

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" #26

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS

7:00-7:45 PM

(AUGUST 26, 1935)

(MONDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

MARKS

Jim Jordan

*Producer
Production*

~~BOB:~~ I dunno. What's the flags say onto 'em?

MOL: Well slow down so's I can read 'em iggernuts!

SOUND: MOTOR DOWN MORE.

~~BOB:~~ What's the signs say, Molly? I can't read 'em and drive, too.

MOL: Must be a new subdivision, McGee, It Says ^{*Must be a new subdivision*} "HOME SITES, A ^{*Like that*} DOLLAR DOWN." ^{*Phoney promise to them*} "BUY A LOT FOR A LITTLE." "BUILD A HOME, FOR THE LANDS SAKE" ^{*Phoney promise to them*} "THE REALEST REAL ESTATE YOU EVER BOUGHT"

~~BOB:~~ Aw shucks...we don't want to stop and listen to a lotta a high-pressure salesmanship when -

MOL: Look, McGee...THAT SIGN:

~~BOB:~~ WHERE?

MOL: BARBECUE SANDWICHES AND COFFEE FREE!

SOUND: INSTANT BRAKE SCREECH. AND MOTOR OUT.

~~BOB:~~ Gotta git them brakes fixed...

MOL: Ye needn't have stopped so sudden, McGee. Ye nearly broke me neck.

~~BOB:~~ I knew. AHEM. I jest happened to think. Every American citizen oughta be interested into home buildin', Molly. It's the backbone o' our civiliz-

MOL: Go on with ye McGee. Tis your wishbone your talkin' about. Ye're wishin fer a free sandwich.

~~BOB:~~ Shucks, I -

MAN: (FADE IN) Hello, hello, hello!

MOL: Tis one hello too many, mister. Ther's only two of us.

MAN: So I see...se I see..yes and two of the very type of citizen we want to see settle down in a little nest on THIS BEAUTIFUL DEVELOPMENT, folks. HERE'S WHERE YOU GET A LOT FOR A LITTLE, A HOME FOR HALF, AND CONTENTMENT ON EVERY DOTTED LINE.. YES SIR FOLKS...

MOL: What is this place, now?

MAN: This place, Madam? Why this is none other than that beautiful landscaped, HAGGLEMEYER'S ^{Wistful Vista} ~~Village~~ subdivision. Wired for light, piped for gas, paved for pavements, ditched for sewers, and for only the small sum of -

Where do ye git them free sandwiches, brother?

MOL: AND coffee?

Right over there sir, at the barbecue pit. But before you avail yourself of Hagglemeyer's ^{Wistful Vista} ~~Village~~ Hospitality, let me give you a short summary of our proposition. We have here probably the finest, most economical....

Come on, Molly. Git out. I dunno why we can't git a mouthful and a earful at the same time.

SOUND: TWO DOOR SLAMS

Where'd you say this here free barbeque pit was, brother?

MAN: ~~Oh yes, sir~~ ^{Well} but I must inform you that the word FREE is conditional.

MOL: And what do ye mean conditional? Free is free.

MAN: Yes indeed. Yes indeed. Free without the slightest reservations to those who hold tickets for the grand drawing.

MOL: Grand what?

~~MAN:~~ Whatcha mean tickets fer the grand drawing?

MAN: Do you mean to say you have come within ten thousand miles of Hagglemeyer's ^{Nitfal Vista} ~~development~~ without learnin' from every man woman and child the sensational details of our sales stimulants? Why sir, and madam...here is opportunity itself....knocking...nay...THUNDERING at your door.....

~~MAN:~~ Shucks, all I want is an opportunity to sink my teeth into a barbeq-

MAN: Why for the paltry sum of only two dollars, sir, you buy a ticket which may bring you shelter in your declining days... a haven from the storms of the future, the dream of every solid citizen of this great commonwealth.

MOL: Ye mean ye're sellin' chances onto a house?

MAN: A house! Did you say A house, madam? This is THE house! The house of your dreams, madam. A cove of contentment, the realization of a lifetimes yearnings...the answer to a woman's prayer. LOOK! *There!*

~~MAN:~~ WHERE?

MOL: Where?

MAN: *There*... ~~where~~... Direct your gaze at that vine covered cottage...that marvelous, modern example of the architects art...the home of your hearts desire! Right over there.

MOL:

Oh the house. ~~well~~, it IS real pretty, isn't it, McGee?

Oh it's okay. AHEM. Now where did you say this here barbeque....

MOL:

McGee...ya gotta have a ticket, the man says. Tis only two dollars and ye have a chance to win that house and lot, too. Am I right, Mister?

MAN:

The solemn truth, madam. For the miserable sum of two dollars....

What in tunket's so miserable about two bucks, brother?

It'll buy twenty sandwiches, and lemme tell you, a hamburger in the hand is worth a house in the hat, any day. Come on, Molly. We better be. *Get her to car*

Wait. McGee. Buy me a ticket.

Buy you a ...(PAUSE) WHAT was that, Molly?

MOL:

You heard me, McGee. BUY me a ticket.

Well fer the...you mean you...~~what's the point~~...AHEM. Say how many sandwiches are ye entitled to when ye gotta ticket,

~~how many?~~

MAN:

There is no limit, sir. It is merely a gesture of hospitality on the part of the Hagglemeyer ^{*Worthful Viste*} ~~Vandermere~~ Development company. We feel that a well fed customer is a better prospect So...

Ye mean ye kin eat as much as ye want?

MAN:

Yes. We -

Gimme a ticket!

Y: Here you are sir...and as a friend to a friend, I may say you have never made a more intelligent purchase. It is -
Ye mean as one real estate man to another, brother. AHEM.
I -

MOL: Oh now, McGee. Give the man his two dollars and let's be eatin'.

Here's your two bucks, brother. AHEM. As I was sayin' I used to dabble a mite into real estate myself. Tropical real estate.

MAN: Oh, really!

Nope. O'Reilly. O'Reilly and McGee. The Part-payment promoters o' Panama. AHEM. Used to sell banana plantations mostly. Some pineapple farms and rubber timber but mostly bananas. Still, ye should o' seen the work we done onto the pineapple plantations.

MAN: But, if you'll excuse me sir, I -

You ain't pryin' into my business a bit brother. AHEM. Always glad to share my experience with another real estate man. As I was sayin' ye should o' seen the O'Reilly and McGee Part-Payment Promotion of Pineapple Plantations. AHEM.
MOL: McGee, the man wants to -

Wants to hear about how I done. I know. AHM. Ye see brother, I was probly the leadin' banana-land promotor in Panama at the time. ^{Mel's Banana Co. - Ed. Banana Co. - The Banana Land} I had me the biggest plantation o' bananas onto the Island o' Pago Pago. That's why they called ~~it Pago Pago. I collected so much for my bananas~~ everybody was sayin' ~~Go pay, go pay, go pay, go pay, go pay.~~ ~~AHM. Pago Pago, go see? Well sir,~~ - even the hurricane o' 1908 never fazed me. Even though the lightnin' busted every banana tree I owned right down the middle o' the trunk.

MAN: Lightning struck every banana tree?

~~MAN:~~ Right down the middle! But it never discouraged me none.

I jest took one look at them trees, ordered a herd o' Jersey cows shipped in, and set up a ice cream plant.

MAN: What for?

~~MAN:~~ Banana splits fer the export trade. AHM. Come on, Molly... we better git us our two dollars worth o' ^{Barbecue} sandwiches. so...

ORCHESTRA: RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN.

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "I WISHED ON THE MOON"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men, confessing to a starlight superstition, "I Wished on The Moon." And I might say right here, that if you ever wished on the moon...or just wished, that your car could keep that brilliant factory finish, Johnsons Wax will keep -

Yes sir, Harpo, - I always says that -

WIL: Now just a minute, Fibber. MY NAME IS HARLOW, once and for all.

Okay. That's once fer you and fer all o' me, it's still Harpo. AHM. I ever tell ye bout the time I had me the bee farm down in Turkey Run, Indiana?

WIL: Oh, an apiary!

I says BEES, not MONKEYS. AHM. Well sir, one day in 19 ought six...or no ...ought seven it was, I -

WIL: I'm sorry, Fibber. but my time is -

I know. Your time is my time. AHM. Ad I was sayin', I druv into my bee farm one day and started givin' the car a Johnson Waxin', and I happened to lay the can o' wax down by one o' my hives.

WIL: Oh you had the hives.

No. My bees had the hives. I had the bees. AHM. But I lays me the can o' Johnson's Wax down by one o' ~~the~~ hives and all ~~to~~ a sudden I seen Hortense...she was a queen bee from the Hampsmother Honey Farm next door...I seen Hortense lookin' down into that can o' wax real curious...then she give a kind of a angry buzzz and flew away. Next thing I knew there she was back again with the whole swarm o' bees from the Hampsmother Honey Farm.

WIL: She went and got her gang.

Yep...and when the buzzin' had died down a mite, I could hear her say to them other bees, she says, ~~settin' onto the~~ ~~Johnson's Wax~~'s settin' onto the edge of the can O' Johnson's Wax, she says, listen, you muggs, she buzzes... git a load o' the work that's bein' done over here. That there is wax as IS wax. Now go on home and see what you can do!

WIL: Oh now -

MOL: McGee! Will ye let Mr. Wilcox get on with his work?

~~WIL:~~ Okay Okay. (FADE OUT) I was jest givin' Harpo here a nature lesson but he ain't got the intelligence to.....

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well it just goes to show that even a bee can be misled. Johnson's Wax cannot be duplicated. With it's... etc etc...into commercial.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: (INTRO TO SOLIST NUMBER:) "AND THEN MY HEART STOOD STILL."

ORCHESTRA: (NUMBER TO BE SELECTED.) --- SOLOIST

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" - DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP...AND DOWN.

WIL: Now back to the Vanilla Villa Real Estate Development. Amid the banners and bunting, barbeques and baloney, where Fibber and Molly are getting their two dollars worth of sandwiches and coffee at the expense of Mr. Hagglemeyer.

CROWD RECORD UP AT INTERVALS. (MR. SEIGAL, WATCH MR. KALMAN)

MOL: McGee, if you're able to walk, let's be goin'.

~~MR. SEIGAL~~: Aw shucks, Molly...ye might let a feller finish his sandwich.

MOL: His SANDWICH!(LAUGHS) Go on with ye, McGee. Ye've et so much beef I'll have to ride herd on ye fer the next two weeks.

~~MR. SEIGAL~~: Shucks, you done all right yourself, Molly.

MOL: I know. I et my dollars worth in piccallilli alone. Tear up your ticket and let's go.

~~MR. SEIGAL~~: Hey now wait a mite, Molly. Shucks, I paid two dollars for that there ticket and -

MOL: And et four dollars ~~and only five cents~~ worth o' sandwiches and coffee. (LAUGHS) Ye don't think ye'll win a house and lot too, do ye?

~~MR. SEIGAL~~: Well...ye never know, Molly.

MOL: Look at the number on the ticket, McGee.

~~MR. SEIGAL~~: Where?

MOL: Right on the corner there. Read it.

~~MR. SEIGAL~~: (TO HIMSELF) A hunnert and thirty one thousand, three hunnert and thirteen. AHEM. Well...what about it?

MOL: What about it? And do ye think you'll win on number 13 13 13? Tis three strikes on ye, McGee!

~~MR. SEIGAL~~: Shucks, that don't mean nuthin', Molly. Add it up. ~~13 13 13~~. One and three is four and four is eight and four is twelve. AHEM. Twelve is a lucky number accordin' to ~~numberology~~. *Numberology. A Even Dozen*

MOL: Sure. A dozen that dozen mean anything. Tis a nice little house, but you got no more chance o' winnin' it than makin' a fortune on spaghetti in ~~the States~~ *Ethiopia*.

~~WIP~~ Oh well, Ye'll have to admit...

MAN: (PREVIOUS SALESMAN) AH THERE FRIENDS...I HOPE YOU have enjoyed the hospitality of Hagglemeyer's Homehaven.

MOL: Sure they was real nice barbeques, mister. But we got to be on our way.

MAN: Oh no no..madam. Yo can't afford to pass up the home making opportunity of a lifetime. Why when you consider what Hagglemeyer's Homehaven offers you in the way of -

~~WIP~~ You got any sody tablets on ye, bud?

MAN: No sir. I'm afraid not? Are you ill, sir?

MOL: Tis his barbequed beef stamped in', mister. Come on, McGee

~~WIP~~ Okay. Glad to of met ye brother. We'll -

MAN: But WAIT. You haven't heard the real true story..the romance behind the founding of Hagglemeyers Vanilla Villa. We are building a community, sir. We are interested in laying the very cornerstones of civic development. We want to see homes...and more homes...with healthy happy citizens...little children going to school...smoke from a hundred contented chimneys...even at a sacrifice...

MOL: Sacrifice?

MAN: Ah yes...what is a monetary loss when -

WILSON: WHAT? You mean to say there and stand that...er..I mean stand there and accuse...who who ever..but did you ever stop to think that a man's best friend is..well, what is a mother without a home? I mean what is home without a bar...er sink..I mean someplace where a man..you get the idea..just two little bums er birds in a gilded crotch..er..cage.. think of it, my fraaands..a little cottage..with a big cheese ..er..I mean a cottage cheese where..but NO...A MILLION TIMES NO..or shall we say MAYBE?

MOL:(aside) McGee..what is the man talkin' about?

~~WILSON~~ (aside) Sounds like he got the needle in the wrong groove, Molly.

WILSON: Ahhh..what A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT JUST GIVE A LITTLE SHIVER.. SCRIM..ER THOUGHT TO BUT THINK OF THE TWILIGHT..A LITTLE HOME IN THE STICKS ER RHUBAR ER..SUBURBS..COVERED WITH MORTGA..ER..IVY..POISON IV ER NO. THAT WAS..AND A CHEERFUL FIRE...NO INSURANCE ER I MEAN A FIRE IN THE FIREPLACE.. A SCUTTLEER...KIDDLE KETTLE SINGING..ON THE STOVE..HOME ON THE RANGE.. HAH ..AND A LITTLE WIRE HAired WIFE..ER..I MEAN A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG PUP ER AND THE KIDDIES...AHHHH TWO CHARMING LITTLE GOLDEN HAired BRATS..ER..CHILDR..WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PUNCTURE..ER...PICTURE..WHO SAYS THAT HAGGLEMEYER BUILD BUNG BUNGALOWSER...BIM BANGALO...ER..BLUE BLUMGAL . FRAME HOUS..ER..STUCCO..HAH I'LL STUCK TO STICKO MY FRIENDS..I MEAN I'LL...ALWAYS...

~~WILSON~~ Am I hearin' right, Molly? Or mebbe I et one sandwich too many.

MOL: Look McGee..the crowd's goin' over there fer the raffle.

SOUND: CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Come..on..let's see who won, ~~McGee~~.

~~McGee~~ Okay. Probably be ^{the cousin of Hagglemeyer here.} ~~the cousin of Hagglemeyer here.~~

WILSON: You are either unject..er..injesting..or in just..er
~~mean either unjust or unsuspect..er..~~ Why look? Think of
owning, tootle..er...title free..a little lovenuts..er..
lovenest...and remember that old limeric..er wisecr..er..
poer..LET ME LIVE IN THE ROAD BY THE SIDE OF..A..ER...LET
ME CAROUSE..BY THE SIDE OF A..UNDER THE VILLAGE OAKSMITH
TREE..ER..THE BLACKFACE..WELL..SKIP IT. ALL I CAN SAY IS
THAT WHEN YOU BUILD WITH HAGGLEMEYER YOU'LL ALWAYS REGR..ER
I MEAN..IT WILL NEVER BE.. ^{why there that slighted foundation} ~~YOU CAN...~~
~~YOU CAN...~~

~~.....~~
~~.....~~
~~.....~~
~~.....~~

SOUND: ~~.....~~

~~MOL: ~~.....~~~~

~~WIL: ~~.....~~~~

Bull King

MOL: That's what I thought. Come on, McGee..they're drawin' numbers....See you later, Mr. Higglepotters.

WILSON: (FADE OUT) CERTAINLY NOT..I MEAN YES INDEED..YOU CAN NEVER DEPEND ON HAGGLEMY..ER..YOU CAN ALWAYS GET..TRY AND FIND OUT WHY...

~~WILSON:~~ Shucks, if that there feller builds houses like he talks, you could park your car in the attic and shingle the cellar. He ..

MOL: Be quiet, McGee...they're makin' an announcement

VOICE THRU P. A. SYSTEM

LADEES AND GENNLEMUN. THE GRAND DRAWING IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE. HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY. THE LUCKY WINNER WILL RECEIVE ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT COST OR EXPENSE OF ANY KIND. FREE AND CLEAR TITLE TO THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HOUSE YOU SEE TO MY RIGHT. TO THOSE WHO DO NOT WIN WE OFFER SPECIAL BARGAINS IN HOME SITES..HOMES DESIGNED, AND BUILT ON THE BEAUTIFUL HAGGLEMEYER ~~VILLAS~~ JUST A MINUTE NOW. WHILE THE CHARMING MISS SUSIE GLOTZ, WHO WAS ELECTED MISS ~~HAGGLEMEYER~~ *Muffel Wits* DEVELOPMENT OF 1935, DRAWS THE LUCKY NUMBER.

CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Hah and us holdin' onto 13 13 13..(LAUGHS)

~~WILSON:~~ Be quiet Molly. I wanta see if old Hagglemeyer wins it hisself.

CROWD RECORD UP CHEERS

VOICE THRU P. A. SYSTEM

LADEES AND GENTLEMEN..YOUR KIND ATTENTION. THE LUCKY NUMBER HAS BEEN DRAWN..~~THE NUMBER~~ IS..THE NUMBER THAT WINS THIS BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE HOMEBUILDERS GENIUS IS NONE OTHER THAN...ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY EIGHT. ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY EIGHT. WILL THE LUCKY WINNER PLEASE STEP UP TO THE PLATFORM WHERE..

CROWD RECORD UP..AND DOWN..

MOL: Well, McGee. At least we had our ~~hamburgers~~ *Barbeques* and coffee.

~~THE~~ Shucks, the roof probly leaks anyway .and..

MOL: Tear up the ticket, McGee. One thirteen is bad enough.

MAN:- But three... Attention Please Ladies & Gents / maybe see Got Pee Cornin
~~THE~~ Hey wait a mite, Molly..~~what's the matter?~~

VOICE THRU P.A. SYSTEM:

~~ANNOUNCEMENT, LADEES AND GENTLEMEN~~ CORRECTION. NUMBER 1028 WAS NOT ELIGIBLE FOR THE PRIZE AS IT HAD BEEN TURNED IN AND THE MONEY REFUNDED. ANOTHER NUMBER HAS BEEN DRAWN. IT IS NUMBER..ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY ONE THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN !

CROWD RECORD UP..CHEERS..

MOL: MCGEE!! MCGEE DID YE HEAR? IT'S OUR NUMBER MCGEE..IT'S OUR NUMBER!! WE...MCGEE..WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YE?

~~THE~~ Shucks, Molly...I...I...

MOL: MCGEE..HELP SOMEBODY..HE'S FAINTED..GIT SOME WATER...HELP.
(FADE OUT) MCGEE..SPEAK TO ME...

CROWD RECORD UP AS -

ORCHESTRA: "OF THEE I SING." (SOCK INTO INSTEAD OF MCGEE THEME)

DOWN FOR APPLAUSE AND ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: A LUCKY NUMBER FOR A LUCKY NUMBER! MARCELLI AND HIS MEN,
ASSISTED BY THE JOHNSON MERRYMEN, REFER TO THE MCGEE
FORTUNES, WITH "OF THEE I SING!"

ORCHESTRA: "OF THEE I SING" UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: STRAIGHT COMMERCIAL (TO COME)

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: SO WE LEAVE A MARVELLING MOLLY AND A FLABBERGASTED FIBBER
UNTIL NEXT MONDAY AT THIS SAME HOUR...WHEN...

~~WIL:~~ (FADE IN) When we gotta git all our furniture outa storage
and into that there new house.

WIL: All your furniture is in storage?

~~WIL:~~ Yep. Piano, chairs, bookcase, stove...everything.

WIL: How about pictures?

~~WIL:~~ Wel-l-l..yes. We ain't got so many pictures yet, but...

WIL: I've got one you'll like...that you can have. It's a wall
motto.

~~WIL:~~ Wall motto? What's ^{it} say?

WIL: It says..."JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER CANNOT HARM THE FINISH"
You'll like it, Fibber. It's beautifully framed.

So was I, ~~and that~~. (FADE OUT) Shucks, a feller don't
ever git a chance to .

WIL: (LAUGHS) SO THERE YOU ARE UNTIL NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT
THIS SAME HOUR ON NBC. REMEMBER NBC. . . N B SURE TO SPECIFY
THE GENUINE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER N B SAFE!
N B PREPARED TO HEAR THAT. . . THIS IS HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING.
GOOD NIGHT.

THEME UP TO FINISH.

mo/fb/11:35 AM
8/23/35

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