, Daisy.
 WIL: Hello, Daisy.
 GIRL: Yore kinda cute, mister. Reckon ah'll marry you.
 WIL: Oh I guess you won't...HEY GET AWAY...
 GIRL: Ye-all caint jilt a woman in these parts, trifler...COME BACK
 HEAH...
 WIL: (AWAY OFF MIKE) Oh no you don't...HELP...HELP...
 FIB: GET HIM DAISY ...AFTER HIM...
 GIRL: Ah'll run 'im daown...(FADE OUT) Ah knows this bresh lak the
 pa'm o' mah hand...MAN...COME BACK HEAH...yo' heah me?...
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Well come on Sil. I gotta take a look at them wells.

SIL: Yassuh...they's two places rightup ahead theah suh...wheah they been a drillin'...

FIB: Hmmmmm. Lloks like they'd gone pretty deep too..look at that black mud..(SNIFF) Sil! Do you smell what I smell?

SIL: Smell lak we is comin' to a fillin' station, please suh.

FIB: Fillin' sta....IT'S OIL, SIL.....IT'S OIL...HOT DOG!!!..WE'RE RICH!!!..THERE'S MILLIONS IN OIL ON THIS PROPERTY SIL!! MILLIONS!! (LAUGHS) Imagine them dumb bunnies complainin' because they couldn't get any water!!...(LAUGHS) COME ON SIL..LET'S RUN BACK AND BUY OUT THE OTHER HEIRS BEFORE THEY REALIZE..

SIL: Yassuh...but ain't you gonna divvy up wif 'em suh?

FIB: Sure sure...I'll take care of 'em. But it'll take a guy like me to handle all themillions.. I'll give 'em all an allowance.. say fifty thousand a week...no, make it a hundred thousand..what do I care? I got plenty I'll buy 'em a couple o' batteries of artillery so they can have some REAL feuds - they'll call me FIBBER MCGEE, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF THE RIDGES. Sil, you can have anything you want...name it and you can have it.

SIL: I wanna drink o' watch, suh.

FIB: Eh? Well - ahem - be reasonable, Sil...Come on..let's get goin'. ..there's a lot to do...we gotta get them other heirs signed up...and..HEY WHAT'S GOIN' ON DOWN THERE AT THE CABIN?

SIL: Looks like they is real happy about somp'm suh. They is all dancin' and hollerin'.

FIB: Oh oh...THEY'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE OIL!!! COME ON SIL..HURRY UP...HEY THERE...LEM...YOU GOT THE GOOD NEWS?

LEM: Eh? WHAT SAY?

FIB: HOW'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT IT? GREAT NEWS AINT IT?

LEM: Shore, is cousin...

FIB: (LAUGHS) YE KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO? I'M GONNA BUILD A BIG COLONIAL HOUSE RIGHT HERE WHERE THIS SHACK IS....I'M GONNA LAY OUT A PUBLIC PARK ON THE HIDDSIDE THERE...RECREATION GROUNDS.. SWIMMING POOLS....EVERYTHING.

LEM: That's a heap o' stuff to do with eight dollahs, Sonny.

FIB: 8 dollahs..what are you talkin' about..what eight dollahs?

DAISY: That's what you git outa the sale. Give him his share, maw.

LULU: He ye air, cousin. Eight dollahs and a sack o' meal and take yore choice of the pigs...

FIB: Choice of the p...say what is this..what'd you sell--?

LULU: Sold the whull proppity.(LAFF) bout time, too ..

FIB: You - you SOLD this property? Why - why - Don't you realize there's oil in them wells?

OLD: Course I know there's oil.

FIB: Well - what'd you sell it for!

OLD: Cause the Durn stuff gums up the still and spoils all the -

FIB: Oh pshaw -

ORK: "I'M BUBBLING OVER"

TAG GAG

ORK: SWELL TO FINISH

SIGNOFF - APPLAUSE
mc:gs:ea:mr:10:10 AM
12-27-37

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC. - FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

WMAQ - DECEMBER 27, 1937 - MND Y 8:00 - 8:30 PM

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

If your kitchen linoleum is beginning to look faded and dull, remember JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT will quickly give it new life and sparkle! Women tell us that GLO-COAT has made their old linoleum so much brighter and more attractive that friends have actually mistaken it for a new floor covering. Listen to these simple directions for using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. "Just apply and let dry." This easy-to-use liquid polish requires no rubbing or buffing. It never streaks or smears. It dries in twenty minutes to a gleaming polish protecting floors from wear - shutting out dirt - making them much easier to clean! Order GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow - G-L-O hyphen C-C-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

Page 2

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL ON AUTO WAX

Attention, car owners! Now is the time to protect the finish of your car with a good tough coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX so sleet and snow can't spoil the finish. After your car is properly wax-protected, you can let it stand out in the worst kind of weather without harming the finish. Buy the original JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER from your regular JOHNSON WAX dealer, auto supply store, garage, or filling station. Don't delay another day, wax your car the JOHNSON way.

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so sleet and snow can't
x-protected, you can let
t harming the finish
from your regular JOHNSON
g station. Don't delay

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Have you ever seen dull faded linoleum change right before
your eyes to bright, sparkling linoleum? That's what happens when you
use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This remarkable liquid polish
requires no rubbing or buffing - yet it makes old floors shine like new -
keeps new floors always beautiful - easy to clean. Try JOHNSON'S GLO-
COAT on your printed and inlaid linoleum, and on linoleum rugs, too. See
the gleaming beauty it gives them - at the same time protecting them from
dirt and wear. You can do away forever with unpleasant floor scrubbing
and yet have clean attractive floors that win compliments from everyone
who sees them. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in
the attractive yellow can. Remember you save money on the larger sizes.

gs: 11:35

12/27/37

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON,

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND

CHICAGO OUTLET W M A Q

TIME 8:00-8:30 PM

PRODUCTION 11:00-11:30 PM

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS