

NBC

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WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#81)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(8:00-8:30 PM)

(OCTOBER 26, 1936)

(MONDAY)

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

HO

*Fibber says: Champion + Confusion
Litterally*

Election - Polling Place

Page 2

ORK: 1st PHRASE OF THEME

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee
and Molly.

ORK: FINISH THEME

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH
"HERE'S LOVE IN YOUR EYE"

ORK: SELECTION 1. "HERE'S LOVE IN YOUR EYE"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

ORK: MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT -

WIL: EVER SINCE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY HAVE BEEN ON THE AIR, THE SPONSOR OF THIS PROGRAM ~~AND THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY HAVE BEEN CONTINUOUSLY DELUGED WITH~~ ^{been asked many} QUESTIONS ABOUT MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN. WHAT DO THEY REALLY LOOK LIKE, HOW OLD ARE THEY, WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ARE THEY, WHAT DID THEY DO BEFORE THEY BECAME FIBBER AND MOLLY? - ~~AND OTHER~~ ^{Fib + Molly} QUESTIONS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION. SO, TONIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO ASK ~~MARIAN AND JIM~~ ^{Fib + Molly} TO STEP OUT OF CHARACTER FOR A WHILE AND ANSWER SOME OF YOUR QUESTIONS. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS -- THEMSELVES!

ORK: CHORD

APPLAUSE:

WIL: In the first place, I'd better describe you to the outside listeners, Marian and Jim. You don't mind do you?

MOL: We can tell you that better when you get thru.

JIM: Just be discreet, Harlow. That's all we ask.

WIL: All right. Folks, Marian is about...er...how tall are you, Marian.

MAR: Well, I come clear up to your shoulder.

WIL: How about you, Jim?

JIM: I come clear up to your house for lunch.

MAR: Make it two.

WIL: Now wait a minute. You know I'm a batchelor.

JIM: See, Marian? That's what I've always maintained. The most successful announcers are single men.

MOL: Why is that?

JIM: Well, who gets the last word on a program? The announcer! Did you ever hear of a married man getting the last w-

MOL: MCGEE! Oh, excuse me, I thought I was Molly.

WIL: I'll bet you two act at home just like Fibber and Molly down here.

JIM: Oh I wouldn't say that, Harlow. We never argue.

MOL: Never.

JIM: Except on the rare occasions when Marian says some thing tactless and I have to cover up for her. (LAUGHS) Like when she made that crack about Mrs. Tutwimple's fox furs.

MOL: Oh now Jim, I -

WIL: What'd she say, Jim?

JIM: (LAUGHS) She said this gal reminded her of her Uncle Clem. He was a fur trapper up in Canada.

WIL: How did this girl remind Marian of Uncle Clem?

JIM: Marian said it always took a new piece of fur to get her trap shut.

MO: And what was the tactful remark you made to cover it up, my clever young friend?

WIL: Yeah...I suppose you smoothed it all over?

MOL: Sure he did. He said a fox fur was like a bellhop.
It had to have a silver tip or it wasn't much good.

WIL: Well listen, you two.. Your public wants to know
something about you. ~~Here's a letter that asks what did~~
you ^{do} ~~did~~ before you got into radio.

MOL: We had a concert company on the stage.

JIM: We did concert singing and slack wire work.

WIL: Oh a slack wire act! ^{light rope walkars}
~~in a slack-wire~~

MAR: That's right. When things got slack we'd wire home
for money.

WIL: What did you play...vaudeville theatres?

JIM: Vaudeville theatres is right! We played the Sun Circuit
so long we looked like mulattos. We'll take you down to
our safety deposit vault and let you read some of our
press notices of those days.

MOL: You'll know it's our safety deposit box by the smoke
coming out of it. Those were inflammable notices.

JIM: If all the eggs we laid were placed end to end -

MAR: They'd make a gorgeous ham omelette.

WIL: Well, you must have been pretty hot stuff. But it was
probably swell training. Now about this inquiry here.
^{A lot of people want to know who plays the character}
~~where did you get that character you do of the old lady?~~

MOL: ~~Oh she just sort of grew out of a character we had on a
previous program. We called her Mrs. Wheedledeck.~~

7 Feb. Q. you mean ^{Paulina} - Marion plays that.
Come in ^{Paulina}.

JIM: ~~The WIDOW Wheedledeck. Hello there, Mrs. Wheedledeck.~~

WHEE: Hello, skippy, I got a riddle for ye.

JIM: ~~What is it, Paulina?~~
~~Oh, Mrs. Wheedledeck.~~

WHEE: What's the difference between ^{Jed Weems}
~~Parker Gibbs~~ and Harlow
Wilcox?

JIM: I'll bite.

WHEE: Well, ^{Jed Weems}
~~Parker Gibbs~~ makes walls on the sax and Harlow makes
Sales on the Wax. I'll be seein' you, shorty. Door slam.

WIL: (LAUGHS) ~~It's a good thing you don't have to change
costume with every one of those, Marlan.~~ How about this
character, Mort Toops?

MAR: (LAUGHS) ^{Jim does that. Do your stuff, Mort}
~~Oh, Mort. He developed from a character Jim used
to do called Perk McSnark. Perk was a little more shy and
goofy, but the voice was about the same. Wasn't it, Mort?~~

MORT: Well, haw haw... ^{Hello} I guess it was, at that. HAW HAW. Never
forget the time old August Pigmeyer wanted me to find out
who stole the ^{sack of salt} ~~bale of straw~~ off the back of his wagon.
HAW HAW...I found it had fell off into the middle of the
creek when he crossed the bridge. HAW HAW

MAR: Well anyway you solved the mystery.

MORT: YES...HAW HAW...BUT IT WAS...HAW HAW...GET TH S NOW...IT
WAS A SATURATED SOLUTION. ^{grog} ~~HAW HAW~~...OH BOY. I ^{was} ~~run~~ the ^{ball} ~~ball~~ that

WIL: ^{grog} Thanks, Mort. For the voice, not that gag. ^{time}

JIM: Don't mention it.

WIL: The voice?

MAR: No, the gag.

WIL: (LAUGHS) All right, but Marian...there have been a lot of comments and inquiries on that little girl character you do, too.

JIM: Oh she's one of our favorite characters, Harlow. ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~Q, Hello~~
~~the little girl - Jim: Hi Mister,~~
~~calls her Teeny for a long time.~~
~~What's your name? Teeny: My name is Teeny. I betcha~~
~~We even named our little dog after her, I betcha. Didnt~~

TEE: ~~Teeny. What have you got under your arm?~~
~~or mister? Huh? Didnt you~~
~~see my Teddy bear - I betcha there's a doll~~
~~Sure we did, Teeny. You like dogs? Yes, I do. I betcha~~
~~Uh huh. I betcha I like my teddy bear better, though,~~

JIM: His name is Gladly. He's cross-eyed, but I dont care.

JIM: "Gladly!" That's a funny name for a Teddy Bear. Why Gladly?

TEE: Well gee, ^{I named him after a bear Sunday School} we used to sing about ~~it~~ in church, I betcha Gladly, ^{well. So how mister} a cross-eyed bear, remember mister? Can you play that, Mister Weems? Huh? Can you?

TED: No, Teeny, but I'll have Perry Como sing This is a Fine Romance. Will that do?

TEE: Sure. I go for that guy, I betcha. He's gotta lotta sing froid.

ORK: CHASER: APPLAUSE

ORK: THIS IS A FINE ROMANCE. (INTRO)

COMO

APPLAUSE:

Re-write Intro

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WIL: NOW BACK TO WISTFUL VISTA, AT THE CORNER OF 14th & OAK STREETS, WHERE THERE IS A POLLING PLACE SITTING INSIDE WITH THE USUAL POLICE GUARD OF THE POLLS, AND LOOKING VERY DIGNIFIED WE FIND THOSE TWO JUDGES OF ELECTION - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Politics is a funny business, isnt it, McGee?
 FIB: ^{Yes, these campaigns get me down.} Oh I dunno, Molly? ^{And why do they call it a campaign?} Whaddy'you think, O'Tooler?
 COP: ^{mel?} Sure, an' it taint no business to be thinkin'. All I'm worryin' about is raisin' me pay and lowerin' me arches. And I think I'll be goin' out for a cigar.

MOL: There's a cigar store on the corner, Mr. O'Tooler.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: He dont want a cigar store. What he'll look for is a motorist in the wrong parkin' space.

MOL: That's all right, but some day he'll get a loaded cigar from some smart driver. Then what?

FIB: It'll be just flash in the pan. But say, I didn't tell ye what Mort Toops says. He says CAMPAIGN was named after the French CHAMPAGNE.

MOL: Why? Because the labels dont mean anything?

FIB: ^{the French word} Nope. Mort says Campaign is from Champagne because it opens up with a loud noise, exhilarates ye while you're indulgin' in it, and after it's gone ye wonder what got ye so excited.

MOL: *I see,* And somebody in the party is bound to wake up with a headache.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

MOL: Oh it's Silly Watson.

FIB: Hi there Sil.

SIL: Hiyah, ma'm. Hiyah, boss. Is that yo' cah out theah in the alley, please suh?

MOL: Yee it is, Silvius. Why?

SIL: Well when ah come pas' ah thinks to ma self, if when ah goes into vote, *ah talk to ma*

FIB: *Don't ask anyone to vote.* CAREFUL, Sil. *We aint allowed to give into no discussions* We aint allowed to give into no discussions whilst we're judgin' nere.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah know. But all ah was sayin' is -

MOL: Tell us tomorrow Silly.

SIL: Yas'm. But tomorrow is too late, please ma'am. You see, ah -

FIB: Never mind, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. But-

FIB: QUIET. You wanna exercise your franchise, Sil?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says, you wanta exercise your franchise?

SIL: Nossuh. *Ah do' wanna exercise's nothin'.* Ah wanna vote, please suh.

MOL: Sure, Take this ballot in the other room there, Silly We use that for a votin' booth.

SIL: Yas'm. But Mist' McGee, ah'd like to tell you wha' -

FIB: NOT NOW, Sil. You tell me after the polls close.

SIL: Yassuh, But -

FIB: QUIET.

SIL: Yassuh. ~~Mist' Pleece - Officah!~~ Will yo'all come out *Wah!* You go in there and vote a minute please, suh?

O'TOOLE: And why not?

DOOR SLAM

O'TOOLE: Now then, what was it, me bye. And make it snappy.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah tried to tell Mis' McGee that his lil ole cah out theah in the alley is lible to git bu'ned up, please suh.

O'TOOLE: An' what makes ye think so?

SIL: Well they's a big bon-fiah right almos undeh it already suh. That lil ole cah she gonna catch fiah sho nuff mos' any minute now. He done got the brake on an' the key in his pocket, too.

O'TOOLE: Well dont you worry about it me' bye. I'll take care of it. Oi'll tell him meself.

SIL: Yassuh. Thank yo' suh.

DOOR SLAM:

O'TOOLE: Now the, McGee...will ye please go and move...ah...excuse me sir.

SCOT: Aye, Officerrr.

MOL: Oh how do you do.

SCOT: Good evenin' lass. Is this the pollin' place?

FIB: You betcha Scotty. You a citizen?
SCOT: Aye.
~~FIB: I see. You come over because this was a free country~~
(LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? I saye -
~~MOL: Taint funny, McGee.~~
~~SCOT: You're right, lass. Twas nae sae humorrous.~~
FIB: AHEM. Name, please.
SCOT: Mactavish. Angus MacPherson Mackenzie Mactavish
MOL: Nationality?
SCOT: Zulu, lass.
FIB: Born?
SCOT: Aye. Yearrs ago, *they tell me*
MOL: Residence?
SCOT: Aye.
FIB: Aye what?
SCOT: Aye dont rrememberr.
Fib. She says
MOL: *slow. Tell him vote*
Oh well, business is sort of slow. You van vote anyway.
SCOT: Thank ye lass. I wouldna care, but I underrstand the
issue is Freee Silverrrr.
FIB: Go on, bud...Free Silver aint been a issue since Bryan.

SCOT: Ye may be richt, lad. But I still like the idea. Tis a
grand phrase ye'll admit.. "FRREEEEEE SILVERRRR." Thank
ye forr the ballot.

DOOR SLAM OFF MIKE

FIB: Wonder who he's gonna vote for. He's got a Roosevelt
Button on his vest and a Sunflower in his lapel. I
didnt know whether to believe his vest or his coat.
MOL: Bet on his socks - They got the strongest supporters.
Beside -

DOOR SLAM

WIL: Hello folks. I'd like to put in a vote for my candidate.
MOL: Oh Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Easy there, Harpo. We ain't allowed to discuss politics in here.

WIL: Oh this will be all right. My candidate is Mr. Swacks.

MOL: Swacks? Never heard of him.

WIL: Oh you must have heard of Swacks. Johnson Swacks. He always makes a wonderful impression on the floor of the House. Great on economy too. As a matter of fact, you save up to one-third with the large-size candidate.

MOL: Who's supporting him?

WIL: Oh he must have about fifty million people plugging for him.

FIB: Well, fifty million henchmen can't be wrong, Harpo. Git in there and vote.

WIL: Thanks

DOOR SLAM

FIB: (MUTTERS) Wonder impression on the floor o' the Hou.... say, Molly. I just figgered a way to git rid o' Harpo, so nobody'll ever hear of him again.

MOL: Heavenly days. .would ye murder him?

FIB: No. I'd elect him Vice President. AHEM. Why I mind the time..

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Oh hiyah, sis. You lookin' for the pollin' place?

WHEE: Well skippy, - what did you think I was lookin' for?
A Bowlin' alley?

FIB: Not with those pins, grandmaw.

WHEE: What say, sonny?

FIB: I says what's ^{the telephone} the name and address?

WHEE: Oh no yet don't, sonny. Call me up at Murry Hill 777-22, if you like but you won't get my name and address till I know ye better. ^{for a while} I live down in ^{the} ~~Greenwich~~ ^{Greenwich} village.

FIB: 777-22, eh? Sounds like a Full House.

WHEE: ~~It is most of the time, shorty.~~ ^{My studio is} ~~It's~~ the rodyvouse of the litterati! ^{litterati} They can make more litter and write more rotti than anybody in the world. Gimme a ^{ballot} ~~ballot~~ Shorty

FIB: ~~Wait a minute, Grandmaw. We're supposed to ask your age.~~

WHEE: My age? Make it blackjack, Shorty

FIB: ~~Blackjack?~~

WHEE: ~~That's right. 21, or bust! (FADE OUT) Now let me see, When I voted for McKinley....~~

DOOR SLAM

FIB: That old blister! I'll bet she was a precinct worker for Andrew Jackson.

MOL: She probably fed apples to Paul Revere's horse.

DOOR SLAM:

TED: Hello, Molly. Hello, Fibber.

MOL: Oh Hello Teddy ~~dear~~.

FIB: Hiyah, Ted. You wanna vote?

TED: Yes, I think I'll vote for -

MOL: AHH AHHH! Careful.

Fib for Dinkie

FIB: We ain't allowed to discuss the matter in here, Ted.
TED: I know. I was just saying I am voting for *Red Duple*
~~FIB: PLEASE, TED. We ain't supposed to listen to that stuff.~~
TED: What stuff? I just said I was going to vote for -
MOL: NO NO...PLEASE, Ted. You mustn't tell us.
TED: Okay. Give me a ballot. Thanks.
MOL: Right in that room there, Teddy. And let your conscience
be your guide.
TED: Oh, I always face the music.
FIB: Hey, Ted.
TED: Yes?
FIB: (ANYBODY LISTENING, Molly?) SAY TED...who'd you say you
was votin' for?
TED: I didn't say.
MOL: You started to.

*Fib Red Duple? What's he running for
Ted has running for the microphone. His
Gonna Sing - Michael etc*

TED: No, I said I was voting for (PAUSE)
FIB & MOL: For who? (EAGERLY)
TED: For the first time in Wistful Vista.
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: If Ted was real interested he'd get all his boys to vote
for his candidate.
FIB: Why?
MOL: He'd win on a bandslide!
DOOR SLAM:
FIB: Hiya, bud, you wanta v--oh it's O'Toole. Did you get
your cigars, officer?
OTOOLE: I did that. I caught a lad parkin' twenty five feet
from a fire plug.
MOL: I thought you could park within' fifteen feet of 'em.
O'TOOLE: Not when the O'Toole needs a smoke, macushla! Tis a
flexible regulation.
FIB: Shucks, if you had a hat-full of good cigars, O'Toole,
they could burn down the courthouse.
O'TOOLE: Make it the jail, if ye don't mind. I left me lunch
box at the courthouse. And say...I was standin' outside
this poolin' place for the last fifteen minutes.
MOL: What of it? We wont say anything, even though you're
supposed to stay inside here.

O'TOOLE: That's not the question, mavourneen. Tis only that I saw plenty of voters go in and none of 'em come out. Now where did they go?

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...I never thought of that. Where DID they go?

FIB: Search me. Come to think of it, none of 'em DID come out. Maybe I better look inside the votin' room.

MOL: I think so.

O'TOOLE: Better let me open the door, me bye. They're maybe somethin' wrong inside. (ASIDE) Sure, an' it seems to me there was somethin' else I oughta be doin', too -- but its slipped me mind fer now!

FIB: Okay, officer. Go ahead.

MOL: Sure...hurry up. Oh dear....I hope everything's all right.

O'TOOLE: STAND BACK NOW...ONE!...TWO! THREE!!!!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH. VOICES IN. SOUND: CLICK OF DICE:

WHEE: Seven come eleven...come on you little spots...come to sister...baby needs shoes....

SIL: Hot dog...Roll them bones, please, ma'am.

TED: I'm fading this, grandmaw.

WIL: I'LL TAKE A DOLLAR OF IT!

SCOT: I CANNA BEARRRRTO LISTEN TO YE, LAD.

WHEE: ALL RIGHT BOYS...GET THOSE BETS DOWN...
WHOOPEEE...SEVEN IT IS....

VOICES UP: LAUGHTER

OVERLAPPING:

ORK: "TOP HAT PICCOLO AND A CANE" -- -- INGLE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Ted Weems playing and Red Ingle singin
A Top Hat - a Piccolo and a Cane!

2nd Commercial:

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

See 22

ORK: MCGEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WIL: BACK NOW TO THE POLLING PLACE AT 14th and OAK STREETS
WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE ACTING AS ELECTION JUDGES.
HERE THEY ARE -- TALKING TO ~~THE~~ POLICE OFFICER ASSIGNED
TO THE POLLING PLACE *© Toole Who's*

FIB: Yes sir, O'Toole, in them days it was real dangerous to be a election judge. Why I mind the time back in Woodpecker Canyon, I was judge of election when old Flip Flannery was runnin' for coroner. I ever tell ye bout that? *Do you want to take*

MOL: Several times.

FIB: Well sir, Old Flip Flannery -

O'TOOLE: And a foine old name is Flannery. From County Downs, I've no doubt.

FIB: Maybe, O'Toole. Out in that country we never asked where a feller was from. Twasnt considered etiquette. Well sir, as I says, I was judge of elections that year.... me bein' the only feller in town fearless enough to take the job. AHM. What say, Molly?

MOL: I didnt say anything.

FIB: Oh. Well sir, election night come and old Flip Flannery was rip-roarin' round town boastin' about what he'd do if the ballots didnt come out in his favor. Matter of fact, everybody was votin' for Navaho Needham fer coroner. So I knowed I was in for trouble if I counted the ballots honest.

O'TOOLE: How much majority did ye give Flannery?

MOL: Don't be so cynical, O'Toole.

O'TOOLE: Tis no cynicism, Macushla. Tia Politics. Ivery man has his price and you can usually get 'em in dozen lots.

FIB: Well, they couldnt buy me, O'Toole! When I counted the votes, there was nine hundred and six fer Navaho Needham and two votes for Flip Flannery. And I knowed whose them was: His own and his brothers. Even his brother wouldnt have voted for him but he couldnt spell any name but his own. AHM. Well sir, when I announced the result o' the votin' they was a dead silence. Then Flip Flannery steps to one side.

O'Toole
MOL:

Why did they call him Flip, McGee? Was his Mother's name Sherry?

FIB: Nope. Twas on account of he threw a knife so deadly. Jest flipped it from his shoulder quick's a flash.

O'TOOLE: And tis meself that always loikes to get a hand to the collar of one o' thim knifin' lads. Tis a piece of rubber hose to his rumble seat, beggin' yer pardon, ma'am.

MOL: Oh dont mention it. Is that what you do to 'em.?

O'TOOLE: Sure it tis. Though sometimes they fall downstairs, accidental loike.

MOL: Oh, from nervousness, I suppose.

O'TOOLE: Sure, They get real nervous, they do, when we push 'em downstairs.

FIB: SAY DONT YE WANTA KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN WOODPECKER CANYON?

MOL: Do ye really give people the third degree, O'Toole?

O'TOOLE: Well now I'll tell yewe

FIB: (LOUDLY) WELL SIR, I SEEN OLD FLIP FLANNERY WAS
READY FER TROUBLE SO I BRACES MYSELF. THEN....
ZIP...ZIPP! Like lightnin' two knives come for my
head. Cool as a cucumber I steps aside, real graceful,
and like a flash ^{holds} ^{the} two ballots up. Then two
knives sliced thru 'em and into the wall, where they
stuck...quiverin'. Well, gents, I says, smilin',
holdin' up them sliced ballots. Well gents, I says.
I gotta throw out these two ballots fer bein' defaced.
That makes it unanimous fer Navajo Needham, I says.
"GOOD!" says, Needham, "Though I didnt Need 'em."
Then they was silence.

MOL: I'll bet you could of heard a pun drop.

FIB: AHEM. Then it happened! I knew flannery always carried
three knives, and I was expectin' the third. I heard
it whiz towards me with my back turned. Reachin' up,
quick's a flash, I grabbed the knife outa the air and
with a single motion snapped it back over my other
shoulder. Then I lights a cigarette and turns around,
real calm. Sure enough there was Flip Flattery,
deader'n a doornail, on the floor.

MOL: WHAT A FLOP FOR FLIP!

FIB: Well sir, they'll tell you to this day, that I steps
acrost old Flips corpus, kickin' his whiskers to one
side and holds out my hand to Navaho Needham.
Congraturlations, Nav., I says. Here's your first
professional job. Ye get twenty bucks for Buryin' old
Flip. Provin', I says, that Prosperity's jest around
the coroner.

DOOR SLAM: *Sil*

MOL: *Hey - the negger* Heavenly days...it's silly Watson again. Go away
Stail 3rd Bil
Silvius.

FIB: Beat it Sil. You can only vote once.

SIL: Yassuh, but ah jus' come in to tell you -

FIB: EASY SIL. Tell us later. We aint allowed to discuss
politics in here.

SIL: Yassuh, Mist' McGee, but this ^{is my stail} ~~ain't~~ politics. This
is -

MOL: Never mind, Silly. Anything you talk about on election
days is politics. Now go away and dont bother us.

SIL: Yas'm but (FADE OUT TO) *Go to*

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: It just goes to show ye, O'Toole, that some men...
like me, fer instance cant be scared or bought.

O'TOOLE: G'wan with ye. There's only three ways to deall with a man, me bye. Tis the three bees. Bluff, Buy or Bump.

MOL: Heavenly days. You have a fine opinion of people, O'Toole. Dont you believe in ANYBODY?

O'TOOLE: Well, me mither is fairly dacint woman, now.

FIB: Aw fer the...you mean to stand there and tell me -

DOOR SLAM: *Not clear*
TOUGH: ALL RIGHT YOU...STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

MOL: Careful, McGee...he's got a gun.

FIB: I...I...I see it, Molly. W-w-wahdye want, bud?

TOUGH: Gimme a stack o' them ballots, buddy. AND DONT MAKE NO FALSE MOVES. YOU NEITHER, COPPER.

O'TOOLE: Dont worry me bye. But dont shoot the gun inside the city limits or I'll run ye in!

MOL: Oh dear oh dear...do what the man says, McGee. Give him some ballots.....

FIB: Here b-bud. T-take these....Is...er...is that enough? We...er...we got 1-lots more.

TOUGH: Naw....DATS ENOUGH...DE BOSS SAYS WE GOTTA DELIVER DIS PRECINCT, DATS ALL, SEE? NOW DONT MAKE NO MOVE FOR FIVE MINUTES AND YOU WONT BE HOIT.

FIB: I'll ...I'll make it ten, b-bud. W-w-we wasnt goin' anywhere anyway.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Heavenly days, Officer...why didnt you do something

O'TOOLE: I'D rather be usin' me pension for tobacco than flowers, macushla. He's just a hooldum and we'll have him lookin at the goldfish before night. And his lawyer will have him out before mornnin'. But listen, me bye, why didnt ye throw a knife at him, now?

FIB: Why...er...(NERVOUS LAUGH) why...er...I...er...I was hopin' you'd distract his attention, O'Toole, so's I could leap at his throat. AHEM. I had my muscles all set for it.

MOL: Yes, I saw 'em shake whilst you was settin' 'em.

FIB: Why in another minute, I'd o' had him by the neck, gun or no gun. I wouldnt let nobody get away with -

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: How do you do? You looking for the polling place?

CHINK: No savvy pollee place. Whatchee you doing here?

FIB: This is a polling place, John. We VOTE HERE. You likes vote?

CHINK: No. No likee vote. Gette seaslick evly time on vote. Take big steam-vote flom China Velley sikee all time. YOU KEEPEE vote. Me takke stleet cah.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Imagine that, Molly? He thought we said BOAT for Vote. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Well, there's been a lot of crossing done on both. Why whne my Uncle Clem -

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Say fer the...HOW MANY TIMES, SIL, have I gotta tell you you cant vote but once.

MOL: You're not supposed to hang around the polling place, either, Silly.

SIL: Yas'm, but I jus' wanted to tell Mist' McGee that -

FIB: Skip it, Sil. I'll hear about it tomorrow. Taint ethical fer me to talk whilst I'm election judge.

SIL: Yassuh, ah knows that suh, but if you - all don'-

MOL: SILVIUS!

SIL: Yas'm.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Never saw a feller so interested in Politics as Sil.

MOL: He must expect a dark horse to win the election. But I suppose he's gotta have some fun. All work and no play makes Johnny a dull boy, ye know.

WIL: Yes and all scrubbing and no Glocoat makes dull floors and linoleum.

FIB: Oh, go scratch your ballot, Harpo!

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) (FIRE ENGINES: SIRENS...BELLS ETC...)

MOL: What's that? The police patrol, Mr. O'Toole?

O'TOOLE: No. Tis only the fire-laddies.

FIB: FIRE EH? Hear that, Molly. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I WANTA SEE WHERE THE FIRE-

MOL: MCGEE...COME BACK HERE..you cant leave your duty.

FIB: I know, Molly but I gotta duty there, too I belong to the Volunteer hook-and-ladder company number twenty-eight.

MOL: Well, they can hook-and-ladder without you. You'll stay here.

FIB: Aw shucks.....

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Oh how do you do, I'm sure. You looking for a polling place?

BOT: Yes yes, my little ballot-scratcher. Allow me to introduce myself I am Horatio K. Boomer, candidate for City Treasurer on the reform ticket. Just going around to see if everything is all quiet.

FIB: Oh, how are ye, Boomer? Yes everything is all right. Couple a hoodlums come in to swipe some ballots but me and O'Toole there threw 'em out.

O'TOOLE: I did nothin' o' the kind, Mr. Boomer. I never laid a finger on the lad.

BLOT: Very glad to hear it, Officer. Very Glad. Just high spirits you know. Probably one of my boys from the Boomer-for-Treasurer Club indulging in a little horse play. Yes yes. Just horse play. AND WHEN my boys start their horse play, it doesnt pay to go off half-kicked. No indeed. Very fine bunch of lads . They'd give me the shirt of your back. Have a cigar judge!

FIB: Well...er...thanks, Mr. ..er, Mr. Boomer.

BLOT: Remember that name, my Boy. Remember it when counting ballots. Yes yes....NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE OF THE JUDGES LAST YEAR ON HIS WAY HOME...VERY SAD CASE VERY SAD...THREE CHILDREN TOO, I BELIEVE. WELL VERY GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU, MY FRIENDS...VERY GLAD....ANY TIME HORATIO K. BOOMER CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE, I'LL BE THERE AT THE DROP OF A BODY. GOOD DAY MY FRIENDS.... GOOD DAY...A VERY GOOD DAY.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You hear what he says, Molly? "Remember his name when countin' the ballots."

MOL: Sure...and what happened to the judge at the last election on his way home. Did you hear that threat, O'Toole?

O'TOOLE: I did not. Twas only a friendly visit from the candidate. Besides.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Well heavenly days, Silly...HOW MANY TIMES MUST WE TELL YOU -

SIL: YAS'M BUT MIS' McGee you -

FIB: Never mind, SIL. YOU GO DO YOUR ELECTIONEERING SOMEPLACE ELSE. WE'RE BUSY.

SIL: YASSUH, AH KNOW...AH BEEN BUSY TOO, BOSS...PUTTIN' OUT THE FIRE... TRYIN' TO, ANYWAY....

MOL: FIRE!

FIB: WHAT FIRE?

SIL: IN YOUAH CAH, SUH...OUT THEAH IN THALLEY...

MOL: WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US, SILLY?

SIL: YAS'M AH - TRIED TO ALL EVENIN', BUT **

FIB: HOW'S IT NOW, SIL...IS IT OUT? ANY DAMAGE DONE?

SIL: YASSUH, SOLE. Them boys they done built a lil ole election bonfiah neah yo' cah and it done spread and pretty soon twas on fiah and ah tries to tell yo and yo kep shushin' me up and --

S. C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WMAQ-NBC 8 PM
OCTOBER 26, 1936
ALSO REBROADCAST:

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL - WMAQ-RED

FIRST COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: I wish somebody from the audience would step up here for a blindfold test. Will you? I mean the young lady in the second row. That's fine. Thank you very much. Now, please reach over here and tell me what I have in my hand.

GIRL: (HESITATING AS SHE FEELS CLOTH). It feels like a chamois skin -- it's very soft -- and big!

WILCOX: Indeed it is big and soft -- now what do you think it is?

GIRL: Is it a polishing cloth?

WILCOX: You're right! (You may take off the blindfold now) This is a double-size, chamois-like polishing cloth -- a regular 40¢ value; and it is being offered as a free gift to introduce JOHNSON'S new CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH -- the polish that contains no sticky oil to collect dust. JOHNSON'S NEW FURNITURE POLISH is very easy to use. It cleans and polishes at the same time and gives your furniture a satiny, wax-lustre, that defies dirt and finger smudges. Be sure to order JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH at once, and receive a big, double size polishing cloth FREE. This offer is made for a limited time only, so go to your dealer without delay.

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2ND COMMERCIAL

SOUND EFFECT: (SOUND OF SCRUB BRUSH ON WET, SOAPY FLOOR)

WILCOX: Listen to that sound! What is it? Scrub - Scrub -- What a shame! Somebody's kitchen floor (a good, linoleum floor) is gradually being ruined by constant scrubbing with soap and water! Manufacturers of linoleum say:

MAN'S VOICE: "Don't scrub linoleum. Water-soaked linoleum begins to split and crack and get bumpy. Dirt fastens itself in these rough places so that it becomes more and more difficult to keep the floor clean."

WILCOX: How then, can you keep your floors clean? Here's the answer. Protect your floors and linoleum with Glo-Coat -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use liquid polish, that dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries, without rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT sheds dust and dirt -- gives your floors a beautiful polish, very easy to keep clean. Order JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow. It will save your linoleum, and save you a lot of hard work.

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THIRD COMMERCIAL

Just a reminder to the many women who find it difficult to keep their kitchen linoleum clean. Use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, tomorrow, on your linoleum and you'll never feel embarrassed again about the looks of your floor. GLO-COAT protects the surface with a beautiful polish that keeps dirt from grinding into the floor. Spots wipe right off the GLO-COAT polish, and it's so easy to apply JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Just use a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER. Spread the liquid lightly over the surface and let it dry for 20 minutes. You don't have to do one bit of rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT shines without help from you, and gives you a sparkling, clean floor that you can always be proud of. Ask your dealer for GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can, and remember when you order the larger sizes you save money

vo 3:30 pm
10/22/36

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
WMAQ-NBC REBROADCAST
MONDAY OCTOBER 24, 1936

AUTO WAX

THIRD COMMERCIAL FOR REBROADCAST ONLY

Here is something which should be of great interest to everybody who owns an automobile. So listen carefully, please! The Makers of JOHNSON'S WAX are offering every car owner a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free of charge. Just go to your service station, auto supply store or regular wax dealer, and ask for JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT ANNIVERSARY PACKAGE. This special package contains a pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay only 59¢, which is less than the regular selling price for the cleaner alone. You get the can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free. Naturally the supply of these FREE GIFT PACKAGES is limited. So get your free can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX without delay.

MB:CF