

# NBC

ADVERTISER **B. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.** WRITER **DON QUINN**  
PROGRAM TITLE **"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#73)** OK  
CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**  
( **7:00-7:30 PM** ) ( **AUGUST 31, 1938** ) ( **MONDAY** )  
**11:00-11:30 PM**  
PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS

*H.C.*

*How weems why you should  
put in your car with  
of Auto with a  
(Page 20)*

ORK: FANFARE  
WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!  
ORK: "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 "SING, BABY,  
SING!" Play, Weemsy, - play!  
ORK: "SING BABY SING" --  
APPLAUSE:  
WIL: (1ST COMMERCIAL)



ORK: MCGEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE PRECIPITATION" (DOWN FOR ANN'CT.)

WIL: THE MCGEES ARE CELEBRATING THEIR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY TONIGHT AND HAVE PLANNED A BIG GARDEN PARTY FOR ALL THEIR FRIENDS. BUT, NOT HAVING A GARDEN, FIBBER HAS TAKEN IT UPON HIMSELF TO CLEAN UP THE VACANT LOT NEXT DOOR FOR THE PURPOSE. AND HERE... CLEARING AWAY THE OLD CANS AND BOTTLES AND OFFERING ADVICE, RESPECTIVELY, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

\* \* \*

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: CLINK OF CANS AND BOTTLES

FIB: It's a wonder folks wouldn't find someplace else to put their dad ratted junk, Molly. Fer instance, looka this here old rusty five gallon can. Can you 'imagine what kind of a dimwitted, careless, unthinkin', left-handed lame-brain would deliberately dump this old can next door to a nice house like ours?

MOL: Sure. You threw that there last week.

FIB: I...er...AHM. Oh well...shucks, I hadda put it SOMEPLACE.

SOUND: RATTLE OF CANS

MOL: McGee...you better put on some old canvas gloves. I don't want you to be cuttin' yerself on a tin can.

FIB: Shucks, Molly ... ~~don't worry about that.~~ I like to go at these here jobs barehanded. Matter o' fact, I don't mind a job like this.... somethin' I kin git my teeth into.

MOL: Gettin' your teeth into a tin can? You talk like a goat. <sup>Bee</sup>

RATTLE OF CANS. CLINK OF GLASS

FIB: Look, Molly ... maybe we better save some o' this colored glass. We could use it to look at a exclipse with. When IS the next exclipse.

MOL: Three daya after you lose the piece of colored glass.

OH THERE'S THE MAILMAN, McGee. Yoo hoo ... Mr. Mailman! <sup>male</sup>

RED: (FADE IN) Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee. <sup>I</sup> see you've gotten old - how long you been carryin' the head. <sup>see you're gettin' ready to celebrate your anniversary.</sup>

FIB: How'd you know, Bud? <sup>Red?</sup>

RED: Says so on your postcard. SAYS. MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY. WILL BE GLAD TO ACCEP YOUR INVITATION. PLEASE WIRE ME IF YOU WILL SERVE SOUP AND CELERY. Signed, MILES REED. WHO'S HE?

MOL: He's our sound effects man. He wants to know what to bring. <sup>wise</sup>

FIB: Is that 'all the mail there is for us?

MAIL: That's all today, Mr. McGee. I've got one for Ted Weems, though.



FIB: What's it say, bud?

MAIL: I dunno. It's a letter and it's sealed, so I haven't read it yet. I'll have to wait and read it over Weems shoulder.

FIB: Here...lemme take it. I'll hold it up to the light.

RUSTLE OF PAPER

MOL: Don't be so nosy, McGee. The idea...readin' othe~~r~~ people's mail. (PAUSE) What's it say?

FIB: Shucks, it ain't even addressed to Ted. It's sent to the Johnson Wax show. <sup>mol: told you he was</sup> (RUSTLE) AND I CAN'T FIGGER OUT IF IT'S A KNOCK OR A BOOST.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well it says "OH BOY WHAT A SHOW. - WHAT A SHOW! -AM I- LAUGHING! THEODORE IS TERRIFFIC."

MAIL: Well what's the matter with that? Ted will be tickled.

FIB: I dunno if he will or not. I can't <sup>make</sup> figger out if it says THEODORE or THE ODOR.

<sup>mail: So love finds</sup>  
SOUND: RATTLE OF CANS...CLINK OF BOTTLES

FIB: Ye know, Molly ... if this nation should die out, and a million years later somebody'd be explorin' around here and would find all these bottles, what'd they think?

MOL: They'd think we left a lot of cans and bottles around.

FIB: Well, if I -

SCOT: Good day to ye, frrrrriends. I hearr~~r~~ you're havin' a anniverr~~s~~arr~~r~~ry gar~~r~~den par~~r~~ty the night

MOL: Yes we are, Mr. MacFavish.

SCOT: I'm verra pleased abboooot it. Would ye be serrvin' a rrrregular sup~~p~~errr the noo?

FIB: No bud. Jest lunch to hold in your lap.

SCOT: Aye. I was hopin' ye'd say the same. A'll be wearrin' my kilt. Good daye to ye. (EXIT SINGING) Oh Jock McLonn was a hielan' Mon and he came from the Taberr Morry.

MOL: (LAFF) Heavenly days - KILTS! <sup>He must drink with a costume</sup> ~~Why do they wear 'em, frrrrry~~

McGee.

FIB: <sup>no, said bottles can be used more for in his lap</sup> ~~So's they kin git used to the bare-knecessities. Ahem -~~  
~~Don't ye git it, Molly?~~

SOUND: RATTLES AND CLINKS

FIB: Well I gotta git this stuff cleared away so I kin mow the grass. Ye know, Molly ... I git a awful kick outa mowin' grass.

MOL: I know. The mower the merrier.

FIB: Ahem - Say, Molly, D'i ever tell ye bout the time I lived down in Tiddicombe Texas and couldn't git no grass to grow in my front yard?

MOL: Yes, you did. <sup>wasn't the time</sup>



FIB: Well sir, what I done was buy three thousand o' them fibre mats folks use for doormats, and painted 'em green and sodded the lawn with 'em. Boy, I certainly solved THAT problem.

MOL: You can solve anything if you really go to the mat with it.

FIB: AHEM. Used to sprinkle it twice a day jest fer the effect on the jealous neighbors. ~~Every spring I'd~~ <sup>I used to</sup> sneak out ~~out~~ with a bucket o' yellow paint at night and paint dandelions all over it. (LAUGHS) Then in the mornin' I'd go out with a worried look onto my face and ~~out~~ <sup>dig</sup> 'em out. But I hadda give it up. I couldn't stand it.

MOL: Stand what?

FIB: The robins. ~~They'd~~ <sup>The poor little white-would</sup> flutter down lookin' fer worms and when they'd land on that matting they'd look at me so dad-ratted reproachful I couldn't take it. Oh well ...

SOUND: RATTLE OF CANS...

MOL: McGee...look...here comes a truck ~~down the street...~~ headin' for this lot.

FIB: Well if they try to dump anything here, they'll find they got a fight on their hands...

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR FADE IN...UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

MOL: Oh look, McGee...It's a bunch of young men.

FIB: Hi yah, Boys!

CHO: Hi there!

FIB: Looks like government stuff, Molly. Hey boys - you from the C.C.C.?

RED & GIBBS: No - we're from the T.W.O.

MOL: ~~What's the~~ T.W.O.?

R & W: Ted Weems Orchestra.

TED: Yes <sup>and</sup> go to work, boys!

ORK: "WHEN I'M WITH YOU" -- PERRY COMO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: THAT WAS TED WEEMS AND HIS T.W.O. WORKERS PLAYING A NEW PROJECT - WHEN I'M WITH YOU, WITH PERRY COMO AS RHYMEKEEPER. WELL...~~THE VACANT LOT NEXT DOOR TO THE MCGEE'S IS TAKING SHAPE RAPIDLY.~~ <sup>Father has</sup> HE'S REALLY WORKED HARD CLEARING AWAY THE JUNK <sup>from the vacant lot next door</sup> AND ~~HE'S~~ NOW BUSY CLIPPING THE GRASS AND BUSHES FOR THEIR ANNIVERSARY GARDEN PARTY TONIGHT.

SOUND: CLIP CLIP CLIP

FIB: Ye know, Molly....it don't hardly <sup>seem</sup> possible we been <sup>married</sup> married eighteen years.

MOL: Oh, U dunno, McGee. I found another gray hair this mornin'.

FIB: On your hairbrush? (LAUGHS) Oh don't worry about that, Molly. I was brushin' Toops cat with it yesterday. AHEM.

*Fib. Hey Molly - what anniversary is this over celebrating? Well. Over 18<sup>th</sup>. Yes. Feb. 18. So that all the longin' the been married 18. It don't seem possible it's been 18 years.*



SIL: <sup>He beed - ~~Watson~~ -</sup>  
 No 'm. <sup>Fib</sup> Ah'm sorry but ~~this is once when lil ole Silly~~  
<sup>is out</sup> Watson ~~don't~~ bring home the beacon. ~~(LAUGHS) That's a~~  
 joke please ma'am. Scuse me now please folks... ah  
 gotta go oil the lawn moweh...  
 MOL: Well that takes care of that, McGee...  
 FIB: I wouldn't be too sure, Molly. Silly probably told 'em  
 we just got married and didn't want 'em till our 18th  
 annive... HEY YOU... GET OUTA THERE... I JUST CLEANED THIS  
 LOT UP...  
 MOL: WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE...  
 MAN: Shhhhh...  
 FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) Eh. 'Smatter bud? Lookin' for somethin'?  
 MOL: Yess... shhhhh.  
 MOL: What are you lookin' for?  
 MAN: Lookin' for a place to hide this stuff. I'm a G-man.  
 FIB: (WHISPERS) G-MAN, eh? Government?  
 MAN: No... GARBAGE!  
 SOUND: SOUND OF BOTTLES AND CANS BEING DUMPED  
 FIB: Hey you ... DAD RAT IT... I JUST CLEANED UP THIS...  
 COME BACK HERE...  
 MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS... THE NERVE OF HIM!

FIB: (COUGHING) Why the dad ratted.. (COUGH)... them ashes and stuff  
 got up my nose.. (COUGH)...  
 MOL: You'll get over it, McGee. You've got what <sup>the Germans</sup> they call a dump  
 cough ~~in German~~.  
 FIB: Oh is that so! Well say, I... (LAUGHS) Hey, Molly - there  
 goes Parker Gibbs. Hi there Gibbsey! Comin' tonight?  
 GIBBS: Oh, I wouldn't miss it for a farm!  
 MOL: How big a farm?  
 GIBBS: Make it a window box. See you later.  
 FIB: Hm - where're all them guys goin', Molly? Country Washburn  
 just went by a minute ago.  
 MOL: They're all settin' under that big tree over there - playin'  
 membly-peg.  
 FIB: Them <sup>Muscians</sup> bandemen! Always stickin' the knife into somethin'.  
 Oh hy-yah Perry!  
 COMO: Hello Fibber, Hello Molly.  
 MOL: Hello Perry, darlin' You comin' to the party? It's our 18th  
 anniversary.  
 COMO: I see. I'll be there and help you forget.  
 (FADE OUT) Hi, boys --  
 CHO: (OFF MIKE) Hi' there Perry - Hello Como - etc.  
 FIB: Hm! They don't seem to realize the importance o' our affair  
 tonight.  
 MOL: McGee - after bein' married 18 years, I'd hardly call it an  
 affair!



SOUND: CLIPPERS.....

FIB: Did ye order the folding chairs, Molly?

MOL: Yes, but I don't want 'em sent out till the last thing.  
They might get damp and hurt the finish on 'em.WIL: (FADE IN) But you wouldn't have to worry about that if they  
were protected by a gleaming coat of Johnson's Wax.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hi, Harpo.

WIL: Hello, folks. Nice job you're doing on the grass trimming,  
Fibber. But then you always were a clip.

FIB: Hey, Harpo.

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Ever play Building and Loan?

WIL: No. How do you play it?

FIB: Get out of the building and leave us alone.

WIL: ~~What does he mean do you suppose, Molly?~~MOL: ~~I haven't the slightest idea, Mr. Wilcox.~~WIL: Well, I'm 'fraid I can't stay any longer...NO NO..DON'T  
INSIST. *So long*

SOUND: CLIP CLIP CLIP.

FIN: ~~Did not those cans~~  
~~Ye know, Molly...I coulda killed that mugg fer dumpin'~~  
that stuff out there on the grass when I'd just cleaned it  
all up. HEY SIL..

SIL: (OFF MIKE) YASSUH. (FADE IN) Wa's a matteh, Mist' McGee.

FIB: Hey clean away that junk some guy left there will you, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh....THIS FI' GALLON CAN &amp; STUFF SAH?

MOL: What, Silly?

SIL: AH SAY THIS LIL OLE RUSTY FI' GALLON CAN HEAH?

FIB: That's the stuff...~~what about it?~~ Some guy just dumped it  
here and run.SIL: That's funny. That' the SAME STUFF I JES TOOK AWAY FO' Yo,  
Mist McGee.

MOL: Heavenly days...where'd you put it, Silly?

SIL: In a vacant lot oveh in the nex block please ma'am. Oh well,  
(fade out)

SOUND: CANS RATTLING.

FIB: Well, if Silly don't... ~~OH HELLO THERE GERALDINE WHERE'D YOU  
COME FROM?~~GER: ~~(GIGGLES)~~(FADE IN) Oh Hello, Molly...hello Mr. McGee...I just  
thought I'd drop in and see if there was anything I could help  
with for your party tonight. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well thanks, Geraldine, but I don't think -

GER: I told Gerald you were having your 18th anniversary party  
(GIGGLES) and Gerald said the CUTEST thing. I mean he really  
did. Really. (GIGGLES) Gerald said well..Misery Loves Company!  
Oh Gerald is SUCH a cynic, Mr. McGee...I mean he really is.  
(GIGGLES)FIB: What's he mean, misery? Say me and Molly have been real  
happy since -



GER: (~~GIGGLES~~) That's exactly what I told Gerald. (GIGGLES)  
 I said you were the HAPPIEST COUPLE I ever KNEW. (GIGGLES)  
 I TOLD HIM YOU ALWAYS HOLDING HANDS. (GIGGLES) AND GERALD  
 SAID AFFECTION OR PROTECTION? (GIGGLES) OH BUT DON'T MIND  
 GERALD... HE'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT. (GIGGLES)  
 FIB: Well... *when you find a marriage like ours* when Gerald has been married as long as us - he'll be  
 resigned to his fate.  
 GER: (GIGGLES) ~~Oh THAT'S WHAT I SAID, TOO, MR MCGEE... REALLY.~~  
 (GIGGLES) ~~BUT GERALD SAID THAT FATE REFUSED TO ACCEPT HIS~~  
 RESIGNATION- (GIGGLES) I TOLD <sup>well</sup> ~~HIM~~ MARRIAGES WERE MADE IN  
 HEAVEN AND GERALD SAID MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY PICKED A HOT  
 PLACE LIKE RENO TO SEPARATE. (GIGGLES) GERALD SAYS RENO IS  
 WHERE THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART AND THE PARTY OF THE SECOND  
 PART PART. (GIGGLES) CAN YOU IMAGINE? (GIGGLES)  
 FIB: Gerald must o' been feelin' kinda sour. He's always -  
 GER: (GIGGLES) OH I KNOW... I ASKED GERALD WHY HE WAS ALWAYS SO  
 INSULTING AND WHAT DO YOU THINK HE SAID.? (GIGGLES) OH IT  
 WAS PRICELESS. REALLY. (GIGGLES).  
 FIB: Priceless is right. I wouldn't give a nickel for the -  
 GER: (GIGGLES) ~~GERALD SAID HE DIDN'T MIND INSULTING PEOPLE.~~ *HE well*  
 SAYS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PAT ON THE BACK AND A KICK IN  
 THE PANTS IS *just a matter of locatn* MOSTLY GEOGRAPHICAL. (GIGGLES) Well, I simply  
 MUST BE OFF...  
 FIB: I'll say so.  
 GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!!!!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Some day, Molly, that gal is gonna hear a record of herself  
 and take to the needle.  
 SOUND: CLIP CLIP CLIP.  
 SOUND: (WHISTLING "ROSE ROOM" FADE IN) TANNER  
 MOL: Oh it's Elmo Tanner. Hello Elmo.  
 ELMO: Hello, folks.  
 MOL: You're comin' to our anniversary party tonight aren't you,  
 Elmo?  
 ELMO: What can I lose?  
 MOL: It's our 18th anniversary, Elmo. Whaddy think o' that?  
 ELMO: 18 years - let's see - 18 from 1936 - oh you were married  
 in 1918!  
 FIB: Yes, why?  
 ELMO: *well - the year I went to war too* That's when the United States declared war, too! Hi there,  
 boys --  
 CHO: (OFF MIKE) Hi'..Elmo - Sit down etc....  
 FIB: Smart guy!  
 MOL: Oh I think he's nice, McGee - and I love the way he whistles.  
 FIB: Yeah - They say he learned how when he had locomotor  
 ataxia so bad he whistled at crossings.  
 SOUND: CLIP CLIP  
 MOL: My, the place is beginning to look nice - it's - oh - there's  
 Ted Weems! Hello Ted!



APPLAUSE:

FIB: Some day, Molly, that gal is gonna hear a record of herself and take to the needle.

SOUND: CLIP CLIP CLIP,

SOUND: (WHISTLING "ROSE ROOM" FADE IN) TANNER

MOL: Oh it's Elmo Tanner. Hello Elmo.

ELMO: Hello, folks.

MOL: You're comin' to our anniversary party tonight aren't you, Elmo?

ELMO: What can I lose?

MOL: It's our 18th anniversary, Elmo. Whaddy think o' that?

ELMO: 18 years - let's see - 18 from 1936 - oh you were married in 1918!

FIB: Yes, why?

ELMO: That's <sup>about the year I went to war too</sup> when the United States declared war, too! Hi there, boys --

CHO: (OFF MIKE) Hi!..Elmo - Sit down etc....

FIB: Smart guy!

MOL: Oh I think he's nice, McGee - and I love the way he whistles.

FIB: Yeah - They say he learned how when he had locomotor ataxia - so bad he whistled at crossings.

SOUND: CLIP CLIP

MOL: My, the place is beginning to look nice - it's - oh - there's Ted Weems! Hello Ted!

FIB: Hi there, Ted - Comin' to the party tonite?

TED: You bet I am (Pause) What party?

FIB: Ahem - Say Ted --

TED: Yes:

FIB: Look at all those T.W.O. workers o' yours settin' under that tree over there --

TED: What's the matter with that?

MOL: Well, it's dangerous. What if <sup>@ thunder</sup> an electrical storm should come up - and <sup>light my bit</sup> them under that tree?

TED: They should worry? I'm the conductor! Come on boys, go to work.

ORCHESTRA: "ROSE ROOM"

--TANNER

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (2ND COMMERCIAL)

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

WIL: Well, you'd hardly know the vacant lot next door to the McGees - Fibber has mowed the grass, trimmed the bushes, whitewashed the trees, and with Silly's help is now stringing wires for the Japanese lanterns. This is going to be QUITE an anniversary party tonight. Here are Molly and Silly holding the ladder while Fibber strings <sup>the</sup> wires.

SOUND: CREAKING.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Hey is that the steadiest you kin hold that ladder?

SIL: That ain' us, Mist' McGee pleas suh.

FIB: Oh is aint, eh?



MOL: No...it taint. It's your knees shakin'. Heavenly days, McGee, you've only got four feet to fall if you do fall.

FIB: Well it may be only four foot fer my feet but it's nine foot fer my head. Now hold 'er steady.

MOL: McGee... (CALLS) Did you get permission from the owners of this property to hang up the lanterns?

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Nope. But they can't object, Molly. Shucks, I oughtta send 'em a bill fer cleanin' up the place. That's what -

SOUND: RATTLE

FIB: HEY HOLD THE DAD RATTED LADDER STEADY, SIL.

MOL: Keep your eyes on your work, Silly. What are you starin' at?

SIL: That lil girl, please, ma'am. She got a lil ole ball on a <sup>rubber band</sup> string and she done hittin' it wif a paddle, and DOGGONE she never misses once!

FIB: HEY DOWN THERE...HOLD 'ER STEADY...WHADDYE THINK I AM, a SPARROW?

TEE: Hi, everybody. Whatcha doin'? Four hundert 'n ten... four hundert 'n ~~ten~~ <sup>four</sup>

SOUND: SPAT OR BALL ON PADDLE.

SIL: We hangin' up Japanese lanterns, honey. Now you go on home.

TEE: I don't wanna, I betcha. I wanna watcha. ♪Hunnert'n eighteen, one hundert 'n nineteen...hunnert'n twenty, hundert'n twenty one.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Hey there sis...dont bother us. Go play someplace else.

TEE: Wanta play here I betcha. Hunnert 'n thirty...hundert'n thirty one. Whatcha hangin' the lanterns up for? Huh? Whatcha? Is it Halloween?

FIB: ~~(OFF MIKE) No dad rat it it taint halloween.~~

MOL: ~~At least it didn't start out to be.~~

SIL: Go on away lil girl...go on...git along home now.

TEE: Well why are you hanging the lanterns up for, huh? ♪Hunnert 'n fifty two...hundert'n fifty three hundert'n fifty four...

FIB: It's for a wedding anniversary sis. Now go on away.

TEE: What's a wedding anniversary? Huh? What is that? ♪Hunnert 'n fifty nine...hundert'n sixty...hundert'n sixty one...

SIL: Weddin' anniversary means ~~these folks~~ been married fo a long time, chile. ~~They's~~ celebratin'.

TEE: Why? ♪Hunnert'n sixty eight...hundert'n sixty nine, hundert'n ..... <sup>mil. Wled,</sup>

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DONNO WHY. I MEAN...Look here, sis, we don't... HEY HOLD THAT LADDER...

<sup>Mol. Sil - reel</sup>  
SOUND: WOOD CRASH...AND THUMP... FIB GRUNT

MOL: Oh Heavenly days...are ye hurt, McGee?

FIB: No...just sore. Now listen sis -

TEE: (Gee that was funny, mister. Do it again? Hunnert 'n seventy two....

SIL: Well, slap mah sunburn! - she neveh missed a beat!

MOL: Listen dearie...we're very busy here...now you run along and play somewhere else.



FIB: I'll say so. You pretty near made me bust my neck.  
TEE: *You pretty near make me ~~be crust~~*  
Awww, ~~I betcha you just did that for fun, I betcha..~~ hunnert  
and eighty two...hunnert'n eighty three...  
SIL: Hunnert'n eighty ~~five~~.

FIB: 485 - QUIET, SIL! Where do you live, sis?  
TEE: Over there a little ways. Where do you live?  
hunnert'n eighty nine hunnert'n ninety. Hunnert'n -  
FIB: We live right here.  
TEE: Why? ~~Hunnert'n ninety three - hunnert'n ninety four...~~  
FIB: Because we...DAD RAT IT, HOW DO I KN...listen sis.  
We're busy.  
TEE: What doin? Hunnert'n ninety six. hunnert ninety seven.  
SIL: We're gonna have a party heah, is why.  
TEE: Can I come? (hunnert'n ninety nine - ~~90~~ <sup>5</sup>hunnert...  
FIB: You bet sis. But jest as initiation we're gonna make  
everybody that comes to the party take a BIG spoonful  
o' castor oil jest to prove they really wanta come...  
TEE: CAST- ohhhhh gee. Well, I guess I gotta go now,  
mister, ~~I betcha~~... G'bye... ~~8~~ <sup>10</sup>hunnert'n ~~six~~ <sup>5</sup> ~~8~~ hunnert'n  
~~eleven~~ (FADE OUT WITH SOUND)  
SIL: Hot dog she don' even look what she doin'.  
FIB: Imagine that kid, Molly? ~~Battin'~~ <sup>Amusin'</sup> that little ball ~~more than~~  
~~507~~ <sup>507</sup> times without missin' ~~if~~ <sup>the ball</sup> ~~more than 507~~  
WIL: Yes, and right off the bat I could give you ~~507~~ reasons  
why Johnson's Auto Wax is easier, better, safer...



MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.  
SIL: Hi yah, Mist Wilcox.  
WIL: Hello Silly. Well, Fibber...how are the party preparations coming along?  
FIB: Oh pretty good, up till now, Harpo.  
WIL: It must be great to celebrate a wedding anniversary like this. I'm an old batchelor, myself.  
FIB: That's what I often says. **AHEM.**  
MOL: **McGEE!**  
FIB: Say, Harpo...how do ye like these Japanese lanterns?  
WIL: Oh they're beautiful.  
FIB: We think so. Ye know in olden times the Japanese used to wear 'em over their heads, <sup>the way</sup> like this...now hold still....  
*mol -*  
WIL: ~~All right...NOW BE CAREFUL...YOU'RE SCRATCHING MY NOSE.~~  
FIB: Why not? ~~It aint running in this race.~~ **AHEM.** There!  
(GRUNT)S  
~~SOUND: PAPER RUSTLING~~  
WIL: Hey - what the --  
MOL: McGee...what on earth..  
FIB: *Shew they pulled em down over the ears like this*  
~~Ye-see, Harpo! That's the way the old Japanese customs worked.~~ Come on, Molly...I wanta git back to the house and clean up.  
*Smid - whel -*  
WIL: <sup>hey</sup> (MUFFLED) SAY, TAKE THIS THING OFF...I CANT SEE WHERE I'M GOING....(FADE OUT) FIBBER...MOLLY...WHERE ARE YOU  
FIB: That's what I always liked about Harpo. Friendly sort of a jap. **AHEM.** Come on Molly let's go inside.

MOL: Oh dear...poor Mr. Wilcox...what are you gona do now, McGee?  
FIB: I'm gonna set down...hard and fast and long. I'm jest about wore out.  
SIL: Yassuh. Yo-all need me for anythin' mo' Mist't McGee suh?  
FIB: (WEARILY) No sil...I guess not. You worked hard. Go on home and rest up...but be here about 7 -- tonight and help set up the tables out there on the lawn...  
SIL: Yassuh.  
DOOR SLAM:  
FIB: Whew...boy am I tired...I suppose I better start gittin' myself cleaned up.  
MOL: Well, McGee...you done a good days work. That lot next door looks wonderful. Just like a park so neat and clean. I didnt think it was possible  
FIB: Shucks, I dont wanta see it again till I git washed up, Molly. Boy...AM I ALL IN? Hope I dont fall asleep at the party tonight.  
MOL: Oh of coursen ye wont. Think of it McGee... 18 years. and to think you'd spend all day long cleanin' up a dirty old lot so's we could have a party. Ye sure must love me, McGee.  
FIB: (CHUCKLES) Well, Molly, I -



SOUND: CALLIOPE IN DISTANCE...MOTOR SOUNDS...SHOUTING...

MOL: Heavenly days...must be a parade...open the door McGee..

FIB: Probably a political parade...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN. SOUND UP *unload*

BLOT: ALL RIGHT...BOYS...JUST ~~DUMP~~ THE STUFF THERE...AND  
SET 'ER UP QUICK...

SOUND: WOOD CLATTERING...SHOUTS...ETC...CONFUSION

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS MCGEE...THEY'RE DUMPIN' STUFF ALL OVER  
THE LOT

FIB: HEY YOU...YOU OVER THERE...WHAT'S THE IDEA...I JUST  
CLEANED THAT LOT UP...GET OUTA THERE!

BLOT: (FADE IN) NOT SO, NOT SO...MY LITTLE SO-AND-SO, NOT  
SO WE HAVE A LEGAL PERMIT FOR THE USE OF THE PROPERTY.  
YES YES.

MOL: FER WHAT?

BLOT: FOR THE HORATIO K. BOOMER COMINED CARNIVALS...THE  
GREATEST TRAVELING AGGREGATION EVER KNOWN...NOW ABOUT  
TO OPEN IN THE SHORT SPACE OF ONE HALF HOUR. COME  
OVER AND SEE US MY LITTLE BUSY-BOD...ER...HOMEBODIES...  
I CAN SEE BY YOUR FACES THAT YOU ARE INTERESTED...ALL  
RIGHT BOYS...HURRY THERE...GET THAT MERRY GO ROUND SET  
UP... (FADE OUT) No, ELMER...PUT YOUR HOT DOG STAND  
OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

FIB: Well I'll be a.....

SOUNDS UPORK: CHASERAPPLAUSE:WILL COMMERCIALORK: "DINAH"APPLAUSE:ORK: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR TAG GAGTAG GAG:

FIB: Folks, all jokin' aside, this is really our 18th  
Wedding Anniversary.

MOL: And we hope everybody ~~in the studio here and everybody~~  
listenin in is as happy as we are.. And I wanta thank  
ye for yer wonderful support...

FIB: Shucks that's all right, Molly...I..

MOL: Quiet! <sup>McGee</sup> I wasn't talkin' to you. That's all I guess,  
folks.

FIB: Except that we hope to see ye all up here again on  
our 18th Anniversary with Johnson's Wax...Goodnite.

MOL: Goodnite, all.

ORK: MUSICAL TAGAPPLAUSE:WILL SIGNOFF

eu:om:mc: 8/31/36  
10:30 AM



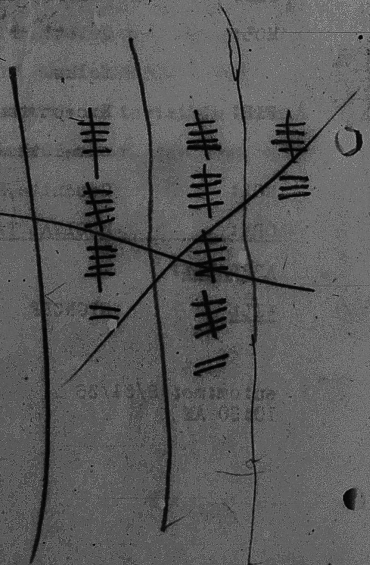
Comm. Stand closer to last set

Guidance  
Two days after juicers -  
not a run a calendar -  
Pat + back

2nd Hugo interruption.  
But my Hello  
around time

Barney found two melon  
on last lines -  
" Hot dog stand"

2 Tms. Slow  
should be paid any 24



S C JOHNSON & SON INC - "FIRST MORN & MORN" - MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1936  
WMAZ - 7:00 PM -- REBROADCAST 11:00 PM

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

It is very interesting to go through some of the new modern houses and see what beautiful little homes are being built for \$5000 and less. Many of the modern rooms have linoleum on the floors, and I don't have to tell you that JOHNSON'S WAX is responsible for the glowing polish on most of these floors. The WAX brings out the colors in the linoleum and keeps it in perfect condition. You can't picture one of the modern houses with scuffed or dingy floors. Wall paneling AND floors must have a lustrous polish at all times, and that is why it is so necessary to protect all such surfaces with JOHNSON'S WAX, so that their beauty will be long lasting. Whether you live in an ultra modern house, or a comfortable old-fashioned home, you will find that JOHNSON'S WAX protects your woodwork, furniture and floors with an invisible shield of beauty and actually makes house-keeping much easier, for dust and dirt cannot cling to a JOHNSON WAXED SURFACE.



S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY AUGUST 31, 1956  
NBC WMAQ 7 PM  
ALSO REBROADCAST 11 PM

*HW see corrections*

FIRST COMMERCIAL

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

They want you to accept a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, free! Go to your dealer at once. Ask for JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT PACKAGE, containing a pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH and a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. The price of the package is only 59¢. This is less than the regular price of the cleaner alone. You pay nothing for the Auto Wax.

The supply of FREE GIFT PACKAGES is strictly limited so go to your auto supply dealer, service station, or regular wax dealer without delay, and get that full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, free.

HW:CF

*Substituted wap commercial  
modern times.*

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY AUGUST 31, 1956  
NBC WMAQ 7 PM  
ALSO REBROADCAST 11 PM

SECOND COMMERCIAL

Thousands of car-owners -- all over this country -- have taken advantage of JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT OFFER and have received a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, without cost! If you have not already asked your dealer for JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT ANNIVERSARY package, I urge you to do so right away. The package contains a pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH and a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay 59¢ for the cleaner only (this is less than the regular selling price) and you get the AUTO WAX free!

JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER & POLISH will make your old car sparkle like new in short order. JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX protects the beautiful polish -- keeps the finish from becoming scratched and stained. When you JOHNSON WAX your car you cut down on car-washings and when you want to trade the car in you'll get more money for it if the finish has been wax-protected.

Go to your dealer tonight -- or tomorrow morning and get a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free in the free gift anniversary package.

HW:CF



S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY AUGUST 31, 1936  
NBC WMAQ 7 PM  
ALSO REBROADCAST 11 PM

THIRD COMMERCIAL

This is the time of year when women are thinking about fixing up their homes for fall. Even though you aren't planning to spend much money you will want to make your rooms look attractive. So here is a suggestion. Wax your floors, furniture and woodwork with JOHNSON'S WAX, and everything will take on a fresh, well-cared-for appearance. JOHNSON'S WAX gives a beautiful lustre to floors and linoleum, leaving an invisible film of wax-protection over the surface -- saving the floor from scuff-marks and scratches.

When you wax your furniture, you will discover new beauty in the wood. The satin-like polish sheds dust -- and prevents smudges from sticking to tables, and chair-arms.

Then be sure to give all door frames and window sills a gleaming coat of JOHNSON'S WAX, so sticky finger prints can't cling to them. You will save yourself hours of housework over a period of time, if you wax your floors, furniture and woodwork with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Look for the attractive yellow can and remember you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

HW:CF

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #74

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ  
(7:00 - 7:30 PM )  
TIME

SEPTEMBER 7, 1936  
DATE

MONDAY  
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Courtroom*

NBC. { Miss Hinkle + Mrs Crumble - Mrs Vase.  
Harold Perry - Siegelbaum - Crumble.  
Hugh Stebbins. Sely  
Bill Simpson - Brown - Scob