

NBC

ADVERTISER S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

WMAQ

JUNE 14th, 1938

TUESDAY

8:00-8:30 P.M.

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

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 "RISE 'N SHINE".

ORK: "RISE 'N SHINE" .. DOWN FOR

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:

WIL: Well, Fibber is back in the money again. With the five hundred dollars he got for his painting last week he's going to do big things. AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, DISCUSSING HIS PLANS WITH SILLY WATSON, WE FIND, FIBBER (AMERICA'S 61ST FAMILY) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Ye know Sil. It seems kinda like a dream...earnin' this \$500 all in one lump.

SIL: Yo' sho' got that easy, suh. You gonna keep on paintin'?

FIB: Nope. I ain't. I'm gonna leave art flat on its easel. I got five hundred smackers for my first painting, and, as the barber says to the bald-headed guy, "The time to quit is when ye reach the top".

SIL: Seems lak you is passin' up a awful good thing tho, suh. It ain' evah day five hundred dollahs drops in yo' lap.

FIB: Well, this was a case of my lap droppin' into five hundred dollahs. Ye know what I'm gonna do Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: What?

SIL: Spend it.

FIB: Well, of course...but do you know what FOR?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: What?

SIL: Somp'n foolish.

FIB: Well, naturally...er...WHAT? NO SIR...I'm takin' this dough and fixin' up the house to surprise Molly.

SIL: The fact that you has earn some money is gonna be a awful surprise ain't it, suh?

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, or not, I'm gonna make that money work. I'm gonna fix up this house so she'll never know it. I'm gonna make this place look like the home of a multi-billionaire. I'll do better'n that. I'll make it look like a movie actor lived here.

SIL: What movie actah suh?

FIB: What difference does it make?

SIL: Well, ah was jest thinkin' suh...iffen it was Shuhley Temple, you wouldn't have to make the swimmin' pool so big.

FIB: A swimmin' pool might not be a bad idea at that. And wide, sweepin' lawns with peacocks struttin' around on 'em.

SIL: It caint be such a wide sweepin' lawn when it's only 12 foot to the sidewalk suh.

FIB: Okay...skip the peacocks then...they're too snooty anyway. Tell the sparrows we'll renew their lease. AHM. Just the same I'd like to have a fountain and a formal garden...and...and...well, it wouldn't take much to make this place a regular Garden of Eden.

SIL: Nossuh. Jes' a apple tree anna snake.

FIB: Ah fer...the YES AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE I'M GONNA DO? I'M GONNA HAVE THIS HOUSE AIR CONDITIONED! That's what I'm gonna do. Why didn't I think of that before!

SIL: Do that cost much suh!?

FIB: Wel-l-l yes and no. Come to think of it, I better let the swimmin' pool go and spend my dough on air conditioning..DRAIN THE SWIMMING POOL, WATSON.

SIL: Yassuh, ah'll...WAH?

FIB: Never mind. Remind me to call up a air conditioning expert, Sil.
If they'll do the job for three hundred, that'll leave me two
hundred fer a new car and some golf balls...

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

SCOT: Good day to ye laddie...ma carrr just brrroke doon oootside. Would
ye mind if I used Yourrrr telephone?

FIB: Shucks, not at all, Scottie...not at all. Right in the hall there..
close the door if ye like.

SCOT: Thank ye.

DOOR SHUT

FIB: Imagine, Sil...how this house'll increase in value if it's air
conditioned. If I put three hundred bucks, into a coolin' system,
it'll make the house worth at least a hundred dollars more. There's
two hundred dollars clear profit right there, ain't it?

SIL: Is it?

FIB: Why sure. And maybe if I help 'em install it, they'll cut the price
down to where -

DOOR LATCH

SCOTT: I'm verra much obliged to ye forr the use of the telephone, laddie.
What do I owe ye?

FIB: Aw fergit it. You get your party all right?

SCOTT: Aye...and I gi' him a piece o' ma mind, too, forr sellin' me a
brrroken doon carrr..

FIB: Some local dealer.

SCOT: No, lad...twas a mon ooot in Califorrnnia. Thank ye verrra much.

FIB: That's okay, Scottie.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Now then ... what was I sayin' when...HEY...DID HE TALK TO SOMEBODY
IN CALIFORNIA ON MY TELEPHONE? WHY; THAT...

DOOR KNOCK:

SIL: Maybe he come back to pay you su'.

FIB: I hope so. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Listen here, you kilt-covered conniver, what -

MILLS: What are you talking about, Fibber?

FIB: Oh, Billy Mills excuse me. I got you confused with a talk-an-run
driver that was just in here. Whatcha want, Billy?

MILLS: Oh you know what I want. The band is going to play "YOU COULDN'T
BE CUTER"...so let's not stall around with any tricky lead-ins.

FIB: Billy, my boy, that's the way I like to hear ye talk. There's two
things I like straight from the shoulder...lamb chops and band
leaders. Go ahead, Billy.

ORK: "YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER"

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT:

FIB: Ye know, Sil...when that air conditionin expert gets here, I gotta good notion to send him right back. I think I can handle this stuff myself. The principle is simple. All ye got to do is bring in some fresh air, wash it, dry it -

SIL: Iron it.

FIB: Iron it...NO DAD RAT IT...You can't press air.

SIL: You caint? Then how does an accordian work, suh?

FIB: Well, I mean...er...AHEM...What I mean is all you gotta do is clean the air, then heat it or cool it, and squirt it around the house.

SIL: It soun' real simple suh...but how you gonna wash AIR?

FIB: Shucks, we gotta washin' machine ain't we? All we have to do is stick a hose out the window, let the air come thru the hose into the washer, throw in a little soap and some blwing, and PRESTO...clean air. If it's cold weather I'll use hot water...if it's hot weather, I'll toss in a hunk of ice. Even better, I can freeze soap flakes into the ice cubes in the refrigerator. (SAY I GOT SOMETHIN' THERE) Then all I gotta do is rig up a airplane propellor, aim it at the open door o' the furnace AND UP GOES THE FRESH, CLEAN, PURE AIR INTO THE PIPES AND ALL THRU THE HOUSE.

SIL: Is that all they is to it, suh?

FIB: Sure...simple ain't it? I might even PERFUME the air, later. "Oh de Cologney" or "Christmas Night", or what's your favorite perfume Sil?

SIL: Po'k chops bein' fried.

FIB: Well, I'm afraid that ain't exactly the -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh hiyah Sis...what can I do fer ye?

GIRL: Are you, Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha. Why?

GIRL: Well, I'm from the Wistful Vista Air Conditioning, Heating Engineering, Electrical Construction, Boiler Repairing, Sanitary Experts, Building Contracting and Well Digging Company, Limited.

FIB: Well, I wouldn't say you was AWFUL limited, sis. You don't do any dog-walking on the side, do you?

GIRL: If it's a wire-hair, I'll inquire of our electrical dep---

FIB: AHEM. Never mind...I...er...I hardly expected 'em to send a woman out here on a air-conditioning job, sis.

GIRL: Oh don't worry about that, Mr. McGee. I supervised the cooling system of the Bijou theatre. And you know how cool it is in there.

FIB: I'll say so...It's so cold in there now, they can't show nothin' but Sonia Henie pictures. I hear they had a avalanche come down offa the balcony the other night. All the ushers wear Snow-shoes, and the ticket girl says she cant hardly make change with her mittens on.

GIRL: Just what was it you wanted to consult us about, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I'm gonna air condition this house, sis. By the way...Sil...get a chair for the lady.

SIL: Yassuh. Heah you is, ma'am. (RATTLE WOOD)

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SIL: Yassuh. Heah you is, ma'am. (RATTLE WOOD)

GIRL: Thank you. Are you familiar with air conditioning problems, Mr. McGee?

FIB: AM I...why sis, I been studyin' air currents ever since I was a kid. Whenever the wind blew hard I was out there analyzin' it. BLOWHARD MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS...BLOWHARD MCGEE THE BRILLIANT BUILDER OF BLOWERS AND BELLOWS FOR BAKERIES AND BEANERYS, BASEMENTS, BATHS, BREAKFAST ROOMS AND BOUDOIRS, BRINGIN' A BRACING BREEZE INTO BLISTERING BUILDINGS WHERE BANKERS AND BIG BUSINESS BARONS BARTER FOR BILLIONS OF BUCKS, BLOWIN' 'EM BLACK AND BLUE WITH BENUMBIN' BLIZZARDS, BRINGIN' BLESSED BALM TO THE BEACH-BURNED BACKS O' BATHIN' BEAUTIES AND BRAGGED ABOUT ON BOULEVARD AND BYWAY AS THE BIG BAG O' WIND WHO BANISHED BALEFUL BAKIN' FROM BEADED BROWS IN BUNGALOWS AND BARRACKS FROM THE BIZARRE BAZAARS OF BUSY BYZANTIUM TO THE BRAWNY BOZOS WITH BULGIN' BICEPS BASKIN' ON THE BROAD BEACHES OF BUZZARD'S BAY.

APPLAUSE:

GIRL: Now then, what heating system have you in this house, hot air? ...I mean...WHAT SYSTEM...HOT AIR?

FIB: That's right. And it's a 7-room house. Quote me a price, sis.

GIRL: \$2300.

FIB: That's about what I...EH? HOW MUCH?

GIRL: \$2300

FIB: Is that the best price you can quote?

GIRL: Yes.

FIB: Okay. Unquote. Shucks, that's too much. I guess there's only one thing to do, sis...INSTALL IT MYSELF.

GIRL: I'll tell you another way to air condition this place.

FIB: How?

GIRL: Throw away some of those cigar butts and open a couple of windows. Good day.

DOOR SLAM!

FIB: What's she mean, cigar stubs...where's there any cigar stubs around here, Sil?

GIRL: There's one on top of the piano suh...an' one on the radio cab'nit.

FIB: Well, hand me the longest one...and a match. I gotta think this thing out. It's a ---

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Hello Fibber...say, I hear you're going to air condition the house.

FIB: Yes I am Harlow. Why?

WIL: Well, I thought I'd give you a hand. Here...here's a floor plan I drew up for you.

FIB: Well, thanks, Harlow, I didn't hardl...HEY THIS IS JUST A FOLDER ABOUT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT.

WIL: Yes, that's the best floor plan anybody could have. It's so easy to use, and keeps floors and linoleum so beautif---

FIB: HARLOW! PLEASE! Don't you realize what a problem I got on my hands. Don't you realize how tough it is to keep calm and happy durin' the hot summer weather?

WIL: Why I thought a high degree of temperature was conducive to great merriment, Fibber.

FIB: Where'd you hear that?
 WIL: Why, haven't you read about the Gay nineties? Well so long, Pal.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: The gay nineties! That's all right for the summer, Sil. I don't mind the gay nineties as much as I do winter and the dirty thirties.

SIL: Wheah you gonna git a airplane motah suh...for youah coolin' system?

FIB: Oh I dunno...I certainly ain't gonna sit up on the roof and grab one as it goes by...I KNOW...GET YOUR HAT SIL...WE'LL GO OUT TO THE AIRPORT AND SEE IF WE CAN BUY A GOOD SECOND HAND -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: This show's kinda tough on them actor's knuckles, ain't it Sil? COME IN.

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there Johnny. Wanta buy some genyewine Vermont maple syrup? Made by my own swarm of bees, Johnny.

FIB: Whaddys-mean, made by your own bees?

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I SAYS DONT GIMME THAT STUFF. BEES DONT MAKE SYRUP. THEY MAKE HONEY..

OLD: I suppose you'll be tellin' me you dont git honey outa trees, either Johnny.

FIB: OF COURSE YE DONT.

OLD: Ye do too. My bees got their hive in a old oak tree.

FIB: Aw fer the...BY THE WAY..WHAT'S THE IDEA O' THE WHITE UNIFORM?

OLD: EH?

FIB: I SAYS WHY ARE YE WEARIN' THE WHITE UNIFORM?

OLD: I'm a interne for a tree surgeon, Johnny. Got any limbs you want ampittated?

FIB: No...but you might diagnose them chestnut trees out there, Doc. I think they got high sap pressure. (LAUGHS)

OLD: HEH HEH HEH...That's prety good Johnny...but that aint the way I heered it. THE WAY I HEERED IT...ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER FELLER.. "SAYYYYYY, HE SAYS, "I HEAR WHERE FIBBER MCGEE OWNS A PLANT IN KANSAS CITY FOR BOTTLIN' ROOTBEER." "ZAT SO?" SAYS THE OTHER FELLER, - "HIRES"? "YEP", SAYS THE FIRST FELLER. "HIRES AND FIRES. HE'S THE BIG SHOT DOWN THERE." Heh neh neh.. 'hought I'd slip in a plug for ye Johnny. You been nice to me.

DOOR SLAM

SIL: Does you bottle that rootbeah in case lots, suh?

FIB: Yes, in case lots of people get thirsty, Sil. AHEM. Now about this air conditionin' -

ENOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: What we need here is a revolvin' door. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH: SLAM

FIB: Oh, Clark Dennis...Hiyah Clark.

CLARK: Hello, Fibber...WHAT'S UP?

FIB: Oh, I'm busy makin' plans to air condition the house, here, Clark.

CLARK: That's very interesting. My Uncle was an air conditioning expert. But he cracked up after his last job.

FIB: What was that?

CLARK: It was in South America. They wanted him to air-condition the jail.

FIB: Well...what's so tough about that?

CLARK: Well it was in Chile during the warm weather and the cooler was full of Hottentots. He didn't know WHAT to do.

FIB: AHEM. Whatcha gonna sing, Clark?

CLARK: "You Leave Me Breathless."

FIB: Oh short winded, eh? I warned you against singin' "Two Cigarettes in the Dark" so often. But go ahead, Clark. "YOU LEAVE ME BREATHLESS."

ORK: "YOU LEAVE ME BREATHLESS"

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: That was beautiful Clark. You're gettin' better all the time. It's a good thing we're leavin' the air in two weeks, because in 3 weeks you'd be perfect. AHEM. Come on, Sil. There's the airport up ahead there.

SOUND: AIRPLANE MOTOR IN AND OUT.

SIL: MmmmmMMM! Them lil ole airplanes sho' do scoot along, don't they suh?

FIB: I'll say so...I'm sorry we didn't git here in time to watch the take-off.

CHINK: Ohhh...excusee me please..

FIB: Oh it's Gooley Fooey..what you thin' out here, Gooley?

CHINK: (MUTTER) Ahhh, wanchee know wheah can clatch sleepy plane flo' Safflancisclo.

FIB: Sleeper plane for Frisco? Did ye go inquire inside, Gooley?

CHINK: Suah...no sleepy plane inslide.

FIB: OF COURSE THERE AIN'T ANY SLEEPER PLANES INSIDE. Say, it's kind of expensive travelin' by plane to Frisco, ain't it, Gooley?

GOOLEY: Ohooo..no. Velley cheaply if knowin' lopes.

FIB: Whaddye mean if ye know the ropes?

GOOLEY: Plane fare two hundled thlee doller from heah. Mail Lettah flo six cents ouncee. Gooley Fooey weigh hundled sixty fi' pounds. Two thlous'n, six hundled fo'ty ouncee..six cents ouncee, hundled fifty eight doller...(LAUGHS) Velly clevah.

FIB: Yes but you can't just cancel yourself and crawl in a mailbag, you know.

GOOEY: Oh suah...Me natulize slitizen. Ttravel likee any Amelican male. So long now.

CROWD MURMUR UP AND DOWN.

FIB: I better warn Jim Farley. Hurry up, Sil. I wanta buy that airplane motor and start installin' my air conditionin'...OOP.. sorry sis.

WOMAN: Oh don 't mention it. Can you tell me, please..do any of these planes fly over that Big Boulder Dam?

FIB: (LAUGHS) No, but believe me, sis, they fly over some Da---.SAY, WHO'S BEEN TAMPERIN' WITH THIS SCRIPT? Sorry, Sis..that last flight was grounded. Come on Sil...let's ask the reception desk where we can buy a old motor..

SOUND: HUM OF VOICES UP..AND DOWN.

FIB: HEY THERE, BUG...You, at the desk.....

MAN: Yesir? How much do you weigh?

FIB: 142, but what I wanna know is -

MAN: And how much does your baggage weigh?

FIB: I aint got any baggage...I just -

MAN: No baggage...I see...did you wish our bus to pick you up at destination or will you take a taxicab?

FIB: Neither one, bud, I -

MAN: Oh you're going to walk to town from the airport? Well, as long as you have no baggage, it won't be so bad. The airport is only eleven miles from town.

FIB: From what town?

MAN: What difference does it make? Airports are always eleven miles from any town. Did you want a single fare or round-trip?

FIB: Neither one...I just want -

MAN: I see...one double fare...how much does your wife weigh?

FIB: A hundred and ...LISTEN...IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE WHAT SHE WEIGHS. I'm interested in airplane motors.

MAN: Oh we all are, I'm sure. Just tell the hostess you want a seat up front where you can watch the motors. Your hostess on Flight 12 will be Miss Amelia Paperbucket. Charming girl. Been with the company- - - -

FIB: DAD RAT IT BUD...LEMME TALK WILL YOU? I don't wanna go noplac on a plane..Now, -- you got that thru your head?

MAN: Certainly sir. You just want to go up and fly around a little That can be arranged. We have sight-seeing flights every half...

FIB: DAD RAT IT...GIMME A TICKET TO CHICAGO.

MAN: Certainly.

SIL: Is you goin' to fly to Chicago, suh?

FIB: No I aint. But buyin' a ticket seems to be the only way this guy'll listen to me.

SOUND: TICKET STAMPER

MAN: Here you are sir. One to Chicago. Lunch will be served aboard the plane. You retain this stub.

FIB: You think I can retain the lunch?

MAN: Oh there won't be any trouble about that sir. These ships are very steady, and -

P.A. VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE. FLIGHT 22 LEAVING IN FIVE MINUTES FOR EVERTON, EVERGREEN CITY, THE EVERGLADES, EVERSVILLE, EVERBURG, EVER TRY JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT ON YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM? VISIBILITY, BEAUTIFUL, CEILING...NEVER MIND THE CEILING. I'M TALKING ABOUT FLOORS. TRY GLOCOAT...THAT IS ALL...WEATHER CLEAR, TRACK FAST.

FIB: That sounded like Harlow Wilcox, bud...was it?

MAN: Yes...he's our new dispytcher.

FIB: You mean dispatcher.

MAN: No...he got that plug in despytcher.

FIB: AHEM. Now listen bud...what I want is this...I wanna buy a used airplane motor for a air-conditi- - -

MAN: I see...I'd suggest you see our Mr. Wingflap, in charge of Maintenance, Equipment, Replacement and Parachute Mending.

FIB: Where'll he be, fooling around the field?

MAN: Yes, or hanging around the hangars.

FIB: Thanks bud. Come on Sil....

SOUNDS UP...MOTOR IN DISTANCE....

SIL: This sho a interestin' place ain' it suh?

FIB: I'll say it is, Sil...Reminds me of the time I was Flyin' in France with the Goldberg Escadrille. I'll never forget the night they fired me outa the flyin' service. It was At Issadon.

SIL: Wah they fish you fo' suh? Wasn't you a ace?

FIB: Sure I was an ace. Even the Captain admitted that. Of course he pronounced it with a broad 'a', bein' a foreigner. Well, sir, we was supposed to take off on a scoutin' flight over Nobody's Land, ye see? I got into my monkey suit and Hollered "CONTACT" to my mechanic. He hollered back that we didn't have time to play no contract but he'd take me on for pinochle when I got back...so I leaps into my ship.

SIL: Wah you do then, suh?

FIB: Welllllll I was supposed to wave goodbye to the captain and gun my motor...but I was so excited I waved goodbye to the motor and gunned the captain. That's why I - Oh...Here's the maintenance office, Sil. You wait here for me.

SIL: Yassuh...ah'll stan' heah an' watch the planes land out theah on the rump, suh.

FIB: RAMP, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Yes?

FIB: You Mr. Wingflap, the Maintenance manager?

MAN: Yes. Please state your business briefly, this is my busy d-...
by the way...what day is this?

FIB: Tuesday.

MAN: Oh. Then take your time. Friday is my busy day.

FIB: How do you find Monday?

MAN: Oh, I just gather up the Sunday papers and there it is... What
was it you wanted?

FIB: Well, but...I'm installin' a air-conditionin' system in my
home, and I need a good second-hand airplane motor...with a
propellor onto it.

MAN: Oh I have just the thing for you. A 12 Cylinder Hummingbird.
Are you familiar with the Hummingbird Engine?

FIB: Wel-l-l-l-l no, I ain't bud. What kinda fuel does it take...
birdseed?

MAN: This motor is in good condition but doesn't measure up to our
present standards. I can sell it to you for \$500. That's a
lump sum.

FIB: Yes...that's some lump! You must be one of them super-chargers
I've heard about. Oh well...it cleans me out but I'll take it.
Can you have it over at my house by the time we get thru with
this next musical number?

MAN: That depends. What is the number?

FIB: Well, Billy Mills is playin' JOSEPH JOSEPH, for our quartette
--"The 4 Notes." Ye see, bud, we had such a nice response
to their singin' last week we asked 'em to come back for a
encore. This is kinda of a tricky number for 'em to sing, too.

MAN: Joseph Joseph? What's so difficult about it?

FIB: Well, there's four singers, and only two Josephs. AHEM.
FOLKS, BILLY MILLS GIVES US, JOSEPH JOSEPH...WITH THE 4 NOTES.
TAKE IT, BILLY...

ORK: "JOSEPH, JOSEPH"... 4 NOTES

APPLAUSE

WIL - (INSERT 2 COMMERCIAL)

4TH SPOTSOUND: HAMMERING ON METAL...CLATTERS...MORE POUNDING

FIB: Well, it's pretty near all set, Sil. Hand me them pliers... thanks. Now I gotta get the air ducts fitted into the windows ...and set this fan up. I'll fix the fan Sil...you bring the ducts.

HAMMER 'G

SIL: Wah's that pipe you is puttin' up theah suh...that extra one.

FIB: That's a conduit.

SIL: A wah?

FIB: A CONDUIT.

SOUND: GONG

FIB: Folks, we wish to call your attention to the fact that we didn't make no joke outa the word CONDUIT. It was a struggle, but we fought it down. We wanna make it easy for ye to go along with us on this stuff.

SOUND: GONG

FIB: Now lesee...hand me that roll o' tape there Sil...that's it...

RIPPING SOUND

FIB: I don't want no air to leak outa this garden hose. come down here in the basement some night and find four feet o' air on the floor...

SIL: You think this stuff is gonna work our okay suh?

FIB: It's a cinch, Sil...and if it pans out the way I hope, I might market my ideas. THE MCGEE HOT AIR AND COLD AIR COMPANY. With a slogan somethin' like...er...KNOW WHERE YOUR "ATMOSPHERE IS AT." OR MAYBE, "Weather is hot out or weather it's cool in, you can have any weather you want, outside or in, regardless of weather or not." That's a little long, maybe, but - Hey somebody's comin down the cellar stairs, Sil. It Mistah Depopolis, suh.

FIB: Oh Hiyah Nick.

NICK: Hello, Fizzer...I am giving your house the go-by on the outside when I am hearing a hammer-pounding down here which is putting me in my mind of a boiling factory.

FIB: You mean a boiler factory, Nick. As a matter of fact you ain't far off at that. This is my new air conditioning system.

NICK: Is that so? Can you breathing some air only under certain condissims, Fizzer? Or maybe you are the victim of a fever in the hay?

FIB: Oh no. I ain't got no hay fever Nick. But all modern homes has gotta come to air conditioning sooner or later, ye know. I'm gonna be one o' the pioneers.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer...I guess every man who is owned by his own home is having a little pie in his ear. How is this air-condissim machinery working itself?

FIB: I'll be glad to explain it to ye, Nick. That garden hose runs out the window there, bringin' in fresh air, see? Then it comes thru the hose into the washing machine here...watch.

SOUND: MACHINERY UP WITH LOUD BUBBLING...OUT

FIB: See? That washes the air.
 NICK: Well for the sake of a goodness alive! It must be a very scientifipuss thing to be washing some atmosfairies. You can almost give a Saturday nights bath to somebody's breataing. I'm thinking. (LAUGHS)
 FIB: Yes, or we can take in washing for people who eats onions.
 AHEM. Well, Nick...then the air passes over this cake of ice here...in front o' this airplane propellor...

MOTOR UP LOUD AND OUT (WITH HEAVY WIND EFFECT)

FIB: That blows the cool, glean air into the door o' the furnace, and up thru the pipes all over the house...simple ain't it?
 NICK: Fizzer, I am never seeing anything like it, except when I am making a trips to New York last Septober.
 FIB: Oh did you get to New York, Nick? Whadja see?
 NICK: Oh I am seeing everything Fizzer. I am going all over Minniehattan on a rubber bus necking trip.
 FIB: You mean on a rubber-neck bus trip.
 NICK: Sure...and I am going up in the Statuary of Liberties which she is having an elevator in her stomach for going up with a tourist inside of me, you grob me?
 FIB: Yes, I've been inside of it myself, Nick. Very impressive.
 NICK: And then---on the last nights I am being there, I am putting on my soup to nuts -
 FIB: Soup and fish.
 NICK: Fish to you, and nuts to me. And we are going up in a place which somebody is saying is Mr. Radiofeller's Rocky City.

FIB: Rockefeller's Radio City. Did you get to the Radio City Music Hall?
 NICK: No...we are not going to the City Hall for Radio Music, Fizzer. But as you were saying before I interrupted me, we went up into the nights club which is calling itself the Rainbarrel Rooms.
 FIB: Oh the RAINBOW ROOM. Quite a view from there. If you can get your eyes off the check.
 NICK: Fizzer, you are never saying a truer thing in my born daisies. When I am seeing how much I am paying in those places, I am knowing why it is calling that place a Rainbow's Room. Because everybody is having to put a pot full of gold at the end of it. Well, so long, Fizzer, you are very grateful to me for showing you your air condissim contrivipuss.
 FIB: Okay, Nick...come in again.
 Well, I think she's about ready to start goin' Sil. You got everything connected up?
 SIL: Yassuh...ah reckon so...suh.
 FIB: I better tighten up this propeller a little more...or we'll have the house goin' into a tail spin.
SOUND: CLATTER OF METAL.
 FIB: Okay Sil...SWITCH ON THE WASHIN' MACHINE AND THEN I'LL TURN ON THE PROPELLOR...
 SIL: Heah she go!
SOUND: WASHING MACHINE...WITH LOUD BUBBLING.
ADD--SOUND: AIRPLANE PROPELLOR...TERRIFIC WIND.

FIB: (OVER SOUND) HEY SHUT IT OFF, SIL! SHUT IT OFF!...QUICK!...
IT'LL BLOW THE WHOLE HOUSE AWAY...

SOUNDS OUT

SIL: She sho' kick up a awful wind, don't she suh?

FIB: Whew! I'll say it does...It blew me clear into the coal bin...
I went right into the slack on my slacks. BOY...WHAT A WIND!
We gotta gear it down a little Sil...where's the pipe wrench?

SIL: Out in the garage, ah think suh...shall ah git it?

FIB: No, I'll get it...You hold the door open for me so...

DOOR LATCH: TERRIFIC WIND...WAY UP...OUT WITH DOOR SLAM

SIL: Wassa mattah suh? You'is wite as a sheet.

FIB: Sil...you realize what we done? That wind we kicked up is
all over town. Look!

DOOR OPEN...TERRIFIC WIND...DOOR SLAM...WIND OUT

SIL: Look lak we din' shut it off quick enough don't it suh?

FIB: Say this is terrible...what if they find out who...COME ON...
LET'S GET UPSTAIRS...

CLATTER OF FEET ON STAIRS

FIB: Hey Sil...listen to that...WHAT'S that guy on the radio sayin?

P.A. VOICE: - a storm of unprecedented violence. The gale is estimated
at 70 to 80 miles per hour...and reports indicate the storm
might reach hurricane proportions by midnight. Property
damage is estimated so far at about seven hundred thousand
dollars...

CLICK

FIB: (GROANS) Oohhh...what'll I do...700,000 bucks...I can never
make good on that..Hey Sil...hand me the phone.

SIL: Ah wouldn't feel bad about it suh...you didn't know that ole
propellah was so strong.

FIB: That ain't no excuse, Sil, I'm afraid...(CLICK) HELLO...
OPERATOR...GIMME THE WEATHER BUREAU...(Sil, if anybody ever
finds out about us...) HELLO...WEATHER BUREAU? JUST...ER...
JUST HOW BAD IS THIS STORM, BUD? eh? GETTIN' WORSE ?
GENERAL THRUOUT THE MIDDLE WEST, EH? STORM WARNINGS UP ALL
OVER THE U.S.? Well...er...well, have you got any...er...any
idea who start...er...where this storm originated? EH?
SASKATCHEWAN! YE SURE? (LAUGHS) OKAY Bud...much obliged...
(CLICK) Hear that Sil? (LAUGHS) Them dumbells think that
storm started up in Canada...

SIL: Tha's a joke on them ain't it, suh? (LAUGHS)

FIB: (LAUGHS) I'll say it is...BUT SIL...IF YOU EVER BREATHE A WORD
OF THIS TO ANYBODY...

ORK: "DAY DREAMING" DOWN FOR -

gs/js/mr/mh/na/10:30
6/14/38

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - JUNE 14, 1938

TUESDAY - 9:30-9:00 PM - WMAQ - RED - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Watch the cars that come along the highways. Some are faded and streaked -- some are dusty and dull -- others are gleaming with a beautiful JOHNSON'S WAX polish. The cars that wear a shining coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX put to shame all the dingy, dirty cars on the road. If you want your car to attract the admiration of everyone, why not do as thousands of other car owners are doing, and give your car a bright, mirror-like polish with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER. The CLEANER quickly takes away all dirt without harming the finish -- makes your car beautiful as new! Now protect this gleaming surface with a tough coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, so road film and dust can't stick to it. You can easily do the job yourself, or you can have it done for you at small cost by a nearby service station. Here are three good reasons for using JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and CLEANER. 1. These fine products do double duty-- they keep your car looking like new -- and they protect the finish against deterioration. 2. They save you money on car washings. 3. They give your car a much higher trade-in value. Don't delay another day, wax your car the Johnson Way!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

Page 2

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

ANNOUNCER: Vacation days will soon be here and your children and the neighbors' children will be trilling across your kitchen floor. If you're wise, you'll protect your linoleum at once with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then you won't have to worry about scuffing shoes and spilled food ruining the lovely polish. GLO-COAT is so easy to use -- requires no rubbing or polishing. It penetrates the cracks and pores of wood and linoleum -- shuts out dirt and germs -- makes your floor clean as a platter! Why not resolve to have less work and more play this summer? Get a can of GLO-COAT tomorrow, and be sure you get the real thing -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.
(The larger sizes save you money.)

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

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Is your car standing out in front of your house now? If it is, go out when this program is over, and just take a close look at it. Does the finish shine like it did when it was new -- or is it lifeless, grimy looking? It may be hard to believe that under all that coating of road film, there still is a gleaming, sparkling finish just waiting to be brought to light. If you want the surprise of your life, just give JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and WAX a chance at that finish! JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER will immediately wipe away all the foggy layers of dirt -- restore the original finish in all its brightness! And JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX will protect that restored finish, and keep it sparkling for a long, long time. These famous products are easy to use -- they cost very little -- save many car washings and increase trade-in values. But don't accept substitutes -- get the best! Insist on JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

na /3:45
6/14/38

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON. INC.
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
(8:00-8:50 PM) (JUNE 2^{DATE} 1938) (TUE

WRITER DON-QUI
OK

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS