

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ () ()
(8:30-9:00 PM) (JUNE 7, 1938) (TUESDAY)
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Not Correct

Page 2.

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 "I'VE GOT
A HEART FULL OF MUSIC"

ORK: "I'VE GOT A HEART FULL OF MUSIC" fade for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Here's a suggestion for every housewife who wants to have more fun and less work this summer! Protect your floors and linoleum with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, and they'll stay so clean and bright you'll never have to scrub them. When the grocery boy tracks mud across your kitchen floor, it won't bother you, for dirt cannot stick to the shining GLO-COAT polish. A damp cloth will quickly wipe away every trace of the muddy foot prints. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply! This wonderful no-rubbing polish never streaks or smears. You merely spread the liquid very lightly over the wood or linoleum. It will dry in twenty minutes, making the floors sparkle like new! GLO-COAT protects floors from wear -- saves you hours of cleaning work! Don't accept a substitute. Look for the name JOHNSON on the can. It's your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Insist on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, FIBBER IS STILL DETERMINED TO MAKE HIS MARK IN THE WORLD HE DOESN'T QUITE KNOW HOW HE'LL ACCOMPLISH THIS, BUT AT LEAST HE'S GOING ABOUT IT SYSTEMATICALLY. AND HERE, WITH SILLY WATSON, GOING THRU AN ASSORTMENT OF ADVERTISEMENTS, WE FIND, FIBBER (THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Ye know Sil, this ad here kinda intrests me. Listen:

DEVELOP YOUR MUSCLES IN 3 WEEKS.
WITH THE BULGY BICER BODY BUILDER.

Looka that picture! See the leopard skin he's wearin'?

I'll bet he strangled that leopard with his bare hands.

SIL: Do he mean he kin make YOU look lak that in 3 weeks suh?

FIB: Certainly. If I studied nights I might make it in two weeks. With them muscles then, I could get a job as a life guard, or somethin'.

SIL: Yassuh Kin-you SWIM, suh?

FIB: CAN I SWIM? (LAUGHS) Why shucks, Sil, I... er... I... AHEN Well, no come to think of it. What's the next clipping say?

SIL: Hean tis....

FIB: Hmmm...From the Wistful Vista Gazette....

WANTED: YOUNG MAN TO DEMONSTRATE NEW DYNAMITE
PRODUCT FOR STUMP BLASTING. LAST THREE
SALESMAN MADE \$100 DOLLARS A WEEK OVER
AND ABOVE FUNERAL EXPENSES.

Box 13.

Well, I might get a bang outa that, but it don't sound
permanent.

SIL: Heah's one suh. "BE A FINGAHPRINT EXPEHT. BIG DEMAN'
FO' TRAINED MEN".

FIB: Now we're gettin' someplace. That's a good field. Pretty
near everybody leaves fingerprints on something.

WIL: YES BUT IF THEY HAVE JOHNSONS WAX ON THEIR

FIB: YOU STAY OUTA THIS HARPO. AHM. How about this one, Sil?

WANTED: MAN TO TRAIN SHEPHERD DOG WHO CAN SPEAK
GERMAN AND HAS OWN CAR.

Shucks, that dog don't need no trainin'. But it'd be
interesting to see him stickin' out his tail for a
left-hand turn.

SIL: How abou' this ad heah suh?

FIB: Let's see itSAY...THIS IS JUST THE THING SIL!

BE A COMMERCIAL ARTIST!

MAKE YOUR TALENT PAY A PROFIT!

Now why didn't I think o' that before! HOT DOG! Now that
IS a idea!

SIL: It is?

FIB: I'll say it is...THINK OF ME settin' all day in a big
studio...drawin' pictures...bein' called in to judge
beauty contests!!! NOW THERE'S MY LIFE WORK, SIL! Why
this is colossal.

SIL: Yassuh, but you ain' no artist, suh.

FIB: Don't be destructive. All I need is long hair, a winsor
tie and a dreamy look. I got the dreamy look already,
ain't I?

SIL: Ah think SLEEPY is a bettah word, suh.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, or not, from now
on I'm a artist! I'll go down to the Wistful Vista Art
Academy and take a few lessons in painting just to brush
up. Get my hat, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. But ah think you is goin' off kin'a half cock,
suh, iffen you don' mine mah sayin' so. You is too old
to stant that stuff.

FIB: OH YEAH? LISTEN SIL...do you realize that Napoleon
never THOUGHT of inventin' the sewin' machine till he
was past fifty? DO YOU REALIZE THAT JULIUS CAESAR never
wrote the Village Blacksmith till he was over 62. AND
THAT REMBRANDT NEVER WROTE A NOTE OF MUSIC till he was
forty nine? SO DON'T gimme no stuff about me not knowin'
what I'm doin'...because I don't....er...I do. Come on...
let's get outa here...I wanna start my career, so I can -

MILLS: SAY...FIBBER...

FIB: Don't detain me, Billy. I gotta make up twenty years study in a couple of days.

MILLS: Study in what?

FIB: ART. I just realized I'm a artist at heart. You ever had your portrait painted, Billy?

MILLS: No, and what's more, I -

FIB: YOU NEVER DID? Well how'd you like to sit for me, sometime?

MILLS: SIT FOR YOU. I don't even know how I STAND for you.

FIB: Oh another scoffer eh? Well, they laughed at Sir Francis Drake too, when he first put wooden handles on lolypops. I see I gotta convince you guys. Why don't you play something while I run down to the art academy and sign up.

MILLS: ALL RIGHT. How about "SAYS MY HEART"?

FIB: Says my heart eh? What is that - a stethoscope solo? But go ahead, Billy...COME ON, SIL.

ORK: "SAYS MY HEART"

APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT:

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND DOWN

FIB: There's the art Academy over there...and while I'm inside you run down to the paint store and get me some paint.

SIL: Yassuh...Ah'll be right back, suh.

TRAFFIC UP...AND OUT WITH DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hiyah sis...

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: Oh oh. Why do you have to be wherever I go, sis?

GIRL: Why dont you play safe and stay home?

FIB: AHEM. Listen...I wanna talk to one of the instructors, sis.

GIRL: Instructors in what? Oil painting, watercolor, poster, sculpture, basket-weaving or train-calling?

FIB: TRAIN CALLING! How come they gotta teacher for that in a art school?

GIRL: This building used to be the Union Station, and he was left over.

FIB: Oh - I see - Well, what track does oil painting leave on?

GIRL: Mr. Reminton Dobbs is in charge of oil painting. But before we send pupils to the instructors you have to answer a questionnaire Name, please?

FIB: Fibber McGee.

GIRL: Address?

FIB: You want my local address, or my studio in Paris?

GIRL: Oh, did you study in Paris?

FIB: DID I STUDY IN PARIS. (LAUGHS) Why sis, when I left Paris the
 -Laten Quarter was known as the McGee two-thirds.

GIRL: Really!

FIB: You betcha...oh, them was the happy, carefree days, sis. I can
 remember strolling down Piccadilly --

GIRL: Piccadilly is not in Paris - it's in London.

FIB: IT IS? NO WONDER I was so tired when I got back to my studio
 that day!

GIRL: What subjects did you wish to take up, please? Oil painting,
 did you say?

FIB: Yes. And maybe landscapes, too.

GIRL: How about Marines?

FIB: Nope. No marines. I'm goin in for painting, not tattooing.

GIRL: I think you'd better talk to our Mr. Remington Dobbs. Down the
 corridor to the fifth door.

FIB: Much obliged, sis. (LAUGHS) Say...where'd you get that terrible
 lookin' painting up on the wall there? (LAUGHS) Aint that a
 darb!

GIRL: That's a real Michaelangelo.

FIB: (LAUGH) I'll say it is! Who painted it?

GIRL: Whistler's Mother.

FIB: Is she a student here too?

GIRL: PLEASE SEE MR. REMINGTON DOBBS -- FIFTH DOOR DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

FIB: All right all right...dont get huffy about it, sis. I was just
 interested is all. (TO HIMSELF) Kind of a fresh kid...It's a
 wonder she ever got a job in a place where it takes technical
 knowledge to -- OOPS...sorry, old timer.

OLD: Watch your step there, Johnny. Where do ye think you're goin?

FIB: I'm gonna sign up for a little painting instruction.

OLD: EH?

FIB: I SAYS I'M AN ARTIST.

OLD: Artist eh? Me, too, Johnny. Wanna job as a model?

FIB: Nope, thanks. I never was able to hold a position very long.
 (LAUGHS)

OLD: (LAUGHS) Heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny. But that aint the
 way I heered it. THE WAY I HEERED IT ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER
 FELLER, "SAAYYYYY" HE SAYS.. "I GOTTA QUIT LISTENIN' TO THE RADIO
 ON TUESDAY NIGHTS...THE AIR IS FULL OF "FIBBER MCGEE"! "YES"
 SAYS THE OTHER FELLER, "AND VICEY VERSEY!" Heh-heh heh. I'm just
 kiddin' Johnny, in case you can use me again next week. (FADE OUT)
 Heh heh heh...

FIB: Imagine a guy that age bein' a artist...probably one of the old
 masters...HEY BUD, CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH OFFICE IS MR. DOBBS?

WIL: Why certainly...it's the fifth offic...Oh hello Fibber.

FIB: Hiyah Harpo...what you doin' here in the Art Academy?

WIL: Oh, I paint.

FIB: What do you paint?

WIL: I paint word pictures of clean bright shining floors and furniture that anyone can have with Johnson's Wax. I paint...

FIB: WHOAA...Where's your canvas?

WIL: I'm just starting on it. I'm going to canvas the whole town to see if Glocoat is used in every home, ...

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Okay...okay...so you're studying art here too, eh? Had any previous instruction?

FIB: Wel-l-l no, Harpo. Up till now, it's been kinda sketch-as-sketch can, with me.

WIL: OH ALL RIGHT...I HOPE YOU GET PAINTERS COLIC! (FADE OUT) Of all the

FIB: (LAUGHS) Good old Harpo...now which door did he say was Remington Dobbs' office? This one, I guess.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hiyah Bud. Are you Mister Remington Do--- OH CLARK DENNIS. HIYA CLARK .

DENNIS: Hello Fibber...WHAT'S UP?

FIB: Oh I'm signin' up for a short painting course, Clark... before I swing into commercial work and beauty contest judgin'. What you doin' here?

DENNIS: Oh I paint too...I just finished this one...how do you like it?

FIB: Why...why that's beautiful Clark? What's the name of it?

DENNIS: The CATHEDRAL IN THE PINES.

FIB: It's very pretty.. HANG IT UP WHERE EVERYBODY CAN SEE IT, CLARK.
"THE CATHEDRAL IN THE PINES."

ORK: "CATHEDRAL IN THE PINES" - Dennis

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: That was great, Clark. You mix up some beautiful tones on that palate of yours...now let's see...I think the instructor's office must be in here someplace.

GIRL: Oh Vera...that must be one of the instructors now...YOO HOO...

TEACHER..

FIB: You speakin' to me, sis?

GIRL: Yes...will you criticise this drawing for me?

FIB: Shucks, I dunno anyth...er...AHEM. Why certainly sis. Glad to let's see the drawing..

GIRL: Here..

FIB: Hmmm...you got good inscreeds in the gulfring of the reddifin, but the balance of relative inscrug is a little rampo.

GIRL: I...I dont understand.

FIB: What I mean to say is, you got a nice feeling for impralick in equidistant bringdolly, but you oughtta study up on agerpoint, and after this a little more stigfrone on the brantiffer.

GIRL: Oh..

FIB: By the way, who's this a picture of...?

GIRL: My boy friend. I made him pose for me.

FIB: You got the outline kinda shaky didn't you?

GIRL: Yes...he had the hiccups.

FIB: I thought it musta been somethin' like that, when I seen he was wearin' six belt buckles.

GIRL: I put in those to indicate action.

FIB: And very good too...but remember...when you signenning always impenetrate the refrision with impasto. See?

GIRL: Wel-1-1...I...er...

FIB: That's all sis... AHEM. YOU MAY GO!

GIRL: (FADE OUT) You hear what he said, Vera? Gee he must know a lot about art.

FIB: Now I begin to understand how a art critic makes a living

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Yes?

FIB: You Mister Dobbs, the painting instructor?

MAN: Yes, I am. Sit down and close the door.

FIB: EH?

MAN: I said SIT DOWN AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

FIB: Listen, Dobbsy, would it be all right with you if I closed the door and THEN sat down? Ye see, the chair is so far from the door that...

MAN: FOR HEAVENS SAKE, ALL RIGHT! BUT DO IT.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Thanks...I thought you'd be reasonable when I pointed out what a...

MAN: What did you want?

FIB: Well, the girl at the reception desk says you're the painting instructor. I wanna sign up.

MAN: I see. WHAT PAINTING HAVE YOU DONE? PORTRAITS? STILL LIFE? COMMERCIAL ILLUSTRATION? MURALS? EVER DONE ANY MURAL PAINTING?

FIB: Why Bud...ALL my painting has been mural. You don't think I'd stoop to do any immural painting do you? Why shucks, I -

MAN: NOT MORAL...MURAL... DID YOU EVER DO ANY WALL PAINTING?

FIB: Welllllll no...not on walls. But when I was a kid; everybody commented on my fence and sidewalk painting. Why I been foolin around with paint since I was just a boy bud. I was always paintin' funny pictures. PAINT FUNNY MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

MAN: You don't tell me.

FIB: I WILL Tell You. PAINT FUNNY MCGEE, THE POET OF THE PALETTE, PRESERVIN FOR POSTERITY A PICTORIAL PAGEANT OF OUR PERIOD BY PAINTIN' WITH PERFECT PERSPECTIVE PASTORAL PAN-ORAMAS AND PROTRAITS OF PRESIDENTS AND PEOPLE OF PUBLIC PROMINENCE...PROCURIN PRINCELY PENSIONS FROM PLEASED PATRONS WHO PROUDLY POSED WHILE I PATIENTLY PICKED UP MY PASTELS AND PAINTED THEIR PUSSES IN PROFILE...PRAISED BY PRESS AND PUBLIC AND PICKED BY A PAINTERS' PLEBISCITE AS THE POTENTATE OF THE PAINT POT FROM THE FINE-PINNAOLED PARADISE OF PIKES PEAK TO THE PICTURESQUE PALISADES OF THE FLACID PACIFIC!

APPLAUSE:

MAN: Well, that's very interesting but have you done any art work besides painting...Have you...er...well, for instance, have you ever worked in clay?

FIB: HAVE I! Why when I was in the army, bud, I worked in clay up to here. Some days I even dug -

MAN: We don't seem to be getting anywhere. Now suppose I give you a hypothetical drawing to sketch.

FIB: Okay

MAN: All right...suppose we have to draw a barn, with two cows and a big pile of hay. Now how would you go about sketching that?

FIB: Well, first I take a pencil and hold it out like this, and squint at it.

MAN: What's that for?

FIB: I dunno...but I've seen artists do that, haven't you. I guess that's to see what kind of a point they got on the pencil. Then I'd lay in the background.

MAN: Very good.

FIB: Then I'd lay in the outlines of the barn, and the cows.

MAN: Yes?

FIB: Then I'd lay in the hay.

MAN: That's very goo...WHAT?

FIB: Okay Smeer...I'll be there! Incidentally...I'll -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Shall I answer it?

MAN: Of course not. It's my telephone.

FIB: Okay.

MAN: (CLICK) HELLO...WHO...OH YES, MR. WILCOX. YES...YES...WHY THAT'S REALLY A SPLENDID THOUGHT, MR. WILCOX. YES...YES, I'LL TELL THEM...THANK YOU, MR. WILCOX. (CLICK)

FIB: Was that HARLOW Wilcox? What'd he want?

MAN: Well he suggested I tell the instructor in linoleum design to allow his pupils to use plenty of bright colors. He said Johnson's Glo-Coat would preserve the colors and bring out all the beauty in the linole-

FIB: HOLD IT BUD...HOLD IT! I KNOW THE STORY. Shucke, if that guy's gonna TELEPHONE his commercials, I ain't got any defense against

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Keep your seat, Debby -- I'll get it.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, Billy Mills...WHATCHA WANT, BILLY? YOU TAKIN' ART, TOO?

MILLS: Listen...you be the comedian...YOU STUDY ART IF YOU WANT TO...I'M ON THIS PROGRAM TO PLAY MUSIC.

FIB: That's the way I like to hear you talk, Billy. Speak right out. You needn't be afraid of me. I like people around me to be fearless...AND OUT SPOKEN.

MILLS: Nobody will ever out-speak you, Fibber.

FIB: OF COURSE THEY WON'T...ER...AHEM...Whatcha gonna, play, Billy?

MILLS: THE OLD APPLE TREE...WITH THE QUARTETTE.

FIB: Oh yes...well you go right ahead, Billy. FOLKS...BILLY MILLS PRESENTS THE OLD APPLE TREE...WITH THAT POPULAR QUARTET KNOWN TO RADIO AS "THE FOUR NOTES". Do, Ray, Fah and Sol. They wouldn't let mi sing with 'em. GO AHEAD, BILLY. "THE OLD APPLE TREE."

ORK: "THE OLD APPLE TREE" .. 4 NOTES

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2ND COMMERCIAL:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

When your car stands out in front of your home, do the neighbors admire its beautiful polish -- or do they see a dirty, unattractive car standing there? It's easy, you know, to keep your car sparkling and bright with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. The CLEANER is a regular wonder worker. It quickly removes road film, dirt and discoloration -- brings back the brilliant lustre the car had when it was new. Now, a good tough coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX will protect that lustre -- ward off scratches and stains -- shut out the harmful, ultra-violet rays of the sun. You can easily do the job yourself or a neighboring service station will do it for you at small cost. Remember JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER save you many dollars on car washings and greatly increase your car's trade-in value.

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

4TH SPOT

BUZZ OF VOICES UP AND DOWN...

FIB: Sil, I dunno why I didn't take up paintin' before. Ain't this interestin'? Look at all them students...paintin' away as if their life depended on it...and it probably does.

SIL: Yassuh. It sho is sompin' ain't it, suh? You think you is gonna git anyweeah wif 'is stuff?

FIB: You betcha I am. Look at this paintin', I'm doin'. There's your answer.

SIL: Nossuh...that was mah question.

FIB: Well, don't worry about me, I'm an artist by nature. Why... Well, it's the same thing. Practically. Why when I start -

MAN: AN THERE, McGee...how are you getting along?

FIB: Oh Hiyah Dobbs. I'm doin' just swell...how do ye like this picture, as far as I've got?

MAN: He-l-l...er...it's...it's quite...er...but haven't you got the legs on that horse a little long?

FIB: That ain't a horse. That's a grove of maple trees. You ever see a squirrel run up the side of a horse?

MAN: Oh is that a squirrel? I thought that was a police dog. By the way who is this man?

FIB: Oh, course er. This is the instructor, SIL. Mr. Huntington Dobbs. Huh? This is SHILLY Watson. My caddy.

SIL: Hiyah Mistah Dobbs, suh.

MAN: What er, Watson. What is you mean "your caddy," what?

FIB: Oh he carries my brushes and stuff. For instance, see this patch o' grass I'm paintin' in the lower part of the picture?

MAN: Yes...

FIB: Well, I think that'll take a number three camel's hair. My No. 3 brush, caddy.

SIL: Yassuh. Heah you is suh.

FIB: Now watch this, Dobbs. I'll get on the green in two strokes. One...TWO...there!

SIL: You slice that las' one a lil, suh.

FIB: I know...I didn't keep my eye on the paint. See how it goes, Dobbsy? I done a portrait the other day in 83 strokes. That was two over par, but the society woman I was paintin' had three chins.

MAN: Yes, but -

FIB: Now for paintin' clouds, you gotta use a brush with more loft to it. That's why I like to paint snow scenes. Winter rules, you know. Why once when I painted the pyramids, it took me eight strokes with a brushie to get outa the sand. That's why I always -

MAN: NEVER MIND MCGEE...NEVER MIND...I er...I don't...er...WELL, I SUPPOSE EVERY ARTIST MUST HAVE HIS OWN METHODS...I'll be back later McGee...(FADE OUT) AND YOU, MISS BIBBINS? Can I help you in any...

SIL: Mistah Dobbs seem kinda confuse, suh.

FIB: That's the effect geniuses have on some people, Sil. Why -

NICK: Oh hello there Fizzer and Silly-puss. What in heavens goodness are you painting? A landscoop or a porchstripe?

FIB: Oh hiyah Nick...come in to watch the artists work? This is a imaginary landscape, Nick. It's got something, don't you think?

NICK: Fizzer, it has got EVERYTHING...but the sink in the kitchen. Those colors is putting me in my mind of the time I am taking my two weeks vaccination in the Canned Granyon of the Yellowskin.

FIB: You mean the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Yes, that's a beautiful place, Nick. Howdja like it?

NICK: Oh it was a very perspiring sights, Fizzer. There was being what they are calling a gooser -

FIB: A Geysir...Old Faithful.

NICK: Sure. And this gooser was shooting itself with a bubbling fountains of water so high up in the air, that if somebody hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I don't believe you.

FIB: Yes, I guess it's a great sigh, Nick. (ASIDE) (My number seven brush, Sil) I've never been out there myself, Nick.

NICK: Well, Fizzer, if you are taking a summer vaccination this year, there is no places like the Canned Granyon of the Yellocab. There is being lots of wild animals, too...peppermint bears...

FIB: You mean cinnamon bears.

NICK: Sure...and those great big ones to...what are they calling it - a RADIO BEARS...no...no...a CROSLY BEARS...

FIB: GRIZZLY...NOT CROSLY. The Crosley bear don't hibernate in the winter. AHEN.

NICK: Oh well...anyway...they are being so tameful, they are eating your hand right off.

SIL: Ah reckon you mean they is eatin' right out a yo' han' suh.

NICK: Thank you, sillypuss. AND for seat-sighing, Fizzer, there is not being any place like it in the whole university. I'm thinking. I am spending my whole vaccination there, just seat-sighing.

FIB: Sight-seeing. By the way, Nick...You don't mind if I go ahead with my painting?

NICK: Oh no, Fizzer. You don't disturb me in the most. I am just saying, that if you are wanting a good places to do some oil printing you had better be doing what is a saying from Horses Greely...GO WEST LITTLE MAN YOU HAVE HAD A BUSY DAY. Oh it is so beautiful I wish I had never been there so the next time would be the last time I was there first.

FIB: Well much obliged, Nick. I'll have to go out there sometime.

NICK: And the sooner you leave, I will never regret it, Fizzer. Why there are little stream rivers running down the sides of the mountains so fast, Fizzer, they are forming a beautiful little cascades.

FIB: CASCADES, NICK. Well, thanks for the advice...

NICK: That is okay, Fizzer. I am very glad to be of service with you. My tomatto is always being "DO UNTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S WHATEVER YOU THINK THEY ARE GOING TO DO TO ME, IF YOU DON'T LOOK OUT. SO long Fizzer.

FIB: So long NICK...WAIT...I'LL WALK TO THE DOOR WITH YOU TO STRETCH MY LEGS...Drop in the art class again sometime, Nick. GOOD NIGHT.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I'm glad he's gone Sil. He sure is a talker ain't he?
 SIL: Yassuh...he sho is. But he don' talk awful good gramah does he?
 FIB: No, but he probably ain't never had no education like us guys has had. Well, I better get back to work and...HEY...WHERE'S MY CANVAS?
 SIL: Ah dunno, suh...you was holdin' it in yo' han' w'en you was talkin' to Mist' Depopolis. Oh ah know...suh... YOU LAID IT DOWN ON YO' CHAIR.
 FIB: On my cha...(PAUSE) Hey Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh?
 FIB: You...er...you...you think I'm...er...sittin on it?
 SIL: Ah dunno suh...do it feel like you is?
 FIB: Well-l-l, yes. At least this chair is slipperier now'n it was before...WELL, I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL FIND OUT.

CLATTER OF CHAIR

SIL: Yassuh...THEAH IT IS SUH...an' all smeahed up, too.
 FIB: Oh SHUCKS...IF THAT AIN'T THE DAD RATEDDEST LUCK! HERE I BEEN WORKIN' ALL EVENING ON THAT PAINTING AND NOW...OHH SHUCKS! DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED...Well, throw it over there in the corner Sil...and fix me another canvas.
 SIL: Yassuh...heah it goes, suh...
 SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD ON FLOOR

SIL: Wah you gonna do abou' you trowseh, suh?
 FIB: I'll stand up to do this next painting and let 'em dry...now let's see...I think I'll paint a still life of a -

DOOR LATCH... HUM OF VOICES UP

MAN: ATTENTION PLEASE, STUDENTS...ATTENTION...(PAUSE) I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU TONIGHT...MRS. J. Waldemar LOGANBERRY, ONE OF OUR TRUSTEES HAS DROPPED IN ON US FOR A VISIT...COME RIGHT IN, MRS. LOGANBERRY...

WOMAN: Thank you, Mr. Dobbs. Go right ahead with your work, please, students...I don't wish to disturb...WHY...WHAT IS THIS?

MAN: Why that...er...that seems to be a painting one of our pupils has laid aside, Mrs. Loganberry...

FIB: That's mine, Mrs. Logan Berry...sorry it got in your way....

WOMAN: SORRY! HEAVENS! I'M FORTUNATE TO HAVE DISCOVERED IT! IT IS A BEAUTIFUL THING...BEAUTIFUL!...WHY didn't you tell me about this young man, Dobbs?

MAN: Well, I didn't exactly...I mean, he seemed like such a...that is...

WOMAN: WHAT IS YOUR NAME, YOUNG MAN?

FIB: Moge, sis. But that painting you got there was -

WOMAN: OH DON'T TELL ME...I CAN SEE FOR MYSELF...IT'S REALLY AMAZING. SIMPLY ASTOUNDING...SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BLENDING OF TONES...ALMOST AS IF THEY HAD BEEN UNDER SOME GREAT PRESSURE...SOME GREAT UPHEAVAL...MR. DOBBS...NOTICE THAT LOVELY ROUNDNESS OF OUTLINE...AND TO THINK THIS WAS PAINTED BY A STUDENT WHO WAS STARTING AT THE BOTTOM.

FIB: Oh shucks, sis. I didn't -
 WOMAN: TELL ME YOUNG MAN...HOW DID YOU EVER DEVELOP THIS EFFECT? THIS LOVELY TECHNIQUE?
 FIB: Oh I dunno...I just sat down and --
 WOMAN: JUST SAT DOWN AND FIGURED IT OUT. YOU ARE A CREDIT TO THE ACADEMY MR...ER...MGGEE. AND JUST TO ENCOURAGE YOU, I AM BUYING THIS PAINTING.
 FIB: EH? WHATCHA MEAN?
 WOMAN: THERE WILL BE A CHECK FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE MAIL FOR YOU IN THE MORNING. GOODNIGHT STUDENTS...GOOD NIGHT, DOBBS.

CHORUS OF GOODNIGHTS... DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well fer the...well I'll be a...\$800 BUCKS! Hear that, SIL?
 I only been a artist for a few hours and I've made a thousand bucks.
 SIL: Five hundred suh, she says.
 FIB: SURE...FOR HER PAINTING. BUT DON'T FORGET I GOTTA EXACT DUPLICATE OF IT ON THE SEAT O' MY PANTS...HOT DOG...I TOLD YOU I HAD TALENT SIL!
 ORK: "IN A HAPPY FRAME OF MINE" (DOWN FOR)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WIL: If you want to prove to yourself just what JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT will do for your floors, why not make this simple test? Spread a little glo-COAT over one small section of your kitchen linoleum. Let it dry for twenty minutes -- and behold the transformation! Compare this lovely shining section with the dull, lifeless section next to it. You'll immediately want to make the whole floor beautiful! GLO-COAT works like magic! It goes on in a jiffy and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing! - gives your floors a marvelous polish that everyone will admire. Ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and be sure you get the real thing. Look for that yellow and red can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks...I hope you got the great lesson that was shown in the program tonight. That no matter how bad some work might look to ye, it's worth while. Why I never WOULD o' been able to do a prize painting like that if I'd a thought it was beneath me. And look for a copy of my new art book which may or may not go on sale next week. It's called, HOW TO PAINT FRIENDS AND ANTAGONIZE PEOPLE. Goodnight, folks. Goodnight, Molly!

ORK: UP TO SIGNOFF

APPLAUSE AND CREDITS

mc/ga/js/na/10:15
6/7/38

NB

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OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

WMAQ

JUNE 14th, 1938

TUESDAY

8:00-8:30 P.M.

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct