

# NBC

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CHICAGO-OUTLET P.M. WMAQ  
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PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS

WRITER DON QUINN  
PAUL HENNING

OK

*Not carried*

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

ORK: THEME

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee & Company  
with Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with "Let's  
Break the Good News."

ORK: "LET'S BREAK THE GOOD NEWS" ... DOWN FOR

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:



WIL: Radio programs in this day and age  
 Show that "questions & answers" are all the rage.  
 And you, the listener, can test your knowledge  
 With "True or False" or a Musical College  
 Or get yourself out on a limb  
 With Mr. Quiz, or Professor Jim  
 Everyone's doing it - why shouldn't we?  
 So WE TURN YOU OVER TO .. FIBBER MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Thank you Mr. Trout...er...Mr. Wilcox...FOLKS, HARPO IS RIGHT.  
 Tonight we try out a new question and answer program which we  
 call "SO YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART, EH?" in which the winner receives  
 a grand prize of 25 dollars...  
 SIL: Scuse me suh...is you gonna call folks outa the audience and gonna  
 give the lucky winnah twenty-five, in cash?  
 FIB: SIL...YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT...I'm gonna...hey...where are you  
 goin'?  
 SIL: I'm gonna go and sit in the audience, please suh.  
 FIB: Oh yes...hey Harpo.  
 WIL: Yes?  
 FIB: (BOTTO VOICE) Listen...when you award the prizes...I...er...well,  
 my cousin Rollo McGee, is settin' in the front row there, and if  
 you should happen to award him the twenty-five...I mean, I don  
 wanna influence the judging or anything you understand, but...er..  
 well Rollo could use the money.

WIL: DID YOU TIP HIM OFF THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A QUESTION AND  
 ANSWER SHOW?  
 FIB: Why HARPO! The idea...are you accusin' me of...why, HARPO!  
 WIL: Then what's he doing with that Encyclopaedia on his lap?  
 FIB: Well, whaddye know about that! Rollo must be pressin' a flower.  
 (AHEM) Now folks - I'll step down among the stooges - er -  
 audience and select the contestants...

BUZZ OF VOICES

FIB: Now don't be nervous folks, remember the winner gets \$25 and each  
 losing contestant gets a can of Johnson's Glo-Coat to make him a  
 little brighter. This is all in fun, and I'm gonna select...now  
 lemme see...HOW ABOUT YOU BUD? YOU WILLING TO ENTER THE CONTEST?  
 SIL: Yassuh, ah sho am, suh.  
 FIB: Fine...what is your name please?  
 SIL: Don' you remembah me, suh? Silly Watson?  
 FIB: SHHH...don't spoil the illusion, Sil. (AHEM) SILLY WATSON, EH?  
 ADDRESS?  
 SIL: Wis'fil Vista suh.  
 FIB: And what is your occupation, Mr. Watson, my boy?  
 SIL: Wah?  
 FIB: I says WHAT DO YOU DO?  
 SIL: Ah ansewhe the questions and git a hunnerd bucks, suh.  
 FIB: NEVER MIND...YOU'LL BE ON THE FIRST TEAM. Now that gentleman  
 over there...WILL YOU BE A CONTESTANT IN OUR "SO YOU THINK YOU'RE  
 SMART, EH?" Quiz?



CHINK: Ohhhooooo... (LAUGHS) Oh suah. Velly quick on tliggah fo ansleh qlestions.

FIB: Hmmm... And your name, please?

CHINK: Goocy Foocy. Address Wisfla Visla... Profession, laundly man, do velly good job on shirtee... sooky flatwo'k, call fo' and deliveh and -

FIB: Never mind, Mr. Foocy. You will be number two on the first team. And remember... not too much starch in the answers. HOW ABOUT YOU, BUD? WANNA BE A CONTESTANT?

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I SAYS IOU WANNA ENTER THE CONTEST?

OLD M: Why not Johnny? What can I lose?

FIB: 25 bucks.

OLD M: Whoopee... how do I lose it... Johnny... in cash?

FIB: You betcha, old timer... now lemme see... one more member of the first team... how about you sis?

GIRL: (GIGGLES) Oh.. I.. I couldn't really... (LAUGHS) I'd be so embarrassed

FIB: Sis... I guess you ain't listened to many of these question and answer shows... its the embarrassed ones that make it a success. Come on now... what's your name?

GIRL: Gloria Twirp.

FIB: Gloria Twirp. What is your residence, Miss Twirp?

GIRL: A frame house, with a brick porch and one window broken on the south side and a walk that goes around the -

FIB: No NO no... not that KIND of a residence... I meant WHERE DO YOU LIVE? What city?

GIRL: Mudbath, Oklahoma.

FIB: Mudbath Oklahoma. Visiting in our city?

GIRL: Yes, I am.

FIB: How do you like it?

GIRL: Well, as I always say, I like to come here to live, but I wouldn't care to visit here.

FIB: I see... and what is your profession, Miss Twirp... it IS "Miss" Twirp isn't it?

GIRL: Yes, why?

FIB: Well... single girls are better at answerin' questions. Married women is better at askin' Iem. AHEM. Well, thanks Miss Twirp. Now as we have to have one alternate I'll ask this gentleman... what is your name, sir?

MILLS: Billy Mills.

FIB: Billy Mills. Billy M... I've heard that name somewhere. Where are you from, Mr. Mills?

MILLS: Flint, Michigan.

FIB: Flint, eh? Well, it's a good thing... we do this the hard way. What's your racket... er... your business, Mr. Flint?

MILLS: The name is Mills. I'm a bandleader.

FIB: AWWW...

MILLS: Honest I am. Look. Here's my baton.

FIB: That don't prove nothin'. There's a guy over there scratchin' himself but that don't prove he's a racehorse. Why don't you play something and show us?



MILLS: All right...how about Ti Pi Tin?

FIB: All right...folks, while the judges take down the names of the first team of our "SO YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART EH," contest, alternate Flint, of Mills, Michigan, will play TI PI TIN. Go ahead, Billy.

ORK: "TI PI TIN"

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT:

FANFARE:

FIB: SO YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART, EH?

FANFARE:

FIB: Now folks, I'll take just a moment to select the rest of the contestants. Let me see now...

MAN: Hey mister...I gotta question to ask YOU

FIB: The contest ain't started yet bud...but just to show I'm on the level...what's the question?

MAN: Why is this audience like a conservatory?

FIB: That's easy bud...it's so musical.

MAN: WRONG... It's full of plants.

FIB: Well, that makes me the gardener then, bud, and a good gardener can't hardly wait to see one of his plants leave.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Too bad...he'd of been green for a long time yet... AHEM... HOW ABOUT YOU MADAM...WOULD YOU CARE TO ENTER THE CONTEST?

WOMAN: Oh dear...I don't know...

FIB: Oh come on sis...come on...what is your name, please?

WOMAN: Mrs. Wilhelmina Fling.

FIB: Where do you live, Mrs. Fling?

WOMAN: Buttercup Wyoming. That's way up in the mountains.

FIB: Fine...I've always wanted to meet a genuine Highland Fling.

You a housewife, Mrs. Fling?

WOMAN: Is this a lead-in for a Glo-Coat commercial?



FIB: NO, IT AIN'T!

WOMAN: Well, then, yes... I'm a housewife.

FIB: Thank you... NOW THIS GENTLEMAN OVER HERE... WILL YOU ENTER THE CONTEST BUD?

NICK: SURE, FIZZER... I WILL BE VERY ENTHUSIASPIRIN ABOUT BEING A CONTESTIPANT, I'M THINKING.

FIB: That's nice. Will you tell the audience your name, please?

NICK: I am being Nicholas, Demetrios, Papadopolous, George, Maxiteles, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Depopolis, At your service.

FIB: Thank you, Mr. Atcherservicé... and now.

NICK: No... no... DEPOPOLIS is being the name, please. "AT YOUR SERVICE" IS ONLY BEING A metaphorical expressim which is meaning ask me for something and try and get it.

FIB: Oh yes... all right Mr. Depopolis. What is your business, please?

NICK: Restaurances. Menu for today is being wegetable soup, roastabif, tables for ladies, rize puddings, open all nights, pitchpies, and not responsitive for hats and coats.

FIB: Fry me a couple of legs of the tables-for ladies. <sup>HOW</sup> NOW/ABOUT YOU BUD, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU KNEW A LOT OF WRONG ANSWERS. NAME, PLEASE?

PINCHVOICE: Joe Crump.

FIB: And what kind of work, do you take Saturday afternoons off from, Joe?

JOE: Who, me? I'm a peanut whistler.

FIB: A peanut whi... er... you mean you can whistle with a mouthful of goobers or are you tryin' to tell me that peanuts leap outa their bags and come running when you chirp to 'em.

JOE: Neither one, Buddy. But there's 307 guys in this town that own peanut stands, see? And when the whistle goes on the bum, they put in a call for me. So I stand there by their peanut stand and whistle till they get it fixed. I can keep a whistle sustained for eight hours.

FIB: Thank you Mister Cramp. Always glad to meet a musician who is commercial and sustaining at the same time. NOW-MAYBE THIS GENTLEMAN HERE WILL BE A CONTESTANT... What is your name, please?

ABNER: Rollo McGee... cousin.

FIB: ROLLO MCGEE EH? Well, now ain't that a coincidence. (SOTTO VOICE) Listen Rollo... lay off that cousin stuff... You want folks to think this contest is fixed?

ABNER: You mean you ain't gonna give yore kinfolks a chanct to make 25 dollars cousin Fibber?

FIB: SHHHH QUIET... I'll make it as easy for you as I can Rollo... but you gotta win it... AHM. NOW THAT GIVES US ENOUGH CONTESTANTS FOLKS. REMEMBER, NO COACHING FROM THE AUDIENCE, AND WRONG ANSWERS WILL GET THE BELL. READY?

GONG:

FIB: Here's the first question, Miss Twirp. HOW MANY DIONNE CHILDREN ARE THERE?



GIRL: Oh that's easy. FIVE

GONG:

FIB: Sorry sis. There's twelve. Seven besides the quintuplets. I was just up there the other day, countin' noses, and there was 5 quins, and 7 also-rans. AHM. ALL RIGHT...THE NEXT QUESTION. YOU there, old timer.

OLD MAN: 'Let'er fly, Johnny.

FIB: All right. IF YOU WERE DOWN IN MEXICO, AND CAME HOME SUDDENLY TO FIND YOUR WIFE ALONE WITH AN ENCHILDA, WOULD YOU RUN FOR THE SHOTGUN, CALL THE POLICE, OR REACH FOR THE SODIUM BICARBONATE?

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says - well, maybe I better make it easier. LISTEN, JUNIOR. If I had an avocado, I couldn't make any impression on it with my teeth - TRUE OR FALSE?

OLD: The statement or the teeth, Johnny?

FIB: The statem---- never mind. (LAUGHS) These problems are supposed to be mental - not dental - (LAUGHS)

OLD: 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, "SAY" HE SAYS, "I SEE WHERE THIS AMERICAN GOLFER, YATES, GAVE BOBBY JONES CREDIT FOR HELPIN' HIM WIN THE BRITISH AMATEUR." YES, SAYS THE OTHER FELLER...THAT'S THE WAY TO GET THINGS IN ENGLAND" HER HER...

GONG:

OLD: S'matter Johnny...wrong answer?

FIB: Sit down, Junior. NOW MR. WATSON...THIS NEXT QUESTION IS YOURS. CORRECT THIS STATEMENT. THE BIRDS GO NORTH EVERY WINTER AND SOUTH EVERY SUMMER.

SIL: They ain' eitheh one of 'em right suh.

FIB: WHAT? Don't you know which way the birds go at the different times of the year?

SIL: Yassuh...all but ADM'RAL Byrd....he go' NO'TH O' SOUTH MOS' ANY TIME.

FIB: AHM. Thank you Mr. Watson...I'll let the judges give you the bir...er...give you the percentage on that one.. TRY THIS ONE.

NOTE: Statement by Roosevelt has been deleted.

GONG:

FIB: You had one more question, Watson..WHO WROTE THE SONG CANADIAN CAPERS, BUT I AINT GONNA ASK YOU THAT ONE. MAYBE WE BETTER GET TO THE NEXT CONTESTANT. THE QUESTION IS: "WHAT IS IT, ACCORDIN TO EVOLUTIONARY SCIENCE, THAT ONCE WENT AROUND ON ALL FOURS BUT TODAY STAND UPRIGHT?"



WIL: IT'S A HOUSEWIFE WHO HAS DISCOVERED GLOCOAT, FIBBER. NO MORE SCRUBBING ON HANDS AND KNEES...JUST STAND UPRIGHT AND SPREAD GLOCOAT AROUND WITH THE LONG HANDLED APPLIER AND SEE HOW --

FIB: HARPO! GO WAY! Maybe we better take another question.  
MR. ROLLO MCGEE! NEXT - Mr. Rollo McGee.

ROLLO: Why shore cousin...ah'm all ready...(ASIDE) Make it easy there son.

FIB: Well...er...MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY. What day of the week did I leave out?

ROLLO: Memor'l Day?

GONG:

FIB: Sorry Mr. McGee...Memorial Day ain't a day of the week.

ROLLO: It shore is, too. It's Monday.

FIB: Well, I mentioned Monday.

ROLLO: Shore you did...That's a day o' the week ain't it, cousin?

FIB: Why yes, but...er...I mean you didn't...that is...(SOTTO VOICE)  
Now get this Rollo...this is a cinch...HOW MUCH IS TWO AND TWO?

ROLLO: Tow 'n two? Waal, I hain't so much fer doin' sums, cousin, but hit's five, hain't it?

GONG:

FIB: Sorry, Mr. McGee...it's only four...I'm afraid you had one too many.

ROLLO: Why cousin...I hain't tetched a drap sence I come to taown.. I never...

FIB: NO NO NO ... I MEANT IN ADDIN' TWO AND TWO YOU HAD --- Well let it go. AHEM. AND NOW FOLKS WHILE THE JUDGES ARE TRYIN' TO MAKE SENSE OUTA THE SCORES SO FAR WE WILL CALL ON ONE OF THE ALTERNATES. MR. CLARK DENNIS, TO ANSWER A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS. MR. DENNIS.

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

FIB: Listen Clark. Tonight we're puttin' on a question and answer show, and --

CLARK: I know that. Haven't I been sitting right there listening to it?

FIB: Quiet Clark. I just says that for the benefit of those tuning in late.

CLARK: The benefit goes to the ones who tuned out early.

FIB: AHEM. I'm afraid you ain't got into the spirit of this thing, Clark. AHEM. WHatcha wanna sing?

CLARK: LET ME WHISPER

FIB: No, you better sing out loud so everybody can hear you. You gotta nice voice and shouldn't be ashamed to come right out and --

CLARK: NO, LET ME WHISPER IS THE NUMBER.

FIB: Fine. FOLKS, CLARK DENNIS, SINGS "LET ME WHISPER". Go ahead, Clark.

ORK: "LET ME WHISPER" - DENNIS.

APPLAUSE:



3rd SPOT:

FIB: Thanks, Clark...that was great...and now back to the contest!

FANFARE:

FIB: SO YOU THINK YOUR SMART, EH?

FANFARE:

FIB: Folks before we now go into the second half of our Question and Answer opera, WE WANNA THANK AT THIS THIS TIME ALL THOSE WHO HAVE REFRAINED FROM SENDING IN QUESTIONS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES. THIS THING IS COMPLICATED ENOUGH AS IT IS. Who's the first contestant in this round, Harpo?

WIL: Mr. Goosey Foosey.

FIB: Fine...right up here to the microphone, Mr. Goosey Foosey.

GOOSEY: (MUTTERS IN CHINESE) Okely dokly...all leddy flo ansleh qleshion.

FIB: All right Goosey...HERE'S YOUR QUESTION. TRUE OR FALSE.

GOOSEY: True.

FIB: Wait a minute...I aint asked the question yet.

GOOSEY: False.

FIB: WAIT A MINUTE...DONT BE IN SUCHA HURRY. NOW HERE IS YOUR QUESTION. WHAT IS A NAVAL COLLIER? A SEA DOG, A VESSEL FOR CARRYING FUEL TO BATTLESHIPS, OR A COLLAR TO BE WORN AROUND THE WAIST?

CHINK: (MUTTERS) Battledog...nevy belt...NBCdog...OHOOO..HO..HO..VELLY FUNNY QLESTION...HO HO ... YOU VELLY SMELL COMEDIAN..HO HO...

FIB: YOU MEAN SWELL COMEDIAN, I THINK.

CHINK: HO HO HO...YOU THINK?

GONG:

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) I wonder what professor Quiz does in a case like this. Oh well...WHO'S THE NEXT VICTI...er...THE NEXT CONTESTANT, MR. WILCOX?

WIL: Miss Twirp, Fibber. Step right up, Miss Twirp.

GIRL: (GIGGLES) All right.

FIB: Now then, Twirpy, TELL US...WHAT IS A PALINDROME?

GIRL: A Palindrome? A PALINDROME IS A WORD OR SENTENCE WHICH READS THE SAME BACKWARDS OR FORWARDS...SUCH AS NAPOLEON'S STATEMENT: "ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA"....and there's another one that goes: "MADAM, I'M ADAM!"

FIB: SIS...YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT...ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! How'd you ever guess it?

GIRL: I was here for rehearsal.

FIB: You were here for...AHEM. Next time we have a show like this, we'll rehearse with blank pages. ALL RIGHT MR. JOE CRUMP... YOU'RE NEXT.

JOE: Okay buddy...let's have it.

FIB: Mr. Crump...the Question is: HOW MANY

WIL: EXCUSE ME A MI NUTE FIBBER...I KNOW AN INTERESTING QUESTION..

FIB: WHAT IS IT, HARPO?

WIL: Well, WHAT IS IT THAT'S AS EASY TO APPLY AS THE LAW OF GRAVITY, SPREADS AS SWIFTLY AS SCANDALOUS GOSSIP, AND DRIES FASTER THAN A FIFTY-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN?



FIB: I give up, Harpo.

WIL: TELL HIM, CLASSMATES!

CHORUS: JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT!

FIB: Shucks, I shoulda knew that, too! Well, Mr. Crump...HERE'S YOUR QUESTION...I'M GOING TO ASK THE ORCHESTRA TO PLAY PART OF A CERTAIN TUNE. GO AHEAD, BILLY MILLS.

ORK: FIRST FEW BARS OF "WHERE OR WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE"

FIB: All right Mr. Crump...what was the name of the selection?

JOE: Lemme think now...

FIB: Come on now...it's about a dog.

JOE: Oh I know...the Gypsy's Poodle.

GONG:

FIB: Sorry Joe...Granddad, you're next.

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says, you're the next contestant.

OLD: Okay Johnny. What's this one? True or false or who am I?

FIB: Neither one, Junior...and quit interruptin'. NOW AFTER THIS ROUND, WE'LL ASK MR. MILLS TO PLAY A NUMBER WHILE THE JUDGES GET MORE CONFUSED. All right old timer...this is a scientific question...Tell us, what is an electron?

OLD: EH?

FIB: WHAT IS AN ELECTRON?

OLD: Oh an electron (NOTE: Statement about Republicans has been deleted)

GONG:

FIB: I'll give you another chance - NOW THEN...WHAT IS ALLITERATION?

OLD: Alliteration Johnny? That's when a dog has a lot of pups, ain't it?

FIB: No no no...I'll give you a hint about alliteration...and I know a lot about words too. I was the most literate boy in school, considerin' that I was ill so much. ILL LITERATE MOGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS -

GONG:



FIB: ILL-LITERATE MCGEE, THE INIMITABLE, INCORRIGIBLE INSTIGATOR OF  
 INCREDIBLE INQUIRIES ... INAUGURATING AN INSIPID &  
 INDESCRIBABLY INCOMPETENT INDEX OF INTENSELY INDIOTIC  
 INFORMATION, INVADDED WITH AN IMPISH ITCH TO IRRITATE INTELLECTUAL  
 INDIVIDUALS BY ISSUING IRRATIONAL ILLOGICAL INSUFFERABLE AND  
 INFINITELY INANE INTERROGATIONS INCLUDING NO INKLING OF  
 INTELLIGENCE, AND IMMORTALIZED AS THE IMPRESARIO OF IGNOBLE  
 IGNORAMUSES FROM THE ILL-LIGHTED IGLOOS OF IMMENSE ICELAND TO  
 THE INDOLENT INDIANS WHO INHABIT THE ISLAND OF INDONESIA!

APPLAUSE:AFTER ALLITERATION:

FIB: Now then, Old Timer, ..what would you call that?  
 OLD: I'd call that a lotta baloney, Johnny.  
 FIB: OH IS THAT SO..WELL THAT WAS ALLITERATION, JUNIOR.  
 OLD: It was eh? (LAUGHS) Well that ain't the way I heered it Johnny.  
 THE WAY I HEEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER FELLER  
 FIB: Play, Billy.  
 ORK: "BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2ND COMMERCIAL

WIL: Say Fibber -- Nick Depopolis and I have written a little  
 poem -- do you mind if we recite it now?  
 FIB: Yes, Harpo -- I do.  
 WIL: Here goes -- you start it out Nick.  
 NICK: Sure -  
 After listening to you Fizzer  
 We admit that you're a whizzer  
 You must be the champion quizzer -- of our day  
 WIL: But there's one interrogation  
 Not in your examination  
 That we'd like to give quotation - right away  
 What can you the listener do  
 That will prove to us that you  
 Like McGee and all his crew - of zaney acts  
 It's a very simple answer  
 Buy a bottle, sir, or can, sir  
 Of that very famous brand, sir -- JOHNSON'S WAX.



4TH SPOT:

FIB: Hmmm. Harpo must think he's doin' a Edgar Guest appearance.  
Fanfare!

FANFARE:

FIB: SO YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART, EH?

FANFARE:

FIB: All right folks..now We're goin' into the fourth and last round of our so-you-think-you're-smart, eh, contest. AND THE FIRST contestant to come before the microphone is..er..who is it, Harpo?

WIL: Mr. Silvius Watson.

FIB: Ready, Watson, my boy?

SIL: Yassuh..

FIB: Very well..MR WATSON..this question is in 2 parts. 1st part is:  
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO BE, TO BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY?

SIL: Daid, suh.

FIB: YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! 2nd PART: IF A HAIRDRESSER IS SOMEBODY WHO CURLS UP AND DYES, AND A SCULPTOR IS SOMEBODY WHO MAKES FACES AND BUSTS, WHAT IS A GIBRALTAR?

SIL: Tha's easy suh. Tha's a man who jibs up and bralts.

GONG:

FIB: Sorry Watson. Gibraltar is a fortified rock on the Coast of Spain, owned by Great Britain. There's a strange legend about Gibraltar too folks..there's a troop of monkeys livin' there that the British protect very carefully..because the legend says that when they leave, so do the British. The moral is, I guess, if you keep monkeyin' around, you'll land on the rocks, or something'. N / THEN..WHO'S NEXT..OH YES..MRS. FLING.

WOMAN: All right professor.

FIB: ALL RIGHT MRS. FLING..I'm gonna have Mister Billy Mills play part of two different numbers. YOU TELL US WHAT TIME OF DAY IS REPRESENTED BY EACH NUMBER. , Number ONE!

ORK: "THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING".

FIB: What time, Mrs.Fling?

WOMAN: I don't know, I'm sure.

FIB: Don't you recognize three o'clock in the morning?

WOMAN: No, I always go to bed early back home.

FIB: Oh I see. Sorry to have kept you up, Mrs. Fling. Well, try this one. NUMBER TWO, BILLY!

OK: "WHEN THE MIDNIGHT CHOO CHOO LEAVES FOR ALABAM."

WOMAN: Well, I'm real sorry, but I guess I don't know.

FIB: I'll give you a hint..WHEN THE DA DA/<sup>CHOO</sup>CHOO LEAVES FOR ALABAM.  
WHAT'S DA DA?

WOMAN: That's baby talk, and I think the whole thing is simply ridiculous! GOOD BYE!"

DOOR SLAM:



FIB: Make a note of that, you judges. One of the entrants just made a exit. ALL RIGHT MR. DEPOPOLIS.

NICK: Uekly duckly Fizzer...and if I am not labelling under a misappledumpling, I think I will be the first prize of the winner.

FIB: Well don't be too sure, Nick. This is a tricky question: LISTEN CLOSE. YOU ARE THE PITCHER IN A BALL GAME..

NICK: Sure. am I being a northside pitcher or a southpaw?

FIB: That an't got nothin' to do with it.

NICK: Then I guess you are not knowing much about baseballs, Fizzer because a southpaw is always --

FIB: QUIET...LEME FINISH THE QUESTION. YOU'RE THE PITCHER IN A BALL GAME, SEE? YOUR SIDE HAS ONE RUN, AND YOU'VE STRUCK EVERY BATTER OUT, 1, 2, 3.

NICK: IS THAT SO! Hmmm, I GUESS I am being a magnifipuss pitcher. Shall I autogripe a baseball for you Fizzer? Or maybe a -

FIB: BE QUIET. THE QUESTION AINT FINISHED YET. IT'S THE END OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINTH INNING. HOW MANY TIMES WOULD YOU THROW THE BALL DURING THE WHOLE GAME?

NICK: I will have to concentripe on that a minute Fizzer. (TO HIMSELF) I am being a southpaw in the second inning of the first half 1,2,3. and there is being one run in the red sox, so how many strikebreakers do I spitball..WHY SURE FIZZER..IAM HAVING THE ANSWERS THE FIRST BOX OUT OF THE SHOT!

FIB: What is it?

NICK: I am pitching 54 times, I'm thinking.

FIB: WRONG..the Answer is 72..it would be 81 if you pitched the whole game, but as long as your side is ahead, you don't pitch the last half of the ninth. If you pitched 54 times, it'd only be six innings

NICK: AHAA...AND 54 TIMES IS BEING POSOTUTELY CORRECT, FIZZER, BECAUSE AT THE ENDS OF THE SIX INNINGS, IT IS STARTING TO RAIN, AND THE GAME IS CALLING THE UMPIRES!

GONG:

FIB: SORRY NICK...Remind me to trade you in for a batboy next season. NOW THE NEXT AND LAST CONTESTANT IS MR. ROLLO MCGEE. READY, ROLLO?

ROLLO: Why shore, cousin.

FIB: (BOTTO VOICE) Listen Rollo ..Lay off that "cousin" business. I think you'll get the prize, all right but you gotta act smart about it, see?

ROLLO: Naow don't git into no ruckus abaout it, cousin..if ah don't git that thar 25 dollars how'm I ever goin' to pay youall back that 13 dollars ah owes ye?

FIB: SHHHH..QUIET. ALL RIGHT MR. MCGEE..HERE'S YOUR QUESTION. WHO IS THE LITTLE SAWED OFF COMEDIAN WHO IS ON THE AIR FOR COFFEE?

ROLLO: I'm shore I dunno, cousin, but the little sawed off comedian that's on the air for cakes is Fibber McGee...



FIB: YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT!!!! FOLKS, THAT CONCLUDES HIS "DO YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART EH," CONTEST, AND, AS I SEE THE JUDGES HAVE ALL GONE HOME I TAKE PLEASURE IN AWARDING THE TWENTY FIVE BUCKS, TO MR. ROLLO MCGEE..HERE YOU ARE, MR. MCGEE..AND HERE'S A CAN OF JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT TO ALL YOU OTHER CONTESTANTS WHO SO KINDLY..

CROWD MUTTERS: AD LIB:

1. Say what kind of a gyp is this anyway..
2. Why I had more right answers than he did..
3. What goes on here anyway!.he can't get away with that stuff..
4. I think we ought to put in a protest and...

FIB: NOW NOW NOW ..FOLKS..JUST TAKE IT EASY..SIT DOWN PLEASE..BE CALM..

CROWD MURMUR UP..CHAIRS CRASH..GLASS CRASH.

FIB: HEY WHAT THE...HEY HARPO..I HAD ONE QUESTION LEFT OVER..CAN YOU ANSWER IT?

WIL: What's the question?

FIB: HOW DO I GET OUTA HERE?

CROWD UP INTO -

ORK: "I'LL DREAM TONIGHT" DOWN FOR -

WIL: 2ND COMMERCIAL

FIB: FOLKS, IN ADDITON TO MR. WILCOX, MR. DENNIS, MR. MILLS, AND ALL THE CONTESTANTS TONIGHT, WE ALSO EXTEND OUR THANKS TO THOSE WHO SO KINDLY SUPPLIED THE MATERIAL FOR THE QUESTIONS. MR. BRITANNICA, MR. WEBSTER AND MR. MILLER. GOOD NIGHT FOLKS.. GOOD NIGHT, CY, G'NITE, NOAH, GOODNIGHT JOE...GOODNIGHT, MOLLY!

ORK: UP TO FINISH. APPLAUSE:

WIL: CREDITS AND SIGN OFF.

js:gs:mr:10:55  
5-31-39



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MAY 31, 1938 - TUESDAY - 8:30-9:00 PM CDST - WMAQ - RED

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Did you ever see a kitchen floor that was dull and drab, suddenly change right before your eyes to a bright, sparkling surface? Well, this seeming miracle is happening every day in millions of homes, and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is responsible for the marvelous transformation! No matter how dingy your linoleum may look at this moment, one application of this wonderful, no-rubbing liquid polish will give it new life and brilliance! JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT protects floors and linoleum from dirt and wear -- keeps them clean and fresh so they never need to be scrubbed! Spilled food can easily be wiped from the shining surface with a damp cloth, leaving no stains. GLO-COAT goes on the floor so quickly and easily a child can successfully use it! Ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. That name JOHNSON on the can is important! It stands for quality and dependability. 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)

Page 2.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Right here, I'd like to give you the easy directions for applying JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the amazing polish that makes your linoleum shine like new without rubbing or buffing. First, pour a little GLO-COAT right out of the can onto the clean floor. Second, take a cloth or a long-handled applicator and spread the liquid lightly over the surface. Go away and let it dry for twenty minutes. Come back, and find your floors gleaming like new! No more embarrassment because of dingy, soiled linoleum! No more tiresome floor-scrubbing! GLO-COAT tightly seals the pores and cracks against dust and dirt. Saves linoleum from ever getting scuffed and worn. Don't let another day go by without ordering GLO-COAT -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. You have a right to demand the best! So be sure you see the name, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on the yellow and red can.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

n<sub>2</sub>/2:15  
5/31/38