

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MC GEE" (#13)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WENR
7:00-7:30 PM)
TIME

(JULY 29, 1935)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

Change Tenor solo - Circus Day

T

*See the sign
Mermaids*

*Shirley - Kelly
Works on stage
Drafts out*

Tougher vocal

Fish (instead of ice)

Julio - Jim

Page 2.

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

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax send you the sixteenth syncopated session of swell songs and stirring stories, with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - ~~THE BENNETT SISTERS,~~ ~~THE THREE KINGS,~~ - THE JOHNSON WAXTETTE, LYNN MARTIN, and MARIAN AND JIM as those Extraordinary, exhilarating exponents of extemporaneous extravaganza, - FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: MARCELLI AND HIS MEN START THE PARADE WITH A MEDLEY OF CIRCUS MUSIC. INTO THE BIG TOP, OLD TOP!

ORCHESTRA: "CIRCUS MEDLEY"

(INTERPOLATION:

VENDOR: ~~Cigars...cigarettes...get your ice cold pop here...get your hot dogs and hamburgers here...cigars...cigarettes...~~

HARLOW: (COMMERCIAL INTERRUPTION):

Stop right up and get
~~the ad - forget~~ your Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special combination offer of 98¢ with free can of touch-up enamel!" *Johnson's Auto Wax & Auto Cleaner*

VENDOR: ...ice cold lemonade...chewing gum...toy balloons ... get the only gen-yoo-wine bird whistles here...ice cold pop...
(FADE OUT) Hot dogs...hamburgers...cigars...cigarettes...

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Now I think you've all heard that old expression "Beauty is only skin deep." Well, that may be true, but I think you'll agree people get their impressions of others by what they can see. That's why we're all so particular about our appearance - because the surface is important. And that's why It doesn't pay to be seen driving around in a faded discolored automobile - no matter how sweet the motor is running. So whether your car is new or old - give it the kind of surface beauty that makes a good impression - by restoring and protecting the finish with Johnson's two new miracle workers - Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

BALLYHOO:

ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT! FOLKS...STEP RIGHT UP TO THE PLATFORM AND SEE THE MOST STUPENDOUS, STARTLING AND STUPEFYING AGGREGATION OF MONSTROSITIES EVER ASSEMBLED UNDER ONE TENT! (YES FOLKS, WE HAVE EVERYTHING, AND WHEN I SAY EVERYTHING I MEAN THE MOST COLOSSAL, TREMENDOUS, GIGANTIC AND OVERWHELMING COLLECTION OF ANCIENT FREAKS AND MODERN MIRACLES EVER GATHERED FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT AND EDIFICATION) JO-JO, THE DOGFACED BOY...FATIMA, SHE DANCES...AND HOW SHE DANCES...AND OVER IN THE NEXT TENT, THE MIGHTY MAMMOTH OF THE CONGO, THE BLOOD-SWEATING BEHEMOTH OF HOLY WHIT... (FADE OUT) MADAM SLITHERO, THE SNAKE CHARMER... watch her toy with these rapacious rep-tiles....and over there....

ORCHESTRA: CIRCUS MEDLEY UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: CHASER - "ON CIRCUS DAY" AND UP TO FINISH (DOWN FOR 25-SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT)

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

WIL: WELL, WHEN FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE AROUND WE ALWAYS HAVE A CIRCUS, AND TONIGHT IS NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE! HERE THEY ARE, DRIVING ALONG HIGHWAY 79, JUST AS THEY GET IN SIGHT OF THE BIG TOP!

SOUND: MOTOR IN AND DOWN FOR DIALOG
(START CROWD RECORD DOWN.)

MOL: Look, McGee! LOOK ... a circus it tis!

FIB: Eh?

MOL: A circus, iggernuts...a CIRCUS. Don't ye know what a circus is?

FIB: Sure I know what a circus is. It's a place where ye go on a night that looks clear but won't be, to spend money ye can't afford on stuff ye don't give a hoot about, jest so's ye kin git sawdust in your cuffs, taffy in your hair and chewin' gum onto your shoes. AHEM. That's what a circus is.

MOL: Aw now, McGee...and have ye no youth in yer blood? Come on ... let's stop and go to the circus.

FIB: Shucks...four bits a piece to see a dad ratted flock o' motheaten lions when -

MOL: Look, ^{what is over McGee} ~~McGee~~...MERMAIDS! Real genuoine mermaids...look! Only 10¢! Come on, McGee...let's see 'em.

FIB: Mermaids...shucks! Don't be like that Molly. MERMAIDS.
A catfish's tail pasted onto a doll's head! Why I'm -

ORCHESTRA: FLAGEOLET OR SOMETHING ORIENTAL MUSIC

MOL: And look, McGee...see the girls dancin' ... oh my ... oh my! Tis real graceful they are!

FIB: Where? OHHHHHE, there! AHEM. Well shucks...I guess we might's well stop fer a mite at that. It might be real educational.

CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: There's a place to park, McGee...pull over there...

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed. Okay, Molly...git out.

CROWD RECORD UP: - ORIENTAL MUSIC IN BACKGROUND

FIB: Wait a mite till I git a couple tickets, Molly. (OFF MIKE)
How much, bud?

MAN: Fifty cents. That'll be one buck, brother.

FIB: Shucks, one buck! Kinda steep ain't it? Here I give up the idea o' crawlin' under the tent, jest to be honest and you...

MAN: Pay up or move on brother. Don't keep the line waiting...
NEXT please.

MOL: ~~McGee pay the man and let's go ... my, my, you'd try to get~~
if he'd a mite at a bet, I might a wait for it
a discount on your harp and halo!

CROWD RECORD UP...AND DOWN...

MAN: Step right this way folks...for a practical demonstration of the greatest invention of the age...everybody's talking about it... ~~everybody wants one...lasts a lifetime and satisfaction guaranteed... Yes sir folks...it's the only one of its kind in the world folks... and you'll never regret your purchase... step right up...~~

MOL: Look, McGee. The man must be sellin' Johnson's Auto Wax!

FIB: Now Molly...don't go Harpo on me. That feller's sellin' fountain pens.

MAN: Come on folks!...don't be shy!...step right up. Get your NIXO-LEAKO FOUNTAIN PENNO right here, folks!...writes in any language and five colors!...unbreakable and indispensable!... step on it, bend it, let the baby play with it...it won't leak and it won't break...THE NIXO-LEAKO FOUNTAIN PENNO, FOLKS, with the lifetime guarantee...

MOL: Whose lifetime?

MAN: The life of the pen, sister! (FADE OUT) Step right up folks... see a practical demonstr

CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Look, McGee...let's go over and see the animals...we'll MC GEE! What are ye doin'?

FIB: The little feller here wants a nickel to buy some beans fer his bean shooter, Molly. Be with ye in jest a mite...now then, young feller, (FADE OUT) listen here. How'd you like to earn a...

CROWD RECORD UP

MAN: Right over here folks, for the thrill of a lifetime.
~~EDUCATIONAL-INSPIRING AND UPLIFTING.~~ ONLY ONE DIME, TEN
 CENTS TO SEE STRIPO, THE TIGER MAN.. HALF_MAN AND HALF-TIGER,
 CAPTURED IN THE WILDS OF ABYSSINIA, ~~AFTER A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE~~
~~THE SCOURGE OF THE JUNGLE FOLKS.~~ WE BROUGHT HIM BACK
 ALIVE AT THE COST OF FIFTEEN LIVES AND TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND
 DOLLARS...JUST SO YOU COULD SEE STRIPO AT THE RIDICULOUS
 COST OF ONE DIME THE TENTH PART OF A DOLLAR.
 DON'T CROWD, THERE FOLKS.. (FADE OUT) THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL...

CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: Come on, McGee...don't be talkin' to everybody ye see. Now
 come on and see the gy-raffees and the hipponocerouses.
 FIB: ~~Ye seen rhinopotamus,~~ Molly.
 MOL: ~~I'll settle for seals, McGee. Now come and let's...~~
 FIB: Wait a mite Molly. Here's a shootin' gallery. Let's try
 our hands with the rifles.
 MOL: Oh now, McGee...ye never shot a gun in yer life, and ye know
 it.
 FIB: Oh is that so. Shucks, didn't I ever tell ye bout the time
 I was known as GUN-GUN, McGee, THE TWO GUN GAMBLER O'
 COOPER'S GULCH? Why shucks, lemme show ye how I used to
 mow down them hoss thieves. How much fer ten shots, bud?
 MOL: Oh now, McGee are ye gonna -
 MAN: Only two bits, brother. A game of skill. Nothing like it
 to develop a steady hand and an iron nerve. Ten shots for
 twenty five cents. Lady wanna shoot first? Here ye are lady.

MOL: No no. I don't want to -
 FIB: Come on, now, Molly. Shucks, what was ye named Molly fer?
 Your a natural gun moll, babby. AHM. Loaded, Bud?
 MAN: All set, doc. Hold it in the other hand lady. That's it.
 FIB: Here.. lemme show ye, Molly. Like this...see? The stock
 close to your shoulder...left hand here.. right hand here...
 and don't AQUEEZE the trigger..yank it. AHM.
 MAN: Say, brother that ain't the way to -
 FIB: Who's doin' this, bud? AHM Git a line on them clay
 pipes or them bell targets and shut your eyes...then give
 the trigger a yank. Git the idea Molly? When ye shoot,
 slide this thing down and back and she's loaded again. Now
 ... go ahead.
 SOUNDS: BANG! CLICK. BANG CLICK BANG CLICK. (TEN TIMES)
 MOL: Now can I open my eyes, McGee?
 FIB: Yep. Ye done alright, too, Molly. Ye busted six clay pipes.
 MOL: Sure. And I was aimin' at the rabbits.
 FIB: Now lemme show ye how it'd oughtta be did. How much
 fer hittin' the gong ten owta ten, bud?
 MOL: Oh now, McGee...you can't -
 MAN (LAUGHS) Five bucks, to you brother. A cigar to anybody
 else.
 FIB: Oh a wise guy, eh? AHM. Well I'll show ye. Gimme a
 loaded one, bud, and no blanks, nuther.
 MAN (LAUGHS) Okay, doc. You better tell me what your
 aimin' at ...it's my five bucks, you know. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Don't laugh, bud. Ye ever hear o' Annie Oakley?
 MAN: Sure. (LAUGHS) She was the greatest shot that ever lived.
 FIB: Well, I'm Fibber McGee, the Terror o' the Targets and Annie doesn't live here any more. AHEM. Outa the way there, bud. I'm takin' the left hand target there.
 MOL: Be careful now, McGee.
 FIB: You watch this, Molly.
 MOL: Ohhh, my. He never shot a gun in his whole life...before and...
SOUNDS: CRACK, GONG, CRACK, GONG, CRACK, GONG. (TEN TIMES)
 MAN: Well I'll be a ... say ... who are you, doc? Where did you learn to shoot like -
 MOL: My My McGee ... tis wonderful ye were!
 FIB: Keep your five bucks Bud. You're easy took! Come on, Molly...

CROWD RECORD UP

MOL: McGee...ye never told me you was a crack shot. My My -
 Twas wonderful.
 FIB: Shucks, that was nuthin'. Ye shoulda seen the time I trimmed Willie Frim's mustache with a .45, at a distance o' 92 foot. With one hand behind me and a blindfold, I... oh hello there son.
 BOY: Hey Mister...I lost my quarter.
 MOL: Quarter, was it? McGee...did you give the lad a quarter?

BOY: Sure. He gimme a quarter to hide behind the shootin' gallery and hit the gong with my bean shooter every time he shot. Gee I hit it every time too, didn't I mister.
 FIB: Well I ... er...AHEM. Shucks, bud you hadn't ought to... HEY MOLLY. WHERE YE GOIN MOLLY!

CROWD RECORD UPORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"APPLAUSE:ORCHESTRA: "THE LITTLE THINGS YOU USED TO DO" Down.

WIL: WELL, (LAUGHS) THE LITTLE THINGS THAT FIBBER SAYS HE USED TO DO WERE LARGELY A MATTER OF IMAGINATION. BUT TO LYNN MARTIN, THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE GROWN UP VOICE, "THE LITTLE THINGS YOU USED TO DO," ARE TRUE ENOUGH.
 Lynn Martin!

ORCHESTRA: "THE LITTLE THINGS YOU USED TO DO" --- LYNN MARTINAPPLAUSE:

WIL: Now I'm going to take just a moment to tell you what Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Auto Wax cando for you in -
 FIB: SAY, HARPO...I ever tell ye what Johnson's Auto Cleaner did fer ME? When I was -
 WIL: No, and my name is not Harpo. Don't you know who I am?
 FIB: Sure. You're Harpo Wilcox, the polo player. YOU think. AHEM. HOOFBEAT HARPO, THE HEAVY HANDED HOSSMAN. But as I was sayin', Harpo...I ever tell ye bout the time I and my party was surrounded by the deadly Jiveroo Injuns into the jungles o' the Amazon?

WIL: No. And I don't want to hear -

FIB: Well sir...there we was...rifles lost into the swamp...
and all we had fer savin' our lives was two cans o' Johnson's
Auto Cleaner and a dozen bows and fifty arrows we'd swiped
from the injuns. So, - ye know what we done?

WIL: No, and I don't -

FIB: Well, sir. At my suggestion, we smeared Johnson's Auto
Cleaner onto the arrowheads and shot 'em at the Injuns.

BOY DID THAT polish 'em off. Well sir, I -

MOL: McGee. Come back here and run over this song with me.

FIB: Okay Okay. But I'd ruther run over Harpo with a steam
roller. The way he always busts in onto my

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, we refuse to back up Fibber's claim that
Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Auto Wax will save your
life...but we know it will save you time, expense and labor.

In a few minutes you're going to hear from F and M. But
right now let me point out that if you have an old car that's
ceased to look its best -- or a new car that's beginning to
lose its sparkle -- you'll be amazed at how quickly and
easily you can restore the finish with Johnson's sensational
new Auto Cleaner. Actually it seems to work like magic,
for the entire principle is new and totally unlike any cleaner
you may have tried before. Johnson's Cleaner is much
quicker to use - takes much less muscle work and positively
will not injure the finish in any way.

~~The ease and speed of this cleaner is almost unbelievable.~~

~~For all you do is rub the creamy white liquid over the
surface. It dries almost instantly to a fine soft powder.~~

Then with a dry cloth you wipe it off. You'll be astonished
to see a complete transformation from a dull finish to one
that gleams and glitters in the sunlight. For Johnson's
Cleaner actually polishes as it wipes away every speck
of dirt and gummy road film. Try it ~~first thing~~ -- you'll
be mighty glad you did.

Now let's see what that song is that Fibber and Molly were
practising. What was it, Molly?

MOL: She was an Acrob-

FIB: Don't tell him, Molly. Shucks, he'll jest twist it around so's he kin git in somethin' about Johnson's Auto Wax. AHEM. The name o' the song is, "NO MATTER HOW HARD YE RUB, ROSCOE, YE CAN'T HARM THE FINISH"

WIL: I don't believe that's the name of it.

FIB: Then you're smarter'n I give ye credit fer. AHEM. Give us a chord, Marshsmelli.

ORCHESTRA: SOUR CHORD

ORCHESTRA: "SHE WAS AN ACROBATS DAUGHTER" - M & J

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: AND WITH A LONG LOOK AT THE SCRIPT AND A SHORT WAVE FROM THE ENGINEER, WE FIND OURSELVES, ODDLY ENOUGH, BACK AT THE CIRCUS, WHERE MOLLY AND FIBBER ARE EXAMINING THE DEEP SEA CURIOSITIES IN A SIDESHOW.

ORCHESTRA: OUT:

FIB: Shucks, son, you ain't got nuthin' here I ain't seen before. AHEM.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, are ye gonna —

FIB: What have ye got? A coupla starfish. A octopus, a...a... say what's that thing?

MAN: That in the case, there? Why that's a species of gastropod mollusc, which adheres to the timbers and rocks at the bottom of the ocean. It's called a limpet.

FIB: A which?

MAN: A limpet.

MOL: A lippet.

FIB: Oh, a whippet.

MAN: Skip it!

FIB: AHEM. Say what's that? A swordfish ain't it?

MOL: And what did ye think it was, McGee? A Raspberry jellyfish?

MAN: Sure. That's a swordfish. Why?

FIB: Well ye got the wrong name onto the case then. It says XIPHIAS GLADIUS.

MOL: You wouldn't understand it, McGee. It's deep, see? (LAUGHS)

FIB: Shucks, ~~I know it's deep sea. Got it Molly. I says~~

~~MOL: Taint funny McGee.~~

MAN: That's the latin name for ~~it~~ ^{sword fish}. Xiphias Gladius.

FIB: Go on. Don't tell me them fish talk latin, bud. Shucks, with that there pointed chin onto him, he'd be lucky to blow bubbles.

MOL: Ye'll have to excuse him, mister. His real ignerant he is about marine life.

FIB: Well what of it? I was in the Army, myself. AHEM. But I DO know all about these here Eriphu...Erip Gladiola...er... them Swordfish. Fought a duel with one once. Want to hear about it?

MAN: No, let it go.

FIB: Well sir, it was whilst I was...

MOL: Oh now McGee, will ye please stop and --

MAN: I'm 'fraid I can't listen long, anyway. I'm packing up and selling out today.

FIB: Matter, Bud? Business bum?

MAN: Yes. People want freaks and the hula hula. This is too legitimate.

MOL: My my that's too bad.

FIB: Shucks, bud, all ye gotta do is to git some showmanship into this joint. Fer instance, cut the octopus in two, join it onto the shark and call it the deadly octoshark o' the Injun Ocean. Or Sharkus Ferosius Indianapolis, if ye gotta have a Latin name fer it. Heh heh. Ye hear that, Molly? I says -

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

FIB: But as I was sayin' about my duel with the swordfish. I was the skipper o' the Molly McGee that time, Molly. Before I'd ever met ye.

MOL: Go on with ye McGee. If ye never met me how could ye name a boat fer me?

FIB: Shucks, you was the gal o' my dreams, bebbly. AHM. Well sir, I -

MAN: Say if you'll excuse me, I'll --

FIB: Yes, you'll be real interested in this, bud. Ye see all us fellers down there in Tampa was real crazy about fishin' ←

MOL: Sure. Kinda Tampamental, ye were.

FIB: Yes. I mean no. AHM. Oh well, all us fellers had a fishin' and fencin' club...the C.H T.F. Club...and -

MAN: The what club?

FIB: The C.H T.F. Club. Ye see we had to bring in at least the fins of every fish we caught fer proof. So we called the club the C.H T.F.

MOL: Meanin' what?

FIB: Ye Can't Harm The Fins. AHM. GIT AWAY FROM HERE HARPO... I says FINS, not finish. Well sir I always fished with Joe Glump, who was almost as good a fisherman as me and pretty near as good a fencer.

MOL: How much did ye charge to fix a fence, McGee?

FIB: Dad rat it we didn't fix fences. We FENCED. Fit with swords.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: Yes. Well sir this day Joe comes up to me and says Stabber, he says.

MAN: Who?

FIB: Stabber. Stabber McGee, the Swordfish Slayer o' the South Seas. AHM. Well sir, Joe comes up to me and says Stabber, he says, what? I says, stickin' a two ton hammerhead shark onto a hook fer bait, whatcha want? Well says he, whilst we're waitin' to git to the fishin' grounds, how about a little fencin' bout on deck fer fun, and exercise? Okay says I, jugglin' a couple o' spare anchors to limber up my wrists.

MOL: Why didn't ye go down and stick your head in the flywheel to loosen up your neck, McGee.

FIB: Fencers don't use neck muscles much, Molly. AHEM. Well sir, Joe Glump went to git the swords -

MAN: You say this Joe Bump was a swordsman too?

FIB: Glump, was his name, not BUMP. Spelled. G.T.H U K I W ^{A.Z} ~~A.S~~ ~~T.F.B.C.N.~~ He was a Check-Slovakian feller and spelled it kinda funny. Well sir, up he come with the swords and ~~we started~~ ^{fencin'} slashin', thrustin', parryin'... I was slowly pressin' Joe back when all of a sudden Joe hollers out, real painful, and there, ~~by the fencin' fencers,~~ was a swordfish that'd lept over the rail and stuck Joe into the shoulder!

MAN: Ah, a denizen of the deep?

FIB: I dunno if his name was Dennison or Schmalts, but he sure give poor old Joe a mean stab. Well sir, I started fixin' up Joe's shoulder when the swordfish come fer me, kinda flippin' along the deck, like a dad ratted seal, sharp bill onto him about six foot long, starin' at me, cold and deadly with them little green eyes o' his, an' they was MURDER into his heart!

MOL: A hired killer, McGee. He sent in his bill first.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I know it was him or me, so I gits into fencin' position, ~~left arm up, like this, sword ahead,~~ point down, on guard and there I was standin' there slim and graceful, the picture o' courage and strength, when all of a sudden he lunges at me.

MOL: Oh he'd brought his own lunge. Get it, McGee?

FIB: Taint funny molly. Besides I need all my wits to fight this here fish. Well sir, on-he comes, flippin' along real uncanny, them little green eyes fixed onto mine... tryin' to hypnotize me... UP he riz, onto his tail, nine-foot high ~~with the six foot bill... fifteen foot in all.~~ ^{high McGee} Then like lightnin' the thrusts! I parried, he cut, I fainted ~~Dead away!~~ ^{sword fish}

MAN: Dead away?

FIB: Dad rat it, no. I mean I fainted into my fencin'. I pertended to make a pass at him and didn't. Well sir, for three hours and eight minutes we fit like fencin' school ^{foes} pupils... ~~only more deadly~~ - cuttin' ... stabbin' thrustin'... all into a deadly silence, Joe Glump settin' there holdin' his shoulder and watchin' ups with his eyes poppin'. Then I got mad. Like lightnin' I slashed at him... under a gill, over a fin, on his tale... slicin' off scales by the ~~margin~~ ^{thru gills}... till suddenly I made a one turrible thrust, and had my sword at his ~~heart~~ ^{throat}. But when I seen the despair into his eyes, I didn't have the heart to kill, so I step back, and bows.

MAN: Oh yeah?

FIB: Yep. I steps back, wipes my sword and bows. The swordfish give me one heartbusted look outa them little green eyes, flips over to the cabin door, jabs his ^{sword} bill into it, breaks it off, ^{at the same} flaps back and bows to me, then to Joe. We both bowed back and with kind of a little moan the swordfish ^{curtsies} hurls hisself back into the ocean. I never fished again into ^{the ocean} those waters. AHM.

MOL: And why not, McGee. ~~Wasn't ya afraid the swordfish would take offense... of a fencer?~~

FIB: Nether. It was too easy. That swordfish musta passed the word about me, ^{to his friends} because always after that they never put up no fight. They'd jest swim out ~~to my boat, Linda sign and~~ jab their bills into the side o' the boat, waitin' to be hauled in. Why last trip I made I got back to Tampa with forty seven swordfish stickin' into the side o' the boat, ~~like a dad ratted pin cushion~~. Looked like a sea-goin' porkypine. That's why I says, bud, that...

MAN: SNORES

FIB: THAT'S WHY I SAYS THAT I NEVER...well fer the...

MAN: SNORES

MOL: Don't wake him McGee. He's asleep in the deep.

FIB: (FADE OUT) Shucks...that's all the appreciation a feller gits fer...

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

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "THE GAUCHO"

APPLAUSE

WIL: THAT WAS THE 'GAUCHO' ... with a certain South American, or as we call it, an "S.A." TEMPO. And speaking of S.A.'s, I could write a long essay on the value of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. But I won't. I'll just tell you in a few words, how..... ETC.

(INTO COMMERCIAL)

WILCOX:

You already know how quickly you can restore the finish on your car by removing grit, dirt and discolorations with Johnson's ~~simple~~ easy-to-use Auto Cleaner. ^{and} whether your car is new or old, you can protect that finish from rain, sun and sticky road film by giving it a beautiful coat of Johnson's time-saving, car-saving Auto Wax.

~~Now the remarkable thing about this modern protective wax~~ ^{is that} is ~~that~~ ^{so} easy to apply - gives ~~add~~ sparkle and brilliance - yet dries to a hard, flint-like armor that dust and dirt won't stick to. That's why a Johnson-waxed car doesn't have to be washed nearly as often. And that's why a Johnson-waxed car brings you more money at the time of re-sale.

~~And to prove what I may ^{just} say~~, let me read you a letter from Mr. Henry Von Der Mehden, prominent San Francisco used car dealer. He says:

"After trying many cleaners and polishes, we find the best and quickest results are obtained with Johnson's Cleaner and Johnson's Automobile Wax. It not only makes cars look like new. But requires the least effort and time.

(MORE)

WILCOX CONT'D:

And I might add that this is the experience of car owners all over the country, as demonstrated by the unbiased tests of the famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratories. So, if you want a car with a surface as smooth and bright as polished glass - ~~as smooth as polished glass~~

let me urge you to take advantage of this generous free offer: *good in the U.S. and Canada*
Go to your regular hardware or wax dealer. Buy Johnson's

Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special low price of 98 cents. And receive free a regular 40 cent can of Black Touch-Up Enamel. ~~(This offer is also good in Canada.)~~ Or, ^{let} if your garage or service station wax your car - ^{let} insist on Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

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

WIL: Remember, you have a rhythmical, riotous rendezvous with the many-sided McGees, next Monday evening at this hour, when -

FIB: You betcha, folks, and the only thing me and Harpo...

WIL: HARLOW.

FIB: The only thing me and Polo here can say at the end o' one o' these programs that won't spoil 'em is - JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER, because -

WIL: IT WILL NOT HARM THE FINISH!

FIB: Dad rat it, Harpo, will ye leave me alone when I -

MOL: McGee! Will ye set down and let Mr. Wilcox say goodnight?

FIB: Okay...Okay...I was jest sayin' that...

WIL: (LAUGHS) YES, UNTIL NEXT MONDAY NIGHT AT THIS SAME HOUR, I GIVE YOU THE AULD LANG SIGNOFF. JOIN US AGAIN THEN, WHEN WE'LL HAVE MARCELLI'S MUSIC LOUDER, FIBBER'S STORIES STRONGER, MOLLY'S KIBITZING BETTER AND JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER. This is Harlow Wilcox, smilin' thru, I hope. Good night!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH

er: 2:30 PM
7-26-35

$\frac{1}{2}$ hr extra rehearsal

audrey gree

Studio - 8th apt.

Frank Pacelli
Apt

Barker on ceiling (not
both)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

Monday, July 29, 7:00 PM

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX:

It doesn't pay to be seen driving around
discolored automobile--no matter how sw
running. So whether your car is new or
kind of surface beauty that makes a good
by restoring and protecting the finish
Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

SECOND CORRECTION

Monday, July 29, 7:00 PM

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: It doesn't pay to be seen driving around in a faded, discolored automobile--no matter how sweet the motor is running. So whether your car is new or old, give it the kind of surface beauty that makes a good impression by restoring and protecting the finish with Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

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MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: In a few minutes you're going to hear from _____. But right now let me point out that if you have an old car that's ceased to look its best--or a new car that's beginning to lose its sparkle -- you'll be amazed at how quickly and easily you can restore the finish with Johnson's sensational new Auto Cleaner. The principle is new and totally unlike any cleaner you may have tried before. Johnson's Cleaner is much quicker to use -- takes much less muscle work and positively will not injure the finish in any way.

All you do is rub the creamy white liquid over the surface. It dries almost instantly to a fine soft powder. Then with a dry cloth you wipe it off. You'll be astonished to see a complete transformation from a dull finish to one that gleams and glitters in the sunlight. For Johnson's Cleaner actually polishes as it wipes away every speck of dirt and gummy road film. Try it first thing -- you'll be mighty glad you did.

COMMERCIAL:

A few minutes ago I told you about Johnson's New Auto Cleaner. So now let me call to your attention Johnson's time-saving, car-saving Auto Wax.

This new modern method of protecting the finish on your car from wind, rain and sticky road film is far easier to apply -- gives more lasting protection and greatly simplifies the problem of keeping your car bright and shiny.

For dirt and dust can't stick to a smooth, hard coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. So it isn't necessary to wash your car nearly as often. And remember, a few cents now for Johnson's Auto Wax to protect the finish on your car will greatly increase the re-sale value later on.

And now to prove what I say is true, I'm going to read a letter from Mr. Henry Von Der Mehden, prominent San Francisco used car dealer. He says: "After trying many cleaners and polishes, we find the best and quickest results are obtained with Johnson's Cleaner and Johnson's Automobile Wax. It not only makes cars look like new. But requires the least effort and time."

So, if you want a car with a surface as smooth and bright as polished glass, a car to be proud of - let me urge you to take advantage of this generous free offer!

Go to your regular hardware or wax dealer. Buy Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special low price of 98 cents. And receive free a regular 40-cent can of Black Touch-Up Enamel. This offer is also good in Canada. Or, if your garage or service station wax your car - insist on Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner.

Rico Marchelli is happy to announce that he is receiving many very fine entries for the amateur song writer's contest, and the prize winning music will be published by Irving Berlin, Inc., and the writer will receive all standard royalties. S. C. Johnson & Son, sponsors of this program, are also offering a special cash award of \$100 for the winning song. This amateur song writer's contest closes January 1st. For further details, address Rico Marchelli -- or Johnson's Wax, c/o National Broadcasting Company, Chicago.

LC, 3:45 P.M.

12/14/35