

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER

OK DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

CHICAGO OUTLET (WMAQ)

OCTOBER 1937

MONDAY

8:00-8:50 PM
11:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

not correct

4312.50

*Harold Peary
Tom Park
Lenore Kington -*

*Thank you
Hudebaker*

*CF
your file
copy*

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE.

WIL: When you walk on wax, you save your floors!

ORK: 2ND PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly!

ORK: THEME - TANNER.

WIL: Ted Weems and his Orchestra open the show with -
"THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER AGAIN!"

ORK: "THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER AGAIN!" down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL (NEXT PAGE)

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

Here's a housekeeping tip that will save you hours of work, give you more time for relaxation, and keep your floors clean and shining. Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! This remarkable liquid floor polish dries in 20 minutes, and shines without rubbing or buffing. Even dull, faded linoleum takes on new life and beauty with one application of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Dirt can't stick to the gleaming surface -- scratches and stains are warded off by this wonderful protective polish -- the ideal polish for all types of floors -- linoleum, rubber tile, composition, varnished and painted wood floors. Buy 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 MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

(MC GEE THEME) (FADE OUT)

WIL: THIS IS THE WEEK THE STATE FAIR OPENS IN WISTFUL VISTA. BUT ALTHOUGH MOLLY IS QUITE INTERESTED, FIBBER IS TOO SOPHISTICATED FOR THAT SORT OF THING. AND HERE, HAVING A SODA IN THE WISTFUL VISTA DRUG STORE; WHERE THE STATE FAIR IS THE MAIN TOPIC OF DISCUSSION, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

CLINK OF GLASSWARE: VOICES

MOL: Oh come on, McGee...let's go to the State Fair.
FIB: No sir. Not me. You can go if you wanna. But as the guy in Hollywood says, Include me out of it. State Fairs is for Farmers --
MOL: Well, I think we ought to give it our support. After all the Farmer is the backbone of the nation you know.
FIB: What of it? I ain't no chiropractor. Hey, Fuzzy, gimme another dash o' soda in this, will ye? It's losin' its oomph.
JERK: Yesir, Mr. McGee. Here you are.
SOUND: ZIZZZZZZ.
FIB: Thanks, bud. How about you, Molly?
MOL: No thanks. But I really want to go to the fair, McGee. Come on, be a sport.
FIB: Whaddye mean, be a sport? I can't see no sportsmanship in walkin' your legs off goin' from one hot tent to another, clappin' hands in extasy at a coupla fat hogs, getting popcorn in your hair and barkin' your shins over a shed full o' fresh-painted tractors. No sir. A little more strawberry in this, Fuzzy. It's losin' it's flavor. Ahhh, thanks.

MAN: Hello there, McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: Oh, hiyah, your Honor. Molly, you know his Honor, Mayor Applepuss.

MOL: Yes, indeed...how do you do, I'm sure!

MAN: Delighted to see you again, Mrs. McGee.

FIB: AHEM. Join me in a soda, Applepuss?

MAN: Don't mind if I do.

FIB: Hey FUZZY...Give the Mayor another straw for my soda. Run you a race to the bottom of the glass, Applepuss!

MAN: Why...ah...HARRRRRUMPH! Somebody told me you were in the drug store, and I came in to...ah...to ah...ask you to...ah... accept...ah...a civic ...ah...position of...ah...some importance.

MAN: Well, McGee, as you know, I am in charge of the State Fair here, and...

FIB: Oh yeah? Well don't talk to me about no State Fairs, Applepuss. I ain't got any use for such a wore-out, corn-fed, horse-and-buggy institution. Why, of all the dumb -

MOL: McGee...let his Honor say what he has to say. (SWEETLY) Go on, your honor.

MAN: What I mean to say is, I am empowered...yes, empowered...as Director of the Fair, to appoint certain...ah...responsible citizens,...ah...as supervisors, and naturally...I...ah... immediately...ah..thought of you...

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Applepuss, I don't think I can take it. I ain't got any use for State Fairs. Any salary to it?

MAN: Well, no, but...ah...there is considerable...ah...honor attached to the...ah...appointment...as well as certain...ah... prerogatives...

FIB: Certain what, Applepuss?

MAN: PREROGATIVES.

MOL: What's prerogatives?

FIB: That's city hall double-talk for "percentages", Molly. AHEM. Meanin' what Applepuss.

MAN: Well, first...ah...you have the privilege of entering all the concessions free of charge....

MOL: Think of that, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, that's just a legitimate way o' crawlin' under the tent and it ain't as much fun. What else, Applepuss?

MAN: Andah...with the official supervisor's badge...

FIB: Oh, a badge, eh? We-1-1-1 No-o-o!

DOOR SLAM

MAN: It's got a ribbon on it!

FIB: It has? What color?

MAN: Blue!

FIB: I'll take it. And, Fuzzy, I wanta see you out at the fair, understand. It's the duty of every citizen to support a wonderful institution like that. Come on, Molly.

(DOOR SLAM) (APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("THE NIGHT RIDE") (APPLAUSE)

SOUND: BUZZ OF VOICES: (GORMY MUSIC)

MOL: Come on, McGee. I guess we can walk right in the gate if you tell 'em you're a supervisor.

FIB: Well, maybe I begger get a coupla tickets. I'll git a refund after I get my badge. HIYAH SIS, GIMME TWO...Oh, it's Mrs. Wearybottom. HIYAH WEARY, YOU SELLIN' TICKETS HERE?

WEARY: Oh Hello, folks. Yes, I get so tired of sitting at home and watching the neighbors out the window I can do the same thing here and get paid for it. You'll find the snake charmer five tents along on the midway.

FIB: I ain't interested in snake charmers, Weary; I'm more interested in the scientific exhibits.

WEARY: In that case you better go see the Fat Lady in tent number eight she could show Einstein several dimensions he never thought of here's your tickets Mr. Mogee and I'd advise you to stay off the merrygoround your dizzy enough now and you can see what it's done to those poor wooden horses they're positively glassy eyed who's next please?

SOUND: TURNSTILE RACKET...VOICES UP AND DOWN...

MOL: Where do you go to get your badge?

FIB: Applepuss said the Administration building but I dunno where. HEY BUD...WHERE'S THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING?

OLD MAN: Eh, what say?

FIB: I says where's the administration building?

OLDMAN: The third larrge buildin' past the hula dancer, Johnny.

FIB: Much obliged bud. Say is she a pretty good dancer?

OLD MAN: Yes - but I wouldn't trust her n'self. She's just a shake-in-the-grass.

MOL: Heavenly days.

FIB: Shucks, I better hurry and get my supervisor's badge so I can see some of this stuff, and -

WOMAN: Pardon me, did I hear you say you were a supervisor, sir?

MOL: Twelve times in the last five minutes, probably.

FIB: AHEM. Why sis? What can I do for you?

WOMAN: Well, I put up some pickles for exhibit and my neighbor put up some pickles too only the pickles she put up she put up in a lot fancier bottle than I put mine up in so the ones she put up look a lot better than the ones I put up. How dees she get away with it.

FIB: Sis, I'd say it was a put-up job! I'll take care of it.

WOMAN: Thank you.

FIB: Ye see, Molly, what it means to be a supervisor? It ain't every man that'd qualify for a job like this. You gotta be ambitious - apply yourself -

WIL: AND JOHNSON'S WAX YOU CAN APPLY YOURSELF, SO EASILY AND QUICKLY THAT YOUR FLOORS AND

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello, folksies!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. I didn't know you were interested in State Fairs.

WIL: Oh, yes. I'm playing on one of the polo teams this afternoon.

FIB: You oughtta be a little ashamed, Harpo. Remember what one of our great statesmen said against polo!

WIL: What'd he say?

FIB: He says, "with charity to all, and mallets toward none."

WIL: "With mallets" ... OH ALL RIGHT...the way I get pushed around, I

MOL: Oh, McGee...you shouldn't be so -

FIB: (LAUGHS) I ever tell ye bout the time Harpo first learned to ride a horse, Molly? He asked the ridin' instructor which was the off side and the teacher said get on and we'll find out. (LAUGHS) Well, sir, I thought I'd -

SOUND: GARNEY MUSIC UP...VOICES

BOOM: All right folks...STEP RIGHT UP AND SEE THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENTS IN OUTDOOR DENTISTRY...NO PAIN OR NO PAY...OLD DOCTOR DENTINE, THE WORLD FAMOUS MOLAR MANIPULATOR, WE FILL AND YANK 'EM, CHARGE 'EM AND THANK 'EM...YESS YESS...HOW ABOUT YOU MY LITTLE MAN?

FIB: Who, me? Listen, bud...I'm a Supervisor of this Fair, so don't get uppity with me.

BOOM: AH YES....A SUPERVISOR...I SEE YOU HAVE A LARGE CAVITY RIGHT IN FRONT THERE THAT NEEDS FILLING, MY BOY....WHY DONT YOU BUY A LOLLYPOP? STEP RIGHT UP Folks, ...EXTRACTIONS WITH A SMILE AND TREATMENTS WITH A ROAR...OF LAUGHTER.

MOL: How much do you charge to pull teeth, Doctor?

BOOM: It all depends, Madam...MOST PATIENTS, TWO DOLLARS..SPECIAL PATIENTS, ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

FIB: WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTA HAVE TO BE A ONE-DOLLAR PATIENT, DOC?

BOOM: BUCK TEETH ...(LAUGHTER) (FADE OUT) ALL RIGHT FRIENDS.. STEP RIGHT UP AND SEE THE..

FIB: Smart guy! If I only had my supervisor's badge on, I'd ... HEY THERE SKINNY...WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PARADIN' UP AND DOWN IN FRONT OF THE DENTIST'S EXHIBIT?

MOL: Yes, if you got a tooth bothering you, Skinny, go on up and have it fixed.

MAN: M-m-my t-t-t-teeth are okay, f-f-folks. B-b-b-but this d-d-d-d-d-d-d-dont b-b-belong to the union, and I'm a t-t-teeth picket.

GARNEY: MUSIC UP...CROWDS

MOL: Hurry up and get your badge, McGee. There's a lot of exhibits I want to see. Particularly the hog-calling contest.

FIB: Not me. I had all I wanted of hog callin' contests.

MOL: When were you ever in a hog calling contest, and which side were you on?

FIB: I was...WHADDYE MEAN WHICH SIDE WAS I ON? I was the champion Hog Caller of Iowa from 1908 to 1921. But I had to give it up.

MOL: You did?

FIB: Yep. I was at the State Fair in Des Moines and when I started hollerin' SOOEY ... SOOEY SOOEY! We begun to get wires from butchers in Omaha, Chicago and Cincinnati, sayin' to shut up, on account of their bacon was jumpin' off the hooks. I never---

MOL: OH LOOK, McGee, there's Silly Watson.

FIB: Oh...Hiyah Sil.

SIL: Hiyah, ma'am. Ha is yo' boss!

FIB: What you doin' at the Fair, Sil?

SIL: Ah'm wo'kin' heah, please suh.

MOL: Doing what, Silly?

SIL: Ah'm the head duck man.

FIB: You mean your in charge o' the poultry exhibit, Sil?

SIL: Nessuh. Ah means ah ducks mah haid. Ah'm wo'kin at the African Dogeh, It's a conception.

MOL: You mean it's a concession.

SIL: Yas'm. It sho is on my paht.

FIB: You mean you're the guy who sticks his head thru the canvas wall and lets people heave baseballs at you, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Tha's me.

MOL: Well why aren't you workin' now, Silly?

SIL: Ah ain' no fool, ma'am. Ah got me may Brother Considerable Watson to wo'k for me fo' a while. They's a bunch o' baseball playehs heah from de Giants, an' ah ain' takin' no chances.

FIB: Don't blame you, Sil. When you goin' back to work?

SIL: Latch on, please suh. Then there won' be no ball playehs aroun' except some lile ole Cincinnati Reds an' they don' worry me none.

MOL: That's kind of dangerous isn't it, Silly?

SIL: Yas'm. Iffen ah gits hit it is. But if ah kin keep dodgin' em okay, they ain' much dangeh. Only thing is 'at make me kin'a nervous is they's a shootin' gallery right behin' me. Ah kin duck mos' any baseball wif mah haid, but ah cain't dodge no bullets wif mah... well, it sho is a uncomfo'table feelin' ma'am. Well, ah gotta go now.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("THE MOON GOT IN MY EYES") (COMO) (APPLAUSE)

3rd SPOT:

MOL: Well, McGee...did you get your supervisor's badge?
 FIB: Nope. They says old Applefuss is out on the grounds someplace to come back in fifteen or twenty minutes.
 MOL: All right...let's look around a little bit then. Let's go in, here to the Inventors exhibit.

CROWDS UP...AND DOWN

MOL: Are you an inventor, sir?
 MAN: Yes, ma'am. I am the inventor of this bathtub. Interesting isn't it?
 FIB: What's interesting about it, bud? Looks like an ordinary bathtub to me.
 MAN: Feel of it. See? The whole bathtub is carved out of soap. This prevents losing the soap in the tub, and also provides a self lathering bath, with the lovely scent of violets permeating the bathroom.
 MOL: It would be a bit slippery through you'd in't it, sir?
 MAN: Well, possibly, madam. I'm workin on that angle, however..
 FIB: Why don't you give a dozen sandpaper bathing suits with each tub, Bud?
 MAN: SPLENDID...SPLENDID...THANK YOU SIR. Just the thing. May I show you my new self-awakener, for people who go to sleep in easy chairs?

MOL: How does it work?
 FIB: You got two chairs there, bud...which one is it?
 MAN: It takes both of them. Suppose you sit on this chair here, exactly facing this other chair with the mechanical dummy sitting in it.
 MOL: Yes.s.s.s...
 MAN: Well, if you get sleepy, and start nodding, the dummy across from you, seeing you nod, says HELLO THERE, which wakes you up. Clever isn't it?
 FIB: Not bad bud. You ever hear about my invention, - the collarbutton locator?
 MAN: No - what was that?
 FIB: I built me a fake dresser, with the legs stickin' up on top so when the collar button falls to the floor, it sees the top of the dresser and falls back up again.
 MAN: Ah yes. ..well so long, Mr. Sttoophagle.
 FIB: So long, bud...AHM...Come on, Molly, let's get outa here.
 CROWD UP:
 MOL: We mustent get too far away, McGee -- remember you must back and get your supervisor's badge.
SOUND: TRACTOR FADE IN
 MOL: Heavenly days. what's that tractor doing going right across the grounds. ..speak to him, McGee, you're a supervisor.

TRACTOR UP

FIB: HEY THERE BUD.STOP THAT THING...HEY.

TRACTOR OUT

MAN: What's the matter?

FIB: I'M SUPERVISOR MCGEE. What's the idea o' drivin' that tractor across the fair grounds?

MAN: It's the only way I can get around here without getting chewing gum on my shoes. ONE SIDE THERE FOLKS!

SOUND: TRACTOR UP AND OUT.

CARNEY MUSIC. ..CROWDS.

MOL: McGee...look at that man with the megaphone. .he seems to be talking to himself. .

FIB: I'm surprised everybody around here aint talkin' to himself. I feel kinda. .hey...listen.

HOARSE WHISPER: ALL RIGHT FOLKS. STEP RIGHT UP. ...AND SEE THE WORLDS GREATEST COLLECTION OF FREAKS AND MARVELS, COLLECTED.. FROM THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH.. IT'S AN AMAZING EXHIBIT FOLKS..

FIB: (WHISPERS) What's inside, bud?

MAN: (WHISPERS) Brother, you'd be surprised!

FIB: Is it somethin' my wife hadn't oughtta see?

MAN: (WHISPERS) No. .anybody can see it...men women and children...

MOL: (WHISPERS) Then what are you whispering for?

MAN: I gotta larngytis.

FIB: AW FER THE... HERE... LEMME TAKE THAT EGAPHONE, BUD. YOU GO OVER TO THE FIRST AID TENT AND GET YOURSELF A GARGLE.

MOL: What do you know about sideshow barkin', McGee?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Why shucks, Molly, I used to be the most famous barker in the outdoor amusement racket and I made the racket. BALLYHOO MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh dear!

FIB: BALLYHOO MCGEE, THE BASS BOOMIN' BOY WITH THE BIG BAZOO, BUSILY BOMBARDIN' BUMPTIOUS BUSYBODIES WITH BITTER BITING BANTER, BATTLEING BOORDWALK BUTTINSKIES AND BELLOWIN' BIG BUNCHES O' BALONEY FOR BEETEL-BRAINED BOOBS FROM BALTIMORE TO BAKERSFIELD! (APPLAUSE)

MAN: (WHISPERS) Okay brother...take it over.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...you dont even know what's in these sideshows.

FIB: what's the difference? Did you ever see what you expected to see in a sideshow? ALL RIGHT FOLKS. .STEP RIGHT UP AND SEE THE MARVELS OF NATURE AND THE MOST STUPENDOUS COLLECTION OF NATURAL WONDERS EVER COLLECTED BY MAN UNDER ONE TENT. SEE WAZZO THE WILD MAN .

WOMAN: What made him wild?

WIL: HIS WIFE WOULDN'T TRY JOHNSON'S WAX, THE EASY-TO-USE NO-RUBBING FLOOR POLISH THAT -

FIB: HARPO! Go over and put the steers to sleep will you?
WIL: Whaddye mean put the steers to sleep? What do you
think I am?
FIB: A bulldozer. ALL RIGHT FOLKS. STEP RIGHT UP AND SEE
THE LOVELY SOAPINGO.. THE PUBBLE DANCER. SHE DANCES
FOLKS. SHE DANCES. GRACEFUL AS A GAZETTE.
MOL: Gazelle, iggernuts.
FIB: Oh, yes, GRACEFUL AS A GAZELLE, FOLKS. TO FIND ANOTHER
SUCH DANCER AS SHE, YOU COULD SCOUR THE COUNTRY, WITHOUT
AVAIL.
MOL: McGee.
FIB: WITHOUT SUCCESS...AND IN THE NEXT TENT FOLKS, we HAVE
ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE. THE PIPING PARAGON OF
PATAGONIA...KNOWN TO SCIENCE AS ELMO-US TANNERIS.
HEAR THIS MARVELOUS CREATURE WHISTLE THAT STRANGE
JUNGLE RHYTHM FROM THE LAND OF NOLA-NOLA.
WOMAN: Do you always let him go around loose?
FIB: No, Madam.....WE ALWAYS KEEP A/BAND AROUND HIM..
TAKE IT TED.

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: "NOLA"

TANNER

APPALUSE

Nowadays most of the bright, good looking cars you see on the road.
are kept beautiful with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. If you
want to protect your car from the injurious sun rays, from heat and
cold, road film and scratches -- don't delay another day. Wax your
car the JOHNSON WAY.

ORCHESTRA: (MCGEE THEME) (FADE)

4th SPOT

CROWDS UP AND DOWN.

MOL: What's the matter, McGee? Wasn't Mayor Applepuss in yet?

FIB: No, dad rat it. shucks, they ask a busy guy like me to come over here and act as supervisor and they aint anybody around to give him a badge. That's a fine howdy-ya-do.

WOMAN: How do you do.

FIB: I wasn't talkin' to you, sis.

WOMAN: Keep quiet, you masher! Or I'll call one of the supervisors. (FADE OUT) I dont know why they allow such. .

MOL: Come on, McGee. .let's walk around a few minutes more. Mayor applepuss cant be --

NICK: ALL RIGHT PEOPLES. GUESS MY WEIGHT FOR TEN CENTS... IF YOU DONT GUESS MY WEIGHT I AM GETTING A FINE WALKING CANE.. IT'S ONLY... Oh Hello Fizzer, Hello. KEWPIE!

MOL: Heavenly days...Mr. Depopolis?

FIB: Hiyah, Nick. I didnt know you were running the guess-your-weight concession out here.

NICK: Maybe it's just as well you shouldn't have tole me about it, Fizzer. I am not doing so good with this business.

MOL: What seems to be wrong, Mr. Depopolis?

NICK: Me, Kewpie. Always I am not guessing the correct answer, sometimes. People are coming up to me, and saying, HOW MUCH AM I WEIGHING TODAY? And I am being very careful to give him the once-across -

FIB: You mean the once-over, Nick.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. I am giving him the over-once and then I am saying, MISTER, I am saying, unless it is a lady, as the case may be, MISTER, I AM SAYING, you are weighing exactly one hundred and forty pounds in my stocking feet. And then I am weighing him.

MOL: And what happens?

NICK: Kewpie, as sure as I am a foot deep, that is exactly what he is weighing! Not once am I being off with one pound!

FIB: Shucks, Nick..that's wonderful. You must be making a pile of dough. What are you kicking about?

NICK: Fizzer, sometimes you think I haven't got a brain in your head! Everytime I am guessing what is somebody heaviness exactly, I am having to give him a cane and his ten cents is staying home with his pocket.

MOL: I don't understand this, Mr. Depopolis. The object is to guess their weight isn't it?

NICK: Sure, Kewpie.

FIB: Well shucks, Nick, then why give 'em a cane!? You oughtta collect the dime.

NICK: No Squeegee. I am running an honest gyp. Always I am saying, I am guessing somebody's lightness within three pounds. AND ALWAYS I AM NOT DOING IT WITHIN THREE POUNDS. ALWAYS I AM DOING IT EXACTLY. YOU GRAB ME? Within three pounds is not being the same as right on my nose, so I am not collecting something. Excuse me now, Fizzer and Kewpie..here comes some cash customers to give them away some canes to. Look me up later on, if you are somewhere else. ALL RIGHT PEOPLE...(FADE OUT)...
...GUESS MY WEIGHT FOR TEN \$.

MOL: Imagine that, McGee? If he guesses their weight exactly he doesn't consider it within three pounds.

FIB: I know.. our meat man operates on the same princi---HEY..WHERE YOU GOIN' LITTLE GIRL?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says where you goin'?

TEE: Where you goin'?

FIB: Who me? Why I'm a supervisor, sis.

TEE: What's a snooperfisor?

FIB: SUPERVISOR.

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says SUPERVISOR. Kind of a overseer, ya might say.

TEE: I might but I betcha I won't, I betcha.

FIB: Ha ha, All right don't then.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hmmm?

FIB: I...aw for the.. LISTEN SIS.. YOU BETTER GO OVER TO THE POLICE TENT AND ASK 'EM TO LOCATE YOUR MAMA. TELL 'EM SUPERVISOR MCGEE SENT YOU.

TEE: Who's he?

FIB: He's me. I mean I'm it.. er. Him. I'm Supervisor McGee.

TEE: Gee are you FIBBER MCGEE? Hmmm? Are you?

FIB: That's me, sis. You heard about me?

TEE: Sure, I have, I betcha.

FIB: Where?

TEE: Hmmm?

FIB: I says WHERE?

TEE: Where's what?

FIB: DAD DAT IT...WHERE DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ME ?

TEE: On the radio? Do you ever hear Jimmy Fiddler's program? Hmm? Do you?

FIB: Well, I've heard OF it, sis. Why?

TEE: Well, he teels if a movin' pitcher is good or not and he rings a bell. If it's a dandy pitcher he rings four bells and if it's a pretty good pitcher he rings three bells and if it's a or-nary pitcher he rings two bells an if it's a bum pitcher he only rings one bell I betcha.

FIB: He does eh? Has he mentioned our picture, "This Way Please" yet?

TEE: Sure. You're gonna get the Nobell prize, I betcha. So long, mister

FIB: The nobell prize!! Imagine that, Molly?. OF all the...

MOL: We better write Mr. Fidler a note and ask him to give us a ring sometime. He- Where you go in', McGee?

FIB: (FADE OUT) I just saw Applepuss go into the administration Bldg. I'll be right back with my badge...you wait...

MOL: Well...at last! ..I thought...

MORT: (LAFF FADE IN)

MOL: Oh, it's Mort Toops. Hello, Mort.

MORT: Haw Haw...Hello. HAW HAW...Say, I just talked to the winner of the corn huskin' contest...HAW HAW..OH BOY WAS THAT RICH..HAW HAW

MOL: Was what rich?

MORT: Well...HAW HAW...I ASKED HIMHOW HE LEARNED TO HUSK GORN SO FAST.. HAW HAW HAW. AND HE SAID .HAW HAW HAW..OH BOY..WELL HE SAID.. HAW HAW HAW.. HE SAID HE WAS ONE OF THIRTEEN CHILDREN AND HE LEARNED TO WORK FAST TO GET THE MOST PACKAGES UNWRAPPED ON CHRISTMAS..HAW HAW HAW...OH WAS THAT A LULU! HAW HAW..Fellow ask me where I got that corn joke and I told him I cribbed it. HAW HAW HAW HAW.. GET IT? HAW HAW...(FADE OUT) WELL I GOTTA GO OVER AND....HAW HAW haw haw haw...

MOL: Oh dear. OH THERE YOU ARE, MCGEE. DID YOU GET YOUR SUPERVISORS BADGE, DEARIE?

FIB: (MEEKLY) Yep. I got it.

MOL: Where is it? Why don't you put it on?

FIB: It's in my pocket. See? I ain't the one to go around showin off.

MOL: Good for you! Do you have to supervise the whole Fair?

FIB: Well-l-l no..not exactly. Ye see, the big stock judgin' show is held tomorrow.

MOL: OH, AND YOU'RE GOING TO SUPERVISE THE STOCK JUDGIN'.

FIB: Wel-l-l-l no. The special train with the entries pulls in tonight.

MOL: Oh isn't that fine! AND YOU SUPERVISE THE UNLOADING OF THE TRAIN.

FIB: Wel-l-l-l no.,Ye see, before they unload the live-stock off the trains the stables have gota be cleaned out.

MOL: I see. And you superivse the clea-

FIB: AHEN. What say we go home? AS I ALWAYS SAYS, THESE STATE FAIR ARE (FADE OUT) OKAY FOR FARMERS AND KIDS AND WIDMIN... "HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME"

ORK:
APPLAUSE:
SELECTION DOWN FOR -
WIL: COMMERCIAL #3

COMMERCIAL:

Every month of the year thousands of new customers try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on their floors and linoleum. They are amazed to find how easy it is to keep linoleum clean and sparkling, how much time and effort is saved by using GLO-COAT. If you want to protect your floors from wear, seal out dirt and germs, keep your linoleum looking bright as new with practically no work, buy JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow, and let this easy-to-use self polishing liquid beautify your floors for you, while you sit back and watch.

ORCH: (MUSIC UP - FADE ON CUE)

mc:gs:ea:mr:9:45 AM
10-4-37

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(8:00-8:30 PM
11:00-11:30 PM

(OCTOBER 11, 1937)

(MONDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS