

# NBC

VERTISER **B C JOHNSON & SON INC** WRITER **DON QUINN**

PROGRAM TITLE **"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" (#95)** OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ-RED** ( **FEBRUARY** <sup>DAL</sup>, 1937 ) ( **MONDAY** <sup>DAY</sup> )

PRODUCTION *Chio & Steele*

ANNOUNCER *Nolan Drury Stone*

ENGINEER

MARKS  
REBROADCAST: 11:00 PM

*Fibbers in Skated Classes*

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE

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

ORK: Finish THEME - Tanner

WIL: Ted Weems and his Orchestra open the show with "GEE, BUT YOU SWELL!"

ORK: "GEE, BUT YOU'RE SWELL" --

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

- Commercial -

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT) --

WIL: - and now, we GIVE YOU THOSE TWO LONG-SHOTS OF THE HUMAN RA

----- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:



FIB: Got a toothpick, Molly?

MOL: No...why?

FIB: I gotta seed in my teeth from that opening raspberry.

MOL: Oh don't be so sensitive. You're too thin-skinned, McGee.

FIB: What's the matter with bein' thin-skinned? After all, a apple keeps longer'n a watermelon.

MOL: Sure, but it's the thick-skinned animals that live longest. Now, take the rhinoceros - or the elephant.....

FIB: How about a Harpo-pottamus? (LAUGHS) I wonder if he heard me.

WIL: NO...I DIDN'T.

FIB: Shucks, just my luck.

MOL: Listen, McGee...speakin' of hippopotamusseseses....are you goin' back to that trainer again for some more physical culture?

FIB: Wel-l-l, I dunno, Molly. After all, I got no ambition to go around with my muscles bulgin' like I had a dozen pigeons hid under my coat.

MOL: It isn't that, McGee....but you should take more exercise.... to build up your resistance.

FIB: That's silly. I can't think of anything I wanta resist

MOL: Just the same, I think you should....you're awful broad shouldered in the hips.

FIB: Oh I think I can accomplish the same thing with diet.

MOL: I tried that, too. Once I went on a diet of whole-wheat toast and tea and salads.

FIB: How'd it work?

MOL: Not bad... only I didn't have much appetite fer me regular meals!

FIB: Anyway, I think people are inclined to get too serious about their health. They oughtta laugh and play more.

MOL: That's a lovely idea, but it'll never get you anywhere.

FIB: Oh no?

MOL: No.

FIB: Well, where would Jimmy Durante have been today if he'd kept his nose to the grindstone?

MOL: ~~All right, but look where Clark Gable got by keepin' his ears to the ground~~

FIB: ~~I still maintain that the only guy that gets anything out of keepin' his shoulder to the wheel is a trick bicycle-rider~~

MOL: You've got a fine philosophy of life. ~~You oughtta be a big success~~  
You oughtta be a big  
y. Well there's a

FIB: Ohhhhh, I'm doin' all right. I hit the jack-pot twice last week at Joe's Cigar Store. You can't do that unless you live right.

MOL: Nevertheless, you ought to have a figure more like Ted Weems. Look at him - Slim, and handsome.

FIB: Oh Ted's TOO slim, Molly. You know what happened to him yesterday.

MOL: What?

FIB: Well, the boys got thru playin' and Ted was stanin' there all dressed in that black overcoat o' his and Parker Gibbs carried him clear home, thinkin' he was a clarinet.

MOL: You know I'm gonna ask Ted how he keeps in condition. Oh Ted.

TED: (FADE IN) What's the matter, Molly?

FIB: Oh nothin' Ted. She just --



MOL: Listen, Ted. How on earth do you keep so slim, and all.  
 TED: Setting up exercises.  
 FIB: Yes, he sets up all night worryin' about his figger.  
 MOL: What kind of setting up exercises, Ted?  
 TED: You see this baton?  
 MOL: Yes.  
 TED: ~~Well every other number we play I use an extra-heavy baton~~  
 This <sup>baton</sup> ~~one~~ only weighs an ounce. For a heavy workout I use a  
 three ounce baton. Keeps me in fine shape.  
 FIB: Hmmm. You sounded a little musclebound on that last number.  
 You didn't write the Athlete's Anthem did you Ted?  
 TED: Athlete's Anthem?  
 FIB: Yeah. Swing, Mr. Charley Horse.  
 TED: No, but I did the lyrics for the Bicep Ballet.  
 MOL: What was that?  
 TED: You know... "Da da da da, Muscle, Tough!" (To "MOZZLETOFF")  
 But why don't you talk to Perry Como? All the girls are  
 crazy about him. (FADE OUT) I'll send him over.....  
 MOL: Ye see, McGee? Ted's a success because he keeps in shape.  
 FIB: Yes and Paul Whiteman aint on relief, either.  
 MOL: That may be but... Oh Hello Perry.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Parry.  
 COMO: Ted said you wanted to speak to me.  
 MOL: Yes. I've been trying to tell McGee he ought to keep up with  
 his physical training. Oh he isnt fat or anything...but, just  
 soft.

MOL: Why I can't even get him to do a thing around the house, Perry.  
 FIB: Go on...I shined up the kitchen floor this morning didn't I?  
 MOL: Yes but we use Johnson's Glo-Coat so you knew it was the easiest  
 job in the house! How'm I doing, Mr. Wilcox?  
 WIL: You took the words right out of my script.  
 MOL: But seriously, Perry, how do you keep fit?  
 PERRY: I've got a dog.  
 FIB: That's a big help. You gotta dog. What does that prove?  
 COMO: Well, I've got to take the dog for a walk, haven't I? And I  
 have to walk with him don't I?  
 MOL: See, McGee? If you're pouchy, get a poochie.  
 FIB: I don't think you got anything there, Molly.  
 MOL: Thanks a lot, Perry. That's a grand idea. It gives you plenty  
 of exercise, does it?  
 COMO: DOES IT! I've worn out three greyhounds. (FADE OUT) If there's  
 anything else I can tell you, just.....  
 FIB: Shucks.....a dog! Imagine Joe Louis training for a fight by  
 paradin' a poodle around the park.  
 MOL: Listen -- What do you say we go downtown and get a dog, McGee?  
 FIB: Oh now, Molly, I don't --  
 MOL: McGee...you've always said you wanted a dog.  
 FIB: Yes-s-s- but --  
 MOL: Think of it! Who is it that waits patiently on the doorstep  
 for the master to come home...with a warm welcome in his big  
 brown eyes. Who jumps up on you, and depends on you to give him  
 his supper?



FIB: Your Uncle Dennis. There's an Irish Terrier I'm gonna pat on the head one of these days so hard he'll ----

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "THAT'S LIFE, I GUESS" ----- COMO.

APPLAUSE:

\*\*\*\*\*

ORK: MC GEE THEME: (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: And here, looking in the window of the Wistful Vista Pet Shop, on the corner of 14th and Oak streets, we find those two <sup>prospective</sup> puppy ~~by~~ ~~prospect~~ - Fibber and Molly.

*Fib. And there were puppies in the window, Molly.*

MOL: What kind of a dog do you think we oughtta get, McGee?

FIB: Wel-l-l, I dunno, Molly. Remember that little white pup in THE THIN MAN? I'd like one like that.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, I might find Myrna Loy on the other end of the leash.

MOL: Don't be silly. I think I'd like a Peke.

FIB: At what?

MOL: A Pekinese, iggernuts! Think how nice one would look with me brown fur coat.

*Fib. And he had been wearing that red hat*  
FIB: Oh...ye get 'em to match your clothes. Hey...get a load of the pup in the window there. What would you say he was? A wire hair with a short circuit?

MOL: Wel-l-l, I think his mother must have been a Mexican Hareless.

FIB: Your Uncle Dennis. There's an Irish Terrier I'm gonna pat on the head one of these days so hard he'll ----

APPLAUSE:

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FIB: Looks like a Police Dog had been crossed with a coach dog and they'd got a Patrol Wagon with a tail.

MOL: You mean a Patrol with the tail waggin'. Come on, let's go in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

RUSS: Allo Tovarichich....allo Babouschka.

FIB: Oh hiyah, Vodka. You the proprietor here?

RUSS: Chure, Tovarichich. I am being haxpert on all animal kinds from little alaphants hop to big trained fleas.

FIB: From elephants to fleas, eh? Looks kinda like Frank Buck, don't he Molly?

MOL: He's too big. I'd say about a buck and <sup>a quarter</sup> ~~fifteen cents~~. er....  
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A DOG.

RUSS: GOOD, TOVARICHICH. When you are looking at me, you are looking at a beautiful dog which I have got plenty of them in windows and in back room.

FIB: You see, bud, we --

MOL: Me husband here needs exercise, so he thought if he got a dog --

RUSS: Don't menation it, Babouscka. I am catching on queek. Are you leeving in houses or apartmentch?

FIB: A house but --

RUSS: I am salling you just what you need, Tovarichich. English sheep dogs.

MOL: We haven't any sheep.

FIB: Maybe he wants to sell us some sheep, too. STOP US IF YOU'VE HERDED 'EM, BUD. (LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? I says --

*And this is just longer unless I like it  
Give you a*

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY  
MONDAY FEB. 1 1957  
7 PM WMAQ-NBC  
ALSO REBROADCAST

~~Here's~~ a hint on home decoration. Begin with your floors if you want to make everything in the room look better. Whether it's the kitchen or the living room -- the condition of the floors and linoleum can either make or break the appearance of the whole room. Why not let JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT polish your

loors for you? It saves you the work of rubbing or buffing -- it gives floors a gleaming polish that sheds ugly dirt and keeps off disfiguring stains. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT

is so easy to use! You merely spread a little of this liquid polish lightly over the floor surface with a soft cloth or the longhanded GLO-COAT APPLIER. In 20 minutes the floor will be shining <sup>and even after it will be so much easier to care for</sup> and you'll find that it makes everything else in the room look so much more attractive. <sup>Ask your dealer to show you the</sup> GLO-COAT comes in an attractive

yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- and I guess you know you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

HF:CF





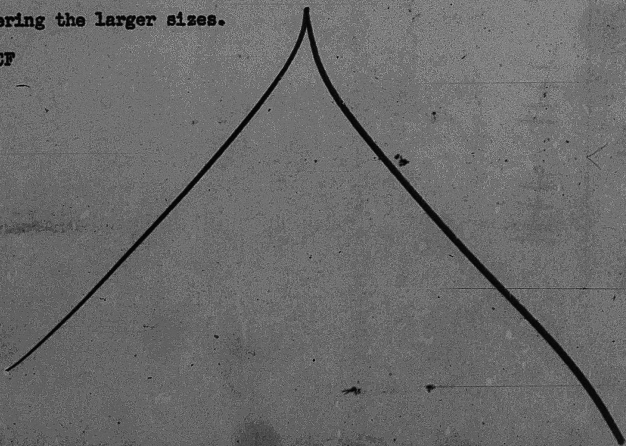
*And time if you keep articles I'd like to  
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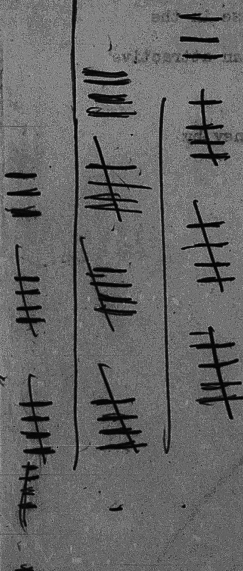
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S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.  
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 7 PM WMAQ-NBC  
 ALSO REBROADCAST

*1. Take care -  
 2. Look before you  
 3. Lightly buffed*



*50*

HF:CF



MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: AHEM. Okay. FACT IS, bud, we don't care what his nationality is, if he can walk.

RUSS: You will be liking these dog. It is Bedlington. You will want two of him.

MOL: I see. Twin Bedlingtons.

FIB: You see, bud, bein' a old pet shop owner myself, I understand the difficulty, o' -

TELEPHONE:

RUSS: Excuse me please. I must answer telephone.

MOL: Oh dont mention it, I'm sure.

MOL: What were you going to tell him, Mr. Ex-Pet-Shop-Prop?

FIB: Oh I was just gonna tell him about the time I had me a Pet shop. I was...oh back already, bud? I was jest tellin' my wife here about when I used to have me MY pet shop. Back in Peoria. PET SHOP MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS. PET SHOP MCGEE, THE PERSPICACIOUS PURCHASER O' PET PIGS, POISON PYTHONS, PLAYFUL PONIES, PEPPY PUPS AND POPULAR PROMOTOR O' PARROT PRODUCTION IN PEORIA.

MAN: Is that so -! I am very glad, tovarich --

MOL: Oh dear...

FIB: You interrupted me, bud. I was gonna tell ye bout the time I had me some smart dogs displayed in the window of my shop. There was a Scottie, a Wirehair. Two Dobermann Pinchers, and a DACHshund. Well sir, one day I had me a little auto accident and was detained at the police station. I kept worryin' about my dogs - who was gonna feed 'em and all, but shucks. I had all my worry for nothin'.



MOL: Why, McGee?

FIB: Well sir, when I got back, I found that they'd picked the lock so the Dachshund could scoot thru and get the biscuits.

MOL: Picked the LOCK!" Those dogs?

FIB: Yep. It was the Scottie's idea. Two o' the dogs twisted the wire hair till he fit the lock

MOL: How did they do that?

FIB: With the pair o' Dobermann pinchers. You see, I'd -

RUSS: Oxcuse me, Tovaricih. But I am seeing you are Pat Shop man and I am asking favors for minute. Watch store for me while I am going for few minutes to see my cousin Ivan Zadoffichianosskiovna.

MOL: Oh but listen, we cant -

FIB: I dunno, bud, I aint jest exactly a -

RUSS: For doing this, tovarich I am gibing you spassil discount on dog buying. Dobra!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well for the -

MOL: McGee...everytime you open your mouth you put your foot in it up to your hip.

FIB: Well shucks, how did I know he -

DOOR SLAM. PARROT AWRRRRRRK.

FIB: How do ye do, Ted. ~~What can we do for ye?~~

*Do you buy parrots?*

~~MOL: Is the parrot sick or something, Ted?~~

~~TED: No. He's not sick. I brought him back because he's no good.~~

PARROT AWRRRRRRRRK.

FIB: What's the matter with him? Looks like a good parrot to me, except fer that bandage around his beak and his neck all twisted to one side.

MOL: What happened to him, Ted?

TED: Had a party at my house and Parker Gibbs tried to open a bottle of ginger ale with him, and he couldn't take it.

AWRRRRRRRRRK! DOOR SLAM

MOL: Imagine that, McGee? Trying to use a parrot's beak to open a ginger ale bottle?

FIB: What's funny about that? Shucks, they used the Mayor to open the new Public Library. It was-

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Customer, McGee. Cute girl, too.

FIB: I'll wait on her. AHENS. How are ye sis. What can we do for you? Need some accessories? We got everything from Hippo Harness to Guppy Galoshes.

GIRL: No never mind. I'll wait, please.

FIB: Wait for what, sis?

GIRL: I'll just wait is all.

MOL: Oh you must want something.



FIB: Maybe she just wants to look around a while first.  
 ANYTHING I CAN SHOW YE SIS? Something in a four-legged  
 friend?  
 GIRL: Yes, gimme a chair.  
 FIB: AHEM. Okay...here ye are.  
 GIRL: Thank you.  
 MOL: When you want something just speak up dearie  
 GIRL: All right.

DOOR SLAM. (BIRD WHISTLE) (Elmo?)

MOL: Heavenly days...it's Mr. Tanner.  
 FIB: Hiyah, Elmo. What can we do for ye?  
 ELMO: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly. Got a blackbird?  
 FIB: No - but we've got a crow here. Only three dollars.  
 ELMO: I'll take it. Thanks. Here's your three bucks.  
 MOL: What you want a blackbird for, Elmo? Why not a parrot  
 or a canary?  
 ELMO: Well, Ted Weems was afraid I wouldnt be able to whistle  
 some night so he told me to get an understudy.  
 MOL: Yes, but that crow cant whistle!  
 ELMO: You bet he cant. I'm no fool.

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Elmo should have got an emu.  
 FIB: Fer whistling?  
 MOL: No, for crossword puzzles. But maybe the girl has made  
 up her mind what she wants, McGee.

FIB: I'll see. HOW ABOUT IT SIS? KNOW WHAT YOU WANT NOW?  
 GIRL: Yes, I do.  
 FIB: Fine...what'll it be.  
 GIRL: I'll wait.  
 FIB: Oh. AHEM. She'll wait, Molly....  
 MOL: Wait for what?  
 FIB: Search me. I suppose she -

*Silly Entrance*

TELEPHONE:

*Insert page 13*

MOL: I'll get it, McGee. HELLO. HELLO. WISTFUL VISTA PET  
 SHOP, MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN! YES YES...YES...I SEE...  
 JUST A MINUTE PLEASE.  
 FIB: 'Smatter, Molly?  
 MOL: Lady wants to know what to feed her guppies.  
 FIB: Tell her jest feed 'em lightly in the morning with a  
 little milk and corn bread. Let 'em have an old shoe  
 to chew on during the day - Then in the evening some  
 mush or slightly cooked hamburger. Take 'em out for a  
 walk four times a day and -  
 MOL: GUPPIES?  
 FIB: Oh, I thought you says Puppies. AHEM. Tell her to swim  
 over here with 'em some day and we'll work out a diet.  
 MOL: HELLO. BRING THEM IN ANY TIME AND WE'LL WORK OUT A  
 DIET. DONT MENTION IT. (CLICK)

DOOR SLAM



FIB: Look, Molly. It's Silly Watson.

SIL: Hiyah, "a'am. Hiyah, Mist' McGee. You wo'kin heah now?

MOL: Just temporarily, Silly. Why?

SIL: Well we'n you git th'u, can yo-all come down to the jail and see kin you explain mah brotheh to the jail-man?

FIB: Your brother....Considerable?

MOL: What's he in for Silly?

SIL: Thuhty days, please ma'am.

FIB: No...she means what did he do?

SIL: It ain' what DID he do, Mist' McGee. It what he GONNA do.

MOL: And what's that?

SIL: Thuhty days.

FIB: Listen. Sil....WHAT WAS HE ARRESTED FOR?

SIL: Well suh, Considerable he's a musician, suh only musician stuff is kinda sca'hce roun' heah now so he got him a job wif' a fah'mer.

MOL: Yes?

SIL: Yas'm. And lile ole fah'meh he had to bring mah brother a new hoe ev'y day, mostly. Mah brother he'd hide 'em undeh the ba'n.

FIB: He what?

SIL: He hid 'em. And lile old fahmeh he found wheah mah brother had hid 'em and had him pinch. He say BOY WHA FO YOU DO DAT? And Considerable he tole 'em.

FIB: What'd he tell him?

SIL: He say HE WAS HOEIN' LIL OLE POTATOES FACIN' THE HAY FIEL' and EVE' TIME HE SEEN FOLKS MAKIN' HEY HEY HE GOTTA HIDE DE HOE.

Goo'bye Miz McGee; s'long, Boss!

DOOR SLAM

• ORK: CHASER: OR INTRO to

• ORK: "LINGER AWHILE" --

-- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

2ND COMMERCIAL: (~~Maybe write Molly intro?~~)

ORK: MCGEE THEME (DOWN FOR ANNCM'T)

WIL: WELL, THE MCGEES ARE STILL IN CHARGE OF THE WISTFUL VISTA PET SHOP AND THEY STILL DONT KNOW WHAT THEIR LADY CUSTOMER WANTS.

-----

MOL: Maybe she's made up her mind now, McGee. Ask her again.

FIB: Okay. HOW ABOUT IT SIS? Know what you want yet?

GIRL: Yes, I do.



FIB: That's the stuff. What'll it be?  
GIRL: I'll wait.  
FIB: Dad rat it, you'll wait for what?  
GIRL: Never mind. I'll just wait.  
FIB: I know but look...you cant-  
MOL: McGee! The customer is always right  
DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: How do you sir. What can we ~~do~~ for you?  
BILL: I wanna cat.-  
FIB: A cat eh? We only got one, bud That little brown one /  
over there.  
BILL: What is it? A Tan Persian?  
FIB: No, a Chocolate Maltese.  
BILL: No thanks.  
DOOR SLAM  
MOL: Nice goin', McGee. Anything else you can do to ruin  
the business here?  
FIB: Whaddyc mean ruin it? I know more about the pet shop  
racket than anybody. I mind the time down in Peoria.  
DOOR SLAM:  
MOL: Heavenly days it's Mrs. Wearybottom.  
FIB: Well ferthe - HELLO THERE WEARY.

WEARY: Hello folks, I was just passing by and I saw you two  
~~in here and just wondered~~ what you <sup>are</sup> were doing, working  
in here among all these goldfish and canaries and cats  
and dogs I'll never forget my uncle when he made his will  
he insisted on bein' put in a mausoleum built in the  
shape of a kennel ~~and when they asked him why~~, he said  
he'd been in the dog-house all his life he didnt know  
why he should change now what a horrible necktie you got  
on.  
FIB: AHEM. You dont like it, eh? AHEM. Listen weary...how  
about buyin' some o' the Japanese fantails? Oriental  
Sally-Rand goldfish, we call 'em. We -  
WEARY: ~~Come to think of I dont believe I want any today~~ I've  
got a lot of goldfish in the house now and my neighbors  
<sup>only</sup> claim they keep them awake all night splashing around  
~~but my goodness I think that's real silly of them why~~  
when I got those goldfish they didnt even look like  
goldfish and my brither used to sing a song like when  
your hair has turned to silver only he called it when  
your herring has turned to goldfish I will carp no more  
today he was an awful fool my brother was, ~~you'd just be~~  
~~surprised~~ it's reall slippery out isnt it?

DOOR SLAM



FIB: When your herring has turned to goldf...shucks. What a song

WIL: IT'S NOT HALF AS GOOD AS THE GLOCOAT SONG.

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox What's the glocoat song?

WIL: IN THE GLEAMING, OH MY GLO-COAT.

FIB: Listen, Harpo. What did you want?

WIL: I want some fish food.

*Do you want to eat it here or take it home?*  
MOL: We have it in 10, 25 and fifty-cent packages.

FIB: Dependin' on how hungry you are, Harpo. (LAUGHS)

WIL: Skip it I got other troubles, too. I left my canary cage out on the front porch last week for an airing and yesterday do you know what I found. AN EGG in the cage. and it WASNT a canary egg either. Can you explain that?

MOL: Certainly. The canary just did it for a lark.

WIL: Thanks. *Godbye*

DOOR SLAM  
*Willy - see if that girl has made up her mind yet?*  
MOL: Now then, dearie...are you ready to buy something?

GIRL: No thank you.

FIB: Well, you gonna sit there all day, sis?

GIRL: Yes...if necessary.

MOL: If necessary to what. Cant you tell us what you want?

GIRL: Yes.

FIB: When your herring has turned to goldf...shucks. What a song

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GIRL: Yes.



FIB: Okay, what?

GIRL: I wanta wait.

FIB: Aw fer the... OKAY OKAY...but you'll have to leave when we close.

TELEPHONE:

MOL: Get the phone, McGee.

FIB: Okay? HELLO? YES...YES... A LEASH FOR A DOG? NO WE DONT LEASH OUR DOGS, SIS. WE SELL 'EM OUTRIGHT. OH IS THAT SO! (CLICK) Tryin' to get funny with me. She says -

DOOR SLAM

BOOM: HOW ARE YOU, MY LITTLE PURP-PURVEYORS.

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

FIB: What can we do for you, bud?

BOOM: ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM HORATIO K. BOOMER OF THE BOOMER DOG-AND-PONY SHOWS. I AM LOOKING FOR A SMALL DOG THAT CAN DO TRICKS...JUST LOST MY MOST VALUABLE CANINE...A SPLENDID ANIMAL SPLENDID...COULD FIND ANYTHING ANYWHERE. VERY INTELLIGENT. YES YES

MOL: What kind of tricks did he do?



BOOM: OH A MARVELOUS PERFORMER. QUITE A RETRIVER. USED TO  
RETRIVE POCKETBOOKS FROM ALL OVER THE CIRCUS GROUNDS.  
WOULDN'T TOUCH A WALLET WITH LESS THAN FIVE BUCKS, IN IT.  
VERY INTELLIGENT ANIMAL. WORKED FOR ME FOR YEARS AND  
NEVER TORE A CUSTOMER'S HIP POCKET.

FIB: That's a fine thing to teach a dog to do, Boomer. Make  
a pick-pocket out of him.

MOL: We wouldn't sell you a dog for that purpose

BOOM: YOU'RE HONEST SENTIMENTS DO YOU CREDIT, MY DEAR.. YES YES...

FIB: What became of the dog, Boomer;

BOOM: WELL I'LL TELL YOU. PARDON ME IF I WIPE MY EYES IT'S A  
VERY TOUCHING STORY. WE WERE PLAYING OSKALOOSA LAST  
WEEK AND THERE WAS A FLEA CIRCUS NEXT DOOR. MY DOG ~~HAVE~~ <sup>MUST</sup> ELOPED WITH THE LEADING LADY, JUST STAGE-STRUCK. I <sup>and my</sup> ~~and my~~ <sup>photo</sup> ~~photo~~  
GUESS. YES..YES...WELL IF YOU WONT SELL ME A DOG, I LL  
HAVE TO LOOK ELSEWHERE...GOOD DAY TO YOU AND THE  
BEST OF HEALTH -

FIB: Thanks bud -

BOOM: TO YOUR LIVESTOCK.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: < McGee. I think he was crooked.

FIB: NO!

MOL: Really I do. You heard what he said about -

DOOR SLAM:



TEE: Hi mister.

FIB: Oh hello there sis. What can I do for ye?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says what did you want?

TEE: I wanna look at the birds and the goldfish and the canaries and things. Can I mister. Huh? Can I please?

FIB: Okay sis. But dont touch anything. You might git bit by a parrot or somethin'.

TEE: Hmmmm?

FIB: *Shes mad cry if*  
~~I says what would you do if a parrot bit ye?~~

TEE: *you would too*  
~~Cry~~ I betcha. if he bit ye.

FIB: ~~You bet you would.~~ How do ye like the goldfish.

TEE: *Well* . Who painted 'em?

FIB: NOBODY painted 'em. They come that way.

TEE: What way?

FIB: Gold.

TEE: Hmmmm?

FIB: I says GOLDFISH ARE NATURALLY GOLD.

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well, they... DAD RAT IT HOW DO I KNOW WHY?

TEE: Dont you work here?

FIB: Yes but....

TEE: Well, gee, then you oughtta know why, I betcha.

FIB: Well why is a parrot all them bright colors?

TEE: Why?