

# NBC

ADVERTISER. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER ON QUIN

PROGRAM ~~TRIP~~ BER McGEE AND MOLLY" # 100

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

( 7:00-7:30 PM )  
TIME

( MARCH 8, 1937 )  
DATE

( MONDAY )  
DAY

PRODUCTION

~~Col. Roscoe Turner - 6 for 1st time March 15~~

ANNOUNCER

~~Hal - 2 " " "~~

ENGINEER

~~O'Brien - 6 " last " "~~

REMARKS

Howing

1. Aint got Rhythm
2. on the Mace
3. Floating on a Bubble

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MARCH 8, 1937 - MONDAY - WMAQ - RED - 7:00-7:30 PM

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Spring is almost here -- with the sun streaming through the windows and showing up everything in the room. It's embarrassing to have the light fall across some of the shabby places on a floor, showing up dust and dirt collected in the cracks. If you're wise, you'll protect your floors against dirt and wear with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. This remarkable no-rubbing polish seals the pores and cracks -- shuts dirt right out. GLO-COAT quickly change dull, dingy floors into bright shining surfaces that you can be proud of, and it's so easy to use! Just apply and let dry. Drying time, 20 minutes. Order JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow in the attractive yellow can and remember you save money by buying the larger sizes.

*2<sup>nd</sup> Commercial  
repeated one dated Feb 14.*

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

MARCH 8, 1937 - MONDAY - WMAQ - RED - 7:00-7:30 PM

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Spring is almost here -- with the sun streaming through the windows and showing up everything in the room. It's embarrassing to have the light fall across some of the shabby places on a floor, showing up dust and dirt collected in the cracks. If you're wise, you'll protect your floors against dirt and wear with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. This remarkable no-rubbing polish seals the pores and cracks -- shuts dirt right out. GLO-COAT quickly change dull, dingy floors into bright shining surfaces that you can be proud of, and it's so easy to use! Just apply and let dry. Drying time, 20 minutes. Order JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow in the attractive yellow can and remember you save money by buying the larger sizes.

*2<sup>nd</sup> Commercial  
repeated one dated Feb 14.*

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 \_\_\_\_\_  
 ORK: SELECTION (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)  
 WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL - (Over Music)

*He ain't got rhythm*

-----C O M M E R C I A L-----

ORK: MCGEE THEME\*(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: IT'S A BIG EVENING WITH THE MCGEES..(YES AND WITH ME, TOO)  
 THE 100th BROADCAST OF FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - AND  
 HERE THEY ARE!

\*\*\*\*\*

APPLAUSE:

FIB: IMAGINE IT, Molly? 100 CONSECUTIVE BROADCASTS.  
 MOL: -- AND THEY SAY THE FIRST HUNDRED ARE THE HARDEST, TOO?  
 FIB: SHUCKS IT SEEMS JUST LIKE A DREAM.  
 MOL: LIKE A DRE--WHY THAT'S WHAT THE SPONSOR SAID THE OTHER  
 NIGHT...ALMOST.  
 FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, - ALMOST?  
 MOL: WELL, HE DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A "DREAM" EXACTLY. HE JUST  
 SAID HE HADN'T SLEPT VERY GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS.  
 FIB: (AHM) ANYWAY, IT'S LIKE MY BROTHER ZAN - <sup>says to me</sup> that's  
 Alexander - LIKE MY BROTHER ZAN SAYS WHEN HE WAS WORKIN'  
 ON THE ROOF AND HIS WRIST WATCH FELL OFF. HE SAYS HE  
 NEVER SAW THE TIME GO SO FAST. (LAUGHS) GET IT, MOLLY?  
 I SAYS ZAN SAYS -  
 MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE.  
 FIB: OKAY. I GOT OTHERS. 100 BROADCASTS...WHAT A NIGHT! WHO  
 SENT YE THE NOSEGAY?  
 MOL: IXNAY ON THE IGPAY ATINLAY. WHO DID WHAT?  
 FIB: I SAYS WHO SENT YE THE NOSEGAY...THE FLOWERS?  
 MOL: OHHHH, I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKIN' PIG LATIN. ME UNCLE  
 DENNIS SENT 'EM.

FIB: I should have TALKED PIG LATIN AT THAT. YOUR UNCLE  
DENNIS WAS A CHAMP HOG CALLER ONCE WASN'T HE?

MOL: SURE. BUT NOW HE'S HAULIN' MACHINERY ON A TRUCK. IT'S  
ABOUT THE SAME THING. X

FIB: THE SAME THING! CALLIN' HOGS AND TRUCKIN' MACHINERY?

MOL: SURE...HOG CALLIN'...GOG HAULIN'...NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

FIB: I NEVER DID UNDERSTAND WHY HE EVER LEFT THE CIRCUS. I  
THOUGHT HE HAD A GOOD JOB THERE.

MOL: HE DID. BUT HE WAS ALWAYS SO CARELESS. IN FACT HE WAS  
FIRED FOR CARELESSNESS.

FIB: WHAT'D HE DO?

MOL: HE MISLAID AN ELEPHANT, SOMEPLACE.

FIB: HE PROBABLY SNEAKED IT OUT AND SOLD IT TO SOMEBODY FOR A  
BOOK-END.

MOL: OH UNCLE DENNIS WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE THAT!

FIB: NO. NOBODY EVER TOLD HIM ABOUT BOOK ENDS. I DON'T  
BELIEVE ANYBODY EVER TOLD HIM ABOUT BOOKS, EVEN

MOL: OH NOW MCGEE, YOU ALWAYS - OH HELLO TED.

FIB: HIYAH TED.

TED: Listen...MOLLY AND FIBBER. ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO  
CONGRATULATE YOU! ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND THE BOYS.

MOL: OH THANK YOU TED.

FIB: THANKS TED. YOU TELL THE BOYS IT'S THE NATURAL RESULT O'  
BRAINS, PERSEVERANCE AND HARD WORK. <sup>just</sup>

TED: WHAT'S HARD WORK GOT TO DO WITH IT? YOU JUST HAD A DARNED  
GOOD HORSE THAT'S ALL.

FIB: I should have TALKED PIG LATIN AT THAT. YOUR UNCLE  
DENNIS WAS A CHAMP HOG CALLER ONCE WASN'T HE?

MOL: SURE. BUT NOW HE'S HAULIN' MACHINERY ON A TRUCK. IT'S  
ABOUT THE SAME THING. X

FIB: THE SAME THING! CALLIN' HOGS AND TRUCKIN' MACHINERY?

MOL: SURE...HOG CALLIN'...GOG HAULIN'...NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

FIB: I NEVER DID UNDERSTAND WHY HE EVER LEFT THE CIRCUS. I  
THOUGHT HE HAD A GOOD JOB THERE.

MOL: HE DID. BUT HE WAS ALWAYS SO CARELESS. IN FACT HE WAS  
FIRED FOR CARELESSNESS.

FIB: WHAT'D HE DO?

MOL: HE MISLAID AN ELEPHANT, SOMEPLACE.

FIB: HE PROBABLY SNEAKED IT OUT AND SOLD IT TO SOMEBODY FOR A  
BOOK-END.

MOL: OH UNCLE DENNIS WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE THAT!

FIB: NO. NOBODY EVER TOLD HIM ABOUT BOOK ENDS. I DON'T  
BELIEVE ANYBODY EVER TOLD HIM ABOUT BOOKS, EVEN

MOL: OH NOW MCGEE, YOU ALWAYS - OH HELLO TED.

FIB: HIYAH TED.

TED: Listen...MOLLY AND FIBBER. ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO  
CONGRATULATE YOU! ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND THE BOYS.

MOL: OH THANK YOU TED.

FIB: THANKS TED. YOU TELL THE BOYS IT'S THE NATURAL RESULT O'  
BRAINS, PERSEVERANCE AND HARD WORK. <sup>just</sup>

TED: WHAT'S HARD WORK GOT TO DO WITH IT? YOU JUST HAD A DARNED  
GOOD HORSE THAT'S ALL.

IB: SAY NOW LISTEN, TED... YOUR A GOOD GUY BUT I AIN'T GONNA  
 LET YOU STAND THERE AND CALL MOLLY A HORSE.  
 ED: <sup>NO</sup> WHO CALLED MOLLY A HORSE? I WAS TALKING ABOUT ROSEMONT.  
 I HEARD YOU WON <sup>a lot of dough</sup> TWENTY DUCKS ON HIM A FEW DAYS AGO.  
 OL: OH DEAR... WE THOUGHT YOU WERE CONGRATULATING US ON OUR  
 100th BROADCAST FOR JOHNSONS WAX.  
 ED: YOUR 100th BROA-... SAY IS THAT ALL IT'S BEEN? IT SEEMS  
 LIKE A THOUSAND! (FADE OUT) SAY BOYS... YOU KNOW WHAT  
 FIBBER JUST SAID?  
 IB: WHY THE INGRATITUDE O' THAT GUY! HE OUGHTTA BE PROUD  
 TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH US. 100 PERFORMANCES! SAYYYYYY,  
 I'LL BET SOME OF THOSE OTHER RADIO SHOWS ENVY US  
 OL: SURE. POOR OLD RUDY VALLEE. HE'S ONLY BEEN ON THE AIR  
 ABOUT SIX YEARS.  
 IB: Well, RUDY VALLEE'S AN EXCEPTION. I MEAN --  
 OL: AND AMOS 'N ANDY. THEY ONLY BEEN ON ABOUT EIGHT OR  
 NINE YEARS.  
 IB: YES BUT --  
 OL: AND JACK BENNY. POOR JACK! ONLY A MILLION PERFORMANCES  
 OR SO. HE'LL NEVER CATCH UP WITH US NOW!  
 IB: AHHH FER THE -- WELL YOU KNOW WHAT I MEANT '100 WEEKS!  
 AND THEY SAYS IT ONLY TAKES A YEAR TO REALLY ESTABLISH A  
 SHOW!

WIL: BUT, IT ONLY TAKES 20 MINUTES TO ESTABLISH A BEAUTIFUL  
 FINISH ON YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM WITH JOHNSON'S GLO-  
 COAT. AND THERE'S NO RUBBING, NO BUFFING AND --  
 FIB: HARPO!  
 WIL: Oh HELLO FOLKS. EXCUSE ME FOR BUTTING IN. I GUESS I WAS  
 JUST CARRIED AWAY BY MY ENTHUSIASM.  
 FIB: AS LONG AS YOU'RE CARRIED AWAY, I DON'T CARE WHAT DOES IT.  
 MOL: NOW MCGEE... REMEMBER. MR. WILCOX HAS BEEN WITH US FOR  
 100 WEEKS.  
 WIL: THAT'S RIGHT, FIBBER AND IT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN SWELL.  
 WORKING WITH YOU TWO.  
 FIB: WORKIN' EH? (LAUGHS) WORKIN'! SHUCKS <sup>all you</sup> WHAT DO YOU DO --  
 BUT MAKE A COUPLE OF ~~45 SECOND ANNOUNCEMENTS~~ <sup>is</sup> AND MENTION  
 JOHNSONS WAX A COUPLE OF TIMES...  
 MOL: LISTEN MCGEE, MR. WILCOX HAS WORKED HARD. WHY JUST LOOK  
 AT HIM... ALL BENT OVER WITH WORK AND WORRY.  
 WIL: YES.  
 FIB: AW WHY DON'T YE STRAIGHTEN YOUR SHOULDERS, HARPO. STAND  
 UP... LIKE THIS. WHAT'S THE IDEA O' GOIN' AROUND ALL BENT  
 OVER LIKE THAT?  
 WIL: WELL, I JUST GOT TIRED OF BEING A STRAIGHT MAN FOR YOU,  
 THAT'S ALL! SO LONG.  
 DOOR SLAM  
 MOL: What's the door slam for? HE'S STILL STANDING RIGHT THERE.

FIB:

*Enter Como - (Cunning)*

*Fib*  
 MOL: OH PERRY COMO.  
 COMO: SAY. I HEAR THIS IS YOUR ONE HUNDREDTH JOHNSON WA PROGRAM.  
 FIB: YOU BETCHA.  
 MOL: THAT'S RIGHT, PERRY.  
 COMO: MY GIRL SAYS HER FOLKS HAVE HEARD EVERY ONE OF YOUR SHOWS.  
 MOL: WELL, NOW ISN'T THAT FINE!  
 FIB: THANKS PERRY.  
 COMO: "THAT <sup>S</sup>MUST BE A TOUGH JOB, WEEK AFTER WEEK."  
 FIB: WHAT - BROADCASTING OUR SHOW?  
 COMO: NO, LISTENING TO ~~IT~~

(Line or two into Como number, whatever it is.)

ORK: SELECTION-- -- COMO.APPLAUSE:ORK: MC GEE THEME: - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT) --

WIL: AND SO - OUT OF GRATITUDE TO THEIR SPONSOR (Johnson's Wax remember?) ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR 100th BROADCAST, FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SEND HIM <sup>the Russian</sup> A WIRE OF THANKS. HERE THEY ARE, ~~ON THE CORNER OF 14th & OAK~~ <sup>Telegraph</sup> STREETS, WISTFUL VISTA APPROACHING THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

STREET NOISES UP. DOWN.

FIB: Say...where is this telegraph office, Molly? ~~I ain't quite sure.~~  
 MOL: ~~Why don't we skip to page eleven. I know we're in it there.~~ Wait a minute, I'll ask this man. Yoo Hoo, - Mister!  
 RUSS: ALLO, BABOUSCHKA. ALLO TOVARICHICH. WHAT CAN I DO YOU OUT OF?  
 FIB: Listen bud, we're looking for the telegraph office. Know where it is?  
 RUSS: Chure, tovarichich. It is being right across the street from little Rossian ratarant.  
 MOL: And where is ~~that~~? The Russian restaurant?  
 RUSS: RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET FROM TELEGRIFE OFFITCH, BABOUSCHKA  
 FIB: ~~Gray vodka~~, but where's either one of 'em?  
 RUSS: EITHER ONE IS ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE OTHER ONE, <sup>Ne</sup> DOMBELL! YOU GO STRAIGHT AHEAD UNTIL FIRST TURN TO RIGHT DA?  
 FIB: DA.  
 MOL: DA.

RUSS: DA. THEN YOU ARE MAKING RIGHT HANDS TURN, FOUR TIMES.  
DA?  
FIB: DA.  
MOL: DA DA.  
FIB: Don't take advantage, Molly. LISTEN VODKA. WE TURN TO THE RIGHT FOUR TIMES, AND..(PAUSE) SAY THAT BRINGS US RIGHT BACK TO WHERE WE ARE NOW.  
RUSS: SURE, TOVARICHICH. BY THAT TIME, MAYBE I AM REMEMBERING WHERE IS RUSSIAN RASTARANT ACROSS FROM TELEGRIFE OFFTICH. <sup>What - Russian</sup> ~~WHAT HAPPENS AFTER, IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE!~~  
FIB: Aw fer the --- THERE'S ELMO TANNER..LET'S ASK HIM. HEY..  
ELMO:  
MOL: YO000..HOO..MR. TANNER.  
ELMO: HELLO FOLKS. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?  
MOL: WE WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM.  
ELMO: AND YOU CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY. I SEE. HOW ABOUT "~~WISHING YOU ALL THE HAPPINESS IN THE WORLD~~" or "HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND MANY MORE OF THEM." OR "WILL BE HOME ON THE 12:47. Love"  
FIB: ON THE 12:47 WHAT?  
ELMO: WELL IT DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM? Or LISTEN. HOW ABOUT "ITS A BOUNCING BOY, NINE POUNDS. BOTH DOING WELL. LOVE"

MOL: OH DEAR - LISTEN ELMO. IT'S NOBODY'S WEDDING OR BIRTHDAY AND WE AREN'T COMING FROM ANYWHERE.  
FIB: OR GOING ANYWHERE.  
ELMO: YOU'RE TELLING ME?  
MOL: -AND NOBODY HAS A BABY.  
ELMO: WHY THEY HAVE TOO! THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE BABIES. I KNOW SOME PEOPLE MYSELF WHO HAVE ONE.  
FIB: DAD RAT IT ELMO. ALL WE WANT FROM YOU IS TO TELL US WHERE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IS. WE WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM.  
ELMO: WHAT ABOUT?  
MOL: ABOUT OUR 100th BROADCAST.  
ELMO: WHEN IS IT?  
FIB: WHEN IS ...WHY IT'S TONIGHT! RIGHT NOW THIS IS IT.  
ELMO: THEN WHY SEND A TELEGRAM. IT'S TOO LATE TO WARN ANYBODY NOW.  
FIB: Ohhhhhh. LET IT GO ELMO..LET IT GO.  
ELMO: OKAY. PREPAID OR COLLECT?  
MOL: PREPAID.  
ELMO: I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT. (EXIT WHISTLING)  
FIB: HE'LL TAKE CARE OF --- SAY IS HE CRAZY, TOO?  
MOL: SURE. THAT'S WHY HE WHISTLES. ~~It's quitting time FOR HIS BRAIN.~~  
FIB: WELL. WAIT HERE FOR ME. I'M GOIN' INTO THIS PLACE HERE AND ASK 'EM WHERE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IS.

MOL: WELL, HURRY.

STREET NOISES UP AND OUT

FIB: COME ON IN, MOLLY.

MOL: WHY?

FIB: THIS IS IT.

DOOR SLAM: :CLICK OF TELETYPE, MURMUR OF VOICES, ETC.

GIRL: YES SIR?

FIB: Eh?

GIRL: I said YES SIR?

FIB: YES SIR WHAT?

GIRL: JUST YES SIR.

MOL: WHICH, TRANSLATED FROM THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN, MEANS, "WELL  
ON YOUR MIND?"

FIB: Oh..oh ye mean what do I want, eh?

GIRL: Yes sir.

FIB: Well, we wanta send a telegram.

GIRL: YES SIR. DOMESTIC OR CABLE, FULL RATE OR DEFERRED,  
NIGHT-LETTER, SHIP RADIOGRAM, NIGHT MESSAGE, OR DAY LETTER?

MOL: Just a common, ordinary telegram.

PAUSE

FIB: WELL. WHAT'S THE MATTER SIS? DON'T YOU HANDLE ORDINARY  
TELEGRAMS?

GIRL: ~~KEEP~~ <sup>WELL</sup> I'M LOOKING IT UP. (INSURPRISE) WHY YES SIR ...  
WE DO. HOW DID YOU KNOW?

FIB: I DREAMED IT LAST NIGHT, SIS. THEN I LOOKED IT UP IN  
THE DREAM BOOK AND THERE IT WAS. ON PAGE 28. BETWEEN WHITE  
HORSES, RED HEADED GAL'S, AND BEING CHASED BY A SNAKE.

MOL: GET ON WITH THE TELEGRAM, FOOLISH.

GIRL: YES MADAM. TO WHOM DID YOUSE WISH TO SEND IT TO?

MOL: OUR SPONSOR. IT'S OUT ONE HUNDREDTH PROGRAM ON THEIR  
AIR.

FIB: YOU KNOW SIS. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY?



GIRL: Who?

FIB: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. Monday night.

GIRL: What about it, sir?

MOL: That's us. We're on then. On the radio.

GIRL: Gee, me too. Who do you listen to?

MOL: We don't listen. We broadcast. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

GIRL: Haven't you gotta radio? You could listen on mine, if you want to.

FIB: Listen. sis. WE'RE RADIO ACTORS. We're on every Monday. Listen to us sometime.

GIRL: Gee I don't have time, Mondays. I'm always listenin' to the radio. *Monday*

MOL: Oh dear...get on with the telegram, foolish.

FIB: Okay. You come back in a few minutes sis...I gotta compose a telegram.

GIRL: Certainly sir. If there is anything of which I can do to be of service to youse, just lemme know, sir.

FIB: Okay. Let's see now...telegraph blank...pencil...~~HEY LITTLE GIRL. WHAT YOU DOIN' THERE? SWIPIN' ALL THE PENCILS?~~

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says what's the idea o' walkin' out with all the pencils?

TEE: I need 'em, I betcha.

FIB: YOU need 'em! What did you think they were in here for - ornaments?

TEE: Hmm? They were what, Mister?

FIB: ORNAMENTS?

TEE: What's snornament?

FIB: A decoration.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says AN ORNAMENT IS A DECORATION?

TEE: What of it?

FIB: Well, you wanted to know what...I mean I says these pencils wer...and you says...WELL WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TAKIN' ALL THE PENCILS? *8*

TEE: Us kids are playing hopscotch, I betcha. We need 'em to mark on the sidewalk with.

FIB: Oh so that's how it is, eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says so THAT'S how it is.

TEE: That's how what is?

FIB: What you says.

TEE: I dunno whatcha mean, I betcha.

FIB: Well, I says what's the idea of swipin' the pencils outa here and you says you use 'em for hopscotch, and I says SO THAT'S HOW IT IS.

TEE: Well gee, I just got thru telling you how it is, I betcha.

FIB: What - hopscotch? How is it?

TEE: Fine. Wana try it?

FIB: No thanks. I -

TEE: Okay. But don't forget, you had your chance, mister.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: YES BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SWIPIN' ALL THE PENCILS...  
aw shucks...Gimme your fountain pen, Molly. Let's  
figger out what we're gonna say.

MOL: HOW ABOUT THIS, MCGEE. "ON THE OCCASION OF OUR ONE  
HUNDREDTH BROADCAST FOR YOU, MAY WE EXPRESS OUR DEEP  
APPRECIATION FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR US, AND MAY  
OUR NEXT HUNDRED WEEKS WITH JOHNSON'S WAX BE JUST AS  
PLEASANT SIGNED FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

FIB: WEL-L-1 .THAT'S A LOT OF WORDS, MOLLY. YOU'RE WAY  
OVER THE TEN WORD MARK YE KNOW.

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT CAN YOU SAY IN TEN WORDS..?

WIL: You can say "JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT MAKES FLOORS AND LINOLEUM  
SHINE LIKE NEW AGAIN" X

FIB: WHAT YOU DOIN IN HERE HARPO?

WIL: I'M SENDING A NASTY TELEGRAM TO MY EX-GIRL.

MOL: YOUR EX-GIRL! WHY WHAT HAPPENED, MR. WILCOX..

WIL: SHE MET A FENCE SALESMAN AND GAVE ME THE GATE. <

MOL: I SEE. SO YOU'RE SENDING HER A BARBED WIRE.

WIL: HAH HAH. A BARBED WIRE. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD.

FIB: IT HAS ITS POINTS. AHEM. CAN WE HELP YE COMPOSE THE  
TELEGRAM.

WIL: YES YOU CAN. HOW DO YOU SPELL "NYAHHHHH!!!"

FIB: SPELL WHAT?

WIL: "NNYAHHHH!"

MOL: YOU BETTER CALL HER UP, INSTEAD.

WIL: SAY...I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. THANKS! DOOR SLAM.

GIRL: CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOUSE? WE HAVE REGULAR FORMS  
YOU KNOW TO COVER ALMOST ANY CONSTRINGENCY.

FIB: CONTINGENCY, SIS.

GIRL: WHAT?

FIB: IT'S TIN - NOT STRIN. TIN.

GIRL: TIN WHAT?

MOL: TIN WORDS OR LESS. HAVE YOU ANY FORM TELEGRAM<DEARIE,  
TO THANK A SPONSOR FOR A HUNDRED WEEKS ON THE AIR?

GIRL: <sup>service</sup> LET ME SEE...NO. BUT HERE'S ONE THANKING A HOST FOR  
TAKING YOU TO TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.

FIB: DONT QUITE FIT THE CIRCUMSTANCES, SIS, I'M AFRAID.

GIRL: HOW ABOUT THIS ONE. THANKING A JUDGE FOR GIVING YOU  
ONLY THIRTY DAYS?

MOL: WEL-1-1-1 NO. IT'S THE WRONG SENTIMENT.

FIB: THIS IS TO GO TO OUR SPONSOR, SIS. ON OUR HUNDREDTH  
BROADCAST.

GIRL: LET ME LOOK AGAIN...BROADCAST...BROADCAST...HERE!  
WONDERFUL BROADCAST LAST NIGHT. STOP. YOU NEVER SANG  
BETTER. LOVE.

FIB: THAT WOULD BE FINE IF OUR SPONSOR WAS A SINGER.

GIRL: I'M SORRY. I GUESS THIS CONSTRINGENCY NEVER COME UP  
BEFORE. I'LL MENTION IT IN MY REPORT.

FIB: YOU DO THAT. MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE ONE FOR OUR NEXT  
HUNDRED WEEKS.

NOL: OR OUR NEXT SPONSOR.

FIB: QUIET, MOLLY. JUST SKIP THE WHOLE THING SIS. I'LL  
FIGGER ONE OUT.

MOL: HOW ABOUT THIS, MCGEE... "DEAR MR. SPONSOR... OH HELLO  
THERE MRS. WEARYBOTTOM.

FIB: DOES HE KNOW HER? SHUCKS, HE... OH HIYAH WEARY. WHAT  
YOU DOIN' HERE?

WEARY: OHHH, HELLO THERE FOLKS. I SUPPOSE YOU CAME IN TO SEND  
A TELEGRAM TOO MY GOODNESS IT SEEMS LIKE FOLKS ARE GETTING  
LAZIER AND LAZIER THEY NEVER SEND A LETTER IF THEY CAN  
SEND A TELEGRAM DO THEY I GOT TO SEND AN ANSWER TO MY  
NEPHEW IN COLLEGE HE SAYS SEND ME TWENTY DOLLARS AND  
DONT WRITE - TELEGRAPH: AND I'M SENDING HIM A WIRE  
SAYING IT AINT RIGHT, DONT TELEGRAPH AGAIN, BUT HE  
PROBABLY WILL - WHY DONT YOU GET YOUR PANTS PRESSED?

FIB: WHO, ME?

FIB: YOU DO THAT. MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE ONE FOR OUR NEXT  
HUNDRED WEEKS.

NOL: OR OUR NEXT SPONSOR.

FIB: QUIET, MOLLY. JUST SKIP THE WHOLE THING SIS. I'LL  
FIGGER ONE OUT.

MOL: HOW ABOUT THIS, MCGEE... "DEAR MR. SPONSOR... OH HELLO  
THERE MRS. WEARYBOTTOM.

FIB: DOES HE KNOW HER? SHUCKS, HE... OH HIYAH WEARY. WHAT  
YOU DOIN' HERE?

WEARY: OHHH, HELLO THERE FOLKS. I SUPPOSE YOU CAME IN TO SEND  
A TELEGRAM TOO MY GOODNESS IT SEEMS LIKE FOLKS ARE GETTING.  
LAZIER AND LAZIER THEY NEVER SEND A LETTER IF THEY CAN  
SEND A TELEGRAM DO THEY I GOT TO SEND AN ANSWER TO MY  
NEPHEW IN COLLEGE HE SAYS SEND ME TWENTY DOLLARS AND  
DONT WRITE - TELEGRAPH: AND I'M SENDING HIM A WIRE  
SAYING IT AINT RIGHT, DONT TELEGRAPH AGAIN, BUT HE  
PROBABLY WILL - WHY DONT YOU GET YOUR PANTS PRESSED?

FIB: WHO, ME?

WEARY: WHO DID YOU THINK, LITTLE JACK HORNER? WELL ANYWAY,  
I THINK IT'S JUST SIMPLY WONDERFUL HOW SOMEBODY CAN  
JUST TAP A LITTLE BRASS KEY AND SOMEBODY ELSE IN PEORIA  
OR TIMBUCTOO OR CHECKOSLOVAKIA WILL GET THE TELEGRAM IN  
JUST A FEW MINUTES AND IT PROBABLY SCARES THEM TO DEATH  
TILL THEY FIND OUT IT'S JUST SOMEBODY HAVING A FINE  
TIME AND WISHING THEY WERE THERE AND THEY PROBABLY  
THANK HEAVEN THEY AREN'T THERE, HERE MISS, SEND THIS  
TELEGRAM TO MY NEPHEW CARE OF THE DEANS OFFICE AT  
PRINCETON THAT'S WHERE HE'LL PROBABLY BE, SAY, DID THE  
GROUND-HOG SEE HIS SHADOW THIS YEAR?

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: HMMM. DID HE, MOLLY?  
MOL: DID HE WHAT?  
FIB: DID HE SEE HIS SHADOW?  
MOL: WHO, MRS. WEARYBOTTOM'S NEPHEW? HEAVENLY DAYS I NEVER  
MET THE BOY. I DONT....  
FIB: NEVER MIND. HOW ABOUT OUR WIRE? SUPPOSE WE JUST SAY,  
"THANKS AND APPRECIATION FOR ONE HUNDRED VERY HAPPY  
WEEKS FOR JOHNSONS WAX AND MAY WE ALWAYS - OOP! SORRY  
BROTHER!  
BOOM: DONT MENTION IT, MY LITTLE TELEGRAPH BLANK. ~~NO, NEVER~~  
~~MIND THE TELEGRAPH... JUST LEAVE IT BLANK.~~ HERE MY DEAR.  
SEND THIS TELEGRAM RIGHT AWAY... *Girl: yes*  
GIRL: YES SIR. TO WHOM DID YOU WISH IT TO GO TO?  
BOOM: TO MR. MORGANFELLER C/O MORGAN FELLER, MORGANFELLER,  
MORGANFELLER MORGANFELLER AND SCRIMP.

FIB: (ASIDE) SOMEBODY'S SELLIN' MORGANFELLER. SHORT.  
BOOM: QUIET, MY LITTLE WIRE HAIR, QUITE. HERE IS THE MESSAGE,  
MY DEAR. "WILL NOT SELL STOCK UNDER THREE MILLION. HAVE  
BEEN OFFERED TWO MILLION CASH BY WALL STREET INTERESTS.  
SIGNED HORATIO K. BOOMER.  
MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS... 3 MILLION!  
GIRL: THAT WILL BE FORTY TWO CENTS, SIR.  
BOOM: AH YES ..FORTY TWO CENTS...42 CENTS...NOW LET ME SEE...  
42 CENTS...TWO CIGARETTE PICTURES...SPECIAL DELIVERY  
STAMP...A FEW CRUMBS OF PEANUT BRITTLE AND A SHORT BEER..  
AH YES...TELL ME, MY DEAR, CAN YOU MAKE CHANGE FOR A  
HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL?  
GIRL: YES SIR.  
BOOM: WELL WELL..THAT'S VERY INTERESTING..DONT SEE MANY OF  
THEM THESE DAYS... YES YES...JUST SEND THE TELEGRAM  
COLLECT. THANK YOU.

DOOR SLAM

MOL: LISTEN MCGEE...SUPPOSE WE JUST SAY "ON OUR ONE HUNDREDTH  
BROAD-  
FIB: YOU DONT HAVE TO SAY ONE HUNDREDTH. JUST SAY HUNDREDTH.  
MOL: THAT'S RIGHT. WE SAVE A WORD THAT WAY. ON THE HUNDRE-  
SOUND: TELEGRAPH KEY.  
FIB: WHAT'S THAT SIS?  
GIRL: IT'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU SIR. YOU'RE MISTER MCGEE?  
MOL: THATS US. WHAT DOES IT SAY? READ IT, MCGEE!  
SOUND: PAPER RATTLE

FIB: IT SAYS... DEAR FIBBER AND MOLLY. "HAVING FINE TUNE.  
~~STOP~~ WISH YOU <sup>would</sup> HEAR. Signed, TED WEEMS. COME ON,  
 MOLLY, LETS SIT DOWN!

ORK: SELECTION. TANNER.

APPLAUSE:

That was Ted Weems playing and Elmo Tanner whistling

WIL: COMMERCIAL # 2:

- C O M M E R C I A L -

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

WIL: NOW BACK TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE, WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY  
 ARE STILL TRYING TO GET THEIR TELEGRAPHIC THANKS TO THE  
 SPONSOR DOWN TO AN ECONOMICAL MINIMUM.

MOL: Well now let's see, McGee. We got to get the number of  
 words down. HOW ABOUT - IT'S BEEN WONDERFUL BEING ON  
 YOUR PROGRAM THESE HUNDRED WEEKS. WE-

FIB: Whoa! That's ten words right there.

MOL: Oh dear. And I was just started. Why -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Hi there bud...we in your way here?

MAN: No. Just wanta send a telegram to my contractor. He's  
 building a new porch on my summer cottage and I find it's  
 gonna cost me too much.

MOL: We'll be glad to help you with it. What's his name?

MAN: Stumpf.

FIB: What's yours, bud?

MAN: Stroop. Why?

FIB: Shucks, that works out pretty good, bud. Just say -  
 DEAR STUMPF. STOP. STOP STARTING STOOP. STOP. STOO  
 STEEP. STOP. STROOP.

MAN: Wonderful. SEND THAT, GIRLIE!

GIRL: YES SIR. Where to sir?

MAN: STACEY STUMPF, STEUBENVILLE.

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Now if you'd only get that magnificent brain to work  
 on your own problems, McGee, we might get someplace.

FIB: Okay. How about this, DEAR SPONSOR: CELEBRATING OUR  
 CENTENNIAL TODAY AND -

MOL: No no no. CENTENIAL, means a hundred YEARS

FIB: WELL, what's the word for a hundred weeks.

MOL: Centaweekial.

FIB: CELEBRATING OUR CENTAWEKIAL...are you sure that's right  
 Molly?

MOL: No, but -

TELEPHONE

GIRL: Hello. Yeah? Messenger? Sure. Send him right over.  
 Yes ma'am. HE'LL be right there. (CLICK) MESSENGER!  
 Wake up. MESSENGER!

SIL: Yas'm. (YAWNS)

GIRL: Go to Mrs. Wheedledeck's at 14th and Oak Streets, and  
 Hurry

SIL: YAS'M. Ah always - OH HIYAH MIST' MCGEE... HIYAH, Ma'm

MOL: Heavenly days...Silly Watson

FIB: Hiyah Sil. You a messenger these days?

SIL: Yassuh. ah's been messin' for a long time, please suh

MOL: You cant make much at that work can you 'Silly?

SIL: No ma'am. But mah girl Rosie Jackson she like a m'n wha'  
 weahs a uniform, please, ma'am. She say it gimme diggity

MOL: It gives you what?

SIL: Diggety, ma'am. Rosie say they aint nothin' got mo'  
 diggity than a uniform.

FIB: She said DIGNITY, didn't she Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You says diggety.

SIL: Yassuh.

MOL: Can't you say DIGNITY?

SIL: Yas'm.

FIB: Well, say it?

SIL: Ah don' have to say it, boss. Ah GOT it. Ah'm now probly  
 the most diggityfied man Rosie know. She say ah -

MOL: OH THERE GOES ROSIE JACKSON OUT THERE NOW, Silly!

SIL: Wheah, ma'am. YAS'M. THEAH SHE IS...HOT DIGNITY' HEY  
 ROSIE...WAIT FO' SIL.....

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Well, we're not getting anywhere, McGee. Start workin'

FIB: Say I just happened to think o' somethin'. Hey SIS!

GIRL: Yessir?

FIB: We save any dough on our telegram if I send it myself?  
 I'm an old telegraph operator ye, know. Just let me at  
 that key a minute and -

GIRL: Against the rules, mister. Did you say you were an  
 operator?

FIB: You betcha sis. I was the best known telegraph man with the whole U.J.G. & T. I. E. Railroad.

MOL: The U.J.G. & T. I. E.? What ~~read~~<sup>was</sup> that ~~mean~~<sup>mean</sup>.

WIL: That means, "USE JOHNSONS GLOCOAT AND TAKE IT EASY."

FIB: HARPO! I thought you were callin' up your girl.

WIL: I was. But I just got word that King George had given my cousin a title.

MOL: I wondered what you were peering around for.

WIL: Yes, I just came in to send him a knight letter.

FIB: A knight letter, eh? (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? ~~What is he now, Harpo? A duke?~~

WIL: No. He's an earl.

MOL: Well you better hurry with that telegram then. It's 3,000 miles to England.

WIL: What of it?

MOL: Well, we change our earl at 5,000 miles.

WIL: Oh oh. I better call him, up, too! Thanks!

DOOR SLAM.

GIRL: Did youse say youse ~~were~~<sup>was formerly</sup> a telegraph operator, ~~and~~<sup>Mr. Teeger</sup>

FIB: You betcha sis. Why at one time every telegraph operator in the country knew my hand on the key. Every time they heard Te-DIT-TE-DIT-DIT-DIT, they'd say, well well, there's old MORSE-CODE MCGEE! ~~That's what I was knowed as in them days.~~

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: You betcha sis. I was the best known telegraph man with the whole U.J.G. & T. I. E. Railroad.

MOL: The U.J.G. & T. I. E.? What ~~read~~<sup>was</sup> that ~~mean~~<sup>mean</sup>.

WIL: That means, "USE JOHNSONS GLOCOAT AND TAKE IT EASY."

FIB: HARPO! I thought you were callin' up your girl.

WIL: I was. But I just got word that King George had given my cousin a title.

MOL: I wondered what you were peering around for.

WIL: Yes, I just came in to send him a knight letter.

FIB: A knight letter, eh? (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? ~~What is he now, Harpo? A duke?~~

WIL: No. He's an earl.

MOL: Well you better hurry with that telegram then. It's 3,000 miles to England.

WIL: What of it?

MOL: Well, we change our earl at 5,000 miles.

WIL: Oh oh. I better call him, up, too! Thanks!

DOOR SLAM.

GIRL: Did youse say youse ~~were~~<sup>was formerly</sup> a telegraph operator, ~~and~~<sup>Mr. Teeger</sup>

FIB: You betcha sis. Why at one time every telegraph operator in the country knew my hand on the key. Every time they heard Te-DIT-TE-DIT-DIT-DIT, they'd say, well well, there's old MORSE-CODE MCGEE! ~~That's what I was knowed as in them days.~~

MOL: Oh dear.

*I was known as in them days*

FIB: MORSE COADE MCGEE, ~~is what everybody knew me as.~~ MORSE  
CODE MCGEE, MIRACLE MAN OF MESSAGES AND MAGNIFICENT  
MENTAL MARVEL MAKING MONKEYS OF MINOR MINIONS MESSING WITH  
MORSE.

MOL: McGee - remember your promise - nothing but the truth!

FIB: Ahem - Come on, sis...how about it?

GIRL: Sorry sir. I'm afraid I cant allow youse to send it  
yourself.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MAN: (HUGH'S CHARACTER WITH FOOLISH GIGGLE) Say... (LAUGHS) I d  
like to send a telegram. (LAUGHS)

MOL: One side, McGee. Let the man send his telegram.

FIB: Okay bud. What's the message.

MOL: None of your business, McGee.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Oh that's all right. *girl: whats* Here's the message, ~~babe babe~~ ?

(LAUGHS) I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU. How many  
words is that?

GIRL: Nine, sir. You got one more.

MAN: One more? (LAUGHS) Make it LOVE. (LAUGHS)

GIRL: I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU - LOVE.

MAN: That's it. (LAUGHS) I'm sending it to my wife. (LAUGHS)

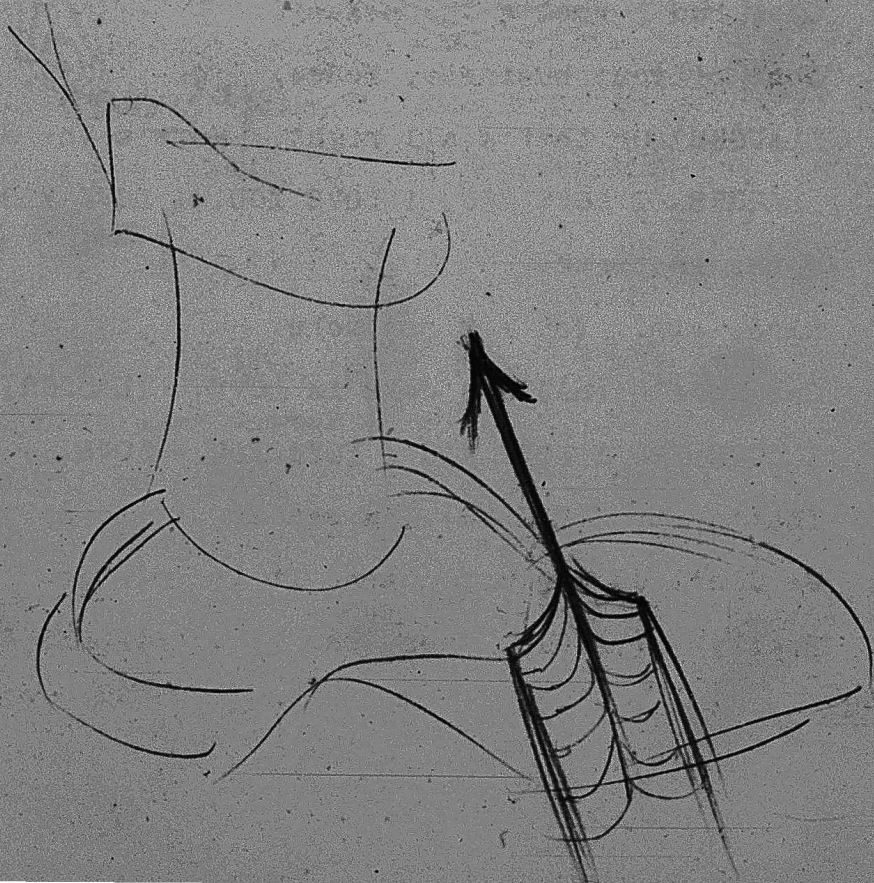
MOL: We don't care who you send it to, mister.

MAN: Really? (LAUGHS) Then send it to ~~BOLORES DEL RIO~~, Babe.

DOOR SLAM:

*Jean Harlow*





*Kew Tallow*  
 FIB: Dolores Del Rio, eh' And to think I thought that guy was nutty for a minute!

MOL: McGEE! Know what you wanta say, yet?

MOL: ~~You don't even know what you want to say yet, McGee.~~

FIB: Sure I do. Take this down sis. JOHNSON WAY ~~COMPANY~~ RACINE, WIS. MANY THANKS FOR HUNDRED WEEKS ON AIR WITH YOU. Signed, Fibber McGee and Molly. How's that, Molly? Only nine words.

MOL: Nine words sounds a little cheap, McGee. You might as well cut it down farther than that. Why don't you just say THANKS FOR LAST HUNDRED WEEKS?

GIRL: How about just "ONE HUNDRED WEEKS. THANKS."

FIB: Not bad. But why not just "MANY WEEKS MANY THANKS?"

MOL: Or, for that matter just MANY THANKS.

FIB: Or just THANKS. They'll know what for.

MOL: I think you finally got it, McGee. Send that, dearie. Just "THANKS".

GIRL: Okay.

SOUND: TELEGRAPH. (PAUSE) TELEGRAPH IN DIFFERENT PITCH.

GIRL: Gee, here's an answer already.

FIB & MOL: WHAT'S IT SAY?

GIRL: "YOU'RE WELCOME."

ORK: CHORD

APPLAUSE:

ORK: SELECTION. DOWN FOR COMM'L AND TAG GAG.

APPLAUSE:

MUSICAL TAG.

SIGNOFF:

na:ct:mr:11:00  
 3-8-37