

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:

WIL: Yes indeed, that WAS "Music Makes Me", with the 3 Kings making music in the vocal department --

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

WIL: (CONTINUE) -- and so going from the musical to the miraculous, out on Highway 79, who do we find but FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY as they prepare to cook themselves a bit of lunch!

ORCHESTRA: THEME OUT

MOL: Are ye sure your far enough off the road, McGee? Tis against the law to park on the highway.

FIB: Shucks, we AINT ON the highway, Molly. AHEM Jest them two inside wheels is all.

MOL: Tis enough fer a sideswipe, McGee!

FIB: *Slucks. What's ne side swipe*
~~That ain't nothin'.~~ AHEM. It's when they swipe BOTH sides o' the car that'll git me worried. Heh heh he. Ye git it, Molly? I says when --

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. Bring the fryin' pan and the bacon, will ye?

FIB: Okay Okay. I'd a brung it from force o' habit anyhow. AHEM.

MOL: Meanin' what?

FIB: Oh us McGee's always bringin' in the bacon. AHEM. Say ... ye think this here grass is green enough to keep the fire from spreadin'.

MOL: Sure. But are ye sure YOU ain't too green to git a fire started?

Wilson

(Aside) (Laughs) Pardon me, Fibber. We'll hear from you again, but this is my act.

Now I know that many of you listening in tonight are already users of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. But to those of you who haven't yet tried this amazing new method of restoring or preserving the finish on your car I want to call particular attention to Johnson's easy-to-use Auto Cleaner. For it is unique and totally different than any cleaner you have ever before tried. The entire principle is new. You merely pour a little of the velvet white fluid on a cloth, rub it lightly over the finish, glass and chromium. It dries almost instantly to a fine, white film -- which when you wipe it off polishes as it cleans. You'll marvel at how quickly, simply, and thoroughly Johnson's Auto Cleaner does the job. Actually it takes half the time of ordinary cleaners and uses less energy.

Now I realize that actual experience will carry more weight with you than anything I might say. So let me read a voluntary statement from Mr. Howard G. Kniss of McKeesport, Pennsylvania. He says, "The cleaner is the best I have ever seen, easiest to use and requires less labor." So let me urge you to join the hundreds of thousands who have abandoned less efficient methods for the modern easy-to-use Johnson ^{way} method.

Wilson

Now I've already told you how Johnson's Auto Cleaner cleans and polishes your car with a minimum of time and energy. So let me add right here that the quickest, simplest and most efficient way to protect the finish on your car from the ravages of dust, dirt and weather is to give it a gleaming coat of Johnson's time saving, car saving Auto Wax. This superior quality wax is packed soft for easy, quick application. Yet, it dries to a flint-like hardness, with a brilliant sheen that fairly sparkles. It is the only way to keep new cars looking new or restore a satin finish to old cars. And remember, an armor of Johnson's Wax sheds dirt and dust like water from a duck's back. So, it isn't necessary to wash your car nearly as often. And don't forget that the condition of the finish makes a big difference when you want to trade your car in.

A few cents for Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner now will pay big dividends by increasing the resale value of your car. But I won't ask you to accept all these facts on my say so alone.

Instead I want to tell you that the famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories with which you are all familiar, conducted a series of impartial tests that will convince you beyond a doubt that the Johnson method is superior to anything you have ever before tried. This independent and unbiased organization tested Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner among car owners all over the country, side by side with other methods. The vote was almost unanimous in favor of the modern Johnson method on the ground that it takes less time, less muscle work and gives more lasting results.

Continuation Closing Commercial

And here's some good news for you. If you act at once your hardware store, service station or auto accessory shop will give you free one regular 40¢ can of Black Touch-Up Enamel with every purchase of Johnson's Auto Wax and cleaner at the special discount price of only 88 cents. This same offer at the same price is also good in Canada.

If you prefer to have someone else wax your car go to your regular garage or service station. But be sure to specify Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner.

FIB: Who, me? Shucks, I've built me more cookin' fires than you kin shake a stick at, Molly.

MOL: ~~Never ye mind, McGee.~~ Just build one we can BURN a stick at.

FIB: Why shucks, when I was a young feller, they used to call me One-Match McGee. AHM. Ye see, I always used to make a little trench, kinda...like this here, first, and then -

MOL: McGee. We wanta COOK the bacon ... not bury it.

FIB: I know...I know. But shucks, ye got to git a draft under the fire don't ye? You got the bread and stuff?

MOL: I got the bread and the tea and the tomatoes and the pie, McGee.

FIB: What kinda Pie? I always like to know before I git started

MOL: Raspberry.

FIB: Well I'm buildin' it as fast I can aint I?

MOL: And who says ye wasn't?

FIB: Well what did ye holler raspberry at me fer? Shucks, that aint -

MOL: Well ye asked what kind of pie, didn't ye, igggernuts? What kinda wood is that, McGee?

SOUND: WOOD CRACKING

FIB: Why it's er ... AHM. It's ... er ... cinnafam. Only expert woodsmen use cinnafam wood on account o' because it don't make no smoke, burns hot and flavors the coffee. AHM. Gimme a match, Molly.

Mol: Cinnafam

MOL: Here. Keep 'em McGee. You're old enough to carry 'em.

FIB: Thanks. Now keep a eye onto old One Match McGee, and you'll see the slickest job o' cookfire buildin' ye ever see. The idee is that this here paper starts the shavin's ... the shavin's start the twigs, the twigs starts the sticks, and the sticks start the log.

MOL: Whilst I start starvin'. Touch 'er off, McGee. The bacon's all set in the skillet.

FIB: Okay. Here she goes.

SOUND: MATCH STRIKE

MOL: Ahhhhh! (LAUGHS) One Match McGee, is it?

FIB: Well shucks, why don't ye stand still? You go waltzin' around and make a draft so's the match goes out.

MOL: McGee, I didn't so much as moove me little finger.

FIB: Probably a bum match. AHM. Here we go with a good one.

SOUND: MATCH STRIKE

FIB: SHUCKS! They don't make these here matches long enough. Feller don't have time to do nuthin' with it. Watch this.

SOUND: MATCH STRIKE

MC: Well touch it to the paper, McGee...don't just squat there and look at the match...

FIB: Shucks, I have to shield it a mite to git it goin' good don't I? Here we go ... git ready to...(PAUSE) Awwww shucks.

MOL: You're out, McGee!

FIB: Eh? Whatcha mean, out?
 MOL: You had your three strikes. Hah hah. *me one 16* Gimme them matches once. You hold this skillet
 FIB: Okay, but I'm warnin' ye Molly. Fire buildin' ain't fer amateurs.
 MOL: McGee, you couldn't start a fire with a blow-torch in a hayloft. Gimme *one o' them* a match.
 FIB: Here. All ye gotta do, now is to touch the paper off and -
 MOL: Don't be tellin' me how to light a fire. You stand there and watch Single Strike Molly McGee
 FIB: Well...go ahead.
 MOL: I am.
 SOUND: MATCH STRIKE
 FIB: Touch the paper ... QUICK ... touch the paper...
 MOL: Don't be jarrin' me elbow, McGee...see what ye done? Ye put the match out.
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh I put 'er out eh? HEH HEH. AHEM.
 (FADE OUT WITH MUSIC)
 Here...take the box...I'll jest stand here and...
 ORCHESTRA: FOUR BARS AND OUT OF "GOD SAVE THE KING" OR SOMETHING
 MOL: (FADE IN) McGee...there's somethin' wrong. Tis two boxes of matches we've used and not a spark of fire have we got.
 FIB: Well you says you knew how better'n me. AHEM. How many matches we got left?
 MOL: One.

FIB: One, eh? AHEM. Better let me take it. Shucks, many's the time out into the big woods o' Canada I been down to my last match and made it do the work. Now I'll show ye what a McGee does when he's desprit.
 One side there, Molly.
 MOL: Well hurry up, the bacon's spillin', the pie's gittin' stale and me nerves is frazzled.
 FIB: Well tuck in your napkin, baby, and grab a fork ... Here she goes...
 SOUND: MATCH STRIKE
 MOL: Whooop! Ye got 'er McGee!
 FIB: I told ye I'd ... (PAUSE) ANWW...SHUCKS!
 MOL: Oh fer the - (PAUSE) Well ... there we are, McGee. With a skillet full o' raw bacon and nary a match.
 FIB: Kin ye beat that? I dunno what -
 MOL: Mc Gee!
 FIB: Eh?
 MOL: Let's see the paper ye got under that fire...
 FIB: WAIT a mite...here ye are...what's the matter with it?
 MOL: Hmm. Where did ye git this, *paper* McGee?
 FIB: Back at that there garage where the feller fixed the water pump. Kinda pulpy, but it's dry.
 MOL: *Dry* Sure it's dry. TIS ASBESTOS, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. Fibber McGee, the next time I ever trust ye to ...
 FIB: (FADE OUT) HEY NOW MOLLY...SHUCKS? I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT... HEY NOW... PUT THAT THERE FRYIN' PAN DOWN MOLLY... LET'S JEST EAT THE PIE AND...

ORCHESTRA: "FIDDL' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: IN A LITTLE GYPSY TEA ROOM (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, Marcelli and his men aren't taking any chances with their meals or matches - they simplify things by going into "A LITTLE GYPSY TEA ROOM"!

ORCHESTRA: "IN A LITTLE GYPSY TEA ROOM" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Now, if I may have a minute, here's a helpful suggestion from the Johnson ^{Wol} People regarding the finish on your car During the hot summer days -

FIB: (FADE IN) Yes sir, folks, durin' the hot summer days ahead - quit nudgin me, Cargo o' Goodwax! AHEM.

WIL: Harlow Wilcox, if you don't mind

FIB: I don't mind if you don't, son. AHEM. Folks, durin' the hot summer days they's bound to come up some hot weather emergencies Fer instance now, last summer I took a gal out fer a ride and we parked fer a minute - (PAUSE) HEY MOLLY! (PAUSE) Yes, we parked fer a minute or two to look at the scenery, and I kinda snuck a kiss or two ... you know... jest into a platonical way... AHEM. And when we started to drive off again she says, shucks, she says ye got all the lipstick off and I ain't got me my compact with me. I'll use your rear-vision mirror she says, if ye don't mind. I don't mind, I says, but it's busted. Oh says she, kinda scared. Shucks, says I, kind and comfortin', I says, jest git out and use the side o' the car fer a lookin' glass I says. I got Johnson's Auto Wax onto it and you kin see your face into it like...

MOL: MOGEE! WHAT ARE YE TALKIN' about?

FIB: -- so I says to her I says, shucks, I says, I'LL GIT THAT THERE CINDER OUT O' YOUR EYE OKAY, MISS, I SAYS -- and

MOL: MC GEE! Come back here and let Mr. Wilcox talk.

FIB: Okay Okay...but shucks, I was jest gittin' to the part about Johns ----

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well it was probably platonic with Fibber, folks, but it'll be just car- tonic to you when you see what a gleaming, etc.,

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

WILCOX: - and now may we present a little lady who does nice things for both the eye and the ear -- MISS GALE PAGE!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Miss Page is going to sing, "EVERY SINGLE LITTLE TINGLE IN MY HEART" - Well ... what do you want now, Fibber?

FIB: I didn't catch the name o' the song, bud. What was it, Toots?

GALE: "EVERY SINGLE LITTLE TINGLE OF MY HEART", Fibber

FIB: Every thing'll be a tangle when ... AHM. Every tingle single... little swingle... SAY YE COULDN'T MAKE THAT "HOME, SWEET HOME COULD YE?"

MOL: McGEE!

FIB: AHM. Go ahead and tingle, Toots. (FADE OUT) If I was single, I'd mingle a little ~~tingle~~.

ORCHESTRA: "EVERY SINGLE LITTLE TINGLE OF MY HEART" -- GALE PAGE

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN": (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL, WELL, WELL, ISN'T THE WIRELESS WONDERFUL! IT SEEMS LIKE JUST A MINUTE AGO FIBBER WAS HERE ... GETTING IN OUR HAIR, AND NOW WE FIND HIM AND MOLLY WAY OUT ON ROUTE 78, TEARING ALONG IN THEIR FALTERING FLIVVER AT A TERRIFIC 28 MILES AN HOUR!

SOUND: MOTOR UP TO ESTABLISH AND DOWN FOR DIALOG

MOL: Ye better slow down a bit, McGee... you're makin' the tears come into me eyeteeth!

FIB: Okay, Molly. But I always like to hustle along when I git onto a good road like this here one.

MOL: Tis bad judgement, McGee. (LAUGHS) Sure an ye ought to slow up fer a road like this... and make it last longer

FIB: Shucks, Molly, 28 ain't fast.

MOL: And how do ye know it's 28, now? The speedometer's been busted fer forty thousand mile.

FIB: Oh I got 'er figgered out. When that there rear shackle starts bumpin' KA ZUNK... KA-ZUNK... I'm doin' 23. When the tire rack vibrates agin the gas tank, I'm hittin' 26. But when the windshield frame starts wigglin', I got 'er WIDE OPEN at 28. AHM.

MOL: And when me hair starts stanin' on end and - (PAUSE) What's that ahead, McGee?

FIB: Where? Up there? Feller with a cow, looks like. Nope. Hoss. The way thim beasts act meetin' a car is why they call 'em dumb animals!

MOL: Well slow down, McGee.

FIB: Mebbe I better pull over and stop. That there ~~isn't~~ cow that run in front of us ^{awfully well} gimme a scare.

MOL: Sure... or a front bumper is no way to serve a steak. Pull over and stop, McGee. *So you don't scare his horse.*

SOUND: MOTOR UP... BRAKE SCREECH... MOTOR OUT

FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: And none too soon, McGee. (PAUSE) I wonder now why don't ^{that feller} ~~he~~ ride the horse?

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS FADE IN

FIB: Too hot in the sun, mebber. HOWDY, Brother.

MAN: (FADE IN) Good afternoon. (WHOA, there) Much obliged for stopping, friend...though it wasn't really necessary.

MOL: He couldn't help it, Mister. After drivin' this car, tis scared he is o' so much horsepower. HAH HAH.

FIB: Real nice piece o' hoss flesh there, podner. AHEM.

MAN: You think so?

FIB: Yep. Speakin' as one who knows. Used to be a hoss breaker myself. Busted Bronk's fer twenty year, till my health give out.

MOL: He caught himself a case o' buckin' bronchitis, Mister. HAH HAH.

MAN: Where was this? Around here?

FIB: Oh no. Out into Arizony. AHEM. Used to be foreman o' the F-BAR-2-BAR Ranch.

MAN: That's a funny name for a ranch. The F-BAR-2-BAR.

FIB: I know. AHEM. Named it after the boys onto the ranch. Every day off that's where they'd go. From BAR 2 BAR. AHEM. Personally I'd jes monkey around the ranch.

MOL: Oh twas a monkey ranch.

MAN: So you were a bronko buster, eh?

FIB: Yep. Fer 17 years.

MAN: I thought you said twenty.

FIB: I know. I was laid up with a busted leg fer a month or two. That seemed like three years to me. AHEM. Used to call me "Maverick McGee, the Mustang Maestro," out there. I'll tellye bout it, if ye got time.

MAN: I'm afraid I haven't *aint*.

FIB: I KNEW you'd be interested, bein' a hoss man yourself. AHEM. Well sir twas back in 19 ought 3 ... that I got the name o' "Maverick McGee, the Mustang Maestro." Folks'd ketch glimpses o' me ridin' bareback, lickety tootin' onto a wild stallion, hot-fer-leather down some cannon - Cannon?

MAN: Cannon?

MOL: Sure. He was a big shot out there, mister.

MAN: You mean CANYON.

FIB: I'll settle fer GULCH. AHEM. Well sir, I'll never fergit the time I caught me a beautiful little pony, that'd never been under saddle and was ready to ride him when I seen the boys around the ranch was makin' it kinda nervous. Shucks, them fellers'd think nuthin' o' puttin' a giant firecracker under your saddle jest fer fun. Or a rattlesnake into your saddlebags. They was harmless, them boys, but playful. AHEM.

MOL: Sure. They just murdered on Wednesday and Fridays.

MAN: Well if you'll excuse me, I'll --

FIB: Excuse ye fer bein' so interested? Sure. Can't blame ye podner. AHEM. Well sir, I took this here pony out into the desert near the Kickapoo Canyon and hopped onto her back. He bucked and pitched, and bucked and sunfished, and bucked and rolled and bucked and squealed, but I didn't care.

MOL: And why should ye? Ye was four bucks ahead. HAH HAH.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, all of a sudden I seen onto the horizon a sandstorm blowin' up and comin' fer us at a forty-mile clip...so I heads the pony fer home...and rides fer my life. Twas gittin' dark and by time night come on I seen I was losin' the race with the sandstorm. So I knew the only thing that'd save my life was to swim my pony across the Kickapoo River ... which was eight hundred foot deep, not knowin' whether ^{The Critter} my pony could swim or not.

MOL: Sure. And there's nothin' clumsier than a horse in a canoe.

MAN: So the sandstorm caught you and you were never seen again.

FIB: How did ye kn...er...AHEM. Nope. I got thru okay. Well sir, I turned my new bronch' and we hit fer the Kickapoo. Twas pitch dark by then except fer the few stars...and they was cloudin' over with the sandstorm real rapid... the air was full o' sand...and dust...and ~~but~~

MOL: It took a lot to git out o' that fix didn't it, MoSee.

FIB: A lotta what?

MOL: Grit.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, we come to the edge o' the Kickapoo River Canyon and without slackin' pace...I plunged my hoss into it...down we went and come up again gaspin' fer breath...I felt the pony's feet strike out fer tother side o' the canyon...and slipped outa the saddle, hangin' onto the horn...

SOUND: MOTOR HORN

FIB: Quit it Molly.

MOL: Couldn't help it, MoSee. I was hangin' onto 'the horn meself in me excitement!

FIB: Well sir, we swum fer twenty minutes before we struck tother side. I shuddered to think o' that there 300 foot deep Kickapoo...behind us...but I shook myself and clumb back into the saddle...and hit fer the F-2 Ranch.

MAN: F-BAR-2 BAR, you said it was.

FIB: I know. But prohibition had become a law that sans day. AHEM. Well six next mornin' I told the boys at the ranch about it...and they jest looked at each other and then at me...and turned PALE AS A LOTIA GHOSTS. (PANGE) Say that hoss o' yours has got a burr into his rane mister.

MAN: Thanks. But what made your friends turn pale? Any horse will swim if he has to.

FIB: I know. But the boys told me that the KICKAPOO RIVER CANYON HAD BEEN DRY FER TWO WEEKS. ^{Such! Any!} That there pony had sech confidense in me he'd swum a half a mile in this air jest on FAITH!

MOTOR UP: HORN

FIB: (CONT'D: Glad to of met up with ye podner!

ORCHESTRA: "AND THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD" -- 3 KINGS

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "DIXIELAND BAND" -- (TO FINISH) -- 3 KINGS

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That Southern Syncopation you just heard was Marcelli and his men playing DIXIELAND BAND, royally assisted by those gentlemen from Georgia, the 3 kings. And now, may I give you some good news about a generous free offer the Johnson Wax people are making in --

(INTO COMMERCIAL)