

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #103

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ-RED

(MARCH 29 DATE 1937)

(MONDAY DAY)

(7:00-7:30 PM)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

HeW

2 for 1st show with
Pres. Sampson.

Sally 1.000
160

Frank & Papile

APPLAUSE

ORK:

And then I really admire you

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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 "I CAN'T LOSE THAT LONGING FOR YOU".

ORK: "I CAN'T LOSE THAT ETCETERA" DOWN FOR -

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1.

--- Commercial ---

ORK: UP TO FINISH SELECTION.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: TONIGHT FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE PRESENTING THE WISTFUL VISTA VAUDEVILLE SHOW, FOR WHICH THEY INTERVIEWED ALL THAT SPLENDID TALENT LAST WEEK. AND HERE, BACKSTAGE OF THE BIJOU THEATRE, WE FIND THOSE TWO VENDORS OF VIM, VIGOR AND VARIETY - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY !

APPLAUSE:

Handwritten: This is aim to be big success. How the luck? ~~Handwritten: He better look out. I'll have the law on him.~~ ~~Handwritten: Well, I suppose I better go out and make my ^{opening} ~~curtain~~ speech.~~

FIB: *Handwritten: He better look out. I'll have the law on him.* Is all the talent here, Molly?

MOL: I think so...and do you know what? Silly Watson said he saw that magician who stole your jewelry last week.

FIB: Eh? WHERE.. WHERE'D HE SEE HIM... I'LL BUST HIM IN TWO... I'LL PASTE THE WHEEY OUTA HIM! LEMME AT HIM!!! WHERE IS HE?

MOL: Silly said he saw him walking past here with two tough looking hoodlums.

FIB: *Handwritten: Here Fib!* Two tough loo...er... AHEM. He better look out. I'll have the law on him. Well, I suppose I better go out and make my ^{opening} ~~curtain~~ speech.

MOL: ~~Yes...and another thing.~~

FIB: ~~En?~~

MOL: *Handwritten: nice!* The theatre manager said there would probably be hecklers out front, but not to mind 'em. I told him you could take care of yourself.

FIB: I'll say so. I LOVE A battle of wits.

MOL: That's very generous of you. You being practically unarmed. *Handwritten: Courageous*

FIB: Well...be that as it may or may not be, I can handle any heckler whoever cracked wise. ~~What'd the manager say when you told him I could take care of 'em?~~

MOL: ~~He said EVEN WHEN THEY THROW TOMATOES?~~

FIB: ~~Even when they th...er...AHEM. Say do you think a ^{speech} ~~speech is exactly the thing, Molly? Maybe we just better get on with the show.~~~~

MOL: ✓ Oh go and make your curtain speech.

FIB: Okay. Gimme a chord, men.

ORK: CHORD

FIB: Thank. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. FIRST LEMME WELCOME YOU TO THE BIJOU THEATRE --

VOICE: Whaddye mean welcome us? We paid our way in!

CROWD UP:

FIB: You pay for a full-rate ticket, Bud?

VOICE: Yes - why?

FIB: Well if they'd seen how childish you act, you coulda come in for half. ^{price} (LAUGHTER) Ladies and gentlemen, let me welcome you to the Bijou Theatre. This celebration concludes this ...er...week of celebration of Wistful Vista's...er...er... celebration. ~~We have prepared for your entertainment a magnificent bill of vaudeville, which has been selected at considerable effort of myself, and--~~

VOICE: ~~BOOOO... BOOOO...~~

FIB: ~~See BOO? Is Bing Crosby in the audience? (LAUGHTER) (ASIDE) How'm I doin', Molly?~~

MOL: ~~Wonderful, McGee~~

SOUND: ~~(WIND WHISTLE. WET SMACK.)~~

FIB: WHO THREW THAT TOMATOE? (PAUSE) COME ON NOW...WHO THREW THAT TOMATO?

DEEP VOICE: I DID...WHADDYE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

FIB: Why...er...did you know, bud, that tomatoes were once knowed as LOVE APPLES? I think it was very sweet of you, but after all, we can't allow my personal popularity to interfere with the show. AHEM. Now the first interesting little bit on our variety show tonight is a novelty that's bein' shown for the first time anywhere. You've heard o' talkin' ducks, trained geese and singin' mice, but for the first time on the radio and stage, friends, we're gonna present CYRIL, THE CELEBRATED CENTIPEDE. MOLLY! Bring Cyril out and show the folks.

CHORD:

MOL: Here he is, folks...in this little pill box.

FIB: How is Cyril, feelin', Molly?

MOL: Fine...except for a little rheumatism in his 47th leg on the port side.

FIB: Folks, Molly says Cyril is troubled with a little rheumatism but he's gonna carry on just the same. We gotta couple o' crickets backstage waitin' to give him a rubdown.

VOICE: WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT A RUDOWN THE CRITICS GIVE YOU!

FIB: I said CRICKETS, not CRITICS.

VOICE: OKAY - ~~They~~ are all bugs anyway.

FIB: AHEM. Now then, folks, I'll give you Cyril's history. CYRIL, the CELEBRATED CENTIPEDE, WAS CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION AND SENT TO ME. HE HAD BEEN FOUND FOLLOWIN' THE TROOPS BECAUSE HE LOVES MARCHING. So we're going to let you listen to Cyril march around inside this pill box, by means of a special amplifyin' system. I hold the box up close to the microphone, like this. ~~Now listen close...~~ CYRIL...
DO YOU HEAR ME?

~~SOUND: TAP TAP TAP~~

MOL: Now then, Cyril, FORWARD... MARCH! (PAUSE) Well... what's the matter with him, McGee?

FIB: He was with the French Army. He only understands French. CYRIL!

~~SOUND: TAP TAP TAP~~

FIB: ALLONS, MON ENFANT! MAHRCHAY VOO!

~~SOUND: MARCHING FEET... (ONE BEAT SLIGHTLY OFF)~~

MOL: Haltay, voo!

~~SOUND: MARCHING FEET HALTING... ADDED BEAT~~

FIB: FOLKS I'm sorry about this, but Cyril's rheumatism seems to be botherin' him too much.

MOL: He can't keep step with himself.

FIB: So, we'll have to keep Cyril for another performance. It's a shame, too, when you think how much trouble it is to lace up his leggins for each show. AHEM. Take him away, Molly.

~~CHORD: APPLAUSE:~~

FIB: THANKS FOLKS... NOW WE PRESENT A MAN WHO IS A FAVORITE WITH YOU ALL. MR. PERRY COMO! *Jed Cereus*

FRANK: Tankya you very mooch, signor.

MOL: Heavenly days... that's not Perry Como. *Jed Cereus*

FIB: Who are you, bud?

FRANK: Me, I'm a Frankie Papile. I plays the ~~concerteen!~~ *accordeon*

FIB: Hmmm. Well, Frankie... I... SAY, ARE YOU THE Frankie Pipile, the famous accordianist?

FRANK: That's-a me, kid. Only I'm not so fame' - I'm justa pretty good.

MOL: Well won't you play something for us, Mr... I mean Signor Papile?

FRANK: Sure. I play Moonlight & Shadows & This Years Kisses.

FIB: Folks, allow me to present Mr. Frank Papile, the sensational accordian artist, whose services we acquired at enormous expense and -

VOICE: GO ON... YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS THERE.

FIB: I wish I could say the same for you, lipflip. AHHEM.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MR. FRANK PAPILE! Playing <sup>"This Year's
Kisses and this Year's Kisses"</sup> Moonlight - ~~I mean Moonkies & Shad--~~ playing the ~~accordian!~~

PAPILE: ACCORDIAN SOLO

APPLAUSE:

FIB: And now, folks, we have a -

SIL: ^{Hey} PSSSSST! Hey...mist' McGee!

FIB: Pardon me, one minute folks.. (ASIDE) Oh, Silly Watson! hiyah,
Sill. What's the matter.

SIL: Ah seen him, boss. Ah seen him!

FIB: You seen who?

MOL: You SAW who.

FIB: I didn't saw anybody ..Sill seen him. Who, Sill? ~~Who did
you saw... er... soo... er... WHO WAS IT?~~

SIL: That magic man, Mist' McGee...Mist' Boomeh.

MOL: Heavenly days...the magician who stole your jewelry last
week

FIB: WHERE IS HE SIL? WHERE IS HE?

SIL: Ah dunno, boss.

FIB: WELL DAD RAT IT, SIL, YOU SAID YOU SAW HIM.

SIL: YASSUH....ah did.

MOL: WELL HEAVENLY DAYS. .WHERE?...WHEN?

SIL: JUST' A LIL WHILE AGO, MA'AM. YOU SEE, AH WAS WALKIN'
PAS' THE STAGE DO WIF ROSEBUD, AND AH SEEN HIM. AH
SAYS THEAH HE IS AND ROSEBUD SHE SAY WHO DAT? AND AH
SAY THAT MAN WHO WALK AWAY WIF' MIST' MCGEE'S JEWELRY
AN' STUFF AND ROSEBUD SHE SAY GO GIT THE LAW, HONEY,
AN' AH SAY NOSSUH, AH GO GIT MIST' MCGEE AND HEAH AH IS.
DO YOU THINK HE'S STILL OUT THERE, SIL?

FIB: DO YOU THINK HE'S STILL OUT THERE, SIL?

SIL: Yassuh..Ah don' think so.

MOL: WHAT? HE'S GONE?

SIL: YAS'M. I THINK MAYBE W'EN HE SEEN ME AND ROSEBUD POINTIN'
AT HIM AN' W'ISPERIN' HE DONE GIT SISPUICIOUS.

FIB: Sure ..THE RAT SMELLED A MOUSE' WELL LISTEN, SIL...I WANT
THAT GUY I WANT MY WATCH AND STICK PIN AND STUFF BACK, SEE?
SO IF YOU SEE HIM AGAIN YOU FOLLOW HIM.

SIL: YASSUH. AH'LL BE THE DAKKEST SHADOW HE EVER HAD, BOSS.
(FADE OUT) SO LONG NOW.....

FIB: Ye hear that, Molly? That Mugg still hangin' around here after runnin' off with my watch and chain and my sticko'ir and my diamond ring. I wonder what he's got up his sleeve now.

MOL: Your cuff links.

FIB: I wouldn't be a bit surpr-.. Ahem.. Well we better get on with the show. Chord, boys!

ORK: CHORD

FIB: Ladies and gents, I'm sorry to of delayed the performance but I had to see a man about a man. The show will continue immediately.

VOICE: Why?

FIB: They must have had your chin wired for sound, Wabblepuss. If you don't like this show why don't you leave?

VOICE: I can't. It's raining outside.

FIB: Well, that oughtta make a sponge like you feel swell
(LAUGHS) (Aside) Git it, Molly, sponge rain swell?

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee.

FIB: Okay. I don't bruise easy. Ahem.

All right folks, the next feature on this show will be Mademoiselle Swingette, the world's champion trapeze performer, in feats of daring and strength. While this little frail is suspended by -

MOL: McGee!

FIB: I mean while this little lady is suspended by a frail trapeze she performs amazing convolutions, while hanging only by her teeth. Mademoiselle Swingette!

ORK: "FLYING TRAPEZE." FAST AND OUT

WHEE: Hello folks. Whoopee!

APPLAUSE:

WHEE: Lower the trapeze, boys. Swing 'er down!

FIB: Just a minute, Gran'ma. Ain't you a little.. er. I mean.. shouldn't you ought to leave this violent stuff to younger folks? You're pretty old for this stuff.

WHEE: Whaddye mean, old, Skippy?

FIB: Well you certainly gotta lotta wrinkles.

WHEE: That's because of the trapeze work, Sonny. I've had a bird's-eye view so long it's given me crows feet.

FIB: Ahem. Well listen, Granmaw... before we start, I think the audience might be interested in a few facts about your life.

WHEE: Interested (LAUGHS) Shorty, if they knew the facts about my life they'd be ~~hysterical, not just interested~~ ^{impressed}. Why until

my marriage to an acrobat, I was a reigning beauty. Yes sir, I was the toast of New York, but I married a crumb.

FIB: What'd you do before that, Granmaw?

WHEE: I was a contortionist in Hollywood. Doubling for some of the stars. Heh, Heh. I guess that was my natural bent.

FIB: Well don't you ever get dizzy, way up on that trapeze?

WHEE: Shorty, the dizzier I get the better I like it. If you've never been dizzy, you haven't lived.

VOICE: Then he's lived, all right.

FIB: Quiet down there. You a trapeze artist too, Bud?

VOICE: No ... why?

FIB: I just wondered. Ahem ... you open your trap with such ease.

WHEE: That's tellin' him, Skippy. Now folks watch me do a couple of whirls. Boost me up onto the trapeze, Sonny.

FIB: Okay ... (GRUNTS) .. Got it? *(Fib. Eyeing me - I thought it was a cable - hand in the rope.)*

WHEE: I got it. Leggo o' my foot. Watch this one, folks! A triple forward somersault on the trapeze.

SOUND: DRUM ROLL. THREE TIMES WITH CYMBAL CRASHES. APPLAUSE.

MOL: Wonderful!

FIB: Some stuff, Grandmaw!

WHEE: You haven't seen anything yet, skippy. Now folks, I'm gonna do a giant swing while hangin' by my teeth.

FIB: You must have a swell set o' grinders, Swingy.

WHEE: The best that money can buy Skippy. Okay boys .. letter go!

ORK: FLYING TRAPEZE FAST ... WITH DRUM ROLL.

FIB: Hot dog ... How you doin', Granmaw... Can ye hang on okay?

MOL: Quit talkin' to her iggernuts. If she opens her mouth she'll fall.

FIB: I know . I know ... I just wanted to be sure she was all right ... Imaagine that .. Hangin' by her teeth... At her age? Hey Granmaw ... You got a run in your tights!

WHEE: Ohhhhhhhhhh!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND CRASH.

MOL: Oh McGee .. See what you did .. Made her open her mouth ...

FIB: And now, my dear people, we ... pardon me, mister .. can't you sit still?

SCOT: Beggin' your parrrdon ^{Sir} Lassie, but when is the Mickey Moose?

FIB: Who are you, Bud?

SCOT: My name is Donald O'Donald MacDonald. When is the Mickey Moose?

MOL: There is no Mickey Mouse, Sir.

FIB: So you better duck, Donald. What's next, Molly?

MOL: Mort Toops, monolog.

FIB: Oh yes Folks, our next attraction -

VOICE: Whaddye mean your next ^{actuelly}. You haven't had one yet

FIB: Listen, Bafflebrain, one more rumble outa that Halloween mask of yours, and I'll be playin' Sweet Mystery of Life on your skull with a stage brace.

VOICE: Oh yeah ... And what'll I be doin' all that time?

FIB: Studdyin' astronomy.

MOL: Nice goin', McGee. Friends, our next attraction is that world famous monologist, Mr. Mort Toops, with clever quips, smart cracks and witty sayings, he says. Mr. Mort Toops!

ORCH: CHORD.

MORT: Haw haw Hello Folks ... I got some honeys for you today.
 Haw Haw... some real nifties... Haw Haw... Did you hear the
 one about the fellow who ^{couldn't learn the Hawaiian guitar} couldn't hit Aloha Tone. Aloha.
 Haw Haw... Strum Fun, eh kid? Haw Haw Haw ... Oh boy ...
 MOL: Excuse me, Mr. Toops ... But who furnished your material?

MOL: Yes?
 FIB: That's all. End of joke.
 MOL: Hmm. Hardly worth the effort.
 FIB: AHEM. FOLKS
 VOICE: Say will you stop saying "Folks"?
 FIB: Listen, tripletongue, quit bein' a teakettle, will you?
 VOICE: Whaddye mean, Teakettle?
 FIB: A teakettle, Bid, is a gadget with a long nose that's full of hot air, and in about a minute, I'm gonna light the fire under you. Ahem Folks, to be serious a minite, you know this is National Poppy Day, so we've asked our handsome young singer, Mr. Perry Como to sing an appropriate number for you. WHEN THE POPPIES BLOOM AGAIN. Accompanied by the entire WEEMS ENSEMBLE. PERRY COMO!
 ORK: "WHEN THE POPPIES BLOOM AGAIN." -- - COMO
 APPLAUSE:
 WIL: COMMERCIAL #2
 ORK: THEME
 FIB: And now, Ladies .. and folks, we wish to prese- say, what's the idea little girl? What you doin' up here on the stage?
 TEE: Hmm?
 FIB: I says what do you want? Who are you?
 TEE: I'm the little girl that recited the poem last week, remember?
 FIB: Yes, I remember. But I didn't likait.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: That's all. End of joke.

MOL: Hmmm. Hardly worth the effort.

FIB: AHEM. FOLKS

VOICE: Say will you stop saying "Folks"?

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APPLAUSE:

WIL: COMMERCIAL #2

ORK: THEME

FIB: And now, Ladies .. and folks, we wish to prese- say, what's the idea little girl? What you doin' up here on the stage?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says what do you want? Who are you?

TEE: I'm the little girl that recited the poem last week, remember?

FIB: Yes, I remember. But I didn't like it.

TEE: Okay, I got another one, I betcha.

FIB: I says I DIDNT LIKE the first one.

TEE: Well this is different. You won't like this one either, I betcha.

FIB: Listen sis we're puttin' on a show here and you're holdin' us up.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS YOU'RE HOLDIN' US UP.

TEE: Am I? *for two weeks* how much do I get?

FIB: DAD RAT IT YOU DONT ... I mean ... YOU'RE DELAYIN' THE PROCEEDINGS

TEE: Well gee, ~~I betcha~~ I wouldn't if you'd listen to me recite, I betcha.

FIB: I KNOW, BUT I DON'T WANNA HEAR YOU RECITE. NOW GO AWAY.

TEE: Where?

FIB: ANYWHERE. GO AHEAD, NOW.

TEE: And recite?

FIB: No I MEAN GO AW- ... aw shucks ... is this a long poem you got?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I SAYS IS THIS POEM AS SHORT AS THE ONE YOU HAD LAST WEEK?

TEE: Sure it is, I betcha.

FIB: What's the name of it?

TEE: George Washington.

FIB: Never heard of it.

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S. G. JOHNSON-FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY-MONDAY-MARCH 29, 1937-WMAQ-RED

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

SCOT: MY NAME IS DONALD O'DONALD MACDONALD. WHEN IS THE MICKEY MOOSE?

MOL: There is no Mickey Mouse, sir.

FIB: So you better duck, Donald. What's next, Molly?

MOL: Mort Toops, monolog.

FIB: OH YES. FOLKS, OUR NEXT ATTRACTION -

VOICE: WHADDYEMEAN YOUR NEXT. YOU HAVEN'T HAD ONE YET.

FIB: LISTEN, BAFFLEBRAIN, ONE MORE RUMBLE OUTA THAT HALLOWEEN MASK OF YOURS, AND I'LL BE PLAYIN' SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE ON YOUR SKULL WITH A STAGE BRACE.

VOICE: OH YEAH...AND WHAT'LL I BE DOIN' ALL THAT TIME?

FIB: STUDYIN' ASTRONOMY.

MOL: Nice goin', McGee. FRIENDS, OUR NEXT ATTRACTION IS THAT WORLD FAMOUS MONOLOGIST, MR MORT TOOPS, WITH CLEVER QUIPS, SMART CRACKS AND WITTY SAYINGS, HE SAYS. MR MORT TOOPS!

ORCH: CHORD

MORT: HAW HAW HELLO FOLKS...I GOT SOME HONEYS FOR YOU TODAY. HAW HAW...SOME REAL NIPTIES..HAW HAW...DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE FELLOW WHO COULDN'T LEARN THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR? HAW HAW...HE JUST COULDN'T HIT ALOHA TONE. ALOHA. HAW HAW...STRUM FUN, EH KID? HAW HAW HAW....OH BOY....

MOL: Excuse me, Mr. Toops...But who furnishes your material?

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MORT: OH NOBODY. HAW HAW...I WORK 'EM UP MYSELF. HAW HAW... IT'S AS EASY AS FALLIN' OFF A MONO-LOG...HAW HAW HAW... WAS THAT A SNAPPER! WELL FOLKS...HERE'S A RIDDLE. AND A WHOOPER-DOO, TOO! HAW HAW WHY IS DRIVIN' A FAST CAR ON A ROUGH ROAD LIKE THE SUPREME COURT? HAW HAW...THIS IS A TOPICAL ONE...HAW HAW...YOU'LL LOVE IT. HAW WHY IS DRIVIN' A FAST CAR ON A ROUGH ROAD LIKE THE SUPREME COURT? HAW HAW HAW...IS THIS A HOT ONE...HAW HAW...BECAUSE WHEN YOU GET GOIN' OVER SEVENTY YOU GOTTA HAVE A GOOD CONSTITUTION TO KEEP YOUR SEAT...HAW HAW HAW...BOY IS THAT A PIP...IS THAT A LULU...HAW HAW HAW... HAW HAW...HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, FOLKS...HAW HAW...HAW HAW...HAW HAW...HAW HAW...HAW HAW HAW HAW...OH I CANT DO IT...I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK LATER... HAW HAW...(FADE OUT)

cut to bottom of page

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TEE: Aw everybody's heard of George Washington, I betcha.
FIB: I meant the poem, not George.
TEE: He IS the poem.
FIB: I know he ... aw fer the ... Dad Rat the ... go ahead ...
Hurry up.
TEE: Okay ... I knew you'd wanna hear it. George Washington.
I ALWAYS LIKED GEORGE WASHINGTON
A MAN ... AND WHAT A MAN!
I ALSO LIKE MY GLOCOAT.
ANOTHER GREAT AMERI-CAN! TA-DAAAA. DE-DAAA!
FIB: That's not bad, Sis But it don't scan very good.
TEE: Scan what very good?
FIB: The poem. It don't scan.
TEE: It scan too, I betcha.
FIB: IT SCANT EITHER ... I MEAN ... OKAY ... YOU DONE YOUR STUFF.
NOW GO ON HOME AND QUIT BOTHERIN US
FIB: Okay. (FADE OUT) Hey, Mister Wilcox... That's another
nickel you owe me.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE NEXT ATTRACTION ON THIS BILL OF
STELLAR ENTERTAINMENT -

do you mean
VOICE: WHAT DOES "STELLAR" MEAN?

FIB: STELLAR, BUD, REFERS TO THE STARS, *and* if you see what I mean
and if you don't pipe down you probably will. Who's
next, Molly?

Scream if you still around when

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MOL: Well, that Russian-bicycle rider was supposed to be, but
he just got here and said he can't go on.
FIB: Smatter with him ... saddle sore?
MOL: No ... he said his trick bicycle is broken ...
FIB: SAY HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME. WHERE IS HE?
MOL: 'tigh there. YOO HOO, MISTER RASSKANISKOFF. COME HERE
A MINUTE.
RUSS: ALL BABOUSHKA ... ALLO TOVARICHICH. WHAT'S THE MOTTER?
FIB: I UNDERSTAND YOU CAN'T GO ON, VODKA. WHAT'S THE IDEA O'
DISAPPOINTIN' ALL THESE PEOPLE?
RUSS: I can't help it Tovarich. It is toff lock, but this is the
first time it is happening to Serge Vassilivitch Rasskanniskoff,
the world's greatest bichickle man. I am very sad.
MOL: What makes you so blue, Serge?
RUSS: I have got cow-puncher.
MOL: A cowpuncher.
FIB: I thought you had a bicycle act?
RUSS: Chure. But I am riding my bichickle out in country and I am
hitting a big bool. She is sticking horn thru my tire.
Bong!! Psssssssssss! Hah.. a cow puncher.
FIB: That was now⁺ cow, Vodka. That was a bull.
RUSS: No tovarichich .. That is the truth. *Maybe I am getting tire*
fixed hop for naxt performanche with bichickle. Until then,
Serge Vassilivitch Rasskonovsky is not making appaeranch.
Good bye, comrades.

FIB: Ahem. Folks, we're sorry we can't give you Mr. Rasskanovsky, but some of the other attractions will more than make up for it. You haven't seen anything yet. And -

VOICE: You're telling us?

MOL: Oh dear .. that man again.

FIB: Listen, scramblepan, I think your trouble is that you can't see or hear good. I'd like to put you on the aisle?

VOICE: WHICH AISLE?

FIB: THE AISLE OF CAPRI. AHEM. Folks -- Yes... anyway, at this time we got a real pleasure in store for you. We -

VOICE: It's about time!

FIB: Say I had about enough of this. You know more about this business than we do, I suppose.

VOICE: I'll say so. I'm an actor myself,

MOL: Oh yes ... didn't I see you in an Easter Play yesterday?

VOICE: No, you didn't.

MOL: That's odd. I can just picture you laying an egg. Go on, McGee.

FIB: Thanks Now folks, we want you to meet Professor Elmo Tanner, the Whistling Whippet of Whinnipeg who will toss off a trill or two, entitled THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE from ON THE AVENUE -- MR. TANNER!

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE." --

-- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

FIB: ATTENTION PLEASE. A COUPLE O' LITTLE ANNOUNCEMENTS BEFORE WE CONTINUE WITH THE PERFORMANCE. IF YOU DON'T KNOW ALREADY, STARTING APRIL TWELFTH THIS RADIO SHOW MOVES AHEAD ONE HOUR EXCEPT ON THE WEST COAST. ON THE EAST COAST AN HOUR AHEAD. ON THE WEST COAST THE SAME TIME

WIL: And ON THE GLOCOAST, ONLY TWENTY MINUTES IS NEEDED FOR A BEAUTIFUL GLEAMING FINISH ON YOUR FLOORS AND LINO-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Goodbye folks!

FIB: AND NOW, FRIENDS, - ONE MORE ANNOUNCEMENT, BEFORE WE CONTINUE WITH THE PERFORMANCE. MRS BEDELIA WEARYBOTTOM, HAS A FEW WORDS SHE WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK. MRS WEARYBOTTOM. HIYAH WEARY!

CHORD:

WEARY: OH HELLO FOLKS...I WAS ASKED BY THE COMMITTEE TO SAY A FEW WORDS TO YOU REGARDING THE WISTFUL VISTA CHARITIES. YOU KNOW THIS SHOW IS BEING PUT ON FOR THE BENEFIT OF CHARITY AND I WISH TO THANK YOU ONE AND ALL...NO NOT ALL, SOME OF YOU ARE STILL HOLDING OUT BUT I MAY TELL YOU AT THIS TIME WE HAVE COLLECTED ENOUGH TO ENDOW A BED IN THE WISTFUL VISTA HOSPITAL AND I HOPE IT'S MADE UP, BECAUSE I' CERTAINLY AM SICK...OF TRYING TO GET MONEY OUT OF YOUR CITIZENS ISN'T THIS THE WORST SHOW YOU EVER SAW?

CHORD:

APPLAUSE:

FIB: THANK YOU MRS. WEARYBOTTOM. AFTER YOUR INSPIRING WORDS I'M SURE WE ALL UNDERSTAND WHAT...ER...I MEAN WE ALL FEEL THE URGE TO...THAT IS, IF EVERYBODY PUTS HIS NOSE TO THE WHEEL AND HIS SHOULDER TO THE GRINDSTONE, WE CAN DO MORE TO...er...WHAT'S NEXT, MOLLY?

MOL: OUR ACT. CHORD PLEASE, TED.

ORK: CHORD.

MOL: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BY POPULAR REQUEST, MR. MCGEE AND I ARE AGAIN PUTTING ON OUR OWN FAMOUS MINDREADING ACT. I WILL BE BLINDFOLDED UPON THE STAGE AND MY HUSBAND WILL PASS OUT...

VOICE: I'M IN FAVOR OF THAT...

MOL: QUIET! MY HUSBAND WILL PASS OUT THRU THE AUDIENCE. BY MEANS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY I WILL CALL OUT A DESCRIPTION OF ANY OBJECT HE PRODUCES FROM A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE

VOICE: SEE IF HE CAN PRODUCE A FEW LAUGHS.

FIB: LISTEN HERE, ^{Scuffle-Saw} BUD. IF YOU DON'T PIPE DOWN I'LL JUMP DOWN THERE AND FEED YOU A FEW OF YOUR OWN TEETH. ALL WE WANT OUTA YOU IS SILENCE

MOL: - AND VERY LITTLE OF THAT.

VOICE: WELL LET'S HAVE SOME ENTERTAINMENT THEN.

FIB: I GUESS YOU DONT REALIZE WHAT'S COMIN' BUD.

VOICE: NO...WHAT IS COMING?

FIB: THREE USHERS, THE MANAGER AND A COP. TOSS HIM OUT BOYS. SCUFFLE AND VOICES UP AND OUT.

FIB: NOW THEN..IS THERE ANYBODY ELSE THAT THINKS THE ENTERTAINMENT IS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS? NO? FINE.

MOL: SO NOW WE PRESENT HYPNO AND MISTO...THE WORLD FAMOUS MIND READERS..MISTO MOLLY AND HYPNO MCGEE...BLINDFOLD ME, MCGEE

FIB: OKAY...YOU SEE FOLKS...I TIE THIS BLINDFOLD TIGHT ABOUT HER EYES. SO SHE CAN'T SEE A THING...CAN YOU SEE NOW, MISTO?

MOL: NO HYPNO...I CANNOT SEE A THING.

FIB: WHAT'S THIS COIN I HOLD IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES?

MOL: A TWO DOLLAR BILL...

FIB: BLINDFOLD AINT QUITE TIGHT ENOUGH. THERE! MUSIC!

ORK: SNEAK MUSIC.

FIB: I WILL NOW PASS AMONG YOU AND ASKFOR SMALL OBJECTS TO TEST THE MENTAL TELEPATHY OF THE GREAT MISTO.

MUSIC OUT:

FIB: NOW DON'T BE NERVOUS FOLKS...IT'S ALL IN FUN. CAN YOU HEAR ME, MISTO?

MOL: I HEAR YOU, HYPNO.

FIB: FINE. NOW THEN..may I borrow this please, madam? Thank you. LISTEN CLOSE MISTO. I HAVE BORROWED AN OBJECT.

MOL: AN UMBRELLA!

FINE: CORRECT. YOU READ THAT ONE BEAUTIFULLY. WHAT COLOR IS THE UMBRELLA.

MOL: RED.

FIB: AMAZING! NOW THEN...I NOSE AROUND FOR ANOTHER OBJECT. WHAT IS IT?

MOL: A HANDKERCHIEF.

FIB: COLLOSSAL. I HAVE HEARD A DARK RUMOR THAT YOU CAN DESCRIBE THIS HANDKERCHIEF. (PAUSE) A DARK RUMOR.

MOL: *It has* A COLORED BORDER.

FIB: *a few* MAGNIFICENT! NOW I PASS ONTO THIS LADY HERE. SHE HAS A PACKAGE... I TAKE THE PACKAGE...IT GURPLES..WHAT IS IT, LASSIE?

MOL: ~~SCOTCH!~~

FIB: SPLENDID. NOW THEN MISTO. WHAT IS THIS GENTLEMAN HOLDING IN FRONT OF HIM? THIS WILL STUMP YOU.

MOL: A WOODEN LEG.

FIB: JUST LIKE ANDREW JACKSON'S. WHAT KIND OF WOOD IS IT?

MOL: OLD HICKORY.

FIB: FOLKS ..I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DOES IT! ONE MORE QUESTION, MISTO.

MOL: SHOOT, HYPNO.

FIB: I TAKE FROM THIS LADY A PURSE. WHAT KIND OF LEATHER IS IT? COME COME...WHAT KIND OF LEATHER...I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE INFLUENCED BY ME. *Influenced*

MOL: SUEDE.

FIB: AND THIS POCKETBOOK I NOW HAVE. ..WHAT KIND OF LEATHER IS THIS?

MOL: I AM GETTING YOUR THOUGHTS...I AM GETTING YOUR THOUGHTS

FIB: COME NOW MISTO...WHAT KIND OF LEATHER IS THIS PURSE. SHE GOT IT FOR CHRISTMAS...I'LL BET THIS ONE STICKS YOU.

MOL: THE PURSE IS PIN SEAL!

CHORD:

FIB: NOW THEN FOLKS...THIS IS A TERRIBLE MENTAL STRAIN ..

VOICE: HOW CAN IT BE?

FIB: LISTEN BUD...I THOUGHT THEY TOSSED YOU OUTA HERE ...

VOICE: THEY DID...BUT ICAME BACK FOR MY GLOVES. HERE THEY ARE SEE?

FIB: BOXIN' GLOVES..WHO ARE YOU, BUD?

VOICE: I'M TIGER TOOGAN THE TOLEDO TERROR.. WHY?

FIB: WELL...I ER...I JUST THOUGHT (LAUGH NERVOUSLY) ER...
WHADDYE THINK O' THE SHOW, BWD?

VOICE: IT'S AWFUL..

FIB: ISN'T IT THOUGH? AHEM..

MOL: HURRY HYPNO...MY POWER IS LEAVING..

FIB: ALL RIGHT...ONE MORE DEMONSTRATION OF THESE PSYCHIC
POWERS, FRIENDS...I TAKE THIS GENTLEMAN'S WATCH...DO
YOU MIND, SIR?

BOOM: NOT A BIT MY BOY...NOT A BIT..HELP YOURSELF..

FIB: THANK YOU SIR. VERY HANDSOME WATCH. DO YOU HEAR ME,
MISTO?

MOL: I HEAR YOU HYPNO.

FIB: I AM HOLDING A GENTLEMAN'S WATCH IN MY HAND CAN YOU
DESCRIBE IT.

MOL: I SEE A WATCH. IT IS A GOLD WATCH...

FIB: TREMENDOUS! GO ON, MISTO.

MOL: IT HAS AN INSCRIPTION ON IT.

FIB: CAN YOU READ THE INSCRIPTION?

MOL: I CAN..IT SAYS...TO FIBBER WITH LOVE FROM MOLLY..

FIB: CORRECT. TO FIBBER WITH LOVE FROM MOL..

MOL: MCGEE!...THATS YOUR OWN WATCH!

FIB: EH? SAY IT IS...WELL FOR THE...OH NOW I KNOW YOU,
BROTHER...AHAAAA...YOU'RE THE GUY THAT WALKED OUT WITH
MY WATCH AND STUFF LAST WEEK..

BOOM: YES MY BOY...YOU'RE RIGHT...ABSOLUTELY RIGHT..

MOL: HAVE HIM ARRESTED MCGEE...CALL THE POLICE..

FIB: BUD, IS THERE ANY REASON WHY I SHOULD HAVE YOU TOSSED
INTO THE SLAP-HATCH?

BOOM: WELL MY BOY...ALLOW ME TO RETURN YOUR OTHER PROPERTY...
HERE'S YOUR STICK PIN...YOUR RING..

FIB: HOT DOG...MY DIAMOND RING..

BOOM: THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK...ALLOW ME TO SAY THAT I REGRET MY
HASTY ACTIONS OF LAST WEEK...I HAVE COME TO REGRET IT..
I regret having come
I CERTAINLY HAVE.. I REGRET IT MOST SINCERELY..

FIB: WELL IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, BOOMER, I...
SAY YOU DO LOOK KINDA PEAKED. LOOK LIKE YOU HADN'T SLEPT
FOR A WEEK. *Do you conscience bother you?*

BOOM: ^{no.} I HAVEN'T. THAT WATCH OF YOURS MAKES SO MUCH NOISE I
HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK. SAY COULD YOU FIND ME A LITTLE
BETTER SEAT? ? I CAN'T SEE VERY WELL FROM HERE..

ORK: "ONE IN A MILLION". - (DOWN FOR TAG AND COMMERCIAL)

WU

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC. FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - WMAQ - 7:00-7:30 P.

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1937 - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

When several million women insist on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT for their floors and linoleum you know there must be a pretty good reason for this preference. In the first place GLO-COAT is so easy to apply. And it dries in just 20 minutes. GLO-COAT quickly changes dull, dingy floors into beautiful shining surfaces, right before your eyes. You don't have to do any rubbing or buffing. Your floors will never be streaked or gummy when you use this remarkable liquid polish. GLO-COAT keeps linoleum beautiful and clean, protecting the floor from wear - shutting out dirt, and saving you hours of cleaning time. Why not do what millions of smart housewives are doing? Order GLO-COAT tomorrow from your nearest dealer. Look for the attractive yellow can, and remember you save money on the larger sizes.

Page 2

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

The other day, remarked to her dealer
~~we heard a woman say the other day,~~ while purchasing a large can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT: "This is my way of applauding Fibber McGee and Molly for the pleasure my husband and I get from their Monday evening radio program."

Well, we thank her, and all the other loyal listeners who make this program possible by purchasing the JOHNSON products. But we urge you to buy GLO-COAT because we know it will give you such genuine satisfaction. GLO-COAT gives brighter lustre, longer wear - keeps your linoleum so clean and sparkling you can dust it off with a dry duster and save yourself the drudgery of floor scrubbing. Order GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow. It is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T - JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

Add words "Racine, Wisconsin" to Wilcox
SIGN-OFF.

ct/1130
3/27/37

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The other day *reminded to her dealer*
We heard a woman ^{*claim*} say ~~the other day~~, while purchasing a large can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT: "This is my way of applauding Fibber McGehee and Molly for the pleasure my husband and I get from their Monday evening radio program."

Well, we thank her, and all the other loyal listeners who make this program possible by purchasing the JOHNSON ^{*products*} ~~products~~. But we urge you to buy GLO-COAT because we know it will give you such genuine satisfaction. GLO-COAT gives brighter lustre, longer wear - keeps your linoleum so clean and sparkling you can dust it off with a dry duster and save yourself the drudgery of floor scrubbing. Order GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow. It is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T - JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- made by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

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MORT: Haw haw Hello Folks ... I got some honeys for you today.
Haw Haw... some real nifties..Haw Haw... Did you hear the one about the fellow who couldn't hit Aloha Tone. Aloha.
Haw Haw... Strum Fun, eh kid? Haw Haw Haw ... Oh boy ...

MOL: Excuse me, Mr. Toops ... But who furnished your material?