

START

NBC

ADVERTISER S O JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE #14

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WGNR
(7:00 - 7:30 PM)
TIME

(JULY 15 1935)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Harlow: 2.

D.W.

Page 2 - review commercial

Boyet - correct lines as they
they were mistakes

(Gals - Husband L.)
Page 10 - auto cleaner

Pgs. 17 - Fullauer -

MUSIC: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" ...DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: The makers of Johnson's wax present another broadside of brilliant ballads and bright banter, - with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, THE BENNETT SISTERS, THE THREE KINGS, THE JOHNSON WAXETTE, LYNN MARTIN, and Marian and Jim as your IMAGINATIVE IMPRESSARIOS OF IMPOSING IMPOSSIBILITIES, - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

WIL: MARCELLI AND HIS MEN HAVE ARRANGED A MUSICAL MEETING AT "ABOUT A QUARTER TO NINE!" WRAP IT UP, RICO!

MUSIC: "ABOUT A QUARTER TO NINE" -- ORCHESTRA -- WAXETTE
(DOWN FOR 25-SECOND COMMERCIAL BACKGROUND; UP TO FINISH)

WILCOX: Now I'm sure no man listening in tonight would appear before his boss (dirty, dishevelled) and unkempt and expect to make a favorable impression. And I don't believe ^{no} any woman would attend an afternoon tea in a dirty apron. So let me add that a person can't look respectable either in a dirty, discolored automobile. If you've been (guilty of) neglecting the appearance of your car, you can correct the wrong impression you've been making by restoring the finish quickly with Johnson's new auto cleaner. ~~Then a hard coat of Johnson's easy to-apply Auto Wax will protect the finish and give you a car to be proud of.~~

and fuel

riding Wax + Cleaner.

APPLAUSE:

MUSIC: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" ORCHESTRA

SOUND: MOTOR - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: And here is where we catch up with a couple of sea-sighting sight-seers, as Fibber and Molly drive along the ocean beach looking for a likely spot to go swimming

MOTOR UP -DOWN FOR DIALOG

FIB: Say, Molly, how big is the Atlantic Ocean anyhow?

MOL: And how should I know?

FIB: Shucks, didn't ye have it in school?

MOL: In school? Do ye think I went to school on a raft, McGee? And what difference does it make how big the ocean is?

FIB: Oh I dunno. I jest wondered why sech a big ocean had such a few places where a feller kin swim

MOL: Go on with ye McGee. Tis the ocean we're at ..not the old swimmin' hole. And LOOK...there's a lovely place up ahead. Stop the car, McGee *and not a soul in sight.*

FIB: Shucks, does look pretty good at that.

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

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: Ahhhh, fill your lungs with that fresh ocean air, McGee. (PAUSE) No, don't. Tis fresh enough ye are.

FIB: Kind of a nice beach ain't it, Molly. Shucks it's smooth enough to play a game o' crokett.

AND IN THE RAIN" ORCHESTRAEMENT)

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crokett.

MOL: Cro-KAY

FIB: Okay. AHEM. Where's the bathin' suits, Molly?

MOL: In the back seat, McGee. I unpacked 'em last night. A
little motheaten, but not bad.

FIB: Shucks, that's nuthin'. Them jest them old swimmin' holes
you was talkin' about. (LAUGHS) Git it, Molly? I says
them is -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee. But listen...where'll we put 'em on?

FIB: Well, whatcha suppose I put up the side curtains fer?
You git back there and into your bathin' suit, whilst I
keep watch. Shucks, they ain't nobody within' miles o'
here. Funny, too. Seems like a real nice beach. Mebbe
we're the first ones to discover it.

MOL: Sure. I suppose twas the Indians that built this concrete
road. Now keep a sharp eye out, McGee. Tell me if

FIB: ^{you all} anybody comes this way
Shucks, whatcha think I'll be doin'?.? Runnin' a bathin'
beauty contest? Go on...git into the back there and change.
Wanta boost?

MOL: A boost is it. And when did Molly McGee grow too old to
crawl over the back of a seat? (OFF MIKE) Now keep a good
watch, McGee.

FIB: Trust me, Molly. But hurry up. Shucks, I can't hardly
wait to plunge into the water and do a little fancy swimmin'
AHEM. Say...I ever tell ye bout the time I swum out thru
the Golden Gate?

MOL: No..but it's ten to one ye never closed it after ye, McGee

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I -

MOL: Is anyone comin', McGee?

FIB: Nobody in sight but Santy Claus, Molly ..and he's 5 months away yet. But as I was sayin'. I swum out so far thru the Golden Gate at San Francis o...I was beginnin' to wonder if I should ought to go on to Japan ..or come back to Frisco. But I didn't have no passperts, nor nothin' so -

MOL: Is it all right, McGee?

FIB: Shucks, quit worryin', Molly. I'm keepin' a eye out Ever see me do my Zulu Zip, Molly?

MOL: And what is the Zulu Zip?

FIB: Well sir, it's kinda like the Australian Crawl, only it ain't done with the overhand stroke. It's kind of a hip movement and it takes ye thru the water twice as fast as any other stroke. Why I -

MOL: Tis nearly ready I am, McGee.

FIB: Well, NEARLY don't count with bathin' suits, Molly Ye ~~get arrested for this here NEARLY business.~~ HEH HEH HEH.

MOL: Don't be so smart, McGee. Now ~~crawl back here~~ and git dressed yourself. Here's your suit.

FIB: This? Shucks, this suit's got so many holes into it it looks like lace.

MOL: And what's the difference, McGee. There's no one here to see ye. My my...I hope I don't get too sunburnt.

FIB: Shucks, Molly, that's jest what I do want. A good coat of tan

MOL: With a belt in the back.

FIB: With a be...AHEM. I ever tell ye about the time I dove offen the S. S. Shineywiney?

MOL: The S. S. WHAT? McGee?

FIB: The S. S. Shinywiney. Cargo boat carryin' Johnson's Auto Wax to foreign parts. AHEM. Well sir, I was up on top o' the mast, fixin' the radio aerial one day and -

MOL: Hurry and get your suit on, McGee. There's someone comin' way down the road.

FIB: Okay. They probably heard about my underwater trapeze act, and wanta see it.

SOUND: LOUD RIPPING SOUND

MOL: McGee. What did ye rip?

FIB: Shucks, I tore the top off the bathin' suit, Molly. Oh well...the trunks is all us fallers wears nowadays anyway. (HUMS)

MOL: Ain't ye nearly ready, McGee?

FIB: Yep. I'm tryin' to find a piece o' string. These here trunks is kinda loose at the belt.

MOL: Well stick out your stummick, McGee. That'll hold 'em tight, and hurry. Here comes a man.

FIB: Probly some other feller lookin' fer a quiet place to swim.
Shucks, I kin hardly wait to git into the water, myself.

MOL: Well, come on, McGee...let's go. Do ye think our things'll
be all right in the car?

FIB: Sure. Nobody'll ever - Oh hello there, bud.

MAN: (FADE IN) Good morning.

MOL: - and the balance o' the day to yourself, mister.

FIB: I'm glad ye come along, bud. I jest wanted to ask ye how
deep the water is here?

MAN: Well I'll tell you, brother. For you, it ain't even wet?

MOL: Meanin' what?

MAN: Meanin' this here's a private beach and you're trespassin'.
Better drive on.

FIB: Say what's the idea. If this here is a private beach why
don't they put up a sign?

MOL: Sure. Why don't they put up a sign?

MAN: (LAUGHS) They did. You parked right under it. See? *Swls*

MOL: Oh

FIB: Oh. AHEM. I..er...well say, bud...it wont do no harm if
we jest take a dip here fer a minit where -

MAN: Not a chance, brother. Start your car and get goin'. Gwan?

MOL: Keep a civil tongue in your head, mister.

FIB: Now Molly. Let me talk to him. AHEM. Hey bud, do ye care
fer a good cigar?

MAN: Why..er...yes I do. *Thanks*

FIB: Thanks fer what? I was jest gonna say that next time I
see one layin' in the gutter I'll be thinkin' of ye.

SOUND: HORN

MAN: ~~ALL RIGHT~~ GET GOIN'.. ONE MORE WORD AND I'LL PINCH YA
FOR TRESPAS. Go on..get out. SCRAM... (FADE OUT) Fresh
guys eh! go on now...

MUSIC: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" ORCHESTRA

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "HUNKADOLA" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

WIL: And that, friends, was Maestro Marcelli giving you
"HUNKADOLA." Now it's my turn, and I'm going to give you
a hunkawisdom. If your ear is dull, and discolored with
road film, just -

FIB: Yes sir, folks. ~~Me and Harpo will -~~

WIL: Listen, Fibber, will you leave me alone? Can't I have just
one little commercial announcement in peace?

FIB: Well I dunno, Harpo. This here's a serious business. We -

WIL: And the name is not Harpo. It's HARLOW.

FIB: Any relation to Jean Harlow?

WIL: No.

FIB: I thought so. Real handsome gal, ~~AHEM. Folks~~, me and
Molly has wrote a little two-act commercial play about
Johnson's Auto Wax and we're gonna play it fer ye. Give
us a fanfare, Marcelli.

FIB: Thanks fer what? I was jest gonna say that next time I see one layin' in the gutter I'll be thinkin' of ye.

SOUND: ~~HORN~~

MAN: ~~ALL RIGHT~~ GET GOIN'.. ONE MORE WORD AND I'LL PINCH YA FOR TRESPAS. Go on. get out. SCRAM. (FADE OUT) Fresh guys eh' go on now...

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ORCH: WILD FANFARE

FIB: Ahem. Thanks. The 1st act is in the court o' Queen Whinnybear, who is found talkin' to her favorite Knight, Sir Monday.

MOL: A week night.

FIB: Yes. But a nice feller. The curtain goes up and she says -

MOL: Ah, Sir Monday, I liketh not that thou must enter yon tournament. Thou art still weak on thy pins from thy last fracas.

FIB: Think not so, baby..I mean your majesty I got me a idea.

MOL: Methinks it had better be good. Thy opponent, Sir Gawaine, is no palooka.

DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH

FIB: Act two. Same place. Next day. Queen Whinnybear is on stage as Sir Monday enters.

MOL: My Hero! Thou hast won the tournament. I saw the dust of battle from ~~my window~~ ~~my palace window~~. Ah, Sir Monday, tell me, how didst thou overcome the mighty Sir Gawaine?

FIB: Oh I jest says, GAWAINE leave me alone. HEH HEH. Nope...

I jest rubbed Johnson's Auto Wax onto my iron shirt. Shucks..I mean forsooth, his sword couldst not penetrate the flintlike hardness o' the finish.

MOL: My hero!

FIB: My love!

WIL: My announcement. (LAUGHS) Ladies and gentlemen, before we return to _____ I just want to say that if any of you have been disturbed by the dull faded appearance of your automobile -- Johnson's unique new method of restoring and protecting the finish on your car should be great news!

Johnson's Cleaner in particular has created a sensation among car owners from one end of the country to the other. For the principle is entirely new and totally different. No matter how dull or lifeless the finish of your car is, you can restore its original lustre simply by rubbing a little of the creamy white liquid over the surface. It will dry almost instantly to a soft white powder. And when you rub it off you'll be amazed to see a car that glistens and sparkles like new. For Johnson's Cleaner actually polishes as it cleans.

And remember this Cleaner not only saves time and muscle work, but unlike others you may have tried, positively will not harm the finish in any way. And on that point, let me say that after 87 applications of Johnson's Cleaner to the same finish, the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories state that the entire paint job was in good condition. This was not true of the other cleaners tested in the same way. So be sure you get Johnson's. *Auto Cleaner*

And now may we present our lovely little Lynne Martin, the half-pint girl with the full-measure voice, who will -

FIB: AHEM!

WIL: Well, what do you want, Fibber?

FIB: A feller wants to know what Toots here is gonna sing.

WIL: What fellow wants to know?

FIB: Me. AHEM. Watcha gonna sing, Toots?

MARTIN: "Paris in Spring," Fibber

FIB: Paris in Spring, eh? Say ain't I met you over there into France?

MART: On the Rue de la Paix?

FIB: Yes or onto the Rue de Toot-toot. AHEM. (Sprecken Sie Francay?)

MART: Ya won't!

FIB: Good. We'll have a long talk sometime about when we was -

MOL: McGee. Will ye leave the little girl alone and set down?

FIB: Okay .okay. (FADE OUT) I was jest findin' out what background she had....

MUSIC: "PARIS IN SPRING" LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "I SEE TWO LOVERS" -- (CHO: MARTIN)

WIL: Well, I see no Fibber around, so I think I can safely say that Marcelli is playing "I See Two Lovers." Nice work, Wilcox; an announcement all to yourself!

ORCHESTRA: "I SEE TWO LOVERS" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) Here's that man again! Remember that old story of the hare and the tortoise? Well Fibber's getting in our hair has tortoise a lesson...so we take him far far away from the studio for a few minutes, and find him and Molly on a public beach this time...talking to the hot dog merchant! *Wendy*

MUSIC: OUT

MAN: Hot dogs! Get your hot dogs here! Here you are lady
 MOL: Thank ye, My my these are real good hot dogs, McGee
 FIB: I'll say so. Real pedigreed provisions AHEM
 MAN: HOT DOGS! HOT DOGS HERE!
 MOL: I even see the life guard over there eatin' one, McGee
 FIB: He better be careful. Li'ble to git cramps. Why I mind the time when I was a lifeguard over to --
 MOL: (GROANS) Ah now, McGee are ye gonna --
 FIB: WHEN I WAS A LIFE GUARD AT THE Bimblesmucker Bathin Beach
 MAN: HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS.. You a life guard, doc? YOU?
 MOL: Sure, he was a life guard His own life.
 FIB: Why chucks, Molly, for two years I was knowed as Beauty McGee, the Big Brave boss of the Bathin Beach.
 MAN: HOT DOGS.
 FIB: I'll say so....Oh ..I mean...er...AHEM. Well sir, I'll never forget one rescue I made.
 MOL: Well stop talkin' and make two more.
 MAN: HOT DOGS!

FIB: I don't like that there enthusiasm so much. AHEM. Well sirn, one day, I was settin' up there onto my life guards platform.. ye want to hear about this, bud?
 MAN: No, I guess not.
 FIB: Well sir, as I says , I was settin' up there onto the life guard platform, the center o' all female eyes.. settin' there strong, handsome ..all tanned up..my swimmin' muscles ripplin' under my skin when all of a sudden there come a cry o' -
 MAN: HOT DOGS! HOT DOGS!
 MOL: Heh...a water spaniel callin' for help.
 FIB: ~~Never fool with a life guard, Molly. They ain't got time for horsplay. AHEM. Well sir, as I says, there come a sudden cry o'~~
 MAN: ~~HOT DOGS!~~
 FIB: No, DAD RAT IT...a cry for help! So what does I do, but I leaps down to the beach, plunges into the water and starts swimmin' out toward where I heard the holler. Faster and faster I swum - churnin' the water like a dad ratted sidewheeler, - leavin' a trail o' foam where I'd kicked up the water.
 MOL: ~~Foam, was it?~~
 FIB: ~~Yep, Foam. Why?~~
 MOL: ~~Where was this, McGee. The Beering straits?~~
 MAN: ~~HOT DOGS! HOT DOGS! Get your hot dogs here. Somebody drownin', doc?~~

FIB: ~~I'm comin' to that. AHEM. Well sir, on I went~~ Zippin' thru the water like an eel, crestin' the waves like a seal, plungin' thru the heavy seas like a whale, then I turned over on my back...

MOL: Hah. He turned turtle.

MAN: HOT DOGS! Hot dogs here...only ten cents. So what happened, doc?

FIB: Well sir, I -

MAN: HOT DOGS. ~~HOT DOGS~~...

FIB: I says I -

MAN: HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS...HERE!

MOL: (LAUGHS) McGee, your story is goin' to the dogs.

MAN: Go on, doc...ya got me all interested.

FIB: Okay. Well sir, I -

MAN: HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS HERE...

FIB: Say are ye gonna let me tell this story or not?

MAN: Go right ahead, doc. Sorry to of interrupted ya.

FIB: That's okay, Bud. Business is Business. But as I was sayin' there I was, churnin' thru the water to the rescue *and* when I comes up for air and there right in front o' me was a gleamin' mass o' -

MAN: HOT DOGS!

FIB: Nope. Hair...golden gleamin' hair...a blonde gal was half under water as I come up to her...she was unconscious as I grabbed her by that beautiful blonde hair...glistenin' in the sun like a...like...a...like a

WIL: Like Johnson's Auto Wax?

FIB: You git out a this, Harpo. This is MY ocean

WIL: Excuse me. I thought it was the N.B.Sea.

FIB: (MUTTERS) I'm gonna have trouble with that feller yet.

(MOL: (ECHO)) AHEM. Well sir, I grabs this here gal by the hair and starts towin' her into shore, swimmin' the five and a half miles in two minutes and eight seconds. Would o' been one minute and seventy six seconds if I hadn't stopped at a lighthouse for a drink of water. Well sir when I finally got to shore...I turned the gal over a big bar'l, That's usin' the old head.

MOL: Yes, I -

MOL: HOGShead!

MAN: HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS HERE...Go on, doc, don't let me stop you

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I wrung her out and started artificial perspiration

MAN: Inspiration.

MOL: Respiration.

FIB: I TRIED TO GIT HER BREATHIN' again...but I had to stop and fight the crowds back every minute or two. ~~They kept closin' in on us, till I got mad and says: listen you muggs, I says, how'd you like to git a~~

MAN: HOT DOGS! HOT DOGS!

FIB: STAND BACK I says!.. Give this here little gal a chance, I says, and I kept on with my artificial perspinsp... resp...with my work..AHEM .and finally I noticed a little flutterin' o' breath. I worked her arms faster... she started breathin', her eyes quivered...and bendin' down I heard her say -

MAN: HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS HERE...ONLY TEN CENTS!

MOL: I see. She'd mustard up enough strenth fer a hot dog

FIB: Dad rat it. hot dogs didn't have nuthin' to do with it. AHEM. Well sir, I puts my ear down to her little pale lips and I hears her say...in a faint tremblin' voice, she says..

WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT!

MOL: Aw now, McGee...she didn't pull that old one ----

FIB: Yes sir. Ye see it happens that she wasn't a real gal at all. She was jest a ventriloquists dummy that'd fell overboard offen the Albany Night Boat. But I was sech a expert life saver, I'd even bring a dummy to life for a minute. AHEM. That's why I says -

MAN: HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS HERE...(FADE OUT) GET YOUR HOT DOS HERE. STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS...ONLY TEN CENTS...HOT DOGS...

APPLAUSE: THRU AND BEHIND

MUSIC: "THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD" WAITETTE

CHASER

MUSIC: "CRAZY RHYTHM" WAITETTE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men giving us a touch of insanecopation. "Crazy Rhythm" to you. With the Waitette helping out, just as a matter of chorus. (LAUGHS)

A few minutes ago I told you how to restore the finish on your car quickly, easily and safely by using Johnson's new Auto Cleaner. Now after you've done that you can protect that shining finish from grit, rain and the blistering rays of the sun by giving it a flint-like coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. This marvelous time-saving, car-saving Auto Wax is not only easier to use but actually saves car washing because grit and dirt can't stick to this hard smooth protective shell. And I'd like to add right here that a few cents invested now for Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner will increase the resale value of your car later. Lister to what Emmett Faulkner of Chicago has to say on that point:

OTHER VOICE: After I cleaned and waxed my car with the new Johnson Wax method, I had such a good offer for it I couldn't refuse. In fact, it was \$125 more than I had been offered previously. You bet I sold the car! Later on I bought a new one, and the first thing I did was to Johnson Wax it.

HARLOW: So if you want a car that you're proud to ride in let me urge you to test this modern, efficient, easy-to-use Johnson method of restoring and protecting the finish. If you act at once your regular Johnson's Wax Dealer or filling station will give you free, a 40¢ can of Black Touch-up Enamel with each purchase of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special combination price of only 93¢. This offer is also good in Canada. Or, if you prefer, you can have your regular garage or service station wax your car. But be sure to specify Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

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

WIL: MAY WE SUGGEST THAT YOU TIE THE AERIAL WIRE IN A MEMORY KNOT ON YOUR FINGER. SO YOU WONT FORGET THAT NEXT MONDAY AT THIS SAME TIME WE'LL BE BACK WITH FIB--

FIB: Yes sir, folks, me and Harpo here will be back with -

WIL: HARLOW Hot Harpo. H.A.R.L.O.W. That's simple isn't it?

FIB: He sure is. AHEM. But as I was sayin' folks, me and Harpo will be back next week at this same hour when I'll tell ye all about ...but say, ye better listen and hear for yourself. It'll be a -

MOL: McGee! Make yourself scarce! Leave the announcements to Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: AW shucks...that feller. He thinks because he's a dadd ratted polo player he kin knock me for a goal. But I'll always say that....

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well Fibber may not care for my horse play, but you'll have to admit there's something to be said for my net work. Try it next Monday night at this same hour when you'll be fibbed to by Fibber and mollified by Mollie.

FIB: Yes and HARPED AT BY HARPO!

WIL: (LAUGHS) WELL BE THAT AS IT MAY, JUNE OR JULY 22nd, we'll MEET YOU HERE AGIN, WHICH BRINGS US TO THE FINISH OF THIS SHOW..AND WHEN YOU THINK OF FINISH. THINK OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX WHICH IS ALSO A GOOD BUY! THIS IS HARLOW WILCOX, said he, hopefully. Good night!

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

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