

NBC

ADVERTISER S C JOHNSON & SON INC. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE #12 OK
CHICAGO OUTLET WENR
8:00 - 9:30 PM) (JULY 2, 1935) (TUESDAY)
TIME DATE DAY
PRODUCTION HW
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Announce New Time

VI - H W

NEEDHAM, LOUIS and BRORBY, INC. 360 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Addition to Fibber McGee script for July 2, 1935

Beginning next week this program will be heard on most of these same stations on Mondays at 8 o'clock Eastern Daylight Time, 7 o'clock Central Daylight Time, and of course one hour earlier in sections having standard time. Remember to tune in Fibber McGee and Molly ^{next} ~~early~~ Monday evenings ~~after this week~~.

JJL:W 7-2-35

During "Latin from Manhattan"

Music fade for 1/2 minute for announcement

Over two hundred thousand new automobiles have been delivered to purchasers every month so far this year.

To those more than a million proud ¹⁹³⁵ (new car) owners we have this short message: You can keep that glistening finish on your car looking just like new for ~~several~~ years to come if you will just give it an occasional waxing. The easiest way is with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner.

(Music up and finish)

JJL:W 7-1-55

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

WILCOX: The Makers of Johnson's Auto Wax present another hilarious half-hour of ha-ha and hey-hey with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA ~~THE BRASS RINGS~~ - LYNN MARTIN - and MARIAN AND JIM AS THOSE RIOTOUS ROVERS, THOSE RAKISH, ROAMING RETAILERS OF RAPID FIRE RAILLERY, FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Marcelli shows his fine Italian hand in "A Latin From Manhattan," ~~with the 7 Kings, playing to the~~

FIB: Jest a minnit there, Harpo

WIL: --Don't call me Harpo. The name is HARLOW

FIB: I know Har Low, jack an' the game AHEM. But listen, son I ever tell ye bout the time I was skipper o' the old three-masted schooner, the Betty Wood?

HARLOW: Bet he would what?

FIB: Jest the Betty WOOD, and don't try to make somethin' out of it! Well, sir, I'd dropped the hook in the bay at Madrid, and gone ashore in the lugger to the customs house

WIL: I see. The old Spanish Customs. But listen, can't this wait till -

FIB: No. It can't. Well sir, after I'd cleared my ships papers I took me a stroll along the waterfront lookin' at the sights. I hadn't been into them southern ports fer a year or so, and say, son, ye could o' killed me with a Corn-flake when I seen a big bronzed, tough-lookin' sailor stop take out a little compact and start fixin' his face.

WIL: Listen, Fibber, this program must -
 FIB: SO I SAYS TO MYSELF. Oh, I says, these here sailors is goin' slesy, I says, and jest then I seen another big six-footed, ham handed sailor takes out a compact. Well sir, I was jest plumb scuppered, as we say at sea, and I happens to mention it to a feller standin' next to me. Shuvks, I says, look at them gobs goin' gage, I says. Bunch of softies. I says. Oh yeah? says he? Yeah, says I. Dontcha believe it! he says. Well then says I, who ever heard of a deckhand powderin' his nose? They ain't, says the feller. Oh no, says I. No, says he. they jest found out they kin perfect their faces from the sun and wind and rain with them little cans o' Johnson's Auto Wax, jest like we perfect our cars, he says, and I -

WIL: ~~Skip it, skipper! RING THOSE BELLS, MARCELLI!~~

ORCHESTRA: ~~"GET IS A LATIN FROM MANHATTAN" THREE RINGS~~

APPLAUSE

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

SOUND: MOTOR IN. DOWN BEHIND DIALOGUE UNTIL 'OUT'

MOL: McGee. are ye sure we're on the right road to Washington?

FIB: Yep.

MOL: Are you SURE, now?

FIB: Sure, I'm sure. Shuvks, last place we et the feller had him a D.C. radio into the place. HEH HEH HEH. Git it, Molly? I says the feller had a D.C. rad -

MOL: T'ain't funny, McGee. And I think we'd better stop and find out where we're at.

FIB: Shuvks, Molly. I know this country like a book.

MOL: Go on with ye. ye never been around here before?

FIB: I know. They's a lot o' books I ain't read yet nuther. AHEM

But mebbe we better check up. What's this up ahead?

MOL: Tis one o' them stop and sock golluf places, McGee

FIB: Oh. One o' them poke-and-pray palaces. Well, they oughtta know where we are.

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

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed

SOUND: ~~HORN~~

MAN: (FADE IN) Hello there. Wanta play?

MOL: Wanta play what?

MAN: I mean do you want to practice driving?

FIB: Who, me? Shucks, ^{SUN} ~~second~~, I ain't run over nobody yet. When I-

MAN: No. No. I mean Golf. You know. Hit a few of 'em

MOL: No thank ye, me boy. We was just inquiren' the way to Washin' ton. Are we all right?

MAN: You look all right to me, lady. but your on the wrong road

Turn left at the second cross road and you'll be okay

MOL: Thank'ye. My my THAT saves us a lot of trouble, McGee

FIB: Sure. Much obliged son.

MAN: That's okay. Why don't you get out and rest yourselves by batting a few balls. You're a golfer, aren't you?

FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Why whucks, son, your talkin' to
Mighty McGee, the Mashie and Midiron man from Miami. AHEM

MOL: MC GEE. Ye never played a game o' golk in your --

FIB: Why whucks, son I used to be the unofficial champen player
o' the world. Papers used to call me the Fiend o' the
Fairways

MOL: Mc Gee, how can ye set there and tell the man that -

FIB: Come to think of it, Son, I'll jest show ye how a real
professional putter pastes the pill

MOL: Don't be brassy, McGee

FIB: Come on, Molly. Shucks, ~~we~~ might as well get a mite o'
recreation

MOL: ~~Sure~~ In all creation they ain't another wreck like ~~this~~ ^{you}

SOUND: TWO DOOR SLAMS

MAN: You both want to play?

MOL: No thank ye Jest McGee here, mister I'll jest set over
here and watch him harness up a charley horse

FIB: Gimme a pail o' pills and a poker, son.

MAN: Okay. Here you are. What club?

FIB: Oh I don't belong to none jest now, ~~friend~~ ^{son} I was a member
o' the -

MAN: No I mean what golf stick do you want to practice with?

MOL: Which of the little mallets do ye want to miss with most
McGee?

FIB: Aw go on with ye Molly. What's that feller over there
playin' with?

MAN: That man there? He's using a spoon

MOL: Just give McGee a knife and fork, mister, and ^{load} ~~send~~ him to
the greens. HAH HAH

MAN: ^{Fib} ^{gotta have my spoon} Most people here use a driver

FIB: Okay That'll do

MAN: Here you are. That's two bits

FIB: Two bits fer what?

MAN: For the bucket of golf balls. That's the usual fee

FIB: Oooh, ye CHARGE fer it, eh? Shucks, I thought it was jest
fer fun ^{son}

MOL: Aw go on and play, McGee. Twill do ye good

FIB: Wel-l-l okay. But seems like a lotta money jest to play
a little shinny AHEM.

MAN: Want some tees?

FIB: Nope But we might take a lemonade later on

MAN: Okay (LAUGHS) (FADEOUT) If you want anything just holler

MOL: McGee, what are them little signs out there for? Where it
says ~~100~~, 150, 250, ~~400~~

FIB: Shucks, Molly, I'm surprised at your ignorance AHEM That
means if ye hit the one that says \$50 ye git ^a ~~two~~ dollars and
a half fer a prize? Fer hittin' the ~~three~~ ^{two} fifty one ye ^{get two} ~~three~~
bucks and a half. Ye see thru it?

MOL: Ohhhhh.

FIB: Yep. I'll git my two-bits back in a jiffy. Let's see now.
~~what~~ ^{leaves} I aim at? I'll take that one that says two fifty.

MOL: Don't stand so close to the ball, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, whatcha want me to do? ~~Git over there~~ ^{stand back} and THROW the stick at it. No sir. The correct way to stand is like this here. Head up, elbows out like this here, knees close together, close the left eye,

MOL: ^{Wp} Ye look like a statue o' delirium tremens, McGee.

FIB: Well you wait till I sock one. Watch this. One, two, three.

SOUND: WHISH (PAUSE)

FIB: Where'd it go, Molly?

MOL: No place. It's still there, McGee.

FIB: That's what I thought. ~~At~~ I was jest takin' a practice ~~swing~~ ^{swing} and I was afraid I'd hit it. Well I'm all set now. One, two, three.

SOUND: WHISH

FIB: ~~Shucks~~ ^{Sw}, a leaf blew across jest as I was gonna sock it.

MOL: Sure. ~~got it~~ ^{ate a leaf} it was.

FIB: No, git a load o' this one, Molly. Better stand back a mite.

MOL: So I'll have room to double up from laffin'. I suppose. Go on, McGee. Hit one once.

FIB: Okay. One, two, three.

SOUND: SWISH

MOL: (LAUGHS) Ye sliced it, McGee. But too thin.

FIB: Shucks, that's funny. I used to be able to hit 'em with my eyes shut.

MOL: Sure...it's an idea, McGee. Shut your eyes once.

FIB: Okay. Watch this one. One, two, three.

SWISH AND CLICK

MOL: Hah. Ye hit it, McGee! But I dunno where.

FIB: ~~Shucks, I dunno where it went nuther~~ Keep an eye out there onto the 300 sign. It'll probably light out there somewhere.

LONG PAUSE

MOL: Well, McGee. It's a long time landin'. Must o' been a moth ball and flew away.

FIB: Shuck, Molly, give it time. When I hit 'em I -

SOUND: DIMINUENDO WHISTLE AND CLUNK

FIB: OUCH. DAD RAT THE WHAT IN TUNKET. WHO THREW THAT. ~~Say what?~~

MOL: (LAUGHS) There's your golf ball, McGee. Twent right straight up and come down again. (LAUGHS)

MAN: (FADE IN) Hello there. Getting along okay, champ? (PAUSE) Say what's the matter?

MOL: (LAUGHS) He forgot to holler FORE at himself, mister. WHERE YE GOIN' MC GEE?

MC GEE: (FADE OUT) Shucks, I'm quittin'. Never seen sech a silly ~~underrated~~ game into my whole life. 'Taint even safe. A feller pays out two bits fer the privilege o' committin' assault 'n battery onto himself.

ORCHESTRA: MC GEE THEME "RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: "CHASING SHADOWS" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WILC: (LAUGHS) Well, while Fibber rubs his newly acquired bump of golf knowledge with arnica, Marcelli and his men will caddy for our lovely Lynn Martin, who will sing "Tell Me That You Love Me Tonite."

ORCHESTRA: "TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME TONITE" LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

WILC: And now going from the sublime to the practical, may I take a moment to tell you about -

FIB: (FADE IN) Yes sir, folks, my friend Harpo Wilcox here -

WILC: HARLOW, to you!

FIB: Listen, son. Quit interruptin' me all the time. Ye may be a polo player off duty, but your ridin' to a fall here. AHM. As I was sayin' when I was interrupted so rude, folks, when I was over into the Sahara Desert with the Modern McGee Motorized Mummy Movement explorin' pyramids and stuff. I seen the finish onto our desert-crossin' cars was gittin' all marred up with the sun and the grindin' sand, so I says to the Arab ~~guide~~ ^{guy}, I says, listen, Abou Ben Harlow Hassan El Wilcox, I says, how do you desert fellers keep your cars ~~perded~~ from the sun and the sand? Shucks, says he, tippin' his turban, real polite, Moostah bannalli, bakshine el smogwhip, he says. Meanin' what, says I, Meanin' JOHNSONS' AUTO WAX, says he. Oh, says I, do all you fellers -

MOL: MC GEE. Will ye let Mr. Wilcox tell his story in his own way

FIB: Okay..okay.. (FADEOUT) But shucks, he don't git no local color into it so I jest thought I'd...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well maybe I can't gum Arabic, like Fibber, but I can tell you in plain American, ^{about} ~~and right here I want to take an opportunity to thank all of you who have sent letters saying that you have tried~~ Johnson's Auto Wax and ~~the~~ Cleaner. ~~and~~ ^{if} there are any of you who have not yet tried this remarkable new time-saving, car-saving method of restoring and protecting the finish on your car, I want to call particular attention to the cleaner. Car owners all over the country are singing the praises of this amazing new Auto Cleaner that seems to work like magic -- for the entire principal is new and totally different from anything you've ever before used on your car. And if any of you have had ~~disastorous~~ ^{unsatisfactory} results with ordinary cleaners, let me say that the purpose of Johnson's time-saving, muscle-saving Auto Cleaner is to restore the finish on your car, and ^{it} ~~positive~~ will not injure it in any way. All you do, to bring back the satiny lustre of newness, is rub this creamy white liquid lightly over the surface. It dries quickly to a fine white powder. Then with a dry cloth you rub it right off. And it's no exaggeration to say -- you'll be astonished at the result! For Johnson's auto cleaner actually polishes as it cleans. So take a tip from me, and try this sensational new cleaner at the first opportunity. You'll be glad you did.

*Harlow
Lunt to theme*

WILCOX: And here's a special treat for you Our little feature violinist, Miss AUDREY CALL, who is a player of notes and a composer of note, will play her own composition - "Streamline"

ORCHESTRA: "STREAMLINE" AUDREY CALL

APPLAUSE:

~~ORCHESTRA: "I SEE TWO HOVERS"~~

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: The number you just heard was "I See Two Hovers" with Lynn Martin singing the lyrics a lift, And now we see ~~two other~~ ^{pe} ~~others~~, - FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY, as they stop to check up on the road to Washington

FIB: Ye say the next turn to the left gets us back onto the Harrisburg road to Washington, eh, bud?

MAN: Yes, sir (LAUGHS) Going to get some seeds from your congressman?

FIB: Nope Gonna git some bulbs fer my electric light plant (LAUGHS)

MOL: My my, son, they sure have high hills around here don't they?

MAN: Yeah. This is a pretty hilly country all right

MOL: And what's the rolley coaster doin' way up on the hill ~~there?~~ ^{there}

MAN: Oh that? That's a ski jump We have a lot of winter sports around here

FIB: Is that so. Shucks, I used to be quite a winter sport myself. ANEM Ski jumpin' eh?

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MOL: (GROANS) Aw now, McGee don't start tellin' -
 FIB: Ye sir, bud, ski umpin's my favorite sport.
 MOL: How about golf, McGee?
 FIB: AHEM. I says SKI JUMPIN'S my favorite sport, bud
 MAN: Is that so?
 FIB: Yep. If ye got a minute I'll tell ye what happened when I
 entered the Swiss Ski Marathon, over there into the high
 peaks o' the smatterhook
 MOL: Hottermorn
 MAN: Matterhorn?
 FIB: THE HIGHEST PEAK INTO THE ALPS Well, sir, I
 Say, I'm sorry, but I've got to get busy with my plowing,
 mister. If you don't - mind *is he going*
 FIB: I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YE A BIT, boy. It's no secret that
 Ski-Skimmer McGee, the Master O' the Matterhorn Marathon
 was the best into the business. AHEM. Well sir I'll never
 forgit the day I led them SWISS guides up Mount McGee
 MAN: You led the guides?
 FIB: Sure. I was well known as a guide-guider in them days. Well
 sir, we climbed Mount McGee, the peak was named after me
 on a ccount o' I was the first feller to climb up it. Shucks,
 I could climb them mountains with my eyes shut.
 MOL: Sure, mister. He walks in his slope.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, as I was sayin', sonny, I was there to
 uphold the American champeenship in ski jumpin'. I could
 hear them Swiss fellers yodelin' from peak to peak makin'
 bets onto me. You could hear one feller way off to the
 south holler. (YODEL) Who'll lay a little on McGEEEEEEEE.eee.
 and then you'd hear the answer from some mountain to the
 north. I'll lay-a-lay-a-lay-a-lay-LOT on McGeeeeeeee.
 MOL: Sure, I heard one mountaineer lose five thousand dollars to *just*
 an echo.
 MAN: (LAUGHS) Well if you'll excuse me, I'll -
 FIB: I don't blame ye fer bein' impatient, bud. It's real
 interestin'. Well, sir, as I lept from crag to crag I could
 see the mountain goats lookin' at me real envious. wishin'
 they was a sure-footed as me.
 MOL: Sure. Nobody can feel as sheepish as a goat.
 MAN: Well, I've got to get back to the -
 FIB: Git back to the story. AHEM. Well sir, when we got up to
 the top o' the meterhorn -
 SOUND: HORN
 MAN: *74* MATTERHORN. *Sound* ~~Sound~~. Not motor horn.
 VOICE: ~~Excuse me~~
 FIB: Okay. AHEM. Well sir, them Swiss guides jest stood there,
 huddled together, dizzy and fearful, but I stepped around
 real jaunty, lookin' over the edges o' precipices real calm
 and cool. Peekin' down into ten thousand foot shasm -

MOL: CHASM

FIB: Yas'm. AHEM. And finally the time come fer me to git ready to start skiin' down the mountain. Them guides was gonna time me -

MOL: They was gonna keep a Swiss watch on ye, McGee

FIB: Twas no jokin' matter, Molly. AHEM. Well, ^{the way} when I got the signal I strape on my skis. OLEYOLAYOLALLA? Says the chief guide, into the Swiss Language. Layheehlayhalallapaloo. I answers like a flash. I spoke Swiss real fluid myself. Loolleehlallayho snikjers one o' the guides, meanin' THIS GUY AIN'T NO SKI JUMPER. Well sir, that made me mad and I swung on him, but he ducked

MOL: Ye missed your Swiss.

FIB: Yes, I. AHEM. Well sir, then come the signal, and diggin' in my ski pole, I glides away, gatherin' mentum on my way

MAN: Gatherin' what, Mister

FIB: Mentum. First ye git mentum, then ye git mo'mentum. AHEM. Down I flashes, faster'n faster till I was zippin' along at a good 82 mile an hour clip

MOL: How do ye know ye was doin' 82, McGee?

FIB: My mittens was froze. My mittens always froze at 82 mile per hour. AHEM. At ninety my eyes begun to water and I put my goggles on.

MAN: That was pretty fast.

FIB: Shucks, THAT was nuthin'. (~~I still was standin' straight up. Then to git more speed I bent my knees.~~)

~~MOL: and prayed you wouldn't hit a rock~~

~~FIB: And pr... er NO. Shucks, I was to expert a skier to do that.~~

Well sir, faster'n faster I went. Ninety five a hundred. a hundred 'n fifty mile an hour. I always knew when I was makin' a hundred 'n fifty on account o' because my breath froze solid and I had to break it off in chunks and throw it back o' me. I mind one time I busted off a sneeze and killed a antelope with it. AHEM. Well sir, - (PAUSE) whatcha fidgetin' fer son? Anxious to hear how I come out?

MAN: No. I got to get on with my ploughin'.

FIB: Shucks, you kin ALWAYS plow, son. But taint often folks gits to ride the alps with Two-Ski McGee, The Zipping Zany o' the Zimmerhorn. AHEM.

~~MOL: Legt... McGee?~~

~~FIB: Eh? This say, Molly?~~

~~MOL: I says... That's HOWT UP, in Swiss. Didn't~~

~~... it is.~~

~~FIB: Oooh. Shucks. Was your Irish accent that threw me off.~~

AHEM. Well sir, ^{the way} down that there mountain I went like a like a.

MOL: Like an old-clothes man out of a nudist colony.

FIB: Faster. DOWN I ZIPPED. over a crevice seventy foot wide. jumpin' over a glacier, swervin' around a avalanchy, bendin' down to scoot under a chamoix, liftin' one ski to skim over a rabbit, faster'n faster, till I was jest a blur onto the landscape.

MOL: And what are ye now?

FIB: AHEM Well sir, all at once, I seen right ahead o' me, a thousand foot wide crack into the ice, and I knew I could never make it, even at my speed. So what does I do but slips outa my skees, spits onto my hands to pick up some snow, throws myself to the left and rolls myself up into a ball. Fast thinkin' McGee. But what was that for?

MOL: Well sir, like a flas the snow I'd picked up onto my hands grew into a ball, and as I rolled along, twas no time before I was into the middle of a ball o' snow five hundred foot into diameter. Rollin' fast as lightnin' down the mountain. The snow kinda absorbed all the bumps and all, and I was real comfortable, except I was upside down half the time and the tobacco kept spillin' outa my pipe. AHEM Well sir, ^{ten seconds} ~~later~~ later I felt a slight jar, and as the snowball fell apart and daylight come thru I leaps to my feet with a graceful bow and looks around, and will ye believe it, that there SNOWBALL HAD BEEN ROLLIN' ^{down} SO ~~THE~~ I'd knocked itself apart onto the corner o' the judges stand. Sixty two miles down the mountain! Bud, did ye ever... (PAUSE) Hey, where's the feller that was talkin' to us, Molly?

MOL: (LAUGHS) Sure he's been back to his ploughin' for five minutes, McGee.

FIB: Well fer the... well I'll be a..aw shucks. Wouldn't that jest AND ME RISKIN' MY LIFE ROLLIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN JEST TO TELL HIM...

ORCHESTRA: "SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD" THREE KINGS

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "I WANT TO RING BELLS" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) And so, with a swiss, pardon me with a SWISH of his baton, Marcelli gives way to that Alpine influence with "I WANT TO RING BELLS" --- ~~3 Kings raising approval~~

ORCHESTRA: "I WANT O RING BELLS" THREE KINGS UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Speaking of Ringing Bells, did you know that Johnson's Auto Wax rings the bell in three departments? Convenience, protection and economy. If you've tried it you know that; if you haven't, well, we'd like to convince you. ~~That's why the Johnson Wax people are making this special offer etc~~

A few minutes ago I mentioned the fact that Johnson's new Auto Cleaner works like a miracle in restoring the look of newness to the finish of your car. So here I want to point out that the quick, easy, and efficient way to protect that finish from ruination by grit, sun, and greasy road film is to give it a coat of Johnson's high quality Auto Wax. You'll marvel at how easily this new wax spreads over your car. And, when you see how it polishes to a gleaming brilliance, hard as granite and smooth as glass, you'll understand why dirt and dust don't stick to a Johnson waxed car, -- and why the number of car washings can be greatly reduced. Now of course I realize before buying Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner you might like some proof that what I tell you is 100% true. So here it is.

WILCOX: The Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories -- expert chemists and engineers, recently tested the modern Johnson method side by side with other well known methods and proved conclusively that Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Auto Wax not only take less time and less muscle work, but also give more lasting results.

And I believe that all you car owners realize that the condition of your cars finish will make a big difference in its resale value. So let me urge you to go to your regular ~~hardware store~~ or service station. Buy Johnson's Auto Wax and Johnson's Auto Cleaner at the special discount price of only 98¢. If you do this at once you will be given free a regular 40¢ can of Black touch-up enamel. This same offer is good in Canada. Now, if you have your car waxed at a garage or service station be sure to insist on Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

wrap dealer or any auto supply store or

ORCHESTRA: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: Next week at this same hour we'll -
 FIB: Yep, folks, me and Harpo here will -
 WIL: HARLOW, please!
 FIB: How'd ye spell it?
 WIL: H A-R-L-O-W. Harlow.
 FIB: Okay. AHEM. Folks, me and Harpo here'll arrange to show ye a little story ^{about} entitled SLEPPERY MC GEE, THE SLICK SLEUTH O-
THE SECRET SERVICE.
 WIL: Oh, a G man.
 FIB: Yes, and a whizz, too. Kind of a G whizz, ye might say.

MOL: MC GEE Come back and set down till next ~~Tuesday~~. *Monday*
 FIB: OKAY. I was only trying to give Harpo here a hand with the *stuff*
 WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, don't say you weren't warned. G Man McGee has the finger on you for next ~~Tuesday~~ at this same hour, when he'll find out just what's behind this killer-cycle ~~S~~ ~~S~~, until then, REMEMBER, GIVE YOUR CAR A NEW START toward A NEW FINISH with Johnson's Auto Wax.
 This is Harlow Wilcox, ~~script~~ ~~script~~ Good night
 ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH

1s/4/35PM
 6/28/35