

NBC

ADVERTISER *cuts - A. M.* S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY" (#35) OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS (7:00-7:30 PM CST) (DECEMBER 9, 1935) (MONDAY)
TIME DATE DAY

PRODUCTION *Toy Dept*
 ANNOUNCER *more time - less noise*

ENGINEER *H.W.*

REMARKS
 ① Intro
 ② 2nd intro same as 1st

Put in regular intro

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program: ~~Fibber McGee & Molly~~

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (OUT WITH ELEVATOR GLANG)

WIL: ALL OUT HERE, FOLKS, THE 14TH FLOOR,
 WISTFUL VISTA DEPARTMENT STORE.
 HERE'S WHERE YOU BUY YOUR JOHNSON'S WAX
 YOUR KITCHEN WARE AND CARPET TACKS
 CIGAR DEPARTMENT, PURE HAVANA
 MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, KAY DONNA,
 GLOCOAT, CHRISTMAS TREES AND HOLLY
 (HELLO THERE, FIBBER; HI, THERE, MOLLY!)

~~OLD LADY~~
Fib
Molly

Fountain pens, 'd I hear you say?
 And what's the band out to play?
 PENS, MADAM? TRY THE NEW NIX-LEAKO.
 WHILE THE BAND PLAYS "LIZA," - TAKE IT, RIGOLI

ORCHESTRA: "LIZA" (DOWN FOR 25-SECOND COMMERCIAL) -- FINISH
 (OVER MUSIC)

Thanks to the Makers of Johnson's Wax, you can now have
 beautiful polished floors and linoleum without any work of rubbing or
 buffing. Just try JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT the remarkable liquid floor polish
 that shines as it dries! Your floors will take on new life and beauty and
 your work will be much easier, from the day you first use Johnson's
Glo-Coat.

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Now we join Fibber McGee and Molly on the 14th floor of the Wistful Vista Department Store - Don't crowd please!

EFFECT CROWD RECORD UP TO ESTABLISH: GRADUALLY OUT

FIB: Where we got to go first, Molly? On account o' because I want to go downstairs and look at some golf clubs that -

MOL: You'll see no golf clubs today, McGee. Where's the list?

FIB: What list?

MOL: The shoppin' list, iggernuts. That I give ye before we left the house?

FIB: Shucks, is THAT what that was. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Yes, that's what it was. And I sat up all night makin' it out, too. Where is it, McGee?

FIB: Why ... er ... AHM. I ... er ... I folded 'er up and stuck it into the toe o' my overshoes, Molly. They was loose. Ye see I bought 'em two sizes too big when they had that there sale at ~~Soodichoofer's~~ Bon Ton Bootery on account o' because they was all out o' my size, but shucks, I thinks, a sale's a sale, I thinks, so -

MOL: MC GEE! Take off yer overshoes and gimme that shoppin' list.

FIB: I ... I ... er I can't, Molly.

MOL: And why can't ye?

FIB: Why ... er... AHM. I decided not to wear 'em today. Shucks, it wasn't sloppy out, so -

MOL: Heavenly days, what a man!

FIB: That's what everybody says, Molly. AHM.

MOL: Oh well, we'll just have to get along the best we can without the list. Now let's see... I know we was goin' to get Teeny a doll ... and ...

KAY: Pardon me, can I get by?

FIB: I'll say so, babe. Any place. (LAUGHS)

MOL: McGEE! Step aside. You're blockin' the aisle.

FIB: Ohhh. AHM. Excuse me, ma'am.

KAY: Don't mention it.

MOL: Just a minute, ma'am. Can you tell us where the toy department is?

KAY: Certainly. Three aisles over to your left. Going to buy the little boy a sled?

FIB: What little b- (OHHHH, YEAH?) Hey, come back here, sis and I'll ...

MOL: (LAUGHS) My, my you're sure quick on the snappy comebacks, McGee. "Oh yeah," says he. How do ye ever think of 'em so quick, now? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Aw shucks...

SOUND: SHARP RAPPING SOUND, SEVERAL TIMES

MOL: What's that noise?

FIB: That's the rappin' counter, Molly. (LAUGHS) Ye git it? I says it's -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Come on now. (FADE OUT) The toy department is...

EFFECT CROWD RECORD UP AND DOWN...

MAN: Right that way folks...for your free coupons. Get a christmas tree delivered to your home freee...get a lucky number ticket folks...

FIB: Okay, bub. Gimme a coupon.

MAN: Right over there sir. The man at the escalator will give you one.

FIB: Shucks, can't you gimme one?

MAN: No sir. They'll hand you one on the escalator.

FIB: OKAY OKAY...Shucks...they make a feller walk...(FADE OUT... AND IN) Hey, Molly. Wait a mite...

MOL: (FADE IN) Hurry up, McGee. Where you been?

FIB: Hey, Molly. What's a osculator?

MOL: A what?

FIB: What's a osculator?

MOL: A OSCULATOR. Why, a osculator is a kisser.

FIB: Oh! So that's it, huh?

MOL: Why did ye want to kno-... WHERE YE GOIN' MC GEE?

FIB: (STARTS FADE) I gotta see a feller. Smart guy. Says he's gonna hand me one on the osculator.

MOL: MC GEE ... COME BACK HERE. He meant the escalator... the movin' stairway. Don't be silly.

FIB: Ohhhh, ESCALAT-...er. AHM. Hey, here's the toy department, Molly. Git a load o' the little trains. Cute, ain't they?

SOUNDS: (TOY DEPARTMENT NOISES)

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MOL: (FADE IN) Hurry up, McGee. Where you been?

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SOUNDS: (TOY DEPARTMENT NOISES)

GIRL: Please don't play with the toys, sir.
 MOL: Let 'em alone, McGee.
 FIB: Aw shucks. They seem real tender about their locomotives in here.
 MOL: Have ye any dolls, ma'am?
 GIRL: Yes madam. What kind of dolls? Japanese? Eskimo? Mae West? Quintuplets? Shirley Temple? Walking dolls?..
 MOL: No no no. Just ordinary dolls.
 GIRL: We have some lovely Joan Crawford Dolls, madam.
 MOL: No, I want just a plain ...
 GIRL: And the SWEETEST Ginger Rogers doll for only -
 SOUND: TOY DRUM
 FIB: Hey, Molly. How do ye like the drum? Pretty nifty aint it?
 MOL: Don't bother me McGee. (ASIDE) Haven't you just a plain mamma doll?
 GIRL: No, but we have the LOVELIEST Claudette Colbert dolls, and..
 MOL: And no mamma dolls. CAN YOU BEAT IT?
 FIB: I'll say I kin. Listen!
 SOUND: SNARE DRUM. VERY FANCY ROLLS
 GIRL: PLEASE, sir. Don't handle the toys.
 MOL: Put it down, McGee.
 FIB: Say, what is this? Ye asked me could I beat it? didn't ye?
 MOL: Yes, but I ... NO, I didn't. I was just... OH NEVER MIND. Listen, ma'am. Have ye no plain ordinary dolls that say mamma?

Taint funny *hey* *Drum down*

GIRL: I'm sorry madam. But all the dolls this year are the Shirley Temple type...or Mae West...or the Quintupl-
 SOUND: LOUD BLAST ON TIN HORN
 MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...be quiet!
 FIB: Shucks, I was jest tryin' to see if these here horns was true to pitch. AHM. I remember when I played first cornet into the Sioux City Silver Saxophone Symphony, I was -
 MOL: For goodness sakes, McGee. Will ye get set down someplace till I buy me a doll?
 FIB: Okay okay ... but remember, Molly. Dolls don't say MAMMA any more. Taint modern. They say, HI TOOTS...or how'm I doin', Hey Hey, or somethin'. Ain't I right, ma'am?
 GIRL: No sir.
 FIB: AHM. Oh well. I ... (LUGGS) Hey Molly. LOOK. ^{see} Shucks, I ain't seen a Injun bow and arrow sence I was a kid. ^{say} ~~I'll betcha I could~~
 MOL: ~~Be quiet, McGee.~~ (FADE OUT) Well, let me see one o' them Shirley Temple dolls, ma'am. I'd like to see some of them before I ...
 FIB: (TO HIMSELF) I ain't shot one o' these here bow-narrows sence thirty years ago. Hmm. Got a real stiff bend to it, too. It's ...
 SOUND: LOUD TWANG: WIND WHISTLE AND GLASS CRASH: CROWD RECORD UP
 FIB: Oh Oh! Shucks...
 MOL: (FADE IN) Fer heavens sake McGee...What did ye do now?
 GIRL: What happened sir?

FIB: I was jest gonna ask WHAT D YOU do? Drop one o' the dolls thru the counter or somethin'? AHM... say HOW MUCH IS THESE BULDIN' BLOCKS MA'AM?

MOL: Never ye mind the blocks, McGee. Did you, or did you not shoot that bow and arrow thru the

FIB: LISTEN, Molly. The floorwalkers is makin' ^{an} announcement

VOICE IN DISTANCE: Friends and customers of the Wistful Vista Department Store Signor Marcelli and his Toy Department troubadours will entertain you with a selection entitled Red Sails In The Sunset. Mis Kay Donna, from our beauty department will sing. Miss Kay Donna!

ORCHESTRA: RED SAILS KAY DONNA

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Now tell me the truth, McGee. Did ye ... or did ye not shoot the bow and arrow thru the showcase?

FIB: No sir. It's IMPOSSIBLE. AHM.

MOL: All right then. What if I says, I SAW ye shoot and drop the bow and quic' pick up the buildin' blocks?

FIB: I'd say you was absolutely right, Molly. AHM

MOL: Then why do ye say twas impossible?

FIB: Shucks, Molly ye CAN'T shoot a bow and arrow thru a showcase. You kin shoot a arrow. But ye can't shoot a BOW.
(LAUGHS) Git it? I says ye can't -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Now you march over and pay fer that showcase glass.

FIB: Okay...Okay. I was gonna anyway. AHM. But hey ... LOOK. Ever see sech a big jack-in-the-box as that there, Molly?

MOL: Don't be changin' the subject, McGee.

FIB: I ain't. But jest look at this here jack-in-the-box. Say, I'll bet Teeny'd be tickled to git one like this. Must be four foot deep.

MOL: Keep yer hands off it, McGee. Must ye experiment with everything in the toy department?

FIB: Aw shucks, I jest want to see what the dad ratted thing looks like when it's opened. How in tunket do ye open the - Oh! Here 'tis!

SOUND: SHARP WOOD SLAP AND STICK-ON-WASHBOARD EFFECT

WIL: Hello friends! I certainly am glad you opened the subject. Because I wanted to tell you about Johnson's Glo Coat the remarkable no-rubbing floor polish that makes your floors sparkle and gleam without any work of rubbing or buffing. Now is the time to brighten your floors and kitchen linoleum. They'll shine like new in a few minutes' time if you use GLO COAT. The floors will be protected too from scuff marks and wear, and they'll stay clean and polished for weeks at a time. You have no idea how much better your floors will look, and how much less floor-cleaning you'll have to do after you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. This fine, no-rubbing liquid floor polish is made by the Makers of Johnson's Wax. Look for the attractive yellow can.

And now - Fibber, I'd better get back in my box. Will you push this lid down on my head?

FIB: Sure! Harpo! With pleasure!!
(SOUND)

ORCHESTRA: "A ROSE IN HER HAIR" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

EFFECT: CROWD RECORD UP ... AND DOWN

FIB: Hey, Molly ... let's git out o' this dad ratted crowd.
MOL: Fer heavens' sake McGee...we're not half thru yet. You carry the doll.
FIB: You betcha. This one here?
GIRL: (SCREAMS) ~~Stop~~ Let go of me
MOL: McGee... ^{quit} ~~leave~~ that girl ^{alone} ~~alone~~. What's the idea?
FIB: Shucks, you told me to carry this doll ~~and I was~~.
MOL: ~~One of these days you'll be carried yerself, by six friends, if ye don't stop clownin'.~~ I meant this doll of Teenys. ~~And carry this package, too.~~ Excuse him, ma'am Come on, McGee!
FIB: Say, Molly. I got to stop at the cigar department and git some seegars fer Mort Toops.
MOL: Does Mort Toops smoke cigars, McGee?
FIB: No! He don't! But mebbe I kin teach him! Hey, sis. where's the cigar counter?
GIRL: Just opposite the elevators, sir. Have you tried our new shaving lotion sir?
FIB: Nope. I never use the -
GIRL: It's a delicious odor sir. We call it Moonflower Madness for Masculine Males. And we also have a lovely bay rum for men. It's ^{called} ~~French~~ ~~Frangin's~~ French Fragrance for Fatigued Faces. And our TOP-Hat Talcum. You'd just adore...

FIB: You tried Johnson's Glo-Coat, ma'am? *Floa*

GIRL: ~~But I thought Johnson's Glo-Coat was for use on floors and linoleum.~~

Girl: My resource is not Floa

Fib: I was just ^{guy} to tell you that, if ^{you} ~~you~~ is the best treatment for Floas and linoleums.

MOL: McGee...quit yer chatterin' and come on.

FIB: Okay. Shucks, fer a mite I was scared she was gonna squirt some o' that there fleur-de-fitunia onto me.

MOL: Well hurry up ... we - oh excuse ME, mister. I didn't see ye comin'.

MAN: (GOOF) Souse ME, ma'am. Say where's the book department?

MOL: The books? Why they're --

FIB: Next floor down, bud. Four rows back and two to the right. AHM. Don't mention it. Come on, Molly.

MOL: McGee...the books is on THIS floor. You sent him to the necktie department.

FIB: I know it. AHM. Ye see, Molly, he had his shoppin' list in his hand and all the items was checked off but his father. And when I seen his face I KNEW that anybody that had a son with a face like that wasn't smart enough to read a book if he DID git one, but even the dumbest folks wears neckties. AHM. Pretty quick thinkin' if I do say it myself.

MOL: Oh fer the...well here's the tobacco counter, McGee.

FIB: Where?

MOL: Right up there, iggernuts.

FIB: Where? I don't see no tobacco department.

MOL: Oh use yer eyes, McGee. Don't ye see the sign?

FIB: What sign?

MOL: Why right there before yer FACE, the one that says: "ACCESSORIES FOR THE DEVOTEES OF MILADY NICOTINE".

FIB: What in tunket's that got to do with smokin'?

MOL: Ohhhh fer the --

MAN: Something in smoking accessories sir?

MOL: See, McGee?

FIB: Shucks they oughtta put some chewin' tobacco or a corncob pipe on the counter or somethin'. How's a feller to know that.

MOL: Do ye carry cigars mister?

MAN: Yes indeed, madam. Yes. INDEED!

FIB: Okay bud. Trot 'em out.

MAN: Yes sir. Now here is a very special import, exclusive with us a clear Cuban cigar, in the new streamline panatella only seven fifty a box.

FIB: Say them look good. How many in a box son? Two hundred?

MAN: Oh no sir. Ten cigars.

FIB: TEN. TEN CIGARS FER 7 bucks and a half? What are they rolled out of, Rose petals or Gold-Leaf?

MAN: How much did you wish to pay, sir?

FIB: Shucks I was lookin' fer two fers.

MAN: Two fers?

FIB: Sure. TWO FERS. Two fer a nickel.

MAN: Oh, I'm afraid sir, that we couldn't accommodate you with an inferior brand of -

MOL: - You'd better get 'em someplace else, McGee.

FIB: Listen, Bud. Don't tell me nuthin' about no inferior tobacco. You're talkin' to a old tobacco man.

MOL: Quit chewin', tobacco man.

FIB: Now wait, Molly. Listen, bud. Ye know what they used to call me? Tampa, McGee, they called me. Tampa McGee, the Tip Top Tornado o' the TOBACCO TRADE. Why I had me the finest tobacco plantations into the whole world down in Costa Rico --- Marcell! Why shucks, never used to ship carloads of tobacco F.O.B. like they do now.

MAN: No, sir?

FIB: No sir. They shipped it, A.M.

MAN: A.M.? You mean in the morning?

FIB: No. A.M. - stands for "ASK MCGEE". AHM. Why, I'll never fergit the time I had me my plantation right next to old Burpo Bowers rubber plantation. Want to hear about it, bud?

MAN: I'm afraid not sir, you see, I -

FIB: Well sir, that was way back in 1899. Er was it? No, it was 1902. Or ought three, or now ... let's see... it WAS 99 ... or mebbe 1900 ... come to think of it ... it was 19 ought -

MOL: Pretty tobacco pouch ye have here, mister. The tan one.

FIB: TAN. That was it. 19-Tan. AHM. Well sir, I had me the finest strongest mellowest tobacco anyplace . . . and old Burpo Bowers, he had the adjoinin' plantation full o' rubber trees. Well sir, one day durin' the hurricane o' 1911, the fence blew down between the plantations and some o' his rubber plants got into my tobacco and some o' my tobacco got into his rubber plants. Ruined his crop into that part o' the field on account o' when they made teething rings outa his rubber they had to give the kids spittoons to go with 'em. AHM.

MOL: Well what'd it do to your tobacco, McGee? Did ye have to vulcanize yer cigars?

FIB: Nope. I thought my crop was ruint too, till I tried smokin' some of it one day. Then, when I seen the smoke rings ↑ blew, bouncin' and hoppin' acrost the fields, I knew I had somethin'. I made two million bucks in three weeks, blowin' rubber smoke ring auto tires fer the export trade.

MAN: You don't say!

MOL: Nice work McGee. And I suppose ye bit the tread on 'em with yer teeth.

FIB: Nope. If they wanted 'em with a heavy tread blowed onto 'em I simply blew the rings acrost a waffle iron. Well, I'll be seein' ye bud.

EFFECT: CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Oh look, McGee...there's the radio department. I want to price the midget radios. Yoo hoo, are ye busy, ma'am?

GIRL: Not at all. Can I help you.

FIB: Say ain't you the gal that waited onto us in the toy department?

GIRL: Yes but they transferred me after you broke the showcase glass.

MOL: Oh now see what ye done, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, sis, I paid for it!

GIRL: (LAUGHS) Please. I'd have paid for it myself, I was so glad to get away from those ^{children} kids. They were always getting into every thing. You know how children are.

MOL: Oh yes indeed I do. They ... MCGEE...QUIT TURNIN' THEM KNOBS.

FIB: Shucks, I was jest tryin' this here short wave set. I suppose ye git short wave better onto these here midget sets, ma'am. Short set, short wave, eh?

GIRL: Oh no. But here is a wonderful little short wave set. The European stations come across beautifully.

FIB: That's good I thought them fellers never WOULD come across. AHEM.

MOL: Can you get London on that set, ma'am?

GIRL: Certainly. Any time. Shall I show you? Listen to this. (TO HERSELF) I think London is ... at number 120 .. or 122 ... on the dial ...

SOUND: CRACKLES...REGENERATIVE HOWL...RASPING...

HOLLOW VOICE: CHEERIO EVERYONE! THIS IS THAT JOLLY LITTLE WIAHLESS STATION H2O,-- H2O --"ACROSS THE WATAH." BACK ON THE AIAH, AFTEH HAVING A SPOT OF TEA, YOU KNOW...NOW DON'T BUZZ OFF BECAUSE WE HAVE AN AMAZING BIT OF NEWS FOR YOU. ~~IT'S REALLY TOP-HOLE, YOU KNOW. ARE YOU TREATH? TREN~~ GET A BURDEN OF THIS AS THEY SAY IN AMERICA. WE HAVE-HEAH IN THE STUDIO AT H2O HIS LORDSHIP, SIR CASSIAN WALNUT, WHO HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO COME DOWN FROM HIS BEAUTIFUL ESTATE, 'SCRUMWITHERS-ON-PARCH, UPPER SNEEDINGHAM, BRUMS," TO GIVE US A BIT OF ADVICE ON THE SUBJECT, "MY 'OME IS MY CASTLE'." INTERESTIN', NO END, WHAT? READY SIR CASSIAN?

MOL: My My isn't it wonderful, McGee?

FIB: Listen, Molly. I don't wanta miss none o' this!

HOLLOW VOICE: SPEAK RIGHT INTO THIS BALLY LITTLE GADGET, YOUR LORDSHIP.

WIL: Thank you, Algy. FRIENDS, - and I want to urge you to try this easy-to-use no-rubbing floor polish before the holidays. Once your floors and linoleum are protected with a bright GLO-COAT polish you won't have to worry about dirt tracks and scuff marks. Soiled spots wipe right off! Here's how easy it is to apply GLO-COAT. Just pour a little of this liquid polish onto the clean floor. Then spread it lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the special GLO-COAT Applier. You don't have to rub it in or exert yourself in any way. GLO-COAT dries in 20 minutes - and shines as it dries, making your dull, dingy floors bright as new. It's very economical, you know, to order GLO-COAT in the larger size cans. You save as much as one-third by buying the larger sizes.

FIB: Shucks! He would be where I couldn't say nuthin' back to him. Shut it off and git somethin' else.

MOL: Get some music, ma'am...while I set down here and rest me feet.

GIRL: All right...I'll see if I can get France...or maybe Guatamalia.

FIB: Right there, sis...I think that's RUSSIA!

SOUNDS: SCRAPING...HOWLS...ETC...

HOLLOW VOICE: AND NOW, FOLKS...A SWELL LITTLE NUMBER Called YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR. MARCELLI AND HIS MEN ARE PLAYING IT FROM THE TOY DEPARTMENT OF THE WISTFUL VISTA DEPARTMENT

MOL: Hah...RUSSIA is it, McGee. Sure it's comin' from a hundred and fifty foot away!

FIB: Prob'ly a re-broadcast. AHEM.

ORCHESTRA: YOU ARE MY LUCKY STAR

APPLAUSE:

WIL:

Don't forget to return to Wistful Vista with Fibber and Molly next week at this same hour. They'll take a bridge-lesson, they tell us, and if you think there'll be a dull moment, we'll have to answer you in the negative. We're positive of that. In the meantime -

And now a special announcement about the amateur song-writer's contest now being conducted by Rico Marchelli. If you have an original melody which you think might be made into a popular song, send it to Rico Marchelli in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Chicago. It is not necessary to buy anything in order to enter this contest. Everyone is eligible excepting professional song writers. A cash prize of \$100 will be awarded by the sponsors of this program -- S. C. Johnson and Son, and in addition the winning song will be published by Irving Berlin Inc., who will pay the writer standard royalties. The winning song will also be featured on one of the Fibber McGee future broadcasts. This amateur song writer's contest closes January 1st, 1936. For complete information about contest rules address Rico Marchelli, in care of National Broadcasting Company, Chicago, or see the current issue of Radio Guide which gives full details of the contest on page 3.

This is the Mayor of Shine-a-town, JOHN-SING WAX, alias Harlow Wilcox. Goodnight.

ORCHESTRA: THEME

APPLAUSE:

er:11:00 AM
1-6-35