

NBC

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

WRITER **DON QUINN**

PROGRAM TITLE **"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#78)**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(**WMAQ**)

(**OCTOBER 5, 1936**)

(**MONDAY** DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

HWING

Oct 12 - 3 tickets - (Red Ledges.)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY OCT. 5, 1936
8 PM ALSO REBROADCAST
WMAQ - NBC

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We're having lots of fun with the Fibber McGee Limerick Contest, conducted by ~~the~~ Radio Mirror Magazine. Twenty-six cash prizes are being awarded each week. All you have to do is to supply the last line for an unfinished limerick about Fibber McGee and Molly. The winner of the first prize this week is Mr. Will Gidley, 34 Dorchester Street, Springfield, Massachusetts. Twenty-five other cash prizes are also being mailed out. If you didn't win this week, try again next week. You'll find the Limerick and complete rules of the contest in the November issue of Radio Mirror Magazine, now on sale.

HW:CF

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WMAQ - NBC
MONDAY OCT. 5, 1936
ALSO REBROADCAST

COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: No wonder housewives are saying:

WOMAN: GLO-COAT is the easiest floor polish I ever used! *I love her to do any rubbing or buffing.*

WILCOX: And dealers everywhere are saying:

MAN: Once my customers try JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT they always come back

for more. Like all the fine polishes made by the makers of Gos Waf. this does to give satisfaction.

WILCOX: For GLO-COAT gives brighter lustre, longer wear. Look for the

attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T.

GLO-COAT. And remember — you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

HW:CF

Contract

au

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY MARCH 9, 1936
NBC WLS 6 PM

GLO-COAT COMMERCIAL

How long has it been since you have polished your floors and linoleum?

I wish you'd just glance down at the floor now and see how it looks. *If you see the surface is dull and unattractive.* *will* aren't pleased with its appearance just remember that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT ^{will} make

it beautiful as new, sparkling and clean, in a few minutes' time. GLO-COAT

is a truly remarkable floor polish. It dries in 20 minutes to a lustrous

polish without any work of rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT not only makes lino-

leum and floors much more attractive — it actually protects them from dirt

and wear. Dust can't get a foothold on a shining GLO-COAT polish. Soiled

spots wipe off easily. Old fashioned floor scrubbing becomes a thing of the

past, once you learn about the easy-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 GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

HW:CF

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WMAQ NBC MONDAY OCT. 5 8 PM
ALSO REBROADCAST

WILCOX: Now I want to tell you about the --

(Interruption by voices off mike)

WILCOX: Pardon me, but you know we can't allow talking in the audience when we're on the air.

FIRST WOMAN: (Gradually coming on mike) Excuse me, Mr. Wilcox. We were having an argument about kitchen floors.

2ND WOMAN: *Will you settle an argument*
My friend here ~~was~~ ^{is} trying to tell me that GLO-COAT will make my linoleum shine like new, while I'm out enjoying myself. It sounds --

WILCOX: It may sound impossible, but it's true. I'll give you an illustration. Suppose, just as you are getting ready to put some GLO-COAT on the floor, your friend phones you and asks you to go to the movies. If she lives a few blocks away from you, you can have the GLO-COAT on the floor before she calls for you. You simply spread a little of this no-rubbing, liquid polish lightly over the floor with a soft cloth, or the longhandled GLO-COAT APPLIER. Then you are through. You go out the door with your friend and forget all about the floor. In 20 minutes the GLO-COAT will be dry -- and the linoleum will be shining like new. When you get home you'll be greeted by a beautiful, polished floor that will stay clean and bright for weeks at a time. Friends aren't exaggerating a bit when they tell you that GLO-COAT is the easiest polish you ever used. You don't have to do one bit of rubbing or buffing -- for GLO-COAT actually polishes your floor while you are out enjoying yourself.

HW:CP

Page 2

ORK: ~~THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"~~

WIL: GOOD EVENING EVERYONE! THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES".

ORK: ~~"THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"~~

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (1st COMMERCIAL.)

(Commercial)

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

WIL: WELL...AUTUMN IS IN THE AIR AND MOLLY MCGEE IS DETERMINED THAT FIBBER GET HIMSELF A NEW FALL OUTFIT. AND WHOM DO WE FIND EN ROUTE TO THE BON TOM DEPARTMENT STORE.....DRIVING ALONG AND LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO PARK... BUT FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: MOTOR UP....TRAFFIC NOISES...DOWN FOR DIALOG.

MOL: Thank goodness, McGee...I'll soon have you lookin' respectable again. (SOUND : HORN) Look OUT FOR THAT CAR!

FIB: Aw, I didn't come anywhere near it, Molly. AND WHADDYE MEAN, LOOK RESPECTABLE. You'd think I had as many patches on me as Rip Van Winkle.

MOL: The only difference is that HE finally woke up to himself. Heavenly days....you look like you'd been hitch hikin' in Spain.

FIB: Well lemme tell you -

MOL: STOP! There's a parkin' space.

SOUND: BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed. Where's the space?

MOL: My mistake. The man was drivin' in instead of out. Drive on.

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN

FIB: I admit, Molly, that I need some new clothes...but I don't like the idea o' your sayin' I look like a tramp.

MOL: Go on, McGee...the back o' your pants is so shiny that if ye tore 'em you'd have seven years bad luck.

FIB: Well, I'd probably have seven minutes of embarrassment, anyway. But, Molly

MOL: STOP THE CAR!!! There's a parkin' space.

SOUND: MOTOR UP : BRAKE SCREECH.

MOL: Oh dear...my mistake again. It's a fireplug.

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN.

MOL: MCGEE...DON'T PARK THERE....IT'S A FIREPLUG!

FIB: What say, Molly?

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN

MOL: I said DON'T PARK HERE....IT'S A FIREPLUG!

FIB: I can't hear ye for the dad ratted motor....WAIT'LL I PARK.

SOUND: MOTOR UP IN AND OUT....WAY UP WITH BRAKE SCREECH. OUT.

FIB: Phew! Kind of a small space to park in, but I made it. Now then, what was it you was sayin', Molly?

MOL: Ohhhhhh dear. What a man!

FIB: I'll say so. Nobody else coulda parked in there as graceful.

MOL: MCGEE.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Look out there and tell me what ye see.

FIB: Where? You mean that half-smoked cigar down there. Why, Molly, are you suggestin' that I pick up a -

MOL: NO NO NO....the fireplug iggernuts....the FIREPLUG.

FIB: What about it? They got them things all over town. Didnd you ever see a fireplug before?

MOL: Yes. I have. But WHAT DO YE SUPPOSE THEY PAINT 'EM RED FOR?

FIB: Search me. They say dogs are color blind, and if -

MOL: MCGEE...DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO PARK AGAINST A FIREPLUG?

FIB: Sayyyyyy, I never thought o' th- ...WELL WHY DIDN'T YE TELL ME?

MOL: Why didn't I T---...HEAVENLY DAYS. Now start up and drive outa here.

FIB: But Molly...this is the only parkin' space for four blocks...and look ...we're right in front of the Bon Ton, too. Come on. Besides, the chief o' police is a friend o' mine.

TWO DOOR SLAMS.

FIB: Ye know, Molly...I can hardly wait to get duked up in a new suit and hat and shoes and - HEY COME ON... WHADDYE WAITIN' FOR?

MOL: Just a minute, McGee. Look at that little hat in the window there. Isn't it a dear?

FIB: Dear is right. 25 bucks is a HERD o' deer.

MOL: I wonder what they'd say if I tried it on.

FIB: They'd say..."This is a new one on you, baby." (LAUGHS)
Don't ye get it, Molly?

MOL: No, but I probably will if they gimme a good price on it. Come on...we'd better get started.. Watch the revolving door...AND DON'T FORGET TO PUSH, YE PARASITE!

SOUND: SWISH AND FLAP OF REVOLVING DOOR.

MOL: All right McGee...now which department shall we... MCGEE...WHERE ARE Y-.....

SOUND: SWISH AND FLAP OF DOOR UP FAST AND FADE OUT.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...what's the idea of goin' round and round in that door. Why don't ye grow up?

FIB: Couldn't help it, Molly. I dropped my pocketbook and every time I'd stoop over to pick it up, somebody'd give the door a push. Where we goin' now?

MOL: Well...let's get you a hat, first. I wonder where...
EXCUSE ME SIR...WHERE ARE THE MENS' HATS?

RUSSIAN: Where are what's mans hats, kiddo?
MOL: Oh excuse me, I thought you were a floorwalker.
RUSS: Sure. I am floorwalkers. Every nights I am walking
the floor with my baby. She is a cute kid, too.
Nearly one years old. Here is a snipshots of him.
FIB: Kinda bald fer a year old ain't he bud?
MOL: You're holding the picture upside down, McGee.
FIB: Oh. Oh yes. AHM.

RUSS: I think this kid is favoping my side of the house.
FIB: Must be the shady side.
MOL: McGee!
RUSS: But there is only one troubles. She is already one
years old this kid and we should be boptizing him.
But we have rock my brain but there is no name we
can think of good enough for this kid.
FIB: Why dont you call him Annuity, bud?
MOL: Why Annuity?
FIB: Well, he looks like he wouldnt be much good till he's
about fifty.
MOL: You'll excuse me for mistaking you for a floorwalker.
But you werent wearing a hat so I thought you worked
here.
RUSS: Dont mention it, kiddo. I am not wearins hats because
I am a collegiate. Univerchity of Rossia.
MOL: Heavenly days... a communist!
FIB: You a communist, Bud?
RUSS: Sure. I am believeing in taking everybody's properties
and giving them to me.
FIB: Dont argue with him Molly. It'd be like waving a Red
rag in front of a bullshevik. Come on...here's the hat
department.

MOL: Excuse me, please...can you wait on us.

MAN: Oh I certainly can.

MOL: Me husband needs a new hat.

MAN: You're telling me?

FIB: Easy there bud, or I'll slap you down with a piece of lettuce.

MAN: Now now...no violence! How about a nice pork-pie.

FIB: We're cold, not hungry.

MAN: Oh you dont understand. I mean a pork pie hat... they're all the rage now. They're just the latest scream, really. Havent you seen the magazines for men?

FIB: How'd you ever get hold of one? .

MAN: I mean the magalazines like Esquire.

MOL: Our dentist doeent take it.

FIB: You got one o' them new Cap Calloways, bud?

MAN: Cap Calloways? What's it like?

FIB: It's got a colored band. (LAUGHS) Git it, Molly?
I says the Cap Cal-

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

MAN: How would you like a welt on the brim?

FIB: How would you like a kick in the teeth?

MOL: No, McGee...he meant a hat with stitched edges.

MAN: Yes...here's one, forninstance. This is a lovely French import.

FIB: French import eh? Them fellers 'll pass the hat once too often in this country.

MOL: There's a sweet hat over there. Let's see it.

MAN: What size, please?

FIB: ~~6 and 7/8.~~

MOL: ~~He should wear a 7 1/2 but he was marked down when his nurse dropped him. Try it on, McGee...~~

FIB: OKAY..hand 'er here, bud...How do I look in this, Molly. I (SUDDENLY MUFFLED) Mhnjgs,,molkjnsmm... Excuse me...it slipped down over my ears. You try it on, Molly. I wanta see how it looks on somebody else.

MOL: All right. (PAUSE) There....isn't it cute?

FIB: Looks pretty good on you, Molly.

MOL: I just love it. ~~I could sew the crown down on one side and~~ - How much is this one, mister?

MAN: Only ten dollars.

MOL: I'll take it.

FIB: HEY..I DONT WANT THAT THING, IT'S -

MOL: No but I do. I'm buying this for myself.

FIB: Well fer the...SAY I THOUGHT WE COME IN HERE TO BUY
ME A OUTFIT.

MAN: I'm sorry we havent a hat for you sir...if you'll
 be in the store a while I might look you up with a
 suggestion, however.

FIB: We'll be around a while, bud. Lemme know if you find
 a hat fer me.

MAN: Certainly. Will you take this with you, madam?

MOL: No. Send it out to Mrs Fibber McGee, 79 Wistful Vista.
 U.S.A.?

FIB: PDQ.

MOL: No. C.O.D.

MAN: O.K. If you don't mind my saying so madam..I think a
 very appropriate hat for you husband would be a coonskin
 cap. He's the...er..backwo...er..the PIONEER type, if
 you know what I mean.

FIB: Thanks, bud. Always thought so myself.

MOL: My Uncle Clem had a coonskin cap once. wit' the tail
 hanging down the back of his neck.

FIB: How'd he like it, Molly?

MOL: Oh he was just tickled to death with it.

MAN: Well, dont forget...I'll look you up if I find something
 for you..and..OH here comes another customer.

MOL: Oh that's Perry Como. He's the singer.

MAN: Really!

FIB: Sure he is bud. Likes to sing, too. Matter of fact,
 he'll sing at the drop of a hat. Lemme take that
 derby a minute. Now watch.

SOUND: CLUNK!

ORK: _____ --COMO.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WIL: WELL...SO FAR FIBBER HASNT GOT VERY FAR WITH HIS FAIL
 SHOPPING. MOLLY NOT ONLY BOUGHT THAT HAT FOR HERSELF,
 BUT SHE ALSO GOT A PAIR OF GLOVES...A PURSE, SOME
 STOCKINGS, AND A DRESS. SO FAR ALL FIBBER HAS HAD IS
 A LONG WALK! HERE WE FIND THEM ON THE FOURTH FLOOR
 OF THE BON TON-----

FIB: Hey, Molly...I thought we come down here to buy ME a
 outfit.

MOL: Oh dont be impatient, McGee. Just because I saw a
 few things I needed. Now I think we'd better get you
 some neckties and some - OH LOOK AT THIS SWEET LITTLE
 COCKTAIL DRESS.

FIB: Cocktail dress eh? Well, it does look a little tight. Kind of cute little wax models they make nowadays aint they Molly?

MOL: I'd LOVE to have one of these?

FIB: What for? To stand out on the lawn like a cast-iron stag?

MOL: No the dress, iggernuts. It's wonderful Material.

FIB: Yeah...It's either plaster of wax...I aint sure. I could tell by tappin' it.

SOUND: KNOCK KNOCK.

FIB: Nope. Papier-mache.

MOL: It would go beautifully with my fall coat.

FIB: Yeah but it'd fall apart in the rain.

MOL: I'm not talkin' about the dummy, you dummy. I mean the dress.

FIB: Oh. Well the dummies are kinda cute, too. Look like they got genuine hair. Look at this next one. Howdye think they keep the hair on 'em? Glue it? Let's see -

WHEE: (SCREECH) Look what your doin' there skippy. You pulled my hair.

FIB: Oh...I...er...excuse me, Granmaw. I thought you was one o' the dumm..er..one of the OTHER dummi..er...well.. I'm sorry.

WHEE: I should think you would be, sonny. It's gettin' so a girl cant go ANYWHERE these days without some man pesterin' her.

FIB: You work here, Granmaw?

WHEE: Sure I do, sonny. I'm a model in the Debutante Department.

FIB: Oh you a debutante?

WHEE: Yes, I came out in 1865. I was a war bride.

FIB: I git it. A shotgun w-

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: AHEM. Well...er..how do ye keep lookin' so young, granmaw.

WHEE: Ohh just diet and exercise, skippy.

FIB: Diet and exercise eh?

WHEE: That's right. The doctor told me to touch my toes twenty times every morning.

FIB: (WHEW! Touch your toes every morning twenty times eh? Kinda tough, aint it, Grandmaw?

WHEE: Well it was for a while, sonny. Then I got a plaster cast of my toes made and I keep it on the dresser. It's easy now.

FIB: AHEM. I'll bet you was a pretty kirpy lookin' debbytante back in 1863.

WHEE: That's what they tell me, sonny. But then, I was always an outdoor girl. Used to plow, and pitch hay ...drive the oxen...even made my own blacksnake whips.

FIB: Honest? How do ye make a blacksnake whip, Granmaw?

WHEE: Oh just step on his tail, sonny. (FADE OUT) Well, I got to be getting back to the -

FIB: Well fer the....can you imagine that, Molly?

MOL: It'll teach ye not to go around pullin' people's hair.

FIB: Oh well...are ye ready to walk on?

MOL: ~~Yes~~

WIL: ~~AND SO IS~~ JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT READY TO WALK ON IN JUST 20 MINUTES AFTER YOU APPLY IT!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harpo.

WIL: Hello folks. What are you doing here?

MOL: We're buying McGee a new fall outfit.

FIB: But so far she's got the outfit and I took the fall. Workin' here Harpo?

WIL: Yes, I'm the store detective.

FIB: Well, you certainly make a ducky dick.

WIL: Thanks. Seen any shoplifters?

FIB: Well I saw a girl back in the cosmetic department walk off with somethin'.

WIL: WITH WHAT?

MOL: Red Ingle. But I think it was his wife. Come on, McGee...we'll go get you some neckties. It's time you had -

MAN: Oh here you are....My I've just looked all over for you.

MOL: Oh it's the hat salesman.

FIB: What's on your mind, bud?

MAN: Say I've found just the right hat for you. Look! Isn't that marvelous. And marked way down too.

MOL: Heavenly days...he don't want a STRAW hat on October.

MAN: It would be very distinctive.

FIB: Don't want it bud. Shucks....a straw hat in October.

MAN: Oh now don't tell me you want Winter at Miami!

FIB: No, but I'm liable to Spring at your throat. Now go away and try again.

MAN: (FADE OUT) Well...all right, but I'm just terrible dissappointed. I thought I'd found just the right.....

MOL: Oh well...he was at least trying.

FIB: Not only that, he gets more trying every time I see him. Here's the neckties, Molly.

GIRL: Was there something for you, sir?

FIB: There hasn't been yet sis, but I'm still hopin' Here's a nice four-in-hand, Molly.

MOL: It's a little loud, McGee. Who made your four-in-hands, dearie?

FIB: And who made your bows? Some amateur?

GIRL: These are the very latest fall neckwear, sir.

FIB: How do they knot?

GIRL: How do that knot what?

MOL: He means how do they knot up?

GIRL: They're not up. They're down...for all our fall clearance sa -

FIB: No no no. sis...NOT HOW DO THEY KNOT UP < HOW ARE THEY FOR KNOTTING?

GIRL: You can't get 'em for knotting. They're a dollar *afiece* and up.

MOL: Just a minute, please. We mean, do they KNOT GOOD?

GIRL: Whaddye mean they're not good?

FIB: No, not are they are not good, but -

GIRL: I should say not.

MOL: You should say not what?

GIRL: Not good...I mean, if they're not NOT Good-- ~~any good~~ ^{\$}
~~Listen mister let's start over.~~

FIB: *Sheep it* ~~Yes~~ Okay. This is a nice polka dot.

GIRL: Dorothy to you.

MOL: Oh LOOK, McGee....a narrow black tie...JUST what I've been looking for?

FIB: That thing? Say I wouldn't wear that thing if you -

MOL: I don't mean for you. For ME. It's just right to wear with my gray blouse. I'll take it, dearie.

GIRL: How will I make out the slip? Cash or charge?

MOL: Cash. C.O.D.

GIRL: I thought so. No account.

FIB: Who's no account? Why say, I could -

GIRL: Where shall I send it, madam?

MOL: 79 Wistful Vista. Mrs Fibber McGee. Come on, McGee..

FIB: HEY I DIDN'T GET MYSELF A NECKTIE!

MOL: Well...we can come back this way. First I think you could get an overcoat, I think they're -

MAN: OH THERE YOU ARE.....Look what I found! Isn't this
the BEST LOOKING hat? Try it on sir.

MOL: Heavenly days....a sombrero?

FIB: What's the idea o' this hat, Bud? Do we look like
a couple o' mexicans?

MOL: I feel like one. My bean is jumping.

MAN: Oh I thought this would be just the thing, sir.
It's a MARVELOUS grade of felt, really. Just feel
that nap.

FIB: No, you go take one. I don't want any sombrero's.

MAN: (FADE OUT) Well, I'll go see what else we have.
thought I was SURE this would be just the.....

MOL: I suppose the next thing he'll bring you a rubber
bathing cap.

SCOT: Excuse me, lass....could ye be directin' me to the
underwearrt deparrrtment?

FIB: Third floor on the north side, scotty.

SCOT: Thank ye kindly, lad. Ma kilts arrre a wee bit
chilly since my brrrother went into the marrrket.

MOL: That's your brother going into the market got to
do with you being cold?

SCOT: He sold me shorrt. (FADE) Thank yer the information,
lass...and

MOL: Now let me see...where we are goin? Oh yes...to
buy you an overcoat. I think the overcoats are
on the next floor, McGee.

FIB: Okay...we'll ask some....

TED: Oh hello Fibber, Hello, Molly

MOL: Hello, Teddy darlin'.

FIB: Hiyah, Ted.

TED: Doing some shopping?

FIB: Yes. buyin' me a new fall outfit. It fits her
wonderful, too.

MOL: Quiet, McGee. What are you doing here Teddy? Buying
some music?

TED: Oh no...say could you tell me where the toy department
is?

MOL: TOY DEPARTMENT?

FIB: What do you want in there, Ted?

TED: Oh something for Parker Gibbs, in the band and I'm
going to buy the boys some playground stuff. They
LOVE to swing.

FIB: Well when ye get 'em remember what I told you.

TED: What's that?

FIB: Those foolish swings remind me of -

MOL: McGee?

FIB: AHEM. If ye hurry, Ted, you can catch the elevator on the down beat.

ORK: "FIVE PIECE BAND" -- -- GIBBS

APPLAUSE:

WILL: 2cd COMMERCIAL

- Commercial -

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WILL: Now BACK TO THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE BON TON, WHERE FIBBER IS GOING TO SELECT A FALL OVERCOAT. HE HOPES, SO FAR, MOLLY HAS HAD ALL THE LUCK, AND FIBBER HASN'T EVEN A NEW HANDKERCHIEF. HERE THEY ARE IN THE OVERCOAT SECTION.

MOL: Oh dear...all the clerks seem to be busy. YoooHoooo...mister...can you wait on us?

MAN: Just a minute, madam...I'll get you a salesman. Salesman? (PAUSE) SALESMAN!

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Salesman!

MAN: SALESMAN!

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) SALESMAN!

FIB: Kind of a cute game isn't it, Molly? Let's play

MOL: All right...one...two...three..

FIB & MOL: SALLILESSSSMAAAAAAN!

Oh there you are

Page 22

HAT MAN: Oh Thank you for calling me...I WONDERED where you were. Look at the MARVELOUS HAT I found for you sir. It's JUST Perfect for you.

FIB: Say whata the - THIS IS A SUN HELMET.

MAN: Yes...handsome isn't it? We call it a solar topee. Wonderful thing in the tropics.

FIB: Well I don't like to change the tropic, but why don't you find me something I can wear?

MOL: Yes, heavenly days, he can't wear a sun helmet in the winter.

MAN: Wel-l-l, perhaps it IS a bit daring.

FIB: Daring is right, and the helmet -

MOL: McGee.

FIB: AHEM- I was gonna say that the helmit wouldn't be very good while I was shovelin' snow off the sidewalks.

MAN: Well...all right...but its really a wonderful value. (FADE OUT) You don't get a value like this very often and....

MOL: What's the matter with him anyway?

FIB: Oh He's just a HEY DIDN'T YOU GET US A SALESMAN YET, BUD?

MAN: Sorry sir. Doesn't seem to be a salesman available. I'll wait on you myself. I'm the manager of the overcoat department. My Oliphant.

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

FIB: Hiyah, elephant.

MAN: OLIPHANT, sir. Not elephant. OLIPHANT. (LAUGHS)
Not a very common name.

MOL: Well elephants aren't very common animals.

MAN: No indeed. (FORCED LAUGH) Hah hah. Very amusing.
Or it would be if I didn't hear it so often. Hah
hah. Now what can I do for you?

FIB: Show me somethin' snappy in overcoats, bud.

MAN: Certainly. How would you like a belt in the back?

FIB: How would you like a sock in the...SAY WHAT IS THIS?
One guy wants to give me a welt on the brim and this
guy wants to give me a belt in the back.

MOL: Wait'll you buy a suit and get a cuff on the pants.

FIB: AHM. Gimme somethin' snappy bud. One with a nice
check in it.

MAN: A check ..yes sir...now let me see where did I put
those new plaids.

MOL: I thought an Oliphant never forgets

FIB: (SOTTO) I wonder if he kin squirt water thru his
nose.

MAN: What was that sir?

MOL: He said he must get his daughter some hose.

MAN: Oh Oh yes. Third floor. Now here is a beautiful
polo coat sir. You'll be warm as a bear in this.

MOL: A polo bear.

FIB: Lemme try it on. (GRUNTS) How do ye like it Molly?

MOL: Well I dunno, McGee...will it shrink, Mister?

MAN: Is it too large?

FIB: Yes it is.

MAN: Yes, it will shrink. AHM.

FIB: Kind of a dizzy pattern. ~~Too big~~ anyway.

MOL: Don you like it, McGee.? I think it's a beautiful
coat.

FIB: Well you can have it!

MOL: Oh can I really? I LOVE those mannish sport coats.
How -

FIB: SAY I THOUGHT WE COME DOWN HERE TO BUY ME A OUTFIT.

MOL: Now McGee.. don't be selfish. You can get a coat,
too.

FIB: Oh well...how much jack for ^{ties} benny, bud?

MAN: ~~Woo-lee is a Phil Harris tie~~
~~This coat is only sixty dollars today. It's on sale...~~
it was formerly a sixty-TWO dollar coat. ^{Value}

MOL: How does it fit me?

MAN: Perfectly. Perhaps a little snug about the..er...
AHM, but it could be altered.

MOL: I'm afraid I'm putting on a little weight.

MAN: Well, the trend is back toward curves, you know.

FIB: Yes..hippy days are here again.

MOL: I'll take it. Send it to Mrs. Fibber McGee..79 Wistful Vista. C.O.D.

MAN: Yes indeed. Now if you'll excuse me I'll get a tailor to make the alter (FADE OUT)

FIB: Well, this has been a real enjoyable shoppin' trip, Molly. I'd a had better luck if I'd come alone.

MOL: McGee, is that anyway to talk? Just because I -

SIL: Hi Ma'am. H'yah, Mist' McGee suh.

MOL: Oh hello, Silly. It's Silly Watson, McGee.

FIB: Hiyah Sil. What you doin' here?

SIL: Who, me? Ah gotta buy a coat fo' my brotheh, please suh. He goin' to college.

MOL: Well that's fine. And he wants you to buy a coat for him?

SIL: Yes'm. He want a skoon-kin coat, ma'am. Fo' college. He say all college men they weahs skoon-kin coats.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Why don't he go huntin' and kin his own skoons, Sil?

SIL: He ain' got time, please suh. He gotta do home wo'k.

MOL: Home work. Is he trying to make up a course?

SIL: No ma'am. But the pres'dent o' the college he say he been outtin' too many classes, please ma'am.

FIB: That's no way to do. What college he goin' to, Sil?

SIL: Wis'Ful Vista Barbeh College, Please suh. Souse me now, ah gotta go find me a skoon kin coat so mah brotheh....

FIB: Well, Molly. it's like I always says..if ye wanta get a head, go to barber college. You can comb the world, but for shear knowledge -

MOL: Oh be still, McGee. I'm just thinking what kind of shoes you ought to have.

FIB: Oh you're not thinkin' o' ME are ye Molly?

MOL: Certainly. Why do you think we come down here to the Bon Ton? Now let me see...~~I wonder what floor shoes~~ ^{the} are on. *What floor?*

FIB: ~~I dunno.~~

WIL: Well, ~~I can tell you that~~ Johnson's Glocoat is on EVERY FLOOR where the up-to-date housewife wants a no-rubbing n-buffering floor polish.

FIB: ^{detacher w/ice of} Hi Harpo. How's crime?

WIL: Well I haven't caught anybody but one man in the hardware department Stealing some putty.

MOL: Did you arrest him?

WIL: Oh no. It was just putty larceny. Got everything you want, Fibber?

FIB: All but one thing, Harpo. I gotta help some fellas across the street from us dig a basement and I gotta get some overalls.

Page 27.

WIL: I see. You want a foundation garment. Seventh floor.
(FADE) WELL I'll be seeing you....

FIB: Shucks, a foundation gar- Oh hiyah bud.

MAN: Hello. Here's your receipt for the coat, madam.

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: Good. Now I'd like a coat myself, bud. Something that'll wear good..look snappy and -

MAN: Oh I'm sorry...but there won't be time. Th' store closes in about three minutes. Can't you come back tomorrow? You can -

SOUND: GONG:

MAN: There. That's the closing signal. I'm very sorry.

FIB: Oh fer the... can you beat that? Come on Molly.

MOL: It's all right, McGee.. we'll come back tomorrow and -

SOUND: CROWD BUZZ SWISH OF DOOR.....ETC..

FIB: Well, it's good to git out into the air anyway. Where'd we leave the car?

MOL: Right against the fireplug..see? It's the car with the policeman standing by it.

FIB: The Poli...oh oh. Say let's walk around the block fer a minute. Maybe he'll get tired o' waitin'.

MOL: No. I warned you against parkin' there. Now face the music. Besides, the chief of Police is a great pal, of yours, ye know.

Page 28.

FIB: Oh wel....HI YAH OFFICER. Nice day.

COP: WOTS NICE ABOUT IT?

MOL: Well..it is a little cloudy.

COP: IS THIS YOUR CAR?

FIB: Well...er..ye see, I..er..

COP: IS IT OR ISN'T IT? DONT YOU KNOW YOUR OWN CAR WHEN YOU SEE IT?

MOL: He hardly recognizes it since he put the Johnson's Wax-Pipe down, lady.

FIB: Yes it's my car all right, officer, but I dunno how it got here. Somebody musta pushed it over in front o' the fireplug.

COP: Yeah. That's what they all say. Here's a ticket. That'll cost you five ^{dollars} ~~and costs~~.

MOL: ^{Heavenly} ~~Heavenly~~ days...me husband knows the chief of police very well, officer. He'll have you transferred.

COP: (LAUGHS) Oh he will, will he? See this badge? I'M the chief of police. Now get started. I almost made your friend drive your car down to the station.

MOL: Friend..

FIB: What friend?

COP: The one in the back seat there. HEY YOU.. HERE'S YOUR PALS.

Page 29.

HAT MAN: Oh THERE YOU ARE....say I've got just the hat for you, sir. It's JUST THE THING! A yachting cap! I don't know why I never thought of it before, but when I looked out and saw the policeman here it just came to me just like that! SAY...WHAT ARE YOU DOING! YOU CANT -

ORK: CHASER: APPLAUSE:

WIL: Commercial

ORK: "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME DOWN FOR TAG GAG.

TAG WHEEZE:

ORK: MUSICAL TAG.

APPLAUSE:

vc:ot:na:rn:
10/2/36
10:00 AM

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. Hew WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#79) OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
(8:00 - 8:30 PM

(OCTOBER 12, 1936)

(MONDAY,)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Monday 1.30 rehearsal
to with Paul
3.45

Hew Press - 5.30 (prom)

Transfer 3rd + 2nd Commercial

1st bit 5
2nd " 5 1/2
3rd " 6 1/2

~~Wentworth Prize Winner~~
Wentworth Test used Detroit

NBC

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Mrs Bruce Cannon
Columbus Memorial -
Linnell + Wrightman