

NBC

ADVERTISER S.G. JOHNSON & COMPANY WRITER
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE #5 OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WENR
9:00-9:30 PM) (MAY 14, 1935) (TUESDAY)
TIME DATE DAY

PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS
12
Ofenjaels
Durr Jians

Call attention to lady

After piano break - What?
Trouble must be louder.
Bass should be louder.
He found his way back.
Hailow too much on face of the
Cloud before sunset play.
Leave the rainy around in the rain.
Order too much after best
Play with orchestra. Order
orch. dropped at Fibber on Roll out of bed
Trio (Chorus voice on professor)
use up after Hailow

With every purchase of Johnson's Auto Wax and the Cleaner you get
a tin of fine quality black touch-up enamel, so you can easily cover
up all the ugly rust spots on the fenders and chassis of your car.
(There's a handy little brush included with the touch-up enamel.)
Auto Wax. If your car is looking a shabby sort of Johnson's Auto Wax
Johnson's Auto Cleaner is a remarkable new liquid cleaner that
takes away all discoloration and dirt without the slightest injury.
I repeat without the slightest injury to the car finish, Johnson's
Auto Wax protects the paint job -- guarantees lasting beauty to your
car, and greatly increases its trade-in value. Johnson's Auto Wax and
the Cleaner are for sale at your regular Wax dealers, as well as Service
Stations. There's a special price right now of 99¢ for the wax and
cleaner and you get the black touch-up enamel free. This offer
applies to Canada as well as the United States.
WIL: THAT WAS MARCELLI AND HIS MEN PLAYING "OVER MY SHOULDER",
with the Three Kings taking a trick with the chorus. AND NOW
WE'LL LOOK OVER FIBBER MCGEE'S SHOULDER AS HE DRIVES ALONG
THE HIGHWAY WITH MOLLY.
ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND OUT AS MOTOR SOUND COMES IN

Middle Commercial

With every purchase of Johnson's Auto Wax and the Cleaner you get a can of fine quality black touch-up enamel, or you can easily cover up all the ugly rust spots on the fenders and chassis of your car. (There's a handy little brush included with the touch-up enamel.)

Auto Wax. If your car is wearing a shining coat of Johnson's Auto Wax, Johnson's Auto Cleaner is a remarkable new liquid cleaner that takes away all discoloration and dirt without the slightest injury. Car-washings are out way down. You can easily do the job yourself. I repeat without the slightest injury to the car finish, Johnson's Auto Wax protects the paint job -- guarantees lasting beauty to your car, and greatly increases its trade-in value. Johnson's Auto Wax and the Cleaner are for sale at your regular Wax dealers, as well as Service Stations. There's a special price right now of 99¢ for the wax and cleaner and you get the black touch-up enamel free!

*Also offer
apples to Canada as well as the United States*

Middle Commercial

So when you drive along the road this summer remember that the blistering rays of the sun are slowly but surely ruining the finish of your car. That is -- unless the paint job is protected with Johnson's Auto Wax. If your car is wearing a shining coat of Johnson's Auto Wax the sun can't harm it. Grease and road film can't stick to it either. Car-washings are out way down. You can easily do the job yourself, or a nearby service station will gladly clean and wax your car for you. Say, you won't know the old bus, it will be so bright and shining after it has its beauty treatment with Johnson's Auto Wax. There's nothing finer in the polishing line -- no matter what price you pay. So be sure to specify Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner!

7

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Auto Wax present a shining half hour with Rico Marcelli's Orchestra, - Gale Page, - The Three Kings, - and MARIAN AND JIM as those touring tale-tellers, that carefree couple of 4-cylinder Philosophers, - FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

FIB: (FAST) And fer the first number onto the program tonight, folks, I'm gonna sing a song named Polly Atchi. This here Polly Atchi is a song that takes a voice like mine is to git it acrost like it should ought to be put acrost. AHM. Folks, this here is Fibber McGee singin' POLLY ATCHI. I'll start by -

MOL: McGee! Will ye leave the music to the man with the little stick?

FIB: AHM. Oh well...mebbe they wouldn't o' liked a hillbilly numberlike Polly Atchi anyway. (FADE OUT) But if I ever git me a chanct to sing what I...

ORCH: FAST INTO "OVER MY SHOULDER" -- (TO FINISH)

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: (SOFTLY INTO MCGEE THEME) "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: THAT WAS MARCELLI AND HIS MEN PLAYING "OVER MY SHOULDER", with the Three Kings taking a trick with the chorus. AND NOW WE'LL LOOK OVER FIBBER MCGEE'S SHOULDER AS HE DRIVES ALONG THE HIGHWAY WITH MOLLY.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND OUT AS MOTOR SOUND COMES IN

SOUNDS: MOTOR UP (DOWN FOR DIALOG)

MOL: and when did ye look at the gas last, McGee?
FIB: Oh, I dunno. But shucks, we got plenty. I jest filled 'er up back there a way, ye remember.

MOL: Ye filled 'er up?

FIB: Sure. AHME. Filled'er up to three gallon, anyway. We only come about eighty mile sence then. Ain't worried about it- are ye, Molly?

MOL: Not me, McGee. YOU're the one that'll take the little red can and walk back for more gas. (LAUGHS)

FIB: I'm the one to ...AHM. Well nobody ever says McGee was unreasonable...We'll stop here and git some.

SOUNDS: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed ~~one o' these days.~~

SOUND: HORN, TWICE

ATT: (FADE IN) Good afternoon sir. Some gas?

FIB: Yep. Ya gotta any o' that kind o' gas that dissolves the carbon, cleans the plugs, gives ye twenty mile to the gallon and smells like carnations?

ATT: No...(LAUGHS) I never heard of it.

FIB: Nuther'd I. But it don't do no harm to ask. AHM. Gimme a gallon and a half, boy.

MOL: How much, McGee?

FIB: AHM, oh well...shoot the works, son. Gimme TWO gallons!

ATT: Yes sir. Two gallons. (PAUSE) Say...you' re baggage is coming loose, on the running board. That frying pan's about to drop off.

MOL: Oh. So THAT'S what it twas. I TOLD ye somethin' was bangin', McGee.

FIB: I know. But I thought it was jest a bearin' burned out. AHEM.

ATT: I'll tie it up for you, sir, so your won't lose it.

MOL: Thanks to ye, me boy. Otherwise we'd be out a fryin' pan into the fire. HAH HAH.

FIB: Don't laugh Molly. That there fryin' pan's got a real sentimental holt onto me.

MOL: Sure it has. Three times a day.

FIB: Aw shucks, I ain't referrin' to food.

MOL: Fer once.

FIB: For on-...er..AHEM. I guess I never told ye that there fryin' pan's the one I used when I was prospectin' out into the Little Waskywootchie Country. Into the Rockies.

ATT: Oh were you a prospector? Find anything?

MOL: Sure he did. His way back. HAH HAH HAH.

FIB: Don't laugh, Molly. Prospectin' in them days was a job for HE MEN.

MOL: Ohhh, ye had help.

FIB: Yes, I h-...NO. I WAS playin' lone hand.

ATT: Where did you say this was sir?

FIB: This here was out into the Giddy Gulch branch o' Gollawapple Canyon into the Waskyhootchie Country. But say, mebbe you're too busy to hear about it.

ATT: Well, I AM pretty busy this afternoon.

MOL: Oh. So THAT'S what it twas. I TOLD ye somethin' was bangin', McGee.

FIB: I know. But I thought it was jest a bearin' burned out. AHEM.

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ATT: Well, I AM pretty busy this afternoon.

FIB: Good fer you, boy. Work hard and save your money. AHEM.
Well sir, as I was sayin'...I was out there into the mountains, minin'.

MOL: Minin' what? *Smyle*

FIB: Minin' my own business. ~~AHEM~~. I was -

MOL: McGee...how did ye mean that? *ya got me bet I can take it*

FIB: Just what I says, Molly. Minin' my own business on account of it twas a real hostile Injun country. Feller had to be onto the lookout all the time. But they mostly let me alone. Ye see, I was known as a dead shot then...and boy, what I could do with a knife!

MOL: And fork.

FIB: And fo-...AHEM. But lemme tell you son, that there is a beautiful Country out there. The air's as clear as a bell.. you kin see fer miles and miles.

ATT: Did you have any trouble with Indians?

FIB: Jest once. That's how this here fryin' pan figgered in. AHEM.

MOL: I suppose ye fooled the Injuns, McGee and burned yourself on the steak. Hah. Hah!

FIB: Now sir. But listen. One day, about evenin'...I'd made me a fire and started to cook me some elkalo and -

ATT: I beg your pardon. Some WHAT?

FIB: Elkalo. AHEM. Kind of a cross between a elk and a buffalo. Real nourishin' meat it was, too. Well there I was, drinkin' in the clear mountain air, when all of a sudden I looks up and there stands a big buck injun, painted fer the warpath and with a deadly glitter into his eyes. When he seen he was discovered, he looked real cheap.

MOL: ~~See~~. The buck felt like 98 cents, I suppose. Ha ha.

FIB: Well sir, quick's a flash...

MOL: In the pan.

FIB: In the p-...AHEM. QUICK'S a flash I reaches fer my knife. I always perfered a knife fer hand-to-hand fightin'.

MOL: and ferhand-to-mouth eatin'.

FIB: Then I sees him with his eyes glued onto the fryin' pan, where them steaks was a sizzlin'. I knowed he'd of scalped me fer one bite o' that there grub, so I watches him like a hawk.

MOL: Ye mean ya ogled him like a eagle.

ATT: Did you have to fight him?

FIB: Well sir, here's how twas. Fer second after second, minnit after min...

MOL: Injun after steak.

FIB: AHEM. Who's tellin' this Molly? As I says, son, fer minute after minute, ^{we} stood there watchin' ^{fer} each other to make the first move. Then like a streak o' lightin' he reaches out to the fryin' pan. I flashes my knife at him and he draws back, his eyes gleamin' and glitterin' like a coat o' Johnsons Auto Wa-

McGee!

AHEM. ~~Glitterin' like everything~~. Then he grabs his ^{Sam Rauls} hatchet and slashes at me, but I jest stood there weavin' and bobbin'. Never touched me. I stabs at him with my knife...and misses ...that kinda puzzled me, too. Never missed a injun before with a knife.

Sure. If this one had gone away, McGee, you'd of never missed him, either, I suppose.

Oh I dunno. I always kinda liked a good knife fight. Kept me on edge ye might say. AHEM.

I git the point McGee.

Well what happened then?

Well sir, for several minutes we stood there, him with his scalpin' hatchet and me with my deadly knife...stabbin', cuttin', slashin' and all into silence. ^{a deadly} Finally I got kinda disgusted at that there Injun keepin' me from my dinner, so I reaches back and **THROWS MY KNIFE AT HIM. THE FAMOUS MCGEE OVERHAND THROW THAT'D NEVER BEEN KNEW TO MISS.** AHEM. Got that gas in, bud?

Yes sir. That's 33 cents. (PAUSE) Thank you. But what happened when you threw the knife? Killed him I suppose.

Nope. Never touched him. Then I knew what was wrong.

What WAS wrong?

Shucks that injun was 20 mile away. That there mountain air is so clear we was fightin' a hand to hand fight twenty mile apart. SEE YE LATER, SONNY!

SOUND MOTOR HORN AND MOTOR UP....FADE OUT WITH THEME

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE

THREE KINGS: (WITH ORCH) "AND THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

WIL: (LAUGHS) WELL, HERE IS SOMETHING WE WANT TO MAKE JUST AS CLEAR TO YOU AS THAT MOUNTAIN AIR WAS TO FIBBER MCGEE. IT'S SIMPLY THAT -

MCGEE: (FADE IN, One side there Harpo. AHEM. Folks, I wanta tell ye somethin' about Johnson's Auto Wax. I was drivin' along one day, and I happens to notice my car is gittin' kinda dull. So I says to myself, I says, Fibber, I says, ye better be gittin' that there finish fixed up, I says. So I drives into a garage and I says to the feller, Hi, I says. Hi says he, to me. Look says I, have ye got a -

WIL: Listen, Fibber. You're supposed to be driving along the highway somewhere, not here ^{in the Studio} bothering me.

FIB: So I says to the feller I says, Listen I says, have ye gotta good Auto Polish I says? sure says he, I got the genuine Johnson's Aut--

WIL: CONTROL ROOM. PLEASE SHUT OFF THAT MCGEE MICROPHONE!

FIB: And I says to him I says, let's see some, I says and he - (GOES SILENT WITH LIPS MOVING)

WIL: Thanks, Control Room. Listen friends, Fibber's intentions are good, but good intentions, we hear, make very hot pavements. So when you drive along this summer think what the hot rays of the sun are doing to your car....

(THIS PAGE FOR COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO COME)

WIL: (AT END OF COMMERCIAL) Okay, control room. You can switch that McGee mike back on.

(PAUSE)

FIB: -- so I says to the feller, you're sure this here is the REAL Johnson's Auto Wax? And he says, I don't sell nuthin' else, he says, and I says good, I says, I'll take a can o' cleaner and a can o' ~~Wax~~ Wax I says, and he says --

MOL: FIBBER MCGEE...NOBODY'S HEARD A WORD YE BEEN SAYIN'.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: Ye been talkin' to a dead mike.

FIB: A dead mike, eh? Well, I'll be talkin' to a dead Harpo Woolsock if he don't quit bein' so jealous o' me buildin' up the commercial...(FADE OUT)

ORCHESTRA: INTO VAMP FOR "EASY TO REMEMBER"

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well we promise not to shut any microphones off now. Because we have the pleasure of turning over the nicest page of our script. MISS GALE PAGE!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Miss Page is -

FIB: Hi there, Toots. AHM. Whatcha gonna sing?

GALE: EASY TO REMEMBER, Fibber.

FIB: Easy to remember, eh? Well, that ain't hard to fergit. Nuther are you. AHM. Why when I first looked into them big gray eyes o' yours, I says to myself, I says -

MOL: MCGEE COME BACK HERE!

FIB: AHEM. I says to myself I wonder who's gonna win the pennant this year, I says. (FADE OUT) Go ahead Toots, make it easy to remember.

ORCHESTRA: "EASY TO REMEMBER" - GALE PAGE"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: INTO MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

SOUNDS: MOTOR UP .. (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, it must be done with concealed wires, ladies and gentlemen. Otherwise how do you account for the fact that we find Fibber McGee and Molly back on the highway, hippety-jalloping along in their ambulating antique?

SOUNDS: MOTOR UP TO ESTABLISH AND DOWN

FIB: Tired, Molly?

MOL: I dunno, McGee. How far've we come today?

FIB: Bout ~~two hundred~~ ^{62 miles} in fifty mile.

MOL: Then I'm tired, and that looks like a tourist camp ahead there, too. Turn in, McGee.

FIB: Shucks, we'll both turn in soon's we git there. HEH HEH. Git it? ^{Molly} You says turn in, and I says we'll b--

MOL: Watch your drivin', McGee. What's the sign say?

FIB: Cabins, 50¢. Shucks, fifty cents. Imagine that? Fer SLEEPIN'? A feller does his own breathin' and they charge him fifty cents fer it.

MOL: If they could hear you snorin' McGee, it'd be four dollars.

FIB: Fifty cents fer a cabin. Well, I'll git even with 'em.

MOL: How, McGee?

FIB: I'll go to bed early and git up late. AHEM. And when I leaps outa bed into the mornin', I'll...

MOL: Hah!

FIB: Well, what's the matter?

MOL: Hah...you LEAP IN' outa bed in themornin'. McGee, you always crawl on out like you was expectin' paris green on your oatmeal YOU! Leapin' outa bed in the mornin'!

FIB: AHEM. Well, let's see what kinda cabins they got.

SOUNDS: MOTOR UP..OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Remind me to git them brakes fixed, Molly.

MOL: I'll remind ye, McGee. I'll remind ye like I done to git a new glass in th' windshield Fer seven weeks I been remindin' ye, and look. There's the same crack into the glass.

FIB: I know, I know. But that there cracked windshield is useful Molly. I keep that part of it there onto the center line and I know I got room to pass them busses. AHEM. As a matter o' fact, Molly, I'm thinkin' o' manufacturin' windshields with a mark on 'em like that crack so folks'll' - ^{look here comes a lady} (IN TIRED VOICE) Evenin' folks. Fixing to stay the night, are you?

MOL: Sure. Have ye got a cabin empty?

FIB: Oh not TOO empty. AHEM. Like a bed in it.

MOL: Quiet, McGee. Let the lady talk, will ye? Ye got a empty cabin, ma'am.

WOMAN: Yes, they're all empty. Most folks pass us by now, on account of the new camp up the road. They got hot and cold showers up there and they give you breakfast free --

FIB: Free breakfast? Hey Molly, let's go on up to that -

WOMAN: Course they charge more. Dollar'n a half for the night.

FIB: AHM. Well, mebbe we better stay here.

MOL: Sure we'll stay here. Don't ye see the lady needs the trade? Climb down, McGee.

PAUSE:

SOUNDS: DOOR SLAM TWICE

WOMAN: Here's a nice cabin right here. The lights broken but the moon's real bright. There's plenty of covers on the bed and water in the pitcher and you can leave your car where it is and ~~please~~ be careful of ^{the} ~~your~~ matches, and if you want breakfast we serve one for twenty cents and don't let it bother you if my dog howls in the night it's on account of the moon fifty cents please.

MOL: Well, McGee. PAY the lady.

FIB: Oh, AHM. I didn't know she was thru talkin'. Here ye are Ma'am. Any rebate fer nightmares? AHM.

MOL: McGEE! Sure, this looks real nice, Ma'am. Maybe that other place'll burn down and you'll git your trade back. Gimme a match, McGee.

FIB: Hey now, Mollyyou can't do that! Why shucks, it'd be -

MOL: Do what, McGee. What are ye talkin' about?

FIB: Burnin' that other place down. Why if they ever caught ye they'd -

MOL: And whose talkin' about burnin' what down? I wanta match to see me way around, foolish. Goodnight, to ye, lady.

FIB: AHM. Sleep sweet, ma'am.

WOMAN: Good night and I hope you'll find everything all right you can wash up if you like at the pump over there by the big tree only don't stub your feet on the brick oven when you go past - it's kind of hard to see and if you want anything don't ring that bell in the cabin, it don't ~~work~~. Good night. (FADE OUT)

FIB: AHM. Real enthusiastic, ain't she? *ring of the dog wakes you up - it wakes you up -*

MOL: Don't be pokin' fun at the misfortunate, McGee. Now git a move on ye, and bring the bags outa the car. The little black one has got the alarm clock in it. The (FADE OUT) the big one has got the tooth brushes and the - ///

ORCHESTRA: PLEASE GET UP - (SOUND BELL AND OUT WITH ALARM CLOCK EFFECT)

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK BELL. REPEAT

MOL: McGee!

FIB: (GRUNT) Snores.

MOL: FIBBER McGEE!

OUND: ALARM CLOCK BELL

MOL: McGee...will ye shut off the alarrm.

FIB: Ugh.

ALARM CLOCK BELL...SHORT AND OUT

MOL: Now then. Now that you've shut off the alarm will ye wak up, McGee? Here it is six o'clock in the middle o' the mornin'.

FIB: Ah shucks...(YAWN) can't ye let a feller git some sleep, Molly?

MOL: Hah...and you the one that was always leapin' outabed full o' marry laughter! Hah! Come one, McGee...roll out with ye.

FIB: Well I ain't grouchin' am I? Jest on account o' because you had all the covers last night. Hah hah..

MOL: Did he git cold, McGee?

FIB: Did I git cold. Hah hah ha...shucks, I thought I'd got left behind onto the last Byrd expedition. Hah hah hah where's my tooth brush?

MOL: (LAUGHS) I'm sorry, McGee...I dropped it in the road last night and couldn't find it again.

FIB: HAH HAH HAH...that's all right, Molly. What's a tooth brush. HAH HAH. It was only a new one anyway. HAH HAH. ye didn't drop my razor, too, did ye, Molly?

MOL: No, I didn't. But I ferget to pack it at the last tourist camp, McGee.

FIB: Hah hah. That's a good one, Molly. No tooth brush. ... no razor. Hah hahah.

MOL: Well come on...get dressed, McGee..remember you got to change that tire this mornin'.

FIB: Haha HAH...change the tire..hah hah. I can haddly wait. HAH HAH...Boy I can hardly...OUGH.

MOL: and now what's the matter with ye? HAH HAH?

FIB: Stepped on a tack...HAH HAH HAH...~~That slays me...~~steppin' on a tack...hah hahhah. *Out of the one*

MOL: Must O' been one o' them amusement tacks, McGee. HAH HAH.

FIB: Hah hah...where's my other shoe? Hah hah.

MOL: That must o' been what I kicked under the bed last night. McGee...Ye'll have to crawl under after it. Hah hah.

FIB: Honest? Hah hah. Crawl under the bed...HAH HAH...All right I'll hey LOOK, Molly...HAH HAH HAH...a sliver in my hand. HAH HAH HAH.

MOL: Cut it out, McGee...you're gittin' historical.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Can't help it, Molly. Can't help it. HAH HAH HAH

MOL: And why not?

FIB: HAH HAH...I gotta...

MOL: You gotta what?

FIB: (INTO SONG) (WITH ORCHESTRA)

ORCHESTRA: "ROLL OUTA BED WITH A SMILE"

MAR & JIM: "CHORUS OF ROLL OUTA BED WITH A SMILE"

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: On applause into "COLLEGE RHYTHM" -- -- (3 KINGS)
WIL: AND THAT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WAS A LITTLE HARVARD HOTCHA, -
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS 'COLLEGE RHYTHM'...WITH THE THREE KINGS
GETTING A DEGREE IN HARMONY. And now may I take a minute
to tell you of a free offer the S. G. Johnson Company is
making to you and you and you -
FIB: and you and you, Toots. AHM. Listen close now. All ye
got to do to git them fenders o' yours refinished FREE o'
charge, is to take 'em off the car and mail 'em first
class mail to us. If ye don't want to send the fenders
theirselves, any reasonable copy will - HEY, QUIT PUSHIN' ME
HARPO GOODWAX.
WIL: Harlow Wilcox, to you.
FIB: Well quit interferin' when I'm -
MOL: McGee Will ye set down and behave?
FIB: (FADE OUT) Aw shucks, I didn't even git around to tellin'
em how Johnson Auto Wax would.....
WIL: (LAUGHS) Friends, I hope you'll take Fibber's offer with
a pound of salt. We don't refinish your fenders free
Not QUITE. But he was pretty close to the truth for ome
in his life. We DO give you, absolutely free with every
~~purchase of Johnson's Auto Wax, a full size can of touch-~~
~~up enamel, so you can - ... etc. etc.~~

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP
ANNOUNCER: AND DON'T FORGET, YOU'RE DUE FOR A HILARIOUS, HARMONIOUS?
HALF HOUR WITH JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY
NEXT TUESDAY AT THIS SAME HOUR. THIS IS HAR - keep still,
Fibber. HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING. TOODLEOO TILL TUESDAY!
ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH.
ANNOUNCER: This is the National Broadcasting Company.

e1/ro/ls/10:00AM
5/13/35