

NBC

ADVERTISER S. O. JOHNSON & SONS CO. WRITER
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE" (#9) OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WENR, (JUNE 11, 1935) (TUESDAY)
(9:00-9:30 PM) (DATE DAY)
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER *Not Corrected*
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Page 2.

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

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Auto Wax PRESENT another polished period of syncopation and exaggeration, musical stuff and masterful nonsense with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - GALE PAGE, - THE THREE KINGS, and MARIAN AND JIM as your hilarious, happy-go-lucky, hi-de-hoboes, FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: We lead off with Marcelli and his men playing -
FIB: Wait a mite, there, son. AHEM. I got me a little somethin' here that me and Molly are gonna read.
WIL: Is it necessary?
FIB: Nope. It's poetry. AHEM. Come on, Molly.
MOL: Ye may fire when ready, McGee.
FIB: Okay. AHEM. LISTEN MY CHILDREN AND YOU SHALL HEAR -
MOL: HOW TO GIT A GRIN FROM EAR TO EAR
FIB: Use Johnson's WAX UPON YOUR CAR
MOL: It's EASY TO USE -
FIB: GOES TWICE AS FAR
MOL: WEATHER IT'S RAINY OR WEATHER IT FAIR
FIB: IT SAVES YOUR FINISH FROM WEATHER AND WEAR
MOL: It SAVES YE TIME AND CUTS YER EXPENSE
FIB: WAX AND CLEANER FER 98 CENTS.
MOL: WITH A CAN OF TOUCH UP ENAMEL FREE.
FIB: JEST TAKE THIS TIP FROM MOLLY AND ME.
MOL: WHILST YE MAKE A NOTE O' THE WAX TO BUY -
WIL: (LAUGH) Marcelli plays "A NEW SUN IN THE SKY!"

ORCHESTRA: SOCK INTO "A NEW SUN IN THE SKY" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: And here we find our two Chuckle champions, Fibber McGee and Molly, as they cheerfully charge along in their ohug-chariot. Did we say cheerfully? Well just wait!

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

MOL: Better slow down a bit, McGee. There's a bridge up ahead.

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly. Ye don't have to slow down fer THAT bridge. It's a new one.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Ohhhhhh, no?

FIB: Whatcha mean, OH NO?

MOL: McGee, you'll not only have to slow down ... ye'll have to stop. Tis a toll bridge, it tis!

FIB: A TOLL BRIDGE! Well fer the ... now ain't that jest my luck!

MOL: Better pull up. McGee. There're puttin' the gate down.

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND STOP. BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: A toll bridge is it. Mister?

MAN: (FADE IN) That's right, lady. Just opened to the public.

MOL: Well ... pay the man, McGee. Don't just set there and blink.

FIB: Wait a mite, Molly. I'm thinkin'. What's the toll, bud?

MAN: Two bits for the car and driver. A nickel for extra passengers. Thirty cents.

FIB: Hmm. Thirty cents. Kinda steep aint it?

MAN: Oh I don't think so. Finest bridge in the state.

FIB: Shucks, who cares? I didn't order it. I'd jest as soon go across onto two planks, myself. This the only crossin place?

MAN: Well, you can go down the river a ways, but it'll take you about 20 miles out of your way.

MOL: Well, McGee. Are ye gonna go back, or do ye feel like thirty cents?

(LAUGH)

FIB: Listen, son. What's the charge fer pedeski...pedrep... er... predistri... WHAT DO YE CHARGE FER WALKIN' ACROSS?

MAN: Five cents.

FIB: Oh. AHM. Well set still then, Molly.

MOL: (LAUGHS) McGee, if either of us walked across, twould be yourself. Come on now ... pay the man and let's be goin'.

MAN: That'll be thirty cents, mister.

FIB: Shucks, now...lemme think a mite. Ye say it'd be twenty mile outa the way to go down the river to the free bridge, eh?

MAN: That's right.

FIB: Well, let's see now. 20 miles ... 23 mile to the gallon... 19 cents a gallon...20/23rds o' 13 cents...that'd be 23 times 13, divide by 20 about 16-7/8¢ ... plus depreciation about two cents...bout 19¢. 19¢ from 30¢ is 11¢. AHM. We'd save eleven cents by goin tother way, Molly.

MOL: Sure. And the wear and tear on me nerves would be 18 cents.
Pay up, McGee.

FIB: Okay. I'll -- HEY WAIT A MITE. Listen, bud.

MAN: Yeah?

FIB: Ain't this here river shallow enough to ford?

MAN: Sure. It's only a foot deep most of the way across.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh it tis eh? (LAUGHS) Well, then, sonny ...
here's where we kinda take the state fer thirty cents.

MOL: McGee...what are ye gonna do?

FIB: Ford the river Molly. There's a nice place over --

MOL: And why would they be buildin' this big bridge if ye could
drive across the water, mister?

MAN: (LAUGHS) That's easy, lady. It's quicksand.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Oh. Quicksand, eh? AHM. Had your lunch yet, bud?

MAN: Yes. Why?

FIB: I jest wondered. I was gonna offer to tend the bridge fer
ye whilst ye et your lunch. AHM. I'd do it cheap.
Fer about thirty cents.

MOL: McGee. Will ye quit bein' so enocoomical and be on yer way?

MAN: Yeah. You better get a move on, brother...one way or the
other. There's another car coming.

MOL: Pay up or BACK up, McGee.

MAN: Thirty cents.

FIB: Shucks, this here must be one o' them there AUCTION BRIDGES.
AHM. Does EVERYBODY have to pay this here toll, bud?

MAN: Yup. Evry car travelling under it's own power. Would you
mind either going across or pulling over, Mister. Here
comes another car.

SOUND: FAINT HORN. MOTOR IN...

MOL: Well go on, McGee. Don't ye see there's another customer
behind ye?

FIB: Well kin ye imagine this here?

MOL: What?

FIB: The starter's stuck. I can't git 'er started.

MOL: Well twas workin' all right this mornin', McGee.

MAN: Come on, brother...we can't wait all day for you.

SOUND: HORN (NOT MCGEE HORN)

MAN: Come on ... come on ... get going, mister.

FIB: Shucks, this here starter don't seem to work. Wouldn't
that cut ye in two? AHM. Looks like that there feller'd
have to PUSH me across.

MOL: Ahaaaa!

MAN: I don't care how you get across ... but don't hold up the
traffic, mister.

FIB: Excuse me a mite whilst I ask that there feller back there
fer a push. And say ... I JEST HAPPENED TO THINK OF IT.
If we're bein' pushed it won't be under our own power.
That won't cost us nothin' will it, bud?

MAN: Sure. That will put you in the class of trailers.
Article six, paragraph four says all wheeled vehicles carrying goods or passengers, towed or pushed by other wheeled vehicles shall be classed as trailers and subject to trailer toll of thirty five cents.

MOL: (LAUGHS) There ye are, McGee. NOW see if it'll start.

SOUND: SHORT STARTER SOUND. MOTOR IN

FIB: Kin ye imagine that, bud? Musta been stuck. AHM. Here's your 30¢. Raise the bar and don't be holdin' us up.
We're in a hurry.

MOTOR UP WITH HORN...MOTOR UP AND FADE OUT IN DISTANCE

MAN: Hey ... COME BACK HERE! HEY YOU!!! (PAUSE) Well I'll be a -

2ND MAN: What's the matter. That guy gyp you?

MAN: No. (LAUGHS) He spends half an hour trying to figure how to beat the toll and then gives me fifty-five cents by mistake!

ORCHESTRA: CHORD

WIL: And so, we leave Fibber and Molly and return to the studio for a song by our lovely-to-look-at and easy-to-listen-to -
GALE PAGE!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Miss Page will - well, fibber, it didn't take you long to get back from that toll bridge.

FIB: Jest a twinklin' o' the eye, boy. AHM. Whatcha gonna sing, toots?

GALE: In the Twinkling of an Eye, Fibber. Isn't that a coincidence?

FIB: Oh I dunno. It jest goes to show that when two souls is in tune like me and you ... and two hearts jest beat as one, I kin -

MOL: MC GEE. Will ye quit pesterin' the lady?

FIB: AHM. I better be goin', Toots. Black eyes don't twinkle good, they tell me.

ORCHESTRA: "IN THE TWINKLE OF AN EYE" -- GALE PAGE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Now, if we may leave the twinkling of eyes for a minute, and talk about the glittering of cars, - (INTO COMMERCIAL)

(COMMERCIAL)(Leading into false addition to commercial for McGee interruption)

FIB: (BREAKING IN ON COMMERCIAL) Jest a mite there, Harpo.
I'll -

WIL: HARLOW is the name.

FIB: Glad to meet ye. AHEM. But you ain't gittin' that there Johnson's Auto wax story over so good. Listen. Why don't ye tell how them stone age fellers polished up their oxcarts with hunches o' grass? And how the Armenians carried stones fer their pyramids into chariots polished up with palm oil? And how Napoleon crossed the Delaware into a boat pertected by goose grease? And how modern car history has been made with this here Johnson's auto wax and how -

WIL: (LAUGHS) Fibber, your announcements may be swell but your history is lou- ... er ... not so good

FIB: Oh is that so! IS THAT SO! Molly! Come here and let's show this young whipper-snipper what we know about history!

ORCHESTRA: "HISTORY IN A FEW WORDS" -- MARIAN AND JIM

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "WHEN YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE SPRINGTIME IN YOUR HEART" -- 3 KINGS
(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: MARCELLI AND his men are about to prove that it's always fair weather when you have Johnso.... excuse me... "WHEN YOU HAVE A LITTLE SPRINGTIME IN YOUR HEART"...With March, April and May vocally represented by the 3 Kings!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: NOW WITH ONE HOP, ONE SKIP, AND ONE JUMP AHEAD OF TELEVISION, we take our miracle-microphone out on Highway 79, to find Fibber and Molly in a filling station taking refuge from a shower.

MOL: McGee ... let's get goin' again. A little rain wont hurt us.

FIB: Shucks Molly ... I don't wanna git wet.

MOL: Go on with ye. We're neither sugar nor salt

FIB: Well, I dunno Molly. Mebbe I aint salt to you, but your sugar to me. AHEM.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Ah McGee, tis the old blarney you've got. But maybe your right. I wouldn't have ye catch cold. Twas always sensitive ye are to dampness.

FIB: Oh I dunno, Molly. Shucks, fer a feller that's done as much work under water as what I have --

MOL: Tis not under water you work, McGee. Tis under pressure.

FIB: AHEM. I ... er ... oh hello there, son. Rain over yet?

MAN: (FADE IN) Nope. Not yet. Won't be long now though. Don't lean against that oil tank lady. You might get some grease on you.

MOL: Thank ye, I wont.

FIB: AS I WAS SAYIN' When you come in bud, I shouldn't mind a little drizzle like this here - a feller that's worked under water as much as me.

MAN: Oh. Been diggin' clams?
 MOL: No ... just annoyin' an oyster.
 FIB: Taint no jokin' matter, Molly. This deep sea divin' ain't no child's play. I kin tell ye.
 MAN: Oh ... were you a deep sea diver?
 MOL: Sure. Take off your hat, McGee, and let the man see the water on your brain.
 FIB: AHEM. Know much about deep sea work, son?
 MAN: Not much. Pretty Dangerous isn't it?
 FIB: Oh not fer a feller that knows how. Shucks, I know the bottom o' most o' the oceans like the pa'm o' my hand. Used to call me Mudbank McGee, the Master Mind o' the Mediterranean. AHEM. Used to dive fer pearls -
 MOL: In a restaurant.
 FIB: In a resta-...er ... NO. In the ocean. I'll never fergit the time I div
 MOL: Duv,
 MAN: Dove,
 FIB: THE TIME I WENT UNDER WATER fer the Green Pearls o' Gasparooma.
 MAN: Gasper who?

FIB: Gasparooma. Gasparooma was a king o' Sahookestan in about 1634. AHEM. Noted fer his collection o' emeralds and pearls. Only feller into the world that ever owned pearls that was a light green color and a half an inch across. But they sunk in a storm and was never saw again till his great-great-great-great-great-grandson got to thinkin' about 'em.
 MOL: It probably greated on him,
 FIB: So he calls in Mudbank McGee, the Master Mind o' the Mediterranean.
 MOL: How do ye spell it, McGee?
 FIB: M E D A T .. er ... M A T .. AHEM. Come to think of it, twas Manila Bay. Mudbank McGee. The Master Mind o' Manila Bay. Well sir, when the grandson o' this here king calls me in he gives me a map o' the Indian Ocean and says, well sahib, he says ... sahib is what they says over there instead o' mister.
 MOL: Sure. Pig latin it is.
 FIB: Oh no. Jest their own language. I spoke it pretty fluent myself. Sahib, he says, Onoway, woopah, incando freezoram? Blomtoo, I says, smilin', real confident. Sockwah! says he, clappin' his hands.
 MOL: Meanin' "Maybe it ain't a home, boys, but it's a palace."
 MAN: What DID it mean, doc?

FIB: It meant, son, YOU GOT THE JOB! He was gonna give me eight million, 674 thousand reesmoders fer the job o' bringin' up them long lost green pearls.

MAN: How much is that in American money?

MOL: 2.98, figgerin' the foreign exchange.

FIB: No. Twas about six hundred dollars and Saturdays off. AHEM. Well sir I got me my divin' equipment together, my helmet, my rubber suit, my leadweighted shoes and my air rifle.

MAN: Air rifle?

FIB: Fer sharks. Jest shoot the air rifle at their mouths and the air bubbles gives 'em the hiccups. AHEM. My own idea. Well sir, come the day I was goin' down fer the pearls, and the King says to me, Simbit quamooshtah, bidsnip! Meanin', be careful, son! Okay, says I.

MOL: Meanin' Okay.

FIB: Well sir, with that, they clamps on my helmet, the pumps start clankin' and I plunges into the water. Down I went. Down down down.

MOL: Four downs and ten to go.

FIB: I passed a octopus on the way and seen him stare at me with them pop eyes o' his and he waved them forty foot cuticles at me.

MOL: Ye mean articles.

MAN: Tentacles.

FIB: Come to think of it twas a lobster. AHEM. Well sir, I'd located that there wrecked boat so good I landed right smack dab onto the deck.

MOL: On the deck o' the Hesperus.

FIB: O' the Hesper ... er ... no. The name of it was Mocktaboo, meanin' SEA LION IN Sahookastan. AHEM.

MOL: I like your sea lyin' in English better, McGee. Hah... I got ye there, pal.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I looks around... gittin' used to the gloom I seen the dim outline o' the ship ... and I seen the eyes o' Millions o' deep sea fish gleamin' and shinin' like ... like ... like...

MOL: What's your best auto polish mister?

MAN: Johnson's Auto Wax.

FIB: That's the stuff. AHEM. Well sir it didn't take me no time to locate them Green Pearls o' Sahookastan, and I give a twitch onto my lifeline and says MANTCHWALLAH, BEHOOMUT! thru the telephone onto my helmet.

MOL: Oh, ye was talkin' thru your hat!

FIB: So I shook the lead outa my divin' shoes and started up.

MOL: Did ye get any rust spots on your iron will, McGee?

MCGEE: No but my copper helmet was pinchin' me a mite. HEH HEH GIT IT? The COPPER helmet was PINCHIN' -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir the King was pretty grateful fer me restorin' them Green pearls...and...hey where ye goin' Molly?

MOL: I got th powder all off my nose under the ocean there, McGee. I'm gettin' me compact outa the car. (FADE OUT) I'll be back in a ...

MAN: Well that was quite an experience, mister.. But the least the King could have done was to give you one of the pearls.

FIB: SHHHHH. He did!

MAN: He did! How much did it bring you?

FIB: I still got it. I got it right here...but I don't like to flash sech a vallyble jewel in front o' strangers.

MAN: Oh that's all right. There's nobody else here. Let's see it.

FIB: Okay. But tell me if ye see anybody comin'. (ASIDE) I keep it into this here paper bag on account o' the paper keeps it polished up. Here...take a quick look, bud.

MAN: Ain't that a lulu?

MAN: Say ... no kiddin' ... is ... is that a real green pearl? I thought you were fooling

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Ain't it a whopper though? I never show... Oh hello, Molly. I was jest showin' this young feller...

MOL: (FADE IN) Well why don't he give it to him, McGee? Don't be so stingy.

FIB: Now wait Molly, I was sayin' that this -

MAN: Oh I wouldn't expect him to give me a pearl that size.

MOL: A what? A PEARL IS IT? (LAUGHS) Sure tis nothin' but a candy peppermint ball. (LAUGHS) Hey, McGee...WHERE ARE YE GOIN' ... WAIT A MINUTE MC GEE...

MAN: Say what's the idea of ... you gotta lotta ner...

ORCHESTRA: AND THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVERY TOLD. Over

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: INTO: "LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY" ..(PAGE & KINGS)

APPLAUSE:

WIL: And that, friends, was Marcelli and his men discovering that when Gale Page and the Three Kings help out, life is worth "LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY". So will you, when you find how much you can save in money and effort - etc...

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WILCOX: And remember - when you -

FIB: Excuse me, Harpo. How do ye pernounce N.E.W.?

WIL: New.

FIB: F.E.W.?

WIL: Few.

FIB: How do ye pernounce the second day in the week?

WIL: TUESDAY.

FIB: Wrong. It's Monday. (LAUGH)

WIL: (LAUGHS) I must have been thinking that TUESDAY IS THE DAY when Fibber and Molly will be back for another snappy session of songs, stories and syncopation at this same hour. Remember: JOHNSON AUTO WAX ON YOUR CAR: - TUESDAY NIGHT ON YOUR RADIO. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking.

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

er:11:00 AM
6-8.35

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSONS & SONS

WRITER

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OK

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REMARKS

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

Page 2.

WILCOX:

Now I realize that a great many of you are already enthusiastic about those sensational new Johnson products -- Johnson's Auto Wax and Johnson's Auto Cleaner. But if you haven't already discovered this unique method of restoring or preserving the finish on your car you'll be glad to know about Johnson's remarkable easy-to-use Auto Cleaner. Now, this is not just another cleaner. It is a totally new principal, utterly unlike anything you've ever before used on your car. 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. When you wipe it off you'll find your car clean and shining. You'll marvel at how quickly, simply and safely Johnson's Auto Cleaner does the work. Actually it takes half the time of ordinary cleaners and much less energy. Remember the purpose of Johnson's Cleaner is to restore the finish on your car and positively will not injure it in any way. Let me read you a voluntary statement from an actual user that will mean more to you than anything I might say. Mr. George Rothang of Santa Rosa, California writes, quotes. THE POLISH CAN BE APPLIED WITH SUCH LITTLE EFFORT AND WITH SUCH ASTONISHING RESULTS THAT I SHALL NEVER USE ANYTHING BUT JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND JOHNSON'S SPECIAL AUTO WAX ON MY CAR." end of quote. Mr. Rothang is only one of hundreds of thousands who have abandoned less efficient methods for the modern, unique Johnson's Wax method. So let me urge you to try it on your car too. you'll be mighty glad you did.

WILCOX:

Now you already know that Johnson's unique, new auto cleaner works like a miracle in restoring the finish on your car with a minimum of effort. But, if you want to protect that finish from the glaring rays of the sun, from gritty dust and dirt, give it a glistening coat of Johnson's time-saving, car saving Auto Wax. This finest quality wax is just soft enough for easy, quick application. Yet when it dries your car fairly gleams under a brilliant armour as hard as flint and tough as sinew. It is the modern, easy way to keep new cars looking new and restore that same lustre to old cars.

And it isn't necessary to wash your car nearly as often after you've given it a coat of Johnson's Wax -- because the smooth flawless surface makes it hard for dust and dirt to stick. No matter how old your car may be, a few cents for Johnson's auto Wax and Cleaner now will restore the finish, give you a car to be proud of and will pay big dividends by increasing its resale value. Now I won't ask you to take my word for these things. Anyone can make claims -- what you want is proof. Do you know that the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory famous, independent, and unbiased organization, tested Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner side by side with other methods and proved that the modern Johnson's Wax method takes less time, less muscle work and gives more lasting results.

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 98 cents. This same offer at the same price is also good in Canada. Whether you wax your car yourself or have your regular garage or service station do it - be sure to specify JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER.

er:3:10 PM - 6-11-35