

NBC

ADVERTISER **S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.** WRITER **RON QUINN**
 PROGRAM TITLE **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #74** OK
 CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**
 (7:00 - 7:30 PM)
 TIME)
 DATE **SEPTEMBER 7, 1936** DAY **MONDAY**
 PRODUCTION
 ANNOUNCER
 ENGINEER
 REMARKS

Countdown

nbc. {
 Miss Hinkle + Mrs Crumble - Mrs Verse.
 Harold Perry - Superham - Crumble.
 Hugh Stubbler. Silly
 Bill Simpson - Brown - Scott

ORK: FANFARE
WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!
ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"
WIL: GOOD EVENING EVERYONE! THE MAKERS OF JOHNSONS WAX
 PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. TED
 WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "SING. SING.
SING".
 SING, YOU SWINGERS! (or, if you don't like that,) TAKE
 IT, TED!

ORK: "SING SING SING"
APPLAUSE:
WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE DELUGE" (DOWN FOR
ANNCM'T)

WIL: WELL NOW, HERE IS SOMETHING! HIS HONOR, JUDGE BLATHERSKITE, OF THE WISTFUL VISTA DOMESTIC RELATIONS COURT IS ON HIS VACATION BUT THE COURT DOCKET WAS SO FULL, THEY HAD TO FIND A SUBSTITUTE FOR HIM. YES, YOU'RE RIGHT. FIBBER MCGEE SUGGESTED HIMSELF FOR THE POST, CLAIMING LARGE EXPERIENCE IN THE MATTER. SO HERE, JUST ABOUT TO OPEN THE SESSION, WE FIND ON THE BENCH THOSE TWO GIANTS OF THE JUDICIARY, - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: KNOCK KNOCK!
 GANG: WHO'S THERE?
 FIB: QUIET! I jest says that because I cant find the gavel.
 Oh here it is.
SOUND: GAVEL
 MOL: Shall I call the first case, McGee?

FIB: Sheet. Who is it?
 MOL: Mrs. PETUNIA J. Verse, suing for divorce from Vernon V. Verse, the poet.
 FIB: Okay. First case: VERSE VERSUS VERSE. Parties step to the bench please.
SOUND: VOICES...SLIGHT COMMOTION
 FIB: Now then sis. What you wanta leave Vernon fer?
 WOMAN: He's a poet.
 FIB: Oh, I see. You wanta git rid of him jest on account o' him bein' a poet.
 WOMAN: Yes. I do.
 MOL: That dont hardly seem reasonable Judge, McGee.
 FIB: No, Mrs. Judge, McGee, it dont. AHM. Listen, sis. Taint judicial, legal, moral er natural fer you to wanta leave your husband jest on account o' because he's a poet.
 MOL: I should say not.
~~MAN: I should say not.~~
~~FIB: Quiet, Vernon.~~
 WOMAN: ^{Here} Judge. Here's one of his poems.
 FIB: ^{When Verse steps up to the bench} ~~Thanks~~ ^{Hear Vernon, read it to us.} Listen, Molly. THE NIGHT RIDES BY ON SILVER SADDLES. THE MOONLIGHT GLINTS ON MANY PADDLES...THE COWBOYS ARE ALWAYS CHASING CADDLES WHILE THE FLEETING MOMENT JUST SKEDADDLES, ^{Next 7 id} AHM. ^{Did you write that Vernon} That your poetry, Vernon?
 MAN: ~~Yes, it is.~~
 I certainly did.

FIB: DIVORCE GRANTED. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

MOL: Mr. Elweed Elwood Elweed, the Third.

FIB: The third what?

MOL: The third Elweed, iggernuts, WILL MR ELWOOD STEP UP TO THE BENCH?

FIB: Hi yah, bud. You Elwood?

MAN: (OLD MAN) YESSIR. THAT'S ME. I want you to do somethin' about my boy.

MOL: What's he done?

MAN: He's always berrowin' money from me. He went live on his allowance. Why just today he come to me and wanted a hundred dollars to bet on a horse.

FIB: What horse?

MAN: Scrumbum in the third at Acqueduct.

MOL: *File*
I got it, McGee. *for the money* Scrumbum in the third. Go on, Mr. Elwood.

MAN: Well, that's all. I want a restraining order. He's getta quit hittin' me fer money. I aint made o' money even if I am his father.

FIB: Hmam. Wait'll I look up the law on this, Molly. Let's see now...Oh yes...here it tis...NEW JERSEY STATUTES Volume 788, Waskenewitz versus Twiddle. (MUTTERS) Party complainin'...asks restraining...consideration of the facts....hmmmm...

MOL: Ye knew what to do, McGee?

FIB: Yep. Jest found it. BAILIFF! TAKE THIS MAN OUTSIDE... LAY HIM DOWN ...LOOSEN HIS COLLAR AND HIS BELT. PUT ICE PACKS ON HIS HEAD. KEEP HIM QUIET AND GIVE HIM ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

BAILIFF: Yessir, yer honor. Come on now...

SOUND: SCUFFLE

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. What was that fer?

FIB: Didnt ye catch on, Molly? He was sufferin' from a touch of the sen. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

MOL: Robert Burns MacTavish. MR MACTAVISH TO THE BENCH! Are you Mr. MacTavish?

SCOT: Aye, lass.

FIB: More respect there, Sandy.

SCOT: Ahy, laddie.

FIB: You swear to tell the truth?

SCOT: Aye, Teets.

FIB: Whaddye mean, teets? AND DONT SAY "AYE". SAY YES.

SCOT: Aye, lad. I give an aye ferr an aye and a teets ferr the trruth.

MOL: What was it ye wanted, Mr. MacTavish?

SCOT: I'm wantin' the advice of the ceurrrrt, yer honerrs. Tis my wife. She thrrrrreatens to leave me because I walked out of a movin picturrrrrr. Marrrrry of Southland. But I couldna help it, your honerrrr. I was sufferin'

MOL: Sufferin' from what? Heartburn?

SCOT: Nae. HEPBURN.

FIB: Well, I advise you to make up with her Sandy. Take her to see Anthony Adverse. CASE DISMISSED. (GAVEL) Get that down, Molly?

MOL: Sure. Case 796-B. MacFavish. Adverse decision.

FIB: Good. NEXT CASE! (GAVEL)

MOL: Next case is Mary Ree versus John Dee, Judge McGee.

FIB: Thank you, Mrs. Judge McGee. Mary Ree and John Dee to the stand. Well folks...what's your trouble?

MOL: They're always arguin' politics, McGee. She 's a Democrat and he a Republican. She says he's always annoying her.

FIB: How's he annoy you sis?

WOMAN: Well, judge, he knows I'm a democrat and he spends the whole day long outtin' out sunflowers outa yellow felt. Goodness, I dont know WHAT to do.

FIB: Well we cant let politics bust up a happy home ~~what~~ *Sal* would you suggest, Molly? (ASIDE)

MOL: ~~we think~~ *we think* Listen, McGee...I'd suggest ~~(WHISPERS)~~ *Frank & the children*.

FIB: ~~Good idea, Judge, McGee.~~ *mel. think better we get a rose*

MOL: Thank you, Judge, McGee.

FIB: All right folks. Mr. Dee, from now on you wear a sunflower of felt and let her wear a rose of felt. AHEM. (GAVEL) Case dismissed!

mel: That's outtin' a present!

MOL: Next Case is COMMUNITY VERSUS COMO. Mr. Perry Come to the bench. Mr. Come, Judge. Hello, Mr. Come.

PERRY: HELLO, Molly.

MOL: More respect for the bench, Mr. Come.

PERRY: All right, darling.

MOL: That's better.

FIB: AHEM. What's the community got against Perry Come, Judge, McGee.

MOL: Well, judge McGee, the arresting officer said he was found with one arm around a fire hydrant and one arm around a lamppost. He told the officer he was a trie.

FIB: Is that true, Perry?

COMO: I forget.

MOL: Oh now, come come. You DID do that didnt you?

COMO: I forget.

FIB: What night was this, Perry?

COMO: I forget.

MOL: What were you singing?

COMO: I forget.

FIB: BAILIFF! TAKE THIS MAN OUT. I REMAND HIM TO THE CUSTODY OF TED WEEMS, FOR THIS NEXT MUSICAL NUMBER.

MOL: What is the number?

FIB: I forget. What is it, Come?

COMO: DID I REMEMBER!

ORK: "DID I REMEMBER" -- -- COMO

APPLAUSE:

ORK: ~~MC GEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE SHOWER" (Down for
annou't)~~

WIL: HEAR YE HEAR YE HEAR YE! THE COURT OF DOMESTIC RELATIONS
IS IN SESSION AGAIN, WITH ^{Justice} ~~JUSTICE~~ ^{and} ~~ASSOCIATED WITH~~
Who JUSTICE MCGEE ON THE BENCH. NEXT CASE!

GAVEL:

FIB: What's the next case, Mrs. Judge McGee?

MOL: The next case, Judge McGee, is Jackson versus Watson.
Breach of promise.

FIB: Parties in court?

MOL: ARE JACKSON AND WATSON IN COURT?

BAILIFF: Just the defendant, Watson, your honor. We have a
deposition from the complainant.

FIB: Defendant to the bench. Now then -

MOL: Oh it's Silly Watson.

SIL: Yas'm. Hiyah, Mist' McGee. Hiyah, Mis' McGee.

FIB: JUDGE McGee, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

MOL: Are you the defendant in this breach of promise case,
Silly?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Listen Sil. This gal Rosebud Jackson says you promised
to marry here, Is that right?

SIL: YASSUH. HOSSUH.

MOL: What do you mean, yes and no.

SIL: Ah means, ah DID, but it aint right.

FIB: Oh you changed your mind.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah did.

MOL: Why?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: Why did ye go back on your word, Sil?

SIL: Well Mist' McGee, ^{it was late at night} ~~sub, ah had to, kinda.~~ ^{Wah! and} ^{clear it or not} ^{you was waitin} ^{for a street car} Ah was waitin'
fo' a street car -

MOL: Believe it or not.

SIL: Ah was waitin' fo a street cah sub and this heah
Rosebud she come along and she say, Hiyah Sil and ah
says Hiyah Rosie and she say how bout you an' me gittin'
marr'd. And ah says wha fe' and she say neveh you min'
wha fe' and she greb me and kiss me and she say we
engaged and we's gonna git marri'd in Ootebeh, suh.

FIB: Ooteber eh? I see. Gonna make you the fall guy.

SIL: Wah?

MOL: And you told her you would, Silly?

SIL: Yas'm. A'm afraid so.

FIB: Well why did you say yes, if you werent sure?

SIL: Well suh, it was late at night and the street cah was comin' and it was the last one and ah HAD to do somethin' please suh. She wouldn' lemme go till ah says yes and ah hadda say yes so's ah could ketch me that las' lil ole street-cah, please suh.

FIB: Looks like a clear case o' habeus corpus, Molly.

MOL: Give it a nolly-pross, ~~Rese~~.

SIL: Molly who, ma'am?

MOL: Holly pross, silly. That means no prosecution.

SIL: Yas'm. But you don' know this Resebud Jackson, ma'am. She gonna prosecute me continuous. (FADE OUT) Scuse me now please suh...ah gotta go tell my mamma ah ain' gonna be no bride...

FIB: NEXT CASE!

SOUND: GAVEL

SOUND: GAVEL: COMMOTION..VOICES...REPEAT GAVEL

FIB: ATTENTION EVERYBODY. COURT IN SESSION. What's the next case, ^{WA} Judge McGee?

MOL: Just a minute Judge McGee. Oh yes. BOOMER VERSUS BOOMER.

FIB: What's the complaint?

MOL: INCOMPATIBILITY.

FIB: Incompatibility eh? Who's the other woman?

MOL: There's no other woman, iggernuts. Incompatibility means they dont get along good.

FIB: ~~THEM~~. Just what I suspected: (GAVEL) ARE THE BOOMERS IN COURT?

BLOT: One of them your honor...yes yes...HORATIO K BOOMER SIR ...at your service.

MOL: Oh you're Horatio K. Boomer. We understand you and Mrs. Boomer are not compatible.

BLOT: Yes yes, my little subpoena-brittle, yes yes. That is to say, I am perfectly compatible but Mrs. Boomer is not. ~~And I find that incompatibility is tough on the income.~~

FIB: What's your business, Mr. Boomer?

BLOT: I sir, am a one half owner of the largest undeveloped gold mine in the world. ~~Far beneath the surface of the earth, my dear sir in the wild wastes of Nevada, lies one of nature's golden opportunities.~~ ^{pure - pure + opportunity} And seeing that you are a man high up in civic life your honor...I am prepared to offer you a few shares...JUST A FEW SHARES, mind you of BOOMER PREFERRED. YES YES...GET IN ON THE BOOM WITH BOOMER IS MY MOTTO...A FEW DOLLARS TODAY WILL REAP A GOLDEN HARVEST. FOR YOU...AND FOR ME...mostly for me...YES AND ANOTHER THING...THIS GREAT GOLD MINE...

MOL: Heavenly days what is this a sales meeting or a courtroom?

BLOT: Your guess is as good as mine, my little judgy-pudgy. All I ask is the opportunity to present my expert testimony on the true worth of the Boomer Gold Mine...

FIB: Now wait a minute bud. We aint here to buy no gold mine stock.

BLOT: Yes yes...just what I was afraid of ^{my little}

FIB: We wanta know why you cant get a long with Mrs. Boomer.

BLOT: Let me see now.. let me see...Boomer Boomer...where have I heard that name befo...er...oh yes...Boomer. You are no doubt referring to my wife...I THOUGHT the name was familiar. Yes yes...

MOL: Isnt she a good wife, Mr. Boomer?

BLOT: Well, my little pry-face, I'll have to answer that question with yes and no. She is a terrible cook. Terrible. She fries everything. Fried pork, fried mush, ~~fries eggs~~ ^{fries fish}...fried fish. Everything fried. Can I get a juicy roast? No, my friends. Can I suggest a broiled cutlet? Nay nay...it must be fried. That's why I stand here at the bar of justice, my little court-pleasers. Please consider my angle of the case.

FIB: ^{Fish!} Sounds reasonable at that, dont it, Molly?

MOL: Sure. It's the eternal fry-angle, ~~the fry-angle~~ ^{the fry}.

FIB: Listen bud...you think o' somethin' you want her to cook for you and how ye want it cooked and I'll enter a court order for her.

BLOT: Very sound solution of the matter, I'm sure. Yes yes,, very sound. Now let me see...I'd like a planked steak. some wilted lettuce...some baked potatoes and a plum pudding...Oh yes.. and a short beer..

FIB: Enter that order, Molly.

MOL: I did.

FIB: You tell your wife to get started on that stuff right away, Boomer. You wont get no more fried stuff.

BLOT: Thank you, ^{Molly} my little ~~stupid~~ ^{stupid} ~~dabber~~, thank you. But I'm afraid she wont be home to cook today. She's visiting relatives...yes yes...At my request.

MOL: Well when WILL she be home?

BLOT: She'll be home on...(PAUSE) ANHH IT'S FATE...I AM HOUNDED BY A RELENTLESS FATE...SHE'LL BE HOME ON FRI-DAY. (FADE OUT) Hounded..hounded.. yes yes...hounded...

FIB: AHEM. (GAVEL) NEXT CASE! Who's next Molly?

SOUND: GAVEL

FIB: CASE, DISMISSED! Who's next, Molly?

MOL: Let seeeee now. Oh yee. WISTFUL VISTA VERSUS WEEMS.

FIB: Vistful Wista versue Veems. I can...oh well. Is TED WEEMS IN COURT.

TED: Yes your honor. I'm Ted Weems.

MOL: Hello, Ted.

TED: Hello, kid. Now what have I done?

FIB: Listen, Weems. You're accused o' playin' a goofus horn and disturbin' the neighbors.

TED: Go on...they LIKE to hear me play.

MOL: How do ye know?

TED: Well, they broke all my windows so they could hear me better.

MOL: What IS a goofus horn, Ted?

TED: This thing here...this is a goofus horn. I invented it myself. Listen.

SOUND: FEW NOTES ON GOOFUS HORN

MOL: It dont sound so good by itself.

FIB: I think it'd be better if it was accompanied by somethin, Ted.

TED: By what, for instance?

FIB: By ^{a police} ~~an~~ armed escort. AHEM. Say who are them gals you got with you, Ted?

TED: Oh these? This is Ida, and this is Sweet Sue. I'm giving them quite a play.

FIB: Nice little numbers. ~~We'll take a recess and git better~~ ACQUAINTED.

SOUND: GAVEL

MOL: RECESS!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "IDA---SWEET SUE" MEDLEY --

-- Featuring GOOFUS

HORN

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd Commercial

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME - "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANEEM'T)

WIL: THE WISTFUL VISTA DOMESTIC RELATIONS COURT IS AGAIN IN SESSION. THE MAGISTRATES, MCGEE AND MCGEE, ARE ON THE BENCH, READY TO TAKE ANOTHER DIRTY DIG AT THE DOCKET.

SOUND: GAVEL: COMMOTION. VOICES REPEAT GAVEL.

FIB: ATTENTION EVERYBODY. COURS IN SESSION. What's the next case, Mrs. Judge McGee?

MOL: Just a minute Judge McBee Oh yes. Next case is Hotchkiss versus Sinfulbaum. Suing for two million dollars heartbalm.

FIB: Oh boy! Two million bucks, eh? She must have awful big heart. GAVEL: HOTCHKISS VERSUS SINFULBAUM. Parties in court?

BAILIFF: Yes they are your honor. Want 'em both?

MOL: No send Mr. Sinfulbaum up first.

BAILIFF: MR. SINFULBAUM TO THE BENCH. MR SINFULBAUM.

JEW: Dets me. Hello judge.

FIB: You Solomon Z. Sinfulbaum?

JEW: Sure. *Positive*

MOL: You are being sued FOR two million dollars heart-baum, Mr. Sinfulbum. What have you to say?

JEW: Oi oi oi. Vot else?

FIB: Did you bust this poor little gal's heart, Sinfulbaum?

JEW: Her vot?

MOL: Her heart.

JEW: Dont be silly. If she had a heart would she be suink me?

FIB: They's somethin' in that, too, Molly.

MOL: Dont you love her, Mr. Sinfulbaum?

JEW: Nu. She is ~~already~~ *not! What!* having twelve husbands already, von at a time, and I am refusing to make myself unlucky with thirteen.

FIB: Dent blame you bud. *She's* Benn married 12 times eh?

MOL: Heavenly days. twelve times?

JEW: *Positive* Sure. Twelve times. You see, Judge, when she ~~is~~ *is* first ~~sue~~ *sue* a ~~man~~ *man* ~~and~~ *and* ~~people~~ *people* for heartbalming she wins the case. She ~~is~~ *is* so heppy she married the jury, von by von. Ach...she is so fessinating judge, I am bevitched. But now I am bosting de spell.

FIB: *She* Sounds like a gold-digger to me. Go sit down, Sinfulbaum.

(GAVEL) Peggy Hotchkiss to the bench. PEGGY HOTCHKISS.

MOL: It says here that she's a follies girl, McGee.

FIB: Hummm...here she comes, Molly. Get a load o' the lace stockin's. Boy what a figger. Say maybe I better interview her in the judge's chambers. She might be sensitive.

MOL: If she is, it's time she got over it. Hah...twelve husband

FIB: AHEM. All right now sis...jest make yourself comfortable. Dont be nervous. Are you Peggy Hotchkiss? (PAUSE) ARE YOU PEGGY HOTCHKISS THE FOLLIES GIRL? Hey you...sis...raise your head...I wanta see your face.

WHEE: All right Skippy. Do I get my two million bucks?

FIB: Well fer the...say grand'maw...are YOU Peggy Hotcha?

WHEE: Not hotcha, sonny. Hotchkiss. Keep the cha and gimme a kiss.

FIB: AHEM. Understand you been married twelve times, granmaw. Is that true?

WHEE: Well if it taint trua, buddy, I been thru a awful lotta rehearsals.

FIB: Seems to me you oughtta of found one of 'em to make ye happy. What you suin' old Sinfulbaum for?

WHEE: 2 million. You know that.

FIB: I know...but how could he bust your heart two millions dollars worth?

MOL: Yes, heavenly days he's got a beard down to his waist.

FIB: You wouldnt wanta mugg with a beaver like that would ye gran'maw?

WHEE: That's why I love him sonny. When I saw his beard, I was just tickled to death.

FIB: Why?

WHEE: Well, sonny. When I saw the jaw-grass, I said to myself, Peggy, I said, THERE'S one man who wont wipe his razor blades on your guest towels!

FIB: JUDGMENT ENTERED! 2 MILLION BUCKS! (GAVEL) NEXT CASE!

SOUND: GAVEL

FIB: Quiet everybody. Who's next on the docket, Molly?

MOL: Mrs. Christopher Crumble versus Christopher Crumble.

FIB: Okay. WILL CHRIS CRUMBLE AND HIS OLD L...er. HIS WIFE STEP UP TO THE BENCH?

WOMAN: I'm Mrs Crumble, your honor. I want separate maintenance from my husband.

MAN: Listen your honor. My wife is too fussy. That's all. She-

SOUND: GAVEL

FIB: Hold it, ^{one at a time} bud. hold it. Now then, Mrs Crumble. What's the complaint?

WOMAN: ^{My husband} He eats crackers in bed, your honor.

MOL: Oh dear. That IS serious.

FIB: Crackers in bed, eh? What you got to say about that, Crumble?

MAN: Well, your honor...I...I guess it's true all right. But I LIKE crackers in bed. I LOVE 'em. Here...have one. I gotta sackful.

FIB: Thanks.

SOUND: PAPER RUSTLING AND CRUNCHING

MOL: Here give me one, too.

SOUND: PAPER RUSTLING AND CRUNCHING

FIB: Say these aint bad, bud. Who makes 'em?

MAN: The Toothsome Toasted Tidbit Torporation.

FIB: Ever try Munchy-Crunchys?

MAN: No, how are they?

FIB: Not bad. They make a double cracker for twin beds, ye know.

MAN: I'll have to try 'em sometime.

MOL: You ever try these, Mrs Crumble?

WOMAN: No! If I ate one I might like it, and I hate 'em.

FIB: Here, have one, sis!

WOMAN: No!!!

FIB: DAD RAT IT, EAT ONE. Or I'll have ye up fer contempt o' crackers.

WOMAN: Well...all right. Gimme one, Chris.

SOUND: PAPER AND CRUNCHING ^{Here you are}

MOL: Well...how do you like it?

WOMAN: I...I...dont know. Gimme another Chris. Thanks....

FIB: Gimme another one too.

MOL: And me.

MAN: Hey I havent got many left.

FIB: Come on...give us some. Do I hafta impound 'em? GIMME ONE....

MOL: Me, too....

WOMAN: I wanta nother one Chris.....

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MAN: Hey let go...I tell you there arent many left...

FIB; MOL & WOMAN: HERE GIMME ONE...LEMME HAVE ONE...AW CHRIS...

COME ON NOW.....

MAN: Oh no you dont...(FADE OUT) You leave me alone...these
are MY crackers....

WOMAN: (FADE OUT) Chris...come back here.. CHRIS DARLING GIMME

A CRACKER...CHRIS...CHRIS...GIVE BABY A CRACKER...CHRIS...

(FADE OUT ON COMMOTION)

ORK: CHASER: APPLAUSE:

WIL: CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

ORK: "SWEET GEORGIA BROWN"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME * 'RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN' (Down for

tag etc.)

TAG GAG:

ORGH: MUSICAL TAG.

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: This is Ha. low Wilcox adjourning until next week at this
same time. (GAVEL) NEXT PROGRAM!

mc:om
9:25AM
9-3-36

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1936
WMAQ - NBC 7 PM
ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL

Do you realize that an enemy is at work, ready to destroy the
finish on your automobile? That enemy is the sunlight. Day by
day, the ultra violet rays of the sun destroy the binder carrying
the pigment of the lacquer or enamel. If you don't want the sun's
rays to steal the beauty of your car's finish, then wax your car
without delay. Give it a lustrous coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX.
The sun cannot penetrate the tough wax polish. The finish will stay
bright and beautiful and your car's trade-in value will be much
higher if you protect it now with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX.

If you haven't already used JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH then
you don't know how easy it is to make your car sparkle like new.
JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER works miracles on a faded and dirty car.
It quickly removes road film and discoloration without injury to
the car finish. You'll say it's the easiest cleaner you ever used.

Right now, if you go to your Auto Supply Store, service station,
or regular Wax Dealer, and purchase a pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER,
you will receive a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free --
in celebration of JOHNSON'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY. I'll tell you
more about this free gift later on.

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

SECOND:COMMERCIAL

Now I want to tell you how you can get a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free! It is an opportunity you can't afford to miss. S. C. JOHNSON & SON are offering you a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX in celebration of their 50TH ANNIVERSARY. Go to your auto supply store, service station, or regular wax dealer, and ask for JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT PACKAGE containing: (1) A pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER. (2) A full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay 59¢ for the AUTO CLEANER (this is less than the regular price) and you get JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free of any charge. Thousands of car owners throughout the country have already taken advantage of this generous offer and have discovered how easy it is to keep their cars shining -- sparkling like new -- with these two remarkable JOHNSON products. Don't delay. Be sure to get your FREE GIFT of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX while the supply lasts. See your dealer tonight or tomorrow morning.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 7, 1936
WMAQ - NBC 7 PM
ALSO REBROADCAST

THIRD COMMERCIAL

Until recently, every woman who kept house had the discouraging, if not impossible task, of trying to keep her linoleum and wood floors polished and clean, with people continually tramping across them!

Now the problem has been solved for her. The smart housewife of today keeps her floors shining with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. It takes only a few minutes to apply GLO-COAT with the long-handled applicator. You don't have to get down on your knees or even soil your hands. GLO-COAT dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful polish without rubbing or buffing. Dust and dirt can't stick to the gleaming surface. GLO-COAT seals the cracks and pores -- acts as a regular shield of protection -- saving linoleum and wood floors from becoming worn and dingy. Ask your dealer for the famous no-rubbing floor polish, JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, spelled G-L-O - G-O-A-T. Look for the attractive yellow can and remember you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

vc 4:15 pm
9/4/36

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 7, 1936
WMAQ - NBC 7 PM
ALSO REBROADCAST

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ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #75

OK

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

(SEPTEMBER 14, 1936)

(MONDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Dance Hall