

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

WMAQ

8:00-8:30 P.M.

FEBRUARY 14, 1938

MONDAY

REBROADCAST: 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 & Company!

ORK: THEME

WIL: BILLY MILLS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "I'VE TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU"!

ORK: I'VE TAKEN A FANCY TO YOU" -- down for --

COMMERCIAL

WIL: RECOGNITION HAS COME AT LAST TO WISTFUL VISTA'S LEADIN
WITH THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE TAKEN ILL, AND ONLY A WH
SERVICE LEFT, FIBBER MCGEE HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO THE E
OUT THE TERM. THE FACT THAT NO ONE ELSE SEEMED TO WA
ONLY SERVED TO CONVINCE OUR HERO OF HIS PERSONAL POPUL
LOCAL POLITICS. AND HERE IN HIS CHAMBERS, ABOUT TO CO
FIRST SESSION, WITH SILLY WATSON AS BAILIFF, WE FIND,
"(OBJECTION SUSTAINED)" MCGEE!

ORCH: (RODIN AROUND IN THE RAIN)

APPLAUSE

FIB: I got many cases waitin' for me today, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. The co'ts, full o' folks, suh.

FIB: Good. Hand me my black robe, Sil. Us judges gotta w
robe fer dignity.

SIL: Yassuh, yo' honoh, but ah don' think they is one aroun

FIB: Well, when you git time, run out and get me one. I'll
what...go home and get one of my nightshirts and dye

SIL: Yassuh...but iffen ah ca'n't fine a nightshuht, will

FIB: Yes, I guess...NO DAD RAT IT...WELL...never mind. Op

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH: CROWD MURMUR

SIL: Oyez, oyez, oyez, heah come his honoah, Judge McGee!

CROWD OUT: (MOMENT'S PAUSE) GAVEL.

FIB: Okay, Bailiff...call the first case.

IL: RECOGNITION HAS COME AT LAST TO WISTFUL VISTA'S LEADING CITIZEN!
WITH THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE TAKEN ILL, AND ONLY A WEEK OF HIS
SERVICE LEFT, FIBBER MCGEE HAS BEEN APPOINTED TO THE BENCH TO FILL
OUT THE TERM. THE FACT THAT NO ONE ELSE SEEMED TO WANT THE JOB
ONLY SERVED TO CONVINCEN OUR HERO OF HIS PERSONAL POPULARITY IN
LOCAL POLITICS. AND HERE IN HIS CHAMBERS, ABOUT TO CONVENE HIS
FIRST SESSION, WITH SILLY WATSON AS BAILIFF, WE FIND, FIBBER
"(OBJECTION SUSTAINED)" MCGEE!

ORCH: (REDIN AROUND IN THE RAIN)

APPLAUSE

FIB: I got many cases waitin' for me today, Sil?
SIL: Yassuh. The co'ts, full o' folks, suh.
FIB: Good. Hand me my black robe, Sil. Us judges gotta wear a black
robe fer dignity.
SIL: Yassuh, yo' honoh, but ah don' think they is one aroun' heah.
FIB: Well, when you git time, run out and get me one. I'll tell you
what...go home and get one of my nightshirts and dye it black.
SIL: Yassuh...but iffen ah cain't fine a nightshuht, will pajamas do?
FIB: Yes, I guess...NO DAD RAT IT...WELL...never mind. Open the door.
SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH: CROWD MURMUR

SIL: Oyez, oyez, oyez, heah come his honoah, Judge McGee!
CROWD OUT: (MOMENT'S PAUSE) GAVEL.
FIB: Okay, Bailiff...call the first case.

SIL: Yassuh. De fuhst case is agin Mist' Gashouse Gahagan suh.
FIB: What's the charge?
SIL: No ohahge, suh. We got him fo' nuthin'.
FIB: No, I mean what'd he do? IS THE ARRESTING OFFICER PRESENT?
GOP: I'm the arrestin' Officer, ye honor. Constable Cassidy, and was
meself that found this spalpeen at foive o'clock this mornin'
standin' on the sidewalk with a fishpole shtuck thru a window, and
hookin' a pair of pants from a chair in a citizen's bedroom and goin'
thru the pockets and throwin' the pants back in the window, bedad.
FIB: Hmmm. A clear case of hookus de britches. You know what the
penalty is fer burglary, bud?
MUGG: Yeah, but you can't hang no burlary on me - I wasn't even in de
joint. I was standin' on the sidewalk just like the flatfoot says.
FIB: Is that true, flatfoo...er...officer?
GOP: Yes, yer honor.
FIB: 30 DAYS IN JAIL AND FIFTY BUCKS. Enter that, Bailiff.
L: Yassuh.
MUGG: HEY YOUSE CAN'T DO DAT TO ME. WHAT'S DE CHARGE?
FIB: Fishin' without a license. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!
CROWD: UP AND DOWN
SIL: Next case is Mis' Fidditch, suh. She gotta complaint.
FIB: Oh hiyah, Mis' Fidditch. You swear to tell the truth, the whole
truth and no fancy work?
FIDD: Oh yes, Mr. McGee...
SIL: JUDGE McGee, please ma'am. He's honorable now.

Page 5.

Mist' Gashouse Gahagan suh.

nuthin'.

THE ARRESTING OFFICER PRESENT?

honor. Constable Cassidy, and was

n at foive o'clock this mornin'

a fishpole shtuck thru a window, and

chair in a citizen's bedroom and goin'

the pants back in the window, bedad.

de britches. You know what the

rlary on me - I wasn't even in de

sidewalk just like the flatfoot says.

officer?

KS. Enter that, Bailiff.

WHAT'S DE CHARGE?

(GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

uh. She gotta complaint.

swear to tell the truth, the whole

le's honorable now.

Page 6.

FIDD: Well, your honor, I want to complain about my neighbor, Mrs. Weevil. She lets her cat run into our house all day long and I want a restraining order to make her keep it at home.

FIB: That's a reasonable request, Mrs. Fidditch. BAILIFF!

SIL: Yassuh?

FIB: ENTER AN ORDER, AGAINST MRS. WEEVIL, BINDIN' HER OVER TO KEEP THE PUSS. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE. How about that forgery case, Bailiff.

SIL: We hadda let him outa jail suh. His lawyeh got him a writ of Habeas Corpus.

FIB: You mean Habeas Corpus. IS THE LAWYER FOR J.B. ROOT IN COURT?

MAN: Yes your honor. I'm Mr. Root's attorney.

FIB: What's your name?

MAN: Wright.

FIB: Wright?

MAN: Right.

FIB: Well listen Wright, did you write a writ for that rat Root?

ROOT: Yes sir...but the writ I wrote for Root was a matter of rote, so-

FIB: Enough of this rot, Wright! (GAVEL) Next cuss...er...next case!

SIL: Nex case is Township virtuous Mills, suh.

FIB: (GAVEL) DEFENDANT TO THE BENCH!

MILLS: I'm the defendant, your honor.

FIB: Oh, it's BILLY Mills. OFFICER...WHAT'S THE CHARGE AGAINST THIS MAN?

COP: Wel

pol

FIB: Wel

COP: It

and

mir

FIB: How

MILLS: Why

FIB: A h

Bl

COP: Sur

FIB: Wel

gu

MILLS: Wha

FIB: I'M

ORK: BL

APPLAUSE

COP: Well, ivery night him and his gang plays music next door to the police station.

FIB: Well, what's a couple o' horns to a bull?

COP: It ain't that yer honor...but they go from waltzes to roombas and from hot to sweet. Wan minnit tis a foxy trot and the next minnit it's a carlokey.

FIB: How about that M1 is? You guilty of the Big Apple, too?

MILLS: Why not? I'm kind of a Baldwin myself.

FIB: A baldwin eh? (LAUGHS) Well, I always knew you'd come out on top, Billy. HOW DOES THIS MIXED MUSIC AFFECT THE PATROLMEN, OFFICER?

COP: Sure and it gets every lad off his beat, yer honor.

FIB: Well, that's serious, Mills. Accordin' to the statutes, your guilty of extreme ex-tempo malarke.

MILLS: What...what's the penalty, Judge?

FIB: I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO SWING FOR IT, BILLY. GO AHEAD SWING.

ORK: BLUE SKIES

APPLAUSE

2ND SPOT

MURMUR OF VOICES: GAVEL

FIB: Order in the court...ORDER IN THE COURT. (PAUSE) IN THE case of GOTTERPIN VS. CLUTCHFACE, Default of payments, the Court finds for the Plaintiff. Bailiff, issue an attachment for the defendant's car.

SIL: Yassuh. Wah kind of a attachment suh?

FIB: Oh, give him his choice of a spare tire or a windshield wiper. (GAVEL) Next Case. Ye know, Sil. I feel I can do the town some good in this job. I can protect the good people from the bad elements.

WIL: BUT THE ELEMENTS NEVER GET SO BAD THAT JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX WON'T PROTECT YOUR CAR AGAINST THEM. SNOW, RAIN, SLEET, SUN CAN'T HARM...

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Yes, your honor.

FIB: You got business in this court?

WIL: Yes, your honor. I represent my cousin, September Wilcox.

SIB: SEPTEMBER WILCOX!

WIL: Yes..we call him that because he was born in that month. He's charged with dipping his doughnuts so hard in his coffee that he splashed several other diners in Simmon's Barbecue joint.

FIB: Mmmm...Dunk and disorderly eh?

WIL: I know you'll be lenient, Judge. Remember, the old saying: The Quality of Mercy is not strained.

FIB: I know a better sayin' than that.

WIL: What?

FIB: 30 days Hath September. (GAVEL) Next Case!

SIL: Nex case is Fleegenheim virtuous Jones, please suh.
FIB: FLEEGENHEIM VERSUS JONES. All them involved, STEP FORWARD.
COMMOTION:
FIB: Ahaa...I can see you got a guilty conscience right away, bud.
You ain't got any lobes on your ears either. That indicates
you're the criminal type. Which are you? Fleegenheim or Jones?
MAN: Neither one. I'M Jones' lawyer.
FIB: Oh. AHEM. Well.. er.. what's this case all about?
MAN: Shall I read my brief, your honor?
FIB: Is it a long brief?
MAN: No, just a brief brief.
FIB: Go ahead, but be brief!
MAN: WHEREAS, BE IT SAID ON THE 13TH DAY OF JANUARY, ANNO DOMINI
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY SEVEN, HEREUNTO REFERRED TO-
FIB: WHAOOAAA...THERE...WHOA. Holdit. How do you get paid, bud?
By the syllable?
MAN: No, by the gullible.
FIB: Well never mind the la-de-da stuff. Skip the parsely and
get down to the meat and potatoes.
MAN: Well it seems that one of Mr. Fleegenheim's trees has a branch
that hangs over into my client's back yard. And my client
claims he is entitled to what ever drops off the tree, on his
side of the fence.
FIB: Well, if you brung any of the evidence into court, hand it over
It's my fruit.
MAN: You mean your nuts.

FIB: EH?
MAN: It's a hickory tree.
FIB: Oh. AHEM. Go ahead.
MAN: This man Fleegenheim wants payment for all the nuts gathered
up by Mr. Jones. I rest my case, your honor.
FIB: You oughtta. It's pretty weak. AHEM. Hand me my law book,
Balliff.
SIL: You is sittin' on it suh.
FIB: Eh? Oh yes...I use it as a basis for all my legal work. AHEM.
Well, bud..accordin' to a precedent handed down by Judge
Herman P. Chinrattle in Ninth district Court of General
Sessions..(ever meet General sessions? Great old guy.. he led
the battle of Hot Dog Ridge but was mustard out). AS I WAS SAYIN
the decision of the statutes, Ninth District Court of Cape
Codicil Massachusetts and upheld by three passing pedestrians,
is that Paragraph 14. Velie Versus Voorhees, is entitled to
a writ of Non Compos Men'sis, unless there is a malice count
in which case the Yankees ain't got a chance. You get five
days to perfect a appeal.
MAN: I demand a change of venue.
FIB: What for? You look all right for a informal case like this.
BAILIFF! Mark this case BOUND OVER!
MAN: Bound over! What'll I tell my client?
FIB: Just that, bud. Tell him to bound over the fence and cut the
tree down. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!
SIL: Nex case is ..
SOUND: DOG BARK! GAVEL

FIB: Here here hre....KEEP THAT DOG QUIET! Who brung that beagle
in here?

SIL: He a defendum, suh... He bein' sued fo' assault an' bitery.

FIB: Well keep him quiet, till his case is called. What's the next
case Bailiff? Murder, mailrobbery, mayhem or matrimony?

SIL: This heah young couple is next please suh. Ah think they wanta-

FIB: AH DON'T TELL ME WHAT THEY WANT SIL. I CAN READ IT IN THEIR
HAPPY YOUNG FACES...STEP RIGHT UP, SIS...YOU TOO, BUD..AND DONT
BE NERVOUS..

GIRL: I'm not nervous, your honor but..

FIB: Oh come come..! (LAUGHS) Smile a little. that's it..after all
it ain't every day that

MAN: You see your honor we thought we'd come in and let you --

FIB: DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD BUD. Glad to do it. grab a holt of each
others hands..

GIRL: Do we have to?

FIB: It's customary, sis..where's the ring?

MAN: Right here, but if it isn't good enough..

FIB: NOW NOW NOW...don't be so modest...FACE EACH OTHER..DO YOU,
SIS TAKE THIS MAN TO BE YOUR LEGAL WEDDED HUSBAND? AND DO YOU,
BUD TAKE THIS LITTLE BUNDLE OF JOY TO BE YOURS FOR PENTHOUSE OR
PUP TENT .. SICKNESSAND GOLF, DOUBLE FEATURES AND BURNT TOAST?

MAN: Just a minute, your honor - we --

FIB: WHOSE DOIN' THIS ?..I NOW PERNOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE. And the
officiatin' gent usually gets a kiss..Gimme a smack sis.

SOUND: SMACK. BUT LOUD

FIB: Ouch...hey what's the idea?

GIRL: THE IDEA IS THAT WE DIDN'T COME IN H
WANTED TO PREFER CHARGES AGAINST THI
RING AND I KNOW VERY WELL IT'S GLASS

MAN: THAT AIN'T SO, JUDGE...IT AIN'T GLAS

FIB: Here here...come come..you two ain't
so early in your married life are yo

GIRL: I don't mind bein' married so much J
gypped on this ring. Why, this guy

FIB: AH AH AH AH! Sorry sis. You're too
against her husband, ye know.

MAN: Is that true, Judge?

FIB: You betcha bud.

MAN: Hot dog. Listen, kid..I know forty c
over with those phoney diamonds. You
take 'em, see? We'll split fifty fi

GIRL: DARLING!(FADE OUT) Here's how we'

FIB: (CALLS) I'll be seeing you later, f
Next case!

MAN: Excuse me your honor, can this big
Joe Louis is a better guy than Max

FIB: Did he?

MAN: Yeah!

FIB: Yes. He can. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

SIL: Township virtuous Clahk Dennis.

....KEEP THAT DOG QUIET! Who brung that beagle
 , suh... He bein' sued fo' assault an' bitery.
 quiet, till his case is called. What's the next
 Murder, mailrobbery, mayhem or matrimony?
 ng couple is next please suh. Ah think they wanta-
 L ME WHAT THEY WANT SIL. I CAN READ IT IN THEIR
 FACES...STEP RIGHT UP, SIS...YOU TOO, BUD..AND DONT
 us, your honor, but..
 !! (LAUGHS) Smile a little. that's it..after all
 ry day that
 honor we thought we'd come in and let you --
 OTHER WORD BUD. Glad to do it. grab a holt of each
 o?
 ry, sis..where's the ring?
 but if it isn't good enough..
 ..don't be so modest...FACE EACH OTHER..DO YOU,
 S MAN TO BE YOUR LEGAL WEDDED HUSBAND? AND DO YOU,
 S LITTLE BUNDLE OF JOY TO BE YOURS FOR PENTHOUSE OR
 ICKNESSAND GOLF, DOUBLE FEATURES AND BURNT TOAST?
 e, your honor - we --
 THIS ?..I NOW PERNOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE: And the
 gent usually gets a kiss..Gimme a smack sis.

FIB: Ouch...hey what's the idea?
 GIRL: THE IDEA IS THAT WE DIDN'T COME IN HERE TO GET MARRIED! I
 WANTED TO PREFER CHARGES AGAINST THIS MAN..HE SOLD ME A DIAMOND
 RING AND I KNOW VERY WELL IT'S GLASS.
 MAN: THAT AIN'T SO, JUDGE...IT AIN'T GLASS.
 FIB: Here here...come come..you two ain't gonna start quarrelin'
 so early in your married life are you?
 GIRL: I don't mind bein' married so much judge, but I hate to get
 gyped on this ring. Why, this guy told me -
 FIB: AH AH AH AH! Sorry sis. You're too late. A wife can't testify
 against her husband, ye know.
 MAN: Is that true, Judge?
 FIB: You betcha bud.
 MAN: Hot dog. Listen, kid..I know forty other suckers I can knock
 over with those phoney diamonds. You round 'em up, and I'll
 take 'em, see? We'll split fifty fifty. Is it a deal?
 GIRL: DARLING!(FADE OUT) Here's how we'll work it..
 FIB: (CALLS) I'll be seeing you later, folks. Probably. (GAVEL)
 Next case!
 MAN: Excuse me your honor, can this big mugg here hit me for sayin'
 Joe Louis is a better guy than Max Baer?
 FIB: Did he?
 MAN: Yeah!
 FIB: Yes. He can. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!
 SIL: Township virtuous Clahk Dennis.

RIED! I
ME A DIAMOND

arrelin'

e to get

an't testify

can knock

and I'll

deal?

(GAVEL)

me for sayin'

FIB: Defendant to the bar.
 CLARK: Make mine root beer!
 FIB: I meant the bar of justice, Clark.
 DENNIS: Oh.
 FIB: What you charged with Clark?
 DENNIS: Well, I was riding along on my motorcycle Saturday, Judge,
 and I came up alongside of a car and somebody stuck his hand
 out the window with a five dollar bill in it. So I took it.
 FIB: I see, Perry larceny, eh?
 DENNIS: No. Impersonating an officer.
 FIB: Well, I'm afraid I'll have to pronounce sentence. CLARK DENNIS
 WILL OFFER "IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT". End of sentence.
 CLARK: Where do I serve my time?
 FIB: SING SING. Put him behind them bars, Billy!

ORK: "IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT" -- DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: All right, folks.. (GAVEL)
 Wistful Vista I declar
 WOMAN: I declare, it is, is
 FIB: Quiet, Sis! What's th
 SIL: Nex case's fo' a bad
 the defendum ain' pay
 the law grab defendum
 FIB: Defendant a man or wo
 SIL: Ah dunno, suh. It ma
 FIB: Sure it does. We got
 garni-hee.* (GAVEL)

DOG BARKGAVEL..

FIB: Keep that dog quiet d
 the room. I think th
 That nooch belongs in

BARKS:

FIB: QUIET!
 VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Quiet, T
 OLD M: Guess I'm next, John
 FIB: Quit callin' the Cou
 OLD M: EH? What say, John
 FIB: I SAYS REFER TO ME A
 Now then...what's th
 OLD M: They got me for pett
 FIB: YOUR HONOR!

3rd SPOT:

FIB: All right, folks..(GAVEL) As Justice of the Peace for Wistful Vista I declare the courts in session.

WOMAN: I declare, it is, isn't it?!!*

FIB: Quiet, Sis! What's the next case, Bailiff Watson?

SIL: Nex case's fo' a bad debt suh. Lil ole Grocery sto' man say the defendum ain' payin' a grocery bill and he wanna have the law grab defendum's salary.

FIB: DEFendant a man or woman?

SIL: Ah dunno, suh. It make any diffence?

FIB: Sure it does. We gotta know whether to garnishee or garni-hee.* (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

DOG BARK.....GAVEL..

FIB: Keep that dog quiet down there...or you'll have to leave the room. I think they're in the wrong place anyway. Sil That nooch belongs in the Court of Common Fleas.*

BARKS:

FIB: QUIET!

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Quiet, Tiger!*

OLD M: Guess I'm next, Johnny.

FIB: Quit callin' the Court Johnny.

OLD M: EH? What say, Johnny?*

FIB: I SAYS REFER TO ME AS MY HONOR...ER...YOUR HONOR...OUR HONOR.*

Now then...what's the case?

OLD M: They got me for pettin' in the park, Johnny!

FIB: YOUR HONOR!

OLD M: My honor, eh?

FIB: No...My honor!

OLD M: Well, make up your mind, Johnny.*

FIB: Where's the other guilty party?

OLD M: She's home.

FIB: Is there any reason why I shouldn't issue a bench warrant.

OLD M: (Heh-heh-heh) -There warn't no bench, judge, we were sittin' on the grass!

FIB: Well, I'll let ye off with a warning, old timer. But after this, no more public neckin', see?

OLD M: That's okay, Johnny. We're runnin' off an gittin' married tomorrow. Heh heh. Us crazy kids!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Well, you know the old sayin' Sil. It takes all kinds of people, to AHEM. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

NOTE: DELETION OF - "To Make Other People."

WIL: May I present a case, Your Honor?

FIB: Oh Attorney Wilcox. Go ahead, Harpo.

WIL: This woman is guilty of gross negligence, Your Honor. She refuses to even try Johnson's Glocoat, the no rubbing, no rubbing floor polish that shines as it dries.*

FIB: Oh oh. You know what that means, sis. Hard labor for life."

WOMAN: Oh your Honor..spare me. I...I guess I..I was just ignorant. I didn't know I was doing wrong.

FIB: Okay sis. SENTENCE SUSPENDED. Here take this can o' glocoat and use it.

WOMAN: Then...then I'm free?

WIL: You'll be surprised to see how free you WILL be madame...

FIB: That's enough, Attorney Wilcox. She's weepin.. You've embarrassed 'er Barrister.* NEXT CASE!

DOG BARK

FIB: QUIET. Can't you muffle that mutt. Bud? What's the next case, Sil?

SIL: Lil ole Chinaman, suh. Mist' Gooley Fooley.

FIB: Okay. GOOEY FOEY TO THE STAND.

CHINA: Me, gooley fooley.

FIB: Oh. Raise your right hand, Gooley Fooley. You swear to speak truey, whole truey, nothing but truey, and no hooley. Gooley Fooley?

CHINA: Can do.

FIB: Now then...what was it you wanted?

CHINA: Wanchee, court makkee order so me collect insulance on blother.

FIB: Issue an order to collect your brother's insurance, eh? What happened to him? And be brief.

CHINA: Okay. Makee long stolly short. My blother eatee big luncheee. Jus' finish lunchee BOOM, stove blowee up. Bloth : all gone. He-explosion with stovee. Waste lunchee.

FIB: If your brother blew up with the stove how can you prove a corpus delicious?

CHINA: Catchum plenty puffed rice on iloning board, you savee?

FIB: Order granted. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

SIL: Nex case is -

FIB: Wait a minute...LISTEN BUD...QUIT TRYIN' TO BUTT IN ON THE JUSTICE. YOU GOT A CASE IN THIS COURT?

MAN: Yes, your honor. AND IT 'S AN OUTRAGE! I demand to be released at once.

FIB: What's the charge against this man, Bailiff?

SIL: Ah dunno suh. Mist' Constable Cassidy brung him in suh.

OOP: THIS LOOGAN WAS DRIVIN' FIFTY MILE AN HOUR PAST THE SCHOOL HOUSE YER HONOR. AND SCHOOL WAS LETTIN' OUT AND THE LITTLE TODDLERS WAS TRYIN' TO CROSS THE STREET AND ALL.

FIB: Ohhhhhhh, one o' them guys eh? (SOFTLY) Bud..you dunno how glad I am to see you!

MAN: Well, I was in a hurry.

Page 18

FIB: I see. So you was in a hurry. Well, just take it easy...
you ain't gonna be in another hurry for a long, long
time.*.....50 miles an hour past the school house, eh?

MAN: I've got good brakes.

Page 20

COMMERCIAL

4th SPOT

VOICES UP

SIL: Heah-yo-all, heah-yo-all, heah-yo-all, heah come de Judge.
Quiet in de co't room.

GAVEL SOUND:

SIL: You ready, Mist Justice, sah?
FIB: Okay, Sil. Call the first case.

DOG BARKS

FIB: Dad rat it, keep that dog quiet. Whaddye think this is, a dog show?

VOICE: If it was, you'd take first prize, Airedale!

FIB: WHO SAID THAT? (PAUSE) One more crack like that and I'll clear the court. You'll ALL have to go home.

MAN: Oh goodie goodie. Is that a promise?

B: Who's that, Sil?

SIL: He the one you jus' give ninety days suh.

FIB: Oh, AHEM. Now I want it so quiet I can hear the market drop. (PAUSE) Next case, Sil.

WOMAN: Excuse me, your honor, but I am from the High school paper and I'm sgudying civics and what are the duties of a justice of the peace anyway?

FIB: Well sis, it's real interesting work if you can get it. It's a fine place to study human nature. I mind one case I had back in 1903... or was it 1905? No, it was 1902...or was it? Let's see now...I graduated in 1889 from the fourth grade...my shetland pony kicked me in 1903..I kicked the pony in 1904...no it was just last year, sis. It was a case involvin' a stolen cow. Two fellers claimed the cow, so I turned the cow loose in court and give it to the feller the cow walked toward.

GIRL: Oh that was clever.

FIB: No it wasn't. It belonged to the other guy, as I found out later.

GIRL: Then why did it walk over to the first man?

FIB: He had a straw hat on and the cow was hungry. Ever since then I've insisted on nude noggins in my courts. Ahhhh, I was a great one for law in them days sis.

GIRL: I'll just bet you were!

FIB: Yes sir, when a crook come into my court, he was pointed for the pen. PEN POINT MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS -

GIRL: Cross your heart?

FIB: MAY LIGHTNING STRIKE ME! How is it out, Sil - cloudy? (AHEM!)
 PEN POINT MCGEE, THE PARAGON OF PLUCKY, PEERLESS, POPULAR
 PERFECTLY-POISED PROSECUTORS, POUNCIN' ON POACHERS, PICKPOCKETS,
 PLUG-UGLIES, AND PENNY PITCHIN' POMPADOURED POOL-ROOM PUNKS,
 PATROLLIN' PARKS AND PAVEMENTS, PUTTIN' THE PINCH ON PILFERIN'
 PALOOKAS, AND POPPIN' PESKY PUGS ON THE PROBOSCIS, PUTTIN' 'EM
 IN THE PEN AND PERSISTENTLY PREVENTIN' PARDONS, AND PROUDLY POINTED
 TO AS THE PAPA OF PERFECT POLICE PERFORMANCE FROM THE PAGAN
 PARADISE OF FANGOPANGO TO THE PLEASANT PORTALS OF PORT O' PRINCE!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Now is you'll excuse me, sis. I gotta a few more cases. (GAVEL)
 Next Case, Bailiff.

SIL: Township virtuous Mist' Nickolas Depopolis, suh.

FIB: NICK DEPOPOLIS! Did you somly swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth and all stuff...

NICK: Sure, Fizzer, but, since whenever did you disappoint yourself to be a Justipuss of the Peaces?

FIB: Oh I'm just fillin' out the term, Nick. What you charged with?

COB: RIDIN' A BICYCLE ON THE SIDEWALK, YER HONOR.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. I am taking hold of the handlebugs and poodling my bicycles along minding my own business, which isn't very good just now, and who is grobbing my coats tails but a patrol cop. He is saying I am a disorderly conductor.

FIB: Well after all Nick...it IS against the law to ride a bicycle on the sidewalk. You know that.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. But in the final analypuss, who is MAKING these fine laws? The People. I am a People, so I ammaking the laws, too., and if I am breaking my own stuff, do I care? No!

Case dismissed.

FIB: Now wait a minute Nick. The laws are for the good of the many, not the few, ye know. They're for the common good. But I guess you mean well. **DISCHARGED!**

NICK: Thank you Fizzer. If you are wanting to ride my bicycles some day don't hesitate to be disappointed, because I am selling it today.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well hurry up and clear the calendar Sil. It's gettin' late...
We gotta get -

DOG BARK

FIB: DAD RAT IT...BRING THAT DOG UP HERE...I'LL TAKE THAT CASE NEXT!

DOG BARK

FIB: QUIET! What's this case, Bailiff?

SIL: Mary Roe Virtuous John Doe.

FIB: Mary Roe and John Doe. HMMMMM. Sound like assumed names to me.
Oh well ... you the complaintiff, sis?

SIS: Yes I am....I was walking along past this man's house and this
great big brute ran out and grabbed the hem of my leopard coat
and tore it.

MAN: It ain't leopard. It's a rabbit. You can't fool this dog.

DOG ARF

FIB: Pipe down. Is that dog vicious. Bud?

MAN: VICIOUS...why he's as gentle as a lamb. Just playful.

FIB: Well sis, I'm afraid you aint got no case. It's a well knowed
legal decision 1917 Illinios statutes, Pooch versus Gooch that
a dog is entitled to one bit. Besides, you oughtta be a sport.
After all a dog is man's best friend. Aint he, doggie?

(PAUSE)

WOMAN: (SOTTO VOICE) His best friends wouldn't tell him.

FIB: WHAT WAS THAT SIS?

SIS: I said if you think the dog is such a playful thing...let's see
you pet him.

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Why look at him play...what's he chewin'
there bud?

MAN: He's eating the desk calendar.

FIB: That's all right...every dog's gotta have his day. AHEM. Hand
him here a minute.

MAN: No I don't think you...I mean...it's been kind of exciting here,
and ...

FIB: Come on...(LAUGHS) Dogs know who likes 'em...DONT THEY POOCHIE!

DOG BARK-SNARLS.

FIB: Hear that sis?

GIRL: I certainly did. That's just what he sounded like when he bit me

FIB: Oh come come...LEMME TAKE HIM BUD...

MAN: Hey you hadn't better...

DOG BARK

MAN: TIGER...COME BACK HERE...TIGER...

FIB: HEY GIT AWAY...CALL HIM BUD...HE'S SNAPPIN' AT ME...HEY GIT
DOWN...SHOO...BEAT IT

CROWD UP...DOG BARKS...FIBBER YELLS...MAN CALLS...CRASH T FURNITURE...DOG

BARKS. FADEOUT WITH CROWD MURMURS...DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh...HEY SIL...GET A DOCTOR...

SIL: Did that old dog git the Justice o' the Peace?

FIB: Worse'n that, Sil. HE GOT A PIECE OF THE JUSTICE! Ohhhhhh.

ORK: "ZING WENT THE SEAT OF MY PANTS." Down for -

WIL: COMMERCIAL

TAG GAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, Molly wants me to thank you all for the many letters of inquiry you've been sending and the interest you've taken in her illness, and we regret we can't answer them all personally. But in response to those who have failed to understand her absence from the show, we have asked one of her attending physicians to give us a statement for you. Will you read it, Harpo?

WIL: Certainly Fibber. It says:

MARIAN JORDAN, (Molly McGEE) is still under treatment for nervous exhaustion resulting from too strenuous attention to her work and study. She shows a gratifying improvement and her complete recovery in the near future is assured.

SIGNED: (Can we use name?)

MEDICAL DIRECTOR.

FIB: Thank you Harpo. Good night, folks!

CRK: UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

MUSIC CREDITS:

WILL: Your announcer is Charley Stuff. This is the Home for Bibulous Compeers.

CHIMES:

na
mr
mk
es: 10:35 2/14/38

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. - FIBBER MCGEE & MO

8:00-8:30 PM-WMAQ-RED-11:00-11:30 PM-ADDI

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Millions of housewives who u
hours scrubbing their kitchen linoleum, r
and pleasure. These women have learned t
their kitchen linoleum clean and shining
use JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT on
linoleum ruas, asphalt and rubber tile --
floors. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. Y
remarkable liquid right out of the can or
lightly over the surface with a clean cl
Applier. Then take it easy while GLO-COA
polish without any help from you. JOHNSO
from scratches and stains. Spilled food
surface. You'll say goodbye forever to i
floors are kept shining with JOHNSON'S CI
GLO-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-C

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.-FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY-FEBRUARY 14, 1938-MONDAY

8:00-8:30 PM-WMAQ-RED-11:00-11:30 PM-ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Millions of housewives who used to spend back-breaking hours scrubbing their kitchen linoleum, now have more time for rest and pleasure. These women have learned the modern, easy way to keep their kitchen linoleum clean and shining without scrubbing. They now use JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT on their kitchen floors, their linoleum ruze, asphalt and rubber tile -- painted and varnished wood floors. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. -- You pour a little of this remarkable liquid right out of the can onto the floor -- spread it lightly over the surface with a clean cloth or the long-handled Glo-Coat Applier. Then take it easy while GLO-COAT dries to a beautiful, bright polish without any help from you. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT protects floors from scratches and stains. Spilled food can be quickly wiped off the surface. You'll say goodbye forever to floor-scrubbing when all your floors are kept shining with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

Page 2.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

Winter sleet and snow -- and sudden temperature changes such as we have had in the last few days are harmful to the finish of any car. If you want your car to come through the winter in good shape clean off the dirt and decomposed lacquer now with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER -- then cover the surface with a coat of tough, listening JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. If you prefer, you can have the job done at a nearby JOHNSON'S WAX station. Fine garages and service stations everywhere wax cars the JOHNSON way and you will be elated when you see the fine job they do for a very reasonable price.

Page 3.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: If you have never used JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT you may be tempted to doubt our often-repeated statement that GLO-COAT eliminates the need for scrubbing kitchen linoleum. But hear what Mrs. Ina Potter, 106 Ellington Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts, in an unsolicited letter, has to say: (QUOTE) "In July, 1937 I moved into my present apartment and on the nineteenth of July my new kitchen linoleum was laid. Will you believe me when I tell you that I have not as yet scrubbed my linoleum! Three days after it was laid I went over it with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, and I have been doing the same thing every few weeks since then. My linoleum has been on the floor for six and a half months and it looks just as nice as the day it was laid, thanks to JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT". (UNQUOTE)

Thanks to Mrs. Potter. We assure all our listeners that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT keeps linoleum looking new, not just for months but for years -- and, remember, you save money when you buy the larger sizes.

mc: 2/14/38: 1:50 PM

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

WMAQ
8:00-8:30 P.M.

FEBRUARY 21, 1938

MONDAY

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

Not Correct