

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY OK
PROGRAM TITLE WMAQ-RED
CHICAGO OUTLET 8:30-9:00 PM MAY 24, 1938 TUESDAY
(TIME) (DATE) (DAY)
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Not Carried

Page 2

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

ORK: THEME

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee and Company,
with Billy Mills' Orchestra. The program opens with

"HAVIN' MYSELF A TIME."

ORK: "HAVIN' MYSELF A TIME" - DOWN FOR -

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:

WIL: AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE WISTFUL VISTA GAZETTE: -

WANTED: PARTNERSHIP OR MANAGEMENT OF PROFITABLE BUSINESS. UNDERSIGNED WILL INVEST NO MONEY, BUT HIS GENIUS FOR ORGANISATION, SPLENDID PERSONALITY, SHREWD JUDGMENT AND TREMENDOUS ENERGY ARE OFFERED IN EXCHANGE FOR INTEREST IN RIGHT CONCERN, APPLY IN PERSON AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA TO - FIBBER MC GEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: I dunno why I didn't think o' this idea before, Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh.. ah durno why you didn' eithuh suh.
 FIB: Why should I waste my good time..wear out good shoe-leather trampin' the streets for a job..when I can advertise and bring one right to the door? That's the way to get things these days, Sil. ADVERTISE!
 SIL: Yassuh, ah knows that suh. Mah uncle prove that.
 FIB: Your uncle eh? Did he get a job by advertisin'?
 SIL: Nossuh. But it was advertisin' that got HIM after he done a job. They was postehs in every post office in -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Hot dog...an answer already. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Are you the Fibber McGee who advertised in today's Gazette?

FIB: You betcha, bud. Whatcha got to offer?
 MAN: The bill for the ad. Six dollars and twenty five cents.
 FIB: Now listen Bud - why don't you wait till I land something with that ad. Then I'll CHEERFULLY pay., Remember..one satisfied customer -- (PAUSE) ...say..I got an idea.
 MAN: Never mind the great ideas, Pay me. 8x bucks, and a quarter.
 FIB: Listen..you have much trouble makin' collections?
 MAN: You oughtta know. Why?
 FIB: What'll you gimme to help you collect the tough accounts?
 MAN: The usual percentage is fifty percent on dead-beats. Wanna job?
 FIB: I'm hired. Here's 3 dollars and 13 cents.
 MAN: What's that for?
 FIB: That's the McGee account. Boy, was he tough! Now if you don't mind, I think I'll resign. Good day, bud.

DOOR SLAM:

SIL: Din' you kinda cheat him a lil bit, Mistah McGee, suh?
 FIB: Yes, I did. But I was just gettin' even because they never paid me for the whole day I worked for them. And me riskin' my life tryin' to get the goods on them gangsters. Why, to think -

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: OH, CLARK DENNIS. HIYAH CLARK.
 CLARK: Hello Fibber. SAY, DID YOU WANNA GO INTO BUSINESS WITH SOMEBODY?
 FIB: Oh, YOU SAW MY AD, EH?
 CLARK: Yes...AND I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA I WANT YOU TO HELP ME PROMOTE.

FIB: OKAY CLARK..WITH MY PROMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL START SHOPPIN' FOR YACHTS. WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

CLARK: WELL. YOU KNOW HOW ALL THE MOVIE STARS WEAR THOSE DARK GLASSES?

FIB: Sure. YOU KNOW WHY THEY WEAR 'EM DON'T YOU? IT PROTECTS 'EM FROM THE GLARE OF OTHER STARS. WHAT ABOUT IT?

CLARK: WELL MY IDEA IS THIS: - WITH DARK GLASSES, SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO SEE WHAT YOU WANNA SEE. SO LET'S MANUFACTURE SOME SPECTACLES WITH PLAIN GLASS, AND STRING TOGETHER SOME TOOTHPICKS WITH THREAD FOR LITTLE TINY VENETIAN BLINDS ON EACH LENS. THAT WAY -

FIB: NEVER MIND CLARK. I'M AFRAID THE POSSIBILITIES ARE TOO TREMENDOUS EVEN FOR ME. AHM. WHEN YOU THINK OF SOMETHING MORE TRIVIAL, come in again.

CLARK: Well, ALL RIGHT. (TO HIMSELF) I wonder if J. P. Morgan would be interested.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Venetian blinds for spectacles! Here I am, lookin' for a legitimate business proposition, and what do I -

DOOR LATCH:

MILLS: Hello Fibber..Hello Silly

SIL: Oh hiyah Mist Mills, suh.

FIB: Hello, Billy. I suppose you saw my ad and want me to go in with you for the manufacture of martini glasses with the olive blown in the glass. SAYYYYY...that ain't a bad idea, Billy. How'd you ever think of that?

MILLS: I didn't.

FIB: Oh...then you musta heard it someplace.

MILLS: You are the first one to mention it.

FIB: Well, then what's the idea of comin' in here with my own idea? Don't you know that's plagiarism, Billy? Don't you know you could be prosecuted for that? Don't you reali-

MILLS: LISTEN. Here's the thing I want you to go into with me.

FIB: Okay. WHAT WAS IT, BILLY?

MILLS: Well, my idea is ----

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Excuse me a minute, Billy. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH & SIAM

WOMAN: Are you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha sis.

WOMAN: I believe you advertised for a partnership. Have you decided on anything yet?

FIB: Wel-l, no sis. I ain't. Whatcha got?

WOMAN: I am the owner of the Wistful Vista Riding Academy. Horses. Fine stock. I simply must leave town for a few weeks and I need some one to take charge. There's not much work to it, and plenty of profit. You may have what you make for running it for me. Will you?

FIB: SIS, YOU'REMY MAN! ..er..I mean I'm your woma..er..I'LL DO IT!

WOMAN: Splendid...but do you understand horses?

FIB: DO I UNDERSTAND HORSES... (LAUGHS) WHY SIS ..SOMETIMES I THINK
I think I'm part horse myself.

WOMAN: Which par-

FIB: AHM. WHY SIS.. YOU REMEMBER WHEN THEM WILD RUSSIAN
COSSACKS USED TO COME TO THE FAIR GROUNDS AND RIDE FOUR HORSES
AT ONCE...UNDERNEATH 'EM.. UNDER THEIR NECKS AND ALL STUFF LIKE
THAT THERE?

WOMAN: Yes, I do.

FIB: So do I. Wonderful wasn't it? Used to scare me to deat...er.
BUT AS A MATTER OF FACT SIS..I WAS BROUGHT UP IN THE OLD WEST.
HAD MY OWN HORSE BEFORE I WAS THREE YEARS OLD. BUT THE ROCKERS
BROKE OFF AND...er..I MEAN..WELL, THEN I ORIGINATED THE PONY
EXPRESS. JUST FIFTY YEARS AGO LAST SUNDAY I INAUGURATED NATIONAL
MARE MAIL WEEK. BUT NEVER MIND THAT SIS..WHAT I MEANT WAS THAT
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN EVERY TIME I TURNED AROUND I SAW A HORSE.
SAWHORSE MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

SIL: Heah it come again!

FIB: SAWHORSE MCGEE..THE SINEWY SON OF THE SADDLE, SOCKIN' AWAY A
STUPENDOUS SUM AS STAR OF SIX-SHOOTIN' CINEMA SERIALS AND CIRCUS
SIDESHOWS IN SCENES SHOWIN' ME STEERIN' A SWAYIN' STAGECOACH WITH
A SPANKIN' SPAN O' SPIRITED STALLIONS, THRU SIDEWINDERS & SAGEBRUH
OR STRADDLIN' MY SUPPLE STEED STANDIN' IN THE STIRRUPS AND
SPURRIN' MY WAY SAFE AND SOUND OUTA SINISTER SITUATIONS, AND
SINCERELY CERTIFIED THE SADDLE-SETTIN' SENSATION OF THE CENTURY
FROM THE SUN-SOAKED SANDS OF THE SAHARA, TO THE SILVERY CEDARS OF
THE SNOWCAPPED SIERRAS!

APPLAUSE:

WOMAN: You've got the job, Mr. McGee. Be there this afternoon.

DOOR SLAM:

MILLS: AHM!

FIB: Oh Billy - you been standing there all this - er - what was it
you wanted, again?

MILLS: I wanted you to go into something with me -

FIB: Well that's a co-incidence - there's something I wanted you to
go into too -

MILLS: What's that?

FIB: The next number -What is it?

MILLS: Something tells me -

FIB: Go ahead, Billy - Something Tells Me I gotta job -

ORK: SOMETHING TELLS ME

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT:

FIB: That was Billy Mills and his orchestra playing SOMETHING TELLS ME. And just the right number to play while passin' a livery stable. What do you think of this ridin' academy, Sil?

SIL: It sho is interestin' suh. You think you kin handle it?

FIB: As easy as water off a log...er...I mean as easy as rolling off a ducks back. First thing I'm gonna do is fix up the rates for rentin' horses. I think we oughtta advertise a straight dollar an hour returning a dollar every time a horse gets balky. Make our slogan somethin' like this --

COME TO THE STABLE
AND TRY YOUR LUCK
A DOLLAR AN HOUR
AND A BUCK A BUCK.

SIL: That's real good suh.

FIB: We gotta get over the idea that these horses really broken.

SIL: They is? Kin we fix 'em suh?

FIB: What I mean is...they're TAME. Why - there was --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) WISTFUL VISTA ACADEMY OF EQUESTRIANISM, HORSEMANSHIP, & RADING. MOGEE SPEAKIN'. WHAT SAY, MADAM? WHAT COLOR HORSES HAVE WE GOT? WHADDYE WANNA KNOW THAT FOR? OH...TO MATCH YOUR RADING HABIT. I SEE. WELL, YOU SEND A SAMPLE OF THE CLOTH OVER TO US SIS AND WE'LL DYE A HORSE FOR YOU. (CLICK) Hey Sil...did you feed them horses?

SIL: Yassuh...ah give 'em some hay an' oats suh, but that lile ole cohn was all on de cob, an' ah couldn' figgeh out how a hoss was gonna hold it while he et it.

FIB: AW FER THE...don't be so dumb, Sil. You're supposed to hold it FOR 'em.

SIL: Yassuh...but anyway, we didn't have no salt or buttah for it.

FIB: I'll make a memo of that. Let's see now...where's them instructions that guy left...oh here it is...Hmmm. Rub each horse down every morning and after each workout...Locate new Blacksmith. Curry horses every day...OH YEAH? I SHOULD CURRY FAVOR WITH A HORSE. If THEY DON'T LIKE ME AS I AM, LET 'EM --

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Hello Fibber.

FIB: Oh Hello, Harpo...whatcha want?

WIL: Do you board horses here?

FIB: Certainly we board horses here! You think we make our customers lead the horse out into the woods just to board 'em. Not only that, they GET OFF here too. That's a silly question.

SIL: You don't understand...Do you take CARE OF OTHER PEOPLES HORSES?

FIB: Oh certainly. Wanna leave a nag here?

WIL: Well, in a way, yes. I'd like to put in one of my plugs.

FIB: Which one?

WIL: The one that goes: TRY JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT TODAY, FOLKS. IT'S THE EASIEST TO USE, QUICKEST TO DRY FLOOR POLISH THAT --

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: I'm sorry!

FIB: That's okay. In fact, I'd like to have one o' them nO-rubbing plugs to rent out. We've had some complaints that...but never mind. I'll ask the other horses if they mind if you leave your plug here.

WIL: Okay.

DOOR LATCH: PAUSE...HORSE NEIGH...DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, you heard what they said, Harpo.

WIL: No - what?

FIB: NAYYYY...

WIL: Okay.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Now let's see...HEY SIL.

SIL: Yassuh?

FIB: How about this idea. You know how hard it is for some folks to mount a horse? Well, suppose we get us some heavy rubber bands to tie the stirrups onto. Then you just step onto the stirrup, give a little bounce and ZINGGG...up ye go into the saddle.

SIL: That soun' lak a real good ideah suh. Maybe we could even git us some paneumatic saddles too, blow 'em up wif aiah, fo' comfoht.

FIB: No-no-no...I'm a little afraid of that...What if they should be goin' along at a gallop and have a blowout? No, I don't think -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) MCGEE ACADEMY OF HORSE RIDING AND EQUESTRIANSHIP. WHAT SAY MA'AM? A JOB FOR YOUR SON? WHERE'D HE WORK LAST? IN A BROKERAGE OFFICE? WELL, SEND HIM OVER IN THE MORNING. WE'LL LET HIM WATER THE STOCK. (CLICK)

FIB: Reminds me of a old wall street trader I knew once, Sil. At one time he cornered the market on sugar.

SIL: Wha's he doin' now suh?

FIB: Sellin' sugar at the corner market. That s what I call poetic just1 -

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: HELLO THERE JOHNNY? You got some pretty good horses here?

FIB: Absolutely the best, Junior. All but two of 'em are thorobreds. That is to say, two of 'em are thorobreds...all but.

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says what kind of a horse was you wantin' to ride?

OL: Got a good single footer?

FIB: Nope. We got nothin' but four-footers, Old timer. We had a single-, footer once, but every time he tried to kick, he'd fall down. (LAUGHS)

OLD: HEH HEH HEH...That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't the way I heered it. THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER FELLER ...SAYYYYY, HE SAYS, DID YE READ THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT ABOUT WAR IN EUROPE OR IS THAT ACCOUNT JUST THE BUNK? NO SAYS THE OTHER FELLER THAT AIN'T A BUNK ACCOUNT...IT'S A BANK ACCOUNT...FRANCE AND RUSSIA ARE ENDORSIN' THE CHECKS! Heh heh...I know quite a bit about foreign affairs, Johnny..fer a feller that never had one. Heh heh.

DOOR SLAM:

SIL: You know, suh...ah don't believe that ole man evah come in heah to ride a hoss.

FIB: No he always comes in to ride me. But after all -

DOOR LATCH:

CLARK: HELLO FIBBER...WHAT'S UP?

FIB: Oh Clark Dennis. I'm runnin' this Riding Academy now. Whatcha gonna sing?

CLARK: Well, I dug up a number I thought would sort of celebrate your entry into horsemanship.

FIB: Well...what's the name of it?

CLARK: "Bewildered".

FIB: Bewil...AHEM. Go ahead, Clark. NO NO NO...always mount a microphone from the left, Clark. Now go ahead.

ORK: "BEWILDERED" .. DENNIS

APPLAUSE:3RD SPOT:

FIB: Nice bewildering, Clark. FOLKS, THAT WAS CLARK DENNIS, SINGING "BEWILDERED"...which is one of the two ways to get a little horse around here. HEY SIL...did you look up a good blacksmith?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Where is he?

SIL: Ah couldn' fine one, suh.

FIB: WHAT? Oh come come...surely there must be a blacksmith in town. Let's see that directory...Hmm...Black Hand Society...Black Bottom...Blackberry Ice Crea...BLACKOUTS...Black and Blue Massage Parlors...BLACKFACE COMEDIANS...Black...well can you imagine that? There MUST be someplace where we can get them horses shoed around here.

SIL: Maybe we can jus get 'em half-soled fo' the time bein', suh.

FIB: Well, keep tryin', maybe you can locate -

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS GALLOP IN...OUT

MAN: I say, my good fellow...take the jolly old animal, will you please.

SIL: Yassuh...ah got him suh.

HOOFBEATS FADE OUT

FIB: Well, bud...how'd you enjoy the ride?

MAN: Simply beastly, old man. The bally brute wouldn't jump, you know. Tried the blightah over a bit of brush, but he refused. Wouldn't even take a fence, you know.

FIB: None of our horses will take offense, bud. They know you mean well. That'll be two bucks. Come in again.

MAN: I say...that's pretty cheeky of you, ye know...after misrepresenting the bally oldcrobait.

FIB: Whaddye mean, misrepresenting him? Careful there, bud.

MAN: Oh, but I say, old fellow...you told me he was a genuine Arabian.

FIB: I still think he's an Arabian horse Bud. Every time he comes to a patch of sand he lays down.

MAN: I fawncy you're pulling my leg a bit, old chap. Reahhly now, haven't you a good high school horse?

FIB: HIGH SCHOOL HORSE...PLEASE BUD...we don't even consider a horse unless he's had two years of college. Three of our best animals are away right now, takin' post graduate work. They can't graduate till they learn to post. See that lantern langins up there?

MAN: Yes, but -

FIB: That belongs to the gray gelding in the third stall. He's goin' to night school.

MAN: Oh come now, old chap...

FIB: (LAUGHS) And Say...speakin' of college...you oughtta seen the loud horse blanket one of them nags was wearin' when he come home from Franceton for summer vacation -

DOOR SLAM

FIB: High school horses! Who does he think he's kiddin'?

HORSE'S HOOFS GALLOP IN AND OUT...OCCASIONAL HOOF BEATS

WIL: Say, Fibber.

FIB: HARPO...you back again?

WIL: Howdy pardner...Reckon yore old side-kick kin light a spell in this corral...

FIB: Say what's the matter with you, Harpo?

WIL: Wal, pardner, as I was yippeein' across the desert jest naow, I jest got'to thinkin'. I got to thinkin' what an all-fired right smart bargain it war to keep the ranch-house clean and shiny with this yere Johnson's Glocat...why its so easy to use and dries so quick - it's the sky-hootenest stuff for a slab-sided ole side-winder like -

FIB: HARPO...PLEASE...WHAT IS THIS...How come you're talkin' like a ten cent magazine cowboy?

WIL: Pardner...I'm right sorrowful about that. I shore am. But ah knowed if ah tried this yere western saddle, it'd git me in the end. So long, pardner.

HORSES HOOFS UP AND OUT FAST

FIB: HEY SIL...FOUND A BLACKSMITH YET?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Well, dad rat it...they can't ALL be garage mechanics now. Better keep tryin'.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Now let's see...Mrs. Fidditch rented a horse yesterday morning...she was gone three hours and the horse was gone for three days...\$15...profit swappin' the old buggy for a sulky...I told that guy we'd get the carriage trade..

SIL: Souse me please suh...but ah call up evahbody ah kin think of, but they don' nobody seem to know about no blacksmith suh.

FIB: Well dad-rat it...we GOTTA FINE ONE. We can have them horses go lame...why don't you

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) MGEE ACADEMY OF HORSE RIDING AND EQUESTRIANSHIP. WHAT SAY BUD? HOW DO I TELL A HORSES AGE BY HIS TEETH? WHY THAT'S SIMPLE...OUR HORSES SEE THEIR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR, SO IF THEY GOT 44 FILLINGS, WE KNOW THEY'RE 22 YEARS OLD. FOR GOLD CROWNS YOU ADD ONE YEAR. IF THEY'RE WEARIN' FALSE TEETH, THAT MEANS... Hello hello...(CLICK CLICK) HE RAN OUT...ER...HUNG UP.

SIL: Now about this lil ole blacksmith suh...ah don't think we kin - HORSES HOOFS...WHINNIES..

SIL: The hosses is gittin' awful nervous suh!

FIB: What's the matter with 'em Sil?

SIL: All hosses git lak that ah reckon suh...wif a wile animal aroun'.

FIB: Wild animal? Where?

SIL: Noplace suh...but hosses is awful smaht...ah think they knows that Mistah Mills nex' number is "WILDCAT".

FIB: Wildcat eh? Why I didn't even know that myself.

SIL: Well, some hosses is smahter than others..

FIB: Yes, I suppo...OH IS THAT SO! DO YOU MEAN TO...ER..AHEM...GO AHEAD BILLY..."WILDCAT"!

ORK: "WILD CAT"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd COMMERCIAL:

4th SPOT

FIB: Dad rat it, Sil....we gotta do somethin'. Them horses has gotta be shod.

SIL: At sunrise, suh?

FIB: I didnt say SHOT...I said SHOD. They gotta have new shoes. We simply GOTTA locate a blacksmith. Talking about your vanishing American.

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: Are you the riding instructor?

FIB: You betcha sis. Wanna sign up for the full course?

WOMAN: How long is the course?

FIB: Well, it depends sis. Some pupils pick it up after five lessons - others WE have to pick up after the FIRST lesso. er... gotta habit?

WOMAN: Well yes...I smoke.

FIB: No...I mean..riding habit.

WOMAN: Yes..I have jodhpurs.

FIB: YOU HAVE? Sil, ...you better move away a little. This lady has got jodhpurs. My cousin had the jodhpurs once sis, and we couldn't do a thing with him.. It was worse'n the screaming meemies. Why, he-

WOMAN: I'm afraid you dont understand. Jodhpurs are ankle length riding breeches.

FIB: Oh. Well, that's okay sis. We got several ankle-length horses. (Blend)..... Now before I start, sis.... is there any questions you'd like to ask?

WOMAN: Yes...I've heard so much about five gaited horses. What IS a 5-gaited horse.. have you any?

FIB: You betcha sis..this here horse right here is a five-gaited horse. She stumbles, shies, falters, trips and bucks. She had one more gait but some kids swiped it last Haloween.

WOMAN: Pardon me..but for an expert horseman..you seem very poorly informed.

FIB: Well, Wilbur Wright wasnt no transport pilot, sis. Ye see -
(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Oh well...I dont think we gotta saddle that would fit her anyway.

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: (EXCITED) Excuse me suh...scuseme, but I was out in the stable, jus' now, an' one of them lile ole hosses threw a shoe, suh.

FIB: Well, throw it back to him. He wants to play catch. They're playful animals.

SIL: Yessuh..but this ain' no joke suh..they ain' hardly a hoss that got good shoes on him suh. We gotta find us a blacksmith.

FIB: Say this IS serious...didnt you ever do any shoeing, Bill?

SIL: Nossuh..only flies.

FIB: Well, we gotta do SOMETHING. We cant have them nags goin' around barefoot all summer...they might get athletes foot, or somethin'. And if we dont get 'em shod we cant do any business tomorro-..

SHUCKS, THIS IS TERRI..HEY SIL..

SIL: YASSUH.

FIB: SADDLE THE HORSE WITH THE BEST SHOES..I'LL RIDE AROUND THE COUNTRY TILL I FIND A BLACKSMITH!!! YOU WATCH THE STABLE FILL I GET BACK...HURRY..GET A MOVE ON!

SIL: Yassuh..Right away suh.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Let's see now...if I gallop over to the next town, I might find -

DOOR LATCH:

NICK: Oh Hello there Fizzer..what is this I am hearing about you being a horse hostess?

FIB: WHADDIE MEAN A HORSE HOSTESS? I'm running a riding academy. But dont bother me now, Nick...I gotta important..

NICK: What are you putting those horse-riding pants on for, Fizzer? Are you going for a little eddie cantor thru the woods are are you entering yourselfe in a steepleschoice?

FIB: Neither one, Nick...I gotta gallop around till I find a blacksmith. It's desparate..not dont bother, me. I gotta get ready and -

NICK: Oh this is a very romantipuss idea, Fizzer. As a mother of fact, I am just reading a fine books about a cowboys who is always riding theu the stage-brushes on a wild mustache.

FIB: Thats a MUSTANG, Nick...now please, if you dont mind, I gotta -

NICK: Oh dont mind me, Fizzer..ANYWAY HE IS HAVING A WONDERFUL BRONKING BUCKO AND WHEN THE BULLBOY -

FIB: COWBOY. You oughta lay off them western stories, Nick. You're gettin' a little chap-happy. Now PLEASE.....IF YOU DONT MIND -

NICK: WELL ANYWAY, Fizzer...these cowbabys'is getting the trombones all ready for the big roundsteak...

FIB: ROUND-UP, and what's a trombone got to do with it?

NICK: A trombone is a longhorn, Fizzer.

FIB: Oh yes...I've heard about them rootin' tootin' cowboys. LISTEN NICK..WOULD YOU MIND TELLIN' ME ABOUT IT SOME OTHER TIME? I GOTTA...

NICK: You are not bothering me a bit, Fizzer...WELL ANYWAY, THIS BULL PUNCHER is having a firce fights with a cattle wrestler.. though why anybody should be wanting to wrestle with a cattle is something beyond my comediction.

FIB: IT ISNT WRESTLE...IT'S RUSTLE.

NICK: Russell who?

FIB: Russell...OH NEVER MIND...CANTCHA SEE I'M IN A HURRY NICK? I GOTTA GO FIND A BLACKSMI-

NICK: WELL SIR FIZZER....THIS COWBABY IS FALLING MADLY IN LOVING WITH A KEWPIE WHO IS OWNING A BIG RANCHES, BUT THE WRESTLERS IS ALWAYS COWNAPING THE STEERS, YOU GROB ME, WHICH IS MAKING HER VERY ANNOYING TO EVERYBODY..

FIB: IT'S ANNOYING TO ME, TOO, Nick...just let it go. I'm a terrible hurr-

NICK: WELL SIR FIZZER...NOW IS COMING THE MOST HAIR-CURDLING PARTS OF THE STORY...THE HEROES IS KILLING THOSE BAD WRESTLERS DEADER THAN A DOORKNOB WITH HIS TRUSTY PONY -

FIB: YOU MEAN A COLT. That's a horsepostol that hasnt grown up yet. NOW PLEASE NICK, DONT.

NICK: BUT HE IS SAVING HER BUM STEERS AND SO THE BARBECUTIE IS FALLING IN LOVING WITH HIM, TOO...AND WHEN HE IS TELLING HER HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, AT THE ROUNDHOUSE -

FIB: ROUNDUP

NICK: Have it my way. ANYWAY, HE IS SITTING HIMSELF ON A REDHOTS BRANDING IRONS WHICH IS BURNING HIS KEWPIES FRATERNITY LETTERS ON HIS PANTS, AND SHE IS SAYING: "AHAA...YOU ARE HAVING MY BRANDS ON YOU SO NOW YOU ARE MINE, YOU LITTLE SON OF A GUNMAN!" AND THEN THEY ARE RIDING AWAY, HAND IN HANDS INTO THE SETTING SUNSHINE.

FIB: WELL I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER...NOW BEAT IT WILL YOU NICK?
I GOTTA GO -

NICK: SURE, FIZZER...I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE HORSE RIDE
MYSELF, BUT THERE IS NOT BEING A MANTELPIECE TO EAT OFF OF
AT MY HOUSE, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM...STARVE TO DEATH?

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: HEY SIL...SIL...YOU GOT THAT HORSE READY YET? HURRY UP....

HORSE HOOFS FADE IN...

SIL: HEAR YOU IS SUH....

FIB: GOOD...WATCH THE STABLE FOR ME...EASY THERE SUSY!! EASY!!....

SIL: GOOD LUCK SUH!! AH HOPES YOU FINE A LIL OLE BLACKSMITH.

FIB: THANKS SIL...I'LL FIND ONE!!! SO LONG!

SOUND GALLOPING HOOFS UP LOUD AND FADE INTO -

ORK: LIGHT CAVALRY...FADE FOR -

HOOFS GALLOP IN AND DOWN..

FIB: HEY BUD...CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND A GOOD
BLACKSMITH?

WIL: NO BUT IF YOU WANT SOMETHING THAT WILL WEAR LIKE IRON, TRY
JOHNSON'S WAX ON YOUR FLOORS AND FURNITURE. IT'S THE -

HOOFS UP INTO

ORK: LIGHT CAVALRY ...UP AND DOWN..

FIB: HEY SIS...KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A GOOD BLACKSMITH?

WOMAN: NO I DONT...WHAT DID YOU WANT ONE FOR?

FIB: I WANT HIM TO HORSE MY SHOES...ER...I MEAN MY HORSES NEED
SHEDDING...ER..SHOD..ER..MY SHOES NEED A HORSE...ER...OH
NEVER MIND...

ORK: LIGHT CAVALRY UP AND DOWN

FIB: HEY BUD!! ...I GOTTA FIND A BLACKSMITH!!!

MAN: YOU HAVE? WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

FIB: HE WENT OVE- ... (GROANS)

LIGHT CAVALRY UP AND DOWN..

FIB: HEY THERE, OLD TIMER...KNOW WHERE THERE'S A BLACKSMITH SHOP?

OLD MAN: EHHH?

FIB: I SAYS WHERE'S THERE A BLACKSMITH?

OLD MAN: FIVE MILES RIGHT OUT THIS ROAD JOHNNY. YOU VANT MISS IT.
THE SPREADING CHESTNUT BLACKSMITH SHOP.

FIB: HOT DOG!!!! AT LAST. MUCH OBLIGED, JUNIOR...

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I SAID...Oh let it go...

OLD: (LAUGHS) THAT'S PRETTY GOOD JOHNNY...BUT THAT AINT THE
WAY I HEERED

LIGHT CAVALRY UP AND DOWN...

HOOFS IN AND OUT WITH ERAKE SCREECH.

FIB: I gotta get them shoes fixed.

SOUND: HAMMERING ON ANVIL.....

FIB: There he is...SUCCESS AT LAST....Boy...look at them
muscles on him. HEY THERE, BLACKSMITH....(ANVIL) HEY.....
BUD!!!

SOUND OF ANVIL UP LOUDER...

FIB: HEY THERE!!! YOU...THE VILLAGE CHESTNUT...ER....
BLACKSMITH...HEY!

SOUND OUT.

FIB: Bud...you aint got any idea how glad I am to see you. I'd
began to think this broad land of ours would never agin
echo to the merry clink of the anvil. You're a sight for
sore eyes! CAN YOU SHOE HALF A DOZEN HORSES TOMORROW?

MAN: HORSES! OH HEAVENS NO...BUT IF YOU'D CARE TO STEP INSIDE,
WE HAVE SOME OF THE DUCKIEST WROUGHT-IRON CANDLESTICKS,
AND STUFF.

FIB: CANDLSTI....wrought ir.....OH PSHAW!

ORK: "WHO DO YOU THINK I SAW? LAST NIGHT?" DOWN FOR -

WIL: 3rd COMMERCIAL

mr-js-mf 10:10 AM
5-24-38

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL
MAY 24, 1938 - TUESDAY - 8:30-9:00 PM - WMAQ - RED -

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Right here I'd like to read you a few lines received from
one of our radio listeners. This lady writes - (QUOTE) "You
make some pretty enthusiastic statements about JOHNSON'S
GLO-COAT, so a few weeks ago I decided to try it out and see
just what it would do for the blue and gray linoleum in my
kitchen. The floor covering is eight years old and the
pattern was badly faded. It got so dirty-looking that even
though I scrubbed it twice a week, it never seemed really
clean. Well, one application of GLO-COAT made that floor so
bright I couldn't believe my eyes! Now it stays clean without
scrubbing." (End of Quote) So you see that when we get
enthusiastic about this remarkable no-rubbing polish, women
who use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT are ready to back up all our
statements. Why don't you try this easy-to-use polish on
your own floors tomorrow. Buy a can of SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT -- and be sure it's JOHNSON'S. That name on the
can means greater satisfaction to the customer! Don't
accept a substitute. Insist on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: If you're driving a new car this spring, be sure to protect the finish at once with a good, tough coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX before it's beauty is injured by the ultra-violet rays of the sun - by road film and scratches. If your car is old JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER will make it shine like new again, taking away ugly stains and discolorations! You can easily do the job yourself, or - a nearby service station will do it for you at small cost. Remember, JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER save you money on car washings, and greatly increase your car's trade-in value.

ORCH: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GUE: (WILCOX) On lovely spring days - when the sun is calling you out of doors, you certainly don't want to spend a lot of unnecessary time cleaning your floors and linoleum. The best housekeepers save themselves hours of cleaning work by protecting their floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.
(PAUSE)

.....
It takes only a few minutes, and the results are 'marvelous!' GLO-COAT never streaks or smears. You simply spread a little of the liquid lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the long-handled applicator. Drying time, twenty minutes! Then take a look at your bright, sparkling linoleum. Why, it looks like a new floor covering! GLO-COAT will keep it clean, free from spots and stains, so you won't have to do any floor scrubbing. Try this easy-to-use, no-rubbing liquid polish tomorrow. Ask your dealer for GLO-COAT -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T and be sure it's JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Insist on the Johnson Brand of no-rubbing polish which assures you less work and more satisfaction!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON GUE)

na/12:55
5/24/38