

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER  
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE" OK  
CHICAGO OUTLET WENR  
( 9:00-9:30 PM ) ( MAY 21, 1935 ) ( TUESDAY )  
TIME DATE DAY  
PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS

Page 3

ORCHESTRA: THEME

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Auto Wax present another shining half hour with RIGO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA - GALE PAGE - The WAXTETTE, and MARIAN AND JIM as that popular pair of Prevaricating, Peregrinating Pilgrims, FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: - and fer a Special feature fer tonight, folks, I'm gonna play a piece onto every instrument into the band from the gittar up to the celeste, and -

MOL: MCGEE! What was that instrument ye was gonna play last?

FIB: The'.. er...celeste?

MOL: That's the one. And it's celeste time I want to hear about it. HAH! Now come away and let Mr. Marcelli play..er... play...what's he gonna play Mr. Wilcox?

WILC: SHINE ON YOUR SHOES, Molly. With the Waxtette lacing into the chorus!

ORCHESTRA: SHINE ON YOUR SHOES - WAXTETTE

APPLAUSE:

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

WILCOX: AND NOW WE GO FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE PATHETIC, AS WE FIND FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, SEATED ON THE RUNNING BOARD OF THEIR VENERABLE VEHICLE, AS FIBBER WORKS ON A TIRE!

SOUND: METALLIC CLANK OF TIRE TOOL. REPEAT (LONG PAUSE)

MOL: And what are ye doin' now, McGee? Restin' again?

ORCHESTRA: THEME

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SOUND: METALLIC CLANK OF TIRE TOOL. REPEAT (LONG PAUSE)

MOL: And what are ye doin' now, McGee? Restin' again?

FIB: Well, shucks, Molly, this here is exhaustin' work. AHEM. Gotta ketch my breath.

MOL: Sure. The very sight of a tire tires ye, McGee. What's the matter with it?

FIB: Ohhh, not much. Tread's wore off so's it looks like somebody'd KNITTED it, the sidewall's kinda caved in, the casin's busted onto the inside in four places, and the valve leaks. AHEM. T'aint good fer more'n a nuther two thousand mile.

MOL: The valve leaks, ye say?

FIB: Yep. Let's out enough air to play a pipe organ. Why?

MOL: Why? WHY? and didn'twe just pay seven dollars and twenty two cents to have them valves ground. And now they leak?

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, them ain't these. I mean these here valves is different - it's the other...THEY AIN'T THE SAME VALVES. These is TIRE valves. Them was engine valves.

MOL: Oh they was. Well a valve is a valve. McGee and we paid fer fixin' 'em. What are ye gonna do with it?

FIB: AHEM. Well, sir. I...er...I'm gonna use the famous McGee ingenuity, Molly. Ye see this here boot won't stick to the casin', and I'm all outa rubber cement.. But that don't stop<sup>a</sup>/McGee. No sir! I'm gonna look into the woods there fer a full growed fernawhoop tree -

MOL: A what, McGee?

FIB: AHEM. A fernawhoop tree. Distant cousino' the rubber tree. Or FICUS ELASTICA as we say into Latin. AHEM. THEN I'll tap it fer some sap -

MOL: And I suppose the sap will be a distant cousin o' the McGees. Oh no ye don't. Ye don't go into them woods and leave Molly McGee settin' in the car alone. Let's see that boot, McGee.

FIB: Okay. Here. Ye remember when we got it?

MOL: Sure I do. When ye bought the second hand tube fer sixty cents, the man threw in the boot, to boot.

FIB: Yep. And we got gypped onto it, too. Rides around inside o' the tire like a squirrel into a cage. Shucks, ye know what I'm gonna do Molly?

MOL: Sure.

FIB: What?

MOL: You're gonna set there on your..on your..on your runnin' board till the little brownies comes along to fix the tire fer ye!

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly, I -

MOL: Go on, McGee, time's awastin'. Put the spare on and we'll go back and give him a piece of our mind.

FIB: That's it. We'll do it. I'll step right up to him and give him that deadly look o' mine and say, real cool and quiet, I'll say, LOOK, mister, I'll say, clenchin' my fist, kinda significant, I'll say, LOOK, I'll say -

MOL: Sure, that's two looks ye give him, McGee...take the last one to the spare tire and let's get goin'.

FIB: Okay, okay. Hand me them pliers, will ye, Molly?

MOL: Ye got 'em in yer hand, McGee.

FIB: Oh yes. AHEM. (FADE OUT) By the forty five flutterin' flutterfluts, you jest wait till I lay eyes onto that there gypper that sold us a boot that wouldn't.....

ORCHESTRA: McGEE THEME .. (EIGHT BARS AND OUT WITH MOTOR SOUND IN)

SOUND: MOTOR SOUND IN WITH THEME..(DOWN FOR DIALOGUE)

MOL: Are ye sure ye'll know the place again when ye see it, McGee?

FIB: You betcha. A McGee never fergits a face or loses a location. Why I mind the time when I was into the Zaccapoola Jungles with the Widdershink Expedition, I was the only one to find the trail that -

MOL: Watch your drivin', McGee. Ain't that the place beyond the switchin' shanty there?

FIB: Naw..that ain't the place. I tell ye, Molly ye can't fool me onto locations. Why, I've trained millions o' racin' pigeons onto how to find their way back to -

MOL: McGEE..THAT IS the place. Stop, will ye?

FIB: THAT PLACE? Shucks, Molly, you know better'n that. I tell ye the place where we got this here boot was..was..AHEM. Well mebbe it TIS the place after all. AHEM. Looks different comin' from other direction.



MOL: Sure. Different and not so good. Stop the car, McGee.

FIB: Okay.

MOTOR UP...AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: (MUTTERS) I got to git them brakes fixed one o' these days..

MOL: All right, McGee. Git your Irish blood up and lay into him.

FIB: Ye know what I ought to do? I oughtta walk right up to him and bust him one right onto the chin, without sayin' word.

MOL: Good fer you, McGee. Go ahead.

FIB: I would..if I hadn't hurt my hand changin' them tires. AHEM.  
Come on in, Molly.

SOUNDS: DOOR SLAM - LATCH RATTLE

MAN: Good afternoon. What can I...oh hello there. You back?

MOL: Sure we're back. And twill do ye no good to deny it.

MAN: To..er..to deny..deny what?

MOL: McGee. Get started.

FIB: You betcha. I'm jest itchin' to! SAY, YOU!

MAN: What's the matter?

FIB: Why you..er..why...I..er...AHEM. You the perpriator, are ye?

MOL: Sure he is, McGee. He's the one that sold ye the bum boot.

FIB: Oh he is, eh? Is that so. Well listen here, you .. you..er ..

MAN: Yes?

FIB: Ye know what I got a good mind to do?

MAN: No. What?

FIB: I got a..er..AHEM. Say your face is kinda familiar, mister.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Maybe it is. I've waited on you before, I think.  
You bought a second hand tube and a boot.

MOL: There ye are, McGee. He's confessed, he has.

FIB: Wait a mite Molly. Ain't I seen your pitcher into the papers, Mister?

MAN: I wouldn't be surprised brother. (LAUGHS) I was the world's  
champion wrestler for twelve years.

FIB: I..er..I was afraid o' that. AHEM. How much is tire patches  
today?

MOL: McGEE. The boot. Remember?

FIB: Boot?

MOL: The BOOT, foolish...the BOOT. Tell him, McGee.

FIB: I'm gonna, Molly. But..er..maybe you better wait into the  
car.

MOL: Never a bit of it, McGee. Never let it be said a Mahoney  
walked away from a fight.

MAN: From a what fight, lady?

FIB: Yes..er..what fight, Molly?

MOL: McGee, are ye gonna stand there and let this big bruiser talk  
ye out o' your just dues and deserts. Are ye, McGee?

TELL HIM ABOUT THE BOOT.

FIB: Okay..okay. Listen, Mr.

MOL: TELL HIM OFF, MCGEE!



FIB: Listen, ye big brute. I bought a boot from you a bit back, I bought the boot and got bit, if I did git the boot to boot. It's a bad boot and as a boot it T'ain't worth a hoot as it's a broke boot, and if ye think a broke boot's any bit's as good a boot as a bit better boot I coulda bought fer two bits, you kin BET your boots, we'll bite on no more boots. HERE...I brought the boot back and if ye don't buy back the boot and be a bit better booter I'll buy a better boot fer the broke boot. I'd go to bat fer a boot I bought fer a bum boot, but a boot that's bought by a boot buyer as a better boot and brought back broke is a bad bite. So take your blasted boot, ye big brute. Come on, Toote, let's scoot!

BUILD-UP)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "YOU AND THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" - TO FINISH

WIL: You just heard Marcelli and his men presenting that unbeatable win, - place - and show combination, "YOU AND THE NIGHT ANT THE MUSIC!" And here's another setting, with another swell combination; - the scene is -  
(INTO DRAMATIZED COMMERCIAL)

(MIDDLE CREDIT)

HARLOW: Now ladies and gentlemen, here is a little playlet the like of which is happening all over the country these days....

(MUSIC UP AND FADE OUT)

HARLOW: Scene one - is in an automobile supply store - over there is a man at the polish counter - listen:

MAN: Why I don't believe I could wax the car myself! Isn't it awfully hard work?

CLERK: No sir, not with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Say, this liquid Cleaner works like magic. Takes away all the stains and dirt without hurting the paint job in anyway.

(MUSIC UP AND FADE)

HARLOW: Scene two is in this same man's own garage in back of his home. The time is three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. His wife is calling.

WIFE: Oh George..better come in now. The ball game is just starting on the radio.

MAN: Be right there my good fraynd...I'm just putting the finishing touches on the car waxing job - wait 'till you see it.

(MUSIC UP AGAIN AND FADES)

HARLOW: George started that Johnson Wax job right after lunch and in this short time he has done wonders for his car. The finish is as bright as new and it's going to stay that way because the wax will protect it from wear and weather for many weeks to come. When George and his wife drive down the street the neighbors will think they're sporting a new car!

Why don't you take a tip from this little experience and get some Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner tomorrow? The combination costs only 98¢ and you'll get a can of Touch-up Enamel free! But more about this free offer later.

WIL: (AT END OF COMMERCIAL -) AND NOW MAY I PRESENT --  
 FIB: (INTERRUPTING) Fibber McGee in the second act. AHM.  
 The scene is a garage onto a big private estate, and I'm  
 speakin' to my chauffer, and I says to him, I says, Listen, I  
 says, adjustin' my silk hat and drawin' on my white gloves.  
 Listen I says, Wilcox, I says - my chauffers name is Wilcox,  
 too ... kind of a quincidence, ye might say Wilcox, I says,  
 what kinda wax do you use onto my eighteen automobiles I says.  
Nineteen, he says, correctin' me. Sell one, says I, like  
 a flash. Well says he, I always use Johnson's Auto Wax on  
 account of it bein' the best -

MOL: MC GEE. TAKE OFF THEM WHITE GLOVES AND SET DOWN!

FIB: AHM. Okay. Sorry folks. I can't finish the play but I  
 kin tell ye it's got a Happy Endin'. AHM. (FADE OUT)  
 Dad rat it Molly why can't ye let a feller ...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Happy ending is right! Fibber must have seen our  
 lovely songstress, Miss GALE PAGE, getting ready to sing.

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Miss Page is going to defy Old Sol like a coat of Johns---  
 ah there, Fibber ... anyway, she's going to sing...THROWING  
 STONES AT THE SUN! (?)

ORCHESTRA: "THROWING STONES AT THE SUN" -- GALE PAGE

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: CHASER -- into "SPRINGTIME IN YOUR HEART" Down for  
 Announcement.

WIL: MARCELLI SUGGESTS A LITTLE SENTIMENT IN SEASON, WITH  
 "SPRINGTIME IN YOUR HEART"!

ORCHESTRA: "SPRINGTIME IN YOUR HEART" to finish.

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA MC GEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: WELL, WELL, IT CERTAINLY IS WONDERFUL WHAT THEY'RE DOING  
 WITH RADIO THESE DAYS, ISN'T IT? IMAGINE FINDING FIBBER  
 AND MOLLY PUTT-PUTTING THEIR BEST TIRES FORWARD AS THEY ROLL  
 MERRILY ALONG THE HIGHWAY!

SOUND: MOTOR: THEME OUT. MOTOR DOWN FOR DIALOG

FIB: Hey, Molly ... what's that there funny lookin' barn over  
 there?

MOL: Tain't a barn, McGee. It's a glider garage it is.

FIB: Ye mean fer airplanes?

MOL: Sure. It's a ... a...whatye maycallit, ... a suspen-er...  
 a HANGAR ... that's what it is.

FIB: Hmm. I suppose that there feller leanin onto the fence  
 there is a hangar-arounder. HEH HEH ... Git it, Molly?  
 I says -

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee, and watch where you're drivin'.

FIB: I know where I'm drivin'. I wanta talk to the feller.

SOUNDS: MOTOR UP ... AND OUT. BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: (MUTTERS) I got to git them brakes fixed one o' these days.  
 AHM. How are ye, bud!

MAN: Hi.

MOL: (SOTTO VOCE) He must be a avvyator himself, McGee. Look at the football hat he's wearin'.

FIB: Shucks, probably jest to keep his ears warm. THAT THERE A REGULAR LANDIN' FIELD BUD?

MAN: No. This is an Army experimental field. Testing new planes. Why?

FIB: Oh I was jest curious is all. I suppose all us old flyers gits the itch when they sees them hampers.

MAN: You mean hangars?

FIB: That's what I says. Them ballooon barns.

MAN: (LAUGHS) I see. You're a pilot yourself?

MOL: She he is, mister. Hoe's took many and many the flight ... of fancy.

FIB: She means I'm kind of a fancy flyer, son. AHM. Any gas bags here?

MAN: No. Just planes. No gas bags.

MOL: Are ye sure ye counted right, Mister? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Now Molly, shucks, do ye have to start -

MAN: Where did you fly, may I ask? In the world war?

MOL: Answer McGee. Where in the world - war, did ye fly?

FIB: I ... er ... never done no military flyin' bud. <Jest ... er ... jest fer scientific purposes. AHM.

MAN: Oh ... you went up for observation.

MOL: Sure. But they turned him loose again. HAH HAH ... I got ye there, McGee.

FIB: I kin take it. AHM. Or leave it. Ye see, son, my last flight was as Pilot and observer and navigator o' the Stipplehauser Stratosphere balloon.

MAN: The what?

FIB: The Stipplehauser Stratosphere flight. AHM.

MOL: Nice goin', McGee. Ye said it the same twice in succession.

MAN: I never heard of the ... er ... Whipplesnauzer Str-

FIB: Stipplehauser twas, Sonny. AHM. Named after my cousin, Wilhelm Stipplehauser.

MOL: McGee. You been hidin' cousin's on me like they was easter eggs on the White House Lawn.

FIB: Ye mean I never mentioned cousin Wilhelm Stipplehauser, Molly? Shucks, he was one o' the foremost permotors o' stratosphere flights.

MAN: I never heard of him either.

FIB: I ain't surprised. Matter o' fact, son, I'd o' been kinda startled if ye HAD heard of him. AHM? Always kept that there flight kind of a secret on account o' because we had the gonzola filled with real new fangled and delicate instruments.

MAN: What was filled with them?

FIB: The gonzola.

MOL: He means the mazurka, mister.

MAN: I think he refers to the gondola. Don't you ... er ... mister... er....



FIB: McGee's the name, Boy. Colonel Fibber McGee, the Eagle o' Ioway. AHEM. That's where we made the Stipplewhimer flight.

MAN: Stipplehauser, you said.

FIB: I know. It means the same into Danish. Stip was a dane, hiself. Great feller, too.

MOL: A great Dane, yemight say. HAH HAH. Hot dog! Hah hah...

MAN: Was your flight successful?

FIB: You betcha twas. Ye see, we loaded the gonzo- ... er the golding ... er ... the little round steel car underneath, ye know. We loaded 'er into the dead o' night one spring day back in 1909 ... long before them other stratosphere flights was even thought of.

MAN: That's a long time back.

FIB: Yep. And twas a long way up, too. I'llnever fergit the minute I sticks my head out the window -

MAN: Porthole.

FIB: Out the side o' the car and gives the signal to let 'er go.

MAN: Cast off, you mean.

FIB: That's what I says ... well sir, I felt her give a lurch but twas a foggy day and I couldn't see the folks down beflow very well ... But I could hear their cheers dyin' away into the distance as I turned to my instruments.

MOL: Oh ye went up there fer band practice.

FIB: No. These here was NAVIGATIN' instruments. They was a big bounce-smometer -

MAN: A what?

FIB: AHEM? Bouncemometer. Tell how far ye bounced offne a cloud. And they was a whereograph. AHEM. That was to tell WHERE ye was. And a Up-and-down-o'meter. And a leanograph ... to tell ye which way the balloon was leanin', and a --

MAN: But how far up did you get?

MOL: To his neck, mister.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I could feel the car sway into the wind as I walked from one instrument to tother. I looks at the Bouncemometer. ... then I sneaks a peek at the leanograph and the swayophone ... but by timothy them needles and hands onto the instrument was jitterin' back and forth so fast twas just guesswork.

MAN: I know how it is.

MOL: Well thank goodness ONE of ye knows.

FIB: Yes, I ... OH IS THAT SO. Why ... er. AHEM. Well sir, I could feel the air gittin' thinner and I looks out the windo- er. porthole. But shucks, the fog was so thick I couldn't see two feet before my eyes.

MOL: Well what did ye stick 'em out the portholefer?

FIB: Stick what out the porthole?

MOL: Your two feet?

FIB: I didn't stick my f... aw shucks ... well sir, I knew twould do no good to git nervous on account o' my instruments not registerin' good, so I eats lunch. I knew twould take about eight hours to git up to the stratosphere, so I takes a nap. Then I eats supper. Still the fogs was so thick I couldn't see nuthin' so I waited...three days ... four days ... five days ... two weeks...I run outa food ... and et the maps.

MOL: How did ye like Kentucky, McGee? And did ye spill Lake Erie into your lap?

FIB: Well sir, on the 16th day I begun to git alarmed a mite ... so I reaches up and yanks the ... er ... the ... the dingus that lets the gas outa the bag ... but nuthin' happens. Then I knew I was in fer it...in fer a lifetime o' driftin' thru space ... never more to see my loved ones...

MOL: And how many loved ones did ye have, ye philanderer?

MAN: Oh well, the gas had to thin out and let you down eventually. You knew that.

FIB: Nope. I didn't...on account of twas a new secret kind o' permanent gas. Named McGeelium into my honor. AHM. The balloon was crammed full ... ten thousands ... er ... quarts o' McGeelium gas. So I knew I couldn't depend onto it lettin' me down. Well sir, I got weaker and weaker ... I et my shoes and my belt...and woodwork offen the bouncemometer ... I felt myself gittin' fainter and fainter... I had to keep fightin' away the thoughts o' me ... General Fibber McGee...

MAN: I thought you said COLONEL.

FIB: I know. AHM. But I found out later I'd been promoted whilst I was up there. Well sir... I thought o' me ... lonely ... and ... dyin' ... miles and miles up above the earth ... when suddenly I FELT A JAR ONTO THE GONZOLA! Ahem. Say what are them two fellers doin' over there?

MAN: Rolling the field smooth. They're my men. I'm the commandant in charge of the field. Major Morrison.

MOI: Hah ... Major think twice, didn't it, McGee.

FIB: Glad to know ye, Major. AHM.

MAN: But tell me ... what was the jar on the gondola...some bird striking you?

FIB: Yep some bird from the Stipplehauser Expedition. Got curious and opened up the gonzola. Ye see they'd never even seen me git into the oar and didn't know I was there. They waited three weeks for me and got tired of standin' by. Shucks, I never got off the ground. Well, we'll be seein' ye, Major!

MOTOR SOUND UP WITH HORN BLAST

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: WITH WAXTETTE..."AND THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

ORCHESTRA: "WHOSE HONEY ARE YOU" (TO FINISH...) -- WAXTETTE...

APPLAUSE:

WIL: AND THAT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WAS ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MEN, INCLUDING THE WAXTETTE, TRYING TO FIND OUT IN THEIR MUSICAL WAY, JUST "WHOSE HONEY ARE YOU?" But don't tell them. Tell me, and tell me this, too. Did you ever hear of a more generous free offer than the Johnson Wax people are making in -

FIB: - in offerin' all of ye ... ALL OF YE, MIND YE ... male, female and kids, a FREE TRIP to within forty two mile o' the north pole this hot summer. And after ye see them icebergs, & Northern Lights if you kin honestly say they shine and gleam and glitter more 'n a coat o' Johnson's Auto Wax, you kin have a - Doggone it, Harpo Swellwax, quit jabbin' me.

WIL: Harlow Wilcox is the name. And we're NOT giving away any free trips to the North Pole.

FIB: Well ye still got time. Shucks, I jest thought of it myself. Ye see ...

MOL: FIBBER MC GEE ... will ye let the man do his work?

FIB: Aw shaw ... ye never let a feller....

WIL: Thanks Molly. But folks this isn't work for me. I really enjoy making you an offer like this. Look at those little rust spots and scars from minor traffic battles on your fenders. Wouldn't you like to have a can of enamel to touch them up like new again ... absolutely FREE?

(INTO COMMERCIAL)...

(CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT)

Here's a free offer that's worth listening to. Go to your service station, hardware store, or auto accessory dealer and get a can of Johnson's Auto Wax and a can of the liquid Auto Cleaner. You pay only 98¢ for the two and you get a can of fine quality black touch-up enamel absolutely free. A convenient brush comes with the touch-up enamel so you can easily cover up all the small rust spots and other disfiguring marks on the fenders or chassis of your car. It will take you much less time than you realize to clean and wax your car with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. When you're through your car will shine like new - dirt and grease can't stick to the gleaming wax polish - blistering sun rays can't hurt the car finish. Johnson's Auto Wax cuts car washings way down and greatly increases the trade-in value of your car.

If you prefer, you can have your car Johnson-Waxed at a nearby service station, but I repeat that you can easily do the job yourself. Your dealer is offering you Johnson's Auto Wax and cleaner both for 98¢ and you can get a can of black touch-up enamel free.



ORCHESTRA: THEME

WIL: REMEMBER NOW...A CROSS ON YOUR CALENDAR, SOME JOHNSONS WAX  
ON YOUR CAR AND A STRING ON YOUR FINGER ... BECAUSE YOU HAVE  
ANOTHER MERRY, MUSICAL MEETING WITH THE JOHNSON COMPANY AND  
FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY NEXT TUESDAY AT THIS SAME HOUR. THIS  
IS POSITIVELY HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING. TOODLEOO TILL TUESDAY!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP TO CLOSE)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY ..... OR WHATEVER.

to:  
er: 10:00 AM  
5-20-35