

NBC

VERTISER

S. O. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

GRAM TITLE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" # 100

AGO OUTLET

TIME 1:00-7:30 PM

WRITER

DON QUIN
OK

DATE MARCH 8, 1937

MONDAY

DAY

DUCTION

OUNCER

INEER

ARKS

*Molly
Team
Nancy Johnson*

*Molly McGee
Nancy Johnson*

Nancy Johnson

Nancy Johnson

Nancy Johnson

Nancy Johnson

Nancy Johnson

Nancy Johnson

Molly McGee

Molly McGee

Handwritten notes:
~~Wanted to see~~
~~Allegro's Office~~
~~try to write telegram~~
~~Allegro~~
~~Brooklyn~~
~~Allegro~~
~~More Coal in the~~

ORR: 1st PHRASE
 FIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!
 ORR: 2nd PHRASE
 FIL: PRESENTING MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!
 ORR: FINISH THEME - Tenner
 FIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH _____
 ORR: SELECTION (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)
 FIL: 1st COMMERCIAL - (Over Music)

-----C O M M E R C I A L-----

ORR: MCGEE THEME*(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

YIL:

IT'S A BIG EVENING WITH THE ROGERS, (YES AND WITH ME, TOO)
THE 100th BROADCAST OF FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - AND
HERE THEY ARE!

APPLAUSE:

FIB:

IMAGINE IT, Molly? 100 CONSECUTIVE BROADCASTS.

FIB:

SHUCKS IT SEEMS JUST LIKE A DREAM.

FIB:

LIKE A DRE--WHY THAT'S WHAT THE SPONSOR SAID THE OTHER
NIGHT...ALMOST.

FIB:

WHADDYF MEAN, - ALMOST?

FIB:

WELL, HE DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A "DREAM" EXACTLY. HE JUST
SAID HE HADN'T SLEPT VERY GOOD FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS.

FIB:

(AHEM) ANYWAY, IT'S LIKE ~~THE BROTHER~~ ZAN^{my brother} -
Alexander - LIKE ~~MY BROTHER~~ ZAN SAYS WHEN HE WAS WORKIN'
ON THE ROOF AND HIS WRIST WATCH FELL OFF. HE SAYS HE
NEVER SAW THE TIME GO SO FAST. (LAUGHS) GET IT, MOLLY?

1 SAYS ZAN SAYS -

FIB:

TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE.

FIB:

OKAY..I GOT OTHERS. 100 BROADCASTS...WHAT A NIGHT! WHO
SENT YE THE NOSEGAY?

FIB:

IKNAY ON THE IGPAY ATINLAY. WHO DID WHAT?

FIB:

I SAYS WHO SENT YE THE NOSEGAY...THE FLOWERS?

FIB:

OHHRM, I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKIN' PIG LATIN. ME UNCLE
DENNIS SENT 'EM.

at them
 FIB: I should have TALKED PIG LATIN ~~PIG LATIN~~ YOUR UNCLE DENNIS WAS A CHAMP HOG CALLER ORCE WASN'T HE? SURE. BUT NOW HE'S HAULIN' MACHINERY ON A TRUCK. IT'S ABOUT THE SAME THING.

FIB: THE SAME THING! CALLIN' HOGS AND TRUCKIN' MACHINERY? SURE...HOG CALLIN'...GOG HAULIN'...NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE. I NEVER DID UNDERSTAND WHY HE EVER LEFT THE CIRCUS. I THOUGHT HE HAD A GOOD JOB THERE.

HE DID. BUT HE WAS ~~A CASE OF CARELESSNESS~~ HE LEFT HE WAS FIRED FOR CARELESSNESS.

FIB: WHAT'D HE DO?

HE MISLAND AN ELEPHANT, SOMEPLACE.

FIB: HE PROBABLY SNEAKED IT OUT AND SOLD IT TO SOMEBODY FOR A BOOK-END.

OH UNCLE DENNIS WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE THAT!

FIB: NO. NOBODY EVER TOLD HIM ABOUT BOOK ENDS. I DON'T BELIEVE ANYBODY EVER TOLD HIM ABOUT BOOKS, EVEN OH-NOW MCGEE, YOU ALWAYS - OH HELLO TED.

FIB: HIXAH TED.

TED: Listen...MOLLY AND FIBBER. ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU! ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND THE BOYS.

OH THANK YOU TED.

FIB: THANKS TED. YOU-TELL THE BOYS IT'S THE NATURAL RESULT O' BRAINS, PERSEVERANCE AND HARD WORK.

WHAT'S HARD WORK GOT TO DO WITH IT? YOU JUST HAD A DARNED GOOD HORSE THAT'S ALL.

SAY NOW LISTEN, TED... YOU'RE A GOOD GUY BUT I AIN'T GOING
LET YOU STAND THERE AND CALL MOLLY A HORSE.

WHO CALLED MOLLY A HORSE? I WAS TALKING ABOUT ROSE. *one hundredth*
I HEARD YOU WON *some money* *last week* ~~FOR HIM A FEW WEEKS AGO.~~

OH DEAR... WE THOUGHT YOU WERE CONGRATULATING US ON OUR
~~LOCAL~~ BROADCAST FOR JOHNSON'S WAX.

YOUR 100th BROA-... SAY IS THAT ALL IT'S BEEN? IT SEEMS
LIKE A THOUSAND! (FADE OUT) SAY BOYS... YOU KNOW WHAT
FIBBER JUST SAID?

WHY THE INGRATITUDE O' THAT GUY! HE OUGHTTA BE PROUD
TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH US. 100 PERFORMANCES! SAKITYNY, I'
LL BET SOME OF THOSE OTHER RADIO SHOWS ENVI US.
SURE. POOR OLD RUDY VALLEE. HE'S ONLY BEEN ON THE AIR
ABOUT *7* YEARS.

Well, RUDY VALLEE'S AN EXCEPTION. I MEAN -
AND AMOS 'N ANDY. THEY ONLY BEEN ON ABOUT EIGHT OR
NINE YEARS. *They'll never catch up with us now.*

~~THEY'LL NEVER CATCH UP WITH US NOW!~~
ANHHH FER THE - WELL YOU KNOW WHAT I MEANT, 100 WEEKS!
AND THEY SAYS IT ONLY TAKES A YEAR TO REALLY ESTABLISH A
SHOW!

WIL: BUT, IT ONLY TAKES 20 MINUTES TO ESTABLISH A BEAUTIFUL FINISH ON YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM WITH JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. ~~ADDITIONAL BENEFITS, NO DUST, NO STAINING~~

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh HELLO FOLKS. EXCUSE ME FOR BUTTING IN. I GUESS I WAS JUST CARRIED AWAY BY MY ENTHUSIASM.

FIB: AS LONG AS YOU'RE CARRIED AWAY, I DON'T CARE WHAT DOES IT.

OL: *one-handed* NOW MCGEE...REMEMBER. MR. WILCOX HAS BEEN WITH US FOR ~~ONE HUNDRED~~ WEEKS.

WIL: THAT'S RIGHT, FIBBER AND IT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN SWELL. WORKING WITH YOU TWO.

FIB: WORKIN' ER? (LAUGHS) WORKIN'! SHUCKS ~~WHAT~~ *all* YOU DO ~~MENTION~~ *to* MENTION JOHNSONS WAX A COUPLE OF TIMES....

OL: LISTEN MCGEE, MR. WILCOX HAS WORKED HARD. WHY JUST LOOK AT HIM...ALL BENT OVER WITH WORK AND WORRY.

WIL: YES.

FIB: AW WHY DON'T YE STRAIGHTEN YOUR SHOULDERS, HARPO. STAND UP...LIKE THIS. WHAT'S THE IDEA O' GOIN' AROUND ALL BENT OVER LIKE THAT?

WIL: WELL, I JUST GOT TIRED OF BEING A STRAIGHT MAN FOR YOU, THAT'S ALL! SO LONG.

DOOR SLAM

What's the door slam for? HE'S STILL STANDING, RIGHT?

Comes enters humming.
Fit - Hiyah Perry.

(OL)
 COMO: OH PERRY COMO.
 SAY...I HEAR THIS IS YOUR ONE HUNDREDTH JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM.
 FIE: YOU BETCHA.
 (OL)
 COMO: THAT'S RIGHT, PERRY.
 MY GIRL SAYS HER FOLKS HAVE HEARD EVERY ONE OF YOUR SHOWS.
 (OL)
 FIE: WELL, NOW ISN'T THAT FINE!
 THANKS PERRY.
 COMO: "THAT'S ~~WAX~~ A TOUGH JOB, WEEK AFTER WEEK."
 FIE: WHAT - BROADCASTING OUR SHOW?
 COMO: NO, LISTENING-TO-IT!

(Line or two into Como number, whatever it is.)

ORK: SELECTION--

-- COMO.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: EGGIE THEME: - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT) --

AND SO - OUT OF GRATITUDE TO THEIR SPONSOR (Johnson's Wax remember?) ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR 100th BROADCAST FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SEND ^{Mr. Johnson} A WIRE OF THANKS. HERE THEY ARE, ON THE CORNER OF 14th & OAK STREETS, WISFUL VISTA APPROACHING THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

THE NOISES UP, DOWN.

15: Say...where is this telegraph office, Molly? ~~What?~~
~~Call me.~~
~~Wait a minute, I'll ask this man. Yes Hoo, -~~
 Mister!
 25: ALLO, BABOUSHKA. ALLO TOVARICHICH. WHAT CAN I DO YOU
 OUT OF?
 35: Listen bud, we're looking for the telegraph office. Know
 where it is?
 45: Chure, tovarichich. It is being right across the street
 from little Russian restaurant.
 And where ~~is~~ The Russian restaurant?
 55: RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET FROM TELEGRAPH OFFICE, BABOUSHKA.
 65: ~~Call me.~~ ^{But} but where's either one of 'em?
 75: EITHER ONE IS ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE OTHER ONE,
 DUMBELL! YOU GO STRAIGHT AHEAD UNTIL FIRST TURN TO RIGHT.
 DA?
 DA.
 DA.

RUSS: DA. THEN YOU ARE MAKING RIGHT HANDS TURN, FOUR TIMES.
DA?

FIB: DA.

(NOL) DA DA _____

FIB: Don't take advantage, Molly. LISTEN VODKA. WE TURN TO
THE RIGHT FOUR TIMES, AND..(PAUSE) SAY THAT BRINGS US
RIGHT BACK TO WHERE WE ARE NOW.

RUSS: SURE, TOVARICHICH. BY THAT TIME, MAYBE I AM REMEMBERING
WHERE IS RUSSIAN RASTARANT ACROSS FROM TELEGRIFE OFFITCH.
~~WHAT HAPPENS AFTER, IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS TIME!~~

FIB: Aw fer the --- THERE'S ELMO TANNER..LET'S ASK HIM. HEY..
ELMO.

(NOL) YOOOOO..HOO..MR. TANNER.

ELMO: HELLO FOLKS. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

(NOL) WE WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM.

ELMO: AND YOU CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY. I SEE. *How about*
~~"WICHENS YOU TELL THE HAPPINESS IN THE WORLD?"~~ or "HAPPY
BIRTHDAY AND MANY MORE OF THEM." OR "WILL BE HOME ON THE
12:47. Love".

FIB: ON THE 12:47 WHAT?

ELMO: WELL IT DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM? Or LISTEN.
HOW ABOUT "ITS A BOUNCING BOY, NINE POUNDS. BOTH DOING
WELL. ~~WELL~~

OR DEAR - LISTEN ELMO, IT'S NOBODY'S ~~BIRTHDAY~~ BIRTHDAY
AND WE AREN'T COMING FROM ANYWHERE.

OR GOING ANYWHERE.

YOU'RE TELLING ME?

-AND NOBODY HAS A BABY.

WHY THEY HAVE TOO! THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE BABIES. I
KNOW SOME PEOPLE MYSELF WHO HAVE ONE.

DAD RAT IT ELMO. ALL WE WANT FROM YOU IS TO TELL US
WHERE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IS. WE WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM.
WHAT ABOUT?

ABOUT OUR ^{as hundreds of} ~~new~~ BROADCAST.

WHEN IS IT?

WHEN IS ...WHY IT'S TONIGHT! RIGHT NOW. THIS IS IT.

THEN WHY SEND A TELEGRAM. IT'S TOO LATE TO WARN ANYBODY
NOW.

ORRRRRR. LET IT GO ELMO..LET IT GO.

ORAY. PREPAID OR COLLECT?

PREPAID.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT. (EXIT WHISTLING)

HE'LL TAKE CARE OF --- ~~SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN TOLD~~

~~THAT HE'S BEEN TOLD THAT HE'S BEEN TOLD THAT HE'S BEEN TOLD~~
~~THAT HE'S BEEN TOLD THAT HE'S BEEN TOLD THAT HE'S BEEN TOLD~~

WELL, WAIT HERE FOR ME. I'M GOIN' INTO THIS PLACE HERE
AND ASK 'EM WHERE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IS.

GET ON WITH THE TELEGRAM, ~~REDACTED~~.

YES MADAM. TO WHOM DID YOUSE WISH TO SEND IT TO?

OUR SPONSOR. IT'S OUR ONE HUNDREDTH PROGRAM ON THEIR
AIR.

YOU KNOW SIS. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY?

GIRL: Who?

FIB: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. Monday night.

GIRL: What about ~~it~~, *Monday nite*

~~GIRL:~~ ~~What about it.~~ We're on then. On the radio.

GIRL: Gee, me too. Who do you listen to?

~~GIRL:~~ We don't listen. We broadcast. FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

GIRL: Haven't you gotta radio? You could listen on mine, if you want to.

FIB: Listen. sis. WE'RE RADIO ACTORS. We're on every Monday. Listen to us sometime.

GIRL: Gee I don't have time, Mondays. I'm always listenin' to the radio.

~~GIRL:~~ Oh dear...get on with the telegram, *McGee*

FIB: Okay. You come back in a few minutes sis...I gotta compose a telegram.

GIRL: Certainly sir. If there is anything of which I can do to be of service to youse, just leave know, sir.

FIB: Okay. Let's see now...telegraph blank...pencil...HEY LITTLE GIRL. WHAT YOU DOIN' THERE? SWIPIN' ALL THE PENCILS?

~~TEE:~~ Hmmm?

FIB: I says what's the idea o' walkin' out with all the pencils?

~~TEE:~~ I need 'em, I betcha.

IB: YOU need. 'em! What did you think they were in here
for - ornaments?

EE: Ham? They were what, Mister?

IB: ORNAMENTS?

EE: What's snornament?

IB: A decoration.

EE: Ham?

IB: I says AN ORNAMENT IS A DECORATION?

EE: What of it?

IB: Well, you wanted to know what...I mean I says these
pencils wer...and you says...WELL WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
TAKIN' ALL THE PENCILS?

EE: Us kids are playing hopscotch, I betcha. We need 'em
to mark on the sidewalk with.

IB: Oh so that's how it is, eh?

EE: Ham?

IB: I says so THAT'S how it is.

EE: That's how what is?

IB: What you says.

EE: I dunno whatcha mean, I betcha.

IB: Well, I says what's the idea of swipin' the pencils
outs here and you says you use 'em for hopscotch, and
I says SO THAT'S HOW IT IS.

EE: Well gee, I just got thru telling you how it is, I
betcha.

IB: What - hopscotch? How is it?

TEB: Fine. Wana try it?
 FIB: No thanks. I -
 TEB: Okay. But don't forget, you had your chance, mister.
 DOOR SLAM.

FIB: YES BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SWIFIN' ALL THE FENCE-....
~~EX-CHUCKER...GIVE YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN, POLLY.~~ Let's
 figger out what we're gonna say.

WOL:

HOW ABOUT THIS, FOGEE. "ON THE OCCASION OF OUR ONE
 HUNDREDTH BROADCAST FOR YOU, MAY WE EXPRESS OUR DEEP
 APPRECIATION FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR US, AND MAY
 OUR NEXT HUNDRED WEEKS WITH JOHNSON'S TAX BE JUST AS
 PLEASANT SIGNED FIBBER FOGEE AND KOLLY *cut. lots of laughs*

FIB:

WEL-L-1. THAT'S A LOT OF WORDS, KOLLY. YOU'RE WAY
 OVER THE TEN WORD MARK YE KNOW.

WOL:

WELL HEAVENLY DAYS...WHAT CAN YOU SAY IN TEN WORDS..?

WIL:

You can say "JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT MAKES FLOORS AND LINOLEUM
 SHINE LIKE NEW AGAIN"

FIB:

WHAT YOU DOIN IN HERE HARPOY

WIL:

I'M SENDING A NASTY TELEGRAM TO MY EX-GIRL.

WOL:

YOUR EX-GIRL! WHY WHAT HAPPENED, MR. WILCOX.

WIL:

SHE MET A FENCE SALESMAN AND GAVE ME THE GATE.

WOL:

I SEE. SO YOU'RE SENDING HER A BARBED WIRE.

WIL:

HAN HAN. A BARBED WIRE. THAT'S PRETTY GOOD.

FIB:

IT HAS ITS POINTS. AMEN. CAN WE HELP YE COMPOSE THE
 TELEGRAM.

FIL: YES YOU CAN. HOW DO YOU SPELL "NYAHHHHH!!!"
 FIB: SPELL WHAT?
 FIL: "NNYAHHHHH!!!"
 (OL) YOU BETTER CALL HER UP, INSTEAD.
 FIL: SAY...I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. THANKS! DOOR SLAM.
 GIRL: CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOUSE? WE HAVE REGULAR FORMS
 YOU KNOW TO COVER ALMOST ANY CONSTRINGENCY.
 FIB: CONTINGENCY, SIS.
 GIRL: WHAT?
 FIB: IT'S TIN - NOT STRIM. TIN.
 GIRL: TIN WHAT?
 (OL) TIN WORDS OR LESS. HAVE YOU ANY FORM TELEGRAMS¹ DEARIE,
 TO THANK A SPONSOR FOR A HUNDRED WEEKS ON ^{the} AIR?
 GIRL: LET ME SEE...NO. BUT HERE'S ONE THANKING A HOST FOR
 TAKING YOU TO TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.
 FIB: DONT QUITE FIT THE CIRCUMSTANCES, SIS, I'M AFRAID.
 GIRL: HOW ABOUT THIS ONE. THANKING A JUDGE FOR GIVING YOU
 ONLY THIRTY DAYS.
 (OL) *It's not quite the*
 WEL-1-1-1 NO. ~~IT'S THE~~ SENTIMENT.
 FIB: THIS IS TO GO TO OUR SPONSOR, SIS. ON OUR HUNDREDTH
 BROADCAST.
 GIRL: LET ME LOOK AGAIN...BROADCAST...BROADCAST...HERE!
 WONDERFUL BROADCAST LAST NIGHT. STOP. YOU NEVER SANG
 BETTER. LOVE.
 FIB: THAT WOULD BE FINE IF OUR SPONSOR WAS A SINGER.
 GIRL: I'M SORRY. I GUESS THIS CONSTRINGENCY NEVER COME UP
 BEFORE. I'LL MENTION IT IN MY REPORT.

FIB: (ASIDE) SOMEBODY'S SELLIN' MORGANFELLER SHORT.

BOOM: QUIET, MY LITTLE WIRE HAIR, QUITE. HERE IS THE MESSAGE, MY DEAR. "WILL NOT SELL ^{my} STOCK UNDER THREE MILLION. HAVE BEEN OFFERED TWO MILLION CASH BY WALL STREET INTERESTS. SIGNED HORATIO K. BOOMER.

COL: HEAVENLY DAYS... ^{3 million} 3 MILLION!

GIRL: THAT WILL BE FORTY TWO CENTS, SIR.

BOOM: AH YES... FORTY TWO CENTS... 42 CENTS... NOW LET ME SEE... 42 CENTS... TWO CIGARETTE PICTURES... SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMP... A FEW CRUMBS OF PEANUT BRITTLE AND A SHORT BEER..

AH YES... TELL ME, MY DEAR, CAN YOU MAKE CHANGE FOR A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL?

GIRL: YES SIR.

BOOM: WELL WELL.. THAT'S VERY INTERESTING.. DONT SEE MANY OF THEM THESE DAYS... YES YES... JUST SEND THE TELEGRAM COLLECT. THANK YOU.

DOOR SLAM *slam*

COL: LISTEN MCGEE... SUPPOSE WE JUST SAY "ON OUR ONE HUNDREDTH BROAD-

FIB: YOU DONT HAVE TO SAY ONE HUNDREDTH. JUST SAY HUNDREDTH.

COL: THAT'S RIGHT. WE SAVE A WORD THAT WAY. ~~scribble~~

SOUND: TELEGRAPH KEY.

FIB: WHAT'S THAT SIS?

GIRL: IT'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU SIR. YOU'RE MISTER MCGEE?

COL: THATS US. WHAT DOES IT SAY? READ IT, MCGEE!

SOUND: PAPER RATTLE

113: IT SAYS...DEAR FIBBER AND MOLLY. "HAVING FINE TUNE.
STOP. WISH YOU TO HEAR. Signed, TED WEEKS. COME ON,
MOLLY, LETS ^{go} SIT DOWN!

114: SELECTION.

TANNER

115: APPLAUSE:

That was Ted Weeks playing and Elmo Tanner whistling

116: COMMERCIAL # 2:

- C O M M E R C I A L -

117: THERE: (DOWN FOR ANCHOR): -

118: NOW BACK TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE, WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY
ARE STILL TRYING TO GET THEIR TELEGRAPHIC THANKS ~~DOWN~~
~~DOWN~~ DOWN TO AN ECONOMICAL MINIMUM.

119: Well, now let's see, McGee. We got to get the number of
words down. HOW ABOUT - IT'S BEEN WONDERFUL BEING ON
YOUR PROGRAM THESE HUNDRED WEEKS. WE-

120: Whoa! That's ten words right there.

121: Oh dear. And I was just started. Why -

122: ROR LATCH AND SLAM

123: Hi there bud...we in your way here?

124: No. Just wanta send a telegram to my contractor. He's
building a new porch on my summer cottage and I find it's
gonna cost me too much.

(COL: We'll be glad to help you with it. What's his name?

MAN: Stumpf.

FIB: What's yours, bud?

MAN: Stroop. Why?

FIB: *Stoop, Stoop* Shucks, that works out pretty good, bud. Just say -

DEAR STUMPF. STOP. STOP STARTING STROOP. STOP. TOO

STEEP. STOP. STROOP.

MAN: Wonderful. SEND THAT, GIRLIE

~~GIRL: YES, SIR.~~

~~STACEY STUMPF, STOP STROOP.~~

DOOR SLAM.

(COL: Now if you'd only get that magnificent brain to work on your own problems, McGee, we might get someplace.

FIB: Okay. How about this, DEAR SPONSOR. CELEBRATING OUR CENTENNIAL TODAY AND -

(COL: No no no. CENTENIAL, means a hundred YEARS

FIB: WELL, what's the word for a hundred weeks.

(COL: Centaweekeeel.

FIB: CELEBRATING OUR CENTAVEEKIAL...are you sure that's right.

Molly?

(COL: No, but -

TELEPHONE

SIL: Diggety, ma'am. *Paul* Roske say they aint nothin' got no' diggity than a uniform.

FIB: She said DIGNITY, didn't she Sil?

STL: Yassuh.

F15: You save dignity.

SIL: Yagoub.

Can't you say DIGNITY?

SIL: Ycah'm.

FIB: Well, say it?

SIL: Ah don' have to say it, ~~but~~. Ah GOT it. Ah'm now probly
the past disfigured man Rosie know. She say ah -

CH. THERE GOES ROSA JACKSON OUT THERE NOW. ~~2-2~~

SIL: Wheesh, ts'am. YAS'M. THEAH SHE IS...HOT DIGNITY! HEY
ROSIE...WAIT FO' SIL.....

DOOR SLAM.

MOG: Well, we're not getting anywhere, McGee. Start ~~with~~

FIR: Sev I just happened to think o' somethin'. Hey SIS!

GIRL: Yes sir?

FIB: We save any dough on our telegram if I send it myself?
I'm an old telegraph operator ye, know. Just let me at
that key a minute and -

GIRL: Against the rules, mister. Did you say you were an operator?

YOU BETCHA SIS. I WAS THE BEST KNOWN TELEGRAPH MAN WITH THE WHOLE U.J.G. & T. I. E. RAILROAD.

THE U.J.G. & T. I. E.? *What does that mean*
~~That road was built~~

THAT MEANS, 'USE JOHNSONS GLOCOAT AND TAKE IT EASY.'

HAPPO! I THOUGHT YOU WERE CALLIN' UP YOUR GIRL.

I WAS. BUT I JUST GOT WORD THAT KING GEORGE HAD GIVEN MY COUSIN A TITLE *and want to congratulate him*

~~I wanted what you were passing around for.~~

~~That's easy~~ *and him a knight letter.*

A KNIGHT LETTER, EH? (LAUGHS) GET IT, KOLLY? WHAT IS HE NOW, HAPPO? A DUKE?

NO. HE'S AN EARL.

WELL YOU BETTER HURRY WITH THAT TELEGRAM THEN. IT'S 3,000 MILES TO ENGLAND.

WHAT OF IT?

WELL, WE CHANGE OUR EARL AT 5,000 MILES.

OH OH. I BETTER GO! SIS, UP, TOO! THANKS!

Oh a knight I get it - was formally.

DID YOU SAY YOU'RE A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, SIS?

YOU BETCHA SIS. WHY AT ONE TIME EVERY TELEGRAPH OPERATOR IN THE COUNTRY KNEW MY HAND ON THE KEY. EVERY TIME THEY HEARD TE-DIT-TE-DIT-DIT-DIT, THEY'D SAY, WELL WELL, THERE'S OLD MORSE-CODE MCGEE! *Did take a holiday*

~~as a telegraph operator.~~

*True
Okey*

they called me in Thursday Page 25

FIB: MORSE COADE MCGEE, ~~is what everybody knows as~~ MORSE
CODE MCGEE, MIRACLE MAN OF MESSAGES AND MAGNIFICENT
MENTAL MARVEL MAKING MONKEYS OF MINOR MINIONS MESSING WITH
MORSE.

C: McGee - remember your promise - *to stick to the*
~~nothing but the truth!~~

FIB: Ahem - Come on, sis...how about it?

MRL: Sorry sir. I'm afraid I cant allow youse to send it
yourself.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

Shut - Yes Sir
FAN: (HUGG'S CHARACTER WITH FOOLISH GIGGLE) Say...(LAUGHS) I'd
like to send a telegram. (LAUGHS)

C: One side, McGee. Let the man send his telegram.

FIB: Okay bud. What's the message.

C: None of your business, McGee.

FAN: (LAUGHS) Oh that's all right. ~~How many words is that?~~

What's the message sir?
FAN: (LAUGHS) I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU. How many
words is that?

MRL: Nine, sir. You got one more.

FAN: One more? (LAUGHS) Make it LOVE. (LAUGHS)

MRL: I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU - LOVE.

FAN: That's it. (LAUGHS) I'm sending it to my wife. (LAUGHS)

C: We don't care who you send it to, mister.

FAN: Really? (LAUGHS) Then send it to *John Farrow -*
~~DEPT 22 TEL RAO, Room~~

CP SLAM:

FIB: ~~Don't even know what I thought that guy~~
was nutty ~~McGee~~

MOL: McGEE! Know what you wants say, yet?

MOL: ~~I don't even know what I want to say.~~

FIB: Sure I do. Take this down sis. JOHNSON SWAX ~~GO~~
RACINE, WIS. MANY THANKS FOR HUNDRED WEEKS ON AIR WITH
YOU. Signed, Fibber McGee and Molly. How's that, Molly?
Only nine words.

MOL: Nine words sounds a little cheap, McGee. You might as
well cut it down farther than that. Why don't you just
say THANKS FOR LAST HUNDRED WEEKS?

GIRL: How about just "ONE HUNDRED WEEKS. THANKS."

FIB: Not bad. But why not just "MANY WEEKS MANY THANKS?"

MOL: Or, for that matter just MANY THANKS.

FIB: Or just THANKS. They'll know what for.

MOL: I think you ~~shouldn't~~ ^{shouldn't} McGee. Send that, dearie.
~~"THANKS".~~

GIRL: Okay.

SOUND: TELEGRAPH. (PAUSE) TELEGRAPH IN DIFFERENT PITCH.

GIRL: Gee, here's an answer already.

~~Fibber~~ WHAT'S IT SAY?

GIRL: "YOU'RE WELCOME."

ORK: CLORD

PLEASE:

TEL:

SELECTION. DOWN FOR COMM'L AND TAG GAG.

RELEASE:

MUSICAL TAG.

KNOFF:

7th. Yes Sir the telegraph business is
 great stuff. Now when I was a
 radio operator.

(Moe) - Oh, thanks for reminding me
 M = Kue I got to go to the hair-
 dressers

7th - We were talking about radios you
 mean you're to the hairdressers
 to get your head-set (laughs)

(Moe) - No. I got an appointment
 for a short wave.

7th. Boy a short wave. Ahem
 Goodnite.

(Moe) Goodnite all.