

# NBC

ADVERTISER S C JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY #27

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS  
( 7:00 - 7:30 PM )

( OCTOBER 14, 1935 )

( MONDAY )

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT) -

WIL: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX DELIVER A DELIGHTFUL DEVIATION FROM THEIR DRAMATIC DOINGS, AND BRING YOU A HALF-HOUR OF HALF-AMATEUR HILARITY WITH RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, THE GLEF DWELLERS, ~~WILSON~~, AUDREY CALL, AND WITH MARIAN AND JIM IMPERSONATING ALL THE EXTRA CHARACTERS - A FEW OF THOSE LAUGHABLE, LOVABLE CHARACTERS THEY HAVE ORIGINATED AND MADE FAMOUS IN RADIO HISTORY. THEY WILL ALSO SERVE AS YOUR MASTER AND MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES, --  
FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY'

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Okay. Okay. AHEM. Listen, Molly, you start off them amateurs whilst I go over and see what we kin use to choke 'em off with. ~~Maybe I might have to go over to the fire-~~

~~house and berry a song~~  
*So on here and turn up the song Mc Gee*  
MOL: ~~Use the cuckoo clock, McGee. We might be interested.~~

FIB: Good idea, Molly. (FADE OUT) I'll go <sup>sit</sup> see about it.

MOL: ~~All right there son - You step right up here to the~~ *who will I call on first? There's a nice looking kid in the*  
microscope. Now don't ye be nervous. *fun!*

JIM: Ah, who's noivous?

MOL: Well now I thought you was. ~~Your hands is shakin' like a leaf.~~

JIM: And so what? I just got me a new set o' dice, see? I'm just practicin'.

MOL: Oh, and what's your name, me boy?

JIM: *Tony O'Toole*  
Mickey Donovan, and I'm (13) years old and I kin lick any kid in the audience.

MOL: Well it won't be necessary, me boy. And what do you want to do on the program.

JIM: Me teacher sent me up here to ~~do a recitation~~, see?

A GUY STOOD ON THE BOILING DECK  
WHEN ALL BUT HIM HAD SCRAMMED...

SOUND: ~~CUCKOO... CUCKOO~~

JIM: Oh, givin' me the boid, eh? Before I even get started, eh?

MOL: Oh now, that was ~~Jim and get excited~~ -

FIB: Shucks, son, that wasn't fer you. I wasjest tryin' it out.

MOL: Sure Practisin' like.

JIM: Oh yeah? I guess I know a bronx parrot when I hear one.

MOL: Well now we'll call on you later on, ~~Mike~~ <sup>Thicky</sup>. You go over there and wait with those other people now. that's a good boy. Who's next Fibber?

FIB: That there dark, heavy set feller there. Step up to the microphone here, bud. What's your name?

RICO: RICO Marcelli What's yours?

FIB: Fibber Mc ~~say, who's~~ <sup>askin' this</sup> ~~name~~ <sup>presume</sup> ~~this?~~ AHEM. Whatcha wanta do, Marco?

RICO: RICO. I have brought my band with me. We have walked all the way from Peoria to be on this show.

FIB: Walked all the way from Peoria, eh? The whole band.

MOL: I always says the piccolo was better'n the bass drum fer marchin'.

FIB: What you boys wanta play, Marco?

RICO: RICO Rico Marcelli, and we want to play, "~~I'M ON A SEESAW~~".  
Those four boys are the Clef Dwellers - they will sing.

FIB: I'm on a see-saw, eh?

MOL: And N B C-saw, no doubt. (LAUGHS) All right, lads. Go ahead.

MUSIC: ~~"I'M ON A SEE SAW"~~ <sup>no strings</sup> ORCHESTRA AND CLEF DWELLERS

APPLAUSE

FIB: Okay.. Okay.. AHEM Shucks, them fellers plays jest like professionals. ~~But I always says, folks, that -~~ <sup>when with</sup>

SOUND: LOUD CHOPSTICKS ON PIANO

MOL: Here here here. stop that, son. We're on the air.

JIM: (OFF MIKE) Oh all right. I was just playin' chopsticks for this guy.

MOL: Chopsticks is it. Sure, the little feller is just a hard boiled egg foo yong, McGee.

FIB: We better git goin with these here amateurs, Molly. Who's next?

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Tis the pretty girl settin' over there, McGee. And I'm thinkin' I'D better be doin' the interviewin'.

FIB: No, I guess I better, Molly. AHEM. You know how it is. She'd probly be more comfortable with a man than a woman.

MOL: Sure. That's what I thought. Oh well. go ahead, McGee.

FIB: Step right up here, sis. AHEM. I mean er. what's your name?

GERALDINE: (FADE IN, GIGGLING) Geraldine. What did you think it was going to be? (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, I kind thought -

GER: (GIGGLES) The reason I asked is because almost every body thinks my name ought to be Daffodil, so they could call me Daffy. (GIGGLES) ISN'T that simply exruciating? I mean isn't it really? (GIGGLES)

FIB: Yes, I -

GER: But my husband, his name is Gerald (GIGGLES) Gerald says I just married him because my name was Geraldine and his name was Gerald. (GIGGLES) Can you imagine? (GIGGLES) I mean he really said that. (GIGGLES) He says, I liked my own name so well I married another one just like it? Isn't that too, too devastating? I mean isn't it really? (GIGGLES) He says I have a narcissus complex. (GIGGLES) Gerald's always saying something psychological like that. I mean he is, really. (GIGGLES) Daffodils, and narcissuses. Or is it narcissi? (GIGGLES) It's getting so I don't know whether I'm a housewife or a flower girl. (GIGGLES) I really don't. But Gerald always says...

FIB: Hey, now wait a minute, Toots... I mean Daffy. ~~AHEM~~ What was it you wanted to do onto this here program?

GER: <sup>Perform</sup> Oh for goodness sake! <sup>in this or Radio program?</sup> (GIGGLES) It's all a mistake. I mean it really is. (GIGGLES) You see I was in the elevator and I heard music (GIGGLES) and I thought somebody was giving a dance and I just adore dancing (GIGGLES) I mean I do, really. when they play the Continental, I just go into a trance. (GIGGLES) Kind of a trance-continental. Isn't that delicious? Transcontinental. (GIGGLES) But if I had to do something over the air I'd simply perish. (GIGGLES) I mean I'd simply disintegrate... really. (GIGGLES)

SOUND: CUCKOO CUCKOO

GER: Oh dear...two o'clock. (GIGGLES) I had no idea it was so late. (GIGGLES) I simply must dash home...really. (GIGGLES) Thanks for a lovely evening. (GIGGLES) Biddle biddle biddle!

APPLAUSE

FIB: Phew! Might be good idea if the elevators quit runnin' for a while, Molly.

MOL: Why, McGee? So's we wouldn't get any more like her?

FIB: No. So she'd have to run down. (LAUGHS) Don't ye git it, Molly? She's all wound up, and I says if the elevat-

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee, ~~and besides, if that girl was~~ <sup>where were</sup>?

SOUND: LOUD BLAST OFF KEY ON TRUMPET

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Hey leave those instruments alone, kid! Get away from there!

JIM: Agh, pipe down little boy blew! I wasn't hurtin' your tin horn!

MOL: My my, what a mischievous boy. COME HERE, sonny

JIM: (FADE IN) You want me to recite now? A GUY STOOD ON THE BOILING DECK. WHENCE ALL BUT HIM HAD SCRA-

MOL: No no no. Wait a minute, <sup>Tom</sup> Kickey. It IS Kickey, isn't it?

JIM: Who did you t'ink? Little Lord Fauntleroy?

MOL: Now don't be fresh or I'll be takin' me slipper to ye, son. Now listen. We're puttin' on a show here and we can't have you botherin' people. Have ye no little playmates to sit down with and talk to till we call on ye?

JIM: Nah. I just got one little playmate and I hate him. He's a rat, see?

(MOL: (LAUGHS) Well you go over there and be quiet now. That's a good boy. Who's next, McGee?

FIB: Let's see...oh yes. The little gal over there with the fiddle. Hey, there, toots. C'mon over there.

MOL: My she's real sweet isn't she? And what's your name, dear?

AUDREY: Audrey Call.

FIB: And yer telephone number?

MOL: McGee! We don't have to know that.

FIB: AHEM. I er...I know WE don't. Oh well. I jest thought if I ever had any call to call Call I'd give Call a call.

AHEM. You a soprano, babe?

MOL: And why should a soprano be carryin' a fiddle, McGee?

FIB: That's easy. So's people wouldn't take her fer a soprano.

AHEM. You're a fiddler, eh, Audrey?

AUDREY: That's right.

MOL: Audrey, is it Miss Call, to you, McGee?

FIB: Excuse me. I miscalled it. AHEM. Ye know, toots, I used to be kind of a maestro onto the fiddle myself. I was always a Featured Fiddler at the Fall Philharmonic Festival in Frankfurt. AHEM. Shucks, ye should o' heard me tear into the Second Movement o' the intermezzo o'. Rachmaninoff's prelude to the third cadenze of -

MOL: McGee - !

FIB: - of the Peanut Vender. AHEM. Whatcha wants play fer us, Aud...er...Miss Call?

AUDREY: My own arrangement of Duke Ellington's latest song hit.. "IN MY SOLITUDE." *Why you're gettin' your brain right with*

FIB: In your solitude, eh? *Your own arrangement.* Well I'll *you* have to make arrangements so's your solitude won't -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: AHEM. Want me to accompany ye onto the sweet potato or somethin', Toots?

AUDREY: No thank you. But will that orchestra accompany me?

FIB: Well, I dunno, honey. Ye know they's quite a bit o' professional jealousy amongst musicians and...well let's see hey, boys, I don't suppose you'd wanta accompany this -

ORCHESTRA: SURE! ABSOLUTELY! YOU BET!...ETC.ETC...

FIB: Ye see, Toots? Jest as I thought. They'll be GLAD to.

AHEM. Go ahead.

ORCHESTRA: "IN MY SOLITUDE" AUDREY CALL

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My my she was real good wasn't she, McGee? I was so worried fer fear she'd forget her music. *get recalled*

FIB: Shucks, never worry about a fiddler, Molly. The first thing ye learn when playin' the violin is to take it on the chin.

AHEM. Who's next?

MOL: The tall dark man over there, with the paper in his hand.

FIB: They's too dad ratted many dark handsome fellers here to suit me, Molly. No wonder you been powderin' your nose so often.  
(LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh now, McGee, fer heaven's sake...

FIB: Shucks, ye needn't blush about it, Molly. **AHEM**. Come on over here, son and tell us your name.

WIL: Harlow Wilcox.

FIB: Harpo Wilcox?

WIL: No. HARLOW. Wilcox.

FIB: Harpo Wi-

WIL: HARLOW. L. Not P.

FIB: Oh I git it. Well we wont fuss about it, son. I'll knock the L out of it but I won't split P's. **AHEM**. You a tenor?

WIL: Do I look like a tenor?

FIB: I..er.. I kinda wish you hadn't askedme that, Harpo. **AHEM**. What do you do fer a livin'?

WIL: What do you care?

FIB: Oh gonna gimme trouble, eh? Hey, Molly. Suppose you interview this feller.

MOL: All right, McGee. How do ye do, me boy.

WIL: How do YOU do.

MOL: Fine, thank you.

WIL: I'm very glad to hear it.

MOL: Thank you.

WIL: Thank you.

MOL: Well, we'll never git any place this way. What do you want to do on the raddio, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'd like to give Household Hints.

FIB: (SNICKERS) Shucks...household hints...a big <sup>bruiser</sup> feller like him.

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Well go ahead, son, and don't be nervous. Wait a minute...face the microphone this way. That's fine.

WIL: Like this?

MOL: That's it. Now go ahead.

WIL: Can't I have a fanfare?

FIB: Fanfare! It's a wonder ye don't want the Star Spangled Banner. Give this <sup>wheel</sup> feller a fanfare, boys!

MUSIC: (PICCOLO FANFARE... (VERY THIN)) ORCHESTRA

WIL: (COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

.. and another thing, folks. - when you stop to think that -

SOUND: CUCKOO? CUCKOO? CUCKOO?

WIL: \* Oh, dirty work, eh?

MOL: ~~We're sorry me boy. But your time was up.~~

FIB: ~~Yep. You jest keep tryin', son. You'll git someplace on the radio yet. We might see ye again, sometime~~

WIL: ~~Don't worry, you WILL!~~

FIB: ~~I don't like the way he said that! He's li'ble to come buttin' in here every Monday night! Who's next, Molly?~~

MOL: Well now let's see, McGee Oh yes, it's -

SOUND: GLASS CRASH...BELL RING DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh fer heavens sake now what?

FIB: It's that Mickey kid again. Monkeyin' with the sound effects.

MOL: Here here here... me boy! D on't be touchin' things in the studio

JIM: Ah whaddye want a guy to do? I wanna recite and go home.

MOL: Well suppose you just go over there and set down till ye're called on. Suppose we told yer teacher how you was actin' Why he'd he'd look ye in the basement till ye learned to behave.

JIM: Dat's okay, lady I know a guy that'd spring me

MOL: Well never mind. Now be quiet.

FIB: And keep away from that bass drum, too, bud! AHEM. Who'd you say was next, Molly?

MOL: The little girl over there in the evenin' dress. Come over here, dear, and tell us yer name.

FIB: And address.

MOL: No. Just the name is enough.

LYNN: Lynn Martin.

FIB: What's your vocation, Toots?

LYNN: I didn't get any this year, Babe.

MOL: No he means do you work fer a livin' or are you a home girl.

FIB: You a home girl, sis?

LYNN: Not tonite. I'm down here

FIB: Shucks, Molly, she ain't givin' the right answers. Wasn't she here fer rehearsal?

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Are you a singer, Miss Martin?

LYNN: Something tells me I am.

FIB: What tells ye, sis?

LYNN: My manager.

FIB: AHEM. Whatcha gonna sing fer us, sis?

LYNN: "I WISH I WERE ALADDIN."

FIB: From the Bronx?

MOL: What do ye mean from the Bronx, McGee?

FIB: I thought she wanted to be Aladdin From Manhaddin. AHEM. But go ahead and sing, sis. Pley fer her, will ye, Marshmelli?

ORCHESTRA: "I WISH I WERE ALADDIN" LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Nice work, Sis. Nice work. Jest fer that, take this here can O Johnson's Gloccoat home with ye. It's made from a old Chinese formula, sis. No rubby, no buffy.

LYNN: Oh thank you.

FIB: Don't mention it, sis. Who's the next vict... er. AHEM, who's next, Molly?

MOL: The man over there with the mustache, McGee.

FIB: Who, him? Reminds me of a feller I used to know... a sheep-shearer. Had him the record fer the fastest sheepshearin' in the world. Real famous, he was.

MOL: Did he say so?

FIB: Nope. I saw his clippings. AHEM. Okay there, bud. Step right up to the mike here.

MOL: And what is your name, please?

MORT: Mort. Mort Toops. *I walked all the way from Paris*

MOL: And are you a singer?

FIB: Porbaly one o' these here bathtub barytones.

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Did you say you was a singer, Mr. Moops?

MORT: Toops, ma'am. MORT TOOPS. I do imitations. My paw was a actor, too.

MOL: Oh he was. So yer a chip off the old block.

FIB: He's a slice off the old ham.

MOL: McGee!

MORT: Haw haw haw. A slice off the old ham. HAW HAW. Well give me a chance ma'am, and I'll bring home the bacon! Haw haw haw!

MOL: Sure we will. And what do ye imitate, Mr. Toops?

MORT: Oh all kinds of birds and animals. Chickens, ducks, partiidge, cows, cats -

MOL: Ye hear that, McGee? He imitates all them things.

FIB: Don't mention it, sis. Who's the next vict... er. AHEM, who's next, Molly?

MOL: The man over there with the mustache, McGee.

FIB: Who, him? Reminds me of a feller I used to know... a sheep-shearer. Had him the record fer the fastest sheepshearin' in the world. Real famous, he was.

MOL: Did he say so?

FIB: Nope. I saw his clippings. AHEM. Okay there, bud. Step right up to the mike here.

MOL: And what is your name, please?

MORT: Mort. Mort Toops. *I walked all the way from Paris*

MOL: And are you a singer?

FIB: Porbaly one o' these here bathtub barytones.

MOL: Be quiet, McGee. Did you say you was a singer, Mr. Moops?

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MOL: Oh he was. So yer a chip off the old block.

FIB: He's a slice off the old ham.

MOL: McGee!

MORT: Haw haw haw. A slice off the old ham. HAW HAW. Well give me a chance ma'am, and I'll bring home the bacon! Haw haw haw!

MOL: Sure we will. And what do ye imitate, Mr. Toops?

MORT: Oh all kinds of birds and animals. Chickens, ducks, partiidge, cows, cats -

MOL: Ye hear that, McGee? He imitates all them things.

FIB: Shucks, that's nuthin' . . . So kin I.

MOL: Oh ye can? Well let's hear ye imitate a partridge

FIB: Okay. Listen.

SOUND: SHOT

MOL: Was that a partridge?

FIB: PARTRIDGE! Shucks, I thought you says CARTRIDGE

MOL: Oooh my. Well go ahead, Mr. Droops.

MORT: All right, I will. First, a chicken.

MOL: A chicken. That's fine.

MORT: HIC! Ooo la la. HIC! Oui, oui! HIC. Ooo La La (PAUSE)

MOL: And what kind of a chicken was that?

MORT: Stewed - with French Fried Potatoes. HAW HAW HAW.

MOL: And what did ye think o' that, McGee?

FIB: Tain't funny, Molly. But give the feller another chance.

MOL: All right then. What else to you imitate, Mr..er..Tops.

MORT: Well, I'll tell you, ma'am. I was listenin' to the radio th' other night and I heard a fellow give a imitation o' wall paper. I'd like to show you my imitation of a Persian Rug.

MOL: A Persian rug, is it? And how do ye imitate a rug, now?

MORT: Like this. (SNORE)...(SNORE)...SNORE)

MOL: And that was a rug?

MORT: Sure. (HAW HAW) ....I started with the rap. HAW HAW HAW

SOUND: CUCKOO CUCKOO

MORT: Oh well, can't say a fellow didn't try!

APPLAUSE

MOL: And thank ye fer comin' up.

FIB: Jest a mite brother. Jest to show they ain't no hard fellin's, here's some Johnson's ~~state~~ Wax ~~and~~ to take home with ye. Might use some of it to polish up yer imitations. AHEM. Who's next Molly? I think if we call -

TEE: Please can I be next please? Huh? Can I please?

FIB: Oh hello there, little girl?

TEE: Hello.

MOL: My she's real cute, isn't she, McGee? What's your name, dear?

TEE: Teeny.

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: You here all alone. .er.. Teeny?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Noooo. There's LOTS of people here, I betcha.

FIB: No, I mean. er..did you come UP here all alone?

TEE: Oh no. Mrs. Thomas brought me. *at the way from Pavia* Mrs. Thomas is my aunt only she isn't my really and truly aunt on account of I haven't got any aunt, I betcha, so Mrs. Thomas brought me and that's her over there. See?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh. Well you're kind of a cute 'um ain't ye?

TEE: (GIGGLES) I guess so. (GIGGLES)

MOL: What do you want to do on the air, child?

TEE: Huh?

FIB: What you gonna do fer us, kid? Sing, dance, card tricks, or are you gonna give us some more imitations?

TEE: I'm gonna sing, I guess.



FIB: Oh. You soprano or contralto?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Awww. I'm Teeny.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Well what you wanta sing, Teeny?

TEE: ~~Little Yaller Dog. (OR WHATEVER)~~ *Animal Crackers*

FIB: Okay.

MOL: Ye better lift her up to the microphone. no, get that little platform fer her to stand on, McGee.

FIB: Okay. (PAUSE) There ye are, Weenie.

TEE: Not WEENIE. Teenie, it is.

FIB: Oh. Oh yes. AHEM. (CALLS) Hey there, Charlie. kin you play the pianna fer Teeny here to sing Little Yaller Dog? (OR WHATEVER)

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Sure!

MOL: Well now that's fine. You aren't scared now, are ye?

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee, I guess I am, kind of, I betcha.

FIB: Shucks, kid, you go on and sing. You'll be okay *What do you*

TEE: *would to sing*  
All right.

SONG: ~~"LITTLE YALLER DOG" OR SOMETH'ING. . . . PIANO~~  
*Animal Crackers*

APPLAUSE:

MOL: My my, that was wonderful, little gal.

FIB: You betcha, Teeny. Here's a great big can o' Johnson's *Wax* ~~Wax~~ fat to take home to your aunt. (PAUSE) Well, what's smatter?

TEE: Can I have a lollypop instead, please?  
*I'd rather have the lollypop you got in your pocket*

FIB: (LAUGHS) You betcha. *Hees you* A lollypop. HEH HEH. I always a ~~sucker for Johnson's Wax, myself. (LAUGHS) Hey, Harry. take~~ ~~this little gal downstairs and buy her a lollypop. Goodnight, Teeny.~~

TEE: G'Bye.

MOL: Goodbye, dear, Well now let's see, McGee. I guess the next is that quartet. Will the manager of the quartet please step over here. Oh, how do ye do.

MEMBER OF Q: How do you do.

FIB: You with this here quartet?

MAN: That's right.

FIB: What's the name of it, bud?

MAN: The Clef Dwellers. *We walked all the way from Peoria*

FIB: Clef Dwellers eh? *You the tenor? What's your position*

MAN: ~~(AD-HEP) The Lead Two voices in Quartet,~~ *Lead as you do for a voice - voice*

FIB: Ye know, I used to be quite a quarter singer myself. *Sweet* Sweet Adeline McGee, they called me. The C-Sharp Socko o' Saugatuck. AHEM.

MOL: McGee. Stick to your interviewin'.

FIB: AHEM. Okay. Listen, bud, what you boys wanta sing fer us?

MAN: We'd like to sing the song ~~that's played more often than~~ ~~any other by dance bands.~~ Victor Youngs, "Sweet Sue."

FIB: ~~Kinda go to town with it, do ye?~~

MAN: ~~We go to town, and four times around the city hall.~~

FIB: (LAUGHS) Okay, bud. Go ahead. Hey there, Marshmell! Play fer these fellers will ye?

ORCHESTRA: "SWEET SUE" CLEF DWELLERS

APPLAUSE

MOL: ~~Fibber~~ *The telephone number in Paris is 00*

(PAUSE)

MOL: ~~Fibber!~~ *Okay also*

(PAUSE)

MOL: McGee!

FIB: ~~Er~~ Yes, my love. What's smatter?

MOL: If you can take yer eyes off the lady fiddler for a minute, suppose we call the lad fer his recitation now?

FIB: Okay. Hey there, bud! (PAUSE) Hey, you... *Jimmy O'Toole*  
~~MICKY DONOVAN~~MOL: ~~Fibber~~ *Thimbley* Where are ye, my boy? (PAUSE) Oh dear he must of gone home.

FIB: Probly out carvin' his initials in the reception room desk. Oh well we wouldn't o' had time time fer him anyway. Take it away, Marshmelli! No, WAIT A MINUTE. What do YOU want, son?

WIL: I'd like to have another try at announcing, if you don't mind.

FIB: Oh ye would would ye? Well, listen here, smart feller, You won't EVER git a chance again as long as I -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Wel-l. okay. AHEM. But don't take too long.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Into Commercial announcement.

COMMERCIAL:

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: Well that was it! Our Terrific Tyro time, for Tired Tuner-Inners. *Jimmy O'Toole* The parts of ~~Mickey Donovan~~

JIM: (FADE IN) You callin' me, doc? Here I am. I been pitchin' pennies wit' the guy in the engineers joint. Shall I recite now? The GUY STOOD ON THE BURNIN' DECK, WHEN ALL BUT HIM HAD SCRA--

WIL: Get out of here, ~~shorty~~ *Jimmy*. You're too late. Beat it!

JIM: (FADE OUT) Ah give a guy a break will ya? I was only out there. ....

WIL: (LAUGHS) As I was saying, the parts of ~~Mickey Donovan~~ *Jimmy O'Toole*, Geraldine, Mort Toops and Teeny, were taken by Marian and Jim; Fibber McGee and Molly, to you! And they invite you back next Monday night at this same hour for another session of vo-de-okey-dokey. But here's a thought for the intervening week: (SHORT COMMERCIAL)This is Harlow Wilcox, the Old Polish Pusher, pronouncing!  
Good night!ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISHAPPLAUSE:1s/11:25AM  
10/8/35

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ME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

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ers. ✓ The parts of Mickey Donovan *Smiley O'Toole*

(DE IN) You callin' me, doc? Here I am. I been pitchin'

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ur for another session of vo-de-okey-dokey. But here's

thought for the intervening week: (SHORT COMMERCIAL)

is is Harlow Wilcox, the Old Polish Pusher, pronouncing!

ood night!

WAKE UP TO FINISH

*notes*

*Harlow Wilcox*

*cut usage*

*Outback-Hammers*