

NBC

ADVERTISER **S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.**

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" - #66**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**

(**7:00-7:30 PM**) (**JULY 15, 1936**)

(**MONDAY**)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS **Rebroadcast 11:00 PM**

Not Correct
Manager's Office

Page 2.

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 "CELEBRATIN".**

ORK: **"CELEBRATIN".**

APPLAUSE:

WIL: **FIRST COMMERCIAL**

ORCH: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNCM⁰T.).

WIL: Having tried just about everything else, our two friends have now talked themselves into trying to run the Wistful Vista Newspaper -- the Bugle-Gazette. Listen to the roar of the mighty presses! --

SOUND: SCORE

WIL: My mistake, -- they've just put the paper to bed...but let's go into the editorial rooms, where they're getting the next issue ready...copy boys are rushing about and -- well, you know the old newspaper adage...**WHEN A MAN BITES A DOG, THAT'S NEWS. BUT WHEN A MAN AND A MAID BITE OFF MORE THAN THEY CAN CHEW...THAT'S FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!**

SOUNDS: VOICES... COMMOTION.

VOICES: (THREE OR FOUR ASSORTED) Copy! COPY BOY!!...COPY!...COPY!!
Copy Boy!

MOL: McGee...why does everybody around this place keep hollering **COPY!**

FIB: Just embarrassment, Molly. They see me watchin⁰ 'em so they start hollerin⁰ to show me they're on the job.

FIB: Say, here's a cute little item, Molly. Listen...**WILLIE TOOPS WHO GOT SITUATED WHEN HE SAT DOWN IN THE SPRINKLER -**

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Willie Toops got **WHAT** when he sat in the sprinkler?

FIB: Situated.

MOL: You mean SATURATED.

FIB: What's the difference?

MOL: Saturated means all wet. **SITUATED** means in a certain place.

FIB: Well? **AHEM!**

VOICES: COPY...COPY BOY...COPY...COPY...?

FIB: Listen to this one, Molly...from the gossip column...says: The Joe Louises expect visit from **MR. STORK**. Kind of a cute item, aint it? How'll I headline it?

MOL: That's easy.

FIB: How?

MOL: Joe Louis hangs up the leather and picks up the kid.

VOICES: COPY...COPY BOY...COPY COPY... ETC...

FIB: As I was gonna tell you a little while ago, Molly...when ye run a newspaper like this one ye gotta...

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

FIB: Git it, Molly.

MOL: **HELLO. HELLO. MANAGING EDITORS DESK...YES...(ASIDE)...**

It's the movie editor, McGee...**HELLO. WHAT'S THE MATTER?**

(PAUSE) Oh, I see. Yes.. yes...yes...Oh. Well, I'll

tell him and he'll call you back later. All right.

(CLICK)

FIB: What'd he want?

MOL: He says the manager o' the **BEEJOUR** Theatre is worried that people will be afraid to come to his show.

FIB: Why?

MOL: He's running The Garden Murder Case, Lady Killer, Bullets and Ballots and the Louis-Schmeling Fight pictures. Murder, killing, shooting and fighting.

FIB: Call him back and tell him to add The Country Doctor.

VOICES: COPY....COPY....COPY BOY....COPY!!

MOL: Now, McGee..will you PLEASE tell me what you were going to say?

FIB: Eh? Oh yes...I was gonna say...when you're runnin' a newspaper like this you gotta always -

MAN: Excuse me chief....

FIB: Smatter son?

MAN: How'll I run thus heading about Ethiopia?

FIB: In Italics! AHEM! -

ye see, Molly, ye gotta know what's got NEWS value. Now ye take -

WIL: TAKE JOHNSONS AUTO WAX. IT PROTECTS YOUR CAR FROM SUMMER SUN AND ROAD FILM.

FIB: That aint got news-value son. Everybody knows that. AHEM. Now, fer instance Harpo where would ye put the news about the Olympics?

WIL: On the Sports page?

FIB: Suppose I was to be seen on the beach at Atlantic City wearin' one o' them cellophane bathin' suits.

MOL: A comic strip.

SOUND: KNOCKING

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh hello there little girl.

FIB: Hi there sis. What's on your mind. Remember...this is our busy day.

TEE: Well gee, its my busy day too, I betcha.

FIB: It tis, eh? (CUTE AINT SHE MOLLY) _____ did you want sis?

TEE: A dog. A dog with a black tail and he wont bite anybody and he can swim dandy and his name is Pootchie.

FIB: O I see. We'll put him in lost and found.

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says we'll put him in the lost and found column.

TEE: He aint found, I betcha. He's just lost.

FIB: I know, but we put it in Lost and Found regardless.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well..er...because we..well dog rat it, so's people will know where to look if they find him?

TEE: If they find him they dont have to look. He's right there, I betcha.

FIB: No no no...listen...Suppose you lose a dog.....

TEE: Suppose nothin'. I did.

FIB: I know...but this is jest hypothetical.....

TEE: No, it's a bulldog.

FIB: All right. A bulldog. You lost him. We put it in the paper. Then if you dog shows up you get him back.

TEE: Well gee. Pooshie cant read, I betcha.

FIB: Dad rat it, he dont have to read. Somebody that find him can read cant they?

TEE: Who?

FIB: Whoever finds him.

TEE: Where do they live?

FIB: They liv...er..DAD R. er..how should I know where they live? Now you run along and we'll see that you get your dog back.

TEE: Okay.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well...what you waitin' for?

TEE: Well gee, mister. I was just thinkin'. Maybe if some other little girl finds him and if she likes him and wants to keep him, maybe you can find me a pony. Thanks mister.

DOOR SLAM

VOICES: COPY..COPY BOY...COPY COPY!!

FIB: Now let's see, Molly...we gotta have a flash for the feature page. What pictures you got?

MOL: Here's a snow scene...with skiing.

FIB: Nope. That's a downhill business.

MOL: There's one o' Queen Marie's gowns...with a train.

FIB: Nope...need two pages for that.

MOL: There's A Small Hotel...with Perry Como.

FIB: Who's the manager?

MOL: Ted Weems.

FIB: Okay. Run that, and dont forget the due bills.

ORK: "THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL" -- -- PERRY COMO

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: Back now to the editorial rooms of the Wistful Vista Bugle-Gazette --- where Fibber McGee and Molly are giving a more or less successful imitation of editors.

MOL: McGee...they're on the phone from the composing room and want to know what they were to set on the weather.

FIB: Oh yes..the weather.. where'd I put that report from the weather bureau. Oh here it tis.

MOL: What's it say....

FIB: It says...Clear today and tomorrow unless showers arrive. No wind unless heavy breeze from south or northwest. Cloudy unless clear weather prevails. Cooler tonight if light rain falls but no rain expected until tomorrow which will be clear unless storms are indicated.

MOL: That's just dandy. Hello, COMPOSING ROOM. Just say "CONSULT YOUR BUNIONS". (CLICK)

FIB: That's fine, Molly...

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

MOL: Here's a real sweet letter from a subscriber, McGee.
Tellin' about the fox at the zoo bein' the proud father
o' quadruplets. Where's we print it?

FIB: Fox Pop. AHM.

VOICES: COPY...COPY BOY..COPY.....COPY....

MOL: Heavenly days....here comes Silly Watson McGee. Hello
Silly....

FIB: Hi there Sil.

WIL: (FADE IN) Hi ma'am. Hiyah, Boss.

FIB: Just what are your perticklar journalistic functions, Sil?

SIL: Wah?

MOL: He means what do you do around here, Silly?

SIL: Oh. Ah'm a copy boy, ma'am.

FIB: Kind of a carbon-copy boy, eh?

SIL: No suh.

FIB: No?

SIL: Nossuh. Carbon copies is all alike ma'am...and ah's
UNEEEEK! (LAUGHS) That's a joke, please suh.

MOL: Well just what ARE your duties, Sil. Specifically.

SIL: Specif...er..yas'm. Ah just helps around ...heah and theah.
Mos'ly theah. Yesteday ah carried cameras fo' the photo-
graphers, Ma'am. They was takin' pitchas down at the beach.

FIB: They git some nice exposures, Sil?

MOL: McGee!

SIL: Ah nearly got fished on account o' them boys, too.

FIB: How's that Sil?

SIL: Oh they says, lissen, boy...you run back quick and git
some mo' plates

MOL: Well didnt you obey orders?

SIL: Yas'm. Ah thought so anyway. Ah run out and got some
plates and cups and saucers and ketchup even. Ah thought
they was gonna have a beach pahty.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, that WAS quite a mistake, Sil.

MOL: What'd they do when you brought the wrong kind of plates?
They have a fit?

SIL: No ma'am -- they had a beach pahty.

VOICES: COPY...COPY...COPY BOY...COPY.

SIL: Scuse me, boss, please. Scuse me, ma'am They's hollerin'
fo me.
(FADE OUT)

FIB: PSSSSST. Easy, Molly. here comes the owner now...Hi,
there, Mr. Boomer. Mr. Boomer, this here's my wife,
Molly, Molly, Mr. Boomer the owner.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

BLOT: Yesyes, my little paragraphters, yes yes...and how are you
getting along on the job?

FIB: Well, Mr. Boomer, we -

BLOT: Yea yes...just as I thought...not so good. I understand
you got out a special edition during the last eclipse of
the sun.

MOL: Yes we did. It was ---

BLOT: VERY BAD JUDGMENT. VERY BAD...special edition on the eclipse...very silly indeed. If it was an eclipse it was dark. And if it was dark nobody could read the paper...very bad judgment...very bad.

FIB: Yes but -

BLOT: No Buts, please...I dont allow smoking in my editorial offices.. and where' there's no smoking, there's no butts...yes yes... I mean no no...now there's another thing I wanted to speak about, McCoy...

FIB: McGee...

BLOT: M'boy.

MOL: Yes, but Mr. Boomer, we -

BLOT: Quiet, my little sob-sister...quiet. I just wanted to say that my wife is giving a ball tonight and she'll expect four pages, with photographs... yes yes...better make it five.. in three colors...let me see...five pages...three colors... big headline...better put a bold face on it...a short beer.. yes yes...take care of that my little pastepots...who's calling me? Coming. coming....

FIB: Hmmm.. and that's what you call a big newspaper magnate?

MOL: What's a magnet?

FIB: A magnet, Molly, is a horseshoe that cant decide whether it wants to be positive or negative...it mistakes its own static for personal magnetism and the bigger it is the more junk it can pick up.

MOL: Such as us.

FIB: ~~FIB~~ AHEM. Oh well, I -

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: ~~FIB~~ (CLICK) Hello...yes..Wistful Vista Bugle Gazette, Fibber McGee, managing editor. Eh? Oh yes..yes..No, I aint got any passes for the ball game. No, I..er. WHAT? No. No, I aint cant give ye no passes fer the Follies. Nope. Eh? No, I cant give ye no passes to the prizefights...Nope. Nope. WHAT? Oh sure...sure I can fix that okay. How many? Four? Okay... four on the aisle...third row center. You betcha..glad to help ye out, brother. (CLICK) One of our big advertisers, Molly.

MOL: What are you givin' him passes for?

FIB: ~~WIL~~ There's a hangin' at the county jail. AHEM. Now let's see.. what was I..who's the auto editor, Molly?

MOL: ~~MOL~~ Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: ~~FIB~~ Git him in here will ye?

MOL: ~~WIL~~ Press the third buzzer button.

SOUND: BUZZER

WIL: You want something, Chief?

WIL: Well, it's fine sidet. Isn't that right, Barlow?

WIL: Yes, Barlow. That's right. You're three minutes older than I.

WIL: That's what I thought.

MOL: You certainly look alike.

WIL: Yes, people hardly know which is which... do they Barlow?

FIB: Real prompt, aint he, Molly? Say, Harpo.

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Where's them pictures I wanted of the auto races.

WIL: Right here. Beautiful aren't they?

MOL: Yes, but there's no pictures of the winners crossing the finish line.

WIL: I know it. You see, the three leading cars were polished with Johnson Auto Wax and the finish was so bright it spoiled the picture. And after I'd planned it so well!

FIB: I see...kind of a flash in the plan. Who's that feller with you, Harpo?

WIL: Oh excuse me. This is my twin brother. Barlow, this is Fibber McGee and Molly.

MOL: How do you do, I'm sure.

FIB: Hiyah, bud.

WIL: Hello. You been managing this newspaper long, Mr. McGee?

FIB: No, I just got a one-script contract. Which one of you fellers is oldest.

WIL: Weell, I'm the oldest. Isn't that right, Barlow?

WIL: Yes, Harlow. That's right. You're three minutes older than I.

WIL: That's what I thought.

MOL: You certainly look alike.

WIL: Yes, people hardly know which is which ... do they Barlow?

WIL: No, Harlow, they don't.

WIL: You see, Fibber, Barlow is going to take my place while I'm on vacation aren't you Barlow?

WIL: Yes Harlow. And it won't be hard to do.

WIL: PLEASE, Barlow. More respect. Remember, I'm three minutes older.

WIL: Excuse me, Harlow.

WIL: Don't mention it, Barlow. Well, so long Chief.

FIB: AHEM. Good by, boys.

MOL: Good day to you.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Nice boys, isn't he, Molly?

MOL: Yes, he's a fine chap, both of 'em. Say, McGee... here's some publicity on this Gus Groaner the wrestler. Shall we use it?

FIB: What it say?

MOL: It says, Gus Groaner, the Goliath of Grunt has a surprise to spring on his public tonight in his bout with Toppler Tinjaw, this Titan of the Toehold at the Wistful Vista Stadium.

FIB: Old Gus Groaner. Eh? Shucks, that palocka has took more falls than the French Cabinet. What's he got... a new hold?

MOL: No. He's got a new expression. He's been rehearsin' a new expression of agony for three weeks, in secret trainin'.

FIB: Where does he train? *don't have to look. He's right there.*

MOL: In the Hall of Mirrors at the Fair Grounds.

FIB: Okay...we'll use it. That's what wrasslin' needs...new faces.

SOUND: COPY..COPY BOY ... COPY....

MOL: Listen, McGee...we better get the copy ready for the financial page... there's.

SOUND: KNOCKING

FIB: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh hello there little girl.

FIB: Hi there sis. What's on your mind. Remember...this is our busy day.

TEE: Well gee, its my busy day too, I betcha.

FIB: It tis, eh? (CUTE AIN'T SHE MOLLY.) What did you want sis?

TEE: A dog. A dog with a black tail and he won't bite anybody and he can swim dandy and his name is Pootchie.

FIB: O I see. We'll put him in lost and found.

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says we'll put him in the lost and found column.

TEE: He ain't found, I betcha. He's just lost.

FIB: I know, but we put it in Lost and Found regardless.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well...er...because we...well dad rat it, so's people will know where to look if they find him?

TEE: *Mebbe you can find me a Pony!!*

TEE: If they find him they don't have to look. He's right there, I betcha.

FIB: No no no ... listen ... Suppose you lose a dog...

TEE: Suppose nothin'. I did.

FIB: I know...but this is jest hypothetical...

TEE: No, it's a bulldog.

FIB: All right. A bulldog. You lost him. We put it in the paper. Then if your dog shows up, you get him back.

TEE: Well gee...Poochie can't read, I betcha.

FIB: Dad rat it, he don't have to read. Somebody that finds him can read, can't they?

TEE: Who?

FIB: Whoever finds him.

TEE: Where do they live?

FIB: They liv...er...DAD R...er...how should I know where they live? Now you run along and we'll see that you get your dog back.

TEE: Okay.

(PAUSE)

FIB: Well...what you waitin' for?

TEE: Well gee, mister. I was just thinkin' home to lunch.

FIB: Yeah?

TEE: Mebbe if some other little girl finds Poochie an' -- an' gets to love him like I do -- an' wants to keep 'im --

FIB: SLAM Yes -

TEE: Mebbe you can find me a Pony!!

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Here's another item for the sport page, McGee. It says OLYMPIC TRACK TITLES CONCEDED TO U.S.

FIB: That's on account of it bein' an election year, Molly. Everybody's runnin' for somethin'.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: (CLICK) HELLO...YEP. MANAGING EDITOR'S OFFICE. CONGRESSMAN WHIFFLETREE IN JAIL? I SEE... ACTIN' UP KINDA FOOLISH EH? OKAY. THANKS FOR THE TIP. (CLICK)

MOL: Well well well ... another Congressman in jail for actin' nutty. What's he charged with, McGee?

FIB: Forgery.

MOL: What'd he forge?

FIB: A Zion check.

VOICES: COPY...COPY...COPY BOY...COPY

MOL: Now about the financial page, McGee...where did...

FIB: Easy, Molly...here comes the boss again. Hi yah, Boss.

BLOT: Yes yes...my little sub-head. Now about these expense accounts... you've been okaying everything, and I won't stand for it...I don't mind twenty five dollars for checking a hat ... or renting an airplane to go home to lunch... but when my reporters charter the Queen Mary to watch the Harvard boat races it's time to call a halt. I believe I will call a halt. HALT! Yes yes...now I feel better.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Why the old -

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Git me Lulu Lovebird, our Broken Hearts Editor on the phone.

MOL: All right. (PHONE CLATTER) Hello...connect me with the Editor of the Broken Hearts Columns, please...yes, Lulu Lovebird. What? Oh I see. Thank you. (CLICK)

FIB: What'd they say?

MOL: They say he went downstairs to get a shave.

FIB: Oh well. I -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh hi there Ted. Molly, this is Teddy Bear Weems, our Cub reporter.

MOL: Hello, Ted.

TED: Oh, don't call me Ted, Molly. You've known me too long for that. Just call me Mr. Weems.

MOL: Oh, thank you.

TED: That's all right. I hate formality.

FIB: AHEM. What's on your mind, Ted?

TED: May I use your telegraph instrument a minute?

MOL: Certainly, Te...er...Mr. Weems.

TED: Thanks.

FIB: Who you wirin', Ted?

TED: Parker Gibbs.

MOL: Where is he?

TED: ~~ONE~~ Sing Sing. Listen...

SOUND: CLICK OF TELEGRAPH KEY INTO MUSICAL INTRO.

ORK: "TELEGRAM SONG." -- PARKER GIBBS

APPLAUSE: ~~THREE SECONDS~~ HERE, DURING FIBBER'S TEMPORARY ABSENCE.

WIL: (2ND COMMERCIAL) IS TALKING TO MORT TOOPS ONE OF THE REPORTERS.

MOL: Did you get that interview with the Senator's wife, M.

MORT: Well... (LAUGHS) No... I didn't. HAW HAW. You guys sent me on a wild goose chase that time. HAW HAW.

MOL: The way she wasn't there?

MORT: No... she'd just left. HAW HAW. She ran away with the chauffeur. HAW HAW HAW.

MOL: I see. She ran away with the chauffeur so you didn't get any story.

MORT: That's right. HAW HAW. Besides I couldn't get in the house anyway. HAW.

MOL: Oh they slammed the door on you, did they?

MORT: Nope. HAW HAW. There wasn't any door. HAW HAW. This dame and the chauffeur blew up the house with dynamite before they left. HAW HAW. That's a hot one, ain't it? HAW HAW.

MOL: Well what did the Senator have to say about it? Did you talk to him?

MORT: Nope. HAW HAW. I couldn't. They SHOT him. HAW HAW. Guy was THIS a wasted day!

ORK: MOGEE THEME... "HIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: Now BACK TO THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF BUGLE-GAZETTE, WHERE, DURING FIBBER MOLLY IS TALKING TO MORT TOOPS...O

MOL: Did you get that interview with the Toops?

MORT: Well... (LAUGHS) No... I didn't. HAW HAW on a wild goose chase that time. HAW HAW.

MOL: You mean she wasn't there?

MORT: No... she'd just left. HAW HAW HAW. chauffeur. HAW HAW HAW.

MOL: I see. She ran away with the chauffeur so you didn't get any story.

MORT: That's right. HAW HAW. Besides I house anyway. HAW.

MOL: Oh, they slammed the door on you, did they?

MORT: Nope. HAW HAW. There wasn't any door. HAW HAW. This dame and the chauffeur blew up the house before they left. HAW HAW. That's a hot one, ain't it? HAW HAW.

MOL: Well what did the Senator have to say about it? Did you talk to him?

MORT: Nope. HAW HAW. I couldn't. They was THIS a wasted day!

ORH: MC GEE THEME... 'RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN' (DOWN FOR ANN'T.)

WIL: Now BACK TO THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE WISTFUL VISTA BUGLE-GAZETTE, WHERE, DURING FIBBER'S TEMPORARY ABSENCE, MOLLY IS TALKING TO MORT TOOPS...ONE OF THE REPORTERS.

MOL: Did you get that interview with the Senator's wife, Mr. Toops?

MORT: Well... (LAUGHS) No...I didn't. HAW HAW...You sure sent me on a wild goose chase that time. HAW HAW.

MOL: You mean she wasn't there?

MORT: No...she'd just left. HAW HAW HAW. She run away with the chauffeur. HAW HAW HAW.

MOL: I see. She ran away with the chauffeur so you didn't get any story.

MORT: That's right. HAW HAW. Besides I couldn't get in the house anyway. HAW.

MOL: Oh, they slammed the door on you, did they?

MORT: Nope. HAW HAW. There wasn't any doors. HAW HAW. This dame and the chauffeur blew up the house with dynamite before they left. HAW HAW. That's a hot one, ain't it? HAW HAW.

MOL: Well what did the Senator have to say about it? Did you talk to him?

MORT: Nope. HAW HAW. I couldn't. They SHOT him. HAW HAW. Boy was THIS a wasted day!

MOL: HMMMM. Well didn't their neighbors have any reports to make?

MORT: HAW HAW HAW...I'LL say they didn't. The ones on the south wouldn't come out on account of the lion. HAW HAW... Scared to death. HAW HAW.

MOL: Lion. What lion?

MORT: Oh the one that got away from the circus. HAW HAW. It's already et two cooks and a gardener. HAW HAW.

MOL: Well how about the other neighbors...to the north of 'em?

MORT: Oh they weren't home. HAW HAW. They'd just been pinched for counterfeitin'. HAW HAW HAW...OH well. Maybe I can get a story when they catch the dame. HAW HAW HAW...Can I go home now, ma'am.

MOL: I think you'd better, and THANK YOU for TRYING... anyway.

MORT: Oh, that's okay, ma'am. HAW HAW...can't always get the breaks. HAW HAW

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Don't that guy beat anybody y'ever seen, Molly?

MOL: Did ye hear that, McGee?

FIB: Oh well...that's life, Molly. Some days you just can't get any news! AHM. That's the Fourth Estate for ye.

MOL: The what?

FIB: The fourth estate. That's what they call the newspaper business, Molly.

MOL: Well, why do they call it the fourth estate?

FIB: Search me. I suppose its because it takes four generations of newspapermen to git enough of an estate together to buy their own cigarettes. But as I always says --

MOL: How about this want ad, McGee... shall I send it down to the classified department?

FIB: What's it say?

MOL: FOUR JARS COLD GREAM FOR CHAPPED LIPS, WILL SWAP FOR PICCOLO LESSONS OR WHAT HAVE YOU. ELMO TANNER. BOX TWELVE

FIB: And here's another! NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED FOR BY ANYONE BUT MYSELF. SIGNED, FINLAND.

WIL: And here's one, folks. PERSONAL: PETE W. DON'T CALL FOR ME AGAIN IN THAT DULL DINGY CAR. NEIGHBORS TALKING. USE JOHNSONS AUTO WAX. LOVE JESSIE.

FIB: And here's one. WILL WOMAN WHO WITNESSED MURDER IN EDITORIAL OFFICE JULY 13TH PLEASE WRITE FIBBER MCGEE.

WIL: All right. I can take a hint.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: AHEM. Now let's see, Molly...

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Hello. Yes...yes...just a minute please. McGee...the make-up man says he needs one more photo to make up the back page.

FIB: Gimme the phone, Molly. HELLO, JOE? MCGEE SPEAKIN' JOE. USE THAT PICTURE O' THE COP HOLDIN' UP TRAFFIC, SO'S THE CAT COULD CARRY HER LITTLE KITTENS ACROST THE STREET.

(PAUSE) I KNOW...BUT WE AIN'T USED IT SINCE THURSDAY.

Okay. (SLICK)

MOL: You know how you can save some money McGee?

FIB: How?

MOL: Get two pictures of bathing girls, three pictures of puppies in a basket six pictures of a cat carryin' kittens acrost the street, any picture of Peggy Joyce - then fire the photographer.

FIB: Not a bad idea, Molly. But as I was sayin' --

SOUND TELEGRAPH TICKER

MOL: Message, McGee. Take it.

SOUND: TELEGRAPH

MOL: What was it?

FIB: It said...JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER FEELING FINE AFTER FESTIVITIES OF 97TH BIRTHDAY. FRIEND PRESENTS HIM WITH TEN CENT PIECE. ROCKEFELLER GAVE IT BACK TO HIM. SAID IT WAS NO GOOD.

MOL: How'd he know it was no good.

FIB: He had his secretary bite it. AHEM. Now let's see...I... oh dad rat it here comes that old...AHEM. Hi there boss.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: How's everything...

BLOT: Terrible...terrible...you've messed up the front page... you've got the box scores mixed up with the treasury reports...YOU RAN A PICTURE OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE WITH THE CAPTION, "PASSES 97TH BIRTHDAY QUIETLY" AND UNDER ROCKEFELLER'S PICTURE YOU SAID "SPENDS HAPPY DAY CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS"...

YES YES...

FIB: Yes, but listen...we --

BLOT: NOT SO NOT...SO...IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS, MY LITTLE
FLASHBULB, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE MISTAKES...YES YES...

MOL: Didn't you ever make any mistakes, Mr. Boomer?

BLOT: YES I DID...WHEN I HIRED YOU TWO PULP-DESTROYERS...
YOU MAY CONSIDER YOURSELVES FIRED...YES AND YOU CAN MAKE IT
RETROACTIVE...YES YES...

MOL: D'ye hear that McGee?...We're fired!

FIB: Jest a minute, Molly. Before we leave, Boomer...I got one
more story to finish. It's a scoop, too.

BLOT: Is that so...something of international importance?

FIB: No, this is a local story. IT GOES: "MANAGING EDITOR
SOCKS NEWSPAPER OWNER WITH CUSPIDOR."

BLOT: Well well ... when did that happen.

FIB: RIGHT NOW!

SOUND: HOLLOW METTALLIC CLUNK

FIB: Come on, Molly.

DOOR SLAM

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: (COMMERCIAL)

ORK: "THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND" DOWN FOR -

TAG GAG:

ORK: ALSO MUSICAL TAG

APPLAUSE:

WIL: This is the National Broadcasting Company.

en:eu:10:30 AM
7-13-36

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ-RED

(7:00-7:30 PM) (JULY 13, 1936) (MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS ALSO PACIFIC COAST -- 11:00 REBROADCAST

Page 2

FIRST COMMERCIAL

How would you like to have a free can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX -- so you can make your car sparkle like new? Let me tell you how you can get one:

This is the 50th Anniversary year of S.C. JOHNSON & SON, and to help celebrate the occasion they are making an unusually generous free offer to car owners. Your dealer now has on display a special anniversary package, which contains a full size can of JOHNSON'S PROTECTIVE AUTO WAX and a regular pint size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH. You get the can of auto wax FREE when you buy the CLEANER -- and you pay only 59¢ -- less than the regular price of the cleaner alone.

See your auto supply dealer, service station, or regular wax dealer without delay. The supply of these free gift packages is strictly limited, and they are selling fast. Be sure you get your full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX FREE.

SECOND COMMERCIAL

Let me remind you again about JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT OFFER to car owners. And let me say first that the can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX which is given FREE is a full size can -- not a sample.

You get this can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX FREE with one pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH. . . both products in an attractive anniversary package which costs you the small sum of 59¢ -- less than the regular price of the cleaner alone.

Your dealer is now displaying these free gift packages -- and I'd suggest that you hurry up and get yourself one before they are gone. Dealers tell me they are selling fast -- and I know the supply is strictly limited.

With the two products in this 50th anniversary package, you can make your car look like new and stay that way -- no matter how dull and dingy it might be now. And whether your car is old or new it should be waxed. You will not only save the finish of your car -- you will save money on car washings, and increase trade-in value.

JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH, you remember, cleans and polishes the finish of your car, in one operation -- with a minimum of work, and without injury to the finish. It's a creamy liquid, easy to apply.

(MORE)

THIRD COMMERCIAL

Let me say JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX is the easy, safe way to protect the finish against weather, road dirt, and the destructive ultra violet rays of the sun. A car that is Johnson-Waxed is always new-looking.

OF THIS AUTO Get your FREE CAN OF JOHNSON'S WAX RIGHT AWAY!

Wax, you know, is used by nature to protect all flowers and fruits. In fact that is where the idea first came from of protecting floors, furniture and everything with wax. JOHNSON'S WAX seals the pores of the wood, protects the finishes, and brings out its beauty.

And besides the great beauty that JOHNSON'S WAX brings into your home, it saves you many, many hours of housework. Wax your lampshades, windowills, leather goods -- picture frames, paintings, pantry shelves -- and of course your floors, furniture and woodwork with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. And say we did a note of caution -- DON'T expect substitutes.

7/10/36

e way to protect
destructive ultra
-Waxed is always
gets a FREE CAN
RIGHT AWAY! yourself
protect all flowers
at camp fires, of
WAX JOHNSON'S WAX
ishes, and brings
JOHNSON'S WAX brings
housework. WAX
picture frames,
floors, furniture
ly we add a note

THIRD COMMERCIAL

Let me say a word to the ladies for a minute -- about WAX. Most of you know what JOHNSON'S WAX does to protect and beautify your home. This special JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX will do the same thing for your car -- so see that somebody in your family gets a FREE CAN OF THIS AUTO WAX -- even if you have to go out and get it yourself.

Wax, you know, is used by Nature to protect all flowers and fruits. In fact that is where the idea first came from of protecting floors, furniture and woodwork with wax. JOHNSON'S WAX seals the pores of the wood -- protects the finishes, and brings out its beauty.

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CT/400
7/10/36

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PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ (RED)
TIME 7:00-7:30 PM
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

REBROADCAST: 11:

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