

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

AUGUST 2^{DATE} 1937

MONDAY DAY

8:00-8:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS REBROADCAST 11:00-11:30 PM

Not Correct

423 5.80

*Stu
Thompson
David
Peary*

Page 2.

ORK: 1ST PHRASE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE

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

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" -- --Tanner

WIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH -

ORK: " _____ " Down for -

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:

FIRST COMMERCIAL

If you want to have beautiful clean floors and linoleum that attracts the admiration of everyone who comes into your home -- use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Here are the simple directions: "JUST APPLY -- AND LET DRY!" That's all there is to it. GLO-COAT takes care of the polishing without help from you. Millions of up-to-date housewives prefer this new, liquid polish that makes dull linoleum shine like new again. GLO-COAT dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. It protects floors from scuffing feet -- seals out dirt and germs and saves you hours of cleaning time. Buy JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (Swell music to end)
 (APPLAUSE) Segue
 ("McGee Theme") (Fade out)

WIL: WELL.. FIBBER HAS DECIDED THAT WHAT HE AND MOLLY NEED IS A GOOD REST IN THE COUNTRY. HE'S HOMESICK FOR A TOUCH OF FARM LIFE AS HE KNEW IT IN HIS BOYHOOD. SO HERE, DRIVING UP TO THE ENTRANCE OF IDLEWILD FARM, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCH: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE OUT)

APPLAUSE:

SOUND: (OVER APPLAUSE) MOTOR IN ...UP...SUSTAIN AND OUT WITH SCREECH.

FIB: I gottagit them brakes fixed.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee. isn't this a beautiful farm! And such a pretty name, too. IDLEWILD!

FIB: Yeah..the hired hands are probably so idle the farmer goes wild. (LAUGHS) GET IT, Molly? Idlewild? I says the -

MOL: T'AIN'T FUNNY, McGee!

FIB: AHEM. Well, you can't expect city jokes out here. Say.. I'll bet we get our board free, when I show this farmer some of the tricks I learned when I had me my farm. I can - OH here comes one of thehands. HI THERE HIRAM.. WHERE DO WE BUNK?

MAN: How do you do sir. Are you addressing me?

MOL: Why..er..yes..I am..Or he was, I mean.

FIB: You betcha bud. I'm Fibber McGee..come to spend a week ohewin' on a straw. Got a pile of hay somewhere we can sleep on?

MAN: Oh yes..I believe you are expected. We have reserved a suite on the third floor for you, Mr. McGee..may I transport your luggage. Now just follow me and I'll show you ..

(FADE OUT)

FIB: Well fer the...hear that, Molly?

'may I transport your luggage'.

MOL: He must have gone to a school of agriculture.

FIB: If he did, he got too much culture and not enough agri. Ahhhhhhh, get a load of that fresh country air. That's what I need.

MOL: For what?

FIB: Well, I just need it, that's all. Get away from the soot and dirt of the city and get your feet on the ground.

MOL: You couldn't keep your feet on the ground if you were carryin' a safe.

FIB: Oh you know what I mean. We may have to put up with a few inconveniences, but -

MOL: Hurry McGee..he's opening the door for us.

FIB: Oh thanks, but. It's...hey they ain't anybody holding the door. Look..it's shutting again.

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Why it's just like magic.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Oh no. It's just a practical application of the photo-electric cell, Mrs. McGee. More familiarly known as the electric eye. This way please.

FIB: The photo-electr... well fer the...(LAUGHS) Say this is a high class farm, bud. I suppose the pigs all wear paper napkins at lunch.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Well, hardly sir. Although we do feed our livestock according to the latest scientific government formulas.

MOL: Really!

FIB: Must have a bunch of high-hat hogs, bud. Shucks, when I was a boy on the farm, such swell swill woulda made the swine swoon.

MAN: Here is your room, Mr. McGee. I hope you will be comfortable.

MOL: Oh, it's lovely. Where is the pump, sir? So we can fill the washbasin?

MAN: Pump?

MOL: Yes..pump.

FIB: You know, bud. Pump. What is it that gets dry and you have to pur somethin' into it before it'll work?

MAN: Our foreman. But his name isn't pump. It's Underwood. You'll find hot and cold water running in the bathroom, and there is also a faucet for ice water.

MOL: ICE WATER!

MOL: ICE WATER!

FIB: (LAUGHS) I suppose this is one o' them farms where they play soft music whilst they milk the cows.

MAN: Yes, we do sir. Our cattle are very fond of Bach and Beethoven, particularly the Ninth Symphony. Would you go for a little canter in the morning madam?

MOL: No, but I go for a little Bing Crosby in the evening.

FIB: He means would you wanna go riding, Molly?

MOL: Oh no, thank you. You might need your horses for ploughing.

MAN: Oh we don't keep horses for ploughing, madam. We use electric tractors. Our horses are just for pleasure. Riding to the hounds you know..and all that.

FIB: Why do you have to ride to the hounds? Are they too lazy to come over here?

MAN: Hah ha. very droll, sir! I hope you'll be very comfortable. Dinner is at eight. Will you dress?

FIB: WILL WE DRESS! What is this,...

MOL: MCGEE! No, I don't think we will, sir.

MAN: That will be quite all right. Liberty Hall, you know. There will be contract bridge in the solarium after dinner. Thank you.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Say what is this? Dress for dinner.

MOL: I think it's a very nice idea.

FIB: Well, all I gotta say is that farming has got to be a awful pantywaist affair since I used to break the ice in the horse trough on cold winter mornings, back in Peoria.

MOL: McGee...look at all the electric push buttons on the wall! and all labeled! ROOM SERVICE. AIR CONDITIONING. MAID. VALET. BARBER. ENTERTAINMENT.

FIB: Push the button for entertainment, and see what happens. Probably get a bunch o' trained seals poppin' outa the closet.

MOL: Let's see.

SOUND: BUZZ.

RA. VOICE: WELCOME TO IDEEWILD, FRIENDS. TED WEEMS AND HIS PLOUGHBOYS PLAY " _____ " AND DON'T FORGET - TEA DANCING AT 4 O'CLOCK - ON THE HENHOUSE ROOF!

ORK: SELECTION

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT

MOL: McGee, this farm isn't anything like you said it would be.

FIB: Well, Farmin' wasn't like this when I was a boy. Shucks, I asked one o' the wimmin up at the house what kind of oil she used for her lamps and she said she never used oil. Just eye-shadow and a little mascara. I dunno why they call this place a farm.

MOL: Yes, all we've seen is four farm hands playin' badminton and violet bath salts in the duck pond.

FIB: Well, I'm gonna find some real farmin' on this place if it takes a week, and -

ROOSTER CROW:

FIB: Ahhh, that's better. At least they got chickens. Let's go in and see 'em, Molly.

MOL: All right....

DOOR LATCH: CLUCKS:

MOL: My...what a beautiful henhouse. Chintz curtains and everyth---

SOUND: CHICKEN SQUAWK.

MOL: MCGEE....BE CAREFUL...You stepped on a Plymouth Rock.

FIB: Couldn't help it, Molly. My Ancestors were pilgrims.

WOMAN: How do you do. Is there anything I could explain to you.

FIB: Not to me, sis. I'm a old farmer myself. Used to own 300 acres down near Peoria.

WOMAN: 300 acres! Exactly the size of our chicken-run....

FIB: Exactl...AHM. You must have some fine sprinters among them hens, sis.

SOUND: ROOSTER

MOL: Where's that rooster? I hear him but I don't see him.

WOMAN: Oh it isn't really a rooster. It's just a record we play over the public address system.

FIB: That's kinda deceitful, sis. And what you got the lights burning for?

WOMAN: Oh...THAT'S our artificial sunrise system.

MOL: Artificial sunrise!

WOMAN: Yes, the sunrise effect is automatically turned on every two hours....

SOUND: SMALL BELL

WOMAN:that way we increase our egg production.

FIB: When I had my farm sis, we used different colored neon lights in the henhouse every spring to get colored Easter eggs.

SOUND: SMALL BELL

WOMAN: That's very interesting!

MOL: Tell the lady about the time one of your hens tried to hatch out a bowling ball.

FIB: I don't remember that, Molly.

MOL: Neither do I, but I'll bet you could think of something to fit it...

FIB: AHM. Well, I DO remember the time one o' the kids next door lost his baseball and we found it months later under our best broodin' hen.

WOMAN: Oh, now don't tell me you got a nest full of golf balls!

FIB: Oh no...but it was a funny thing. Them kids couldn't bat anything but fowls with that ball after that.

SOUND: SMALL BELL

MOL: Say, what on earth is that little bell that keeps ringing?

WOMAN: Oh that is an automatic counting device. It rings a bell everytime an egg is laid. Listen!

SOUND: SMALL BELL AT REGULAR INTERVALS. END UP WITH TERRIFIC CLANG

WOMAN: Ohhh my goodness. THAT OSTRICH HAS GOT IN THERE AGAIN!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Come on, Molly...let's go see the cows. At least cows oughtta be legitimate farm business.

MOL: We'll probably find they've been feedin' 'em candy bars to get chocolate milk.

FIB: No, I don't hardly think they'd...HEY BUD...WHERE'S THE COW BARN?

MAN: The what, sir?

MOL: The cow barn?

MAN: Ohhhh, I think you must mean our Chateau de Moo. The large Blue stucco building to the left of the tennis courts.

MOL: Thank you.

FIB: The Chateau de Moo. Whadda they call the pig pen? The Palace de Grunt? Shucks, and I used to think that a farmer's main interest was to till the soil.

WIL: AND A HOUSEWIVES' MAIN INTEREST IS TO USE JOHNSON'S GLOOQAT TILL THE SOIL SIMPLY CANNOT PENETRATE THE PORES OF WOOD OR LINGLEUM.

FIB: HARPO!

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Hello, folksies.

FIB: What you doin' on the farm, Harpo?

WIL: Why, I'm working on the back forty.

MOL: On the back forty.

WIL: Yes, I sold a polo pony to one of the men here and he's back forty bucks in his payments. 'Bye, now!

FIB: Know why Harpo took up polo, Molly? I heard he works for the city three days a week, and they let him use his white helmet on Saturdays and Sundays. AHEM. Where'd that guy say the Gurnsey Garage was?

MOL: Chateau De Moo, McGee..and..OH LOOK. HERE'S THE MESS HALL.

FIB: Mess hall...and it's lunch time...I'LL BET THE HIRED HANDS ARE TEARIN' INTO THEM MASHED POTATOES AT THIS VERY MINUTE. Sneap the door open.

MOL: All right. If there's anything I love to see it's a bunch of hungry harvest hands moppin' up a stack of pork chops...let's look in.

SOUNDS: DOOR LATCH...LAUGHTER...DISHES...GLASSWARE SILVER...ETC....

VOICE: I say, Montmorency, a jolly good job of plowing you did on the hill pasture.

VOICE: Decent of you to say so, Clevington, old chap. I saw, that was a nahety spill you had on the steeplechase yesterday, wasn't it?

VOICE: RAWtheh!

FIB: I say, COMO, old fellow. If you're not too bally weary from spraying the bloomin' orchard how about singing IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE?

COMO: Oh, I'd be delighted, Fibber, old thing.

APPLAUSE

ORK: "IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN IN CHERRY BLOSSOM LANE" -- COMO

APPLAUSE

3RD SPOT

FIB: Come on, Molly. I'm gonna search thid dad ratted farm till I find me a real pitchfork or a bucksaw, or a pile of old corn cobs. They oughtta be somehin' around here that looks rustic. HEY BUD...Mind if we keep looking around the farm, a mite?

MAN: Oh not at all. Glad to have you. How do you like it so far?

MOL: Wel-l-l-, it isn't exactly what we expected....

FIB: I don't think much o' that silo over there bud. It's too high for its width.

MAN: That's not a silo - that's a flagpole, sir..

FIB: Oh. AHEN. Well..come on, Molly...MIND IF WE INSPECT THE COW BARN BUD?

MAN: Inspect the oo...OH YOU'RE THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR. CERTAINLY INSPECTOR...RIGHT THIS WAY.

MOL: Oh no, we're not the-

MAN: I KNOW. You're not the kind to inconvenience us, and I really appreciate it. Now just step this way Inspector--

FIB: But listen, Bud, you've made a mistake, the gover--

MAN: Now now now...you're not putting us out at all, Inspector. HERE WE ARE...COME RIGHT IN...BEAUTIFUL BARN, ISN'T IT?

FIB: Yes, but-

MAN: AND HANDSOME COWS - AREN'T THEY, INSPECTOR?

SOUND: MOOOOOOO.

MOL: Oh they're beautiful. Hello there Bossy. So boss, so'boss. So'boss.

MAN: Pardon me, Madam. But we don't allow anyone to talk baby talk to the cows. It makes them self-conscious. Don't you agree, inspector?

FIB: Oh absolutely, Bud. Absolutely. They ain't anything worse'n a bashful bovine. And I speak as one who knows, too. Matter of fact, bud, at one time I had me the finest herd o' Holsteins in the State o' Michigan. MOO-MOO McGee, I was knowed as in them days.

MOL: Oh dear.

FIB: MOO-MOO MCGEE, THE MIGHTY MAESTRO OF THE MILK MEN, MAIN STAY OF THE MODERN MOVEMENT FROM MANUAL MANIPULATION TO MACHINE MILKING, AND MASTER OF MILLIONS OF MEDAL-MERITING MOOLIES FROM MIDDLEVILLE, MAINE TO MONROE, MICHIGAN!

APPLAUSE

MAN: Well listen, Inspector..we have probably the healthiest herd of cows in the country. But this cow here doesn't seem to feel well today. Maybe you can tell what's wrong with her?

MOL: Oh I don't think McGee could--

FIB: No, I DON'T THINK I COULD PASS UP A OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS TO BE OF SERVICE BUD. Let's see her tongue.

MAN: I beg pardon?

FIB: Dad rat it, how can I tell if she's sick unless I see her tongue. OUT WITH THE TONGUE, BOSSIE.

FIB: Hmmm....a little bullious. Now then, Bossy...say AHHHHHHH

SOUND: MOOOOOOOOOO

FIB: I didn't say moo, I said AHHH.

SOUND: M-a-a-h-h-h-h-h!

MOL: Better take her pulse , too, McGee.

MAN: HER PULSE!

FIB: Certainly her pulse. Here, Bossy. Lift your foot.

SOUND: MOOOOO

FIB: I said lift your FOOT - Not your voice Hamm, say, this might be serious. Looks like a serious case of incipient pericardium and a clear out conjunctivitis of the Bud, cud..ER, --cud, bud.

MAN: What'd we better do, Inspector?

MOL: Oh just don't worry.

FIB: Put her to bed right away, bud. Mix up some pills of spirits of niter, 2 grains of elpho-ammonium-blasphite with a 3% infusion of merco repulvis. Take three every hour.

MAN: You mean give HER three every hour.

FIB: No, YOU take 'em. When she sees how sick you get, she'll quit fakin'.

MAN: Thank you very much indeed, Inspector.

FIB: Oh don't mention it, Bud. Next time you're in Washington, look me up.

(DOOR SLAM)

MOL: Look McGee...at last...here comes a real farmer. Look at that red undershirt and the chin whiskers.

FIB: He's a rube, right, ain't he? Pipe the gum boots and the high-water britches. I'm glad to see somebody that'll talk my language.

HI THERE, SI!

OLD: (WILCOX) How are ye, by cracky. Some farm, this is, aint it, by jinks? By heck and by jasper, I think I'll stay awhile, I allow to calc'late, by Christmas, it's the real Moccoy, by jeepers.

FIB: Bud, you ain't got any idea how glad I am to see you. Here I thought farmin' had gone completely sissy, but you're the real thing.

WIL: You bet, by gravy, by jiminy, by jinks, by jasper, buy Johnson's Glocoat to keep your floors and linoleum clean and shi-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: How did you know I wasn't a farmer?

FIB: By your hands.

WIL: No kidding?

FIB: No callouses.

WIL: Oh all right (FADE OUT) Gee, I don't have any fun any more...

FIB: Dad rat it, Molly. I'm gittin' fed up on this la de da place. Why I aint even seen a pitchfork around here.

MOL: Let's ask that man over there. Yooo-hooo, mister Farmer.

ELMO: (FADE IN) Yes, ma'am, what was the...OH HELLO, MOLLY,HELLO FIBBER.

MOL: Oh, Elmo Tanner.

FIB: Hiyah Elmo. Say what's the matter with this farm anyway? Not even a pitchfork on it. HAVEN'T YOU GOT A PITCHFORK?

ELMO: No, but I've got a tuning fork. Listen.

SOUND: FUNGG-g-g-g-R.

MOL: You can't pitch hay with that.

ELMO: No, but I can pitch a tune.

FIB: Okay, Elpo. Get in there and pitch. (TANNER NUMBER) APPLAUSE

WINNER ANNOUNCEMENT

Now, we announce with pleasure the winner in last week's TRAILER CONTEST sponsored by the MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. The beautiful DE LUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILER goes to _____

and we've just received word that the winner in the final week's contest is _____

Congratulations to you (both) _____. We know you are going to enjoy your luxurious COVERED WAGON TRAILERS and we hope you'll keep them shining with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER.

Winners of cash prizes will be notified by mail.

ORCH: ("MOGEE THEME") (FADE OUT)

4th SPOT

FIB: Imagine this place, Molly? I asked 'em if they still held square dances on the farm and they said no.

MOL: No?

FIB: No. They said they'd outgrew square dances. Now they have pentagon hexagon and octagon dances.

MOL: How about husking bees?

FIB: I asked about ^{husking} bees, too and they says they gave it up. The bees wouldn't hold still. SOME FARM!

MOL: I should say it-

SIL: Hiyah boss...ha is yo- ma'am.

MOL: Well heavenly days...silly Watson. Hello Silly.

FIB: Hi'yah Sil. What you doin' in this d'assy seed center?

SIL: Ah'm kind of a combination stable man and chef, please suh.

FIB: I see. You hurry the courses and curry the horses.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah also plays the Gittah fo' folks out on the lawn when they is doin' some anaesthic dancin'.

MOL: AESTHETIC dancing Sil.

SIL: Yas'm. Wah'd ah say?

FIB: You says ANAESTHETIC, Sil.

SIL: Wah de diff'ence?

MOL: Eahstetic means beautiful. An ANAESTHETIC puts you to sleep.

SIL: Yas'm. SO WHEN THEY IS DOIN' THEIR ANAESTHETIC DANCIN', ah plays de gittah.

FIB: Well where you haulin' that bunch of foldin' chairs, Sil?

SIL: Ah'm takin' 'em oveh to the ball room in de smoke house, please suh. Then tomorrow ah gotta drag 'em back fo the lectohuh in the solarium.

FIB: In other words, Sil, you're kind of a general factotum.

SIL: Yassuh. It's a fact. Ah totum heah an' ah totum theah. Scuse me now, please suh, ah gotta go oveh to the hahness room and take a tuck in a tug. (APPLAUSE)

MOL: Goodbye, Silly.

FIB: Take a tuck in a tug. Of all the --

MOL: Oh come on, McGee...let's look around some more. We haven't seen the pig pens yet. Where are they?

FIB: Search me. On the ordinary farm there ain't usually any doubt where they are. With a sow sow west wind blowin', and --

GREEK: Oh, hallo, Fizzer, Hallo, kewpie. How are you doing in these wide open places?

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Depopolis.

FIB: Hiyah, Nick? What you doing down here?

NICK: I am for to coming here to buy milk for restaurances. Milk for restaurants is very fussy to be pasteurizing, I'm thinking. Also my restaurances customers is always asking for acidopplepuss milk. What is this acidopplepuss milk being, Fizzer?

FIB: Search me, Nick. But you'll probably get it in a cut glass bottle with a ribbon on the neck.

MOL: I think you mean acidophilous Milk, Mr. Depopolis.

NICK: Sure, Kewpie. Acidopplepuss milk is exactly what I am trying to buy some. Pipples having indigestlements is always for to asking Depopolis to keep his stockings up on acidopplepuss milk. They are saying it is very goodness in big acidities. So if it is good for selling in big acitities like New York and Cincinnati plus is always good for selling in small acities like Wistful Vista. So long Kewpie - so long, Fizzer - Take care of myself!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Acidopplepuss, eh? Well, the Greeks had a word for it. I'm gettin' just a little bit weary of all this stuff, Molly. Ye know it?

MOL: Well, we haven't gone down to see the sheep yet.

FIB: I'm afraid to. I'll bet they got red nail polish on their hoofs and got their wool parted in the middle. Hey...HERE COMES ONE NOW...Looks like a ewe.

MOL: Looks like-a me! Why how can you say such a th-

FIB: No. no. Not like you. Like a EWE. It's -

SOUND: BAAAAAAAAAAAA

MOL: Oh what a cute little sheep. Is she yours, sir?

MAN: (SCOT) Aye lassie. Tis a scottish sheep.

FIB: Whaddye mean a scotch sheep, Scotty?

SCOT: A hoot-nanny, laddie.

SOUND: BAAAAAAAAAAAA

SCOT: (FADE OUT) Oh coom back herrrrre, ye wee bit o' floof. Behave yoursel', orr when ah mak' ye into a tweed suit, ah'll hang ye on the most uncomforrrrrtable hook in ma closet.

SOUND: (BAAAAAAAAAAAA'S FADE OUT)

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(APPLAUSE)

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SOUND:(BAAAAAAAAAAAA'S FADE OUT)

FIB: A HOOT NANNY. Fer the...Chateau de Moooc! ICE WATER! ACIDOPPLEPUSS.

MOL: McGee ... don't look like that...stop raving...what's the matter?

FIB: HUSKING A BEE...CHINTZ CURTAINS...BADMINTON...I'M THRU...I CAN'T STAND IT!

MOL: McGee...come back here...where are you going?

FIB: I'M GONNA PACK UP AND GET OUT. I'M GOIN' TO NEW YORK.

MOL: But what are you goin' to do in New York?

FIB: STAND ON THE CORNER OF 42ND STREET AND BROADWAY. I'M DYIN' FOR THE SIGHT OF SOME REAL HICKS!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (SELECTION)

MOL: Wait McGee...WAIT. Here comes the proprietor of the farm.

PROP: Well, my friends, what seems to be the trouble? You seem a bit perturbed.

FIB: I am perturbed, bud. This farm o' yours is a big let-down to me. It's a bust. It's effeminate. Why where is the spirit of rough hardihood that hewed these farms outa the wilderwiss.

MOL: Wilderness.

FIB: Yes. WE COME DOWN HERE TO GET BACK TO THE SOIL. TO GET IN TOUGH WITH NATURE AGAIN. AND WE AIN'T SEEN A GENUINE FARMER ALL DAY.

MAN: Oh I see. You are looking for the hayseed...hick or hillbilly type of agriculturist. Well sir...they've all deserted the land for the air.

FIB: Whaddye mean, the air?

MAN: They've all gone on the radio. ARKANSAS RIDGERUNNERS, KENTUCKY HILLBILLIES, SOBUSTERS...WOODCHOPPERS...LUM AND ABNER...EB AND ZEKE...FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY -

FIB: Fibber McGee and M...HICKS, EH? Come on, Molly, let's hit the hay!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (INTO NUMBER FADE ON CUE)

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

In a very sincere letter which we received a short time ago, one of our radio listeners told us about her kitchen linoleum, bought six years ago -- used constantly ever since, tramped on, scuffed over by many feet -- yet looking just as new and fresh today as it did when it was first put down. "ITS SHINING BEAUTY -- ITS CLEANLINESS --" the writer tells us -- "IS ENTIRELY DUE TO THE USE OF JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT." If you have not already learned this satisfactory way to keep your floors and linoleum clean and sparkling with practically no work, why don't you make up your mind to order a can of this easy-to-use, no-rubbing polish tomorrow? You'll find it economical to buy GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC - FADE OUT ON CUE

TAG GAG:

FIB: Well, Molly, I guess there ain't any real rubes any more. What with radio and airplanes and cars.

MOL: No. I guess not, McGee.

FIB: (LAUGHS) And with the Government callin' in all the gold, the farmers can't buy any more gold bricks.

MOL: No. I guess not, McGee.

FIB: And ye don't see anybody tryin' to sell the Brooklyn Bridge any more either.

MOL: Oh that reminds me. There was a man here just a little while ago who wanted to sell the Queen Mary as a yacht for only 500 dollars.

FIB: HONEST? WHERE'D HE GO? SAY, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A YACHT. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM TO WAIT SO I --

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Eh? Oh. AHEM. Good nite.

MOL: Good night, all!

(APPLAUSE - SUSTAIN)

ORCH: (SIGNATURE) SEGUE

WIL: 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!

NBC ANNCR. (MUSIC CREDITS) Fibber McGee & Molly have come to you over the National Broadcasting Company.

(CHIMES)

na; mr; ll; js;
10:15
8/2/37

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
ADVERTISER "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY."
PROGRAM TITLE WMAQ
CHICAGO OUTLET
(8:00 - 8:30 PM)
11:00AM - 11:30 PM

DON OULIN
WRITER

OK

(AUGUST 9, 1937)
DATE

MONDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS