

NBC

Page 2
WRITER

ADVERTISER **WILLIAMS, JOHNSON & SON, INC.**

WRITER **DON QUINN**

OK

PROGRAM TITLE **FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY**

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**

8:00-8:30 PM **JULY 26 1957** **MONDAY** DAY

11:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

3358.00

*Kill Thompson
Hugh St. ...
Harold Peary
Isobel Randolph*

(CHIPS)

Page 2.

ORK: 1ST PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE

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

ORK: THEME - WITH TANNER

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "SHALL WE DANCE".

ORK: "SHALL WE DANCE" Down for -

WIL: (FIRST COMMERCIAL)

If you should ask three women who use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT why they prefer this particular floor polish you might get three different answers -- The first housewife might say: "I LIKE JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT BECAUSE IT IS SO EASY TO USE. I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY RUBBING OR BUFFING." Housewife No. 2 might say: "GLO-COAT KEEPS MY LINOLEUM LOOKING LIKE NEW--PROTECTS IT SO IT CAN'T GET WORN OR SOILED. I FIGURE IT SAVES ME WORK AND MONEY." The third housewife might put it this way: "I'M ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT BECAUSE IT GOES ON IN SUCH A HURRY AND TAKES ONLY 20 MINUTES TO DRY, AND IT NEVER SMEARS OR STREAKS ON THE FLOOR." Thousands of other women could truthfully say, "I BOUGHT JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT FIRST JUST TO SHOW MY APPRECIATION OF FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY. BUT NOW EVERYONE EOMPLIMENTS MY FLOORS -- AND MY LINOLEUM IS SO EASY TO TAKE CARE OF, YOU COULDN'T GET ME TO CHANGE TO ANY OTHER BRAND OF FLOOR POLISH."

If you haven't already tried this easy-to-use, liquid polish order GLO-COAT from your dealer tomorrow. 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 you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL UP MUSIC AND OUT TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

ORCH: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

ORK UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MC GEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNCM'T

WIL: BUSINESS IS ON THE BOOM IN WISTFUL VISTA, AND AFTER LOOKING THRU THE ADS, FIBBER HAS PROMOTED HIMSELF INTO THE MANAGEMENT OF A FOOD SHOP, AGAINST MOLLY'S BETTER JUDGMENT, AS USUAL. AND HERE IN THE FOOD SHOP AT 14th & OAK STREETS, TALKING TO THE PROPRIETOR, WE FIND - FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

ORK: (MC GEE THEME)

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Now don't you worry about a thing, Mr. Schmeerkase. We'll take care of everything.

MOL: Yes, McGee can run the shop and I'll handle the bookkeeping, Mr. Schmeerkase.

NAZI: Dot's goot! It iss a loadt off der mindt to chust get away und relags. Der foodt pusiness iss a good pusiness, chenerally, und I vouldnt vish a dumpkopf to monkey mit der profits und looses so I am nicht knowing vitch iss vitch. Versteheh?

MOL: Oh yes. Versteheh right here.

FIB: Don't give the store a thought, Schmeery. I'm an old food man myself.

MOL: You're telling me.
FIB: Matter of fact, I used to run a whole string of jam-and-java joints up in Pocatello. Provision McGee, I was knowed as in them days...

MOL: Oh dear.

NAZI: Iss dot so?

FIB: PROVISION MCGEE, THE PEPPEY PERSONALTY PROPRIETOR OF PREMIER PRODUCE PLACES, PROVIDIN' THE PLEASED PEOPLE OF POCOTELLO THE PRETTIEST PEACHES, PROUDEST PEANUTS, PARTICULARLY PALATABLE PARTY PASTRIES, AND PROMOTIN POETIC POT-PIES FROM POCATELLO TO PANAMA.

APPLAUSE:

NAZI: Dot's vunderful. Soo, I am leafing der blace in your hands. Goot pye, good luck, und dondt sell der moth balls for der tabloca. HAH HAH.

DOOT SLAM

MOL: Well, McGee. You're IT again. I think this is the most ridiculous undertaking you've...er...undertook yet.

FIB: You'll be sorry you says that, Molly, when the money starts rollin' in.

MOL: Paper money don't roll, McGee.

FIB: No, but it doubles. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly? You says paper money don't roll, and I says no but it doub-

MOL: TAIN'T FUNNY, MC GEE.

FIB: Really? It's one of my favorites. AHEN. Ye know, Molly that old fossil don't really know what the food game is all about.

MOL: No? Well, he's managed to stay in business on this corner for 20 years.

FIB: Well, he'll never make a go of it. What people want these days is HEALTH foods. People are calory-conscious. Why shucks, every kid in the kindergarten now can tell you how many vitamins there are in a caraway seed. I think we'll specialize in health food,

MOL: Oh now, McGee...Please...

FIB: I'm gonna paint a sign to hang out in front, so- Oh oh - a customer!

DOOR LATCH:

MOL: Now use some Jddgement, McGee.

FIB: Okay. HIYAH SIS...WHAT CAN I-

(GIGGLE)

FIB: OH IT'S GERALDINE. HIYAH GERALDINE!"

GER: (GIGGLES) Oh Hello, Mr. McSee...Hello, Molly. (GIGGLES)

I just couldn't wait to come' in and see your food shop.

(GIGGLES) I told Gerald you were opening a food shop, and he said 'Isn't it wonderful what a little grub can do' (GIGGLES)

FIB: Say, was he callin' me a little grub? Why the-

Page 7.

GER: (GIGGLES) Ohhhhh, Gerald says the DARLINGEST things, Mr. McGee. He really does. Really. (GIGGLES) I told him you were selling Home made pies, and what do you think he said? (GIGGLES)

FIB: I dunno, but he better ixmay achinkray, if he--

GER: (GIGGLES) Gerald said you'd better stick to openface pies, because you'll never do any business with the upper crust. (GIGGLES) Wasn't that just too too brilliant? I mean, wasn't it really?

Page 8

FIB: Listen, if he'll stop in here sometime, I'll fix him up a arsenic sandwich that'll....

GER: (GIGGLES) Ohhh, Mis McGee...you're SO cute when you get ruffled. You are, really. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh pshaw!!!!

GER: (GIGGLES) Ohhhh, Mr. McGee. (GIGGLES) You know, I TOLD Gerald you were so attractive, I mean you're shoulders were so square, and Gerald said you probably forgot to take your coat off the coathanger. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Oh is that so! Well lemme tell you, Geraldine.....

GER: (GIGGLES) Well, I hope your just disgustingly successful, Mr. McGee.. I mean, I really do...really. I'VE simply GOT to get back to the house and hear Ted Weems play THAT'S A PLENTY.

FIB: That's a pl.....

GER: SO I SIMPLY MUST BE OFF!

FIB: I'll say so.

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: "THAT'S A PLENTY"

APPLAUSE:

MOL: Say., McGee....where's the cash register?
 FIB: It's right over there on the.....HEY DO YOU MEAN WE
 BEEN RUNNIN' A STORE FOR HOURS, AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE
 THE CASH REGISTER IS?
 MOL: We haven't had any use for it yet.
 FIB: Well, we will. I got my health food sign up out in front,
 and look at the chart I just made, showin' all the nerves
 and muscles of the human body. That's so I can point out
 the....

DOOR LATCH:

MOL: How do you do, sir. What can we do for you?
 OLD M: Eh? What say?
 FIB: WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? GRANDPAW?
 OLD: Well, I seen your sign for health food and I want somethin'
 for my Mamie. She don't eat her vittles. Got me worried!
 FIB: Well, fer folks that won't eat, grandpa, you gotta fix up
 somethin' that's both attractive to the eye and nourishin'
 Now look. Take a tomato...
 OLD: She don't like potatoes.
 MOL: Not POTATOES. TOMATOES.
 OLD: French fried?
 FIB: NO...NOT POTATOES.
 OLD: That's fine.. She don't like 'em.
 MOL: Oh dear. Go on, McGee.
 FIB: TAKE A TOMATO. HOLLOW IT OUT AND FILL WITH PRUNE JUICE,
 GROUND WALNUTS, SOY BEANS AND A DASH OF VANILLA. By
 tomorrow your Mamie'll be eatin like a horse.
 OLD M: (LAFF) Ye durn fool - MAMIE IS A HORSE!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Mamie is a horse - that old.... Gimme a pencil Molley.
 MOL: What are you gonna do?
 FIB: I'm gonna figger up cost prices on the stock. Meat
 costs too much, and the bread cost is worryin' me.
 MOL: The what?
 FIB: The bread cost.
 WIL: AND THIS BREADCOST IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF
 JOHNSON'S WAX AND GLOCOAT OVER THE BREAD NETWORK OF
 THE NATIONAL BREADCOSTING COMPANY.

FIB: HARPO!

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: (FADE IN) Hiyah, ma'am. Ha is yo', Boss.
 MOL: Oh, Silly Watson.
 FIB: Hiyah Sil.. What's on your mind? You look nervous, Sil.
 What you need is a bland diet. Like apricots. Apricots
 is full of iron, and you know and I know that iron expands
 in the hot weather givin' a feeling of fullness without
 bein' stuffed. Now if you.....
 SIL: Please suh. Ah don' want no groceries or nuffin'. Ah
 just come oveh to see how is business.
 FIB: Confidentially, Sil, business is so shaky, we've had to
 nail down the jelly shelf.

SIL: Is they anything ah kin do to be of insistence, Mist' McGee, suh?

FIB: Well, you might buy forty or fifty bucks worth of groceries for that gal of yours, Silly. What's her name again?

SIL: Rosebud, suh. Rosebud Jackson. But she ain' eatin' food now suh. She on a fluent diet.

MOL: You mean a FLUID diet, Silly.

SIL: Wah ah say?

FIB: You says FLUENT...Sill. Sluent means 'with a ready flow of words'.

SIL: Yassuh. Tha's Rosebud all right. We'n it come to words, she not only READY, but WILLIN'.

MOL: Well why is she on a liquid diet, Silly? Is she ill?

SIL: No ma'am. Ah was walkin' down de street wif lil Suzie Q Johnson and Rosebud seen us and she got jealus o' Susie and they got into a tiff.

FIB: A tiff, eh. What's that got to do with Rosebud's diet.

SIL: She lose two teef' we'n Susie got tough in de tiff. Well, if they's anything ah kin do suh just lemme know and....

(APPLAUSE)

DOOR SLAM

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...can't we SELL SOMETHING?

DOOR LATCH

COMO: Hello, Fibber, Hello, Molly.

MOL: Hellllllooo, Perry Como.

COMO: This a Health Food Shop?

MOL: Yes, Perry, what can we do for you?

COMO: I've Got a serious melody.

FIB: Serious Malady!

COMO: No Melody.

FIB: What is it?

COMO: What is Love.

FIB: Sing it Perry. (APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA AND COMO: "WHAT IS LOVE" (APPLAUSE)

FIB: I wish somebody would come in, so I can show 'em the chart...

DOOR LATCH:

CHINA: Hello, This good food shoppo?

MOL: Yee it is.

FIB: Hiyah John. What can do flo you?

CHINK: Chop chop. Makee lammy.

FIB: Makee lammy whatee?

CHINK: Chop chop.

FIB: Saw what is this? I don't --

MOL: I think he wants some lamb chops, McGee.

FIB: Okay, two lamb chops.

CHINK: Sure. You cletch on pletty slow, big slot. Wanchee lammy choppee have'm pants on 'em.

FIB: PANTS ON 'EM.

MOL: Listen, McGee...the man wants lamb chops with them little paper frills on 'em.

FIB: Ohhh oh yes. Okay John. You come back later. We have choppy panties dly clean and plessee.

JOHN: Okay. You makee nice job. Master no likee baggy pantee on lammy choppee.

FIB: Okey dokey John.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Imagine that, Molly? Next thing they'll want us to put patent leather shoes on the pigs feet.

MOL: Yes or muzzles on the hot dogs.

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Watch me make a sale to this guy. HIYAH BUD. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? How about a loaf of our health bread. Full of vitamins a b c d e f g h. And sometimes W & Y. Genuien Leatherorust bread. AND A FREE PAPER KITE WITH EVERY LOAF. It's bum bread, but the kites are swell.

MAN: I don't wanna kite. I -

FIB: Oh so you don't wanta kite, eh? I suppose you're too dad ratted dignified to fly a kite. Be a boy again, bud and let yourself go. Why with one of these Leatherorust kites flyin' overhead you'll feel the thrill of youth - you're blood will course thru your veins like it did when you were in grade school -

MAN: I never went to grade school.

FIB: Oh, a inferiority complex, eh? Well lemme tell you bud. It gives you a feeling of POWER, bud...it's dynamic -

MAN: I tell you I DONT WANNA KITE.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ye hear that Molly? He don't wanna kite. Why where's your sportsmanship, bud. Where's your manhood? Where's your-

MOL: Oh be quiet, McGee. Now then...what was it you wanted sir?

MAN: Why I just came in for some-

FIB: WHATEVER IT IS WE GOT IT, BUD. We got some limburger so strong it'll walk along beside you and carry the rest of your groceries. We got some -

MAN: SAY DO YOU CARRY WATERMELONS?

FIB: Certainly, bud.

MAN: WELL CARRY ONE OVER NIAGARA FALLS; WILL YA? !!!

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Now see what you did, McGee?

FIB: That's what you get when you try to render a little service to the community. INGRATITUDE. Here we got everything people could eat. There's food for growin' kids in them dairy products; there's food for babies in the strained vegetables -

WIL: AND THERE'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT IN THE FACT THAT JOHNSON'S WAX IS THE FAVORITE OF HOUSEWIVES EVERYWHERE. WHY IT-

FIB: HARPO.

MOL: You in again, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Yes, I'm back. Nice food shop you've got here. How's the head cheese?

MOL: Oh he's fine. Aren't you, McGee?

FIB: Yes, I'm - AHEM. What'd you want this time, Harpo?

WIL: I wanted to know how you got to be so expert on health food?

FIB: Why shucks, Harpo, I wrote a play about food. On the order of Boy Meets Girl.

WIL: What was the name of it?

FIB: Crab Meets Salad. Ye see -

WIL: Oh all right..

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ever tell you about him and his foot complaint, Molly?

MOL: No ...what's happened?

FIB: Well, Harpo was complain' all the time about his feet goin' to sleep. (LAUGHS) It seems that he was layin' around the house all day wearin' just the pants of his pajamas, and his legs kept thinkin' it was bedtime, and -

TELEPHONE:

MOL: I'll answer it, McGee. (CLICK) HELLO. WISTFUL VISTA FOOD SHOPPY MOLLY MCGEE SPEAKIN'. HAVE WE ANY WHAT? Say it again, please. (PAUSE) Once more, please. (PAUSE) Just a moment. McGee... have we any cumsquats?

FIB: Any WHAT?

MOL: Cumsquats.

FIB: Aw tell 'em to hang up and quit kiddin'.

MOL: HELLO. LAY OFF THE DOUBLE TALK, YE BIG LOOGAN. WE'RE BUSY. (CLICK) The idea, botherin' honest storekeepers with their practical jo-

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Customer, Molly. HIYAH SIS. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

WHEE: Well SKIPPY...YOU LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF A MAN A GIRL CAN COME TO FOR ADVICE.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, grandmaw, I wouldn't be surprised. But aint you old enough to know your own mind?

WHEE: Don't get gay with me, sonny. Just because I'm a chorus girl don't give you the right to get fresh.

FIB: Okay Okay, Grandmaw...don't git huffy. What kind of advice you want?

WHEE: Well, Shorty...I'm GIVIN' MY BOY FRIEND A MIDNIGHT SNACK IN MY APARTMENT AND I WANTA KNOW HOW TO MAKE MULLIGAN.

FIB: I used to know a -

MOL: MCGEE! The lady wants to know how to make mulligan stew?

FIB: Why don't you sit down on his straw hat, grandmaw? That ought to make Mulligan stew the rest of the evenin'.

WHEE: LISTEN, SONNY...DON'T BE SO SMART. I WANT TO KNOW HOW TO COOK UP A DISH OF MULLIGAN.

FIB: Ohhhhh, THAT. Well you take a old tomato can, sis, throw in some ditch water, two onions, a ham bone, a pound of hamburger, some carrots and cook till done. But listen, what's the idea of feedin' your boy friend mulligan? That's a tramps dish.

WHEE: SURE IT IS, SKIPPY. AND HE DON'T KNOW IT, BUT TONIGHT HE GETS THE BUMS RUSH. WHOOPPEEE...I'LL BE A FREE GIRL TONIGHT...YIPEEE...

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahhhh, me! When HEARTS ARE YOUNG! Take it, Ted.

Till it, Tanner!

ORK: "WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG" --

-- TANNER

APPLAUSE:

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.

Mr. _____ of _____ wins the magnificent de luxe COVERED WAGON TRAILER valued at \$1,000. We know you will enjoy your Trailer Coach and we hope you'll protect the finish and keep it sparkling with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER. Winners of cash prizes will be notified by mail.

ORK: ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE OUT)

4th SPOT.

FIB: Dad rat it, Molly. I wish somebody'd ask some advice about the right food to build up their nerves. Here I go an make a swell chart o' the human system and nobody cares what-

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: How do you do...are you the proprietor?

FIB: You betcha sis, and for you I'd recommend a buildin' up diet. You see you're the cemetery type -

MOL: SEDENTARY, McGee.

FIB: Oh yes. Settentary. AHM. Always sittin' down. Don't get enough exercise. Look at the chart on the wall there sis. See how the medulla oblongata nerve twists around the upper ulna? No wonder you have those shooting pains.

WOMAN: But ... but I don't have any shooting pains.

MOL: Oh that's a bad sign.

FIB: Shucks, sis, EVERYBODY Oughtta have shooting pains. Maybe you ain't got your frowth yet. Now look where I'm pointin' on the chart. See that muscle that hits the anterior of the tibia, on a median line with the ipse facto? That's what happens when you're short of vitamin W. and look at that repressive maxillary.

WOMAN: PLEASE, I want-

MOL: Maybe she wants some groceries, McGee.

FIB: Okay okay.. sis, we got the finest line of interior decorations you ever threw a fang over. Why we got pretzels that are tied in abeer lover's knot. We got a baked ham in the ice-box that's so swelled up with pride it keeps poppin' it's cloves off.

WOMAN: I BEG YOUR PARDON. I DO NOT WISH TO BUY GROCERIES, NOR DO I NEED ADVICE.

FIB: Oh don't be too sure sis. Ye-

WOMAN: I MERELY THOUGHT MY SISTERS LITTLE PEKINESE MIGHT HAVE WANDERED IN HERE. MY SISTER IS MRS. P. PRENDERGAST PIKE.

FIB: Oh, you're lookin' for Pike's Peke. Let's see, there's a train for Denver leavin'-

WOMAN: SIR!

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: McGee.. you shouldn't be so impudent with the customers.

FIB: Well, there's somethin' about bein' looked at thru a glass on a stick that brings out the primitive in me, Molly. Shucks, -

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Well..what was it please. Can we - OH HIYAH LITTLE, GIRL

TEE: Hi.

FIB: Was there something you wanted?

TEE: Sure.

FIB: Fine. Be glad to help you.

TEE: All right.

FIB: Now then.. what was it you wanted? Your mama give you a list?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says did your mama give you a list of what she wanted?

TEE: Does she want something, too?

FIB: Well she.. I mean.. DAD RAT IT HOW DO I KNOW? Don't you know what she wanted? Eh?

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: Say this is gittin'.. I haven't got all day to wait on you. DID YOUR MAMA SEND YOU IN FOR SOMETHING?

TEE: No.

FIB: Ohhh, it was your own idea, eh? (LAUGHS) I suppose you want some candy or gum, or something.

TEE: Gee, who doesn't?

FIB: How much money you got?

TEE: 62¢ I betcha.

FIB: 62 cents! Say, that's a lotta dough for a kid your age to haul around.

TEE: I don't haul it around, I betcha. It's home in my bank.

FIB: It's home in your b-- DAD RAT IT SIS, IF YOU AIN'T GOT ANY MONEY AND YOUR MAMA DIDN'T SEND YOU IN HERE.. WHAT DID YOU WANT? YOU CAN'T EXPECT .. AND WHAT ARE YOU STARIN' AT ME FOR?

TEE: I wanna see you do your trick.

FIB: My tr.. WHAT TRICK?

TEE: Gee, I betcha you haven't got room in here, I betcha.

FIB: SAY WHAT IS THIS? ROOM FOR WHAT?

TEE: Well, my papa said when you started running this store you were sticking your neck out a mile. I'll go tell him you can't..

DOOR SLAM: (APPLAUSE)

FIB: So, I'm stickin' my neck out a mile am I? I'll show these bun dunnies...er dumb bunnies what I can do.

MOL: Well, Merchant Prince...what CAN you do? We haven't sold a nickels worth all day. AND WHAT'S THAT 12¢ YOU GOT CHARGED TO PAID OUT?

FIB: Refund on 6 pop bottles.

MOL: We haven't sold any pop. Why should we take the bottles in and refund on 'em?

FIB: Well, there was somebody else in the store at the time, and I wanted to give the impression we were doin' a big business.

DOOR LATCH:

MOL: Well, maybe this one will buy something. HOW DO YOU DO SIR.

TOUGH: HELLO DERE SISTEH. HELLO BUDDY. YOU MISTAH MCGEE?

FIB: That's me. What can I do for you? We got some nice...

MAN: WE'RE HAVIN' A PICNIC SEE AND I'M ON DE COMMITTEE FOR GROCERIES AND I GOT ORDERS TO DEAL WIT' YOUSE PEOPLE.

MOL: Ohhh, that's wonderful.

FIB: That's swell, bud. How many people on the picnic?

MAN: OH IN DE NEIGHBORHOOD O' T'REE HUNNERT MCGEE.

FIB: Hot dog...300! OH BOY...LEAVE IT TO ME CAPTAIN. I'LL HANDLE THE WHOLE THING FOR YOU. PUT THIS DOWN MOLLY...HOT DOGS.

MOL: Hot dogs...

FIB: MUSTARD...PIGCALLALI...COFFEE...FRUIT...BUNS...STEAKS...FIFTY CASES O'BEER.

MAN: MAKE IT A HUNNERT.

FIB: MAKE IT A HUNNERT...ER...A HUNDRED.

MOL: Coffee...fruit...beer...ALL RIGHT GO ON...Oh this is wonderful.

FIB: DOZENS O' PIES...CAKES...DOUGHNUTS..

MAN: DAT'S DE SPIRIT, BUDDY...GIVE IT DE WOIKS...

FIB: GOITENLY...ER ABSO...SARDINES...PRETZELS...WHERE'LL I SEND IT?

MAN: YOU AIN'T GOTTA SEND IT BUDDY...I GOT ME WOIKERS RIGHT OUTSIDE...
(FADE SLIGHTLY) HEY SLUG! MOIPHY! DOPEY! YOU PUNKS GET DIS STUFF INTO DE TRUCKS.

SOUND: VOICES...CLATTER...AD LIB...
BOTTLES ... BOXES...CANS.

FIB: (OVER CLATTER) Here...take another bunch of bananas...THAT'S IT.

MOL: HAVE SOME MORE OLIVES...AND HERE'S MORE DOUGHNUTS...

SOUND: CLATTER UP SUSTAIN AND OUT...

MOL: Heavenly days...that was fast work.

FIB: What'd I tell you, Molly? When it came it came all in a bunch. Got everything you need now, bud?

MAN: SURE BUDDY...AND TANKS FOR DE COOPERATION. HOW MUCH'LL DAT BE?

FIB: Lemme figger a minute. (MUTTERS) Doughnuts...beer...olives...pastry...I'LL MAKE YOU A GOOD PRICE BUD... 89 dollars & 75 cents.

MAN: DATS SWELL. DE BOYS AT DE CITY HALL IS SURE GONNA APPRECIATE DIS MCGEE.

FIB: Oh pahaw. As a citizen of Wistful Vista and --

MAN: LEMME TELL YOU BUDDY...DIS IS DE BIGGEST PICNIC DONATION DE FORTY FORT' WARD HAS EVER GOT.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...DONATION!

FIB: Hey whaddye mean? We didn't -

MAN: ANY TIME YOU WANT A FAVOR FROM DE BOYS JUST ASK US, SEE?
BE GLAD TO FIX DE NEXT PARKIN' TICKET YOUSE GET. THANKS FOLKS

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Well of all the nerve...can you imagine...OF MCGEE...DON'T TAKE
IT SO HARD DEARIE...

FIB: I...I can't help it...Molly, Here I thought everything was...

MOL: NOW NOW NOW...STOP WORRYIN' ABOUT IT. PUT THAT PAPER AND BRUSH
AWAY FIGURIN' UP THE LOSSES AGAIN WON'T DO ANY GOOD.

FIB: I ain't figurin' up the losses. I'm puttin a sign on the cash
register.

MOL: A sign on the cash register. R.I.P. What does that mean.
Raise in prices?

FIB: (PLAINTIVELY) NO! "R ust in Peace". Get your hat, Molly.

ORK: "I'M HATIN' THIS WAITIN AROUND" - down for...

FINAL COMMERCIAL:

This is the final week of the great TRAILER CONTEST sponsored by the
MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX. It's your last chance to win a DE LUXE
COVERED WAGON TRAILER, free. All you have to do is to complete this
statement: I LIKE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER BECAUSE _____
Finish this statement in 50 words or less, telling what you like most
about these two fine products that are so easy to use -- that never
scratch the car finish. A statement like this might win: I LIKE
JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX / D CLEANER BECAUSE THEY HAVE SAVED ME MANY DOLLARS
ON CAR WASHINGS, OR, JOHNSON'S WAX AND CLEANER KEEP MY FOUR YEAR OLD
CAR SHINING LIKE A MIRROR. Mail your entry to JOHNSON'S WAX, Racine,
Wisconsin -- and remember to enclose the top from a combination package
of the cleaner and wax. This nationwide TRAILER CONTEST closes Saturday
July 31st. Get busy if you want to win a magnificent COVERED WAGON
TRAILER, built by the world's leading specialists in TRAILER COACH
CONSTRUCTION. Complete contest rules will be found in each package of
JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX & CLEANER for sale at your regular JOHNSON'S WAX
DEALER, auto supply store, garage or filling station.
ORCH: (SWELL UP MUSIC - FADE OUT ON CUE)

TAG GAG:

FIB: Can you imagine, Molly...and here I thought the food shop business would be a cinch. I couldn't even collect any old accounts.

MOL: Did ye try?

FIB: Sure. I sent a invoice marked OVERDUE to that Mrs. Cort, and I got it right back, - refused.

MOL: Well, you should have known better. Nobody can put a Cort Bill through these days.

FIB: Nobody can...AHM. Good nite.

MOL: Good nite all!

ORCH: (SIG) SEGUE ("SHALL WE DANCE")

WILCOX:

This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Monday night. Good night.

ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS). Fibber McGee and Molly have come to you over the Red network of the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

mc;gs;na;mr;ll;js;

7/26/37 10:00

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: If you are not able to procure JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER please refer to your telephone directory. Local offices of S. C. JOHNSON & SON in many large cities will be glad to give you the name of a nearby dealer. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the Makers of Johnson's Wax at Racine, Wisconsin and inviting you to be with us again next Monday night - Goodnight.

NBC ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS) Fibber McGee & Molly have come to you over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

mc; na; mr; js; 9:45
7/19/37

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
8:00-8:30 PM

AUGUST 2^{DAY} 1937

MONDAY DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS
REBROADCAST 11:00-11:30 PM

Not Correct

423 5.80

*Stu
Thompson
Ravel
Peary*