

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE #7

OK

BROADCASTING OUTLET

9:00 AM - 9:30 PM) WENR (MAY 28TH 1935) (TUESDAY)

PRODUCTION

PRODUCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

Page 2.

ORCH: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Auto Wax present another shining half-hour with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - GALE PAGE, - THE THREE KINGS, - AND THOSE VOLUBLE VOYAGERS, and VALIANT VACATIONERS, THOSE VERITABLE VANGUARDS OF VAGABONDIA, FIBBER MCGEE, and MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: And say, before this here program starts, I want to remind you fellers into the band there what I told ye into rehearsal.

BAND: WHAT'S THAT?

FIB: I wanna hear more moderato on them glissandos, see? AHEM. and into the con spirito, lean on them there arpeggios. Furthermore, when it says con spirito fortissimo onto the music I don't want ye to go playin' it poco largo. and when -

MOL: McGee. Set downo, and let the programma commenco.

FIB: (FADE OUT) Okay, Okay...but don't blame me if they don't piannissimo onto them obligattos. I told 'em...

ORCH: SOCK INTO "SHINE" - THREE KINGS

APPLAUSE:

WIL: You just heard Rico Marcelli and his men polishing off a bright number called "Shine" - with the three Kings larrupping the lyrics! (LAUGHS) --

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

WIL: -- and it certainly is a shame to go from a fast moving song like that to a slow moving car like this one of Fibber and Molly's! There would appear to be something wrong!

SOUNDS: MOTOR IN AND UP (DOWN FOR DIALOG)

MOLLY: Well, McGee...and what are ye slowin' down for?

FIBBER: Shucks, Molly, can't ye see how the radiator is steamin'?

MOLLY: Did ye ever see it when it wasn't steamin', McGee? It couldn't steam without water in it, and as long as there's water in it, there's no worry. Now git along, will ye?

FIBBER: I tell ye there's somethin' wrong, Molly. Shucks, there's enough steam there to run the U.S.S. SARATOGA. Can't even see where I'm goin'.

MOLLY: Could it be the oil's run out, McGee?

FIBBER: Not a chance. Jest put a pint in day before yesterday. Might be the carbon.

MOLLY: Go on with ye. Twas just cleaned out in 1929, McGee

FIBBER: I know. But it probly needs another cleanin'.

MOLLY: Kind of a carbon copy, ye might say...HAH....

FIBBER: Don't laugh, Molly. I'm worried. I'm gonna stop and see what's the matter.

MOTOR UP OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIBBER: (MUTTERS) I gotta git them brakes fixed...YOU SET THERE,

MOLLY, I'll soon find out.

MOLLY: Ye might make some coffee in the raddyator whilst your waitin', MC GEE. (LAUGHS) That's usin' the old bean. HAH.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIBBER: You go ahead and laugh, Molly. It's a long way to the nearest repair shop, ye know.

MOLLY: Go on, McGee. Tis just a pigeon walk.

FIBBER: A pigeon walk?

MOLLY: A tow in. HAH HAH. Cheer up, McGee.

FIBBER: Wait'll I see what's wrong. Shucks, this here might be expensive.

SOUNDS: RATTLE OF HOOD (TINNY BANG)

MOLLY: Well don't slam the hood, ye hoodlum.

FIBBER: Well, you kin laugh, Molly. YOU kin watch ME do the fixin'. If they's any fixin' to be did.

MOLLY: Is that so, now? And who found the leak in the carbeyratur? and who was it discovered the cat sleepin' alongside the generator? Who was that, McGee?

FIBBER: AHEM. I...er...say I got plenty o' oil. LOOK!

MOLLY: Sure enough. Tis a third full as ever was. Take a look to the fan belt, McGee.

FIBBER: I am.

MOLLY: and what?

FIBBER: It is.

MOLLY: Ahahh! can't ye fix it again fer a few mile?

FIBBER: Don't look like it. Them two nails is holdin' okay, but the rivets and the strings is givin' way, and besides, that splice is all wore out, and if it wasn't them two places where it's sewed up is all shot.

MOLLY: Well do somethin' about it, McGee. Don't just stand there lookin' like a...like a...like a...fella that's just found his fan belt busted.

FIBBER: Shucks, what ye want me to do, Molly? Turn cart wheels with a yip aye-addy and a couple o' whoopees? Shucks, I dunno what to use fer a fan belt.

MOLLY: Well use your own belt, ignorance. That'll run it.

FIBBER: Sure...the motor kin run..but I can't. How do ye expect I'll hold my pants up?

MOLLY: and what does it matter? You'll be settin' in the car won't ye? and when the man puts on the new belt, you can put your own back on without leavin' the car.

FIBBER: Well *I mebbe. I'll try it. (FADE OUT WITH MUSIC) But that's jest what I git fer buyin' a expensive sixty cent fan belt. Only got about 20,000 onto it, and could o' replaced with a cheap one fer half the price.

ORCH: 8 BARS OF ALMOST ANYTHING (OUT WITH MOTOR SOUND)

SOUND: MOTOR IN...UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG.

MOLLY: How're we doin', McGee?

FIBBER: Okay. The buckle on the belt kinda clicks on the fan but that's okay. I'll have to -

MOLLY: Well set STILL McGee, can't ye? Don't be so nervous.

FIBBER: Nervous me eye, Molly. I'm jest hitchin' up my britches.

MOLLY: Well ye can't lose 'em while your settin' down, McGee. Let that be a comfort to ye.

FIBBER: I know. But I kin FEEL like I'm losin' 'em, can't I? AHEM. Shucks, we oughta be gittin' to a place pretty soon where - HEY, LOOK, MOLLY!

MOLLY: It's the Law, McGee. Stop the car.

FIBBER: Shucks, what ye want me to do, Molly? Turn cart wheels with a yip aye-addy and a couple o' whoopees? Shucks, I dunno what to use fer a fan belt.

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MOLLY: It's the Law, McGee. Stop the car.

VOICE: FADE IN: All right there...pull over to the side...

FIBBER: Now what the...

SOUNDS: MOTOR OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIBBER: I gotta git them brakes fixed...Well...what's the matter, officer?

MOLLY: If you're after this man fer burglary, Mister, I can tell ye it's only his trousers he's been holdin' up. HAH.

MAN: Never mind the wise cracks. We're lookin' over all strange cars today...GET OUT! and no funny business.

MOLLY: Come on McGee. If tis only strange cars they wanta look at they got the right party. HAH. Come on,...git out.

FIBBER: Now Molly, shucks, you know I can't...

MAN: HURRY UP, YOU. SHAKE A LEG THERE!

MOLLY: HAH HAH...He don't dare mister sheriff. He's got his -

MAN: KEEP STILL. Climb down, Madam..and keep your hands in sight.

MOLLY: Did ye think I was gonna hide 'em in a hollow tree, ye loogan?

FIBBER: Hey now, look, officer, I can't --

MAN: Never mind the arguments...climb out...and get those hands up.

FIBBER: Hey now look, I --

MAN: Will ye get out or will I blast you out? Make it snappy... come on now...

FIBBER: Yeah but...listen, officer,...my belt is -

MAN: ONE MORE WORD AND I'LL GIVE YOU A BELT. NOW GET OUT....

MOLLY: Don't be so noisy, Mr. Sawed-off sheriff with the sawed-off shotgun.

MAN: That's enough out of you...ALL RIGHT THERE, BROTHER..I'LL GIVE YOU TILL I COUNT THREE AND THEN YOU'LL COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, SEE? ONE!...

FIBBER: Aw hey now...shucks, I -

MAN: TWO!

FIBBER: I'm comin'...I'm comin'....

MOLLY: Hah...ye brought it on yourself, Mister Sheriff.

FIBBER: Yes and git that.there muzzle out my eye will ye? I ain't done nuthin'.

MAN: That's what they all say...GET THOSE HANDS UP!

MOLLY & FIBBER: But listen, officer -

MAN: Say what is this? GET THOSE HANDS UP AND MAKE IT FAST, BROTHER.

FIBBER: Okay, bub...you asked for it! UP THEY GO!

MOLLY: (SCREAMS) - and down they come!

MAN: Well for the - KEEP YOUR HANDS UP, YOU! Lady what is this?

MOLLY: (LAUGHS) Listen, stupid. We been tryin' to tell ye we busted the fan belt and had to use his own. Can you arrest a man for keepin' his clothes on? Can ye now? CAN YE?

MAN: All right, all right. Pull 'em up, brother and get going. I guess you two are harmless.

FIBBER: Well it's about time ye got smart, son. Ye may be a fool fer fingerprints but your a palooka fer pants. AHEM. Come on Molly.

MOLLY: Wait, McGee. Listen, sheriff....

MAN: Yeh?

MOLLY: I don't suppose ye'll ever admit a UNARMED MAN EVER GOT THE
DROP ON YE! HAH HAH....

SOUNDS: MOTOR IN AND UP...

ORCH: CHASER

APPLAUSE: "SPRINGTIME IN YOUR HEART" - TO FINISH

WIL: You may be glad to know that Marcelli and his men have just
given you a musical x-ray and found "A Little Springtime In
Your Heart," which reminds us, that when it's summertime on the
road, it's waxtime for your car. (INTO COMMERCIAL)

FIBBER & STOOGE: START LOUD BUT UNINTELLIGIBLE ARGUMENT AS -

WIL: (STARTING INTO FALSE ADDITION TO COMMERCIAL) Don't forget now,
when you ask for Auto Wax, be sure and get the Genuine Johns-
LISTEN FIBBER, WILL YOU KEEP QUIET WHEN I'M TALKING?

FIBBER: Ah shucks, Wilco Harwax, we're jest -

WIL: HARLOW WILCOX, PLEASE.

FIBBER: You're welcome. AHM. But this here feller says it was
Henry the VIII we t into the revolutionary war, and I says
it tain't. Who's right?

WIL: You are.

FIBBER: There ye are, Bud.

MAN: Yeah, but he says it was NAPOLEON!

WIL: (LAUGHS) I'm afraid you don't know much about history, Fibber.

FIBBER: Oh is that so? Well look here, Fargo, -

WIL: Harlow.

FIBBER: I know more history into a split second than you'll ever know
into a life sentence. AHM.

WIL: You'll have to show me.

FIBBER: Okay. Listen!

ORCH: HISTORY IN A FEW WORDS

(SUGGESTED ADDITIONAL VERSE TO CLOSE SONG)

"Then along come Johnson, with some interestin' facts,
Mixed a special formuly and called it Johnson's Wax.
Now the Happy Driver kin go from state to state
With his History and his paint job both brung up to date.
That's History in a few few words..."

APPLAUSE:

WIL: And now, Miss Gale Page! Need I say more?

APPLAUSE

ORCH: INTO "SOON" - GALE PAGE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: and that, ladies and gentlemen was Gale Page, our delightful and highly decorative songstress, singing--

FIBBER: That there was a nice job o' warblin', Toots. AHEM.

GALE: Thanks, Fibber. I'm glad you liked it.

FIBBER: You betcha. What was the name o' that. I'll git a copy fer whistlin'.

GALE: It was "SOON" from Mississippi.

FIBBER: Soon from Mississippi. AHEM. That's funny. I'm late from Kansas, myself. But as I soon as I seen you I says to myself, I says, FIBBER, I says -

MOLLY: MCGEE. Will ye come back here and behave yourself?

FIBBER: There ye are, Toots. I no sooner git to a Gale than I raises a storm. AHEM. (FADE OUT) Anyway twas a reel nice piece o' singing and...

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

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, it's a trade secret, and you'll never get us to tell how it's done, but with the turn of a dial and the lift of an eyebrow, we find Fibber and Molly back on the highway, with new belts all around and looking for a place to eat!

SOUNDS: MOTOR IN..UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG.

FIBBER: Shucks, Molly...looks like all them hot dog stands is closed up. Must think we hibernate all winter like a couple o' flab-dizzled grizzly b'ars.

MOLLY: Don't be unpatriotic, McGee...And why shouldn't a Hibernian Hiberniate.

FIBBER: I'm too weak to argue with ye, Molly? Shucks, I kin hear my belt buckle rattling onto my backbone.

MOLLY: Well ye WOULD by a belt that was three inches too short for ye.

FIBBER: I know. But the next size bigger was two bits more. AHEM.

MOLLY: Well I'm warnin' ye McGee...you keep buyin' shorter belts and ye'll wind up a midget!

FIBBER: Well shucks, I -

MOLLY: Hah. look to the lunchroom McGee. Open fer business it tis.

FIBBER: So's my appetite. AHEM.

MOTOR SOUND UP...AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

FIBBER: (MUTTERS) Gotta git them brakes fixed...

SOUNDS: DOUBLE SLAM OF DOORS

MOLLY: Come on, McGee. Don't be hangin' back when there's eatin' to be done. Sure this looks like a good place to do it, too. Grab a stool fer yourself.

FIBBER: Can't set down. Belt's too tight.

MOLLY: Well eatin' won't help it. Set down and git used to it.

GIRL: (FADE IN) Hello. What'll it be, folks?

FIBBER: Two hamburgers and two cups o' coffee.

MOLLY: Sure and I'll take the same. HAH. I got ye there, McGee!

FIBBER: Shucks, Molly...looks like all them hot dog stands is closed up. Must think we hibernate all winter like a couple o' flab-dizzled grizzly b'ars.

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MOLLY: Sure and I'll take the same. HAH. I got ye there, McGee!

GIRL: Okay. (YELLS ASIDE) LAST ROUNDUP, ON FOUR, ANNA COUPLA CUPS! Coffee now?

FIBBER: Nope. With the sandwiches. Nice place ye got here, sis.

GIRL: It'll do till I get married or it blows down.

MOLLY: Sure and how do ye keep the counters so shiny, Miss?

GIRL: Oh we use Johnson's W-

FIBBER & MOLLY: Now don't tell us! LET US GUESS!

FIBBER: That a pitcher o' your boy friend up there, sis? With the boxn gloves on?

GIRL: Naw. It's the old man. They thought he was gonna grow up and be a pickpocket so they taught him to wear boxin' gloves.

SOUND: TAP BELL

MAN: (IN DISTANCE) HAMBURGERS...JAVA!

BUSINESS: RATTLE OF DISHES.. (CONTINUES FAINTLY THROUGHOUT SPOT)

MOLLY: Take your eyes offen the pitcher, McGee, and get to work. I wanta see if the belt cuts ye in two or gives up. Tis a good hamburger, Miss.

GIRL: Yeah? Never eat 'em myself. How's a coffee?

FIBBER: Shucks, real good...and strong.

GIRL: I'm glad to hear it. Got a new chef and he never made it before. Used to be a blacksmith but he says there's a horse panic on.

FIBBER: Say, sis...what name did your old m-...er your father fight under?

GIRL: Search me, mister. Most people called him Clumsy Clam, the Canvas Kisser. Why?

FIBBER: Oh I jest wondered. If I ever was matched with him. AHM.
Used to be in the ring myself.

MOLLY: Sure. Ring around the rosy, it twas.

FIBBER: Why shucks Mollie, you remember when I --

MOLLY: McGee. I remember nothin' till I come out the other side o' this hamburger. I'll have the memory course with me pie.

FIBBER: Well anyway. sis, I fit under the name o' Murder McGee, the Mad Mauler o' Muncie.

GIRL: Oh, Muncie. You from Indiana?

FIBBER: Nope. Idaho. But they couldn't think o' any towns in Idaho startin' with 'm'. AHM. So they picked Muncie. I was jest wonderin' if I ever fit that feller up there in the pitcher.

GIRL: Didja win all your fights?

FIBBER: Every one. Why?

GIRL: Then you probably met my old man. He lost all his. He's workin' fer the state now...cuttin' out paper dolls. He made a record, fightin' at that, though.

FIBBER: What was it?

GIRL: Leavin' thirty two teeth in forty-eight states. Never had any wisdom teeth, and his bridges was all crossed before he got to 'em. More coffee, lady?

MOLLY: Thank ye no, Ma'am. But I'll have a couple o' them doughnuts. That's it. Thank ye.

GIRL: Okay. What was your ring name, mister, did you say?

FIBBER: Murder McGee, the Mad Mauler of Muncie. I'll never fergit the last bout I had when --

MOLLY: McGee...why don't ye do a bit o' shadow boxin' with them hamburgers.

FIBBER: I'll knock 'em cold into a minnit. AHM. As I was sayin' sis...you interested in hearin' about my last bout?

GIRL: Not in particular.

FIBBER: Well sir twas way back in the Stubtown Stadium. I was matched with Wowser O'Weel, th' Wolf o' the Waterfront.

MOLLY: Kind of a dock walloper ye might say.

FIBBER: I'd heard o' this here feller before...and he'd heard o' me. AHM. He knew I was the feller that put old Jawn L. Sullivan outa the fight racket.

GIRL: I'm glad to meet another one of 'em.

FIBBER: Yes. AHM. What?

GIRL: Go ahead, Mauler.

FIBBER: Well sir, I knew this here Wowser O'Weel, the Wolf o' the Waterfront was no easy mark..but shucks, I didn't have the heart to mark him up too much...I was kind of a cream puff that way. AHM.

MOLLY: Hah...just a marshmauler.

FIBBER: Well sir, come the night o' the big bout and the Stubtown Stadium was jammed to the ceilin'.

MOLLY: Provin' you kin fool all the people all the time fer one night.

GIRL: They probably thought it was a dance marathon. And maybe it was.

FIBBER: No sir. Not onto my part sis. I was always a aggressive fighter. Always borin' in. Always after 'em. Never lettin' 'em rest. I was made o' iron in them days.

GIRL: My old man was aluminum. He got illumined every Saturday night.

FIBBER: Probably punch drunk, sis.

GIRL: Skip the punch.

MOLLY: Well, Murder McGee, get on with the fight and let's get goin'.

FIBBER: Wal sir the gong rung, and out I sprung..outa my corner like a bullet.

MOLLY: A BB.

FIBBER: A BB....er NO! A cannon shot. Quicks, a flash I'd got the Wolf on the chin, on the nose...on the eye...on the ear...

GIRL: Have another cuppa coffee on the house.

FIBBER: No thanks. AHM. I seen his eyes blink and I knew I could take him. Well sir, at the end o' the first round he was all in.

MOLLY: From laffin'.

FIBBER: From laf-....er NO...from fear. They was mortal fear into them eyes o' his as I seen him look toward my corner. Then come the gong fer the second round...he fought careful..kept away from my deadly left hand...and BAM BAM...I give him a couple o' J.A.W.'s.

GIRL: J.A.W.'s! On the jaw you mean?

FIBBER: Nope. J.A.W.'s...Johnson's Auto Wax shiners! AHM. Well sir that stung him...and he come after me...swingin' wide...hard hitter too, the Wolf was...the crowd was on their feet...

MOLLY: Tryin' to leave...

FIBBER: Tryin' to le...NO...TRYIN' to see me give him the coo de grah..

MOLLY: The what, McGee?

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MOLLY: The what, McGee?

GIRL: Oh dirty work eh?

FIBBER: No no no. Coo de grah. AHEM. That's Eytallian fer the finishin' blow. Well sir, that went on fer sixty two rounds.. I was still breathin' easy...smilin' and confident, I was, but The Wolf o' the Waterfront was in distress and I knew I'd have to be merciful and knock him out. He seen the deadly purpose into my eyes, and tried to duck...and sway...but jest as I was gonna lay him away...I heard the noise o' the gong.

MOLLY: Kind of a gonga din, would ye say? HAH.

GIRL: Well knock him out, mister. I got to polish the silver.

FIBBER: Well sir, come the next round...the 76th...

MOLLY: McGee, ye skipped thirteen rounds.

FIBBER: Don't matter. He was goin' round and round anyway. AHEM. Well sir, out I come like a leopard...

MOLLY: Careful, McGee. Ye know a leopard can't change his spats.

GIRL: He means a panther, lady. He was panthing for breath.

FIBBER: LIKE A TIGER TO THE KILL, I come out...weavin'...they was a deadly silence in the crowd...they knew twas all over. Well sir, with a lightnin' shift and a right cross, I swang -

MOLLY: Swung.

FIBBER: I SOCKED HIM WITH ALL I AD...(PAUSE) Gimme a tooth pick will ye sis? AHEM.

GIRL: All out. Here's a fork. I suppose you knocked the other guy out and went home, mister?

FIBBER: Yep. I knocked him out and he won the fight. Come on, Molly.

GIRL: Wait a minute, You knocked him out and HE won the fight?

FIBBER: Yep. My manager'd got his dates mixed and here I'd been fightin' Sailor Sam, the Seagoin' Slugger all the time. So the Wolf won onto a technicality. AHEM. Be seein' ye, sis.

DOOR SLAM:

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: & THREE KINGS "SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

ORCHESTRA: INTO "LADY IN RED" - THREE KINGS

APPLAUSE:

WIL: THAT WAS "THE LADY IN RED" From the picture "IN CALIENTE", with the Three Kings mexing into the chorus. I like that. MEXing into the chorus. And another thing I like is telling you about the free offer the Johnson people are making you. They --

FIBBER: Yep. Folks, here's the greatest free offer ever made into the history o' radio...AND I KNOW MY HISTORY...(PAUSE) What say, Harpo?

WIL: (LAUGHS) HARLOW...and I didn't say anything.

FIBBER: No but you looked like you was gonna. AHEM. Folks, this here offer is so sensational I almost hate to give it. But here ye are. For the folks sendin' in the longest list o' ten-letter words from the Initials "J..A..W" (Johnson's Auto Wax, ye know) we give without no obligation, your choice of a forty foot cabin cruiser, or a two weeks engagement at the Nipthoover Theatre, and HEY THERE HARPO...quit pokin' at me, will ye?

MOLLY: MCGEE...will ye stop bustin' into the advertisin'?

FIBBER: Aw shucks...a feller no sooner gits a good idea than somebody goes...(FADE OUT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) Never mind the ten letter words, ladies and gentlemen, Just remember these three. Johnson's Auto Wax. And remember too, that while those cabin cruisers and two week engagements are a little beyond us at the moment, we DO think you'll have more fun driving your car when you see what you can do with the FREE CAN OF TOUCHUP ENAMEL THE JOHNSON PEOPLE ARE GIVING AWAY WITH EVERY CAN OF...

(COMMERCIAL)

ORCH: THEME UP "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: Don't forget, you have a seat on the aisle next Tuesday night at this same time for another merry musical session with Fibber McGee and Molly....and in the meantime, as our old friend Tony Wons might say to your car, "Are you glistenin'?" This is Harlow Wilcox, if I am not mistaken, saying, TOODLE OO TILL TUESDAY!

ORCH: THEME UP AND OUT

e1/5/25/35

11:40 AM

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SONS COMPANY

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE" (#8)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WENR

9:00-9:30 PM (JUNE 4^{DATE} 1935)

(TUESDAY^{DAY})

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

matches twice as low

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

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Auto Wax present another fibulous and fabulous, rhythmic and riotous half hour with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - GALE PAGE, - THE 3 KINGS, - and MARIAN AND JIM AS our two frolicking, free-wheeling friends, FIBBER MC GEE and MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: CHORD

MCGEE: Folks, Sig-nor Marshmelli is gonna lead off the program with a special song I ^{just} writ myself last night, which the name of it is "WHEN I GO BACK TO THAT LITTLE RED SHACK IN MY OZARK MOUNTAIN VALLEY, BABY, THAT'S WHEN I LOVE YOU, IF THE RAINBOW TURNS TO SILVER WHEN THE MOON COMES OVER THE SWANNEE RIVER." Ahem. This here song has a lotta zip and when to it and I always says

MOL: McGEE! They're ^{goin' to} playin' nothin' o' the kind! Now come back here and set down.

FIB: Okay Okay. But that jest goes to show what professional jealousy kin do when...(FADE OUT)

MOL: What ARE ye gonna play Mr. Marcelli?

MAR: MUSIC MAKES ME, from FLYING DOWN TO RIO

MOL: Music makes you from flyin' down to Rio? Well it's ^{dam} funny grammar but go ahead.

ORCHESTRA: "MUSIC MAKES ME" --- 3 KINGS.

APPLAUSE: