

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON AND SONS

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE #11

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WENR
(9:00-9:30 PM) (JUNE 25, 1935)

(TUESDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

H.W.
T

Page 2.

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

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Auto Wax present another glittering galaxy of gay gavottes and Gargantuan gags, with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - ~~GALE PAGE~~, - THE THREE KINGS, and MARIAN AND JIM as that tireless team of tall-talking transients, FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: And to start things off with the proper swing, Marcelli and his men give you "The Cha--"

FIB: Hey there, Harpo -

WIL: Harlow. And will you please stop interr-

FIB: Listen. Do ye know anybody wants to buy a good coat o' Johnson's Auto Wax?

WIL: Do you mean buy a can of Johnsons Auto Wax and Cleaner? Or a job of polishing?

FIB: Nuther. Jest what I says. A COAT o' Johnson's Auto Wax.

WIL: Now wait a minute, PLEASE! Do you mean-

FIB: Now now now, Harpo. Ye'll never git to be a polo player if ye git so excited. AHM. Ye see, twas five years ago this summer. One hot night into June I couldn't sleep on account o' because th' air was so STUFFY. So I crawls outa bed, slips on a old pair o' pants, and some slippers, and walks out into the back yard. Twas nice and cool out there, so I says to myself, I says, Fibber, I says, this here's a swell time to polish the car, I says. So--

WIL: Listen, Fibber. Can't you tell me about this some other-

FIB: SO I GOES AND gits my can o' Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax, and goes over to the corner o' the yard where I always keeps my car and goes to work. Twas so dark I sort o' had to feel my way, but Johnson's Wax is so easy put on twasn't no job atall. Well sir, when I had 'er so I felt twas all nice and shiny and glossy I goes back into the house, takes a cool shower and goes to bed. Next mornin' Molly says, listen, McGee, she says...where'd you sneak out to last night? Who, me? I says? Yes, YOU, she says. Oh says I. I went out to polish up the car. Oh is that so, says she. Yes says I...why NOT? Why not! says she. - why on account o' because I left it over to Cousin Tim's last night.

WIL: Then what was the idea of saying -

FIB: WELL SIR, I rushes out into the back yard, and there, gleamin' and glistenin' was a coat o' Johnson's Auto Wax jest the shape and size o' my car. SON, I'D POLISHED 'ER FROM MEMORY!

WIL: Oh, now listen, I --

FIB: That was five years ago, and it's still jest as bright and shiny as --

MOL: MCGEE, will ye quit pesterin' the man?

FIB: Okay, Okay. AHM. FOLKS, Mr. Marshmelli is gonna play the CASHIER'S CANTATA -- "The Guarding o' the Change!"

MOL: Tis nothin' o' the kind. Tis "THE CHANGIN' O THE GUARD!"

WIL: Play ANYTHING, Marcelli. But HURRY!

ORCH: THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

APPLAUSE:

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

SOUND: MOTOR IN AND UP - DOWN FOR DIALOG

MOL: - and did ye ever see such a dusty road, McGee? 'Tis a one-man dust storm were makin'.

FIB: Shucks, I don't mind as long as we don't have to drive along right behind somebody else.

MOL: Hah. Tis BEHIND 'em we'll drive. But not RIGHT behind 'em. McGee, they pass us like we we're parked.

FIB: Well they's SOME comfort, Molly. AHM. It tain't as dusty behind us as it tis ahead of us.

MOL: and why is it not?

FIB: Radiator leaks. HEH HEH HEH. Git it, Molly? I says the radiator -

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee. My my, this is some thirsty trip.

FIB: Why it tain't nuther. It's Tuesday. Yesterday was Monday, tomorrow's Wednesday and --

MOL: I didn't say Thursday, McGee. I said THIRSTY. 'URST' like in worst - like this road.

FIB: Oh. AHM.

MOL: Yes...and will ye stop at that soda fountain up ahead there, McGee? I'd like to getme a sody water fer me throat.

FIB: A sody? Shucks that'll jest make ye thirstier, Molly. Now a good long drink o' clear water'll--

MOL: McGee, I want no water when I'm set for a sody. Now pull over there, will ye?

FIB: Okay...Okay...

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

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: Come on, McGee. I want to perch at the fountain and unparch me throat.

SOUND: DOUBLE DOOR SLAM (CAR) LIGHT SCREEN DOOR SLAM

BOY: (RATHER YOUNG) Hello, there. What'll you have?

FIB: Small sody fer the lady and big glass o' water fer me. AHEM.

MOL: Wrong. A BIG soda fer me and a small glas o' water fer him, sonny. Make mine chocolate.

FIB: With four straws, bud. AHEM. I'll jest take a sip -

MOL: You'll do nuthin' o' the kind. Fibber McGee. Ye'll order yer own.

FIBBER: Okay. Okay. Make 'er two chocklit sody's bud.

BOY: All right.

FIB: How much, bud?

BOY: Fifteen with two scoops of ice cream. Ten cents with one scoop.

MOL: I'll take the two.

FIB: Skip a scoop fer me, skinny. AHEM. How do ye like jerkin' sody's, bud?

BOY: Oh, it's all right. Better'n workin' on the farm.

SOUNDS: RATTLE OF GLASSES

FIB: I jest was askin' on account o' because I used to be a champeen fountain-fiddler myself. AHEM. Used to call me (HISS) SIZZLER MCGEE, THE S-s-superintendent o' the S-s-sanitary Sssssody Ssssservice. AHEM. That was in Sssschenectady.

MOL: Ye don't ssssay so, McGee!

FIB: Ssssure. Why every time the big bubble truck'd drive up with a load o' bubbles fer the carbarnated water, I'd turn to Mr. Cohen..(Jake Cohen...he owned the fountain) and-

MOL: You know, sonny. The ice cream Cohens.

FIB: And I'd say, listen, Jake, I'd say, I got a new idea fer a sassyparily frappe, I'd say and-

TELEPHONE BELL:

BOY: Excuse me a minute folks...there's the phone. Go ahead and fix your own sodas. You know how, Mister. (FADEOUT) I'll be back in a...

FIB: (CALLS) Don't hurry none, Bud. AHEM. Now watch me, Molly. I'll show ye how a sody OUGHT be ~~connected~~ *Squirled*

MOL: McGee... come outa there. I ~~want my sody BEFORE I have a stummick ache.~~ *before you squirt it all over the floor of us.*

SOUNDS: LOUD RATTLE OF GLASSES

FIB: *Shucks* You watch this, Molly. I'll show ye how I used to jerk sodys when I was workin' in the SSSSchenectady SSSSody Ssssservice. *way back you set your faucets fixed* shucks, ye should o' seen the sundaes I used to build.

MOL: Sure. It takes a week end to make a sundae. Now be careful McGee....

FIB: Watch this Molly...ye jest grab a glass from behind ye...
like this...flip it over your shoulder...like this...and...

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

MOL: There now...ye see, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, that was jest on account o' because I'm not familiar
with the surroundin's here. Watch this one.

MOL: McGee...stop it! Ye've no right to -

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

FIB: Shucks...that's funny. I used to do it every time when -

MOL: FIBBER MCGEE...do ye want to lose the lad his job? Sure, ye
ought to be ashamed.

FIB: Aw what's a pair o' glasses -

MOL: A pair o' glasses is a spectacle. And a spectacle is what
your makin' o' yourself. Now come on and -

FIB: Jest wait till I show ye how I used to toss a scopper o'
ice cream into a glass at arm's length, Molly. Watch close
now. Ye take the glass into the left hand like this...
(OFF MIKE) scoop up some cream into the right hand like this.
...(ON MIKE) and without lookin' ye toss...

BOY: (FADE IN) Say...didn't I hear something break when I...
~~HEY GUT THAT OUT...WHAT'S THE IDEA...~~

MOL: MCGEE...Ye ~~threw~~ it right into the lads face...now aren't ye
ashamed!

FIB: Shucks, Bud I...

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like this...flip it over your shoulder...like this...and...

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

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~~HEY GUT THAT OUT...WHAT'S THE IDEA...~~

MOL: MCGEE...Ye ~~threw~~ it right into the lads face...now aren't ye
ashamed!

FIB: Shucks, Bud I...

BOY: GET OUTA THERE. GO ON BACK AND SIT DOWN..(FADE OUT) ~~I~~
a swell fountain you see you all
thought you were such a great fountain man...why you...

breakin' all the glasses and...

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

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (LAUGHS) WELL...AS WE LEAVE FIBBER TO MAKE GOOD ON THE SODAS
HE MAKES SO BAD, WE COME TO A RATHER NICE ITEM OURSELVES.
IT'S A GALA PAGE IN OUR SCRIPT WHEN WE HAVE GALE PAGE GIVING
US AN EYE-AND-EAR TREATMENT WITH "CHASING SHADOWS" GALE PAGE:

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: CHASING RAINBOWS - Gale Page. *Symon Martin*

APPLAUSE

WIL: Now I'd like to say a few words about Johnson's Auto Wax, if
I may do so without being interrupted by our friend Fi--

FIB: (FADE IN) Hey there, Harpo-

WIL: HARLOW! Harlow A. Wilcox please.

FIB: Ye couldn't change your first name to Jasper, could ye, son?

WIL: WWhy Jasper?

FIB: Then your initials'd be J.A.W. Like Johnson's Auto Wax.
Make everything come out even. AHEM. But say...I heard ye
bought a new polo pony, son!

WIL: Why yes, I did. But what --

FIB: Well I was jest gonna warn ye. NEVER...NEVER rub 'er down
with Johnsons Auto Wax. Never.

WIL: Well now listen. We're supposed to be ADVERTISING Joh-

FIB: I know we are. But I ruined a good polo pony that way once.
Shucks, she was so dad ratted proud and vain of herself, all
glossy and gleamin' and shiny with that wax onto her she
couldn't keep her mind onto the game. AHEM. and all them
other hosses was so jealous they kept kickin' at her so much
she --

MOL: FIBBER MC GEE. Will ye let the announcer announce fer himself?

FIB: Aw shucks. Ye never let a feller git a word in edgeways when..

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, Fibber's pony, if any, had a RIGHT to be proud
of its shining protective coat of Johnson's Auto Wax and
You'll be just as proud, and a lot more practical, when you
try -- (INTO COMMERCIAL)

WIL: -- and now, Marcelli sneaks a peek at his musical calendar and finds "ONE MORNING IN MAY". Tear it off, Marcelli!

ORCH: ONE MORNING IN MAY

applause; APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: NOW IF THE SOUND MAN WILL GIVE US A FAR CRY -

SOUND: FAINT CRY

WIL: Thank you. Yes sir, folks. It's a far cry from our studios here to a farmyard on highway 79, but we can arrange it. And we find Fibber and Molly quenching their dusty-road thirst with a glass of cold well-water, generously supplied by the lady of the house.

MOL: My my, ma'am...this is real good water.

FIB: Shucks, I've already drunk so much my neckties beginnin' to run. Ye know, I'd of give a good deal fer ten drops o' this out there in Death Valley when I was prospectin' years ago.

MOL: (GROANS) Aw now McGee...

WOMAN: Laws, was you a miner, mister?

MOL: ^{He} ~~Up~~ ^{was a miner} till he was 21 only, ma'am. Come on McGee. We'll let the lady go on with her work.

FIB: Shucks, she'll probably give three cheers fer no chores. AHM. Yes, sir, ma'am. I spent many and many a thirsty day out into the desert...me and Salomey.

MOL: and WHO, McGee?

FIB: Salomey. Great gal, Salomey was. But she could never seem to git enough to drink. AHM.

WOMAN: Oh dear!

MOL: McGee. What are you--

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly. Salomey was a mule. Pack mule. Smartest mule into the hull state o' Wyomin'.

WOMAN: But Death Valley is in californy, mister.

FIB: I know. But Salomey had been brung up in Wyoming. AHM. Shucks, I used to git real amused at pore old Salomey.

MOL: Sure. Lots o' folks git a kick out of a mule, McGee.

FIB: AHM. Well sir, Salomey saved my life many and many a time. Once when I was about to step onto a rattler, she says, quick's a flash, she says, WATCH YOURSELF, Misty! she says.. and I lept outa the way jest in time.

MOL: What was this MISTY business, McGee? Was ye lost in a fog even then?

FIB: Nope. Misty was what she called me. Twas short fer Mysterious. That's what all them folks out west called me. MYSTERIOUS MCGEE. The MAN THAT MURMURS TO MULES. AHM.

MOL: Ah, ye was talkin' to yourself!

FIB: No. To Salomey.

WOMAN: But Mister, you'd kinda give the impression ~~of~~ that the MULE could talk.

FIB: Shucks, ma'am. She could. AHM. With her ears.

WOMAN: Her ears?

FIBBER: Yep. You know how a mules ears is, ma'am. Long and floppy, kinda. The minnit I seen them long ears I says to myself, I I says, McGee, I says, nature give mules ears like that there fer a purpose, I says. So when I looks into her deep blue eyes, I thinks --

WOMAN: BLUE eyes, on a MULE?

MOL: Ye sure twasn't the horse with the lavender eyes, McGee?

FIB: Blue eyes, I says. The only blue eyed mule I ever seen, too, Salomey was. Kinda SAD blue eyes, too. Like she hadn't never met nobody that understood 'er...till I got her.

MOL: He always had him a deep understandin' with other dumb brutes ma'am.

FIB: Yes I always....say, Molly. I resent that.

MOL: and so what?

FIBBER: AHEM. and so I tries to figger out what nature give mules ears like that for, and when I watches 'em I'm reminded o' the time when I was a signalman on board o' the U.S.S. ARKENTUCKY. I remembered them little red and white flags I used to signal with.

WOMAN: I know. Semaphores they call 'em.

FIB: Nope. Two by fours. They was jest two of 'em. AHEM.

MOL: McGee. Don't be disputin' the lady.

FIB: Excuse me, ma'am. AHEM. But then I noticed Salomey's ears made the same motions I used to make with them signal flags. and when I seen they was spellin' out words, I was jest struck dumb.

MOL: Ye mean dumber.

FIB: Yes. Er NO. I mean...well sir, the first thing she wigwagged was ~~WATCH MY EARS...WATCH MY EARS...WATCH MY EARS. WATCH MY EARS,~~

MOL: And did ye wiggle yer ^Wears back, McGee? I remember ye used to say ye could wiggle--

FIB: AHEM! well sir, I felt real cheap that there I stood...never realizin' I was watchin' one o' natures wonders. ME...a expert wig-wagger.

MOL: Oh could ye wag yer wig, too?

FIB: Well sir I struck up a conversation with Salomey right away. She says she was taught to wigwag by a signalman name of Marcelli on the U.S. Penssylhio. FellerI knew well, which made kind of a bond between me andSalomey right away.

MOL: Sure I'd take no stock in a mules bond, McGee.

WOMAN: You mean that mule really talked to you with her ears...and understood what you says to her, Mister?

FIB: Yep. Even corrected my grammar sometimes...which was kinda humiliatin'. AHEM. Well sir, one day we was out onto the desert, hikin' along and Salomey's ears starts waggin'. BETTER START MAKIN' CAMP SHE SAYS. MUST BE AROUND SEVEN O'CLOCK. No, says I...better wait till we git to water. 'Okay, wigwags Salomey, kickin' a rock aside with her off hind foot and showin' me a little spring. ^{broken} She was always doin' somethin' smart like that. Well sir, we made camp and et our beans and hay.

MOL: And which of ye et the hay, McGee?

WOMAN: My I can hardly believe a mule could be so smart.

FIB: Ma'am...nature is real wonderful when ye git to know her.. as I do. AHEM. Well sir, next mornin' as we come to the edge o' some mountains I seen a worried look into Salomey's big brown eyes. And I --

WOMAN: I thought you said they were ~~green~~ *blue*

FIB: They was. But changeable. Sometimes blue..sometimes green.. sometimes brown. Changed colors jest like one o' these here comedians.

MOL: *Chameleons*
Ye mean chameleons, ~~McGee~~.

FIB: Yes, one o' them chipmu...er..what you says. AHEM. Well sir, I says Cheer up, Sal, I says...whatcha worried about? I dunno, she wigwags, I jest got me a premonition. Salomey was always usin' big words like that. That's what give her such strong ears. AHEM. Whatcha mean premonition, I says? I dunno she answers, It's jest a feelin' that somethin's gonna happen. And jest then it did.

MOL: Sure. She got a earache and couldn't talk fer a week.

FIB: Nope. Twas the roar of a landslide. Salomey heard it first, and like a flash she whirled around, hauls up her heels and gimme a boot that knocked me forty rods away...outa danger from the landslide.

MOL: Ah...ye took to 'er heels!

FIB: No...she took her heels to me. AHEM. But the pore gal got caught into the slide by takin' time to save me ~~and~~ ^{But} as luck'd have it, she wasn't hurt a mite...except that her ears was knocked off..slicker'n a whistle. Pore old Salomey..when she found she couldn't talk to old Misty no more...she...she jest pined away...and died.

WOMAN: But, Mister...

FIB: Eh?

WOMAN: Why didn't you teach her to wigwag with her tail?

FIB: Ma'am...I kin see you don't understand them Western folks. They don't stand fer no back talk out there.

ORCH: "AND THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

APPLAUSE: TO HOLD THRU "SWEETEST STORY"

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well how did you like that little incident in a checkered career, Molly? *Planner*

MOL: Sure, I was kinda tickled, Mr. Wilcox. But I don't mind bein' tickled...much. *new intro. to song*

WIL: What do you mean, Molly?

MOL: Listen...I'll show ye.

FIB: (BREAK IN) and lemme warn you folks...better lay aside that there gum before ye swaller it. AHEM. Go on Molly. Tackle the tickle!

ORCH: VAMP TO TICKLING SONG

MOLLY: STOP YOUR TICKLING

APPLAUSE:

ORCH: WHAM INTO "LUCKY DAY"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men playing LUCKY DAY...and I WAS LUCKY. and he was luckier still to have Gale Page and the three Kings to give him a hand...or rather a voice, with the chorus.

And incidentally it'll be a lucky day for you, when you first try a gleaming, protective coat of Johnson's Auto Wax on your car....(INTO COMMERCIAL)

ORCH: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: And we hope you'll be with us again when-

FIB: When I give ye the lowdown onto how I come to be champion ski-jumper o' the Plotz-platzen Plateau over into Switzerland. Ever hear o' the matterhorn, Harpo?

WIL: Harlow. Can't you remember that. HARLOW!

FIB: Why should I? Your always here to tell me. AHEM Ever hear o' the Matterhorn, Harlow?

WIL: Certainly One of the highest peaks in the alps. Why?

FIB: Well sir, I'm the only feller that ever skeed up it and blew the matter horn. (FADE OUT) I'll tell ye all about it next week when I...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, Fibber says he ski'd that'n...(you know. skeedeeten, skeedatten?) but we'll take his word for it because we have to skeedaddle. And we'll meet you on the corner of Fibber McGee and NBC next Tuesday at this same time. Until then, remember that old wall-motto, EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING, and EVERY CAR IS ENTITLED TO JOHNSONS AUTO WAX. This is Harlow Wilcox, I am reliably informed. Goodnight!

ORCH: THEME UP TO CLOSE

e1/s/22/35

next Tues

*W.B. says
25 years - new feller
Don't
How about into gym as a
they better get into a trip wire?
I wish my Tiebin
Chingy Gual (no words)*

Swamin

S.C. JOHNSON CO. -FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY -9:00-9:30 PM - JUNE 25, 1935

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Now I am going to interrupt just a moment to give you a tip you'll be mighty glad to have. When you see a car that's all scratched and dusty you can bet your bottom dollar that the owner either has no pride or hasn't yet discovered those two new miracle workers --Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner, exclusive developments of the S. C. Johnson Company. And I think I am safe in saying that Johnson's new Auto Cleaner is the most unusual and remarkable means of restoring the finish on your car yet invented. It is totally unlike any other on the market. The entire principle is new. All you do is pour a little of this creamy white liquid on a cloth, rub it lightly over the surface of the car and allow it a brief moment to dry to a thin white film. Then take a cloth and rub it off. You will be amazed at how easily the dirt and dust are removed and how quickly the appearance of newness is restored to that finish, for Johnson's Cleaner polishes as it cleans.

And let me add right here that if you have found the ordinary type cleaners harsh and injurious to the finish of the car, you will be glad to know that this modern, quicker, easier cleaner not only is more efficient, but positively will not injure the finish in any way.

So if you have a car that is old, or a new car that is beginning to look old, let me urge you to try this sensational new Johnson's Auto Cleaner that actually takes half the time of ordinary cleaners and much less muscle work.

Page 2

CLOSING:

WILCOX: A few minutes ago I told you how easily and quickly you can restore the finish on your car with Johnson's new, easy-to-use Auto Cleaner so now I want to tell you that the way to protect the finish from dirt, grit, weather, and the blistering rays of the sun is to give it a gleaming coat of Johnson's Auto Wax.

Now one thing that makes this new, high quality wax completely unlike other auto wax is that it comes to you soft for easy, quick application, yet it dries to a flint-like hardness that provides positive protection to your car's finish and gives it a brilliant, jewel-like sheen that fairly dazzles. And here are three good reasons why a few cents for a coat of Johnson's time-saving, car-saving Auto Wax is an excellent investment. First, whether your car is old or new you can be **proud of its appearance**. Second, Johnson's Auto Wax is unfriendly to dirt and dust, so it isn't necessary to wash your car nearly as often. And third, a Johnson protected finish will greatly increase the trade-in or re-sale value of your car. Now I'll admit I may be a little prejudiced because I have been using Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner for a long time myself. So let me point out that the famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories -- independent organization of expert chemists and engineers actually tested Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner with car owners all over the country -- side by side with other methods, and it was proved beyond a doubt that the modern Johnson's Wax method of restoring or protecting the finish on your car takes less time, less muscle work and gives more lasting results.

WILCOX (CONTINUED)

And now let me tell you about a remarkable free offer. If you will go to your hardware store or service station at once and purchase one can of Johnson's Auto Wax and a can of Johnson's Auto Cleaner, at the special discount price of only 98 cents, you will be given free one regular 40-cent can of high quality Black Touch-Up Enamel. This same offer at this same price is also good in Canada.

Whether you wax your car yourself or have it done at a garage or service station, be sure to specify Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

dw/11:00 am
6/25/35