

NBC

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

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (#79) OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ (OCTOBER 12, 1936) MONDAY

PRODUCTION ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
MARKS
Monday 1.30 rehearsal to with Paul & Guy 3.45

HW Pres. - 5.30 (prompt)

Transfer 3rd + 2nd Commercial

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

~~Attention First Commercial~~
Attention Test used Detroit

October 12, 1936

Page 2.

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW...TILL TOMORROW"

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: "(SECOND PHRASE OF THEME)"

WIL: Presenting MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORK: FINISH THEME WITH TANNER

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH

ORK:

APPLAUSE:

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

WIL: Once upon a time there were two housewives, the first housewife said to the second housewife:

HW 1ST HOUSEWIFE: (TIRED VOICE) My kitchen linoleum always looks dirty and dull. I wish I knew how you keep your floors so nice and bright?

WIL 2ND HOUSEWIFE: (HAPPY VOICE) I just go over ~~them~~ ^{my floors} occasionally with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. It keeps them shining like new all the time and I don't have to do any rubbing or buffing!

WIL: And that's why more than a million housewives are so enthusiastic about JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. This remarkable no-rubbing liquid polish is so easy to use. It dries in 20 minutes and gives a beautiful polish to your floors and linoleum, and actually saves you hours of work -- for dirt and dust can't cling to the shining GLO-COAT surface. Order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow and you'll live happier ever after.

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNGM'T)
 WIL: WELL, THE MCGEES HAVE GONE WESTERN ON US TONITE. THEY'VE DECIDED TO TAKE A WEEK'S VACATION AT A DUDE RANCH, AND HERE IN THERE ROOM AT THE G-BAR-C RANCH, JUST AFTER CHECKING IN, WE FIND... FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...did you hear what the manager said?
 WE HAFTA DRESS for dinner!

FIB: Whaat'd he think we were gonna do? Come down in our *under*

MOL: McGee!!!..They mean you have to wear a tuxedo.

FIB: Well shucks...I didn't bring any *boiled* *iron* shirts. I suppose we'll have to eat with the help. *well!* Say...look out the window here?

MOL: Wait till I get this cold cream on. The air is awful dry out here and I wanta protect my face.

FIB: Aw come on take a look....it's real pretty.

MOL: In a minute...

SOUND: PATTING CHEEKS

FIB: Say why do ye think we got a room with a view if ye dont use it? We get a room facing the patio and you spend the time patting the face-*io*. (LAUGHS) Dont ye git, Molly?
 I says -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

Look at that view with the windows
 FIB: Okay. AHM. Ye know, Molly, I feel like I belonged out here in this country.

MOL: You should. It's just a lot of sand and air, too!

FIB: My great grandfather come out here in a prairie schooner, and my great grandmother went around the Horn in a schooner-

MOL: ~~I feel the same way, McGee.~~ MY great grandfather was never out of sight of a schooner ~~either~~. He had one around his horn ~~every minute.~~ *all the time*

KNOCK AT DOOR

MOL: Come in!

DOOR LATCH.

MAN: Howdy pa'dner. Howdy ma'am. Anything I can do for yuh? I'm the head wrangler.

FIB: No thanks, bud. We do our own wranglin'.

~~MAN: You don't understand, pa'dnug. I'm the top hand on the ranch here.~~

MOL: He means he's the chief cowboy, McGee.

~~FIB: Oh I see.~~

~~MOL: Thank you mister Cowboy, but I think we'll be all right.~~

Do you think we could take a ride, today?

MAN: A ride, ma'am? Sho' thing. We got a nice sorrel *sebay* ~~couper~~ ~~a dun limousine~~ and a couple o' bay roadsters.

FIB: Eh? No hosses?

MAN: Hosses, pa'dnug? Well now lemme think...yes...ah reckon ah could round up a couple fo' yuh. Meantime, pa'dnug, anything ah kin do jus' call me.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well the Old West ain't what it used to be, Molly. I suppose their idea o' roughin' it, out here now is to play bridge without ^{their} gloves. *ff*

MOL: Sure...this is out where the whist begins.

FIB: Well, I kin hardly wait Molly, till I straddle me a pony and kyoodle out over the desert.

MOL: They'll probly give you a rockin' horse and a sun-lamp. This begins to look like more dude than ranch.

FIB: Maybe that E is just a typographical error. Shoulda been a dud ranch.

MOL: Oh well...the ^{literature} ~~literature~~ said the G-Bar-C had "all the authentic atmosphere of the old west."

SOUND: TELEPHONE

FIB: Git it, Molly, will ye? I'm watchin' a cowpuncher out there with a rope.

MOL: Really? What's he ropin'? A Wild mustang?

FIB: Nope. He's puttin' up a clothes-line.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: HELLO....HELLO....YES...YES, I'M READY. (ASIDE) I wonder who this is McGee...It's a Long Distance from Detroit)

FIB: I'll say it tis.

Radio Slam

MOL: HELLO...YES....OH W W J? How do ye do, I'm sure. Yes... well now, I dont know...I'd love to, myself. I'll talk it over with me husband and call ye back. Thank you.

~~Yes... W W J.~~ (CLICK) W W J in Detroit, Michigan wants us to come over there and broadcast Next Monday, ~~McGee~~.

How about it?

FIB: Well, I -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Now what the....COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

CHINK: Hello, Padnuh. Me chief cookee, ~~en-lanchee~~.

~~MOL: You're the cookee, are you?~~

FIB: Listen, cookie...go crawl under a raisin! We're unpackin'.

CHINK: SUAH. Hope you stay velly long time. Enjoy self. G-bah-Q velley swell dude lanchee.

FIB: Yes, it's got 'All the authentic atmosphere of the old' WALDORF, John.

CHINK: Me sent up heah find out whatchee kind cookee you likum. You likee Flench glub...Italian glub, ~~Chinese Glub,~~ Hunglarian glub or plain glub.

FIB: Say we come out here for some rough stuff, John. Forget them fancy menus and give us what the cowboys eat.

CHINK: Okay. Blest of guinea hen undah glass, olaviar, champagne and bliscuit tortone. High class glub. Cowboy velley fussy. Bye, now.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Wellll --l-l, I guess the Old West aint what it used to be,
Molly. Why I can remember the time -

DOOR LATCH

MOL: Oh ~~heavenly~~ *and behind you McGee* says...AN INDIAN...GET OUT OF HERE YOU...YOU..
YOU.. SAVAGE

FIB: Scram, injun. This is a private room.

MOL: Look at them feathers in his hair, McGee. ~~Do ye suppose~~
~~he'll scalp us?~~

~~FIB: If he does it'll be on two tickets for a concert. You a~~
~~real injun, bud?~~

BLOT: Yes yes, my little tepee-tipper, an authentic redskin.
I am a Pottowattomie, Ah yes...we have fallen on evil days,
us Indians, my friend. We are forced to make our living
providing atmosphere for dude ranches...yes yes...and I can
remember when there was a chicken in every Pottowattomie.
And if I might make a suggestion, my little wig-warmer,
there is to be an exciting game of Ping pong tonight between
the Pottowattomies and the Cherokees in the Louis 14th
Room. Better come. It will have all the authentic
atmosphere of the Old West.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hey, Molly.

MOL: What?

FIB: Did Billy The Kid wear spats?

MOL: I dunno, but I'll bet these dude ranchers would make a
desert rat feel like Mickey Mouse.

FIB: If I stay out here in this wild country very long, I'll go
home with a waxed mustache and carryin' a cane. Of all the-

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

TED: ALL RIGHT...STICK 'EM UP! THIS IS A HOLD UP!

MOL: Well thank goodness!

FIB: Give you five bucks to shoot up the joint...pardner.

TED: QUIET, THERE PARDNER!

MOL: That voice is familiar.

FIB: I reckonize that handkerchief he's got over his face too.
I loaned that to Ted Weems last week.

TED: ~~Oh well...all right.~~ *Well, you got me pardner*

MOL: Oh is it Ted. How'd you get out here, Ted?

TED: I brought the boys in on the last stoogecoach.

MOL: And you were going to hold us up?

TED: Yes, but just for a few minutes, while ^{here} Perry Como sings
THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT.

ORK: THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT. -- COMO

APPLAUSE:

WIL: WELL OUR TWO DUDE RANCHERS ARE REALLY GOING TO ROUGH IT,
talking to some folks
NOW! HERE ARE FIBBER AND MOLLY OUT BY THE CORRAL, ARRANGING
WITH THE COWBOYS FOR HORSES AND GUIDES.

MOL: Do any of you cowboys know any ^{thing exciting to do} interesting rides around here?

MAN: ^{sure!} Well we could scamper over to the LAZY W ranch, if you like.

FIB: They make a marvelous chocolate malted milk over there.

MOL: Say aint there ANYTHING WESTERN out here? Havent you got any mountain lions, or buffalos, or..or..

MAN: Or rustling?

FIB: Wrestling?

MOL: No, RUSTLING! Didnt you ever read about cattle rustlers?

MAN: Well, I DID read something by Zane Grey about cattle rustling once. Isnt that the sort of thing where they would steal a herd of cows, or something?

MOL: Sure...they'd round 'em up and change the brand.

WIL: WELL YOU'D NEVER CHANGE YOUR BRAND IF YOU EVER TRIED JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT ON YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM.

MOL: Oh, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Harpo. What you doin' out here on the G-BAR-C ranch?

WIL: Oh I have a half interest in the place. The G-Bar-C, is for Glo-hyphen-Coat.

FIB: AHEM. Hey, Harpo.

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Didnt I see you in the cocktail room saddling up a pony of brandy?

WIL: Yes, I have to take it for my bucking bronchitis. Well so long, folks...(FADE OUT)

FIB: ^{Alright cowboy} AHEM.....~~HEY THERE BUD...~~saddle up a couple o' ponies for us, will ye?

MAN: ^{sure, pardner} Certainly sir. Do you want a saddle with a horn on it?

MOL: Is the traffic that bad out here?

MAN: No...I-mean a saddle horn. I high pommel, as we Westerners say.

FIB: ~~We'll take the works, bud. Chaps, spurs, ponchos and rope.~~

MOL: ~~Go ahead, mister. Saddle old paint for the last roundup.~~

MAN: ~~All right. Now let me see...what will I saddle old paint with.~~

FIB: COME ON BUD....snap into it with them cayuses.

MAN: Those what?

FIB: Cayuses. That's western for horses.

MAN: Is it really? Don't you find the nomenclature of the plains very interesting?

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) "The authentic atmosphere of the Old West"

MAN: ^{Now where} ~~Which way~~ do you folks ^{wants to} think of riding?

FIB: I'd kinda like to mosey over into them foothills over there, ^{bud, pardner} ~~bud, pardner~~

MAN: All right. OH CURLY!

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Yes?

MAN: Take that ^{imitation} ~~paper~~ ^{mask!} steer's skull ^{to} ~~over~~ on the ridge over there. Be sure the ~~light hits it properly.~~ ^{to put where they can see it,}

VOICE: Sorry, but we planted the skull for another party. Will the stuffed prairie dog, do?

MAN: Do you mind, folks? After all, it's just atmosphere.

FIB: That's okay, ^{father} ~~and~~. Don't mind us. Just sprinkle a few arrowheads. ^{around} We're not hard to please. OK

MAN: That's mighty decent of you. NEVER MIND, CURLY. ^{Inter sting} fellow, Curly. He used to be a cowboy with M-G-M, but ^{now} lately he's ~~been~~ a Texas Arranger with Weems -

FIB: I used to be a pie-throwin' comedian with Mack Sennett, ^{for last} ~~so we come out here to see~~ Custard's Last Stand.

SOUND: TELEPHONE:

MOL: Heavenly days...an extension phone ^{every} on ~~the~~ stable.

FIB: I told ye the West wasn't what it used to be, Molly. I'll git it whilst he hitches up the nags. HELLO.... HELLO....YES...FIBBER MCGEE SPEAKIN'. 'WHO? ^{W W J?} OH YES...HARYA? YES... BUT WE AIN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TALK ABOUT IT YET. OKAY I'LL CALL YE BACK. (CLICK)

Detroit again, Molly, wantin' to know if we could broadcast over there next Monday and -

OH HELLO THERE LITTLE GIRL

MOL: Oh hello dearie. What are you doing here?

FIB: You a cowboy's kid, sis?

TEE: Hi, pardners. No, Pardner, my daddy's a nartist, I betcha. ~~He lives over yonder in a tent.~~

FIB: Oh he's a nartist. (LAUGHS) Cute ain't she Molly?

TEE: Where'd you git the fancy cowboy pants, sis?

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says, where'd you get the cute little cowboy pants?

TEE: Oh these are just a couple of chaps I go around with, I betcha.

FIB: Jest a coupia....AHM. You hang around here a lot, sis?

TEE: Do you?

FIB: Do we what?

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says DO WE WHAT?

TEE: Gee, I dunno do you what, I betcha.

FIB: No no no...I says do you hang around here and you says do we, and I says do we what and you says huh, and ...er... oh well. You say your oldm- your father is an artist, eh? What kind of a artist?

TEE: A dandy one, I betcha.

FIB: No, I mean does he etch?

TEE: Where?

FIB: No, I says ETCH. Does he make etchings. Or does he just paint pitchers?

TEE: He's a lightning sketch artist, pardner.

FIB: Oh, a lightning sketch artist, eh?

TEE: Yes, and of all the hombres around here he's the quickest on the draw. Well so long, pardners.....I'll be seein' you I betcha....(FADE OUT)

FIB: ~~Quickest on the dr...~~(LAUGHS) Imagine that, Molly?

MOL: I suppose her father came out here to work because it was picturesque.

FIB: Whaddye mean, pitcheresk?

MOL: PICTURESQUE, ~~iggenants~~ that means a place where the food is bad, the beds are worse, the insects are terrible and there's no plumbing.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Say boys...ain't you saddled up them nags yet? We wanta go for a ride.

MAN: Sorry pardneh, but we cain't use them hosses ^{no more} today. Mister Wilcox had 'em out playin' polo this mawnin' and they're plumb tuckered ~~out~~

FIB: Well fer the...are them the only hosses you got, ~~brother?~~

MAN: That's all pardneh

FIB: Only two hosses on a ranch? I don't believe it.

MAN: When you say that, smile, pardnuh. HEY BOYS....come a runnin'.

CURLY: What's the matter, Jack?

SHORTY: What's goin on heah?

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) Be careful, McGee...they're all carryin' guns.

MAN: BOYS, THIS HEAH ORNERY LIL COYOTE ^{jes called me a bear} don't believe we only got two ponies.

CURLY: It's a fact, Pardner.

SHORTY: Gospel truth, strangeh.

MAN: See that lil mound oveh theah, ^{looks like} pardnuh. With the headstone ^{and the flowers}.

FIB: ~~Over there?~~ Oh, I'm sorry, brother. I didn't know you'd jest buried a hoss. ^{partner}

MAN: We didn't. We jest buried the las' man that doubted our word.

FIB: Oh.

MOL: ^{well} Oh he didn't mean anything, pardn...er...gentlemen.

FIB: You . er . you boys worked long at the G-Bar-C?

MAN: No, we just come oveh from the old N-Bar-C.

MAN: #2: Red Network.

MAN: #3: For the fall roundup.

MOL: ~~Oh cattle?~~

MAN: #3: No, ~~tourists~~. We're the Ranch Boys, ma'am.

MOL: Oh, yes. I've heard you ^{on the Radio} ~~play~~. Won't you play somethin' for us

MAN: Shore will, ma'am. Git yore spurs into that ~~gitar~~, Shorty!

RANCH BOYS: "WHOOPEE TI YI YO"

APPLAUSE:

guitar

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

Wonder if she had trouble keeping her floors
 WILCOX: We asked a young bride ~~what she thought about~~ *JOHNSON'S clean and*
polished

GLO-COAT. This is what she said:

BRIDE: When I started housekeeping a few months ago I had an awful time with my floors. The linoleum seemed to show every foot-mark and if I spilled anything on the kitchen floor it was so hard to clean it up. Then a neighbor told me to use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. It took only a few minutes to apply the GLO-COAT and I didn't have to do a bit of rubbing or buffing. Now my floors are beautifully polished all the time, and it's so easy to keep them clean.

WILCOX: Then we talked to a successful dealer who made this comment:

DEALER: I've handled the JOHNSON'S WAX products for years, and I must say that JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is the biggest selling polish of its kind on the market.

WILCOX: Well, there's one thing everybody seems to agree on. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is a remarkable labor-saving polish. It makes dull, dingy floors beautiful and bright without rubbing or buffing. (You'll find you save money by ordering GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.)

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

WIL: NOW BACK AT THE G-bar-C DUDE RANCH, WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY, UNABLE TO FIND HORSES ARE LOOKING OVER THE OLD TIME DANCE HALL. THE ROULETTE TABLES HAVE GONE, OF COURSE, BUT THEY STILL PUT ON A PRETTY WICKED GAME OF KENO. AND AT THE BAR YOU CAN GET ANYTHING FROM ROOT BEER TO A BANANA SPLIT. HERE ARE FIBBER AND MOLLY, LOOKING OVER THE PLACE.

~~MOL:~~ ~~In no... the authentic atmosphere of the Old West.~~

FIB: Well, it ain't much like the days when I used to be out here, Molly. Why in these places, they was a fight every ten minutes. It used to be they'd hold up the bank every day or so, and now they got so soft they're all in a twitter over banknote at the movie. Shucks.

MOL: Still, McGee...It's got a lot of atmosphere. Look at those scorched places on the bar there, from gunplay.

FIB: Gunplay me eye, Molly. Them marks is from these boy scouts givin' each other the hot-foot!

MOL: Pssst...McGee... Look at the Indian Squaw over there. Now there's the real thing.

FIB: Kinda looks it at that, Molly. Let's give her a buzz I used to know the ^{Indian} ~~sign~~ language pretty well, bein' kidnaped by Injuns when a baby, like I was. AHEM.

MOL: Oh now, McGee...please don't try to -

FIB: Watch this, Molly. I'm gonna ask her ~~in sign language~~ ^{the likes of her} what tribe she belongs to. From her ~~blanket~~ ^{she belongs to} I'd say ~~she belongs to~~ or the Blackfeet. Hey there, Minnehahha...Ut-whay Ibe-tray you Um-fray?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Wrong dialect, I guess. Woogly-Muggwah-Ploo-glug? How ' Ugh! Ugh!

~~MOL: She don't take a thing for granted, does she, McGee?~~

~~FIB: Quiet, Molly. I'll try again. MOOSH. UGH...BOO-LI-NO UGH?~~
~~How!~~

WHEE: AND HOW, SONNY...~~IF YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN WILL YOU QUIT WAVIN' THEM LUNCH-HOOKS IN FRONT OF MY FACE!~~

FIB: Well fer the...say grandmaw...we thought you was a Injun ~~Squaw?~~

WHEE: I am, sonny. I married a first baseman ~~from Cleveland.~~ ^{one of the} He was a Cleveland Indian. We come out here in 'forty nine. I was here in the gold rush, sonny. The Girl of the Golden West they called me. My husband wanted me to pan gold, but I said WHY SHOULD I? I LIKE GOLD!
(SIGHS) Then I become a dance-hall girl.

FIB: Them were the boom days, eh granmaw?

WHEE: Sonny, them were the tarara-boom-d-ays. Well, I better get back to the mine.

FIB: The mine, eh? Whatcha minin', granmaw?

WHEE: I'm minin' my own business, Shorty. Adios, amigos...
(FADE) Bartender, pour me a slug of cococola and put it on the cuff.....

FIB: ~~Come on, Molly....let's go outside.~~

MOL: What for?

FIB: I want to get a load of them mountains over there. I got a sneakin' suspicion it's just a back-drop. Everything else out here is a fake.

MOL: Well how about that centipede crawlin' up your leg there?

FIB: YOWWWWWW....Help...He...WHERE IS HE? GIT HIM OFF!!!

MOL: Quiet, McGee. My mistake. It was just a shadow.

BOY: Excuse me, please...are you Mister McGee.

FIB: That's me, sonny.

BOY: Long distance telephone call for you, sir. You can take it in this booth right here.

FIB: Thanks, bud. Excuse me a minute, Molly.

MOL: Sure.

FIB: (FADE OUT) The Old West eh? Gittin' paged by a bellhop fer a long distance call and

MOL: Oh dear...I wish... OH HELLO THERE, Boys.

RANCH BOYS: Howdy ma'am. ^{1st man} Yore husband havin' a good time?

MOL: No, he thinks the west has gone sissy. He's real disappointed. ↓

JACK: Hmmm. He thinks so, does he. Well listen ma'am. We'd like to show him somethin' if yo-all don't mind.

MOL: What is it?

JACK: Kind of a prattical joke, ma'am, ye might say. Kinda demonstrate to this hombre we ain't so soft as he thinks. We're gonna ~~pretend to~~ start shootin' at his feet.

MOL: OH DEAR...PLEASE, BOYS...YOU'LL SHOOT HIS TOES OFF...

JACK: No ma'am. ^{well not shoot between his toes} We don't carry nothin' but blank ca'tridges, ma'am. ~~Ever since one o' the boys got lickered up and plugged the night clerk.~~ We won't hurt him none, ma'am.

MOL: Well-1-1-1--

MAN: Now don't you git alarmed, ma'am. He won't be hurt none.

CURLY: Look out...here he comes.

MOL: Oh hello, McGee...who was the call from?

FIB: ^{again} WWJ in ^{again} Detroit, Molly. ^{Some mister that we come to Detroit} Wanted us to come there next ^{again} Monday.

MOL: Whadja tell 'em?

FIB: Well, I didn't quite know. I told 'em I'd call 'em back pretty soon and let 'em know definite. Hiyah, boys.

JACK: Howdy, pardneh. How you doin'?

FIB: Oh not so good, boys. I think this place is ^{slowly} ~~a setup~~. Why shucks, when I was out here in 1878 it was TOUGH. I was town marshall of Rattlesnake Ridge in them days. ^{to killen they called me} Cowhand McGee I was knowed as in them days. ^{Cowhand Coyote killer} MCGEE, THE-CORKIN', CLEVEREST CARTRIDGE CLIPPIN' CAYUSE-CLIMBIN' CABALLERO O' CALAVERAS COUNTY.

MEN: Yeahhhhhhhh?

FIB: ~~Yeah~~ ^{well} ~~so~~ ^{so}

MOL: Never mind, McGee...let's be goin' over to the -

FIB: Wait Molly. The boys probably wanta hear about how I caught Dirty-shirt-Desmond, the Denver Desperado. Don't ye boys?

(PAUSE)

FIB: Sure ye do. AHEM. Well sir, I was Marshall then, and one day who should come racketin' into town but Dirty-shirt Desmond. I heard he was after my scalp.. so what does I do but I walks right down to the Golden Nugget saloon where he was. I busts thru the swing doors and walks right up to him where he stood agin the bar... I HEAR YOU'RE LOOKIN' FER ME DIRTY-SHIRT, I says...real cool, lookin' him straight in the eye. Who, says he? YOU says I quick's a flash. Oh yea, says he and goes fer his gun.

MOL: Where'd he leave it?
 FIB: No, I mean he started some gunplay. Well, sir, I was so fast with a shootin' iron in them days, I jest stood there and laughed. ~~Ye see, in them days, boys, us fellers never used triggers. Too slow. We took the triggers off and fanned the hammers with our thumbs. All us fast gunmen done that. Ever hear about that?~~

(PAUSE)

FIB: I thought not. ~~AHEM. Well sir, jest as Dirty Shirt was about to throw down on me -~~

MOL: ~~Throw what down on you?~~

FIB: ~~That means, Molly he was about to start firin' on. Jest as he was about to let go a blast, quick as lightnin' I draws and fires, shootin' off both his thumbs. Well, sir, not havin' no thumbs fer the hammer and no triggers on the gun he was helpless. So I knocks his ears back with my bare hands and marches him off to the hoosegov, meek's a lamb. (LAUGHS) That was famous fer years after as the day when Marshall McGee shot up two joints at once. (LAUGHS) Git it? Two thumbs? Two joints? (LAUGHS) (NERVOUS)~~

Say what's the matter with you boys?

JACK: Pardner. ~~At last we caught up with ye. Dirty-Shirt was our pal. You got any last words, strangeh?~~ *at last. Demand*

FIB: any last w-...aw come on now boys... (LAUGHS) ~~I can take a joke. I was just joking.~~

JACK: Bullets ain't no joke, pardneh.

FIB: Besides...er...I...er...well, maybe I got the name wrong. Maybe it wasn't even in 1878...maybe. *I was in Peria*

JACK: No ye don't, pardner. We been lookin' fo yeahs for the maverick that got ole dirty-shirt. LET HIM HAVE IT BOYS!

SOUND: ~~BANGING...MOL SCREAMS.~~

MAN: DANCE, STRANGEH...DANCE...DANCE FO' OLD DIRTY SHIRT... STEP IT UP THEAH...

SOUND: ~~YIPPING...SHOOTING SCREAMING...~~ *- Glass Crash -*

MOL: ~~OHHHH THERE GOES THE LIGHTS...MCGEE WHERE ARE YOU?~~ *who shot*

MAN: ~~NOW THEN, PARDNER...WILL YA ADMIT THE WEST AIN'T SO SOFT? WILL YE~~

SOUND: ~~WIND WHISTLE AND DISTANT DOOR SLAM.~~

MOL: McGEE...come back here...the boys were only...oh dear...

Man: ~~Now see what you did, ~~huh~~ and the lights, somebody~~ *his eye, Cease firin' boys. No shot out*

MAN: *Curly.* Sorry ma'am. Didn't realize he'd take it to heart so.

MAN: *Shokey.* Awful regretful, ma'am.

MOL: Oh I ~~suppose~~ *hope his* it's all right. Heavenly days... I never saw McGee move so fast in all my born d-

SOUND: ~~TELEPHONE~~

mol: ~~No wheels that telephone? I can't see a thing in the dark.~~

FIB: any last w....aw come on now boys... (LAUGHS) ~~I can take a joke. I was just joking~~

JACK: Bullets ain't no joke, pardneh.

FIB: Besides...er...I...er...well, maybe I got the name wrong. Maybe it wasn't even in 1878...maybe ~~it was in Paris~~

JACK: No ye don't, pardner. We been lookin' fo yeahs for the maverick that got ole dirty-shirt. LET HIM HAVE IT BOYS!

SOUND: ~~RANGING ...MOL SCREAMS.~~

MAN: DANCE, STRANGEH...DANCE...DANCE FO' OLD DIRTY SHIRT... STEP IT UP THEAH...

SOUND: ~~YIPPING...SHOOTING SCREAMING...~~ - Glass Crash -

MOL: OHHHH ~~THERE GOES THE LIGHTS...~~ ^{who shot} MCGEE WHERE ARE YOU?

MAN: NOW THEN, PARDNER...WILL YA ADMIT THE WEST AIN'T SO SOFT? ~~WILL YE~~

SOUND: ~~WIND WHISTLE AND DISTANT DOOR SLAM.~~

MOL: ^{Man} MCGEE...come back here...the boys were only...oh dear... ^{let's give Chase from Emp.} ~~Now see what you did, ^{and} ~~and~~ the lights, ^{out} somebody.~~

MAN: ^{Curly} Sorry ma'am. Didn't realize he'd take it to heart so.

MEN: ^{Shirley} Awful regretful, ma'am.

MOL: Oh I ~~suppose~~ ^{hope he's} all right. Heavenly days... I never saw McGee move so fast in all my born d-

SOUND: ~~TELEPHONE~~

mol: ^{no} ~~no~~ where's that telephone? I can't see a thing in the dark.

MOL: Oh dear... ^{oh dear it is} I suppose the management wants to know what the shooting's for. (CLICK) Hello. YES..THIS IS MOLLY MCGEE...WHO'S CALLIN'?

FIB: (PA. VOICE) THIS IS FIBBER, ^{remember?} MOLLY...ARE .ARE YOU ALL RIGHT...?

MOL: YES...I'M ALL RIGHT.. WHERE ARE YOU?

FIB: I'M IN DETROIT, MOLLY... ~~I'm in Detroit for next week is~~ ^{next Monday}

BROADCAST.

MOL: ~~In~~ DETROIT !! MCGEE WAS THAT YOU THAT SHOT OUT THE LIGHTS?

FIB: NO...THAT WAS ME THAT SHOT OUT THE DOOR!

ORK: ~~CHASER~~

APPLAUSE:

WIL-THIRD COMMERCIAL:

The makers of JOHNSON'S WAX spent many years of laboratory work in the effort to produce the finest no-rubbing floor polish that could possibly be made. The result was JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- (an appropriate name) for GLO-COAT spreads a glowing coat of beauty over floors and linoleum. This easy-to-use liquid polish can be applied with a soft cloth or the special GLO-COAT APPLIER. You don't have to rub it -- you don't have to buff it. GLO-COAT dries in 20 minutes and gives your floors a shining polish that stays clean and bright. If you want to have floors that everyone will admire -- and at the same time floors that are easy to keep clean, order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

ORK: "FROM THE TOP OF YOUR TOES"

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME:

TAG GAG:

MUSICAL TAG.

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Detroit announcement.

mc & vc
11:05 am
10/9/36

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY OCTOBER 12, 1936
WMAQ-NBC 8 PM
ALSO REBROADCAST

LIMERICK ANNOUNCEMENT

Can you supply a last line for an unfinished limerick about FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY? Of course you can! So get busy and win one of the 26 cash prizes offered each week in the FIBBER MCGEE LIMERICK CONTEST conducted by RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE. Winner of the first prize this week is MRS. ARTHUR POLZIN 4554 GREENWOOD AVE., CHICAGO. 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
MONDAY OCTOBER 12, 1936
WHAQ-NBC 8 PM
ALSO REBROADCAST

WILCOX: Now I have a very important announcement to make -- so please listen carefully. The MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX have recently brought out a new CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH -- the kind you've always wanted! It is so easy to use, yet it gives an exquisite wax lustre. In order to introduce you to this new JOHNSON FURNITURE POLISH they are offering you a big 40¢ polishing cloth free, with every purchase of the new CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH.

1ST
WOMAN: It's a wonderful polishing cloth -- soft as chamois.

~~2ND
WOMAN:~~ It's double-size -- a real 40¢ value -- and it's given to you -- FREE.

WILCOX: Women, by the thousands will be asking their dealers for this free polishing cloth, given with every purchase of a pint bottle of JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH.

1ST
WOMAN: JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH contains no oil to collect dust. It's the best furniture polish I ever used.

2ND
WOMAN: It cleans and polishes at the same time and you can use it over wax or any other polish.

WILCOX: Go to your dealer without delay. Order a pint bottle of JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH and receive FREE, a big double size chamois *lele* polishing cloth.

HW:CF

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
MONDAY OCT. 12, 1936
WHAQ-NBC 8 PM
ALSO REBROADCAST

2nd COMMERCIAL

Here are two things to remember when you go to the store to buy a no-rubbing floor polish. First: Be sure you get a polish that will give a smooth, even surface and not be gummy or sticky! Second: You want a polish that will give long wear!

You can be sure you are getting the finest no-rubbing polish that can possibly be made when you order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. It is made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX. After years of laboratory work this fine company perfected an easy-to-use floor polish that requires no rubbing or buffing -- a polish that dries in 20 minutes and gives brighter lustre, longer wear. Remember that name GLO-COAT. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.

HW:CF