

MICROFILMED BY THE
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN
DIVISION OF ARCHIVES & MANUSCRIPTS

START

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

Present

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

Monday

June 28th
1937

5 and 8 P.M.

#120

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax program!

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE:

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO CLOSE

WIL: JIMMY GRIER AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "GET HAPPY"!

ORCHESTRA: "GET HAPPY" - down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL

FIRST COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fortunate people who own COVERED WAGON TRAILERS can go and come as they please -- enjoying a carefree life - with every comfort provided. The MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER Offer you a chance to WIN a beautiful COVERED WAGON TRAILER -- the last word in Trailer Luxury. Whether you want to use it for year-round living or just for vacations and week-end trips you'll enjoy the elegance of this COVERED WAGON TRAILER, de luxe model, built by the world's leading specialists in TRAILER COACH CONSTRUCTION, and valued at \$1000, delivered to your door. Electric lights, ice box, stove, enamel sink, running water, and two double beds with special coil springs! That's what you get with the new stream-lined COVERED WAGON TRAILER. How do you WIN one? That's easy. Just complete this sentence in 50 words or less: I LIKE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER because _____ " finish this sentence telling your experience with these two remarkable products. Don't delay. Buy a combination package of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER at once from your regular JOHNSON'S WAX DEALER, auto supply store, garage or filling station. Complete contest rules are found in the combination package. Send your entry to Johnson's Wax, Racine, Wisconsin. This week's contest closes midnight, Saturday, July 3rd. Each Saturday night thereafter marks the close of another contest.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL UP ("GET HAPPY")

APPLAUSE - SEQUE

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" - FADE)

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS BEEN ELECTED TO PUT ON A CARNIVAL TONIGHT TO PAY OFF THE DEBTS OF THE WISTFUL VISTA LITERARY DRAMA AND PINOCHLE CLUB. HE EVEN HAS TO GET HIMSELF SHOT OUT OF A CANNON TO WIND UP THE AFFAIR, AND HERE, CHECKING UP ON THE DIFFERENT CONCESSIONS, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN")

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC AND CROWDS

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...don't look so worried.

FIB: I ain't worried. I'm just running over a few things in my mind.

MOL: Go on..your mind doesn't move fast enough to run over anything. Are you nervous about your cannon act?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Yes.

MOL: Well, I'm sure I don't know why. The factory that sent the cannon sent one of their best men to fire it for you.

FIB: I wonder if he'd let ME fire it with HIM inside of it.

MOL: What...and disappoint everybody?

FIB: Oh not EVERYBODY. It'll make ME happy.

MOL: Well you talked yourself into it. You said you'd done it THOUSANDS of times in the circus.

FIB: I know...but this ain't gonna be any circus,er I mean, that was some time ago, Molly. Things have changed since then.

MOL: What's changed, for instance?

FIB: Me. AHEM. Ye see, Molly, I-

MAN: Excuse me, Mr. McGee.

FIB: What's on your mind, bud?

MAN: Which way are the Hawaiian dancers?

FIB: Well, sometimes they're THIS way and sometimes they're THIS way. I could show ye better if I had my grasspants on.

MOL: He means where ARE they, McGee.

FIB: Ohhhhh, THAT. You'll find 'em between the Guess Your Weight man and the Oddities From the Ends of The Earth and right across the midway from the Silhouette Cutter, bud.

MAN: Thanks, I think I can -

FIB: If you go just past the Jojo-the-Dog-Faced-Boy Tent and around the south side of the Ring-The-Cane-and-Get-a-Kewpie-Doll, just face left and look between Princess Palooka the Snake Girl and Katie's Frozen Custard stand and you can't miss it.

MAN: Much obli-

FIB: It's right back of the Win An Indian Blanket.

MAN: Okay.

FIB: If you have any trouble ask the Human Skelet-

MAN: NEVER MIND...I guess I don't wanna see 'em.

SOUND: CROWD UP AND DOWN

FIB: What was HE sore about?

MOL: Never mind. How much have we taken in so far, McGee?

FIB: I ain't sure till I check the rest o' the concessions.

MOL: Well..let's go in here, then.

FIB: Okay...But listen...NEVER PAY for anything around here. Remember I'm RUNNIN' this carnival. AHEM. Hiyah, bud. How's business?

MAN: Whaddya you care?

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee.

MAN: So what?

FIB: So I get in for nothing.

MOL: Well, business is at least so-so today.

FIB: Listen here, bud...I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS CARNIVAL, SO KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD OR I'LL CLOSE YOU UP.

MAN: Is dat so? Well it'll STILL be twenty cents if ya wanna go in, see?

MOL: I don't want to go in, McGee.

FIB: Neither do I. ALL RIGHT BROTHER. You'lll hear from me.

MAN: Dat'll be swell. And say...if you're gonna write me a letter, send it from Guatemala...me kid brudder is collectin' stamps. ALL RIGHT FOLKS..STEP RIGHT UP AND SEE THE ONE AND ONLY EGYPTIAN MODDLEBOO....ONLY A DIME, TEN CENTS.....(FADE OUT)

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC UP

FIB: One more word from that fresh guy, Molly, and you know what I'd have done? I'd have leaped right up onto that platform, and -

MOL: And paid your ten cents.

FIB: Twenty cents. You're no child. Oh, there's Geraldine - Hiyah Geraldine!

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh Hello, Mr. McGee..Hello Molly. Oh I'm having the most MARVELOUS time at this carnival. I mean I am, really. (GIGGLES) I told Gerald I wanted to ride on the Ferris Wheel, and he said the CUTEST thing. Really. (GIGGLES) Gerald said a Ferris Wheel is just a Merry-Go-Round standing on its hind feet. (GIGGLES) Wasn't that simply roocoo? I mean wasn't it really? (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, a merry-go-round oughtta appeal to such a dizzy guy as -

GER: (GIGGLES) OH GERALD JUST SLAYS ME, SOMETIMES. (GIGGLES) And when I told Gerald you were going to be shot out of a cannon, he nearly died! (GIGGLES)

FIB: HE nearly died! What does he think I'M gonna d-

GER: (GIGGLES) Gerald said He always knew you'd BULLET THROUGH somehow. (GIGGLES) Bull it through. Wasn't that silly? (GIGGLES) I told Gerald you had to crawl into the muzzle of the cannon, and he said well, as one big mouth to another, why not? (GIGGLES)

FIB: Gerald said that? Why the-

GER: (GIGGLES) Gerald said he envied you in that cannon...he said you'd have a BARREL of fun. (GIGGLES) Honestly, I screamed...really. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, speakin' of cannons, a big bore like Gerald is a-

GER: (GIGGLES) GERALD SAYS HE'S WORKING ON AN ACT WHERE THEY SHOOT A MIDGET OUT OF A CAP PISTOL AND CATCH HIM IN A HAIRNET. (GIGGLES) ISN'T THAT RIDIC'? I mean isn't it really? WELL, I'M GOING BACK TO THE DANCE PAVILION NOW. JIMMY GRIER IS GOING TO PLAY ALL GOD'S CHILLUM GOT RHYTHM, SO I SIMPLY MUST BE OFF.

FIB: I'll say so.

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

SOUND: APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: "ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT RHYTHM"

SOUND: APPLAUSE

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC UP WITH CROWDS....DOWN.

MOL: McGee...I' been thinkin' it over, and I think maybe you HAD better get out of doin' this cannon act.

FIB: (INDIGNANT) WHAT! AND DISAPPOINT MY PUBLIC?

MOL: Yes.

FIB: I think so too. AHEM. But shucks, --

WOMAN: Excuse me, please...are you one of the officials of this carnival?

FIB: Sis, I'M THE Official. What's eating...er...what's on your mind?

WOMAN: I've lost my husband somewhere in the crowd.

FIB: We're you passin' the Hula Hula tent at the time, sis?

WOMAN: Why...why yes, I believe we were. How on earth did you know?

FIB: I'm psychic. In about ten minutes or less, sis, you'll find your husband buyin' some little kid a ice cream cone.

WOMAN: Thank you.

FIB: Don't give it a thought, sis.

MOL: How did you know where her husband would be?

FIB: Well, I figured there's nothin' like a ice cream cone to cool off a hot conscience. Ye see, Molly, her husband was passin' the hula hula tent, so -

WIL: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...ALL RIGHT...STEP RIGHT UP AND SEE THIS ASTOUNDING AND AMAZING SCIENTIFIC EXHIBIT. IT'S EXHILARATING AND BREATHTAKING, FOLKS...

MOL: What is, sir?

WIL: THE WAY JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER MAKES YOUR CAR LOOK LIKE NEW AGAIN. IT'S-

FIB: Harpo. Take off that mustache. I know ye.

WIL: Aw I don't have any fun. Say when are you getting shot out of the cannon, Fibber?

FIB: About five o'clock, Harpo. Why?

WIL: Well, I was just thinking...it's a good thing you finished that fishing picture for Paramount before you risked your life.

MOL: Whaddye mean, FISHING picture. We didn't make a fishing picture.

WIL: Well, that's the impression I got. Isn't the title WEIGH THIS, PLEASE?

FIB: No it ain't. It's THIS WAY, PLEASE...and don't make any cracks about that picture. That film'll be all over the country.

WIL: So will you when you leave that cannon. (LAUGHS) Well, so long folks! (EXIT LAUGHING)

MOL: Mr. Wilcox seems to get quite a bang out of your cannon act.

FIB: That guy. Ye know what I heard about him. I heard that even when he was a kid, he couldn't eat ice cream.

MOL: Too delicate?

FIB: No - he was so cold-blooded it wouldn't melt. Hey...here comes the Mayor...Hi there, Mayor Applepuss. You remember Molly, Applepuss.

MAYOR: (HEAVY) Ahhh yes...How are you, Mrs. McGee.

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

FIB: Havin' a good time, Applepuss?

MAYOR: Splendid...splendid...fine thing for business...this...ah...carnival. By the way, McGee...I hear you're going to be shot.

FIB: Yes...from a cannon.

MAYOR: Ahh really. I just heard you were going to be shot. Oh well, we can't have everything, can we, Mrs. McGee? Hah hah.

MOL: (LAUGHS) No, I should say n-...what?

FIB: Listen, Applepuss...if you and Molly'll excuse me, a minute I gotta go check up on the receipts from the shooting gallery. (FADE OUT) I'll be back in a short...while...

MOL: Mr. Mayor...you gotta DO something. You have a duty to perform. This cannon act of McGees has gotta be stopped. It's dangerous. It might hurt people...Call it off, ye big...er...I mean, your honor must safeguard the lives and property of the citizens.

MAYOR: Well now I don't know...I don't like to interfere with -

MOL: Just think - you can make a speech.

MAYOR: Ah, yes, I'll be there, my dear. 5 o'clock.

MOL: You won't fail me, now?

MAYOR: Trust Egbert Applepuss, my dear. And thank you for calling the matter to my attention... (FADE OUT) I wonder if the band has the music for "He's a Jolly Good Fellow"...

MOL: (SIGH OF RELIEF) Well! THAT'S taken care of! (CALLS) Oh McGee...hurry up. If you're gonna do your cannon act you better hurry and check up the receipts.

FIB: (FADE IN) Okay. Okay...but you needn't look so dad ratted happy about it. Say do ye think I could call it off on account of rain.

MOL: No. It isn't raining.

FIB: Well, we could postpone it till a rainy day, couldn't we?

MOL: Oh don't be so sil...

FIB: Hey look. Here's Mrs. Wearybottom. Hiyah, Weary!

WEARY: Oh hello folks...my goodness this is quite a carnival isn't it if you like carnivals I think it's the lowest form of amusement myself all you get is indigestion and gum on your shoes and people running into you I hear Mr. McGee is going to get shot out of a cannon though for anybody that talks as much as he does a hot-air rifle would be more appropriate my cousin used to do that for a living but he got a concussion of the brain and he still thinks he's a human bullet he's always climbing into the garbage can and telling us to pull the trigger -- you think Braddock'll beat Louis?

ORCHESTRA: ("MY LAST AFFAIR" - HARRIS)

THIRD SPOT

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC AND LAUGHING VOICES UP AND DOWN.

MOL: McGee - for heavens' sake quit worryin' about that cannon - You'll land in a net.

FIB: So does a tennis ball - but it gets smacked around pretty hard first. Come on in here, Molly - I gotta check up on the fortune teller. HIYAH SIS.

WOMAN: (JEWISH) Vot's doing, please? Vill de gentleman having some fortunes told, please?

MOL: Ohhh a gypsy!

WOMAN: Vy not?

FIB: I'll tell ye sis. I'm runnin' the carnival and I'm checkin' up on the receipts. How's business been?

WOMAN: Oy, business. Confidentially, IT'S LOUS -- IT'S POSITIVELY NO GOOD.

FIB: How much you take in?

WOMAN: So who's business, is it, please?

MOL: It's me husband's business. He's in charge.

WOMAN: Vell, maybe he is being in charge of de carnival, but mine fortune telling is somet ing he should be kipping hands off.

FIB: Okay okay..sis. I ain't in any mood to argue. Here..tell my fortune.

WOMAN: Vy not? But -

MOL: But what?

WOMAN: Is it that I am telling fortunes of the manacher, for free, or is it business?

FIB: Does it make a difference in the fortune?

WOMAN: Yours, no. Mine yes. Step in pliz. Sit down...De laft hand pliz. So...HMMMMMMMMMM.

FIB: Whaddye mean, HMMMMMMMM.

WOMAN: Dis fortune is hot stoff.

FIB: Oh that's just a little mustard from a hot dog I was eatin', sis. What's my...er...my future.

WOMAN: I am seeing a beeg explosin'...you are going on a lung lung jurny. You -

FIB: That's enough sis...THAT'S ENOUGH. How much.

WOMAN: It is a free will offering sir. As much as you please, over a dollar.

MOL: I see. Free will over a dollar. Pay her, McGee.

FIB: Over a dollar, sis, I ain't got any free will. Here's a quarter...

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC UP.

FIB: An explosion...a long journey..ohhhhhh..

MOL: I don't believe it!

FIB: -What makes you so positive, Molly?

MOL: Oh...er...I don't know, McGee. It's just that -

WOMAN: Excuse me please. Where is the Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy Tent?

FIB: Third concession to the left sis. Why?

WOMAN: I'm his landlady and I've got some cough medicine for him. He was BARKING something awful last night. (FADE OUT)

Thank you so much...

MOL: (LAUGHS) I wonder if she has to iron his collars, too.

FIB: She probably makes him sleep in the whine cellar. (LAUGHS)

Get it, Molly? Dog faced boy...whine cellar?

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: I know. Nothin' sounds funny to me today either. Though YOU seem to be awful cheerful for a guy who's takin' his life in his hands, in a hour or so, in a cannon.

MOL: Oh you won't be hurt. I wonder who invented that cannon act anyway.

WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX. YOU TAKE THE CANNON IN ONE HAND AND A SOFT CLOTH IN THE OTHER AND WATCH A SHINY NEW CAR EMERGE FROM THE -

FIB: HARPO. Dad rat it haven't I got enough troubles with out you buttin' in all the time?

WIL: I'm sorry. And I want to wish you luck in that cannon, too. Well, I'll be there to see you off, pal. (EXIT WHISTLING FUNERAL MARCH)

FIB: Of all the...hey Molly...can't we DO something?

MOL: Oh I think you better go thru with it, McGee. Keep faith with your public.

FIB: Yes and get a slap in the faith mythelf...I mean myself.

MOL: Oh don't be a- OH HELLO MR. TOOPS. MCGEE...HERE'S MORT TOOPS!

MORT: (FADE IN) Haw haw haw Hello, folks. HAW HAW. Quite a thing you're puttin' on here Fibber. Haw haw. Brought my cousin Cyrus into town for the carnivals. Used to laugh like the dickens when I showed Cy the side shows. HAW HAW HAW..."showed cy the side shows"...HAW HAW. Pretty good. Say I just pulled a pip in the poepshow. HAW HAW oh Bob...a fellow says to me, he syas...HAW HAW...get this one now...HAW HAW...he says, say, he says, I see where the wrestling game is in pretty bad odor...haw haw...and I whips right back with, yes, I says haw haw...but wait till the prize-fight business gets to Schmeling. HAW HAW HAW... OH BOY.....(FADE OUT LAUGHING)....

ORCHESTRA: ("WHO'S SORRY NOW?")

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND COMMERCIAL

-15-

ANNOUNCER: Now, we announce with pleasure the winner in last week's TRAILER CONTEST sponsored by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER. The handsome streamline COVERED WAGON TRAILER (completely equipped with luxurious modern comforts) goes to Mr. _____ of _____. You're going to have a marvelous time this summer with that DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILER Mr. _____ and we know you'll keep it beautiful with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER. Winners of cash prizes will be notified by mail.

ORCHESTRA: ("RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

FOURTH SPOT

-16-

SOUND: CARNY MUSIC AND CROWDS UP AND DOWN

MOL: Well, McGee..it won't be long before you get shot out of that cannon. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Dad rat it, Molly..ain't you got any sympathy in your makeup?

MOL: Wait'll I look in me makeup and see. No. Just powder and rouge.

FIB: Aw qui' it. I -

RUSS: ALLO BABOUSCKA..ALLO LAVARICHICH. HOW IS BUSINESS DOING TO YOU?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Ruskiniskisoff.

FIB: Hiyah Vodka. Ohhh not bad. How's the balloons going.

RUSS: Not so good Tovarischich. BALLONS IS BOSTING MORE FASTER AS I CAN SELL THEM. (POP) SEE? I AM STARTING OUT TODAY WITH BEEG BONCH BALLOONS, MAYBE 20. NOW WHAT AM I HAVINC? 8! (POP) NO.. 7! IF BUSINESS IS KEEPING AWAY LIKE I HAVE STARTED IT OUT, (POP) 6! I AM THINKING SERIOUSCHLY OF (POP POP) 4!....SALLING HOTS DOGS. AT LEACH, HOTCH DOGS IS NOT EXPLOSION. (POP) THREE!

MOL: Oh that's too bad. It must be some atmospherical condition.

RUSS: CHURE, BABOUSCKA. ATMOSCHEERFUL CONDITCHIONS IS BAD FOR BALOONS WHEN (POP) TWO! BALLONS IS KEEP BOSTING. IF ONE MORE IS BANGING WHILE I AM TALKING WITH US, I AM GEEVING HOP THE WHOLE BUSINESS, AND WHAT HEPPENS HEFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS HALSE. (PAUSE)....(POP) Hah...TAKE THIS BALLON TOVARICHICH. (AH HA YACHNYEM...AHAHYACHNYEM....OUT)

FIB: Dad rat it, I don't want this balloons. What'll I do with it.

MOL: Give it to the little girl over there.

FIB: Good idea. HEY THERE SIS..WANT A BALOON?

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha.

FIB: Here. Now whaddye say?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I said WHAT DO YE SAY?

TEE: About what?

FIB: About the baloon,

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Listen sis...what do ye say, when people give you things?

TEE: What things?

FIB: Well..this balloon, for instance. Or anything else.

TEE: Gee are you gonna gimme something else too? That'll be dandy, I betcha.

FIB: Ne I ain't gonna give you something else. I JUST WANT SOME ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF WHAT I DID GIVE YOU.

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Dad rat it, don't you ever...listen. DIDN'T YOUR MAMMA EVER TEACH YOU HOW TO SAY THANK YOU?

TEE: Sure she did, I betcha.

FIB: Then what do you say about the balloons?

TEE: Well - I - (POP) Awww, it's no good, I betcha.

FIB: Aw for the -

TEE: Bend down a minute will you please mister?

FIB: Sure, Sis. She probably wants me to put her on the merry-go-round free, Molly. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: SLAP

FIB: Hey what's the idea hittin' me, Sis?

TEE: Well gee, I heard you say in rehearsal that you wanted a punch at the end of my bit.

FIB: Well of all the -

P.A. VOICE: ATTENTION PLEASE. THE GREAT HUMAN BULLET ACT IS ABOUT TO BE PRESENTED AT THE SOUTH END OF THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS.

FIB: (GROANS)

P.A. VOICE: WILL MR. FIBBER MCGEE..THE MAN WHO IS TO BE SHOT FROM THE CANNON PLEASE COME TO THE SOUTH END OF THE GROUNDS. CALL FOR FIBBER MCGEE.

MOL: Come on, McGee...hurry...

FIB: Dad rat it why are you in such a big rush...can't you imagine what might happen to me?

MOL: Oh don't worry about it. I've taken care of everything, McGee.

FIB: You've taken care of ev...you mean..

MOL: I mean, everything is fixed.

FIB: You mean..er..all my insurance papers and stuff are in order...so if the -

MOL: Certainly..everything's arranged. Now hurry along!

SOUND: CROWDS UP..

MOL: Here you are, McGee. Here's the man the cannon factory sent to fire the cannon for you.

FIB: Oh, oh yes. Hiyah bud, Everything ready?

DEAF: Eh? What say?

FIB: I SAYS IS EVERYTHING ALE READY?

DEAF: Sure it's steady. Steady as a rock. All I gotta do is pull the trigger. How much you weigh, Johnny?

MOL: He weighs 145.

FIB: Better make it 125. I been worryin'.

DEAF: Better put a little more powder in.

FIB: Hey go easy there...

DEAF: Eh?

FIB: Ohhh what's the use...

P.A. VOICE: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF WISTFUL VISTA. WE ARE PROUD TO SAY THAT THIS HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL CARNIVAL HAS PAID OFF THE DEBTS OF THE WISTFUL VISTA LITERARY DRAMA AND WE WISH TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MAN WHO HAS MADE THIS SUCCESS POSSIBLE.

FIB: Thanks folks, I -

P.A. VOICE: A CHEER FOR MAYOR APPLEPUSS, FOLKS!

SOUND: CHEERS

FIB: Hey what's that guy got to do with -

MOL: Be quiet, McGee.

P.A. VOICE: AND NOW..AS A FITTING CONCLUSION TO THIS GREAT DAY FOLKS, WE PRESENT THAT AMAZING SPECTACLE OF SUPERHUMAN ENDURANCE AND COURAGE..A MAN SHOT FROM THE MOUTH OF A CANNON. (ASIDE) Who's the palooka that's doin' this stuff?

VOICE: Fibber McGee.

P.A. VOICE: FOLKS..WE PRESENT THE HUMAN BULLET. FIDDLER MCFEE.

FIB: Thanks folks...I..I...This is old stuff to me. Boom Boom McGee I used to be knowed as...

VOICE: Aw get started, will you?

FIB: Okay Okay. BOOST ME UP SOMEBODY....HIGHER....A LITTLE MORE..(GRUNTS)

MOL: Now don't worry McGee!

FIB: Oh no? Say--

DEAF: Don't talk so much Johnny. Slide down. Get in the cannon.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) I can't...I'm stuck...

MOL: Well come on out and start over...

FIB: I can't get out...I'm stuck I tell you. Help somebody... I can't go either way...dad rat-it why didn't somebody measure this...

SOUND: CROWD UP.

MAYOR: STOP IT...THIS CANNON ACT MUST NOT GO ON...ATTENTION PLEASE. Citizens..as mayor of this great little community, I cannot permit this act to go on. It is a menace to human life and dangerous to property. I FORBID IT. Come down out of that cannon McGee.

FIB: (OFF MIKE) I can't dad rat it....I'M STUCK IN THE MUZZLE.

MOL: Oh dear. Stuck! Out of the frying pan into the fire.

DEAF: Into the what?

MOL: FIRE!

DEAF: OKAY!

SOUND: TERRIFIC BOOM.

FIB: Yowwwwwww....

SOUND: CRESCENDO WHISTLE....DECRESENDO INTO MUSICAL NUMBER.

ORCHESTRA: "CAUSE MY BABY SAYS IT'S SO" -- DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Several million smart housewives have learned how to keep their linoleum and floors polished and clean with practically no work. These women have discovered that it isn't necessary to spend time and effort in floor scrubbing. They have learned the modern, satisfactory way of protecting floors and linoleum with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, so that dust can't cling to the gleaming surface, soiled spots can be easily wiped away. Why don't you take a vacation from floor cleaning? You'll have more time for pleasure and relaxation this summer by ordering JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow, from your dealer. You'll be proud of your kitchen linoleum after GLO-COAT has given it a beautiful, wear-resisting polish. GLO-COAT dries in just 20 minutes and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, and remember, it's economical to order the larger sizes.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL UP MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

Present

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

As Bdeit

MONDAY

JULY 5TH, 1937

5 and 8 P.M.

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