

NBC

VERTISER

PROGRAM TITLE S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER

OK DON QUINN

CHICAGO OUTLET FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY #122

OK

TIME 8:00-8:30 PM WMAQ

DATE JULY 12, 1937

MONDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

MARKS

Not Correct

11:00-11:30 PM

Page 2.

ORK: 1ST PHRASE

WILL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE

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

ORK: THEME UP TO FINISH

WIL: HENRY BUSSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "HONEYBUNCH"

ORK: "HONEYBUNCH" DOWN FOR -

WIL: (FIRST COMMERCIAL)

Here's an easy puzzle for housewives to solve. Name a THREE LETTER word that stands for protection, beauty and economy! Have you guessed it? Well, the word is WAX W-A-X. GENUINE JOHNSON'S WAX for floors, furniture and woodwork. JOHNSON'S WAX spreads a beautiful glowing shield of protection over the surface of your floors -- seals the pores and cracks against dirt and germs -- prevents that ugly worn condition known as FLOOR POX . . . The best housewives have discovered that JOHNSON'S WAX makes their furniture more beautiful -- wards off scratches and stains and actually cuts dusting in half. Dust particles can't cling to the lovely wax surface. And remember this: JOHNSON'S WAX preserves the paint on window sills and door frames -- gives all woodwork a protective coat of beauty where finger smudges and soiled spots can't get a foothold. It's real economy to use JOHNSON'S WAX because of its long-wearing quality and the complete protection it gives to floors, furniture and woodwork.

ORCH: (SWELL UP MUSIC TO END)

(APPLAUSE) SEGUE

ORCH: ("RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE ON CUE)

WIL: WELL, IT'S FAREWELL TO FAIR HOLLYWOOD AND EXTRA FARE TO CHICAGO AND WISTFUL VISTA FOR THE MCGEES. AND HERE AT THE RAILROAD STATION, ABOUT TO BOARD THE SUPER-SPECIAL-EXTRA-DELUXE STREAMLINER FOR HOME, - we find, FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORK: ("RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN")

CROWDS: AND TRAIN NOISES DOWN FOR -

MOL: McGee...did you get the tickets validated?

FIB: Eh? Did I get WHAT?

MOL: Did you get the tickets validated?

FIB: Validated against what? They got measles on this train?

MOL: Not VACINATED, Iggernuts. VALIDATED. They gotta be approved.

FIB: Well, don't worry about it. I've looked 'em over and I approve of 'em

MOL: No no...the RAILROAD'S gotta approve 'em.

FIB: Why shucks, they sold 'em to us.

MOL: I know they did, but they still got to approve 'em.

FIB: Oh they have, have they. That's a fine business. They sell you a ticket, and then they gotta approve it. That's a lotta malarkey.

WOMAN: I beg your pardon. Is this a SAFE train?

FIB: Well, that depends, sis. It's safe on the INSIDE, but I wouldn't roll my hoop acrost in front of it, if I was you.

WOMAN: SIR! (FADE OUT) It's getting so one can't ask a civil question without

FIB: Hear that, Molly? She tought I was one o' the nobility. She called me SIR.

MOL: McGee, did you tip the porter for putting our luggage aboard?

FIB: Sure I did...and say...they must be a awful cheap class o' people ridin' this train. Most of 'em must only tip a nickel.

MOL: Why?

FIB: Well, you should o'seen the porters face when I give him a dime.

VOICE: BOARRRRRRRRRRRRRD!

MOL: Hurry, McGee...get aboard.

FIB: Okay Okay...let's hurry up and get a good room, whaddye say.

CROWD UP

MOL: Let us on please...hurry McGee...the best rooms'll be taken..

FIB: One side there folks...

MAN: HEY WHO YOU PUSHIN!

WOMAN: Stop crowding! What manners....

FIB: Okay sis Okay...but we aint gonna be left with the second grade staterooms...come on Molly... WOOP...sorry sis...one side please mister....

CROWD UP.....FADE DOWN.....

FIB: (CALLS) Founda good one yet Molly?

MOL: They all look more or less alike to me, McGee?

FIB: Hey look at this one...if they think I'm gonna sleep on a narrow little shelf like this they're mistaken. I'll complain to the -

MOL: That's the linen closet, iggernuts.

FIB: Oh...HEY HERE'S ONE, MOLLY....LOOK...twice as big as any of the others...

MOL: Oh it's lovely...aren't we lucky?

FIB: Come in quick and shut the door...

SLAM:

FIB: (SIGH OF RELIEF) Ye see, Molly? This's what comes of usin' your brains. Them other unsophisticated muggs will have to take what they can get.

one yet Molly?
or less alike to me, McGee?
...if they think I'm gonna sleep on
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MOLLY....LOOK...twice as big as any
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ey can get.

MOL: Ring for the porter, McGee...I want a paper bag.
FIB: Don't ye feel good, Molly?
MOL: IT'S FOR MY HAT, FOOLISH.
FIB: Oh. Okay...maybe he's outside here...DOOR LATCH. Nope.
MAN: Excuse me, brother...we're getting up a bridge game in the
club car and we need a fourth. Wanta play?
FIB: Sorry bud. I don't belong to the club.
MOL: You don't have to, McGee. The club car is open to everybody.
MAN: Sure...how's about it, brother?
FIB: What kinda bridge you playin', bud?
MAN: Contract.
FIB: No, thanks.
MAN: All right...we'll make it auction.
FIB: No, thanks.
MAN: Well what kind of bridge do you wanta play?
FIB: Would London Bridge be too rough?
MAN: Aw fer the...(FADE OUT) I shoulda known better than...
FIB: (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? These card sharpers don't get ME
into none o' their pokus hokus. Not an old seasoned traveler
like me.
MOL: Seasoned traveler me eye. You were never out of Peoria till
last year.
FIB: Welll you should o' seen me travel around Peoria.
MOL: McGee...did you ring for the porter?

FIB:

SOUND

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

GER:

FIB:

GER:

FIB:

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SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE. (STREAMLINER) RAIL SOUNDS.

MOL: Heavenly days...look at us go! We must be doin' a mile a minute.

FIB: More'n that I'd say. Sixty per, at least.

MOL: That's a mile a minute.

FIB: Not out here. Western time is three hours ahead. AHEM. Ye see, Mol -- HEY LOOK WHO'S GOIN' BY THE DOOR...GERALDINE! HIYAH, GERALDINE!

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh Hello, Mr. McGee..Hello, Molly...Imagine meeting you here. (GIGGLES) When I told Gerald I was going on the streamliner what do you think he said? (GIGGLES), Oh you'll die...

FIB: It'll be worth it.

GER: (GIGGLES) HE SAID the engineers on these trains were all rough-necks. He said they were diesel and doesl guys. (GIGGLES) Can you imagine?

FIB: Well, with all the crude oil they use, it's natur-

GER: (GIGGLES) Ohhhh, an another thing Gerald said that was SO cute.. (GIGGLES) I told Gerald this train had a bar and everything and and he said yes, there are still plenty of schooners crossing the prairie..(GIGGLES) Wasn't that just simply too too penetrating? I mean, wasn't it really? (GIGGLES)

FIB: I don't mind Gerald pullin' a nifty but when he pulls it all outa shape, I resen--

GER: (GIGGLES) Ohhh, Mr. McGee...you say the SWEETEST THINGS... really. And speaking of staterooms.

FIB: Were we?

FIB:

SOUND:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

GER:

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APPLAUSE

ORK:

APPLAUSE

2nd SPOT

TRAIN-ON

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

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GER: Gerald was. (GIGGLES) Gerald says he always likes to travel
in a stateroom because you can avoid so many interesting people.
(GIGGLES)

FIB: Well, I'd be interesting in not meeting Gerald if that's what-

GER: (GIGGLES) WELL, I must get back to the club car and hear Henry
Busse's orchestra play "THEY ALL LAUGHED". So I simply MUST
be off.

FIB: I'll say so!

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

APPLAUSE

ORK: "THEY ALL LAUGHED"

APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT

TRAIN-ON-RAILS SOUND: WHISTLE - DOWN FOR--

FIB: Say, I'm gettin' hungry. I wonder when the train stops so we
can eat.

MOL: It don't look like it was going to stop, McGee. Maybe I should
o' put up a lunch in a shoe box.

FIB: Oh no. No sir. Not after what happened to Zan. (That's my
brother Alexander)

MOL: What happened to him?

FIB: He used to take a shoe box lunch when he was travelin' and one
day a shoe salesman had the next seat and Zan picked up the
wrong box.

MOL:

FIB:

MOD:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

CONDUCTOR

SOUND: WH

MOL:

FIB:

SOUND:

MAN:

FIB:

MOL:

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the train stops so we

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d Zan picked up the

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Yes, Zan THOUGHT the filet of sole was kinda leathery, and the cold tongue was kinda tasteless and the shoestring potatoes were tough. (LAUGHS) But he never realized what'd happened till the salesman wrote him and says he was sendin' back his lettuce and tomato sandwiches because they hurt peoples feet. (LAUGHS) Ye, see, Molly? Zan never realiz-

MOD: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: That's what Zan thought. He busted a tooth on a rubber heel.

MOL: Now I'm getting hungry...at the next station, McGee you get off and buy us some sandwiches...

FIB: Okay, but -

CONDUCTOR: KANSAS!

SOUND: WHISTLE AND RAILS. (VERY FAST STREAMLINER EFFECT) UP AND DOWN...

MOL: Kansas...heavenly days, do they call the states as we go thru?

FIB: That was Kansas City, Molly, But we were goin' so fast he didn't have time to say CITY. Dawggone, I'm hungry. I wonder if...

SOUND: (TRAIN DINNER GONG FADE IN AND OUT WITH -

MAN: (FADE IN AND OUT WITH GONG) First caw f'r DnrN Die'ng Car...
First caw fr din....

FIB: QUIET OUT THERE! QUIET. What was I sayin', Molly?

MOL: You were wondering how you were going to get something to eat. I'm nearly starved myself.

FIB: Me, too,
run out an

MAN: (FADE IN AND OUT

FIB: Listen to

MOL: If that po
was a good

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MOL: I wonder i
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FIB: Well, I go

MOL: Heavenly d

FIB: Sure. I w
it to a gu
that hadn

BOY: TELEGRAM.

MOL: Yoo hoe...

FIB: I'm Mr. M

BOY: Sign here

FIB: Okay...th
waitin' f

BOY: Any answer

FIB: Me, too, If I only knew where we were going to stop I could run out and grab a sand-

MAN: (FADE IN AND OUT RAPIDLY) FIRST CALL FOR DINNER...FIRST CALL FOR DINNER

FIB: Listen to that guy. He's so hungry he's gone crazy.

MOL: If that porter would only come we could ask him where there was a good lunchroom along the line. Then we could both get out and-

FIB: Oh no. AND HAVE SOMEBODY SWIPE THIS ROOM FROM US? Oh no. No sir. One of us'll have to stay here.

MOL: I wonder if Ted Weems and the boys will be at the station to meet us? What did you do with those presents you got for 'em, McGee?

FIB: Well, I got a necktie for Ted. How do you like it?

MOL: Heavenly days ...are you WEARING IT?

FIB: Sure. I wanted to get the public's opinion of it before I give it to a guy I'm as fond of as Ted - I wouldn't give him something that hadn't been thoroughly tested in the -

BOY: TELEGRAM...TELEGRAM FOR MR. MCGEE...TELEGRAM FOR MR. MCGEE.

MOL: Yoo hoo....BOY!

FIB: I'm Mr. McGee, son. Gimme the telegram. Thanks.

BOY: Sign here.

FIB: Okay...there ye are. RATTLE OF PAPER Well...what are ye waitin' for, bud?

BOY: Any answer?

FIB: What was the question?

BOY: I mean, to the telegram.

FIB: How do I know till I read it? Now run along.

MOL: Who's it from, McGee?

MOL: Oh now, McGee...certainly not. She just liked the Sunday feature, that's all.

WIL: YES AND ANOTHER SUNDAY FEATURE YOU'LL LIKE IS DRIVING YOUR CAR AFTER IT'S BEEN TREATED TO A GLEAMING COAT OF JOHNSONS AUTO WAX. WHY SAY -

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Oh Helle, Mr. Wilcox. How do you like this beautiful train?

WIL: Oh it's great. When we started I reached out to shake hands with my sister but we were moving so fast I knocked a guy's hat off in New Mexico.

FIB: Hey where can we get something to eat, Harpo?

WIL: Why I just had a sandwich in the club car myself.

MOE: Oh, lucky you! We never thought/bring any ourselves.
to

WIL: You didn't? (LAUGHS) Say this is a swell room you got here.
(LAUGHS)

FIB: I'll say it is. The best in the whole car. We had to fight
for it, but we got it.

WIL: Is that so? (LAUGHS) Well, I'll be seeing you. (EXIT LAUGHING)

FIB: What was the matter with him?

MAN: (WITH GONG FADE IN AND OUT) SEND Call feer din'r N Die C..ahc..
Sebon caw for din...die car....

FIB: DAD RAT KEEP QUIET OUT THERE....There oughta be a special car
for a childish guy like that, With a Sandpile and - Hey look..
there goes Mrs. Weary Bottom. HIYAH WEARY!

WEARY: Oh helle folks I heard you were on this train isn't it
wonderful though I think it's kind of dangerous my nephew was
standing by the tracks one day to see the streamliner go past
and when it did he had to turn his head so quick he broke his
neck it's a far cry from the old covered wagon days isn't it
but as I used to tell my late husband a far cry is better than
a close call my there's an awful draft in here Mr. McGee why
don't you close your mouth?

ORK: "SAILBOAT IN THE MOONLIGHT" - -- SEARS

ANNOUNCEMENT OF NUMBER OVER INTRO:

APPLAUSE:

GRK: THEME: DOWN FOR -

(TRAIN SOUNDS) WHISTLE & RAILS - STREAMLINER)

MOL: Heavenly days, I don't know why that porter doesn't show up. Are you sure you rang for him, McGee.

FIB: Sure I'm sure. Here...I'll buzz him again. That's fine service for people in the best room on the train.

MOL: SO much nicer than the others. It's...eh there's the porter now. PORTERS

FIB: Hey, Porter. Come here...WHAT'S THE IDEA O' NOT ANSW...eh IT'S SILLY WATSON...HIYAH SIL.

MOL: Well Silly...what are you doin' here?

SIL: Ha is yo, boss. Hiyah, ma'am. Ah's po'terin, please folks. Is they sompin' ah can do fo. yo-all?

MOL: Yes, Silly, I want to put my hat in a paper bag.

SIL: Ye wanta take it off or leave it on.

MOL: I'll take it off, Silly!

FIB: Ya like ridin' on these streamliners Sil?
You like the diesel engines as opposed to steam?

SIL: Well suh, ah...WAH?

FIB: I says are you in favor of supplanting steam with diesel power?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah wouldn't be a bit surprised.

FIB: You familiar with the principal of the diesel engine, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Ah've knew him fo' a long time, please suh.

MOL: Who?

SIL: The principal of de engine. He sho is a nice man. Ah wish that was all ah had to do.. sit up theah an' pull a lilc ole levah all day long. That's STUFF!

MOL: (LAUGHS) I'm afraid you're inclined to be lazy-Silly.

SIL: No ma'am. But mah brother Considerable an His pal, they sho is lazy.

FIB: How, Sil?

SIL: Well suh, they LOVES to shoot dice, please suh, an-they is so lazy they hates to roll 'em. So they gott 'em a couple big cohnsh stones an' painted spots on 'em and now they is waitin'.

MOL: Waiting for what.

SIL: A earthquake, ma'am. (FADE OUT) Well if yo-all wants something else please folks. you jus ring...

MOL: Mc Gee. you forgot to ask Silly where we'd stop for something to eat.

FIB: Dad rat it, I did that. Oh well. we'll be -

WOMAN: Pardon me, please.

FIB: Okay sis..what's on your mind?

WOMAN: Silly of me not to know, but how much must I set my watch back when we reach Chicago?

FIB: How much did the watch set YOU back, Sis?

WOMAN: 300 dollars.

FIB: Well, we operate on one percent. Set it back three hours.

WOMAN: Oh thank you.. (LAUGHS) My..you have a lovely room haven't you?

MOL: Yes, we managed to get the best one, I'm afraid. (LAUGHS)

WOMAN: Yes, you didn't didn't you? (EXIT LAUGHING?)

MOL: The CAT. She was just jealous, that's all. Heavenly days, McGee... I'm hungry What'll we do?

FIB: Well, we can't just speed along like this forever, Molly. We'll have to stop sometime. and when we do I'll hop off and grab us a hunk o' pie and a sandwich and a -

RUSS: CHOUVENIRS...CHANUINE ANDIAN BLANKETCH. BEADS. TURQUOITCH.. BEAUCHIFUL CHILVER AND TURQUOITCH BRAITCHELETS...BLANKETS..

MOL: Yoo hoo..Mr. Souvenir man.. come in here.

FIB: Aw molly you don't want any o' that junk.

MOL: I do too.. I want something to take to Ted Weems' boys myself.. Hello, Mr. Souvenir man.

RUSS: ALLO BABOUSCKHA...ALL TOVARICHIGH.

FIB: Hiyah, bud. How much are the blankets?

RUSS: Hah.. very cheap today Chanuine Nitchvo Blanketch..

FIB: You mean Navajo.

RUSS: Chure Tovarichich. Nitchvo Blankete.s. All of it is being hand weaving by Indian papooches.

MOL: You mean swaws.

RUSS: Chure. Squawks is only big papooches, Babouschka. Indiums is knowing how to make beauchiful blancketch. Look.

FIB: Not bab at that, Vodka. Are they symbolical.

RUSS: Well, maybe is being diabolical on adges, tovariches, but in middle, part is good stoff. Is being hall wool and two feet beeg. Hew much am I offering you for some?

MOL: I'll give you two dollars for one.

RUSS: It's too mech. They are no goed for two dollars.

FIB: Dollar and a half.

RUSS: No.

FIB: Dellar.

RUSS: No. I am coming up a little if you are lowring-some.

MOL: Fifty cents.

RUSS: (Sold, babouscka. You are fine bargaining peoples. You are making cherious mistake not to buy some turquoitch braitchlets, too. And if you are buy some, that will be also a cherious mistake. They are no goed.

FIB: Then why sell 'em Vodka, if they're no goed.

RUSS: Listen tovarich. Peoples for souvenirs is always wanting no good stoff. Souvenirs is for geaving awy to other peoples. If it is good stoff nobody is giving some away. So I am salling honly bom stoff for sovenirs and what happens ahfetr is somebody's busines halse...ahayoch nyem.. ahhaychnyen, (FADE OUT)

TRAIN SGUNDS AND WHISTLE UP.

MOL: My we certainly are moving along, aren't we, McGee? We go by towns and people just like that. (SNAP)

Are they symbolical.
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off. Is being hall wool and two feet
ffering you for some?
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oving along, aren't we, McGee? We go by
like that. (SNAP)

WIL: Yes, AND PEOPLE IN EVERY TOWN GO AND BUY JOHNSONS AUTO WAX AND
CLEANER JUST LIKE THAT (SNAP) BECAUSE THEY KNOW IT'S THE FINEST
POLISH THEY CAN

FIB: HARPO. Are you in again? Why don't you go back to your
compartment and sit down?

WIL: Cant. I got an upper berth. Well, I'll be seeing you.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) He can't sit down because he's got an upper berth.
Dees thatmake sense? Why don't he get the porter to make up
his berth so he can go to bed then? Of all the dumb.. Hey
conductor! Conductor, what are we coming to?

GOND: We're coming to "Alex,nder's Ragtime Band" by Henry Busse.

ORK: "ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND"

APPLAUSE:

CONTEST WINNER

Now we take pleasure in announcing the winner in last week's TRAILER CONTEST sponsored by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. The luxurious, streamline COVERED WAGON TRAILER goes to MRS. (MR.) _____ . We congratulate you, MRS. (MR.) _____ . We know this magnificent trailer is going to give you a lot of pleasure. And don't forget that JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER will keep it always beautiful! Winners of cash prizes are being notified by mail.

ORCHESTRA: (RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN) (FADE IN ON CUE)

TRAIN NOISES UP WITH WHISTLE..

MOL: McGee...MCGEE...where's that Navajo blanket I bought?
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, I'll tell you, Molly. When we stopped back there, I grabbed it and hopped off...hopin' I could swap it for a sandwich or something.
 MOL: Well...did you?
 FIB: Nope. But I sold it to a indian for two bits profit. He said he'd never seen one like it before. Look at the silver dollar?
 MOL: But I only paid fifty cents for it. You got fifty cents extra.
 FIB: I know. He gimme another quarter if I'd pose for a snapshot. He says I was a interesting type.
 MOL: Well...that doesn't get us anything to eat, does it. I WISH I knew what to do. My goodness you'd think on a beautiful train like this there'd be some provision for--
 MAN: (WITH GONG) Last caw f'r din'r dy Cah up head...las caw f'r din'r...

FIB: DAD RAT IT KEEP
 like him runnin
 he's a fire eng
 MOL: Oh let him have
 FIB: Here comes a gu
 always know whe
 MOL: But they don't
 FIB: HIYA BUD....go
 LIONMORE: (FADE IN) Ah ye
 the duty of us
 the minutes wa
 Guss?
 FIB: My name ain't
 this train stop
 LIONMORE: Well my boy...
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 scarce a passi
 significance a
 MOL: You mean you d
 LIONMORE: That, my dear.
 is the essence
 of humor. In
 FIB: You an actor b

FIB: DAD RAT IT KEEP QUIET OUT THERE...The idea o' bog guy like him runnin' around with a bong...I suppose h'es playing he's a fire engine or something...

MOL: Oh let him have his fun. I'd like to know where to eat.

FIB: Here comes a guy, Molly. Looks like an actor. Actors always know where to eat.

MOL: But they don't always know HOW.

FIB: HIYA BUD....gotta minute to spare?

LIONMORE: (FADE IN) Ah yes my boy...when weary travelers call, tis but the duty of us all to pay him heed...nor make the passing of the minutes wasted thus, if we can aid a bit...how are you, Guss?

FIB: My name ain't Gus, Bud. I'm Fibber McGee. Listen...does this train stop anyplace where there's a lunch counter?

LIONMORE: Well my boy...as to that I really couldn't say. I have been so enraptured in my studies of the bard, I have given scarce a passing thought to matters of such mundane significance as food.

MOL: You mean you don't know?

LIONMORE: That, my dear...is admirable and concisely put. If Brevity is the essence of wit, you are without a peer in the annals of humor. In short. Yes...I don't know.

FIB: You an actor bud?

LIONMORE: Yes, my boy...I am a thespian. I'm going East to fulfill a radio engagement to introduce the Bard of Avon to a palpitating public. A midsummer's night's dream...As you like it, The Taming of the Shrew...never have these immortal works been properly projected to the popular taste, and I .. (PAUSE) Did you say you had something to eat?

MOL: No we said we WANTED something to eat.

LIONMORE: Ah...yes...you then, are actors, too?

FIB: Well, yes, in a small way.

LION: (OFF CHARACTER) Well then, if you find some grub someplace look me up will you? You know..the profession and all that ... (FADE OUT) Well, I'll see you later I hope...

FIB: Well fer the...Say I wonder if Silly Watson didn't bring a lunch along...Maybe he'd give us a...

MOL: Heavenly days...I'm simply FAMISHED.

FIB: I know...I know...SAY I GOTTA IDEA ABOUT THAT MOLLY.

MOL: WHAT...WHERE...I'LL TAKE THREE HELPPINGS OF WHATEVER IT IS.

FIB: No wait...You know the old sayin! "HE WHO SLEEP EATS"? meanin if ye sleep, ye don't notice your hunger. What say we go to bed, and when we wake up we'll be in Chicago. AND CHICAGO IS FULL OF RESTAURANTS... A fine idea, McGee. Shut the door.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: You sleep over there on the short couch and I'll sleep here, Molly.

MOL: Oh no. I'll sleep on the long one.

FIB: But Molly...I sleep longer than you do.

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LEEP EATS"?

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idea, McGee.

I'll sleep

MOL: Ladies first, McGee and don't argue or I'll hang one on
 your jaw.

FIB: Okay...okay...(YAWNS) Say, I'm kinda sleep at that...

MOL: Me, too...isn't it nice to sleep in such a lovely stateroom
 as this? These lovely fixtures and our own bath, even?
 Lock the door.

FIB: Can't -- there's no key -- I'll just --
 (DOOR RATTLE - LATCH)

WOMAN: (SCREAM) Ohhhh! (FADING) Conductor! Conductor!

FIB: I dunno why people have to act like that in public.

MOL: No -- they come crashing into your room and --

COND: (FADING IN) Hey you - get up - you can't sleep in there!

FIB: Who are you, anyway?

COND: I'm the conductor! And you'll have to get out.

FIB: Why, - is this Chicago?

COND: No -- this is the ladies room!
 (APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (CLOSING NUMBER FADE DOWN UNDER COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

LAST COMMERCIAL:

Only three (?) more weeks for
 sponsored by the makers of JO
 win a magnificent DE LUXE GOV
 ordinary trailer, but a luxur
 detail, and completely equipp
 living. Built by the world's
 CONSTRUCTION, this handsome C
 ice-box, stove, enamel sink,
 special coil springs. All yo
 WAGON TRAILER valued at \$1,000
 JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER
 statement in 50 words or less
 AND CLEANER. Mail your entry
 week's trailer contest closes
 delay. Get a combination pat
 once from your regular JOHNSO
 or filling station. Complete
 package of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL UP NUMBER

and don't argue or I'll hang one on

Say, I'm kinda sleep at that...

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ING) Conductor! Conductor!

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get up - you can't sleep in there!

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DOWN UNDER COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

LAST COMMERCIAL:

Only three (?) more weeks for you to get in on the GREAT TRAILER CONTEST, sponsored by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX. Better hurry if you want to win a magnificent DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILER, free. This is no ordinary trailer, but a luxurious HOME ON WHEELS, modern to the last detail, and completely equipped with every convenience for comfortable living. Built by the world's leading specialists in TRAILER COACH CONSTRUCTION, this handsome COVERED WAGON TRAILER has electric lights, ice-box, stove, enamel sink, running water and two double beds with special coil springs. All you have to do to win this de luxe COVERED WAGON TRAILER valued at \$1,000 is to complete this statement: "I LIKE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER BECAUSE _____" Finish this statement in 50 words or less telling why you like JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Mail your entry to JOHNSON'S WAX, RACINE, WISCONSIN. This week's trailer contest closes midnight, Saturday July ~~25~~²⁴ (A) Don't delay. Get 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 will be found in each package of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL UP NUMBER FADE OUT ON CUE)

TAG GAG:

MOL:

FIB:

PAPER RA

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

FIB:

MOL:

ORCH:

SPECIAL

If you

refer to

Son in

nearby

mr; ll;

10:25
7/12/37

TAG GAG:

MOL: Say Fibber, who was that other telegram from?

FIB: Shucks - I forgot to open it. Here it is.

PAPER RATTLE:

MOL: What's it say?

FIB: To Fibber McGee & Molly - aboard streamliner en route
to Chicago.

Oh it from Esther Schutz - radio editor Chicago American.

MOL: Well dad rat it - what does she say?

FIB: She says "Welcome back home I think your radio show is
absolutely ---

MOL: Absolutely waht?

FIB: That's all there is - she must have used up her ten words
-- good nite.

MOL: Good nite - all -

ORCH: (SIGNATURE) Segue

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

If you are not able to procure JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER please refer to your telephone directory. Local offices of S. G. Johnson & Son in many large cities will be glad to give you the name of the nearby dealer.

mr; ll; mc; na; js

10:25
7/12/37

S.G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

ADVERTISER FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY

PROGRAM TITLE WMAQ

CHICAGO OUTLET

8:00-8:30 PM
12:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

GREAT TRAILER CONTEST,

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Finish this

JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX

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