

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SONS

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE" #13

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET
(7:00 to 7:30 P.M.)
TIME

(JULY , 1955)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*File Page to R.L. Putter
Spokane Eastern Trust Co.
Spokane Wash*

*Book with 31st of July
some if necessary -*

get record and sheet music

The Night That Love Was Born

Bonnie Sisters - ~~HL~~ suggests for Lynn Martin

*Rockefeller
Feta Taylor*

ORCH: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - down for announcement

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Auto Wax salute you with another salvo of stirring syncopation and self-starting sagas, - with PICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, ^{the Blue Jays} The JOHNSON WAXETTE, LYNN MARTIN, - and Marian and Jim as our two waggish wanderers; those wayfaring wisecracking waddlers, - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "OLD SOUTHERN CUSTOM" & "I'LL TAKE THE SOUTH" - (WAXTETTE)

ORCHESTRA: MUSIC FADES FOR 15 SECONDS FOR BACKGROUND

WILCOX: Did you ever stop to think that a faded, dirty and discolored car will create an unfavorable impression of the owner just as quickly as an untidy home or a shabby personal appearance. Now please don't misunderstand me -- I don't mean you must drive a new car to look respectable. It's the appearance of your car that counts. Whether your car is new or old, Johnson's new easy-to-use Auto Cleaner will restore the finish and a coat of Johnson's quick-to-apply Auto Wax will protect it and give you a car you'll be proud to be seen in anywhere -- and any time.

ORCHESTRA: MUSIC COMES UP FULL AFTER 15 SECONDS

APPLAUSE:

MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

SOUND: MOTOR - (Down for announcement)

WIL: Well, with Marcelli and his men telling us it's an old Southern custom, we'll go along as far as Washington, D.C. with Fibber and Molly, as they are driving into the Capitol!

MOTOR UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOGUE:

MOL: My my it's a real pretty town aint it, McGee? Real progressive

FIB: Oh I dunno, Molly. They ain't got past their A B C's when it comes to namin' the streets.

MOL: And look over there, McGee. Tis the Washington Monument it is.

FIB: Washington Monument eh? Shucks, must be a pretty dead town if they gotta put up a monument fer it.

MOL: George Washington, iggernuts. The father of his country. Remember him, McGee. He never told a lie.

FIB: Oh no? Well how about that there yarn about him throwin' a dollar acrost the Potomac?

MOL: Twas the truth, that was.

FIB: Oh yeahhhh? HEH HEH. Shucks, it wouldn't flutter more'n two foot.

MOL: And why wouldn't it?

FIB: Not unless she wrapped a rock into it. Why shucks, ye can't throw a-

MOL: Twas a SILVER dollar, foolish.

FIB: Oh well....he done jest like Roosevelt done. Tossed it from bank to bank. Heh heh. Git it Molly? I says he -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. And you'd better find out where we're headin'. This is the second time we've come around this way.

FIB: Okay. I'll ask that there feller over there into the doorway He's a senator.

MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH, HORN.

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: Quit blowin' the horn, McGee. It taint respectful.

FIB: I'm jest tryin' to git that there senator's attention.

MOL: Don't wake him up or he'll start makin' a speech, McGee, And how do ye know he's a senator?

FIB: It says so onto his hat.

MOL: Ohh, tis just like the Rotary club. They label 'em now. Yoo hoo. Senator!

HORN:

FIB: Don't blow it now more, Molly. Here he comes.

MOL: Yes and takin' his hat off like a true representative o' the people.

FIB: Evenin' Senator.

MAN: Evenin' folks. But say, I aint -

FIB: Sure, you aint supposed to sleep there. But we wont say nothin' to the President. This the right way to git downtown, Senator?

MAN: Yes suh. But I aint.

FIB: I know. You aint the senator from our state. But shucks, senator, we aint fussy.

MOL: My tis real twisty streets you have in Washington, Senator.

MAN: Yes ma'am. The streets are laid out like a wheel.

FIB: A wheel eh? And they tell me the Republicans is planin' to put a spoke into it. HEH HEH

MOL: Be quiet McGee. You dont know if his religion is demmycrat or republican.

MAN: Oh I'm a socialist, Ma'am.

FIB: Ohhh, society, eh? AHEM. Say, watcha think o' the N.R.A., Senator?

MAN: Well, I dunno. The NRA was -

FIB: Yep. It was, senator. AHM. Why I mind the time I writ the letter to the President and I says, Frank, I says, listen, I says, this here Blue Eagle is a mistake, I says, and ye know why? WHY? I could imagine him sayin'. AHM. Well says I, a blue eagle aint natural Eagles don't come into blue shades, I says. If ye want a blue bird fer happiness, I says, or a eagle fer meanness, take one or tother but ye cant have a mean bluebird, or a happy eagle, I says, and look what happens? The Supreme Court -

MOL: McGee, ye know nuthin' about it, at all. Senator, the first time McGee ever saw him - one o' them eagles in the window he went in and asked for birdseed.

MAN: But listen, folks, I tell ye I aint-

FIB: I know I know, senator. Ye aint supposed to tell state secrets outa session. But its okay. I was gonna run fer congress once myself.

MAN: Is that so? On what ticket?

MOL: Roundtrip.

FIB: Who, me? No sir. I was gonna run onto a free-postage ticket. Why -

MAN: Senators and congressmen don't have to use stamps anyway. They just frank the envelopes.

MOL: In honor o' the President, I suppose, senator.

MAN: But listen. I ain't -

FIB: No sir. You ain't takin' up our time a bit, Senator. Matter o'fact that's what we come here fer, was to talk to you boys up there on the hill and give ya a few suggestions.

MAN: But I tell you I-

FIB: Now ye take this here Share the Wealth idea, Senator. What do ye think o' that? Not official o' course. Jest as man to man.

MAN: Well, I think that-

FIB: That's jest what I always says. Share the Wealth and spoil the fun, I says. Now suppose you had a million dollars and I jest had two dollars.

MOL: What do ye mean, "SUPPOSE", McGee?

FIB: AHM. Well sir, then suppose the idea was to kinda distribute the money all around again. Why shucks, it'd ruin business. It'd git so the bond salesman wouldn't know who to call up next. They'd have to start makin' gold-plated time-clocks fer millionaires to punch when they come down to work and all the ribbon clerks 'd start takin' three hours fer lunch. No sir. It taint practical, says I. And as soon as I talk to Mr. Roosevelt, I'll say Teddy, I'll say -

MOL: Franklin, McGee. We've lost our Teddy.

FIB: Yes and our shirt, too. AHM. Well sir, senator -

MAN: Listen, folks, Please, I -

FIB: Now forgit it, Senator. You aint holdin' us up a bit. Now about this here Utility Holdin' Company business. If they was no holdin' companies, what'd they do with all the bags? Shucks, SOMEBODY'S gotta hold 'em. And I stand with Grocer LaFolletee when he says OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE AND BY THE PEOPLE. and if ye can't buy the people, jest borrow 'em till after election! AHM.

MOL: McGee. maybe the senator has got to go answer his mail.

FIB: Shucks, he kin send a telegram, can't he? Listen, senator. I always says that what this here country needs is a third party.

MOL: We've never been to the first two, McGee.

FIB: A third party. Shucks, we already got the donkey and the elephant. And they both got long ears and thick skins and big feet. So what we need is somethin' delicate, like a hummin' bird party, or a potato-bug party. Shucks, you'd git the cartoonists vote solid. They git so dad ratted tired o' drawin' donkeys and elephants

MOL: Don't start a mosquito party, McGee. Think what a big bill they'd put in.

FIB: Yes. AHM. Well sir, senator, I -

MAN: Say I can't talk no more, folks. and quit callin' me senator.

MOL: An' are ye just a representative now? McGee....ye say ye saw the word SENATOR ON HIS HAT.

FIB: I did. He had -

MAN: It don't say Senator. It says JANITOR. I run this here buildin' folks. But I'm real glad to - Hey where you goin'? I was just o -

ORCHESTRA: McGEE THEME - "RIDIN AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: INTRO FOR "I'M JUST AN ORDINARY HUMAN"

WIL: (LAUGHS) WEI T T I T O R V E F E A L L Y H U R T A T B E I N G T A K E N F O R A M E R E S E N A T O R , A N D W E W O N D E R W H A T A S E N A T O R W O U L D S A Y A T B E I N G T A K E N F O R A J A N I T O R . . . O R J U S T B E I N G T A K E N . Y O U J U S T C A N ' T T A K E A N Y T H I N G F O R G R A N T E D N O W A D A Y S , C A N Y O U ? F O R I N S T A N C E , W H E N W E L O O K A T O U R L O V E L Y L Y N N M A R T I N W E C A N H A R D L Y B E L I E V E H E R W H E N S H E S A Y S , " I ' M J U S T A N O R D I N A R Y H U M A N " !

ORCHESTRA: "I'M JUST AN ORDINARY HUMAN"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Now I have a real message for you from the Johnso-

FIB: Yes sir, folks. as I was sayin' to my friend Harpo here -

WIL: Not Harpo. HARLOW - H-A-R-L-O-W.

FIB: What does it spell backwards?

WIL: Nothing.

FIB: Oh. The same both ways, eh? AHM. Ye sir, folks, I'll never forgit the time I was crossin' Pollaboola Bay into my car on a ferryboat, when up come a big wave and my car plunged off the edge o' the deck into forty two fathom o' salt water. Quicks as a flash I closed up the windows and turned on the lights, as I sank down to the bottom O' the Bay. Well sir, I was down there in my car fer thirteen days and eleven nights.

WIL: Thirteen days and eleven nights? I can't figure that out, Fibber?

FIBBER: I know. It was pretty deep fer me, too. AHM. Well sir, I lived on clams and oysters and lobsters that come swimmin' into the floorboards and when they finally dredged up I was real glad. The air was gittin kinda bad and I needed a clean shirt 'n a shave. Well sir, when I scraped the mudd offen the car, I found it was ^{brown} ~~maroon~~ instead o' ^{gray} ~~gray~~ on account o' all the iodine into the sea water, but the coat o' Johnson's Auto wax onto it hadn't been affected at all. No sir. It was still gleamin' and glistenin' like -

MOL: McGee! Will ye set down and quit pesterin' Mr. Wilcox?

FIB: (FADE OUT) Whatcha mean pesterin' him. Shucks he oughta be glad I'm....

HARLOW: Well, we wouldn't recommend plumbin' to the bottom of the bay to test out your Johnson's Auto Wax. But ^{isn't that} ~~for~~ all the ~~real~~ sun-and-storm wear-and-tear on your car, ~~that~~ we CAN eat that ←

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Attention please! Everybody! Tonight I have a special message for every woman in America. ^{the car finish} ~~you can~~ If you want to glitter and sparkle as it did the day you bought it ~~get your husband to~~ try Johnson's amazing new Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner. Now first, I'm goin' to say something about the cleaner, because if you ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~tried~~ ^{tried} others that take lots of time and muscle work and even damage the paint job, he'll marvel at this modern miracle worker that seems to work like magic. The entire principal of Johnson's Auto Cleaner is NEW and totally different, for it actually takes less time and less muscle-work and positively will not injure the finish in any way. Now all you do to restore the finish on your car is pour a little of the creamy white liquid on a cloth. Rub it lightly over the finish. Let it dry to a fine white powder and rub it off again quickly and easily. And once again your car will shimmer in the sunlight bright as the day you saw it on the showroom floor. For Johnson's Auto Cleaner polishes as it removes every trace of greasy film and gritty dirt.

- and now, those two great voices Molly's cowgirl
contralto and Fibber's bathtub Baritone will merge
in YOU'RE THE TOP, and I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU.
Take it, McGees!

MOL: Did he say McGees, or my geese, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, Molly, don't mind him. You know how often
them polp players gets hit onto the head. Give us
a chord, Marshmell!

ORCHESTRA: (SCREWY CHORD)

FIB: Perfect, let's go, Molly.

ORCHESTRA: "YOUR THE TOP" and "I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU"
FIB AND MOLLY

APPLAUSE.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well now that the musical McGees have
mastered their melodies, how about a MORNING IN MAY,
MARSEILLE!

ORCHESTRA: "ONE MORNING IN MAY" -- LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE.

ORCHESTRA: "McGEE THEMES" - "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: Now get ready for another of our shortwave miracles. It's
easy enough to get radio into the studio, but here we're
putting the studio into the radio and coming out in
Washington D.C... where Fibber and Molly have struck up
an acquaintance with the bellboy, at their hotel.

- - -

FIB: I suppose a lotta big men stay at this here hotel, boy?

MOL: Sure, Big men on little expense accounts, McGee.

BOY: (COLORED) Yassuh. Lot's a gov'm't folks stays heah

FIBS: I thought so. AHEM. You can set that there ice water down
any place boy.

BOY: Yassuh but this heah ice water is -

FIB: Is fer the customers o' the hotel. I know. Wonder if there's
any other G men stayin' here boy.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, please don't go -

BOY: Oh is you a G man, suh?

FIB: Who me? (LAUGHS) Why shucks, boy, mean to tell me you never
heard o' Slippery McGee, the Slick sleuth o' the secret
service?

BOY: No suh. Is you him?

FIB: Yep. I'm him.

MOL: I'm HE, McGee.

FIB: Who?

MOL: Him.

FIB: Oh, me! AHEM. Yes sir, boy, many's the time, most any place into the country, you could o' hear the roar o' my three guns, ring out into the night air. BANG!! BANG!!

BOY: Bang bang is only TWO GUNS.

FIB: I know. Always kept a silencer onto the third gun. AHEM.

MOL: Have ye got it with ye, McGee? The silencer, I mean?

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, boy - say ye better set that ice water down somewhere.

BOY: I know but the bell cap'n says Ah is to -

FIB: Right on the table there is okay. Well sir, I'll never forgit the time I was assigned to the Cooperdoop Counterfeitin' case. The Cooperdoops was a tough gang that specialized in makin' counterfeit nickles.

MOL: and why should anybody waste their time makin' bum nickles, McGee?

FIB: That's the first thing I says to the Chief. I says, Chief, I says, takin' out a little cloth and polishin' my badge with a touch o' Johnson's Auto W-

MOL: McGEE! Quit the advertisin'. You're on government business.

FIB: Oh yes. AHEM. Well sir, I says to the chief, I says, chief, I says, why should anybody waste time with counterfeitin' nickles, I says, I dunno says he. You got any clues, McGee? Sure, says I like a flash, Okay says he turnin' back to his detective magazine. Go git 'em. Okay says I, dead or alive?

MOL: Dead. Of old age.

FIB: Well sir, I put on my false mustache and rubber soled shoes, took my arnicky -

BOY: What was 'at foh?

FIB: The arnicky? Oh them counterfeitin' cases was always a pain in the neck, boy. AHEM. Well sir, as I says, I took my magnifyin' glass, my ironwood club

BOY: Always thought them clubs was hickiry mistuh.

FIB: They was originally. But us detectives kept bustin' 'em and was docked fer it.

MOL: I get it, McGee. A bunch of hickory dockery dicks.

FIB: AHEM. Dont be monkeyin' with the majesty o' the law, Molly. Well sir, boy, out I went, wearin' disguise Number 37 A.

BOY: Wha' was that?

FIB: Disguise Number 37-A? Let's see now ...37 A . as I remember it, boy that was either a Lithuanian Fisherman or a roller skatin' instructor. No. 39 B was the Lithuanian Fisherman. Or was it? No. that was 38 J. Oh yes... I remember. 37---- A was a G-Man.

MOL: I thought ye said it was a disguise, McGee. ?

FIB: Twas. Ye see the smartest thing you kin do is the obvious. So I thinks, if I LOOK like a G-Man they'll think I'm a paperhanger. But if I disguised myself as a paperhanger, they'd suspect me o' bein a G-man. Many's the time with my back to the wall, I -

MOL: Who ever heard of a paperhanger with his back to the wall!

BOY: Did you git them ones with the bum nickles, suh?

FIB: DID I! (LAUGHS) Slicker'n a whistle. Say ye better put that ice water down someplace boy. You'll git tired o' holdin' it.

BOY: Ah know...but the bell-cap'n he says to

FIB: I see. AHM. Well sir, to make a long story the right length, I walks right over to the park, sets down and starts thinkin'.

MOL: Was there squirrels in the park, McGee?

FIB: No, I dont....ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT, if ye don't want to hear about it, I'll keep still.

MOL: Fine!

BOY: Okay, boss, I'll jest tell the bell cap'n that-

FIB: WELL SIR, I finally got it! Nickles, I thinks. NICKLES. What do ye use nickles for? Telephones. Chewin' gum.

MOL: and did ye?

FIB: Did I what?

MOL: Did ye chew gum, gum-shoe?

FIB: AHM. Then it come to me. THEM ROLLIN' BALL GAMES. SO I went to where them last counterfeir nickles had been passed out and started playin' them games.

BOY: Did yo' win, boss?

FIB: Shucks, what's that got to do with the case? Well sir, I played, game after game... watchin' all the other players outa the corner o' my eyes, all my senses alert, ye might say.

MOL: Mostly your five centses, McGee. HAH HAH.

FIB: Taint funny, Molly. AHM. Well sir I spotted a feller that was actin' kinda suspicious, so when he goes out I walks over to the machine he was playin', wipes the fingerprints off onto a cloth and follows him out.

BOY: Why'd yo' all wipe off them prints fo' boss?

FIB: So's I could examine 'em at leisure when I got home. (PAUSE) AHM. Great thin science. Well sir, I couldn't shadow him on account of it was a cloudy day, so I walked in front of him, thus divertin' suspicion offin myself, see thru it?

MOL: and how did ye know where he was goin', McGee?

FIB: Shucks, Molly, I guess you don't understand detective work very good. I was walkin' ahead of the suspect, see? So he was behind me. All I had to do was duck around a corner, slip on disguise number 1, C, or 78 F and come back and meet him. Then I'd git ahead of him again and do that again. He seem kinda puzzled at my circus clown makeup and was almost astonished when I popped out as a sandwich man fer Crimmenheimers Credit Creamery, but he jest didn't know what to do when he seen me in disguise. 52 L.

MOL: What was that, McGee?

FIB: 59 K was done with two clothin' store dummies I always carried along. I dressed 'em all up like Mahatma Gandhi. Me, too (LAUGHS) Shucks the feller thought we was jest three sheets in the wind. AHEM Well, sir, finally he ducked into a doorway and outa sight, me followin' him by that time in my Russian Cossack disguise.

MOL: Oh you was russian right after him.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I snuk up onto the porch, pours some black powder onto my hands and takes my fingerprints.

BOY: Wha's that, boss? You took yo' OWN fingerprints?

FIB: Yep. Ye see I'd used so many disguises by that time I wasn't sure who I was, myself. Feller can't be too careful into the secret service. Then, pullin' my guns, I busts into the house, AND SEEN FOUR TOUGH LOOKIN' fellers playin' poker. UP WITH YOUR HANDS I says, an they all showed me what they held. Shucks, they wasn't nothin' over two pair in the lot. But, jest as I was about to slap the handcuffs on 'em, one pulls a gun and starts shootin'.

MOL: Straight, I hope.

FIB: Shucks, ye can't expect a counterfieter to be a straight shooter Molly. AHEM. Well sir, I jest laffed, with them bullets flyin' around me like a bunch o' dad ratted hornets. But I had me bullet proof necktie on and kept wavin' it between me and them. It come in as a plain blue silk and went out a polka dot pattern. Well sir, I had 'em then. and they knew it...so what does they do but rushes into another room and starts swallowin' nickles handover fist... destroyin' the evidence. They et so many nickels it took a ten ton truck to git 'em to the police station.

BOY: What'd the law do Boss? Send 'em up?

FIB: Nope, boy. They melted 'em down and sent 'em to the mint. AHEM. and that was how I busted up the Cooperdoo--hey where you goin' with my ice water, boy?

BOY: Ah'm goin into Room 748 and it aint yo' ice watch in the fust place and it aint ice watch by now anyway. I just come to yo' room foh to see if the calpat was burnin' but it was jest that cigar...

FIB: Well fer the... kin ye imagine... and me lettin him onto the inside workin's o' th' secret...THAT'S all the gratitude the government gets...

ORCHESTRA: "SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

ORCHESTRA: "MURRAY FOR LOVE"---WAXTETTE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was HURRAY FOR LOVE, and may we tell you right here that your love will probably hurray for you when you call for her in that gleaming, smart looking car that Johnson's Auto Wax has just rescued from a life of obscurity!

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: When I told you a few minutes ago about Johnson's sensational new Auto Cleaner you heard only half the story. For after you've restored the finish on your car with the Cleaner -- you can give it lasting protection with Johnson's easy-to-use Auto Wax. This remarkable new time-saving, car-saving Auto Wax is probably different than anything you've ever tried before. It's easy to use -- yet it dries to a flint-like armour that fairly glitters in the sunlight, and because dust and grit can't stick to this hard, smooth protective ~~coat~~ ^{coating}, it isn't necessary to wash your car nearly as often. And remember Johnson's Wax will protect the finish from ruin by weather. So a few cents invested now will increase the resale value of your car, later on.

WIL: That was HURRAY FOR LOVE, and may we tell you right here that your love will probably hurray for you when you call for her in that gleaming, smart looking car that Johnson's Auto Wax has just rescued from a life of obscurity!

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WILCOX: But I don't ask you to accept my word for these things -- not when I have real proof from an unbiased organization like the famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories. Their tests of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner side by side with other well known methods prove conclusively that Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner not only saves time and muscle work but actually gives more lasting results. So let me urge you to put this remarkable method to a test yourself, by taking advantage of a generous free offer.

Simply go to your regular Johnson's Wax dealer or filling station. Buy Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special combination price of 3¢ for the two. And you will be given free a regular 40¢ can of Black Touch-up Enamel. This offer is also good in Canada. Or you can have your regular garage or service station clean and wax your car if you prefer. But make sure that Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner are used.

ORCHESTRA: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: And we'll expect you all back next Monday at this new Hour, 7 o'clock Central Daylight time.

FIB: Yes sir, folks, me and Harpo here.

WIL: HARLOW. Can't you pronounce Harlow?

FIB: Nope. I always pronounce Harlow HARPO. Odd, ain't it? AHEM. Yes sir, folks, me and Harpo here'll tell ye all about when I was a lifeguard. BEAUTY MCGEE, they called me. The BRAVE, BOLD BOSS O' THE BATHIN' BEACH. I'll tell ye how I saved a gorgeous blondehaired -

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: How I saved this here skinny cross-eyed gal from drownin'. AHEM. (FADEOUT) Shucks, Molly I was jest tellin' Harpo there how...

BE YOUR SORROW"

pect you all back next Monday at this new

ock Central Daylight time

ks, me and Harpo here

t you pronounce Harlow?

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he BRAVE, BOLD BOSS O' THE BATHIN' BEACH.

how I saved a gorgeous blond-haired -

this here skiny cross-eyed gal from

EM. (FADEOUT) Shucks, Molly I was jest

o there how...

WIL:

(LAUGHS) THERE YOU ARE. BRING YOUR BATHING SUITS AND
WE LL ALL PLUNGE INTO THIS SAME WAVE LENGTH WITH
FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY. REMEMBER. COME TO THIS SAME
BEACH NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT THIS HOUR. YOU'LL FIND
McGEE ON THE PLATFORM. HOT DOGS TO YOUR LEFT, ICE
CREAM CONES AT YOUR RIGHT, AND JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX
AT YOUR NEAREST DEALERS.

This is Harlow Wilcox, in disguise number 72 X.

Goodnight!

11/10:25 A.M.
July 6, 1935.

Film
Har

Go
Fun

Light Arch. under singers

Two piano theme

Rhythm under Martin

Sax melody in 'Money Way'

vln

- Hotel atmosphere -

Get words set of Ante West - primary bridge.

Filter cut cover Harlow and Glenn
Maroon color.

Gaut
for recording

Too many disques
on finger prints - cut

END
OF
REEL