

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE" (#15)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WENR

(7:00-7:30 PM)

(JULY 22, 1935)

(MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

Doings

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Offing - Richer - fuller

2nd brakes fixed

Harlow - Jones

*Andy - two long notes
Sally in Bed - not smooth arrangement
two things in spots*

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

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax hereby turn in their fifteenth weekly report on What's What in Harmony and who's who in Humor, with Rico Marcelli's Orchestra, The Bennett Sisters, The Three Kings, the Johnson Waxtette, Lynn Martin, and Marian and Jim as that affable, laughable-gaggable, chaffable pair, - FIBBER MC GEE/AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MUSIC OUT

WIL: At this point the script asks, "WHO?". The answer being Marcelli and his men and the Johnson Waxtette. Who, you woocers!

ORCHESTRA: WHO" - (DOWN FOR 25 second announcement - WAXTETTE

WILCOX: Have you ever noticed the number of people who are careful about their personal appearance - yet utterly neglect the appearance of their car? The fact is, a faded, dirty and discolored car is just as much an eye sore to most people as a shabby personal appearance. Now a car doesn't have to be new to create a good impression. Because whether a car is new or old, Johnson's unique, easy-to-use auto cleaner will restore the finish and give it a brilliant polished surface - and a coat of Johnson's easy to apply Auto Wax will keep your car bright and shining by providing lasting protection.

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" Down for Ann'ct.

SOUND: MOTOR IN

WIL: Well, they're in again! Those two jalopy-go-lucky tourists, Fibber and Molly seem to be a bit confused about directions, as usual!

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG

FIB: Shucks, Molly, I'll tell ye we're goin' due east.

MOL: We may be DUE east, McGee, but we're GOIN' south. Ye'd better be inquiren' the way.

FIB: I says we're goin' east, Molly. Look ... I'll show ye.

MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed.

MOL: And what did ye stop here for, McGee. Tis right 'on the edge of a town we are. Ye might have -

FIB: I jest wanted to tell how we tell directions from the sun, Molly. Now look - ye take a watch...like this -

MOL: If I ever took a watch like that, McGee, I'd lose me card in the pickpockets Union.

FIB: Oh, it ain't so bad, Molly. Tell real good time if ye remember to wind it five times a day and allow two hours 'n twelve minutes fer bein' slow. AHEM. Now look. Ye hold the watch like this, see?

MOL: Did ye ever try skimmin' it acrost a duck pond, McGee?

FIB: Now wait Molly. I'm tryin' to tell ye how us fellers over into Africa used to tell the directions o' the compass by our watches. Now then ... ye hold it like this ... point the hour hand at the sun, and half way between that and the figger twelve is South...er...no, NORTH. Or is it South? Yes, I guess it's ... no ... let's see now... halfway bet-

MOL: I know a better way, McGee.

FIB: How?

MOL: Ask somebody. And here comes a little boy we can find out from. Yoo hoo ... yoo hoo. Boy!

FIB: Aw shucks, Molly. I'd of had it figgered out in another

MOL: Hello there, my boy.

BOY: (FADE IN) HI!

MOL: Will ye settle a argument for us, sonny? Which way is South?

FIB: Shucks, Molly we don't want to know that. Which way is NORTH, Bud?

BOY: That way.

FIB: THAT way? Shucks, that's East, ain't it?

BOY: Naw.

MOL: There, McGee. Where you says was east is North and where I says was south is west. We were both wrong. Thanks sonny.

BOY: That's okay. I'll tell you how to remember it, if you want.

MOL: Sure. Tell us.

BOY: Well you're comin' into South Yorkville. When you leave South Yorkville the road turns west to North Amsterdam and then you keep goin' East to Westchester and that's just North of East Lynn. Gee it's easy, if you remember that.

FIB: Oh. AHEM.

MOL: Sure McGee. Just remember that and it's easy. (ASIDE) Was you goin' out to play some baseball, sonny?

BOY: Yeah. I was, but gee, all the fellers have gone swimmin'.

FIB: Let's see the bat and ball a mite, Bud. I'm an old ball player myself.

BOY: Gee, honest?

MOL: Oh now, McGee, for goodness -

FIB: Yep. I was with the Pilfenhoofer League fer eight years, bud. South-Paw McGee, they called me. SOUTHPAW MC GEE, THE SAGINAW SLUGGER. Shortstop, I was.

MOL: Ye better stop short, short stop, and get goin'.

BOY: Hey, bat me a couple will ye, Southpaw?

FIB: You betcha I will, Bud. Always glad to show a new rookie the fine points o' the game. Come on, Molly. We kin stretch our muscles a mite before we drive on.

MOL: All right, McGee. But remember. Tis too hot a day fer Molly McGee to be chasin' any grounders. Ye'll foller yer own fouls.

FIB: Shucks, me and bud here'll take care of 'em. Won't we bu... er ... say, what's your name, bud?

BOY: Skinny.

MOL: What was ye christened, sonny?

BOY: Huh?

FIB: What's your RIGHT name, bud? Skinny's just a nickname.

BOY: Oh. Well my real name is Carrington Molesworth Gaylord Titherington.

FIB: Carrington Molesw...er...AHEM. Well, come on, Skinny, we'll bat a few up fer ye. Come on, Molly.

SOUND: TWO DOOR SLAMS

BOY: Gee were you a really and truly big leaguer, Southpaw?

FIB: Who, me? Why shucks, Bud...I mean Carringto...er I mean Skinny. Shucks, Skinny, ye ever hear o' Dizzy Dean?

BOY: Sure.

FIB: Well, he got that way watchin' me pitch. AHEM. Set right down there on the curbstone, Molly whilst I show Titheringt... er ... Skinny here how to slug 'em. Shucks, I wish I had a mask here.

MOL: Catcher's or halloween, McGee?

BOY: Come on, Slugger, bat me one. I'll throw it to you.

FIB: Okay, Skinny. Now look. Say this here's the plate. Ye stand like this here, relaxed, see? with the overlappin' grip onto the bat... feet at a angle o' -

BOY: Say you're battin' righthanded. You said you were a southpaw.

MOL: Point the hour hand at the grandstand, McGee, and the figger twelve will point to the north paw. (LAUGHS) He always was one to git his directions mixed, sonny.

FIB: AS I WAS SAYIN', skinny, I'm one o' the switch batters.
 MOL: Sure, he never knows switch one to swing at.
 FIB: AHEM. First thing to do is git a mite o' dust onto your hands...like this...(OFF MIKE) ... then ye look around at all the bases, pull your cap over your eyes to keep the sun out, advance the left foot, like this, change your shewin' tobacco over to the left cheek, fer balance
 BOY: Do all ball players chew tobacco, Southpaw?
 FIB: Nope. Only the ones that think might git mad 'n bite the umpire. AHEM. Now then ... ye ready? Toss me a easy one ... I don't wanta knock the ball clear into town.
 BOY: Okay. Here you are.
 FIB: (GRUNTS) *Swish*
 MOL: (LAUGHS) If you'd swing faster, McGee, you might o' hit it on the third whirl.
 FIB: Shucks, that was jest to show Skinny here how NOT to do it. I was jest demonstratin' skinny, the idea that ye gotta keep your eye on the ball. See? Now then ... toss me another. Here.
 BOY: Ready?
 FIB: Never ask a batter if he's ready, Skinny. Take 'em unexpected. That's baseball. Never give 'em a break.
 MOL: Always the sportsman, McGee. Never give 'em a break.
 FIB: Shucks, Molly, I -
 SOUND: THUMP

FIB: OUCH. Hey there, Skinny, what's the idea? Shucks, hittin' a player into the arm that way, ye might cripple him.
 BOY: You said throw it unexpected.
 FIB: Well, I ... er ... AHEM. I ... er ... here. Try it again. I'll knock ye a easy grounder.
 BOY: Here it comes, Southpaw. I'll give you my outcurve.
 FIB: Give it all ye got, Skinny! I kin take it.
 BOY: Okay.
 FIB: GRUNTS. Shucks, stepped onto a pebble. AHEM. Toss her here, Molly. We'll try it again. (PAUSE) Thanks. Here ye are, Skinny. Once more now, and I'll show ye how SouthPaw McGee, the Saginaw Slugger used to slam 'em outa the park. Come on, now.
 BOY: Here you are, Slugger.
 SOUND: CRACK
 BOY: Foul Ball!
 SOUND: GLASS CRASH
 MOL: McGee...look ye busted the window in that house over there!
 FIB: See what ye done now, Skinny? Pitched me one so crooked it busted a window ... come on ... we better beat it.
 MOL: Now McGee, ye better march right over there to that house and ...
 FIB: Come on, Skinny ... hop in the back there -
 BOY: Yes, but listen, Southpaw, that's...
 MOL: McGee...will ye -

FIB: Come on...come on ... shucks, this ain't no time to be askin' silly questions ... everybody in?

DOOR SLAMS

SOUND: STARTER... MOTOR IN ... HORN ... MOTOR FADE OUT...

ORCHESTRA: SHORT CHASER OUT.

SOUND: MOTOR FADE IN. OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: I got to git them brakes fixed. AHEM.

MOL: McGee ...will ye listen a minnit.

FIB: Now, now, now, Molly. I know what you're gonna say. That I should o' stayed and paid fer the window. I would of but they was nobody home. AHEM. And I reckon Skinny here is pretty grateful fer me gittin' him outa that scrape. Ain't ye skinny?

BOY: Gee, I dunno, Southpaw.

MOL: See, McGee. The boy has a better conscience than you.

FIB: Listen, Skinny, ye mean ye ain glad I got ye away from there in time? Your safe now ain't ye?

BOY: No.

FIB: Why not?

BOY: Well gee, I LIVE THERE!

LUKE: You ... er ... AHEM. Well, I'll be seein' ye again, Skinny. So long.

SOUND: MOTOR UP - HORN.

ORCHESTRA: THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

WIL: Well it looks like Fibber's hitting all fouls today.

In the meantime, we can come back to the studio just in time to hear little Lynn Martin, the Diminutive Girl with the Superlative voice, as she sings, "THRILLED".

ORCHESTRA: THRILLED -- LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

WIL: - and here's an interesting item about the finish on your car. If you -

FIB: Yes sir, folks, I got a REAL Interestin' historical item fer ye tonight. If Harpo here'll only ---

WIL: HARLOW. Can't you call me by my right name?

FIB: Yep. I can ... but we're on the air, right now, Harpo.

AHEM. Folks, me and Molly found a real interestin' piece in a old history book the other day. Wanta hear about it Harpo?

WIL: No.

FIB: I THOUGHT you'd be interested. AHEM. Well sir, we found that several years ago, little Finland was threatened with war. Shucks, they was real worried. Their navy was all wet, their standin'-army was settin' down, and they didn't have hardly no defenses at all!

WIL: Very pitiful, I'm sure. But to get back to -

FIB: TO GET BACK TO MY STORY, them Finlanders was real panicky. They didn't know WHAT in tunket to do ... till I whispered into the ear o' the Grand Duke. Listen, Dukey, I whispers. WHAT'S the population o' Finland, I whispers? 3,084, he snaps back, Why? Shucks, I says, cable a rush order to Racine Wisconsin and git 3,084 cans o' Johnson's Auto Cleaner. That'll save your people, I says.

WIL: All right. I'll bite, Fibber. HOW did Johnson's Auto Cleaner save the people of Finland.

FIB: Why shucks, Harpo, the other country was afraid to attack. They KNEW that with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER ye can't harm the Finnish. (FADE OUT) Ohhhhhh, he shines up his car with greatest of ease...the...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, that's more truth than history, we're afraid.

In a few minutes we'll hear from _____

In the meantime let me call to your attention two new Johnson products that work wonders in restoring and protecting the finish of your automobile -- Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner! And I want to make a special point of this amazingly different cleaner that seems to work like magic. If you've ever tried other methods of cleaning your car's finish, once you have tried Johnson's Cleaner you'll agree it's totally unlike all the others. For it is easy to apply, saving both time and muscle work and positively will not harm the finish in any way. Whether your car is new or old -- you can replace a faded, ugly finish with a new surface that glistens and sparkles like a mirror. Simply pour a little of the creamy white liquid on a cloth. Rub it lightly over the finish. Let it dry to a soft white powder and rub it off. Johnson's Cleaner actually polishes as it cleans. Don't be discouraged with the appearance of your car another week. Try Johnson's Auto Cleaner -- you'll marvel at the work it does.

NOW WE'RE GOING TO TUNE YOU IN ON OUR SPECIAL A.C. SET. A.C., meaning AUDREY CALL, our little feature violinist who is going to make that grand number, "STARDUST" twinkle with added brilliance as she plays her own arrangement. "STARDUST!"

ORCHESTRA: "STARDUST" -- AUDREY CALL

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "THE WEATHER MAN" -- WAXTETTE (?)

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MC GEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" DOWN FOR ANN'CT.

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men, giving you a little musical meteorology in "The Weather Man." with () getting fair and warmer on the lyrics.

ORCHESTRA: UP WITH MCGEE THEME: DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: Now let's all repair to a repair shop, on good old highway 79, where we'll find Fibber and Molly getting prices on a new fender.

FIB: Shucks, son, 4.85 seems like a lot fer a dad ratted piece o' tin.

MOL: Tis the list price, McGee.

FIB: Sure, it's list, but not last. I hope. Can't ye do no better'n that son?

MAN: Well I'll tell you, mister. I can't spend the whole day arguin'. I'll make it four fifty. Take it or leave it.

MOL: Take it or leave it, McGee. Take the fender and leave the four fifty.

FIB: Well now, I dunno, Molly. AHM. Seems like we shouldn't ought to have to pay full price fer a new fender, seein' how the old one had been all dented anyway. How much allowance on the old one, son?

MAN: Allowance? On that junk? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Well I jest thought I'd ask. AHM.

MOL: Come on, McGee. Tis a fair price he's askin'. Let's have it and get goin'.

MAN: Yeah. Better make up your mind, mister. I gotta couple o' Johnson wax jobs to do this afternoon.

FIB: Say is your name Wilcox?

MAN: No. Why?

FIB: Oh I dunno. Ye sounded kinda familiar. AHM. Well go ahead, bud. Do ye give any premiums onto a job like this? Like... fer instance five gallons o' gas or somethin'?

MAN: No. You're lucky to get it done for four fifty. Come to think of it, I don't think I'd better --

FIB: GO AHEAD AND FIX IT SON. AHM. Shucks, I ain't the one to stand here and quibble.

MOL: Give the man elbow room, McGee. He's busy.

MAN: Thanks. How'd you bust it, Mister. Out on a bender?

MOL: No. On a bat. (LAUGHS)

FIB: I see ye got a piccolo up onto the shelf there, Sob. You a piccolo player?

MAN: Oh I play in the town band on Saturday nights. Why?

FIB: I - I dunno. I used to be quite a piccolo player myself. Lemme see it a mite, will ye?

MOL: Oh now, McGee, will ye please...

FIB: THANKS. Say this here's a real nice piccolo. Kinda makes me homesick fer good old Polderschmidt.

MOL: (It makes me sick, but not home.) McGee, will ye please stop tal.

FIB: Ye know they used to call me PIED PIPER MC GEE, THE PICCOLO PLAYER O' POLDERSCHMIDT. That was into Germany, after the war.

SOUND: HAMMERING. AT INTERVALS

FIB: I used to play the piccolo fer all the people in Polderschmidt.
My favorite tune went like this here --

ORCH: VERY SOUR NOTES ON PICCOLO

MOL: Very sour, McGee. Must be a dill-piccolo.

FIB: I wasn't holdin' it right. It goes like this here...

ORCH: BAD TRILL ON PICCOLO

SOUND: HAMMERING

MAN: Better put the piccolo back Mister.

MOL: Sure, Park the piccolo, McGee.

MAN: Where did you say this Poolverschmuss was?

FIB: Polderschmidt, son. On the Rhine River in Germany. Ye see, they had a bad time there with rats, in Polderschmidt. Come out o' the trenches after the war and got to be a nuisance around town.

MOL: You talkin' about rats or piccolo playere, McGee.

FIB: RATS. AHEM. Well sir, it got so bad the burglar-master says

MOL: Burgomaster.

FIB: The Mayor o' Polderschmidt says to me, he says, General McGee, he says

MOL: Who?

FIB: Captain, McGee, he says --

MOL: Captain, McGee!

FIB: Listen, private, says he, I understand you kin play the piccolo like nobody's business.

MOL: He plays the piccolo like he plays baseball, mister. He fakes the bases.

FIB: Well sir, I --

SOUND: HAMMERING

FIB: Well sir, I says.

SOUND: HAMMERING

MAN: There. I had to straighten out the frame a little. Was they lookin' for a piccolo player, mister?

FIB: Yes sir, they was. They wanted somebody to charm them rats outa town like that pld piper into the story. So they calls on me, after tryin' two other piccolo playere.

MOL: Hah ... the three mouseketeers.

FIB: Well sir, I got the job. I tried it out onto one rat first, down in the cellar --

MOL: Ratskellar?

FIB: Basement to you. AHEM.

MAN: And what happened? Did he bite you?

FIB: Who, me? No sir. When I started to play my piccolo... hand me the piccolo Molly and I'll show ye how I --

MAN: Never mind the piccolo, mister. Just TELL it.

MOL: Just play on your imagination, McGee.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, when I started playin', that there rat sets up... direct...

MOL: How?

FIB: Direct.

MOL: ERECT.

FIB: Correct. AHEM. Well sir, then I segues into a carioca, and you could o' laid me low with a lettuce leaf if that there rat didn't start dancin' around and around. Then I pipes up with The Stars and Stripes Forever and he marches back and forth acrost the basement. I played Sweet Adeline, and three other rats come out from the wall and put their arms around each other. Ye never seen nuthin' like it. I never knowed before they was sech power in a piccolo.

MOL: Did ye ever bully a bull with a bassoon, McGee?

FIB: Listen do ye want to hear this ornot?

MOL: No. We don't.

MAN: You can skip my part, mister.

FIB: Well sir, as soon as I seen my power over them rats, I went up to the burgomayer and I says, Burg; I says, I'll git them rats outa town, I says. Fer how much, says he real cautious. 13,000,000 marks, says I ... on account o' I needed that eight dollars to git me to Paris. AHEM. Okay says the mayor. Git started. Okay says I, puttin' a gleam onto my platinum plated piccolo with a touch o' Johnson's Auto Wax

MOL: McGee. Quit the advertisin'! Git back to your rats.

MAN: Better get outa the way, mister. I don't wanta dent This fender too.

FIB: Okay. Well sir -

MAN: Back a little farther please.

FIB: Okay. Well sir, I -

MAN: More yet.

FIB: Okay. Well sir, them rats musta suspected somethin' ... or else they'd heard me play in the cellar there. On account of because I'd no sooner took my place into the town market place, playin' soft and low on the piccolo.

MOL: Soft and low on the piccolo. Can ye play high and clean on the ay-cordeen, McGee?

FIB: Don't come too close to me whilst I'm charmin' rats, Molly. It's dangerous. AHEM. Well sir out they come. Hundreds. Millions. Kinda scattered at first, till I played a fug bugles calls onto the piccolo like this -

ORCH: BUGLE CALL ON PICCOLO

FIB: That got 'em to fallin' in line. Then I started playin' turkey in the straw which made 'em feel kinda skittish...

MOL: Nothin' like Turkey in the straw for a little hey hey.

FIB: YES. I mean No. AHEM. Well anyway, by that time I figgered all the rats into the neighborhood was out there in the square, their little black eyes glued onto me, their little gray ears twitchin' and wigglin' ... their long tails wavin' in time to the music. Well sir, I amused myself fer a time playin' square dances fer 'em and they was real cute, stampin' around there, grand left and right, grabbin' partners, ladies to the left and all. but I seen the burgomay wavin' at me to git started so what does I do but I busts into

MOL: Two Silly Rats in the dark.

FIB: No. I busted into YANKEE DOODLE.

ORCH YANKEE DOODLE ON PICCOLO FOR FEW BARS AND DOWN UNTIL OUT

FIB: Well sir, ye should o' seen them little critters form fours, march left into line, squads right and march behind me down to the river ... left right, left right, left right, left right...when we got to the river, I slipped on my water wings and wadded out...then millions o' rats after me. Playin' Yankee Doodle all the time...tails wigglin', whiskers twitchin'...

PICCOLO OUT OUT

MOL: Them wasn't whiskers, McGee.

FIB: No? What was they?

MOL: MOUSEtaches.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, out we went, deeper and deeper till I was only held up by the water wings. THEN'S when I made my mistake. AHEM. How ye comin' with the feader, son?

MAN: Nearly done. What was your mistake, mister. Aside from tryin' to learn the piccolo.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I forgot them water wings was waterwings, and thought I was playin' the bagpipe instead o' the piccolo. So, not thinkin', I squeezed all the air out of 'em and sank. Here's your four fifty, son.

MAN: Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MAN: Well what happened? Did you drown, Mister?

FIB: Nope. With great presence o' mind, I raises the piccolo out water and plays another bugle call...ABOUT FACE, I plays ... and with one motion, all them rats swerved, swum back under me and carried me ashore back to Polderschmidt.

SOUND: STARTER AND MOTOR... DOWN FOR DIALOG

MOL: My my McGee, I'll bet the burgomaster was glad to see ye bring them rats back.

MAN: What'd they say, Mister?

FIB: Well sir, I couldn't drown them little critters after what they done for me, so I writ

MAN: Wrote.

MOL: Rat.

FIB: I DREW UP a amendment to the Constitution o' Polderschmidt. To build them little rats a big rat house o' their own, with free cheese and bacon rinds, and a rat-concert every Saturday night. And ye know what happened to that amendment?

MAN: It was thrown out.

MOL: It was vetoed.

FIB: Nope. It was ratified. AHEM.

SOUND: HORN. MOTOR UP...

FIB: Thanks son. Be seein' ye!

ORCHESTRA: THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD... 3 KINGS

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: LADY IN RED -- WAXTETTE

APPLAUSE:

WIL:

That was "THE LADY IN RED" with the Johnson Waxtette getting mucha hotcha in the Chorus.

Now I have said that Johnson's unique new auto cleaner will restore the look of newness to your car with a minimum of effort. But you can save yourself many car washings in the future by protecting that glistening finish with a coat of Johnson's new time-saving, car saving auto wax. Like the cleaner, you'll find Johnson's Wax is easy to apply. Yet it gives that finish a granite-like protection that prevents ruination by sun, grit and rain.

And I want to remind you that a few cents now for Johnson's finish protection will pay big dividends later by actually increasing the re-sale value of your car.

Now when I tell you that Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner are easier to use - give more lasting results - will restore that alluring brilliance of newness to old cars or keep new cars looking new, I know you'll want some proof. Well, in recent tests of the Johnson method side by side with the other leading methods, the famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories found that car owners all over the country prefer the Johnson method to any other. But of course the only positive proof is for you to test the Johnson method yourself.

So to induce you to make this test at once, the Johnson Company makes a generous free offer. Go to your regular Johnson Wax dealer's, or filling station. Buy Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special combination price of only 98¢. And be given free one regular 40¢ can of black Touch-Up Enamel. This offer is also good in Canada. Or your regular garage or service station will gladly wax your car for you at a reasonable cost. But make sure Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner are used.

WIL:

That was "THE LADY IN RED" with the Johnson Waxtette getting mucha hotcha in the Chorus.

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

WIL: Remember, you have another mad, musical meeting with the Merry McGees next Monday night at this same hour ... and we hear that Fibber has ordered another skein of yarns for this knitwork. You'll hear all about how -

FIB: Yes sir, folks, next week I'm gonna tell ye all about how I had a duel with a swordfish in the ~~sea~~ ^{red sea} ~~But I'll tell ye when I see ye again.~~

WIL: Wait a minute, Fibber. I suppose you think if you tell us now it'll spoil the ending.

FIB: Nope. Not on this program.

WIL: What's this particular program got to do with it?

FIB: It's Johnson's Auto Cleaner. Ye CAN'T harm the finish. AHEM. But as I was sayin' folks...

MOL: McGees! Set down and let Mr. Wilcox sign off.

FIB: Okay Okay ... (FADE OUT) That's the way with these here polo players. Always stickin' around fer the last chukker. Shucks, I...

WIL: (LAUGHS) SO, with bare hooks but bated breath, we'll wait till next Monday at this same hour, when Fibber and Molly take us out on the ~~deep~~ ^{red} blue sea for some ~~big~~ white lies on the ~~red~~ ^{blue} network. Until then, we bid you farewell, with the suggestion that your car will fare not only well, but better, with a coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. This is Harlow Wilcox, in spite of everything. Good night.

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH.

Wagner
June - 1st and 4th

Boyle Strudwick