

# NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC. WRITER DON QUINN  
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE #10 OK  
CHICAGO OUTLET WENR ( JUNE 18, 1935. ) ( TUESDAY )  
( 9:00-9:30 PM ) ( DATE DAY )

PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
REMARKS

H. P. JACKSON

MPB

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

WIL: The Makers of Johnsons Auto Wax present their tenth travelog of toe-tapping tunes and truth-toppling tales, with RIOO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - GALE PAGE, - THE THREE KINGS, -- and MARIAN AND JIM as those ingenious, incorrigible impresarios of the impossible, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: <sup>SKY</sup> Marcelli and his men, inspired no doubt by Johnsons Auto Wax, give you "RISE AND SHINE", with the three Kings - si- well, Fibber, will you go and sit down somewhere?

MOL: Yes, McGee... lay down that paper and let the program commence

FIB: Aw shucks, I was jest finishin' the paper. Did ye see where this here new French ocean liner come across with a load o' passengers and busted THE record?

MOL: I'll bet all the French on board were singing (?) Sure. And probably all they'll ever come across with, too. Passengers! Oh DEET, there is thy Sting! (LAUGHS)

FIB: and whaddye know about them Republicans startin' a new Party - the GRASS ROOTS party. Shucks, I wonder why they call it the GRASS ROOTS.

MOL: Sure...that's easy. 'Tis lookin' for Four Leaf clovers they are.

FIB: Hebbe. AHEM. Say that there was some fight between Baer and Braddock wasn't it?

MOL: Sure. It's gittin' so ye got to bust into the championship with a Jimmy!

*sky writing*

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FIB: Funny, both names startin' with a B. Oughta billed 'em as the Busy B's.

MOL: And why not? It's only one little letter, McGee, that makes the difference between a chump and a champ! Hah...and did ye read about the big explosion over in Germany McGee?

FIB: Yep. Ammunitions wasn't it?

MOL: No. T'was Max Schmelling burstin' with joy! Now come on, McGee and let the program -

FIB: Now wait a mite Molly. AHEM. I jest wanna read this here advertisement. Listen. It says - a feller down into Gary Illinois sold his car fer 125 dollars more on account o' because he had 'er all polished up with Johnson's Auto Wax. He says he -

MOL: McGee! Will ye leave Mr. Wilcox SOMETHIN' to do? Go on, Mr. Marcelli!

ORCH: RISE AND SHINE (THREE KINGS)

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: AHHHH, here's a sentimental scene! Molly and Fibber are parked along the road, admiring the reflection of the moon on a lake! Some soft music for this, Marcelli!

ORCH: (SOFTLY BEHIND DIALOG UNTIL 'OUT') "ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"

MOL: Tis a beautiful sight isn't it, McGee? Isn't it now?

FIB: Oh I dunno. That left headlight is bent a mite to the left and -

MOL: Oh not the car, foolish. Tis the moon, I mean.

FIB: Ohhhh. Oh sure. Real pretty, ain't it?

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MOL: Look at the path o' moonlight McGee. It looks like you could walk across the lake right into the moon.

FIB: It does, don't it. Come on...let's try it, Molly.

MOL: (LAUGHS SOFTLY) Ah McGee...twas always a little crazy ye were.

(PAUSE) But I like ye that way. Tis your ~~Irish~~ nature. *(romantic)*

FIB: Remember Molly...when we used to be goin' out together...me settin' like this...with my arm around ye...

MOL: I'll never fergit, McGee. Twas always full o' blarney-ye was.

FIB: Blarney nuthin'. You was the purtiest one o' the lot, Molly. and ye still are.

MOL: Awwww, McGee!

FIB: You betcha. Shucks...every time I used to hold your hand...like this my heart done a dad-ratted carloca inside o' my shirt.

MOL: Do ye still mean that, McGee?

FIB: Ferever Molly. Why with you settin' here with me...and the moon shinin' down onto us like that, I...I jest git kinda all choked up.

(PAUSE) Molly.

MOL: Yes?

FIB: Will ye...will ye gimme a kiss, Molly?

MOL: Ah McGee, and when did ye have to ask? (LONG PAUSE) Ahhhhhh. I do believe ye still love me.

FIB: I'lll...I'll sock the feller that says I don't, ~~honey~~ *body, come a over close to me* Put your *molly* head onto my shoulder, Molly.

MOLLY: Ahh tis foolish we are, McGee. Settin' here like a couple o' young ones, sparkin'... *and your heart's broken like a bass drum the minute* ~~put up for the night.~~

FIB: Shucks, we ain't into no hurry. With me parked with my gal, and a moon like that there...why...I don't never want to move on. Come on over closer, Molly.

MOL: Like this, McGee!

FIB: Ya betcha. (PAUSE)

MOL: McGee.

FIB: ~~Shit~~

MOL: ~~I believe that ya said about your heart beatin' faster sure and~~  
~~and your heart~~  
~~is boomin' like a bass drum this minute.~~

FIB: Sure it is! Why when I walked down to the edge o' the lake a while ago...I kept thinkin'...shucks...I'm gonna go back and set there a while with Molly...the sweetest, prettiest gal that ever -

MOL: (LAUGHS) Ah tis silly ye are, McGee...makin' love to your own wife and all. And your heart jumpin' up and down like a celluloid ball on a fountain.

FIB: Well, I always says I didn't have no control over my heart with you around, Molly. Shucks, let 'er ~~jump~~ boom.

MOL: ~~Ah, ye smoocher!~~

FIB: ~~That ain't smooch, Molly. That's love. Gimme another kiss.~~

MOL: ~~But~~ McGee...tis worried I am about ye. Your heart ain't actin' natural. ~~Look at it...it's jumpin' your~~

FIB: ~~Why not? Shucks, if it ain't natural to have my heart jump around with you --~~

MOL: ~~But~~ ~~look~~, McGee...look ~~at~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~jumpin'~~ YOUR SHIRT UP ~~AND~~ ~~DOWN~~ ~~INSIDE~~...LIKE A ~~JUMPIN'~~ ~~CONVENTINE~~ ~~CONVENTINE~~

*palpitation*

~~ORCH: ~~AND~~~~

FIB: Eh? (PAUSE) Ohhhh, shucks...I remember now.

MOL: Ya remember what, McGee?

FIB: The frog!

MOL: The what?

FIB: The frog. I found me a little froggie that was nigh froze to death and I put him into my shirt pocket to git warm. SHUCKS,

*Here he is -*

MOL: (SCREAMS) A FROG IS IT! (FADE OUT) AND ME THINKIN' ALL THE TIME IT WAS LOVE...~~FIBBER-MCGEE, WILL YE GET RID OF IT - A FROG! AND ALL YOUR FINE TALK ABOUT YOUR HEART JUMPIN' AROUND LIKE...~~

ORCH: RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) - and with a frog in neither the throat nor the pocket, our own GALE PAGE extends the sentimental moment with IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS. Gale Page!

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS (GALE PAGE)

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: POLLY (XYLOPHONE SOLO)

APPLAUSE:

*after credit*

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

*Before we go on with Fibber and Molly, I would like to introduce an important guest to you.*

WILCOX: ~~And now I have a very special treat for you.~~ We have in the studio tonight Mr. D. H. Witherspoon, President of Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory. I have mentioned this famous organization of engineers and chemists to you before in connection with their impartial tests of Johnson Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner. You will be interested to know that this institution has had national recognition for more than half a century for its scientific work on thousands of products in practically every industry. Now one of the aims of the Laboratory is to protect the public in the things they buy. Hence the products they approve must under actual test live up to the claims made for them. And because Johnson Auto Wax and Cleaner have passed such tests Mr. Witherspoon has consented to say a few words. *Mr. Witherspoon.*

WITHERSPOON:

In our studies of Johnson Auto Wax and Johnson Auto Cleaner we spent six months testing this method of restoring and protecting automobile finishes under various conditions. We considered other leading methods along with the Johnson method on the basis of time and labor saving -- effect of the cleaner on the finish -- resistance of the wax to dirt, dust and weather -- and appearance of the car after application.

In the course of these studies chemical analysis was made. Sections of automobile hoods and radiators secured directly from leading car manufacturers with standard finishes upon them

were made especially for test purposes. Accelerated weathering and exposure tests were made; the finishes were frequently re-cleaned and re-waxed and subjected to outdoor exposure for further observation. Automobiles in Pittsburgh and in ten other selected cities were cleaned and waxed and put under similar observation.

We are prepared to say as a result of these studies that Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax fully meet the requirements of a method for restoring and protecting a car finish.

We were particularly impressed to find that after 57 applications of Johnson's Auto Cleaner to the test panels that the finish on the panels was still in good condition. This is equivalent to several times the amount of cleaning the average car would receive in its lifetime.

Thank you, Mr. Witherspoon. Now, back to the show with

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WIL: ~~YOU JUST HEARD MARCELLI AND HIS MEN, PLAYING "POLLY,"~~ - with CHARLIE WAGNER a GENTLEMAN NAMED (Insert Xylo player's name) Doing a Jimmy Braddock on the Xylophone!

Stch: Polly (Xylophone solo) appears  
Now, if we may take a moment..we'd like to tell you how to protect your car and protect the investment you have in your car at the same time. Just get a can of -

FIB: Yes sir, folks, my friend Harlow Wilcox here is

WIL: HARLOW, to you

FIB: It may be Harlow to me, but what's it to you? AHEM, As I was sayin' when I was interrupted so rude, when I was over into the Sahara Desert with the Modern McGee Motorized Mummy Movement, explorin pyramids and things, I seen the finish onto our desert-crossin' cars was gittin' all murred up with the hot sun and the grindin' sand, so I says to the Arabian guide, I says, listen, About Ben Harlow Hassan El Wilcox, I says, how do you desert fellers keep your cars portected from the sun and the sand? Shucks, says he, liftin' his turban real polite, Moostah, bennalli, bakshine el smogwhip, he says Meanin' what, says I? Meanin' Johnsons Auto Wax, says he, Oh says I. Do all you fellers -

MOL: McGEE! Will ye let Mr. Wilcox tell his story in his own way?

FIB: Okay Okay... (FADE OUT) But chucks, he don't git no local color into it, so I jest thought I'd...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, maybe I can't speak Arabic like a native, as Fibber does, but I CAN tell you in plain American just how - etc (INTO COMMERCIAL)

~~Thank you, Mr. Witherspoon. Now, back to the show with Marcelli.~~  
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WIL: ~~and we, with a wink at Fibber and Molly, Marcelli plays "I GOT TWO LOVERS" and we'll page that out page 8-1 for the vocal chorus.~~

~~ORCHESTRA: "I GOT TWO LOVERS" SAID PAGE~~

APPLAUSE:

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

ANNOUNCER: NOW, BY OUR OWN PATENTED PROCESS, COPYRIGHT REGISTERED, WE ZIP OUT TO WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE BOWLING ALONG <sup>in which</sup> HIGHWAY 79, LOOKING FOR A HOTEL TO SPEND THE NIGHT.

MOTOR SOUND IN: (DOWN FOR DIALOGUE)

MOL: McGee, tis ten mile we've come without seein' a <sup>highway marker</sup> ~~road~~.

FIB: Shucks, that ain't nuthin'.

MOL: Nuthin' <sup>aint</sup> it. Well when a woman ever gets to be President o' the United States, we'll have some real roads. Mark my words, McGee.

FIB: I'll <sup>mark</sup> ~~make~~ your words and you my roads. HEH HEH. Git it? You says <sup>you</sup> mark my -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Well what makes ye think a woman'll ever git to be President. ~~Shall never get there on my vote. Beside,~~

MOL: Why tis logical. The White House is a house ain't it? And women is better housekeepers than men. And there ya are.

FIB: Well there's more to bein' President than keepin' the White House slicked up. Ye gotta keep more'n ONE house in order onto that there job.

MOL: Sure. ~~And women is the ones to do it. It's more orderly they are. Why, look, McGee... the United States is just one big house with forty eight rooms and a few hennocops.~~

FIB: ~~AND I HONOR REMEMBERED LATER IN IT. AHEM. NO SIR. NO WOMEN... THE PRESIDENT ONCE MY VOTE. ~~McGee...~~~~

MOL: Woop. There's a little hotel, McGee. Pull up!

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

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: and that's another thing. If there was a woman president, McGee, there wouldn't be allowed the shriekin' o' brakes in the middle o' the night. There'd be peace and quiet.

FIB: Sure. Peace and quiet...and the Army and Navy walkin' around with lace collars onto their uniforms, ~~AHEM Shucks, Molly, you know better'n to think no woman'd ever git to be president. Now look.~~

MOL: McGee. I'm sleepy. <sup>Get up</sup> Come in and see if we can git a room.

FIB: Okay. But I'm tellin' ye, Molly, a woman president would

MOL: Come on, McGee. ~~We'll argue it out later.~~

SOUND: ~~CAR DOOR SLAMS.. FOOTSTEPS...DOOR SLAM~~

MAN: (ELDERLY, BUT NOT OLD: EDUCATED) Hello there folks. What can I do for you?

MOL: We'll be wantin' a room fer the night, if ye please.

MAN: All right. Just sign the regi-

FIB: Hey now...wait a mite, Molly. AHEM. What's the rate, mister?

MAN: The rate? Double room? That'll be three dollars. Rates are, double, three dollars and up.

FIB: Up where?

MOL: Just UP, foolish.

FIB: That incles meals (dontit, o' course. AHEM.

MAN: (LAUGHS) No. But the coffee shop will be open in the morning at seven. Breakfast at fifteen cents and up.

FIB: Hm.. Reall uppity around here seems like. I suppose the elevators are five floors..and up.

MOL: McGee...will you stop your chatter and sign the book? I'm sleepy.

MAN: That's a very comfortable room at three dollars.

FIB: Shucks it oughtta be. You..er..ye ain't familiar with theatrical rates, I suppose?

MAN: Well, yes. In a way. Are you theatrical?

MOL: You'd be surprised, Mister.

MAN: May I see your equity card?

FIB: Eh? My which?

MAN: Don't you belong to some theatrical organization?

MOL: He's a past master o' the International Society o' Gallery Hooters.

FIB: I ain't in the theatrical business exactly brother. AHEM. Circus man, myself.

MOL: Come on to bed, circus man. The gentlemen will give ye three rings in the mornin'.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Well if you're from the circus, I guess I can give you the theatrical rate. Two and a half.

FIB: This was a five-ring circus, brother. Could ye make it two and a quarter?

MAN: I used to sort of hang around the circus myself.

FIB: ~~Well then you've probly seen me.~~

MOL: ~~Turn around McGee.~~

FIB: ~~That for?~~

MOL: ~~The man might be from here. Ye knock under the tent flap.~~

FIB: ~~Don't pay no attention to her, Brother. She's a grand singer.~~

MAN: *Which one were you with?*  
~~What did she do in the circus?~~

MOL: Twas a flea circus and McGee had the backscratcher concession <sup>thru the Sagenbach act</sup>

FIB: Nuthin' o' the kind. Ye see, brother, I used to be a <sup>Catwoman?</sup> cat-coaxer. ~~AHEM.~~ That's what us in the business called lion-tamers. But I had to give it up.

MAN: Oh, nerves, eh?

FIB: Yep. But not mine. Twas the lions nerves that give way AHEM. Got so they was so scared o' me nobody could do nuthin' with 'em. Every time I went past the cage even, they'd tremble and shake like they had a chill. So I went into <sup>my</sup> the canarial act.

MAN: Oh canarial. With Canaries?

FIB: Shuvks, no. Canarial was a combination act with a cannon and a trapeze. Canoe and aerial, see? AHEM.

MOL: ~~Sure, he was a hot aerial worker, mister.~~

MAN: I don't get the idea, I'm afraid.

FIB: I ain't surprised. I'm the only one ever done it. AHEM. Used to call me MARVEL McGEE, THE MIRACLE MAN O' THE MIDWAY.

MOL: Sure. But he started wrastlin' with the Human Skeleton and got fired fer rollin' the bones durin' business hours. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Shuvks, nuthin' o' the kind. AHEM. Ye see, brother - say, that's a nice lookin' cigar ye got there.

MAN: Yes. Have one?

FIB: Well I don't care if I do...now that ye mention it. AHEM.

MOL: McGee. Aren't you ashamed.

FIB: I'll tell ye better after I smoke it. AHEM. Ye see, brother, the way my canarial act workd was this here. I'd git shot out of a cannon up to the top o' the tent and grab onto a trapeze that was swung out - timed perfect to meet me. Then after a few hand catches, triple flips and corkscrew twists, I'd drop graceful as a swan into the net, bounce up onto a horses back that was gallopin' around the ring, and wind up by leapin off a springboard over eight elephants.

MOL: What, no loop the loop?

FIB: Only on Sunday and Holidays. AHM. Yes sir, brother, I was the talk o' the circus world the season I done the act as Marvel McGee, the Miracle Man o' the Midway. That is, till I got accidentally promoted. AHM.

MAN: Accidentally promoted?

FIB: Yep. Ye see I had a regular helper to load the cannon fer me. Had to measure the powder out into grains. Took 3 million, two hundred forty six thousand, nine hundred 13 grains o' smokeless powder to git me up to the trapeze. AHM. I'd experimented and found that three grains either way would either blow me thru the top o' the tent or drop me into the snake pit. AHM.

MOL: Sure..add with forty two extra grains you'd be playin' in the band wagon...with a harp.

~~But...er...what was this accidental promotion you spoke about?~~  
~~Yes. That.~~ <sup>ye see</sup> AHM. Well, ~~sir~~, I'd been shot outa this

here cannon three times a day fer twenty two weeks -

MOL: The only man who ever got fired every day and kept the job.

FIB: Who's tellin' this, Molly? AHM. Well, sir, one hot summer day we was playin' Cedar Grove, Wisconsin, the same day our ~~show~~ <sup>show</sup> ~~company~~ the big Bingling-and-Barley show was playin' day and date with us. Shucks, was quite a rivalry between us then and we had to put on our best show to beat Bingling-and-Barley.

MAN: Bingling-and-Barley had the greatest show on earth, they tell me.

FIB: That's what they thought. AHM. Only thing they lacked was Marvel McGee, the -

MOL: The Mugg o' the <sup>Monkey Cage</sup> ~~Monkey Cage~~ ~~Moorehouse~~.

FIB: THE MIRACLE MAN O' THE MIDWAY. AHM. Ye see, Bingling and Barley had made me several offers through <sup>young</sup> ~~one~~ Bingling hisself but shucks I was loyal to the old Saggenhack outfit. But jest to show ye, what lengths them <sup>circus owners</sup> ~~folks~~ go to put on a show, they bribed my helper to put a double load o' powder into my cannon. A double load, or ~~six million 458~~ thousand, 888 grains o' ~~smokeless powder~~. Without my <sup>outfit</sup> ~~show~~ knowledge, mind ye. They was jest tryin' to ~~show~~ the Bingling and Barley outfit. They didn't mean no harm to me.. t'was jest thoughtlessness. AHM. Well, sir, come my evenin' performance, and the band started playin' my entrance music -



MOL: Smoke gets in your eyes. ~~Or was it the Cavalier's Bucky~~  
~~9~~

FIB: ~~Father and "Was Hell the Conqueror" Here Comes That was~~  
~~me.~~ AHEM. Well sir, as I stood there into my glitterin',  
 spangled tights..

MOL: (WHOOPS)

FIB: Well, what's the matter with you, Molly?

MOL: (LAUGHS) You, in tights, McGee. (LAUGHS) Mister he's so  
 skinny he ~~carries a double barreled shot gun for spare~~  
~~part~~ <sup>could fit in a plate.</sup>

FIB: Well, I've <sup>have</sup> kinda shrunk down sence then. AHEM. Well, sir,  
 I give a look at my cannon...pretty as ye ever see, it was  
 too, all shined up slicker'n a whistle with

MAN: Machine oil?

FIB: Nope. It was -

MAN: Gun grease?

FIB: No, I tell ye it was -

~~MAN: Wilage~~ ~~I know.~~ JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX.  
~~How did you know that?~~ <sup>What you done in this hotel Kaye.</sup>

MOL: ~~That's easy McGee. He read it in the script here. (LAUGHS)~~

MAN: Well, what happened with the overcharged cannon?

FIB: Well, sir, I never thought to examine the load o' powder...  
 havin' sech confidence into my helper. So I jest kissed  
 my hand to the crowd and slides into the <sup>muzzle</sup> ~~the~~ cannon. Feet first.

MOL: Oh, ye was muzzlin' in!

FIB: (THRU HIS HANDS) Don't be jokin' with me down in this here  
 cannon, Molly. AHEM. Well sir, I waited for the boom o'  
 the explosion and got ready to grab the trapeze...and then it  
 comes....

SOUND: ~~TYMP CRASH~~

FIB: Up I went, like a streak o' lightnin' ... I knew immediate  
 the charge had been too heavy and as I ripped thru the top  
 o' the tent I begun to wonder where I was gonna land. I  
 flew over the city hall and the public library, the high  
 school and the Methodist Church, and begun to see I was  
 headed STRAIGHT FER THE <sup>direction of</sup> GINGLING & BARLEY TENTS across town,  
 and I kinda chucked to myself, as I waved a sparrow or two  
 out my path. Well sir, down I come...WIZZZZZZ...and RIP...  
 right thru the <sup>Big Top</sup> Big Top, jest as a trapeze was swung out fer  
 a performer. I grabbed it, did a quadruple flip flop, bounced  
 down into the net, leaped six elephants, rode a hoss thru a  
 flaming hoop and cartwheeled over to the paywagon, where I  
 apologized fer rippin' the tent. AHEM.

MOL: ~~Same. I suppose when they'd seen where you landed thru the~~  
~~tent, they must have been surprised.~~

MAN: What did Bingling say, - was he pleasant?

*starts up w/ flap near the lights,*

FIB: Pleasant! Shucks, he jest ~~shook hands~~ and said, Marvel, he says, you're hired. Name your own salary, he says, and I worked with him till he retired from the circus business years later. Great guy, Bingling.

MAN: I'm glad you think so.

FIB: Why, brother. Know him, do ye?

MAN: Know him? (LAUGHS) I should. I'M BINGLING.

~~FIB: You're... or... you mean you... or... AHEM. Applause~~

MOL: (LAUGHS) Hah... climb back into your cannon, McGee and -....

~~WHERE ARE YE GOIN'?~~

~~FIB: I... or... I'm (FADE OUT) I'm gonna git the bags outta the car..~~

~~I'll...!~~

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

APPLAUSE: (HOLD APPLAUSE THRU SWEETEST STORY)

ORCHESTRA: SOCK INTO: "IN CALIENTE" - 3 KINGS

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (LAUGHS) That, Ladies and gentlemen, was Marcelli and his men, plus those caballeros, the 3 Kings, being Hot to Fibber and Hot Tamale with the chorus of "IN CALIENTE"! (LAUGHS) You know, Mark Twain was wrong when he said everybody talked about the weather but nobody did anything about it. We..(and by we, I mean the Johnson Wax people) HAVE done something about it. ~~With your car protected from rain and sun, just~~

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

*To any of you etc*

WILCOX

To any of you who have scrubbed, rubbed and struggled with ordinary ~~car~~ auto cleaners to restore the finish on your car - the new Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner comes as great news. For the principle is entirely new. It's easier and quicker to use - saving both time and muscle work. And ~~with its~~ ~~unique~~ Johnson's Auto Cleaner positively will not injure the finish in any way. And right here let me add that ~~the~~ modern, quick and ~~also~~ efficient way to protect the finish on your car from grit and dust, and from the weather, is to give it a glistening armor of Johnson's time-saving, car-saving Auto Wax.

This unique new high quality wax is packed soft for easy application, yet it ~~doesn't~~ dries, the flint-like surface defies the elements that ordinarily ruin the finest car finish. And let me remind you again that a gleaming coat of Johnson's Wax not only gives you a car to be proud of, but also increases the value when you trade it in.

And here's some good news for you. If you act at once, your regular Johnson's Wax dealer or filling station will give you free one regular 40 cent 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.

If you ordinarily have your car waxed at a garage or service station, be sure to specify Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner.

wrf:mam 6-18-35

ORCHESTRA THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WILCOX: - and don't forget, folks, that -  
FIB: - say, I'm glad ye said that there about don't forget, Harpo -  
WIL: HARLOW.  
FIB: So am I, kinda. We'll go out and eat together. AHM. But  
I'm glad ye reminded me.  
WIL: Of nat?  
FIB: That next week I'm gonna tell about my mule, Salome, I used  
to have. Salome, the mule with the educated ears.  
WIL: I get it. And you say I reminded you of her? I resent that.  
MOL: FIBBER MCGEE come back here.  
FIB: Okay. (FADE OUT) I was jest tryin' to tell Harpo here that..  
WIL: (LAUGHS) So, apparently, friends, next week we'll hear about  
this educated hybrid with the collegiate aural appendages.  
(Ears to you.) And 'ere's to you again, till we meet on this  
same old kilocycle next Tuesday at this same hour. Until  
then, brighten your days with the thought that your car is  
brightened with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. This is Harlow Wilcox  
speaking, they tell me. Good night.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH

rolsel  
10:05AM  
61735