

NBC

ADVERTISER: C. JOHNSON & SON INC.

PROGRAM TITLE: FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY #31

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

NOVEMBER 11, 1935

WRITER
OK

~~Bob Burke~~

~~Joseph P. ...~~

~~Smith~~ ~~dit back~~

(MONDAY)
DAY

~~dit back~~

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

HW

*I love a parade - merrily waltz,
Dit like jumps alone in Parade.
opening -
Smiths. like 7 min was telling to Harlow*

*Very surprised
sharp starting*

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

WIL: GOOD EVENING. THE MAKERS OF JOHNSONS WAX GIVE YOU THIRTY MINUTES OF MERRY MUSICAL MADNESS, WITH A MILITARY MOTIF! COMPANEEEE, ATTEN-shun!

BUGLE: ATTENTION

WIL: Molly McGee!

MAR: Here!

WIL: Fibber McGee!

FIB: Okay, Harpo!

WIL: Little Teeny!

TEE: I'm here, I betcha.

WIL: MORT TOOPS!

MORT: Hi-ya, boy!

WIL: CADET CAPTAIN CAREW!

BOY: Here, sir!

WIL: KAY DONNA!

KAY: La la la la...

~~WIL: GERMIDINE!~~

~~GER: (GIGGLE) I'm here... I mean I really am!~~

WIL: RICO MARCELLI!

RICO: (TAP OF BATON)

WIL: STRIKE UP THE BAND!

ORCHESTRA: MEDLEY OF "STRIKE UP THE BAND" & "I LOVE A PARADE"
(DOWN FOR SHORT COMMERCIAL. UP TO FINISH)

APPLAUSE:ORCHESTRA: RIDIN' ROUND IN THE RAIN (AS CHASER)

ORCHESTRA: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: ~~Here they are, MARIAN AND JIM as FIBBER & MOLLY MC GEE.~~APPLAUSE:

WIL: Fibber and Molly have taken the day off to visit the Military academy today - and have been assigned a cadet as guide. Little Teeny and Mort Toops have come, too!

Bugle

FIB: Fore we git started here, bud.. what's yer name?

BOY: Sir?

FIB: I says, what's your name, son? Got a name, ain't ye?

POY: Yes sir Cadet Captain Carew, sir.

FIB: Caruso? Enrico or Robinson?

BOY: Not Caruso! Carew, sir!

FIB: Oh!

MOL: My my a little fellow like you a captain!

BOY: Yes ma'am. I'll be a corporal tomorrow!

MOL: A corporal! Well now isn't it fine to be promoted so fast!

FIB: *mel.* Hey wait a mite Molly. Captain to corporal ~~ain't no~~ *isn't any* promotion. How is it ye go from Captain to corporal, bud?

BOY: Got caught shooting in the barracks, mam.

MOL: Shootin'? Was anybody hurt?

BOY: Shootin' craps, ma'am!

MORT: Well, come on, folks. I'd kind of like to look around the grounds.

APPLAUSE:ORCHESTRA: RIDIN' ROUND IN THE RAIN (AS CHASER)

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BOY: Sir?

FIB: I says, what's your name, son? Got a name, ain't ye?

POY: Yes sir Cadet Captain Carew, sir.

FIB: Caruso? Enrico or Robinson?

BOY: Not Caruso! Carew, sir!

FIB: Oh!

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BOY: Got caught shooting in the barracks, mam.

MOL: Shootin'? Was anybody hurt?

BOY: Shootin' craps, ma'am!

MORT: Well, come on, folks. I'd kind of like to look around the grounds.

TEENY: I'd kinda like to look around the grounds too, I betcha!
Let's ^{go to} visit the monkey-house first!

MORT: Oh! You wanta see the Shave-tails! Haw! Haw! Haw!

MOL: McGee! Where's that lunch I fixed?

FIB: ^{lunch} Shucks! Right home on the kitchen table where I left it!

MOL: Oh! McGee!

MORT: (LAUGHS) Well maybe the commandant'll ask us to
commandant for lunch. Haw! Haw! Haw!

BOY: Pardon me, madam. You'd be welcome to eat in the mess hall
on visitors day.

FIB: Hot dog, Molly. Ye hear that? Say I'm hungry fer a plate
o' them good old Army Navy beans. They never make navy
beans NO PLACE like they do in the army. Ain't that true,
cap?

BOY: So they tell me, sir.

TEE: Gee, I'd rather have pylamode, I betcha.

FIB: Shucks, Teeny, pie ala mode ain't army food. I'll take them
good old Army beans. Boy NOBODY ever made beans like that.
Nice golden broan -- baked into molasses. MMMMMM! I
kin hardly wait fer --

BUGLE: OFFICERS CALL

FIB: Come on, everybody. That's mess call!

BOY: No sir. That's officers call, sir.

MOL: Don't get ahead of yourself, McGee.

MORT: Look at the big gun over there, folks. How'd you like to
go duck shootin' with that? Haw Haw Haw!

TEE: Gee that's a big gun, I betcha!

MORT: Sure! Some gun - Hey? Kid? Haw haw.

FIB: You betcha. That there is a 75 millimeter.

BOY: No sir. That's a five inch field piece, sir.

FIB: That's what I..wha'd I say? 75 Millimeter? Shucks, I
meant a five inch field peace. AHEM.

MORT: Kinda reminds me of a riddle, folks. What's the difference
between a purty girl and a soldier

MOL: We'll bite, Mr. Toops.

MORT: Well... a girl powders her face and a soldier faces the
powder. HAW HAW HAW...

SILENCE:

MORT: Oh well... I thought it might be new again by this time.

MOL: McGee what are you lookin' so dreamy about?

FIB: Eh? Who, me? Shucks, Molly, I'm jest thinkin' o' them
golden crusty mollasses baked army beans. I never thought
I'd git another whack at 'em. I kin hardly wait till
we can--

BUGLE: RECALL

FIB: WHOOPPEEEE. Come on everybody. There's mess call

BOY: No sir. I'm sorry sir. That's recall, sir.

MOL: McGee!

FIB: Sir? I mean what? Shucks, he's got me doin' it. Smatter,
Molly?

MOL: Let's be lookin' around. Berget yer army beans, for a while
and be interested in yer surroundin's.

Insert 6.2

note: Sounds like Film must a lin christened with
a batch of little.

~~Page 6~~

TEE: Look, Mrs. McGee. Look..there comes some soldiers. Lookit.
SOUND: MARCHING FEET...FADE IN...LOUD
VOICE: COMPANNEEEEE, HALT!
(ONE..TWO COUNT.. & OUT)
MOL: My now, don't they look real handsome in their marine
uniforms and all.
BOY: That's an infantry company, madam.
MOL: INFANTRY! Big fellows like that? INFANTRY?
MORT: Who's this lady comin', folks? Looks like she might own
the place.
BOY: Pardon me, madam. Are you looking for something?
HAUGHTY DAME: Ah yes!.. thank you! Can you tell me where I can find my
son? They told me he would be with his company out on the
parade ground.
BOY: What's his name, madam?
DAME: Montmorency Billingsworth Carter Peabody, the Th
BOY: Ma'am?
DAME: Montmorency Billingsworth Carter Peabody, the third.
BOY: (TO HIMSELF) Montmorency Billingsworth Car...say I don't
know any cadet by that name in this school, madam.
FIB: Shucks! Ma'am! Why don't ye jest holler his name out loud?
DAME: Oh goodness no.
BOY: Can you pick him out of those men there?

Page 7

DAME: Oh let me see..he's not in the front row..he's not in the..
OH THERE HE IS. The fifth ^{boy} man in the third row. Will you
call him out for me?
BOY: Ohhhh, HIM!. (SHOUTS) Hey, Stinky, your old lady's here!
DAME: Stinky!
MORT: Stinky! HAW HAW HAW..
BUGLE CALL: DRILL CALL
FIB: There we are, dad rat it. Mess call. Come on, Molly.
We'll git some o' them good old army beans and--
BOY: Sorry sir. That wasn't mess call, sir. That was Drill
Call. Step aside sir, please. Careful madam. You're in
the line of march.
VOICE: (IN DISTANCE)COMPANEE, atten-shun. Forward, squads left,
MARCH!
SOUND: MARCHING FEET...FADE IN...UP...AND FADE OUT
TEE: Gee they march dandy don't they?
FIB: Oh they're all right. Nuthin' like us boys o' the old
77th, though.
BOY: You an army man, sir?
FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Shucks, bud, I'll say I was. Ever hear
o' sharpshoot McGee? SENSATIONAL MC GEE, they CALLED ME.
SENSATIONAL MC GEE, THE CELEBRATED SHARPSHOOTIN' SERGEANT
O' THE SCRAPPY 77TH. Best company o' infantry ever got
together.
BOY: The 77th, sir? The 77th is cavalry, sir.

MOL: Hah..that's a horse on you, McGee.

FIB: AHEM. well..er..anyway..that's where I learned to like them army beans. Shucks, ye can't BUY 'em like that no place. And ye can't cook 'em to home like that nuther. By the sixty seven stampeidin' snockwatches, I'll betcha I kin eat more o' them army beans than--

SOUND: AUTO HORN REPEAT (ATTENTION)

BOY: (SARCASTIC) That's not mess call either, sir. That's a motor horn.

FIB: Dad rat it, I know it. Don't ye think I know mess call when I hears it.

CHORUS: NO.

TEE: What did the parrot say to you, Mr. McGee? Huh? What did it?

FIB: Well sir, it said..er..listen sarge, it said, I'm--

BUGLE: MESS CALL

MOL: And what would that be now?

FIB: Shucks, Molly don't pay any attention to that. That's revelry, ain't it, Bud?

BOY: No, sir. That's mess call.

FIB: MESS CALL..HOT DOG..Come on everybody..where's the mess hall, bud? Where do we eat..good old army beans!..come on Molly. Hang on, Teeny. Come on, Mort.

(FADE OUT)

ORCHESTRA: TRANSITION: "YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW..YOU NOT BEHIND THE PLOW."

OUT --

of 14th of the Band -

~~Indelible~~ *mess hall*

Pg. 9 - well - I don't see why they call it a mess hall -
 sure I think it looks real neat + clean.

fade bugles in

Page 5-1.

FIB:Shucks, I meant a five piece field inch. AHEM. 'Tain't no more'n a pea-shooter, though, long side of the cannon I was commandin' in the artillery. Why that gun took a shell so big that the first time we fired her the shell stayed right there and the cannon was blew ^{back} twenty-seven miles away.

Page 5-2.

MOL: ...be interested in yer surroundin's. *+ forget your army beans*
Sounds
MORT: Looks as if Fibber musta been christened with a ketchup bottle.
FIB: Shucks, Molly, ain't you never heard the old sayin' that an army marches on its stomach?
TEE: Oh, look...Lookit. There comes some soldiers. Aw, Mr. Me Gee, they ain't marching on their stommicks.
SOUND: MARCHING FEET...FADE IN...LOUD

Page 9-3.

CROWD RECORD

FIB: Well, here we are at the mess hall, Molly.
MOL: I don't know why they should call it a mess hall. Sure, I think it looks real neat. Sit up straight now Teeny. That's....

By. What do you think of our mess hall Madam

Page 9

CROWD RECORD

MOL: So this is a mess hall is it? Sure it looks more like the Coliseum. Sit up straight now, Teeny. That's a nice girl.
MORT: I snackers they got real waiters to wait on 'em too.
MOL: I suppose that's just fer visitors day, though.
FIB: Don't matter what day its fer as long as they bring me a bushel o' them beans. Hey, waiter.
VOICE: YES IR...have you been waited on, sir?
FIB: Nope. BRING US A BIG PLATTER O' THE BEANS.
VOICE: Beans sir?
FIB: Yep. them good old army beans. And hurry it up bud I ain't had none sence the war.
VOICE: DID YOU SAY BEANS, sir?
FIB: Yep. Why?
VOICE: Sorry sir. We have no beans..the menu for today is FRUIT CUP, PUREE DE MONGOL JULIENNE, AVOCADO SALAD, FILET MIGNON AND RASPBERRY ICE.
ORCHESTRA: CHASER AND APPLAUSE
ORCHESTRA: "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER"
APPLAUSE:
BOY: I hope you enjoyed your lunch, sir, and madam.
MOL: Oh sure. It was real delicious.
MORT: If I thought they et that way all the time, I snackers, I'd enlist.

FIB: Shucks, you'd never git in, Mort. You got astigmatism between the ears.

TEE: Now can we go over and see the horses? Huh? Can we huh? Please?

BOY: Certainly. The cavalry...er, just a moment please. Here comes a ^{motor cycle} dispatch rider.

SOUND: MOTORCYCLE FADE IN AND STOP. BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Hmm. He'd better git them brakes fixed.

WIL: (FADE IN) Cadet Captain Carew?

BOY: Right.

WIL: I've been requested by the commandant, Col. Johnson, to read this dispatch, sir.

BOY: Very well. Read it.

WIL: Thank you, sir.

FIB: Say, I know that voice. Ain't you Harpo Wilcox?

WIL: HARLOW WILCOX, sir. Corporal Wilcox, ^{to you} sir.

FIB: Shucks, I didn't know you was a service man.

WIL: Oh yes sir. I'm a surface man. I tell you how to save the surface of your floors and linoleum. All you have to do is....

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

FROM COMMERCIAL:

WIL: Will you sign receipt for the dispatch sir. On this line, sir.

BOY: Here you are.

FIB: Who's the pretty gal ye got ridin' into the side car, there, Harpo?

MOL: Well for heaven sake, it's Miss Kay Donna. Help her out, Fibber.

MORT: Oh no... I'll help her out. ^{Always glad to help all the ladies} How do, ma'am.

KAY: How do you do. Hello, Mrs. McGee and Fibber. Hello Teeny

AD LIB HELLOS

FIB: Shucks, I didn't know you was out here today, Toots.

MOL: McGee!

WIL: Will you sing a song for us Kay?

KAY: Oh no -- please. I can't

FIB: Shucks come on and sing, Kay!

KAY: Oh, I'd rather not if--

BOY: Miss Donna!

KAY: Yes, sir?

BOY: SING!

KAY: Yes sir -- I love to take orders from you.

ORCHESTRA: "I LOVE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU" - KAY DONNA

APPLAUSE:

BOY: Right this way to see the cavalry stables or would you rather see the rifle range, please.

MOL: Sure, it makes no difference to me I'd as soon be shot as kicked.

FIB: Shucks, molly you ain't gonna git shot. All these boys is expert shots *MI* show ye the medal I got fer sharpshootin', cap?

BOY: No sir. You didn't. Is that it, sir?

FIB: Yep. Pretty ain't it?

BOY: May I see it, sir? *the medal*

MOL: Let's see it McGee. *medal*

MORT: I never saw it, Fibber. Let's have a look at it.

TEE: Can I see it please, Mr. McGee? Huh? Can I?

FIB: Nope. None of ye can see it. I never show it to nobody, close up. Shucks, the inscription they put onto it is too embarrassin'. It makes me blush every time anybody reads it. Ye see, son, I got this here medal for -

TEE: *Fib* Oh gee, here comes Miss Geraldine. Hi, Miss Geraldine.

MORT: *MORT* Afternoon, Geraldine.

GER: Oh hello everybody. (GIGGLES) I'll bet you never expected to see me out here. (GIGGLES) But my goodness, I never could resist a uniform. I mean I never could. (GIGGLES) Gerald says he's going to join the Boy Scouts any day now. (GIGGLES) Isn't that sublime? I mean isn't it really?

FIB: Hey Geraldine how come you--

MOL: Sure, it makes no difference to me I'd as soon be shot as kicked.

FIB: Shucks, molly you ain't gonna git shot. All these boys is expert shots *MI* show ye the medal I got fer sharpshootin', cap?

BOY: No sir. You didn't. Is that it, sir?

FIB: Yep. Pretty ain't it?

BOY: May I see it, sir? *the medal*

MOL: Let's see it McGee. *medal*

MORT: I never saw it, Fibber. Let's have a look at it.

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TEE: *Fib* Oh gee, here comes Miss Geraldine. Hi, Miss Geraldine.

MORT: *MORT* Afternoon, Geraldine.

GER: Oh hello everybody. (GIGGLES) I'll bet you never expected to see me out here. (GIGGLES) But my goodness, I never could resist a uniform. I mean I never could. (GIGGLES) Gerald says he's going to join the Boy Scouts any day now. (GIGGLES) Isn't that sublime? I mean isn't it really?

FIB: Hey Geraldine how come you--

GER: Well I was just going to tell you.. One of my brothers is a cadet here. I've got another brother too..he's a dentist. Gerald says the way they both drill is pretty painful but one CHARGES more than the other. (GIGGLES) Isn't that simply too too abysmal? I mean isn't it really? (GIGGLES) But what I really came out here for was to see the governor. He's going to be here today. You'll hear the salute fired. Last year the gunner forgot to fire the salute so they fired the gunner. (GIGGLES) I mean, they did, really...

FIB: Yes but listen, Geraldine, how---

GER: And then, too, I've got a cousin out here in the Artillery. Gerald says he's going to write him a song ARTILLERY MEET AGAIN. (GIGGLES) ARTILLERY MEET AGAIN. Isn't that silly? I mean isn't it simply too diverting? Well I've got to be going or I'll be late for the governor's salute. If you hear a big shot fired, that's for the big shot. (GIGGLES) Oh, I made a joke. Isn't it cute? Well, biddle biddle biddle

(FADE OUT)

MORT: *Fib - make girl so love*
I snackers if that girl's voice was a oil well, I'd like to own a couple shares in it. HAW HAW HAW. She's just like Tennyson's brook.

MOL: You means she runs on forever.

MORT: No, she's all wet! HAW HAW HAW...

FIB: Tain't funny, Toops.

TEE: *me* Can't we please see your medal, Mr. McGee? *well* Huh? Can't

FIB: *we please?*
Oh that's all right show us medal
I'm sorry, Teeny I never show this here medal to NOBODY. Shucks, if I did you'd jest think I was braggin', and I ain't never one to go around blowin' my own horn. (PAUSE) What say, Molly?

MOL: I didn't say anything, McGee You must of read my mind.

FIB: AHEM. Anyway, the inscription onto this here medal is jest too sacred to show it to everybody

BOY: How did you get the medal, sir?

FIB: Well sir, it was when I was sergeant in command of a little Hill Station into India. Only white man fer a hundred miles around keepin' peace among the natives. I was into the British Army then. Only company I had was a pet rattlesnake, named Francis

BOY: They don't have rattlesnakes in India, sir

FIB: That's why I made a pet of him. He was so dad rattled lonesome. AHEM. I taught Francis to rattle his tail in the Morse code and we had many a *including lots of talk* long talk together in my *take in our small talk together* headquarters

TEE: Was he a girl snake or was she a boy snake, Mr. McGee?

FIB: I never knew, Teeny That's why I called it Francis.

BOY: How'd you spell it? E, or I?

FIB: Eh? (A)

MOL: E, or I?

FIB: U.

ALL: Oh.

FIB: AHEM. Yep I named it Francis - F R A N C U S - pronounced like Francis. Cutest little critter ye ever see, too.

TEE: Gee, didn't he ever bite you, Mr. McGee? Huh? Didn't she?

FIB: Who, Francis? No sir. Not him. Or her. She loved her master too much fer that. They was a real bond of affection between us. I was real tender to Francis and Francis was jest crazy about me. No sir, she'd never bite me. Anyway, I'd had ^{all} his teeth pulled. Fangs.

*Mol. -
MOL: Bm*

FIB: Don't mention it. AHEM. Well sir, one day I got me a message over the phone to come to Dar Heela, twenty miles down the mountain and settle a dispute amongst the natives, so off I goes, leavin' Francis the Rattlesnake in charge o' the station. Take good care o' things, Francis, I says. Okay, he rattles, in Morse code, his little tail twitchin' so fast ye couldn't foller it with yer eye.

MOL: I wouldn't want to follow it, McGee.

FIB: Well sir, off I went, down the mountain. I settled the trouble and was jest about to start back when the phone rung. Whoozit? I says? Dunno says the operator, sounds like somebody's tryin' to telegraf over the phone and like a flash, I knew twas Francis callin' me. I leaps to the phone and listens... rattle rattle rattle, come the message. Dot dash..dot dot dot dash dash dot dash dot dot dash and so on.

~~TEE: Gee. I hate it WAS Francis.~~

~~MOL: I suppose after the fourth dot you dashed out. HAW HAW HAW~~

BOY: What was the message sir.

FIB: To come home immediate. They was trouble among my own natives. So I hikes back..and..and what do I ind, but the headquarters was wrecked. and pore, little Francis. Francis. Excuse me, but it kinda gits me down to think of it. Pore little Frances was wrapped around the telephone, shot thru the head. He'd managed to knock the receiver off and gimme his message before they got him. Well sir, I went out and cleaned 'em up. Singlehanded, that's how I got this here medal presented to me. And as fer Francis, I tanned his skin and made me a hat band out of it. and listen. after that EVERY TIME I was gittin' into danger, I could feel Francis' hide gently rattlin' against my head, in warnin'.

MOL: I suppose that's what makes you so rattlebrained, McGee.

FIB: Anyway, that's how it was. And that's why I don't never show this here medal to nobody. It's embarrassin'.

I always - WOOP!

SOUND: TINKLE OF COIN ON CEMENT

TEE: You dropped it, Mr. McGee...

BOY: I've got it...

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FIB: Hey DON'T READ THAT NIX THERE, SONNY. HEY GIMME THAT.
MOL: Let's see it...
FIB: Aw come on now. gimme my medal...
MOL: MEDAL IS IT. HAH. Listen to this...
"GOOD FOR FIVE CENTS IN TRADE AT PETE'S PLACE."

(LAUGHTER)

ORCHESTRA: "CHANGING OF THE GUARDS"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Drum Major Marcelli, leading his men in the
CHANGING OF THE GUARDS and very smartly executed, too!
And listen. We might say right here that you need never
change the guard on your floors and linoleums. The only
guard you need is Johnson's Glo-Coat. It...

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN

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CHICAGO OUTLET WLS
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TIME DATE

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Marcelli
Harlow Page 10
Change copies to folders
H.W.

add. description of Deasme Dea

Ask Marcelli for music for Dec 2
"Tom for publicity story

All list (over)