

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#61)

WRITER DON QUINN
OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS) (JUNE 24th 1938) (MONDAY DAY)
(7:00-7:30 PM)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

REBROADCAST 11:30-12:00 PM EST

August 24, 1939
D65437

~~STATION~~

D65437
AUG 24, 1939

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: Good evening everyone! The Makers of Johnson's Wax present
Marian and Jim as Fibber McGee and Molly. Rico Marcelli
and his band open the show with "SOME OF THESE DAYS".
Wrap it up, Rico!

ORCHESTRA: "SOME OF THESE DAYS"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: - 1st REGULAR COMMERCIAL -

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND" (DOWN FOR ANN'OT.)

WIL: There's great excitement in Wistful Vista Tonite!
Capper and Shill's Colossal Combined Carnival has come to town and the whole populace is out to have a good time, including, of course, those two representative citizens, - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

EFFECT: CARNY MUSIC OVER APPLAUSE . . . CROWD RECORD. . . DOWN FOR DIALOG -

MOL: My my it's real excitin' isn't it, McGee?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, Molly I've spent hundreds of dollare goin' to carnivals in my day!

MOL: (LAUGHS) McGee, you were twenty six years old before you even knew there was a front entrance to the tents.

FIB: Oh now, Molly -

HUGH: (BARKER) Hurry hurry hurry folks...don't waste time... it'll take all day to see the entire collection of modern wonders and medieval monstrosities gathered from the four corners of the earth. This aggregation has played before the crowned heads of Europe!

FIB: (YELLS) Oh, yeah?

MOL: Quiet McGee! Let EUROPE have the crowned heads!

HUGH: As I was saying, folks --

FIB: Excuse me, bud.

HUGH: Yes sir...what is it, sir?

FIB: Where's the boss's tent?

HUGH: Third on the left, buddy. But take my advice ... if it's a touch, don't make it, if it's a job, don't ask for it and if it's a free pass, try and get it. YES SIR FOLKS...YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY ... ON THE LEFT WE HAVE BONO-RIBBO, THE HUMAN SKELETON ... AND ON THE RIGHT... (FADE OUT) We have Bertha Blimp ... the 600-pound...

MOL: McGee what do you want the bosses tent for?

FIB: You wait and see Molly. There's no sense in payin' out good dough to see these concessions if we can get in free. Maybe I can get me a job carryin' water fer the elephants.

MOL: And at home you won't even fill the goldfish bowl. Besides, they haven't any elephants.

FIB: Shucks, if they'd HAD 'em I wouldn't o' mentioned the idea. I'm no fool...right in here, Molly ... watch the tent pole.

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: Hiyeah, ... buddy? You the boss here?

BLOT: Yes yes ... what can I do for you, my little lollypop?

MOL: Hear that, McGee? He knew you for a sucker right away.

FIB: AHEM.. Listen, bud --

- BLOT: Shill is the name, my friend. Ambrose Q. Shill, proprietor of the Capper and Shill Combined Carnivals. Something tells me you want one of three things... somebody stole your watch, you want to see the show free or you're serving a subpoena. And I hope I'm wrong.
- FIB: Listen, bud. I'm Fibber McGee...and I --
- BLOT: Ah yes, the McGees ... old southern family I believe...how are you, Colonel. And this, I suppose is MRS. McGee.... charming woman...charming.
- MOL: Oh now, mister Shill ... please -
- FIB: Listen, bud...I was talkin' to the mayor this mornin' and he says to me he says, Listen, Mac, he says, always calls me Mac ... listen Mac, he says, how about you goin' over and inspectin' this here Carnival that's in town, and I says, Okay, Hank, I says ... his name is Hank ... and he says, if everything is okay you report back to me and we'll let this show stay here as long as --
- BLOT: Yes yes ... exactly ... what you want is a pass to all the concessions...here you are my friend...this will take care of both of you ...
- MOL: Oh thank you, Mr. Shill ... but ... but this card is blank.
- FIB: They ain't nothin' on it, bud.
- BLOT: Exactly...and you have nothing on me, my little humbugs. You're the fourteenth master mind that's tried that same rag today. Thanks for coming in, Colonel ... watch the step as you go out...

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC AND CROWD UP AND DOWN ...

MOL: Nice work, McGee...I knew you could do it.

FIB: Do what?

MOL: Muff it.

FIB: Oh well ... no harm in tryin', Molly. AHEM. Hey
git a load of that colored fella with his head thru the
canvas there. (LAUGHS) The old African Dodger. I'm
gonna try a few shots at him.

MOL: Oh now McGee...you might hurt the poor man.

FIB: Oh well ... he's gittin' paid fer it. How much, bud?

HUGH: Ten balls for a dime, brother...ten balls for a dime.
Throw 'em as fast as you like...throw 'em as HARD as you
like..... game of skill and concentration ... yes sir ...
step right up ... thank you ... you first, madam?

MOL: No thank you. You try it McGee - I might hit him.

FIB: Oh is that....LOOK OUT THERE THUNDERCLOUD ... HERE THEY
COME...watch this, Molly. Watch him duck.

MOL: Oh now I ... WAIT, MCGEE...IT'S SILLY WATSON. Heavenly
days Silvius what are you doing in there?

SIL: Hiyah ma'am...hiyah, boss...

FIB: Hi there Sil. Say ain't you afraid somebody's gonna
sock you with one o' these baseballs?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah aint.

FIB: Oh ye ain't eh? Pretty good dodger, eh?

SIL: Oh yassuh. Nobody can't neveh hit me with NOTHIN', boss.

MOL: How did you ever get this job, Silly?

SIL: Ah learned it from mah brother Considerable Watson, ma'am. He's the bes' dodger they is, ma'am.

FIB: What show's he workin' with, Sil?

SIL: Oh he ain't neveh been with no show, boss. But he's been MARRIED SIX TIMES. Go ahead boss...TH'OW 'EM!

FIB: I ain't got the heart, Sil. One of 'em might ricochet off your head and hurt Molly. AHEM. Gimme my dime back, bud.

HUGH: Here you are... (FADE OUT) STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS...THE AFRICAN DODGER... A Genuine bomb dodger ... only a dime... ten cents...

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC AND CROWD UP ... AND DOWN

MOL: McGee...look ... look at the Scotchman in the kilts with his face all scratched up.

FIB: Hams...his bagpipe must o' had a blowout. Hey there, Scotty, what happened to your face?

SCOT: Twas only a wee accident, laddie.

MOL: Well what happened?

SCOT: Well, ye see, madam, afterrr I carrrowled under the fence to get into the show, I was countin' my change to see how much I had saved -

MOL: Yes?

SCOT: And I happened to drop a penny into the lion's cage. Twas a tight squeeze between the barrrrre, but I made it.

FIB: You crawled in the lion's cage after it? Shucks, bud, what for? What's one penny?

SCOT: Wull, noo, as for that, laddie, what's one lion?

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC UP AND OUT...

MOL: Let's sit down a minute, McGee...me feet are gettin' tired.

FIB: Okay. Let's sit over there by the bandstand. They're gittin' ready to play somethin'.

MOL: McGee, please get me a glass of pink lemonade.

FIB: Oh now Molly you don't want any o' that stuff. You know how they make pink lemonade?

MOL: How?

FIB: They put two drops o' lemon juice in a barrel o' water!

MOL: But what makes it pink?

FIB: It blushes every time they call it lemonade.

MEGAPHONE VOICE:

ORCHESTRA: "THE WITCH OF HARLEM" -- CALL

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CARMY MUSIC AND CROWD UP AND DOWN

FIB: Well, Molly, whadda ya wanta see next? How about ridin' on the Ferris Wheel?

MOL: No thanks, McGee. It's bad enough to go round and round without goin' up in the air at the same time.

FIB: How about the fire-eater, Molly? They say he eats broken bottles, light bulbs, razor-blades and all that stuff.

MOL: Heavenly days, why do ye wanta see him?

FIB: I'm gonna feed him some o' that short-cake you made this mornin'. (LAUGHS) Don't ye git it, MOLLY. I says I'm gonna...

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Oh well. How about that tent over there?

MOL: J.a.w.a.c. JAWAC It must be kind of a hyena or somethin', McGee. It says the GRET JAWAC...but it don't say what it tis.

FIB: Well I ain't gonna toss twenty cents away without findin' out what for. Hey bud...what's in that tent over there?

MOL: Yes, what on earth is a Jawao?

WIL: Why that isn't a Jawao. That's J.A.W.A.C. Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. And let me tell you folks, it'll make your car look like new again. All you have to do, is --

FIB: Do you work here, Harpo?

WIL: Why I certainly do.

MOL: What's your job, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: I'm a barker for the hot dogs. (FADE OUT) Arr! ARF!! ARF!

FIB: He's quite a wag, Harpo is, givin' me a tale like that. AHEM.

SOUND: MUSIC - CROWD ETC.

MOL: Where now, McGee?

FIB: How about the snake charmer?

MOL: Oh no ... not me. I don't like 'em.

FIB: Aw don't be like that, Molly. Snakee is real friendly critters when you get used to 'em. Come on let's go in... two tickets, bud.

MAN: Okay brother. Two out of a dollar. Here y'are! Count your change sir!

FIB: Two out of a dollar. twenty... fifty... Sixty... HEY... I'M SHORT twenty cents.

MAN: That's why I told you to count your change. I ALWAYS do that. Here you are! Go right in sir.

FIB: Honest kind of a feller wasn't he Molly.

MOL: It's a real nice carnival, McGee. I suppose they find out if you're ticklish before they pick your pocket.

FIB: Hey, Molly ... LOOK AT THEM SNAKES ... ain't they beauties?

MOL: No.

FIB: Oh now Molly ... they won't hurt ye? Will they eis?

SYLV: Not if you don't get to close to 'em mister. Now that one over there wouldn't hurt NOBODY. In fact, mister he don't seem to have no appetite lately a tall!

FIB: Smatter with him. Sick?

SILV: I dunno. He ain't had no appetite since the midget disappeared

FIB: What is it, grief or indigestion?

SILV: I dunno, mister. Now this snake here... come here Julius
This is Julius. He's a NAFRICAN snake.

FIB: I know. A boa contractor.

MOL: Constrictor

FIB: Eh?

MOL: STRICTOR.

FIB: Yeah, they oughta be. AHEN. Did you ever get bit, Sis?

SILV: Oh no. Julius was just playful. Wanna hold him
lady.

MOL: (SCREAMS)

SILV: How about you, mister. Come on he's real friendly.
Ain't you Julius?

SOUND: SSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

SYLV: See? He's laughing.

FIB: He is eh? Hear that, Molly? Julius was laughin'.

MOL: (OFF MIKE) Sure. I could hear him from here.

SOUND: SSSSSS SSSSS. SSSSS.

FIB: What'd he say then?

MOL: He says if he loses any more air he'll be runnin' on the rim! Now come on, McGee, I've had enough.

FIB: Okay. So long, sis.

SILV: Come again, mister, Julius likes you.

FIB: Thatsss niceeeeee. Sssssso long Juliusssssss.

SOUND: SSSSSSSSSSCRAM!

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC UP AND DOWN.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee, that place giave me the creeps.

FIB: Oh snakes ain't so bad, Molly. I kinda like the little critters. Why I mind the time I had me the snake farm in Florida, business man used to come from all over the country to get help on their income tax. Why one time -

MOL: What on earth did the Income Tax have to do with your snakes?

FIB: I raised adders. AHEM. Why one time in 1907...Or was it in 1906..no, twas 1908..let's see now...1907..1908...when were we married, Molly?

MOLL: Hush, Mogege. Can't a girl forget? Listen..what's the man sayin'?

BLOT: YES SIR FOLKS...RIGHT THIS WAY. ONLY A DIME, TWO NICKELS...TEN PENNIES. TRY YOUR LUCK AND SKILL ON THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE...ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND IT GOES...AND WHERE IT STOPS NOBODY KNOWS...BUT ME....TRY YOUR LUCK FOLKS... ONLY A DIME. ONLY A TRIN DIME. WITH THE LIBERTY HEAD ON IT. GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME ELBOW ROOM..YES YES...

MOL: Let's try it, McGee. It's only a dime...maybe I can win one of those beautiful blankets. They're real Navaho's.

FIB: I'll say so, and you can navahope to win one.

BLOT: You never know your luck till you try, brother...you never know...Just for fun name a number..without charge...any number....

MOL: 14.

BLOT: 14..yeeyes...I have a feeling that's a lucky number for you, my little wisenheimer..yes yes...let's see.. I'll give it whirl and see where it stops and if your right I'm full of hopsI. mean hopes, that you will win one of the handsome prizes..watch the wheel, friends...

SOUND: CLACK OF ROULETTE WHEEL.

BLOT: 14 it is, madam..too bad you didn't have a dime on that one...But that's how it is..when it looks bad it's good and when it looks good it's bad...you know the old saying.. Rosy tonight...Gray tomorrow. YES YES....

MOL: Come on McGee. I won once, didn't I?

FIB: Yep...and that's probably a record for the week on this wheel. How about it bud? Anybody one anything yet on this thing?

BLOT: Why what a question..what a question ...only five minutes ago, my young friend, a customer took one whirl and won a gold watch.

FIB: Probly he'll come back and git the works later. Okay Molly. Here's a dime, bud.

SOUND: CLINK OF COIN.

BLOT: Thank you, my little skeptic. Here's your paddle, madam. five numbers. watch them closely. here she goes. round and round and round she spins...and when she stops somebody wins...if my foot slips.. yes yes...Watch closely madam....

SOUND: WHEEL

FIB: 67. You got number sixty seven, Molly?

BLOT: No sir, I'm very sorry.. very sorry .67 was not on that paddle.

MOL: Why it tis too...look.

FIB: There ye are bud. Plain as the nose on your face. Almost. AHEM. Number 67.

BLOT: Number 67...yes yes...well well well how could that have happ...er...that isI thought I had that paddle...if this wheel isn't fixed by morning... That's twice somebody's won this week...YES YES...YOU CERTAINLY WON, My little plunger. Number sixty-seven wins this old kitchen clock.

MOL: Oh, isn't that beautiful, McGee?

FIB: The Old Kitchen clock. That's the song that won in Marcelli's song contest, Molly. It's been requested to be repeated.

BLOT: Yes yes...We thought this would be a good way to get it into the program again. Just a minute, sadam....

NOL: What's the matter?

BLOT: There's a young man goes with the clock.. Come out, Mr. Dennis. This is Mr. Dennis, folks...Clark Dennis..who's going to sing the chorus.

FIB: CLARK-CLOCK--er - Ah - I mean CLOCK-CLARK!

ORCHESTRA: OLD KITCHEN CLOCK. DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC UP AND OUT.

HUGH: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT...STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS... AND SEE ONE OF THE MAJOR MYSTERIES OF BIOLOGY... SEE WHATSIS ...HALF MAN, HALF WOMAN...ONLY A DIME, TEN CENTS FOLKS, AL THE TENTH PART OF A DOLLAR. Thank you sir...step right this way. .AND ONE WORD OF WARNING FOLKS, DON'T GIVE WHATSIS A CIGAR WHILE SHE'S KNITTING. IT MAKES HIM DROP STITCHES... Go right in folks...(FADE OUT) STEP RIGHT THIS WAY.....

NOL: I don't believe it's worth a dime, McGee.

FIB: Oh I dunno. Let's see anyway. Hiyah. bud? You Whatsis, the half-man half woman?

LOU: Yes sir, THAT'S ME.

NOL: Heavenly days..isn't nature wonderful!

LOU: Well, you wouldn't think IT WAS SO WONDERFUL if you were me.

FIB: What's smatter bud? Why not?

LOU:

Well, I went to a dance last night, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW
WHETHER TO LEAD OR FOLLOW and I nearly broke MY NECK.
How do ye pass the long winter evenin', bud? or ma'am.
As the case may be.

FIB:

LOU:

Oh in the winter the carnival lays off you know. So the
half girl - HALF MAN from the Binham and Barnling Circus and
play bridge. OH WE have a wonderful time...THE FOUR OF US.
Well now that's fine...well we're glad to have met you,
mister.
Thank you. THANK YOU.

MOL:

LOU:

FIB:

LOU:

You betcha. Glad to have seen you sis.
Oh do come again.....

SOUND:

CARNY MUSIC UP

SOUND:

CARNY MUSIC AND CROWDS UP AND DOWN.

FIB:

Bout ready to go home, Molly?

MOL:

Aren't we going to stay for the exhibition, McGee?

FIB:

En? What exhibition?

MOL:

Why a man is diving off a fifty-foot tower into a tub of water
in just a little while.

FIB:

Oh that stuff's the bunk, Molly. You don't wanta see that
old -
McGee, it's free!

MOL:

FIB:

AHEM. That's what I says. We shouldn't miss a sight like
that. How soon is it on?

MOL: Oh just a few minutes. I think. Here comes the snake-charmer
...we'll ask her. Oh dearie....

FIB: Hey there sis.

SILV: Oh hello there. You callin' me?

MOL: Yes. When does the man do the high-dive into the tub of
water, ma'am?

SILV: In about fifteen minutes. I guess he will anyway. He told
me he didn't feel so good today.

FIB: He'll feel worse tomorrow...if he misses that tub.

SILV: Oh, he ain't never missed yet. He's the best one we've had.

MOL: How many have ye had?

SILV: Oh we gotta get a new one every day or so. Somebody's always
forgettin to fill the tubs.

FIB: Well, I hope thatfella don't fail to make that high dive
today 'ouz, we're stayin' to see it. I wants see if he
does it as graceful as I done it when I was with the old
Yellowback-Grimshaw outfit. I used to dive from a hundred-
and-ten-foot scaffold into a bucket o' feathers.

MOL: Horse-Feathers!

FIB: AHEM...when Fibber McGee, The Flyin' Flash of the FeatherFlip
was on the bill, folks would come from thousands of miles
around just to-

HUGH: HEY TOOTS....

SILV: Hiyah, Joe. What's the matter?

HUGH: Dope the Diver ain't showed up. We ain't got anybody to do the the high-dive and there's a thousand muggs all ready to tear the show apart.

SILV: Oh fa heav'ns sakes...can ya imagine...oh! Say! Joe!

HUGH: What?

SILV: Here's a guy that can do it. He used to be with the Grimshaw show. He used to dive from a hunnert and ten foot into a bucket o' feathers. He just told me.

MOL: Oh my.....

FIB: Hey now wait a minute....

HUGH: Wait nothin', Doc..you're just the guy for the job. There's ten bucks in it, too. Come on...I'll get you some tights...

FIB: Hey Quit...leggo o' me...I was just foolin'...I don't...~~HEY~~ QUIT...(FADE OUT)

MOL: Heavenly days, he didn't want to do it!

SILV: Sure. I know. That's the way it is in the peression, lady. Nobody wants to take another guy's job. But it's okay, and ten bucks is ten bucks.

MOL: Sure...it'll buy some nice flowers....

SILV: Go on, lady. You're a pestimist. Where was you born?

MOL: Oh dear don't bother with that now...I've got to go help McGee...where is this tower they dive from?

SILV: At the end o' the row of tents, lady. You can't miss it.

MOL: No but McGee can. Oh dear oh dear oh dear...why does he always get himself into... Come with me, dearie...I might raint....

SOUND: CARNY AND CROWD NOISES UP...

SILV: Oh there he is!...In the pink tights....

MOL: Them ain't tights - that's his LONG UNDERWEAR!
He's goin' UP THE LADDER..MCGEE...DON'T DO IT...STOP
MCGEE.. COME DOWN...

SILV: Aw don't be like that lady. He'll be okay.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP.

SILV: Look ...what's he stoppin' for?

MOL: Heavenly days. he's COMIN' DOWN AGAIN...

SILV: Yeah. Probably fergot somethin'. Come on..let's go over
and see ...

SOUND: CROWD UP ... DOWN...

MOL: McGee...WEGEE WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOIN'?

HUGH: HEY LISTEN HERE BUDDY...I THOUGHT YOU WAS A DIVER....

FIB: Well ...er...I am..but..but...er....

HUGH: Then go wan up there and do your stuff....

FIB: Jest a minute, there, son. Lemme take a look at that tub

SOUND: SLOSH OF WATER.

FIB: Where'd this water come from?

HUGH: Whaddys mean where did it come from. It's good clean city
water right out of the hydrant.

FIB: Ahhh, just as I thought. Come on Molly - the deal's off!

HUGH: Hey! Wait a minnit! Whatsa matter with that tub?

FIB: Wait'll it rains an' fill 'er up! ~~AHEM~~. Ye don't ketch me
divin' fifty foot into HARD water.

SOUND: CARRY AND CROWD NOISES UP.

APPLAUSE:

CHASER:

ORCH: "YOU"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME - DOWN FOR TAG GAG

(TOPICAL GAG)

ORCH: TAG

WIL: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

EU &VC
10:05 AM
6/8/36

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NBC WLS 7 PM & 11:30 PM
MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1936 - BLUE

FIRST COMMERCIAL

How about taking an hour or so today to polish your car and make it sparkle and shine like new? With JOHNSON'S new AUTO POLISH AND CLEANER you can do a grand job without wearing yourself all out. This remarkable AUTO CLEANER works on a new principle. It's a creamy white liquid that dries quickly to a powder. When you wipe off the powder, along comes all the dirt and road film. JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER & POLISH cleans and polishes in one simple operation. It contains no harsh abrasives to injure the car finish. It takes away the dirt only, leaving the car shining like new. Your dealer sells JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH in the attractive yellow can. Get some right away. Spend an hour or two on your car, and you'll have one of the best looking automobiles in the neighborhood.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER HOGEE & MOLLY
NBC WLS 7 PM & 11:30 PM
MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1936

SECOND COMMERCIAL

As I told you a while ago you can easily make your car shine like new with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER. After you have the car shining, you'll want to protect the finish so it will stay beautiful. The one sure way to save the finish is to give it a coat of wax-protection -- and when I say wax, I mean JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. Dirt can't stick to the hard wax polish. Harsh weather conditions have no effect on the shining wax finish. It saves money to JOHNSON-WAX your car saves the finish -- saves car washings, and it's easy to do the job yourself with this new improved JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. If you prefer, your garage or service station will JOHNSON WAX your car for you at small cost. Just see that your car is protected right away with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NBC WLS 7 PM & 11:30 PM
MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1936

THIRD COMMERCIAL

Just as car-owners depend on JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX to save the finish on their cars -- smart women have discovered they can keep their floors and linoleum shining like new with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. This remarkable no-rubbing polish dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries, without rubbing or buffing. You can do away forever with old-fashioned floor-scrubbing methods once your floors are polished with GLO-COAT. Look for the attractive yellow can, with the lettering JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- G-L-O hyphen C-C-A-T. And remember, you save as much as one-third by ordering GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

vo 9:35 am
6/5/36