

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #70 OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
(7:00 - 7:30 PM) (AUGUST 10, 1936) (MONDAY)
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS
REBROADCAST: 11:00 PM

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
NBC WMAQ - 7 PM (ALSO REBROADCAST FOR PACIFIC COAST AT 11 PM)
MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1936

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

Before we go on with the show I want to remind you of that special free gift offer -- a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX given to you without cost in celebration of JOHNSON'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY. Just go to your auto supply store, service station or regular wax dealer and ask for JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT PACKAGE. It contains a pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and a full size can (not just a sample) of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay only 59¢ for the combination. This is less than the regular price of the cleaner alone and you get both the CLEANER and the can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. Already thousands of car-owners have taken advantage of this generous offer, and have discovered for themselves how easy it is to keep their cars sparkling like new with these two remarkable JOHNSON products. Be sure to get your FREE GIFT of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX before the supply is gone.

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SECOND COMMERCIAL:

A lot of people bought new cars this season -- and then there are a lot of you people, like myself, who are still driving old cars. Well, here's a quick way to make your old car shine like new again without wearing yourself all out in the process.

USE JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER -- a creamy white liquid that both cleans and polishes the car at the same time. This remarkable cleaner quickly removes road film and discoloration without harm to the finish -- gives the car a gleaming polish that you'll be proud of.

If you are fortunate enough to have a new car, you should protect the finish right away with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, so it will stay bright. You'll find that dust and dirt slide right off the waxed surface. The wax saves the car from getting scratched and dull and keeps it looking so fine it will bring a better price when you want eventually to trade it in.

Now please pay close attention to this: You can get a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, free, if you take advantage right now of JOHNSON'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY gift offer. Just ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT PACKAGE containing a pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay only 59¢ (this is less than the regular price of the Cleaner alone) and you get the can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX without cost. This special FREE GIFT offer is necessarily limited. Ask for your free can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX at once while the supply lasts.

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THIRD COMMERCIAL:

To all you women who are listening tonight -- I can promise you'll do no more floor scrubbing from the day you start using JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your floors and linoleum. Your floors will stay fresh and clean looking -- brightly polished -- yet you won't have to do a bit of rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT is a liquid polish, very easy to apply. It dries in 20 minutes and as it dries it takes on a gleaming polish without any help from you.

Once your floors are protected with GLO-COAT they won't get scuffed and worn out. Dirt can't stick to them. A dry dusting will keep them shining! Be sure, when ordering, that you get the genuine no-rubbing floor polish -- GLO-COAT -- made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX.

Look for the attractive yellow can and remember you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

ct & rn;
1:36 PM
8/6/36

ORK: FANFARE:

BOB: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

BOB: GOOD EVENING EVERYONE! THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX
PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. TED
WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA STRIKE THE MILITARY MOTIF WITH
"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER". SOUND OFF, TED!

ORK: "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER" --- --- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

BROWN: 1st COMMERCIAL

- C o m m e r c i a l -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (Down for
anncm't)

BOB: THE WISTFUL VISTA MILITIA IS IN ITS SUMMER ENCAMPMENT THIS
MONTH - SO OUR TWO FRIENDS ARE GIVING IT AN INFORMAL
INSPECTION. AND HERE...AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CAMP
ARE THOSE TWO INFANTRY INSPECTORS, * FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: BUGLE CALL IN DISTANCE:

SENTRY: HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

MOL: Who wants to know?

FIB: Quiet, Molly. The man's jest doin' his duty. (Mr. & Mrs.
Fibber McGee, sentry. I'm MAJOR McGee, retired, late o'
the Bengal Lancers. AHM)

MOL: Did you say Bengal, or bungle?

SENTRY: Gotta pass?

FIB: Gotta pass what?

SENTRY: Cant let ya in without a pass, mister.

MOL: Heavenly days, they told us this was visitors day. Where
can we GET a pass?

SENTRY: Gotta see the commanding officer or the officer o' the day,
lady.

FIB: Who's in command?

SENTRY: Colonel Boomer, sir. COLONEL HORATIO K. BOOMER. V.C.; D.S.M.
C.M.

FIB: Well, I'm an old friend o' his Major McGee, O.K., N.B.C.

MOL: Red Network.

SENTRY: Honest? Say, red's my favorite color. Go on in folks.

FIB: Thanks, Bud. Have a cigar?
 SENTRY: Thanks. (SNIFFS) Say do you smoke these things yourself?
 MOL: Sure he does. All the time.
 SENTRY: Whew! We need guys like him in the army, lady. Well so long folks.

(PAUSE)

FIB: I wonder what that feller meant by that last crack.
 MOL: I think he meant you oughtta be in the army...handlin' poison gas
 FIB: Shucks...they aint a better four-fer-a-nickel cigar made anyplace than these. The army must be goin' sissy since I was in it
 MOL: When was YOU in the army and where?
 FIB: Why before the war, Molly I went to Heidelberg where I was probly the greatest saber-fighter they ever had.
 MOL: Me uncle was a great fighter too
 FIB: Saber?
 MOL: Drunk OR saber.
 FIB: AHEM: I'll never fergit one duel I fit with a student named Von Weems. Otto Englebert Kammanschmidt Von Weems.
 MOL: That was no student. That was the whole freshman class.
 FIB: Well sir, for three hours we fit there in the gymnasium, Molly, till I got tired o' toyin' with him, and with a lightnin' flick o' my wrist I slashed a great big M on his forehead. M, for McGee. (SIGHS) But I never got credit for it.

MOL: Why not?
 FIB: Well he always told folks he bumped his forehead on the hub-cap of a Mack Truck. {LAUGHS}
 MOL: Taint funny, McGee. And LOOK!! A soldier in kilts!
 FIB: Must have a bagpipe band in camp. Hi there Scotty! You belong to the Wistful Vista Militia?
 SCOT: Aye, Lad...I do that. I'm a bag-piper, temporarrrrrily trransferred to the militarrrrrry police.
 MOL: And what's a piper doin' in the military police?
 SCOT: Well, Lass - if ye'll look in the guardhouse, ye'll be seein' a pack o' pickled privates ye're peerrrrrrless piperrrrr pinched. And a good day to ye.
 MOL: McGee...why is it that Scotch Soldiers wear skirts like that?
 FIB: I understand the supply sergeant insists on it, Molly.
 MOL: But why?
 FIB: Well - when they wore pants they was always gettin' things on the cuff. AHEM: Ever tell ye bout the time I was an engineer, over in France, Molly?
 MOL: No. What railroad?
 FIB: Dad rat it the ARMY engineers.
 MOL: You says you was in the artillery.
 FIB: I know. I got transferred. The artillery was too dad ratted noisy. Feller couldn't git any sleep.
 MOL: And latter you was transferred to the air corps.
 FIB: How'd you know?
 MOL: Ye act so dizzy.

FIB: Well sir, I'll never fergit one time
SENTRY: HALT...WHO GOES THERE!
MOL: Heavenly days...another one.
FIB: What's the idea bud? We got challenged by the gate.
SENTRY: Yes sir. General inspection day sir. Have to challenge everybody sir. Where are you going?
FIB: I'm Major McGee, son. Retired. Inspectin' camp privately. Lemme see that rifle.
SENTRY: Yessir.
SOUND: SLAP AND CLICK OF GUN
FIB: Hmmm. Jest as I thought. Breech needs polishin'. Rust on the Bar'l. And the strap is frayed.
MOL: Frayed of what?
FIB: Quiet, Molly, and gimme a pencil, I'm gonna report this soldier fer negligence. AHM, Thanks. Now then soldier. what's your name?
SENTRY: Stanislaus Nocolaivitch Nemsky Petrowomienski, sir. Company A.
FIB: Stanislouse. Nock. er. Petr. er. AHM. Well, be more careful after this. AS YOU WERE. Come on, Molly. No. wait a minute.. HEY SOLDIER...
SENTRY: Sir?
FIB: Where's the commandant's tent?
SENTRY: Third row to the left sir...first tent, sir.
FIB: Okay. Come on, Molly.
MOL: Don't hurry me, McGee. After all, I just come along fer the --

SENTRY: HALT. Who goes there?
MOL: This is gittin' silly. You'd think they'd know by now.
FIB: It's just Army custom, Molly. This the commandants tent, Soldier?
SENTRY: Yes sir. It is, sir.
MOL: Thank you sir.
SENTRY: Dont mention it sir. I mean, madam .
FIB: Little more attention there soldier. That's my wife your talkin' to.
SENTRY: I understand sir. I was in the Tank Corps myself, sir. Who did you wish to see, sir?
FIB: Major McGee's compliments to the commandant and if the commandant please. Major McGee would like to inspect the camp.
SENTRY: Yes sir. (CALLS) HEY, FAT! Guy here to see you!
BLOT: (FADE IN) Yes yes, my little mess callers. what can I do for you?
SENTRY: Major McGee calling. Wishes to inspect the camp, sir.
BLOT: WELL, my little Mufti-mouse. I am Colonel Boomer, sir. HORATIO K. BOOMER V.C., DSM, C.M.,
MOL: How about the W P A?
FIB: Quiet, Molly. Listen Boom, old boy. we --
BLOT: Yes yes...to what do I owe the honor of this visit, Major, if I might ask. what do I mean MIGHT I ASK! I'm the colonel. I can ask anybody anything. All right. WHO ARE YOU?

FIB: Why er...I'm Major McGee, Colonel come to inspect the camp. My wife, Colonel Molly...colonel, Bommer...one of our best men. AHM.

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

BLOT: Yes yes, my little side-arm. Very glad to meet you...very glad. Hardly expected an inspection so soon, Major. Regular ARMY inspection, I suppose?

FIB: Oh no. Jest informal, Bommer.

BLOT: Yes yes, I understand perfectly, general.

FIB: Major.

ELOT: Oh yes...Major. Sorry..it's the promotor in me I'm afraid Very glad you dropped in. I was just leaving to pay a call on the brigadier. good old brigadier...we've fought many a bottle together. Last time we'll get together as we're both retiring this week. Yes yes.

MOL: Retiring from the Army, Colonel? What on earth for?

BLOT: Well, they say an army marches on it's stomach, and I havent the stomach for it, I'm afraid. Yes yes. so I'm glad you called, Captain.

FIB: Major.

BLOT: Oh yes...Major. Not as rank as I thought. How would you like to take command in my absence, Lieutenant? Very fine idea...Yes yes...bring back the old days.

FIB: Well shucks, now, I dunno, Colonel...I er.

BLOT: Nonsense, My boy!...nonsense...just an old Army courtesy. SENTRY...SENTRY!

SENTRY: Sir?

ELOT: During my absence, Admiral...er...

MOL: McGee.

ELOT: Ah yes...Major McGraw will be in command. Yes yes...now I must be off...(FADE OUT) Anything you want just ask the orderly and...

MOL: Well...McGee...now see what you did. You got yourself an army.

FIB: Shucks, and I didnt even have to say AHHHHH. Quickest enlistment I ever made, Molly.

SOUND: **BUGLE: ASSEMBLY**

MOL: Look McGee..look outside the tent - the men are linin'
up

BUGLE: **ATTENTION.**

OFFICER: (HUGH) Companeeeee...atten shun! RIGHT DRESS. FRONT.

MOL: My my isnt it pretty, McGee

FIB: Quiet, Molly.. the officer's gonna read some orders.

OFFICER: SPECIAL ORDERS, MEN CORPORAL COMO...TEN PAGES FORWARD.
HALT! CORPORAL COMO, IT IS REPORTED THAT YOU HAVE BEEN
HEARD VOCALIZING AFTER TAPS HAD SOUNDED. WHAT HAVE YOU
TO SING FOR YOURSELF?

COMO: Take my heart.

HUGH: TAKEN! REPORT TO BANDMASTER WEEMS AT ONCE.

BUGLE: AT EASE!

ORK: "TAKE MY HEART" -- COMO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (Down for annem't)

BOB: Well..AS MOLLY SAYS ..FIBBER HAS GOT HIMSELF AN ARMY.
AND NOW THAT THE COLONEL HAS TURNED THE CAMP OVER TO
HIM HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT. Here are
FIBBER AND MOLLY SITTING IN THE COMMANDANTS TENT.

FIB: Ye know, Molly.. I gotta good notion to hold a review
for ye. How'd you like that?

MOL: Oh let the poor soldiers have a rest, McGee. Don't
forget you was a private, once

FIB: I know...but not fer long. Wasnt but three days before
I had an eagle on my shoulder.

MOL: You mean it was three days before they gave you the bird?

FIB: Oh now, Molly, I .. SMATTER, SENTRY...?

SENTRY: Lady callin', Doc.

FIB: Listen here, Sentry. When you address the officer in
command I want to hear more respect, see? Now...then...
tell me again. What is it?

SENTRY: Lady calling to see the commandant, sir Skinny old
twist, too. Come on in, sweetheart

MOL: That's what I like about the army, McGee. It's go
informal.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Hi there, gran'maw. What's on your mind?

WHEE: Hello there, sonny. When did you get to be a brass hat?

FIB: Who are you, Granmaw?

WHEE: Who me? Why everybody knows me. I'm the Daughter o'
the regiment. Cigarette, they call me

FIB: Cigarette eh? Because ye git burned up so easy, eh?

WHEE: No...because I'm no fun unless I'm lit. Listen,
Commandant... I was playin' cards with Company B and I
won three machine guns and now they wont let me have 'em.
Tell me - is that fair?

FIB: FAIR! I'll say it aint. You tell 'em I says you were
to git what ye won, see? Or I'll slap 'em in the
guardhouse.

WHEE: Okay, chief. That's exactly where I slapped 'em myself.

FIB: You mean the whole Company B is in the guardhouse?
 WHEE: Why not, sonny? It's the only cool place in camp.
 Well, much obliged and remember - you always got a friend in Cigarette - The Daughter o' the Regiment.
 FIB: Kin ye imagine that old blister? The Daughter o' the Regiment...Cigarette!
 MOL: Somebody oughtta put her out!
 FIB: Well, I suppose we ought to go out and inspect the camp, Molly. Ye know.. I wonder who that Boomer guy thought I was anyway. Turnin' the whole camp over to me like that. Good thing it aint war time.
 MOL: It may be yet.
 FIB: Oh now, Molly. What'll we inspect first? The mess hall? The Cavalry? That's the idea. The Cavalry! I'll never fergit the time I was on the Mexican Border. I was the best rider in the troop and -
 BOB: Excuse me sir. Supply Sergeant Brown reporting sir.
 FIB: Reporting what?
 BOB: Reporting a great Johnson Wax Offer, sir. Johnson's Auto Wax Free with every pint of Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Polish, sir.
 FIB: Okay sergeant. You got an alarm, clock?
 BOB: No sir.
 FIB: Well requisition one - and set it for sunrise.
 BOB: Going fishing, sir?

FIB: No. Shooting.
 SOUND: ONE NOTE ON TRUMPET.
 MOL: Now what? Are they having drill or selling fish?
 FIB: Wait a minute...I'll see. Hey...ORDERLY!
 SENTRY: Yessir.
 FIB: Tell that guy with the cornet to come in.
 SOUND: ONE NOTE ON TRUMPET. LAST NOTE TRAILS OFF.
 SENTRY: Here he is sir. Private Ingle sir. New Bugler.
 MOL: Was that a bugle call you was practisin' in public, private?
 RED: Of course, lydy. HI'm practicin' hup a bit. I cawnt 'ardly wyte to blow me bugle ma'am. Me just bein' promoted-like, from styble sergeant.
 FIB: You didnt call that a bugle call did you?
 ENGLE: This sir?
 BUGLE: ONE NOTE REPEATED
 ENGLE: Yes sir. That was pye call, sir.
 MOL: WHAT call?
 ENGLE: Pye-call.
 MOL: How do ye call for cake?
 RED: Ow not PYE-CALL, lydy. Pye call. Not pye wot ye HEAT, ma'am. Pye wot ye spend on pye-dye.
 FIB: He means PAY, Molly.
 RED: That's hit, sir. The lydy thort I meant pye sir. And I menat pye.

FIB: ATTENTION! Do you mean to say that was pay call you
blew just then. Ye blow that on pay day?

RED: Ow yes sir. DOUGH...DOUGH...dough...dough...lyke that
sir.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Do-do-do...shucks YOU SAY YOU WAS A
STABLE SERGEANT soldier?

RED: Yes sir. But me 'cart wasnt wif 'Orses sir. Me 'cart
was wif me 'orn

FIB: Well...maybe it's 'ard to tyke, but you better blow back
to the stybles

FED: Roight awye sir

SOUND: DOOR SLAM. (VERY LOUD)

MOL: Hear that door slam, McGee? Listen, sound - effect man -
these tents are not wood they're canvas

VOICE: Okay - Bob

SOUND: CLOTH RIPPING

FIB: That's better! Well...soldier... what you want? OH
HELLO THERE SILLY!

MOL: Heavenly days Silly Watson! Where've you been?

SIL: Hiyah boss hiyah, ma'am Ah been on furlough, please,
ma'am

MOL: Furlough? For how long? Two weeks?

SIL: No ma'am. Three scripts. (LAUGHS) Tha's a joke, please
ma'am.

FIB: You know you're supposed to salute me, Sil. I'm the
inspectin' officer.

SIL: Wah?

MOL: He's your superior, Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. In what way, ma'am?

FIB: Listen Sil...I'm on kind of a unofficial inspection
tour o' the camp. What you doin' here?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah'm a cook, please boss. Ah cooks fo'
Compn'y C, suh.

MOL: How'd you get the job, Silly?

SIL: Ah INHERITS it, ma'am, please. Mah pappy he was cook
fo' comp'ny C, too.

FIB: What does that make you?

MOL: It makes him the son of a C-cook.

SIL: Well what did you fix for our soldier boys today, Silly?

SIL: Beans, ma'am.

FIB: How about yesterday?

SIL: Yassuh. Beans again, suh.

MOL: Beans EVERY DAY?

SIL: Oh no, ma'am. Not ever'day. Sundays is different, ma'am.

FIB: How do ye mean, diffenet?

SIL: Sundays we got can salmon, please suh.

MOL: Hmmm.

SIL: Yasm. But yo sho oughtta be in camp on a HOLIDAY, folkses.

FIB: Somethin' special on holidays, eh Sil?

MOL: What is it?
 SIL: Beans AND SALMON!
 MOL: Heavenly days...how do you ever stand it, Silly?
 SIL: Wha?
 FIB: She says dont you get aful tired o' the same food all the time?
 SIL: Ah dunno suh. Ah neveh tried it. Ah can dish it out, suh but ah cant take it. Scuse me now suh. ah gotta go open some beans
 FIB: Hey you didn't salute
 SIL: Scuse me, boss. (PAUSE) How dat?
 MOL: Wrong hand
 SIL: Yas'm. Ah caint lif' mah right han' on account openin' all them cans, ma'am. So long, Mist' McGee. Mis' McGee.

DOOR SLAMS:

FIB: Hey, Molly, suppose we look over some of Boomer's papers here and see how many men and hosses and stuff they got?
 MOL: McGee...those are private papers. Better leave things alone.
 FIB: Okay. Say I wonder what's in this cabinet here. I always heard generals and colonels always kept a lotta caviar and stuff around.
 MOL: Better not open it, McGee....
 FIB: Aw shucks, Molly...ain't I in charge here? Let's just take a peek...
 SOUND: DOOR LATCH.
 MOL: (SCREAMS) HEAVENLY DAYS....THERE'S A MAN IN THERE!
 FIB: Come on outa there, Soldier. SPYING EH?
 TED: No sir. Just standing by, sir.
 MOL: Standing by what?
 TED: By the door.
 FIB: What's your name?
 TED: Weems, sir. Ted Weems.
 FIB: You're rank?
 TED: So are you.
 FIB: SILENCE. I mean what's your...er...whaddye do?
 TED: I'm a Bandmaster. I play on your program...remember?
 MOL: Oh heavenly days ...THAT Ted Weems.
 FIB: What company you in, soldier?
 TED: Bad.
 FIB: Dat rat it, I mean WHAT OUTFIT?

TED: Dark Coat, gray trousers, black and white shoes..white shirt. . .

MOL: And very handsome, too!

FIB: QUIET! I'll put ye on report. What is this!...my own men talkin' back to me...what are we gettin' into here anyway?

TED: The next musical number. BAND, ATTENTION!

BUGLE: ATTENTION

FIB: SHOOT!

SOUND: SHOT

MOL: He meant go ahead, Boys.

ORCH: "HAY STRAW"

APPLAUSE:

BOB: 2ND COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

ORCH: (RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

BOB: (LAUGHS) WELL...THE UNOFFICIAL OFFICIALS, MAJOR AND MRS. MCGEE CONTINUE THEIR INSPECTION OF THE WISTFUL VISTA MILITIA ENCAMPMENT, AND HERE THEY ARE WITH A MILITARY ESCORT WALKING DOWN THE COMPANY STREET.

SOUND: DRUM BEAT. MARCH TIME. FIFE (FLUTE) PLAYING "YANKEE DOODLE"

FIB: Dad rat it, STOP THAT MUSIC. Whaddye think this is? A Parade?

MOL: It's the Spirit of '76, McGee.

FIB: This is '36.

MOL: I know. It's forty off to the trade. What's this tent here?

FIB: I dunno. I'll find out ..Stop here, Lieutenant.

VOICE: SQUAD...HALT!

CONFUSIONhe said halt...outa my way...etc....

Quit pushing.....

MOL: What precision!

FIB: Hey, soldier. What's this tent, here? Main tent or jest a sideslow.

VOICE: Mess tent sir. Shall we go in sir?

MOL: What have ye got today that's good?

FIB: Quiet, Molly. Officers don't eat in the enlisted men's mess.

MOL: Oh come...the enlisted men won't care....just this once.

FIB: Listen, Molly we gotta uphold the dignity o' the commanding officer...we can't....Well, soldier - what's on your mind?

WILS: What have you got? I mean, Lieutenant Loosenut..reporting... I wish to repeat...er...report, kid. .er...sir...that Company is coming...er...I mean ...COMPANY K is reformed...er...formed on the ...er...that is, they'll be prade to peroud...er... proud to parade...er...if you'd care to make a chump of yours...er... come out on the parade rest... er...where the rest of the....say what time is it?

MOL: Three o'clock?

WILS: You don't mean to tell me...er...I might have known that ... Oh well...it's too late.

FIB: Too late for what?

WILS: 3 o'clock. I mean...I just wanted to ask the commonplace...er... commandant if the men should ...they're full of borax .er. . I mean in the barracks...every man should fill his canteen... some of 'em canteen remember where they...er ...do you want a horse?

FIB: Whaddye mean, do I want a horse? Why should I want a horse?

WILS: Why should anybody want...er...well remember Richard the eighth...er...Henry the Third .er...he said A HORSE, A HORSE, MY KINGFISH...ER...KINGDOM FOR...but what did he get? He got a kick in the... er...nobody gave him a horse ...so who are you to refuse? After all, a soldier must powder his face .er...face the powder... and when the burglars...er... buglers burp...er...blow theirWHERE WERE YOU IN THE LAST WAR.? Ahh, I thought so.

MOL: You thought what?

WILS: Certainly. They always do. .

MOL: They always do what?

WILS: OH NO YOU DON'T. YOU CAN'T PULL THAT STUFF ON....Well, what I wanted to report, sir...or ma'am...er...or both as the case may...MY COMPANY COMPANY..B....WE'RE IN THE BARRACKS... WE GOT B's in OUR BARRACKS...BUT THAT'S BETTER THAN ANTS IN... ER.. I WISH TO REPORT SIR, ALL US BOYS IN THE TANKS -

FIB: In the what?

WILS: Tanks.

FIB: Don't speak of it, sir.

WILS: THANK YOU, BUTCH..ER...SIR...I MEAN...IF YOU INSPECT THE STABLES, SIR...WAKE ME UP...I'LL BE SLEEPING IN THE...STA.. ER...MAY I GO SIR?

MOL: Were you saluting or raising your hand?

FIB: DISMISSED!

MOL: Now let's see - what haven't we seen, Lieutenant?

VOICE: You haven't visited the stables, madam.

FIB: Okay...take us to the stables. I always was partial to the cavalry.

VOICE: Yes sir. SQUAD...FORWARD...MARCH!

SOUND: MARCHING FEET...

MOL: I feel real silly, McGee

FIB: Why, Molly?

MOL: Why we got no more right to be inspectin' this camp than...
than Silly Watson has, and besides...

BOB: (FADE IN, BREATHLESS) Pardon me, sir. You the inspecting
officer sir?

FIB: That's me, bud. What's the matter sir?

BOB: Signal Corps just got a message by carrier pigeon sir.
Here it is, sir.

MOL: Heavenly days...open it, McGee ..(SOTTO VOCE) Maybe we're
discovered.

FIB: Not so loud, Molly. (RATTLE PAPER) Well fer the...it's from
Harpo Wilcox, in the hospital.

MOL: I hope his appendicitis is still getting along nicely.

FIB: It tis.

MOL: Well what else does he say?

FIB: HE SAYS HE JUST FOUND OUT THEY USE JOHNSON'S WAX ON THE
FLOORS AND FURNITURE O' THE HOSPITAL!

MOL: Hah...is your network red!

FIB: Dad rat it, he even interrupts the program with pigeons!

BOB: ANY REPLY SIR?

FIB: Yes. Give all the pigeons to Silly Watson at the mess hall
and tell him to cook 'em. And sergeant - !

BOB: Yes sir?

FIB: Tell him we want those SQUABS, RIGHT!

SOUND: MARCHING FEET...FADE OUT.....FADE IN.

VOICE: This is the stable, sir.

FIB: Dismiss the men, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Yes sir. ATTENTION. RIGHT DRESS...FRONT! RIGHT-SHOULDER...
ARMS! PRESENT...ARMS! ORDER...ARMS!.....LEFT-SHOULDER.....
ARMS! ORDER...ARMS! PARADE...REST! ATTENT...SHUN! SQUAD
DISMISSED.....FALL OUT!

SOUND: FEET FADE OUT

FIB: Hey what's the idea o' all the maneuvers, with them heavy guns,
Lieutenant. Why couldn't ye jest tell 'em to go on home?

LIEUT: My brother-in-law was No. 3 in the rear rank, sir.

MOL: McGee....look...what beautiful horses!

SOUND: AT INTERVALS THRU SEQUENCE: HORSES HOOFS

FIB: They are pretty nifty nags at that, ain't they. Whose is the
big black hoss there, boy?

LIEUT: That's a mare, sir.

FIB: Ain't a mare a hoss?

LIEUT: No sir. A mare is a mare, sir. A bull is not a cow, sir,
and a mare is not a horse.

FIB: Go on...you'll be tellin' me next that a buck isn't doe.
AHEM. Who's hoss did you say this was?

LIEUT: It's the commandants, sir.

MOL: and a beauty, too. Looks real high spirited.

FIB: I got me a notion to take a ride onto 'er.

MOL: McGee...it belongs to the commandant.

FIB: Well. I'm temporary commandant...and I'll just ride 'er
temporary. Why I'll never fergit when I was a officer
in the cavalry.....

LIEUT: Were you a West Pointer, sir?
 MOL: No. An Irish Setter.
 FIB: Quiet, Molly. Well sir, when I was in the cavalry down on the border, I...hey...where ye goin', Molly?
 MOL: (FADE OUT) I wanta see this lovely horse over here..hello there darlin'...would ye like a lump o' sugar? Oh you beautiful.....
 FIB: Hey.....lieutenant....PSSST.
 LIEUT: (SOTTO VOCE) Yes sir?
 FIB: Hey how about this black hoss o' the commandant's. Is he peaceful?
 LIEUT: Peaceful, sir?
 FIB: I mean is she...er...does she buck?
 LIEUT: Oh no sir. Quiet as a lamb. Just an old plodder, sir. Except for one thing.
 FIB: What's that?
 LIEUT: Bugles. She hates bugles. Her mother was frightened by a Boy Scout, sir.
 FIB: Well...they ain't any bugles around here. I'm gonna show my wife how a cavalryman oughtta look on a hoss. Slap a saddle on 'er will ye?
 LIEUT: Certainly sir. STEADY THERE, DIXIE....
 FIB: Hey, MOLLY...I'm gonna take a little canter on Dixie, here. AHM. Lieutenant says she's kinda spirited...but I kin handle 'er okay.

MOL: Oh now don't, McGee.....HEAVENLY DAYS...
 FIB: Go on, Molly...shucks, didn't I used to ride with the Russian Cossacks? Wasn't I a Pony Express Rider?
 LIEUT: I'd better put a curb bit on her sir.
 MOL: What's that for?
 FIB: Keeps him from climbin' over the curb, Molly. AHM. Okay, boy. Now watch how easy I mount.
 LIEUT: Oh no sir. Other side, sir.
 FIB: Eh? Whatcha mean, other side? This hay-burner left handed?
 MOL: Ye always get on from the left, Cossack.
 FIB: Shucks, that's kinda silly. But I ain't fussy. Oooop. (GRUNTS)
 SOUND: HOOPS
 LIEUT: Stirrups about right, sir?
 FIB: Little short, son. But I like 'em that way fer trick ridin'. Ever show ye how I used to lean outa the saddle and pick up a handkerchief in my teeth, Molly?
 MOL: No, but I can imagine 'em pickin' YOU up in a handkerchief.
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Go on with ye. Shucks, I was one o' the best riders in the Cavalry
 LIEUT: He has a very good seat, madam.
 MOL: He oughtta have He's on it most o' the time.

FIB: I'll never fergit the time I was in the 78th Cavalry, Molly. We was down on the border o' Mexico and the General comes up to me and he says Caliper, he says -

MOL: Caliper!

FIB: Yeah. They called me Caliper on account o' because my legs was so bowlegged from ridin', AHEM. CALIPER MCGEE THEY CALLED ME IN THEM DAYS. CALIPER MCGEE, THE COSSACK KID: THE GLASSY, CAREFREE, CAPERIN' GOLT-CATCHIN' CATAMOUNT & CLEVER CAYUSE-CLIMBIN' CABALLERO COLONEL O' CALIFORNIA CAVALRY.

SOUND: HORSE WHINNY.

FIB: Yes sir, I always....Oh hello there Private Ingle...what you doin' here?

INGLE 'oo, me, sir? Ow, I just come back to the styble sir, to practice hup a bit on me bugle sir:..loike this, sir....

FIB: HEY DON'T DO THAT....HEY STOP -

SOUND: LOUD FAST BUGLE CALL...HORSE WHINNY HOOFS....

FIB: WHOA...THERE WHOA...HOLD HIM SOMEBODY...SHE'S RUNNIN' AWAY... WHOA....

MOL: Heavenly days.....

SOUND: HOOF BEATS FADE RAPIDLY AT GALLOP.

FIB: FADE OUT: WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA.....

MOL: Oh dear oh dear...the man'll be killed...what'll we do, mister...what'll we do?

LIEUT: Oh he'll be all right - if he doesn't fall off.

MOL: Oh dear...why did I ever let him -

SOUND: HOOF BEATS FADE IN RAPIDLY

FIB: (FADE IN) WHOA...WHOA THERE...WHOA...HEY MOLLY....

MOL: Get off, McGee....GET OFF....

FIB: IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT DIXIE, MOLLY...WHOA THERE... WHOA...WHOA...WHOA....(FADEOUT) WITH HOOF BEATS)

ORCH: CHASER

APPLAUSE:

BOB: COMMERCIAL

ORCH: "BUGLE CALL RAG"

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: MCGEE THEME...(OR BUGLE CALL RAG DOWN FOR)

SOUND: HOOF FADE IN RAPIDLY

MOL: Oh HERE HE COMES AGAIN ...CATCH HIM SOMEBODY...STOP THAT HORSE...OH..MCGEE...MCGEE.....

FIB: WHOA...WHOA...THERE...WHOA ...PROGRAM OVER YET, MOLLY?

MOL: YES IT TIS....

FIB: GOOD NIGHT...WHOA THERE...WHOA DIXIE...WHOA.....(FADE OUT WITH HOOFS)

MOL: Good night all!!

ORCH: MUSICAL TAG.

BOB: Bob BROWN SPEAKING...THIS IS THE...HEY LOOK OUT THERE!

SOUND: HOOFS IN AND OUT RAPIDLY...FIBBER FAINTLY WHOA WHOA WHOA...

BOB: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

APPLAUSE:

MC, CT, VC
11:15 am
8/10/36