

NBC

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WRITER Don Quinn

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(11:00-7:30 PM)

(JULY 6^{DATE} 1936)

(MONDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS REBROADCAST 11:00-11:30 PM

*Not correct
Museum*

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ORK: FANFARE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: Good evening, everyone! The Makers of Johnson's Wax present Marian and Jim as Fibber McGee and Molly. Ted Weems and his orchestra open the show with IS IT TRUE THAT THEY SAY ABOUT DIXIE. TELL 'EM, TED!

ORK: IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (FIRST REGULAR COMMERCIAL)

ORK: McGEE THEME RIDIN' AROUND - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT):

WIL: IT WAS PROBABLY INEVITABLE THAT OUR TWO FRIENDS SHOULD WIND UP IN A MUSEUM...BUT, ODDLY ENOUGH, THEY'RE NOT ON EXHIBIT. NO, THEY'RE JUST VISITING THE WISTFUL VISTA MUSEUM IN A LOVELY BURST OF SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY. THEY THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE...THEY HUNGER FOR THE FACTS OF LIFE...AND BESIDES IT'S RAINING OUTSIDE AND THE MUSEUM WAS THE NEAREST PLACE TO GO. SO HERE THEY ARE, JUST ENTERING THE MUSEUM -- FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY."

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Heavenly days...kind of a musty smellin' place, aint it, McGee?

FIB: Oh I dunno. Shucks, ye cant expect mummies to smell like popples.

MOL: Well, it's real interesting anyway. Why havent we been in here before McGee?

FIB: Search me, Molly. I guess we never happened to be passing the place before when it was raining. Besides, I -

SCOT: Excuse me, laddie. Excuse me, lady.

MOL: Oh dont mention it.

FIB: What's on your mind, bud?

SCOT: Would ye kindly be tellin' me. What might this buildin' be?

MOL: This is the Wistful Vista Mussum, mister.

SCOT: Oh, aye...I should have known as much. Thank ye for the information.

FIB: Hey wait a minute, bud. If ye didnt know twas a museum, why did ye come in, in the first place?

SCOT: Weel, laddie, as I was walkin' along the strrrrreet, the noo, I was noticin' the sign that said FRRRREEEE. So, naturally, I came in

FIB: Hmm. Say, that reminds me. They're givin' free parachute jumps at the Wistful Vista Airport.

SCOT: Are ye be sure? And which dirrection would that be now?

FIB: Straight down.

MOL: No, he means which way is the airport, McGee?

SCOT: Aye.

FIB: Oh, the Airport. Six blocks south and two the east, bud.

SCOT: Thank ye kindly for your interrrest. I'll be goin' right out. But --

FIB: But what?

SCOT: What if the parrrachute wouldn' be worrrrkin' properly?

FIB: In that case bud, they give ye another chance.

SCOT: Frrreee?

FIB: Absolutely.

SCOT: Thank ye.

MOL: Dont mention it. Come on McGee...I want to see the museum.

FIB: Hey, Molly...look at the fella made outa tin at the end o' the hall there...(LAUGHS) Kinda tricky, eh?

MOL: That's a suit of armor, McGee. They wore them in the olden days. They were for the knights.

FIB: I see. Evening dress. HEH HEH HEH. DONT YE GIT IT, Molly? I says --

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Just think, that very suit of armor might have been worn by one of King Arthur's knights of the Round Table.

FIB: TABLE! Dont tell me they could sit down in them things.

MOL: Certainly iggermuts. They got hinges in 'em.

FIB: Well all I can say is it must o' been a nuisance in them days to go to a black-smith everytime you wanted your pants pressed.

MOL: What I dont understand, McGee, is how they ever got on a horse with all that hardware on 'em.

FIB: Smucks, that's simple.

MOL: How?

FIB: They put on these here iron pajamas and stood over a celt till it grew up. But what gits me is --

MAN: Hey, brother..where can I find the snakes?

FIB: Pete's Place, bud. Three doors west. AHM. What were you sayin', Molly.

MOL: I just wondered if there was anything special goin on in the museum today?

FIB: Oh I dunno. I --

WHEE: Say there, Buddy...can I ask you a question?

FIB: You betcha, granmaw. What's on your mind?

WHEE: I'm workin' on a cross word puzzle, sonny and I'm stuck for a seven letter animal starting with G.

FIB: Smucks, that oughtta be easy sis. I mind the time I was workin' one o' them crossword puzzles and I had to find a thousand-letter word startin' with P.

MOL: What was the word?

FIB: Postmaster, AHM. What was your word again, sis?

WHEE: It's an animal, seven letters startin' with G. I always come to the museum to work these. This is the only place where they have moa's and emus.

FIB: Well.lemme think now..seven letter animal startin' with G. O I know. If it's vertical it's Giraffe. Gitmit? Vertical...Giraffe.

WHEE: It's horizontal

FIB: Then put down snake.

WHEE: Snake starts with an S, budd...and besides it tiant long enough.

FIB: Well make it a Garter snake and stretch it. AHM. Dont mention it, granmaw. Come on, Molly...hey what's this room here?

MOL: Must be the Egyptian room, McGee. See all those mummies.. and the inscriptions.

FIB: What good are them inscriptions.. nobody can read 'em.
WILCOX: Oh yes they can. I can read 'em.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: You read Egyptian, Harpo?
WILCOX: Easily. See this inscription on the old Egyptian
Chariot here?
FIB: What's it say?
WILCOX: IT SAYS: KING TUT-TUT OF THE FIFTH DYNASTY, B.C. WHO WAS
GOING TO INSPECT HIS PROVINCES, FIRST PROTECTED HIS
CHARIOT AGAINST THE DESSERT SUN AND SAND WITH JOHNSONS
AUTO WAX AND POLISH.
FIB: Ahem. Wrong, Harpo. You says this was B. C., did you?
WIL: Yes..why?
FIB: Well, that was Before Commercials.
MOL: I guess that'll teach you to keep quiet, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: I'll say so. Remember Harpo. When in Egypt, Mummie's
the word!
MOL: Come on, McGee...let's look around and hear the lectures.
FIB: Wait a minute, Molly. Look at them skulls, there. Hey
bud...what are these here skulls?
BILL: (STRAIGHT) Oh those? Why the big skull there is Alexander
the Great at the age of sixty five.
FIB: (LAUGHS) I git it. (LAUGHS) and I s'pose that little tiny
skull is that same guy as a baby.

BILL: No, it's the skull of the last pinhead who pulled that gag!
MOL: (LAUGHS) You pulled a boner that time, McGee.
FIB: Well shucks, I...Hey, there's Ted Weems. Hi there Ted.
MOL: Oh hello there Ted.
TED: Hello, Molly. Hello Fibber.
FIB: What you doin' here, Ted?
TED: Oh, I'm interested in Indian culture.
MOL: Heavenly days. Indian culture. I didnt know they had any.
FIB: That's funny Ted. I know quite a bit about Indians
myself. I was kidnapped by the Oshkosh Injuns when I
was a baby; spent eleven years with 'em.
MOL: Where were the Oshkosh Indians?
FIB: Around New York. They supplied practically all the ticket
scalpers. AHEM...You understand the sign language, Ted?
TED: Oh I speak the sign language very well.
FIB: Ye do eh?
MOL: Oh isnt that interesting. Go ahead and talk some sign
language, for me.
FIB: Shall we Ted?
TED: What can we lose?
MOL: Well go on...talks some sign language.
FIB: Okay. KEEP OFF THE GRASS.
TED: NO SMOKING.

FIB: BEWARE THE BULL!

TED: Exit!

FIB: NO HUNTING!

MOL: FRESH EGGS!

TED: STOP: BOULEVARD!

WIL: JOHNSONS AUTO WAX!

FIB: QUIET PLEASE!

TED: NO TRESPASSING!

FIB: LADIES!

TED: GENTS!

BAND: WHAT'D YE WANT?

TED: THE GLORY OF LOVE!

ORK: "THE GLORY OF LOVE"***** PERRY COMO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME "RIDIN" AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: BACK IN THE WISTFUL VISTA MUSEUM, FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE STILL TAKING REFUGE FROM THE RAIN. NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE BAD WEATHER TO STIR UP THE INTELLECT. HERE THEY ARE... WONDERING WHAT TO SEE NEXT.

FIB: What's in that door there, Molly?

MOL: I think it's a private office, McGee. Yes it 'tis. It says Miss Dorothy Dimwit, assistant curator.

FIB: Hmm. Maybe she can tell us what to see first.

SOUND: KNOCKING...REPEAT...DOOR LATCH.

MOL: Oh how do you do.

FIB: Are you Miss Dorothy Dimwit?

DIMWIT: Yes I am..wont you come in...just set those old bones on one of the chairs....

MOL: You mean McGee?

DIM: Oh no...(LAUGHS) I mean those old skeletons...they are the bones of some prehistoric animall..I think it's a Hipposcrimmus...or maybe it's a Brontohippus...(LAUGHS) It really doesnt matter much does it? No, it really doesnt. At least I dont think it does? Do you? Certainly not. Of course.

FIB: You sure these aint the bones of a Harposorus Wilcoxus, babe?

DIM: Well, maybe it is, I wouldnt know. I just spent ten months with an expedition into outer Mongolia..or was it inner mongolia..oh well it doesnt matter much...do you think so? I thought the Great Wall of China was SO interesting.. there are SO many bricks in it...really. I think bricks are lovely...dont you? Of course you do.

FIB: They never struck me that wasy.

MOL: Well what we came in for, Miss Dimwit, was

DIM: Oh call me Dorothy...everybody calls me Dorothy...(LAUGHS) When I was a little girl they called me Dotty.

FIB: I bet they still do sometimes.

MOL: McGee!

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FIB: What's particularly interesting in the museum, Dimmy?
DIM: Oh we have some LOVELY exhibits...just lovely...some of our wax figure groups are just simply fascinating...dont you think so? Of course you do. I mean you will when you see them. You WILL see them wont you? Of course you will. Naturally. And when you see them you'll think there just LOVELY. Of course you will.

MOL: Where are the wax figures, ma'am?

DIM: Oh just around the corridor to the left. Or is it the right? I dont remember...but you'll find them all right.. Of course you will. Naturally. Just look around and you'll see them..I think...yes of course you will. Thank you so much for coming in...I hope I'll see you again...I WILL See you again wont I?

FIB: Of course you will.

MOL: Naturally.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Real interestin' woman, Molly? Or is she? Dont you think so? Of course you do. Naturally.

MOL: Be quiet, McGee! Let's go see those wax figures...oh, there they are.. my my look at the crowd around them...

FIB: Kin we get close enough to hear the lecture, Molly?

MOL: Sure...squeeze in between them two small figures there.. now...then

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HUGH: - and furthermore ladies and gentlemen...science is unable to place an exact date on the existence of these primitive figures...the real age of man, pithecanthropus erectus, or homo sapiens, is unknown...but we can readily see that these figures are representative of our save ancestors...observe closely please while I point out some of the distinguishing characteristics...

FIB: This is real interesting, Molly....Our ancestors...

MOL: Speak for yourself, McGee.

HUGH: OBSERVE PLEASE.. THE BRUTISH CAST OF FEATURES...THE LOW BROW, INDICATING SUB-NORMAL INTELLIGENCE...THE UNDERSHOT JAW, SHOWING SIGNS OF A PRIMITIVE CARNIVOROUS SURVIVAL.. THE SMALL BRAIN DEVELOPMENT...THIS MAN PROBABLY HAD THE INSTINCTS AND INTELLIGENCE OF AN APE...A LOW GRADE APE... OBSERVE THE FEATURES....

FIB: Hey take that stick out of my face, dad rat it.

MOL: That's not an ape...that'e me husband, ye loogan.

HUGH: Oh I beg your pardon madam. Sorry sir. I mistook you for one of the wax figures...(FADE OUT) NOW THIS FIGURE HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN IN EXISTENCE...

MOL: This is a fine museum.

FIB: Hey, Molly...do I look like a monkey?

MOL: A MONKEY...why the idea...turn around.. (PAUSE) No! You dont.

FIB: Taint funny, Molly...say how about goin into this...

WOMAN: Excuse me, please. Are you an attendant?

FIB: Wel-l-no, sis. I aint. But I kin answer any questions you want ask.

WOMAN: Well, can you tell me why all these mummies are wrapped up like this?

MOL: Tell her, McGee.

FIB: You betcha, sis. These mummies is all taken from the tomb of Heigh-ho the Pharaoh and they're all government officials of ancient Egypt.

WOMAN: Well they may be Egyptian officials but why are they wrapped up like that?

FIB: That's how they dies, sis. Strangled theirselves in red tape. AHEM.

WOMAN: Oh. Thank you.....

MOL: Nice goin', McGee...look at the figure of the stone age man carving on the rock, McGee.

FIB: Yeah. They didnt have paper or pencils in them days, Molly. Had to carve the morning paper on a cliff. I suppose this feller is kind of a prehistoric columnist --

MOL: Chiselling some news.

WOMAN: Excuse me once more please.

MOL: Certainly.

FIB: Smatter now, sis?

WOMAN: Is there much here on Cleopatra?

FIB: There never was much on that gal sis. AHEM. Say, Molly, look at the inscription on that piece o' stone, Molly. Can you read it?

MOL: No, can you?

FIB: You betcha. Hey! Looka there, Molly! Look at that gold coffin!!

MOL: That's an esophogas, McGee.

BLOT: NOT SO NOT SO. MY LITTLE SCARAB...SARCOPHAGUS IS THE WORD..

MOL: Oh excuse me.

FIB: You one of the lecturers, bud?

BLOT: Yes yes....I'M THE EXPERT ON EGYPTOLOGY....VERY INTERESTING PEOPLE THE EGYPTIANS. VERY INTERESTING. BUILT THE PYRAMIDS OUT OF LARGE PIECES OF ROCK.

MOL: Everybody knows that.

BLOT: Yes, my little hieroglyphic, but WHERE did they get the rocks? THERE ARE NO ROCKS IN THE DESERT.

FIB: Well, you're the expert...how'd the rocks get there? Or do ye just take 'em for granite? (LAUGHS) Git it Molly? Take 'em for grante-

MOL: Quiet, McGee....how DID THE ROCKS GET THERE, Mister?

BLOT: They were always there. ACCORDING TO MY THEORY, THE PYRAMIDS WERE THERE FIRST AND THEY BUILT THE DESSERT AROUND THEM.

FIB: Where'd they git all the sand, bud?

BLOT: ONE THING AT A TIME, MY LITTLE OASIS. I HAVENT GOT THAT FAR IN MY RESEARCHES AS YET. NO, NOT YET..... HOWEVER....

MOL: Just a minute, mister. Can you tell us...what was the original purpose of the pyramids? Can you tell us that?

BLOT: CERTAINLY MY LITTLE SCARAB....THE PYRAMIDS WERE FIRST BUILT AS STABLES.

FIB: Eh? Stables!

BLOT: YES YES...STABLES....SO THE KING WOULDN'T HAVE TO WALK A MILE FOR A CAM-

FIB: Careful, bud...this is the Johnson Wax Program.

BLOT: Oh yes yes...so it tis...so it tis...NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...I MUST DE CIPHER THIS NEXT INSCRIPTION... Let me see...

MOL: Listen, McGee...he's readin' Egyptian.

BLOT: Let me see now....KING AMENHOPSES THE THIRD...OF THE FOURTH DYNASTY...HE LIVED NASTY AND HE DIED NASTY.... DAVID...FOUGHT THE PHILISTINES WITH THE JAWBONE OF AN ANNOUNCER....BUILT THE THIRD PYRAMID IN...WITH 10,000 SLAVES....A SHORT BEERYES YES...JUST AS I THOUGHT. MY FRIENDS...MY THEORY IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.

FIB: What's your theory, bud?

BLOT: MY theory is that I'd give the whole thing up for one good cigar.

MOL: Give him one, McGee.

FIB: Here, bud.

BLOT: I thank you...but I said a GOOD CIGAR....you must have found this weed in a mummy case.. HOWEVER...I CAN THROW AWAY THE CIGAR AND SMOKE THE CELLOPHANE....GOOD DAY TO YOU, MY LITTLE MUSEUM PIECES...GOOD DAY TO YOU ALL.... COMING COMING....

FIB: Well for the....if that guy isnt....

MOL: Oh dear...now what was you sayin' before we was interrupted? Oh! I remember, now! You were gonna read this here stone age inscription, McGee! What does it say?

FIB: It SAYS....JULY SIXTH, 2,036 B. C. OGG WEEMS, THE CAVE
MAN, AND UGMO TANNER, THE HERMIT, PRACTICE NEW WAR
DANCE..."THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE." This'll make you
whistle! Can you feature that, Molly?

MOL: No, but Ted Can.

ORK: "THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE" -- -- ELMO TANNER

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd REGULAR COMMERCIAL -

ORK: MCGEE THEME. "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR
ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL....AFTER GETTING DOWN TO CASES WITH THE MUMMIES,
FIBBER AND MOLLY MOVE ALONG TO THE NEXT ROOM IN THE
WISTFUL VISTA MUSEUM. HERE THEY ARE...JUST ENTERING THE
ZOOLOGICAL ROOM.

MOL: My my this is real, interestin in here iant it, McGee...
look at all those animals! Bears...elephants....buffalos
....ducks....zebras...I see every animal and bird I ever
heard of....but one.

FIB: Which one.

MOL: There's no stork.

FIB: They had one, but he got a nervouse breakdown on a trip
to Ontario. AHEM.

WOMAN: Excuse me...but what are these in this case here?

FIB: Them sis? Them are weapons used to kill all these
animals with. There's a Persian Dagger...a zulu spear..
a Malay Kriss....

WOMAN: Kross.

MAN: Kruze.

MOL: Kreeze.

FIB: PLEEZE! Who 's doin' this? Anything else you wanta
know, sis?

WOMAN: Yes...when is the next lecture in here?

MAN: In just a moment, madam. In just a moment. Here comes
the lecturer now....Professor Scrimplebottom. Ph.D. LL.D
.. M.A. A.B....D.D.S...

FIB: N.U.T.S.?

MAN: D.T.'s.

FIB: O.K.

MOL: O. O!

FIB: Hi there Prof. What you gonna talk on today?

WIL: Why on the platfor..er..right up here on the...who wants
to know?

MOL: We do.

WILS: IT'S IMPOSSIB..er... CERTAINLY MADAM. CERTAINLY. IT'S
OUR POLICY IN THE WISHBONE FISHBALL...ER WISHFACE...ER.
.WISTFUL VISTA YOU SEEEE'M ER.. MUSEUM...TO GIVE THE
PUBLIC THE WORKS...AH...THE WORST...ER...THE FINEST...ER..
WE TRY TO ANSWER ALL THE...WHATEVER INFORMATION WE HAVE..
WE HOPE TO HAVE SOME..ER...WE NEVER SEEM TO GET ANY
THAT'S ...ER..I MEAN...WHAT WAS THE QUESTION AGAI'?

FIB: We want to know the subject of your talk, doc.

WILS: SO DO I...ER..I MEAN...WHO WOULDN'T? AFTER ALL...WE ARE
GATHERED HERE IN A SMALL INSUFFERABLE GRIPE...ER...A SMALL
INFORMAL GROUP...TO DISCUSS...SOME OF THE MORE...ER...
WHO'S GOT A PENCIL?

FIB: I have.

WILS: That's FINE...ALWAYS CARRY A PENCI...ER...NOW WHAT I WAS
GOING TO SAY...YOU ALL REALIZE, I'M SURE THAT...THE
ANIMALS OF THE WESTERN HEMSTITCH...ER...HAMIS...HAM IS
DELICIOUS, ISNT IT?...ER..I MEAN IN THE WESTERN
HEMISPHERE ARE ALL DIVIDED INTO THREE GREAT CLASSIFIC...
ER. .SOME OF THEM ARE...AND OTHERS...BUT THEY ALL HAVE
CERTAIN...THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE TODAY!

MOL: Why?

WILS: OF COURSE THEY DO. I MEAN...TELL ME THAT ANSWER...ER...
WHAT WAS...ER...REPEAT THAT REMER...ER..QUESTION AGAIN,
THANK YOU...ER.. PLEASE?

MOL: I said WHY ARE WE HERE?

WILS: IT'S IMPOSSIB..er... CERTAINLY MADAM. CERTAINLY. IT'S
OUR POLICY IN THE WISHBONE FISHBALL...ER WISHFACE...ER.
.WISTFUL VISTA YOU SEEEE'M ER.. MUSEUM...TO GIVE THE
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WHAT WAS...ER...REPEAT THAT REMER...ER..QUESTION AGAIN,
THANK YOU...ER.. PLEASE?

MOL: I said WHY ARE WE HERE?

WILS: I THINK IT'S TO KEEP ME FROM GOING TO LUNCH...ER.....
 NO...I WAS THINKING OF...NOW TAKE THE ZEBRA....

FIB: Don't want, it doo. You take it.

WILS: THANKS I DONT SMO...ER...THE ELEPHANT, MY FRIENDS,...
 IS NOTED FOR ITS...AND THE TIGER IS ALSO...BUT MY
 FAVORITE OF ALL THE...SOME ANIMALS HAVE MORE...THAT IS
 TO SAY...THE HORSE, A VERY INTELLIGENT ANIM- er....
 WHO'S GOT A RACING FORM?

MOL: What's that got to do with it?

WILS: PROBAB..er..I MEAN NOBODY EVER PROVED IT. AND THAT
 CONCLUDES THE LECTURE FOR TOMORRO..ER..YESTER..ER
 COME IN AGAIN AT FIVE OCLOCK AFTER THE LAST AT
 ARLINGTON....ER...I MEAN....OUR NEXT TALK WILL BE ON
 THE SUBJECT OF...IT'S A VERY INTERESTI...(FADE OUT)....
 SAY HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY UMBRELLA?

MOL: Well, McGee....did you learn anything?

FIB: I'LL say so.

MOL: What?

FIB: I learned that next time it rains, we better be passin'
 the library.

MOL: Oh I dunno. I think the afternoon's been very...well..
 heavenly days....McGee! There's Silly Watson!

FIB: Who? Oh hello there Sil.

MOL: Good afternoon, Silvius.

SIL: Hiyah, ma'am. Hiyah boss. Wuz you lookin' fer sump'n?

FIB: We were lookin' for a dry place outa the rain, Sil.
 But we found that.

SIL: Yassuh. This is jes' about the dryest place what they
 is anyplace, I suppose it tis.

MOL: What are you doing here, Silly?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: You workin' here, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

MOL: What doing?

SIL: Fixin' up animals and stuff, please, ma'am. Ah take
 a lotta bones an' a skin and fix 'em up to look like
 they was alive.

FIB: Shucks, that must be real interestin', Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. Two bits a hour is always interestin' to me,
 boss. But ah nearly got fiahd yesterday, tho.

MOL: Why?

SIL: Made a mistake, ma'am. Tried to fit a lion skin on a
 skeleton of a ostrich, ma'am. Ah had two legs left
 oveh.

FIB: I made a worse mistake yesterday, Sil. I put two
 frogskins on a horse. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Is there anything particular doing today, Silvius?

SIL: Yas'm. They's lectures, please, ma'am. They's a
 talk in the anthrop...in the anthrip- .er..in that
 room theah in a few minutes, ma'am. Then they's a
 lecture on them lil' ole Egyptian dummies....

MOL: Mummies.

SIL: Yas'm. and they's a talk latch on whoozology.

FIB: Oh what, sil?

SIL: Whoozology. Tha's animals, please suh. Excuse me now, boss...I gotta go connect a whale.

MOL: You've gotta WHAT?

SIL: Connect a whale, please ma'am. We is gotta lotta whale's bones, ma'am and ah gotta make a whale out of it, or somethin'.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Why don't you divide 'em up and make two sharks?

SIL: I'd need anotheh fin to do that, boss, and they won' pay it. (LAUGHS) That's a joke, please boss. Excuse me now please... (FADE OUT) A gotta go fix that lil ole whale...

FIB: Silly's busier than....

MOL: McGee! Look! What's the matter with this man comin' this way....!

MAN: OH OH.....MY LITTLE DARLING....I'VE LOST YOU...I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF....FOR LETTING YOU GO...OH DEAR OH DEAR.. MY DARLING...

FIB: What's the matter bud?.....anything we can do?

MOL: Have you lost a dear one, mister?

MAN: YES! OH YES!....I HAVE!...OH I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF... FOR LETTING HER GO...OH SHE WAS A BEAUTY...TOO....25 INCHES....

MOL: Oh! She wuz a midget.

FIB: Who was she, bud? If we aint been' too curious.

MAN: OH NOT AT ALL...OH I AM SO UNHAPPY....I'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN...ONE OF THE FINEST SNAKES I EVER SAW...AND I LET HER GO!...OH DEAR...

MOL: (SHRIEKS) ...HEAVENLY DAYS...MCGEE!...A SNAKE!...HELP HELP...

FIB: Quiet, Molly....was it poisonous, bud?

MAN: OH YES...VERY DEADLY...OH MY BEAUTY (FADING)...WHY DID I EVER LET YOU GO....

MOL: THATS WHAT I WANT TO KNOW...HEY MISTER COME BACK HERE ANDoh dear...His deadly snake is runnin' around loose! What'll we do, McGee?

FIB: JEST keep calm, Molly....l-l-like m-m-me...better stand up there on the chair, Molly...till I look around. gimme your umbrella

MOL: Oh be careful, McGee....WHAT'S THAT UNDER YOUR FOOT?

FIB: YOW...OH...SAY DONT DO THAT AGAIN....THAT WAS JUST MY SHOE LACE untied...Now keep quiet....I'll find the dad ratted....

MOL: McGee...Pssssst!

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Eh? What?

MOL: Look....inside the glass case there....lookin right at me...Ohhhh.

FIB: Dangerous lookin' reptile aint he, Molly....I'll fix him...

MOL: Oh be careful, McGee...BE CAREFUL...

FIB: CAREFUL NOTHIN'....I'LL FIX HIM....

SOUND: WHACK AND GLASS CRASH...REPEAT...AGAIN..

BILL: HERE HERE HERE...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...WHY THIS VANDALISM...WHO SMASHED THAT CASE?

FIB: I did.

BIL: WHAT FOR? ARE YOU CRAZY?.

MOL: Well, if you think we're gonna stand here and get bit by a snake, you're crazy.

BIL: THAT SNAKE IS STUFFED. HE COULDNT BITE ANYBODY.

FIB: Well how about the one that got away?

BIL: Whaddyou mean, GOT AWAY...WHAT SNAKE GOT AWAY?

MOL: Why that tall bald headed man was in here cryin' because one of his poisonous snakes got away, from him.

BIL: Oh HIM: WHY ALL HE MEANT WAS THAT HE WAS TOO LATE WITH HIS BID AT A SNAKE AUCTION IN CINCINNATI. HE WANTED TO BUY ONE PARTICULAR SNAKE BUT SOMEBODY ELSE BEAT HIM TO IT!!

FIB: Well fer the...'

MOL: McGEE! You're the one that's crazy!

FIB: Whaddy mean, Molly!

MOL: IMAGINE A MAN IN WISTFUL VISTA TRYIN' TO KILL A SNAKE IN CINCINNATI WITH AN UMBRELLA?

APPLAUSE: CHASER

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

ORCH: "ST LOUIS BLUES."

APPLAUSE:

MBEE THEME:::::

TAG GAG.

APPLAUSE:

MUSICAL TAG

en:mq: 7/8/36: 11:00 AM

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC. FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY JUNE 29, 1936 MONDAY
REBROADCAST 11:30 PM (MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST ONLY)

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Everybody who owns an automobile should pay close attention to the announcements on tonight's program. S.C. Johnson & Son, because this is their 50th Anniversary, are making what is probably the greatest Free Gift offer ever made in the entire auto-polish field.

Your dealer is now displaying a special 50TH ANNIVERSARY PACKAGE containing a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, and a regular pint size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH. You get the wax absolutely free when you buy the cleaner. The price? Only 59 cents! But the supply is strictly limited, and I would strongly suggest that you get your package early -- from your auto supply dealer, service station, or from your regular wax dealer. Remember, ~~you pay only the regular price, or less, for the cleaner~~ -- you get the can of wax FREE.

Ted Wans

Friday

Chicago Theatre

Page 2

SECOND COMMERCIAL

Let me remind you again of JOHNSON'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY Free Gift Offer to car owners. You receive FREE a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX -- when you buy 1 pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH -- both for only 59¢. Less than the regular price of the cleaner alone. Look for the Anniversary Free Gift Package at your dealers. Here is an excellent opportunity for you to try these two amazing products. JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH, you remember, cleans and polishes the finish of your car, in one easy operation -- without injury to the finish. JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX is the sure, safe, easy way to protect the finish against sun, weather, road dirt. It saves car washings, too, and increases trade-in values. Get your FREE can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX right away -- before the supply is gone.

THIRD COMMERCIAL

Don't fail to get your FREE can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. And don't forget that good housekeepers will be saving themselves many hours of work this summer by keeping their linoleum and wood floors bright and sparkling with another JOHNSON product - GLO-COAT, the no-rubbing floor polish. There's absolutely no rubbing or polishing necessary with GLO-COAT -- it shines as it dries, leaving floors beautiful and easy to care for. Buy GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- in the attractive yellow can.

TAG COMMERCIAL

Tonight's broadcast of FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY is the first one at our new time. On Pacific Coast stations at 8 o'clock, in Denver and Salt Lake City at 9:00 o'clock. Make a note of this new time so you won't miss the program next Monday evening.

rn:6/25/36
4:50 PM