

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
 PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" #20 OK
 CHICAGO OUTLET WLS (7:00-7:30 PM) (AUGUST 26, 1935) (MONDAY DAY)
 PRODUCTION
 ANNOUNCER
 ENGINEER
 REMARKS

Hee
Hee

25 sec announcement
And Don't come up - End of Haerens speech -
Weather man too cut up.
Intro to Washed in the moon.

Of the I Sing -
in chorus
As in bass

NBC

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 CHICAGO OUTLET WLS (7:00 - 7:30 PM) (AUGUST 26, 1935) (MONDAY DAY)
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 REMARKS

Scene for next week?
Extra Talent?

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: In the midst of this Sparkling music let me remind you ~~that~~ now is the time to Wax your car! Your family - your friends, will be proud to ride with you when your car sparkles and gleams with a Johnson's Wax polish. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. You'll receive a can of fine quality black Touch-up enamel absolutely free ^{with} ~~when~~ you make your purchase. Don't delay another day. Wax your car the Johnson Way.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: ~~Now~~ Now is the time to wax your car! Don't drive around another day in a dirty, dull, faded looking car. It gives everybody a very poor impression of you. And it is so easy to take away all that unattractive dirty film and give your car a gleaming polish that shines like new. It is easy -- that is -- if you use Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. These two products are regular miracle workers. They transform your car right before your eyes. With Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner the work is done in about half the usual time. You will be proud of your car when you see all the sparkle come back to the finish. It will look like it did when you first drove it out of the show-room. So go to your dealer at once and ask for Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Let me assure you that Johnson's Auto Cleaner contains no harsh abrasives. It does a miraculous cleaning job and it positively does not harm the finish. Insist on Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner and save the finish on your car.

Well - we wouldn't know about her but here's a suggestion that's a honey! \$10

Wilecox
 Sparkling Music
 and your business

A few minutes ago I told you how
easy it is

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LOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: ^{sparkling} Now it's very important to protect the finish so it will stay shining. And it's very important that you use Johnson's Auto Wax in order to give your car the surest protection against sun, rain and road-film. With a gleaming coat of Johnson's Wax your car, whether new or old, will resist dust and dirt. Car washings will be cut down after your car is Johnson Waxed. The polish wears like iron - keeps your car in such beautiful condition that you will get much more money for it at the time of resale.

So go to your Dealer right away, order Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special price of 98¢ for the two. Your dealer will give you a can of fine quality black touch-up enamel free, with your purchase. If you prefer, your garage or service station will wax your car for you. But don't delay another day - wax your car the Johnson way!

1a/3:10PM
8/23/35

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT.

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax bring you more musical moments of unmitigated merriment, with Rico Marcelli's orchestra, Ronald Mansfield, Charlie Wilson, - The Johnson Merry-men, - and Marian and Jim as those gay and garrulous gadders, those gasoline gondoliers, - Fibber McGee and Molly!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Marcelli and his men leave their broadcasting for forecasting, and find it's going to get hotter, with shifting wood winds, and a rain of rhythm...in "The Weather Man." Wrap it up, Rico!

ORCHESTRA: "THE WEATHER MAN" DOWN FOR 25-SECOND COMMERCIAL: UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: McGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN."

SOUND: MOTOR UP TO ESTABLISH: DOWN FOR DIALOG.

WIL: Remember what the poet sang? A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou? Well, that's Fibber McGee and Molly ...two loafers Fred, a Chug of the motor and thou - sands of miles behind them, they come in sight of a new real estate development!

SOUND: MOTOR UP...AND DOWN

MOL: Look, McGee...tis a carnival. Let's stop.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, we ain't got time to go messin' around no dad ratted carnivals...besides..it taint a carnival.

MOL: Then what is it? Look at the people, and the flags and all..

FIB: I dunno. What's the flags say onto 'em?
 MOL: Well slow down so's I can read 'en iggernuts!
 SOUND: MOTOR DOWN MORE.
 FIB: What's the signs say, Molly? I can't read 'em and drive,
 too.
 MOL: Must be a new subdivision, McGee, It Says, "HOME SITES, A
 DOLLAR DOWN." "BUY A LOT FOR A LITTLE." "BUILD A HOME,
 FOR THE LANDS SAKE!" THE REALEST REAL ESTATE YOU EVER BOUGHT!"
 FIB: Aw shucks...we don't want to stop and listen to a lotta a
 high-pressure salesmanship when -
 MOL: Look, McGee...THAT SIGN:
 FIB: WHERE?
 MOL: BARBECUE SANDWICHES AND COFFEE FREE!
 SOUND: INSTANT BRAKE SCREECH. AND MOTOR OUT.
 FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed...
 MOL: Ye needn't have stopped so sudden McGee. Ye nearly broke me
 neck.
 FIB: I know. AHEM. I jest happened to think. Every American
 citizen oughta be interested into home buildin', Molly. It's
 the backbone o' our civiliz-
 MOL: Go on with ye McGee. Tis your wishbone your talkin' about.
 Ye're wishin fer a free sandwich.
 FIB: Shucks, I -
 MAN: (FADE IN) Hello, hello, hello!
 MOL: Tis one hello too many, mister. Ther's only two of us.

MAN: So I see...se I see..yes..and two of the very type of
 citizen we want to see settle down in a little nest on
 THIS BEAUTIFUL DEVELOPMENT, folks. HERE'S WHERE YOU GET A
 LOT FOR A LITTLE, A HOME FOR HALF, AND CONTENTMENT ON EVERY
 DOTTED LINE.. YES SIR FOLKS...
 MOL: What is this place, now?
 MAN: This place, Madam? Why this is none other than that beautiful
 landscaped, HAGGLEMEYER'S VANILLA VILLA subdivision. Wired
 for light, piped for gas, paved for pavements, ditched for
 sewers, and for only the small sum of -
 FIB: Where do ye git them free sandwiches, brother?
 MOL: AND coffee?
 MAN: Right over there sir, at the barbecue pit. But before you
 avail yourself of Hagglemeyer's ^{with this} Vanilla Villa Hospitality,
 let me give you a short summary of our proposition. We have
 here probably the finest, most economical....
 FIB: Come on, Molly. Git out. I dunno why we can't git a
 mouthful and a earful at the same time.
 SOUND: TWO DOOR SLAMS
 FIB: Where'd you say this here free barbeque pit was, brother?
 Over -
 MAN: Ah yes, sir...but I must inform you that the word FREE is
 conditional.
 MOL: And what do ye mean conditional? Free is free.

MAN: Yes indeed. Yes indeed. Free without the slightest reservations to those who hold tickets for the grand drawing.

MOL: Grand what?

FIB: Whatcha mean tickets for the grand drawing?

MAN: Do you mean to say you have come within ten thousand miles of Hagglemeyer's Homehaven development without learnin' from every man woman and child the sensational details of our sales stimulants? Why sir, and madam...here is opportunity itself....knocking...nay...THUNDERING at your door.....

FIB: Shucks, all I want is an opportunity to sink my teeth into a barbeq-

MAN: Why for the paltry sum of only two dollars, sir, you buy a ticket which may bring you shelter in your declining days... a haven from the storms of the future, the dream of every solid citizen of this great commonwealth.

MOL: Ye mean ye're sellin' chances onto a house?

MAN: A house? Did you say a house, madam? This is THE house! The house of your dreams, madam. A cove of contentment, the realization of a lifetimes yearnings...the answer to a woman's prayer. LOOK!

FIB: WHERE?

MOL: Where?

MAN: AHHHH. where, indeed.. Direct your gaze at that vine covered cottage...that marvelous, modern example of the architects art...the home of your hearts desire! Right over there.

Well

MOL: Ouh the house. ~~My~~, it IS real pretty, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Oh it's okay. AHEM. Now where did you say this here barbeque....

MOL: McGee...ya gotta have a ticket, the man says. Tis only two dollars and ye have a chance to win that house and lot, too. Am I right, Mister?

MAN: The solemn truth, madam. For the miserable sum of two dollars....

FIB: What in tunket's so miserable about two bucks, brother? It'll buy twenty sandwiches, and lemme tell you, a hamburger in the hand is worth a house in the hat, any day. Come on, Molly. We better be...

MOL: Wait. McGee. Buy me a ticket.

FIB: Buy you a ...(PAUSE) WHAT was that, Molly?

MOL: You heard me, McGee. BUY me a ticket.

FIB: Well fer the...you mean ~~you~~ ^{spend \$2.00} ~~did you~~ say...AHEM. Say how ^{brother} many sandwiches are ye entitled to when ye gotta ticket, brother?

MAN: There is no limit, sir. It is merely a gesture of hospitality on the part of the Hagglemeyer ^{Vanilla Villa} ~~Vanilla~~ Villa Development company. We feel that a well fed customer is a better prospect. So...

FIB: Ye mean ye kin eat as much as ye want?

MAN: Yes. We -

FIB: Gimme a ticket!

MAN: Here you are sir...and as a friend to a friend, I may say you have never made a more intelligent purchase. It is -

FIB: Ye mean as one real estate man to another, brother. AHEM. I -

MOL: Oh now, McGee. Give the man his two dollars and let's be eatin'.

FIB: Here's your two bucks, brother. AHEM. As I was sayin' I used to dabble a mite into real estate myself. Tropical real estate.

MAN: Oh, really!

FIB: No, O'Reilly. O'Reilly and McGee. The Part-payment promoters o' Panama. AHEM. Used to sell banana plantations mostly. Some pineapple farms and rubber timber but mostly bananas. Still, ye should o' seen the work we done onto the pineapple plantations.

MAN: But, if you'll excuse me sir, I -

FIB: You ain't pryin' into my business a bit brother. AHEM. Always glad to share my experience with another real estate man. As I was sayin' ye should o' seen the O'Reilly and McGee Part-Payment Promotion of Pineapple Plantations. AHEM.

MOL: McGee, the man wants to -

FIB: Wants to hear about how I done. I know. AHEM. Ye see brother, I was probly the leadin' banana-land promotor in Panama at the time. I had me the biggest plantation o' bananas into the Island o' Pago Pago. ~~That's why they called it Pago Pago. I collected so much for my banana farms everybody was sayin' Go pay, go pay, go paygo paygo paga.~~ AHEM. Pago Pago, ye see? Well sir, - even the hurricane o' 1908 never fazed me. Even though the lightnin' busted every banana tree I owned right down the middle o' the trunk.

MAN: Lightning struck every banana tree?

McGEE: Right down the middle! But it never discouraged me none. I jest took one look at them trees, ordered a herd o' Jersey cows shipped in, and set up a ice cream plant.

MAN: ~~See clear what~~ What for?

FIB: Banana splits fer the export trade. AHEM. Come on, Molly... we better git us our two dollars worth o' sandwiches. so...

ORCHESTRA: RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN.

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "I WISHED ON THE MOON"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men, confessing to a starlight superstition, "I Wished On The Moon." And I might say right here, that if you ever wished on the moon...or just wished, that your car could keep that brilliant factory finish, ^{your} Johnsons ^{Auto} Wax will keep -

wish will come true when you first use Johnson's Wax and Cleaner

FIB: Yes sir, Harpo, - I always says that -
 WIL: Now just a minute, Fibber. MY NAME IS HARLOW, once and for all.
 FIB: Okay. That's once fer you and fer all o' me, it's still Harpo. AHEM. I ever tell ye bout the time I had me the bee farm down in Turkey Run, Indiana?
 WIL: Oh, an apiary!
 FIB: I says BEES, not MONKEYS. AHEM. Well, sir, one day in 19 ought six...or no ...ought seven it was, I -
 WIL: I'm sorry, Fibber, but my time is -
 FIB: I know. Your time is my time. AHEM. Ad I was sayin', I druv into my bee farm one day and started givin' the oar a Johnson Waxin', and I happened to lay the can o' wax down by one o' my hives.
 WIL: Oh you had the hives.
 FIB: No. My bees had the hives. I had the bets. AHEM. But I lays me the can o' Johnson's Wax down by one o' ^{the} my hives and all of a sudden I seen Hortense...she was a queen bee from the Hampsmother Honey Farm next door...I seen Hortense lookin' down into that can o' wax real curious...then she give a kind of a angry buzzz and flew away. Next thing I knew there she was back again with the whole swarm o' bees from the Hampsmother Honey Farm.
 WIL: She went and got her gang.

FIB: Yep...and when the buzzin' had died down a mite, I could hear her say to them other bees, she says, settin' onto the edge o' the Johnson's settin' onto the edge of the can O' Johnson's Wax, she says, listen, you muggs, she buzzes... git a load o' the work that's bein' done over here. That there is wax as IS wax. Now go on home and see what you can do!
 WIL: Oh now -
 MOL: McGee! Will ye let Mr. Wilcox get on with his work?
 FIB: Okay Okay. (FADE OUT) I was jest givin' Harpo here a nature lesson but he ain't got the intelligence to.....
 WIL: (LAUGHS) ~~Well it just goes to show that even a bee can be misled. Johnson's Wax cannot be duplicated. With it's... etc etc...into commercial.~~

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: (INTRO TO SOLOIST NUMBER:) "AND THEN MY HEART STOOD STILL."
 ORCHESTRA: (NUMBER TO BE SELECTED.) --- SOLOIST
 APPLAUSE:
 ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" - DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT
 SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP...AND DOWN.
 WIL: Now back to the Vanilla Villa Real Estate Development. Amid the banners and bunting, barbeques and baloney, where Fibber and Molly are getting their two dollars worth of sandwiches and coffee at the expense of Mr. Hagglemeyer.

GROWD RECORD UP AT INTERVALS. (MR. SEIGAL. WATCH MR. KAMMAN)

MOL: McGee, if you're able to walk, let's be goin'.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly...ye might let a feller finish his sandwich.

MOL: His SANDWICH (LAUGHS) Go on with ye, McGee. Ye've et so much beef I'll have to ride herd on ye fer the next two weeks.

FIB: Shucks, you done all right yourself, Molly.

MOL: I know. I et my dollars worth in piccallilli alone. Tear up your ticket and let's go.

FIB: Hey now wait a mite, Molly. Shucks, I paid two dollars fer that there ticket and -

MOL: And et four dollars and seventy five cents worth o' sandwiches and coffee. (LAUGHS) Ye don't think ye'll win a house and lot too, do ye?

FIB: Well...ye never know, Molly.

MOL: Look at the number on the ticket, McGee

FIB: Where?

MOL: Right on the corner there. Read it.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) A hunnert and thirty one thousand, three hunnert and thirteen. AHM. Well...what about it?

MOL: What about it? And do ye think you'll win on number 13 13 13? Tis three strikes on ye, McGee!

FIB: Shucks, that don't mean nuthin', Molly. Add it up. 13 plus 13 plus 13. One and three is four and four is eight and four is twelve. AHM. Twelve is a lucky number accordin' to numerology. A dozen.

MOL: Sure. A dozen that dozen mean anything. Tis a nice little house, but you got no more chance o' winnin' it than makin' a fortune on spaghetti in Abyssinnia.

FIB: Oh well, Ye'll have to admit...

MAN: (PREVIOUS SALESMAN) AH THERE FRIENDS...I HOPE YOU have enjoyed the hospitality of Haggleyer's Homehaven.

MOL: Sure they was real nice barbeques, mister. But we got to be on our way.

MAN: Oh no no. madam. Ye can't afford to pass up the home making opportunity of a lifetime. Why when you consider what Hagglemeyer's Homehaven offers you in the way of -

FIB: You got any sody tablets on ye, bud?

MAN: No sir. I'm afraid not? Are you ill, sir?

MOL: Tis his barbequed beef stampedin', mister. Come on, McGee.

FIB: Okay. Glad to of met ye brother. We'll -

MAN: But WAIT. You haven't heard the real true story..the romance behind the founding of Hagglemeyers Vanilla Villa We are building a community, sir. We are interested in laying the very cornerstones of civic development. We want to see homes and more homes...with healthy happy citizens... little children going to school...smoke from a hundred contented chimneys...even at a sacrifice... Sacrifice?

MOL: Sacrifice?

MAN: Ah yes...what is a monetary loss when -

MOL: When you can sell a hundred and thirty one thousand, three hundred and thirteen tickets for two dollars a piece, makin' \$262,626 fer a house that couldn't of cost more'n 12 thousand to put up? Hah! Answer me that! MR. Sacrifice!

MAN: I'm afraid madam...but here is Mr. Hagglemeyer himself. Mr. Hagglemeyer...these good people appear a bit sceptical of the sincerity of your development! Meet Mr. Hagglemeyer, folks. Mr. Hagglemeyer, this is Mr. and Mrs...er... Mr. and Mrs...er..

MOL: McGee.

FIB: What?

MOL: Nuthin'. I was just tellin' Mr. Hagglesnuffer the name.

MAN: Hagglemeyer, madam Mr. Hagglemeyer will ^{to} give you all the advantages and opportunities embraced in the purchase and ownership of a little home in Hagglemeyer's Vanilla Villa. And the drawing of the lucky number will be held in just a few moments. (FADE OUT) Mr. Hagglemeyer will be glad to explain

MOL: My my..Mr. Haggletoooper, do all these people pay two dollars for a few hamburgers and coffee and ballyhooley?

WILSON: Do you mean to say...er...that is to remark...never let it be said that Herman Hagglemeyer ever...WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK?

FIB: Ye know what I think? Haggy? I think that this here is a big gyp. I think that..

WILSON: WHAT? You mean to say there and stand that...er..I mean stand there and accuse. who who ever..but did you ever stop to think that a man's best friend is..well, what is a mother without a home? I mean what is home without a bar..er. sink..I mean someplace where a man..you get the idea..just two little bums er birds in a gilded cootch..er..cage.. think of it, my fraaands. a little cottage..with a big cheese ..er..I mean a cottage cheese where..but NO...A MILLION TIMES NO..or shall we say MAYBE?

MOL: McGee..what is the man talkin' about?

FIB: Sounds like he got the needle in the wrong groove, Molly.

WILSON: Ahhh..what A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT JUST GIVE A LITTLE SHIVER... SCRIM..ER THOUGHT TO. BUT THINK OF THE TWILIGHT..A LITTLE HOME IN THE STICKS ER RHUBAR ER SUBURBS..COVERED WITH MORTGA..ER..IVY POISON IV ER NO. THAT WAS..AND A CHEERFUL FIRE..NO INSURANCE ER I MEAN A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE.. A SCUTTLEER...KIDDLE KETTLE SINGING ..ON THE STOVE..HOME ON THE RANGE... HAH .AND A LITTLE WIRE HAIED WIFE..ER..I MEAN A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG PUP ER AND THE KIDDIES...AHHH TWO CHARMING LITTLE GOLDEN HAIED BRATS..ER..CHILDR..WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PUNCTURE..ER...PICTURE..WHO SAYS THAT HAGGLEMAYER BUILD BUNG BUMGALOWSER..BIM BANGALO...ER..BLUE BLUMGAL.. FRAME HOUS ER. STUCCO. HAH I'LL STUCK TO STICKO MY FRIENDS..I MEAN I'LL...ALWAYS...

FIB: Am I hearin' right, Molly? Or mebbe I et one sandwich too many.

MOL: Look McGee..the crowd's goin' over there fer the raffle.

SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Come..on..let's see who won, McGee.

FIB: Okay. Probably be the cousin' o' ^{Hagglemeyer} ~~the contractor~~ ^{here} that..

WILSON: You are either unject..er..injesting..or in just..er..I
~~mean either unjust or unsuspect..er..Why look? Think of~~
 owning, tootle..er...title free..a little lovenuts..er..
 lovenest...and remember that old limeric..er wlsacr..er..
 poem..LET ME LIVE IN THE ROAD BY THE SIDE OF..A..ER...LET
 ME CAROUSE..BY THE SIDE OF A..UNDER THE VILLAGE OAKSMITH
 TREE..ER..THE BLACKFACE..WELL..SKIP IT. ALL I CAN SAY IS
 THAT WHEN YOU BUILD WITH HAGGLEMAYER YOU'LL ALWAYS REGR..ER..

I MEAN..IT WILL NEVER BE..A..YOU CAN DEPEND ON..~~WE~~

~~will suit to a load do~~
 FURNISH THE HOME...YOU FURNISH THE FURNITURE..HAH..

FURNISH YOUR OWN FURNISHU..OR YES..WHAT KIND OF FURNISH?

OIL FURNISH OR COAL FURNISH? WE HAVE NEITHER..ER..I

MEAN BOTH..TAKE YOUR CHANC..ER..CHOICE...

SOUND: BELL IN DISTANCE

MOL: Tell me, Mr. Hagglegooger...did you say you'd been accused
 o' buildin' bum bungalows?

WIL: Why listen, toots..er..my dear madam..never let it be said
 that..whoever whistles..er..whispers that Hagglemeyer never
 er..I mean why the fact I have..NO sir..My houses..I mean
 these accusatio..WHY THERE THERE IS NOT THE SLIGHTEST
 FOUNDATION!

MOL: That's what I thought. Come on, McGee..they're drawin'
 numbers... See you later, Mr. Higglepottter.

WILSON: (FADE OUT) CERTAINLY NOT..I MEAN YES INDEED..YOU CAN NEVER
 DEPEND ON HAGGLEMY..ER..YOU CAN ALWAYS GET..TRY AND
 FIND OUT WHY...

FIB: Shucks, if that there feller builds houses like he talks,
 you could park your car in the attic and shingle the cellar.
 He --

MOL: Be quiet, McGee...they're makin' an announcement

VOICE THRU P A SYSTEM

LADEES AND GENNLEMUN. THE GRAND DRAWING IS ABOUT TO TAKE
 PLACE. HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY. THE LUCKY WINNER WILL
 RECEIVE ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT COST OR EXPENSE OF ANY KIND,
 FREE AND CLEAR TITLE TO THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HOUSE YOU SEE
 TO MY RIGHT. TO THOSE WHO DO NOT WIN WE OFFER SPECIAL
 BARGAINS IN HOME SITES..HOMES DESIGNED, AND BUILT ON THE
 BEAUTIFUL HAGGLEMAYER VILLAS JUST A MINUTE NOW. WHILE THE
 CHARMING MISS SUSIE GLOTZ, WHO WAS ELECTED MISS HAGGLEMAYER
 DEVELOPMENT OF 1935, DRAWS THE LUCKY NUMBER.

CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Hah and us holdin' onto 13 13 13..(LAUGHS)

FIB: Be quiet Molly. I wanta see if old Hagglemoyer wins it
 hisself

CROWD RECORD UP CHEERS

VOICE THRU P. A. SYSTEM

LADDEES AND GENTLEMEN..YOUR KIND ATTENTION. THE LUCKY NUMBER HAS BEEN DRAWN..THE NUMBER IS..THE NUMBER THAT WINS THIS BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE HOMEBUILDERS GENIUS IS NONE OTHER THAN...ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY EIGHT. ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY EIGHT. WILL THE LUCKY WINNER PLEASE STEP UP TO THE PLATFORM WHERE..

CROWD RECORD UP..AND DOWN..

MOL: Well, McGee. At least we had our hamburgers and coffee.

FIB: Shucks, the roof probly leaks anyway .and..

MOL: Tear up the ticket, McGee. One thirteen is bad enough.
But three.

FIB: Hey wait a mite, Molly..what's he sayin'?

VOICE THRU P.A. SYSTEM:

ATTENTION PLEASE, LADDEES AND GENTLEMEN. CORRECTION. NUMBER 1028 WAS NOT ELIGIBLE FOR THE PRIZE AS IT HAD BEEN TURNED IN AND THE MONEY REFUNDED. ANOTHER NUMBER HAS BEEN DRAWN. IT IS NUMBER..ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY ONE THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN!

CROWD RECORD UP..CHEERS..

MOL: McGEE!! McGEE DID YE HEAR? IT'S OUR NUMBER McGEE..IT'S OUR NUMBER!! WE...McGEE..WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YE?

FIB: Shucks, Molly...I...I...

MOL: McGEE..HELP SOMEBODY..HE'S FAINTED..GIT SOME WATER...HELP..
(FADE OUT) MCGEE..SPEAK TO ME...

CROWD RECORD UP AS -

ORCHESTRA: "OF THREE I SING." (SOCK INTO INSTEAD OF MCGEE THEME)
DOWN FOR APPLAUSE AND ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: A LUCKY NUMBER FOR A LUCKY NUMBER! MARCELLI AND HIS MEN, ASSISTED BY THE JOHNSON MERRYMEN, REFER TO THE MCGEE FORTUNES, WITH "OF THREE I SING!"

ORCHESTRA: "OF THREE I SING" UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: STRAIGHT COMMERCIAL (TO COME)

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: SO WE LEAVE A MARVELLING MOLLY AND A FLABBERGASTED FIBBER UNTIL NEXT MONDAY AT THIS SAME HOUR...WHEN...

FIB: (FADE IN) When we gotta git all our furniture outa storage and into that there new house.

WIL: All your furniture is in storage?

FIB: Yep. Piano, chairs, bookcase, stove...everything.

WIL: How about pictures?

FIB: Wel-l-l..yes. We ain't got so many pictures yet, but...

WIL: I've got one you'll like...that you can have. It's a wall motto.

FIB: Wall motto? What's say?

WIL: It says..."JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER CANNOT HARM THE FINISH"
You'll like it, Fibber. It's beautifully framed.

F MCGEE THEME)

CELLI AND HIS MEN,
R TO THE MCGEE

LABBERGASTED FIBBER
WHEN...
urniture outa storage

everything.

tures yet, but...
a have. It's a wall

T HARM THE FINISH"
ly framed.

FIB: So was I, dad rat it..(FADE OUT) Shucks, a feller don't
ever git a chance to
WIL: (LAUGHS) SO THERE YOU ARE UNTIL NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT
THIS SAME HOUR ON NBC. REMEMBER NBC...N B SURE TO SPECIFY
THE GENUINE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER N B SAFE!
N B PREPARED TO HEAR THAT...THIS IS HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING.
GOOD NIGHT.

THEME UP TO FINISH.

mo/fb/11:35 AM
8/23/35

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS, (SEP
(7:00-7:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

- 1. Drop guitar
- 2. Make clean ab
- 3. "Never Buy Blue"
- 4. Too much water
- 5. Fine bass in
- 6. Violins too thin
- 7. Under: We take you
- 8.

You can
Harlow: Add if