

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & COMPANY

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS
(7:00-7:30 P.M.)

(AUGUST 5, 1935)

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

W. J. Conroy

Scene 3 - announcement - 11. Alarm

In Jar - more piano

Reel

*Earl Hobergarten
2030 Broadway
530 N. Wabash*

send all negatives -

cut 17

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

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax hereby hand you a hearty half-hour of hilarity and harmony, with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - THE JOHNSON MERRYMEN - CHARLES LA VEER - LYNN MARTIN, and MARIAN AND JIM as those vagabonds of veracity, those valiant, veritable vehicle venturers, - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

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

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND DOWN

MOLLY: MCGEE... you'd better be checkin' up on the route. Pull into that fillin' station there.

FIB: Okay Okay... I was jest gonna.

MOTOR OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed.

SOUND: HORN

WIL: Yes sir. Want some gas, sir?

MOL: No, 'thank ye, me boy. We wanted to inquire as to how to git back on route 79.

WIL: Oh yes. Well you keep going till you get to the big Johnson Wax Billboard, then turn left past the haunted house and you're on 79.

MOL: My my, .. haunted house is it!

FIB: Let's see now, son. Past the billboard, turn left past the haunted house. What billboard was that again?

L: Johnson's Wax. You know about Johnson's Wax don't you?
B & MOL: Well we --
L: (~~CHITTING INTO MUSICAL SELECTION~~) If you want your car to have
a gleaming, beautiful finish -- if you want an easy way of
keeping that finish new-looking over a long period of time --
then try Johnson's new Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner -- featured
by your dealer right now at a special introductory price.

MOL: (INTERRUPTING AT END OF COMMERCIAL) McGee. Isn't that voice
familiar.

FIB: I thought this feller sounded kinda familiar at that. TAKE
OFF THEM DARK GLASSES, HARPO...we know ye!

MOL: The nerve of him. We inquire the way and he sneaks in a ^{June}
~~commercial~~ ^{annoying admission} on us.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Ahhhhh, discovered! Imagine my embarrassment.
Help, MARCELLI!

ORCHESTRA: "GOOD NEWS" -- - OCTETTE

APPLAUSE:

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

WIL: Well, here they are! Purring along, purrfectly unpurrurbed,
as purr instructions, Fibber and Molly come in sight of
the haunted house!

SOUND: MOTOR - UP AND DOWN FOR DIALOG

MOL: Look, McGee..there it tis!

FIB: What? The Johnson' Wax sign? Shucks, Molly, we passed that
long ago.

MOL: No, no. Not the Sign. The House, iggernuts. The Haunted
House.

FIB: Shucks, I can't see nuthin'. It's too dark.
 MOL: Well turn the car to the right McGee - so the headlight ^{just} hit it...there! See it?

MOTOR OUT... BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: I gotta git them brakes fixed. AHM. So that there's a haunted house, is it? (LAUGHS) Shucks.
 MOL: Don't be gigglin' at ghosts, McGee. Come on..let's be goin'. 'Tis near midnight or later and we've time to make up.
 FIB: Shucks, don't be in sech a hurry, Molly. (PAUSE) Ye know.. I got me a good mind to investigate that there haunted house
 MOL: McGEE! Are ye crazy? And who made you a specter inspector?
 FIB: Shucks, I always wanted to see a ghost, myself. AHM. Come on, Molly, let's -

SOUND: MOAN... RATTLE CHAIN

MOL: (WHISPERS) McGEE! Did ye hear it? Did ye, McGee?
 FIB: Hmm. Sounds like it tis haunted at that, Molly. AHM. Well, it's kinda late..we better be goin'. *git back in the car*
 MOL: WAIT, McGee. Listen!
 SOUND: MOAN...

FIB: Come on, Molly. Let's go..that..that was....that was jest the wind into the trees there..come on.
 MOL: No ye don't, McGee. There's no ghost in the world that can scare Molly Mahoney McGee! I'm goin' ^{up} there.
 FIB: Aw hey now, Molly, don't be like that. You can't....

MOL: LOOK! Did ye see that, McGee? T'was a flash of light! C'mon, let's go. See what it is!
 FIB: Shucks, Molly...I. er..I. er..AHM. We ain't got time to goprowlin' around.
 HOLLOW VOICE: ON YOUR WAY, MORTALS...DO NOT TRIFLE WITH THE RESTLESS SPIRITS OF THE NIGHT!
 MOL: And who are you? (PAUSE) WHO SAID THAT?
 FIB: (WHISPERS) Come on, Molly...
 MOL: Leggo me arm, McGee! I'm goin' up there! Sure, I've never met the hobgoblin that can play hob with me. Are ye with me McGee?
 FIB: Shucks, I. I..well, shucks, Molly, I...
 MOL: Then I'll go alone! 6
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM
 FIB: Hey,...Molly. Hey, there wait a mite...you can't leave me here all alone when...I mean I AIN'T GONNA LET YOU GO IN THERE ALONE!
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM
 MOL: Quiet, McGee! Ye'll be botherin' the banshees!
 FIB: Hey now, Molly..this here's trespassin', ye know. We can't -
 SOUND: MOAN...CLANK OF CHAIN
 MOL: And listen to that will ye, McGee?
 FIB: Aw, Molly...don't -
 MOL: Tis a slippery night for spirits, McGee. They're puttin' there chains on. (LAUGHS)

FIB: t-t-t-ain't funny, MOLLY!

MOL: Did ye bring the flashlight, McGee?

FIB: Nope. Don't work..gotta git ^{them} a new battery ^{for it}.

MOL: Well we can light matches...now watch that second step, McGee..

T's rotted in the middle.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...CREAK OF DOOR

FIB: Molly...Molly...MOLLY...where are ye?

MOL: Shhhh! Be quiet, McGee. Listen!!!

SOUND: CLANK OF CHAINS...MOAN

HOLLOW VOICE: WHOOO...WHOOO...WHO DARES DISTURB THE SHADES OF THE DEPARTED!

MOL: T'is Molly McGee that dares. Who are you? And if you're departed why don't ye depart?

PAUSE:

FIB: He hung up on ye, Molly!

MOL: WHO'S THERE? (PAUSE) Speak when you're spoken to, spook!

SOUND: CHAIN RATTLE...MOAN

FIB: Hey..Molly!

MOL: What?

FIB: Look...there's somethin' movin'...over there..in the corner!!

MOL: Come outa that..whoever ye are! (PAUSE)

FIB: There's something shiny..it's EYES, Molly. Look..gleamin' and glistenin' like -

HOLLOW VOICE: LIKE JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX?

FIB: I knew it! We're haunted by Harpo!

SOUND: WILD LAUGHTER

FIB: Look out, Molly...A GHOST..LOOK OUT!

MOL: A ghost is it...I'LL GHOST HIM!! Take off that sheet, ye skulldugger!

SOUND: SCUFFLING...BLOWS...GRUNTS

MOL: Hang onto him, McGee...hang onto him...

FIB: I...I got him, Molly...HOLD STILL, YOU!!

MAN: I give up...I surrender...don't hit me again..I give up.

MOL: Strike a light, McGee..

MAN: There's a candle on the table, Madam.

SOUND: MATCH STRIKING

EXCLAMATIONS:

MOL: 'Tis nothin' but a tramp, McGee.

FIB: Shucks...I kinda suspected it all the time. AHEM. Never fazed me fer a minute!

MOL: Now then..what's the idea, Bum?

MAN: Oh no, Madam. Not a bum.

MOL: Oh no? And what then?

MAN: Merely vagabond. You see, there are five classes of itinerants madam. Bums, tramps, hoboes, vagrants and vagabonds. I am of the upper, or superior class of peregrinator.

*Give us your haunter
because*

MOL: And what's the idea of the ghostin', may I ask?
MAN: You may indeed inquire, madam. The intention behind the ectoplasmic manifestations is to obviate unwelcome intrusions.

It was my idea that indications of supernatural phenomena would discourage casual investigation, thus permitting peaceful occupancy of this somewhat humble dwelling.

FIB: Try it again, bud...and take shorter steps.
MOL: He means, McGee...that he scares people away with the spook business so's nobody'll bother him. Am I right, bum? I mean, mister?

MAN: A very acute and concise summary of my somewhat pedantic statement, madam. Now that you are here, will you sit down and join me in a bowl of Delancy?

MOL: Delancy.
FIB: What in tunket is Delancy?
MAN: It is known to the lower orders of my vocation by the title of Mulligan, but I consider the name to lack a certain grace and delicacy.

MOL: Sure, and what's the matter with a fine old name like Mulligan. Is it lass curtain Irish ye are, me man, to be sneerin' at the -

FIB: Come on, Molly. We gotta be goin'. Now that I've shown ye they wasn't nuthin' to this ghost business. AHM.

MAN: Ah must you go? Much as I deplore the directness of your... ah... approach, I exceedingly regret to witness your departure.

FIB: Hey there...jest a mite, bud. Mind if I ask ye a question?

MAN: On the contrary sir, you may pursue your interrogations with the utmost freedom.

MOL: What do ye wanta know, McGee?

FIB: Listen, bud. HAVE YOU GOT A CAN O' JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX IN THE HOUSE?

MAN: A can of Johnson's Auto Wax? No, I must admit that my domiciliary facilities do not include a can of Johnson's Auto Wax.

FIB: That's what I thought. I knew there was SOMETHIN' unCANNY about this place. AHM. Come on Molly..(FADE OUT)

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (LAUGHS) And while the smooth-spoken spook speeds the parting guests in good spirits, we welcome to this program Mr. CHARLES LAVEER, who will ^{sure} play a haunting melo...er, skip the haunting. Who will play his own composition "RAISING THE RENT!" for the first time on the air. Charles LaVeer!

PIANO: "RAISING THE RENT" LAVEER

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

WIL: Now that Mr. LaVeer has raised the rent with his rousing rhythm, we'd like to raise a question. Why is it that Johnson's Auto Cleaner cannot possibly harm the finish of your car? It's because -

FIB: (FADE IN) Yes sir, folks...that there is a interestin' question my friend Harpo's brung up. AHEM. I always says... Listen. The name is HARLOW...not HARPO.

FIB: Oh well. A rose by any other name'd still be a thorn into my side. AHEM. I ever tell ye 'bout the time me and Rimsey McCracken dug up that there stone with the inscription onto it, in that there old Aztec temple?

WIL: No. What was the inscription, - cuneiform of hieroglyphic?

FIB: eh?

WIL: I say what was the inscription, - cuneiform or hieroglyphic?

FIB: Yes. AHEM. Well sir, bein' able to read Aztec better'n Rimsey McCracken I cleaned the dirt offen it and ye know what it says? It says, OCKLOCK MOCKLOCK, SINDAR MIGGLE COMPLINLOCK. Meanin' -

WIL: Meaning, JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX CANNOT HARM THE FINISH.

FIB: How did you know? YOU didn't dig it up.

WIL: No. I buried it.

FIB: Awshucks...dad rat it, I wanted to -

MOL: McGee. Let that be a lesson to ye. Now come and set down.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Fibber to the contrary notwithstanding, it doesn't take any particular digging to get the facts about auto cleaner and auto wax.

Every week hundreds more of you car owners try Johnson's Auto Cleaner, and are amazed at the way it restores original beauty to a car that is dull and faded.

Really, there are two good reasons for this increasing popularity. First: Because Johnson's Auto Cleaner is twice as easy to use as the ordinary cleaner. It is entirely new in principle -- a creamy white liquid that is quickly rubbed over the surface of your car - dries in a few moments to a soft powder, and when you wipe off this powder off comes all dirt, grime and dullness in the twinkling of an eye. Behold your car, gleaming like new!

The second reason is because Johnson's Auto Cleaner positively will not ^{harm} injure the finish. It does its work without the use of harsh abrasives. Try it -- you'll be amazed at the complete transformation of your car.

ORCHESTRA: VAMP FOR - "EAST OF THE SUN"

WIL: Now our lovely little Lynn Martin, the vest-pocket vocalist with the voluminous voice, gives us what we might call a solar solo.. EAST OF THE SUN! Rise and shine, Lynn!

ORCHESTRA: "EAST OF THE SUN" -- LYNN MARTIN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME. "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" - DOWN FOR ANNC'M'T.

WIL: And just to show you how the wireless Defeats Distance and Trifles with Time, we take you back to that Haunted House and Fibber and Molly as their friend, the educated varabond, is seeing them to their car.

ORCHESTRA: OUT

MOL: Well, goodbye, Mister. T'is sorry I am that I treated ye so rough.

MAN: Think nothing of it, madam. I merely regret that I had to demonstrate my psychic virtuosity to such a pair of intrepid investigators.

MOL: My my, you talk real elegant for a bum. I mean a vagabum.

FIB: Hope we'll meet ye again someplace, bud. Glad to of met ye.

MAN: The pleasure is mine, I assure you, and should you perchance come in contact with others of the wandering fraternity, the mention of my nom-de-caboose will assure you a royal welcome. Just inform thebrethren that you are bosom friends of Oxford Oswald, theDean of the Down-and-Outs.

FIB: Come to think of it, Bud, I used to be kind of a hobo, myself.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, ye never was -

FIB: Yes sir. They used to call me MEANDERIN' McGee, the MASTER MOOCHER O' THE MIDDLE WEST. AHM.

MOL: McGee, the only trampin' you've done was on the truth.

FIB: I'll never fergit the time I rid the rods from Okmulgee Oklahoma, to Fairbanks, Alaska, in 16 hours. AHM. Shall I tell ye about it, bud?

MAN: No, I'm afraid I haven't time to -

FIB: Well, sir, me and Jitters Jones, the Jungle Jackpot, was beatin' our way to a whistle stop on the S.Q. & W. one day when the shack come along and give us the highball to amscray off the gondola.

MOL: McGee, what are ye talkin' about?

MAN: He appears to be genuinely immersed in the lore of the wayfarer, madam. His familiarity with the argot of the weary apparently precludes the extemporaneous simulation of imaginary experiences.

MOL: Ye hear that, McGee.

FIB: Yep. I heard it, and lemme tell ye brother, I'm easy insulted.

MOL: Go on, McGee. He just said ye seem to know what your talkin' about.

FIB: Why shucks. Course I do. AHM. Well sir, I -

MAN: I beg pardon. I must return to -

FIB: Return to the story. You betcha. AHM. Well sir, as I was sayin', bud, before ye cut in with that there Princeton Palaver, me and Rabsy Rohoe, the Red-eyed Rummy o' the Roundhouse was hittin' the grit fer Minneapolis one day when -

MOL: McGee, ye said you was with Jitters Jones, the Jungle Jackpot,
 FIB: I know, but ^{Wally} Jitters got caught by a cinder dick, and I
 picked up Rabsy Rohoe. AHM. Well sir, they was a milk train
 due outa Okmulgee at seven A.M. and me and Rabsy flipped the
 second blind. Well sir, we rid about eightymile or so and
 we seen the hoghead - (engineer to you, Molly) AHM. We seen
 the hoghead was due to take on water.
 MAN: On the fly?
 FIB: Yep. We was gonna scoop the suds on the skip. AHM. Ye see,
 Molly that means -
 MOL: Never mind, McGee, Just let me guess.
 FIB: Well sir, it'd turned kinda cold that mornin', and jest as
 me and Boxcar -
 MOL: Who?
 FIB: Boxcar Benson, the Bindle-Bum.
 MOL: You was with Rabsy Rohoe a minute ago, McGee.
 FIB: I know, but it's hard to stick together on the road. AHM.
 Ain't it, bud?
 MAN: There is certainly a tendency toward instantaneous separation.
 FIB: Jest what I says, myself. AHM. Well, sir, me and Boxcar
 started to ease off the blinds onto the rods, when WHOOOOSH...
 up come the water from the trough...all over us...We was
 makin' about seventy per - (this here was a pretty fast milk
 train)

MOL: It looks kind of suspicious, McGee. With all that water,
 how did ye know it was a milk train?
 FIB: I could tell by the cowcatcher. AHM. Hehheh..Did ye git it,
 Molly? I says -
 MOL: T'ain't funny, McGee.
 MAN: And if you'll excuse me, sir, I shall -
 FIB: I know, you shall try to git to the pointmo' the story.
 AHM. Well sir, there we was, soaked to the skin with that
 there water, and gittin' colder every minute. I started to
 reach fer the brake rod...and by the whistlin' whipsnippers
 of Winnebago, I was FROZE tight to the end o' the car...and
 so was Boxcar, if you kin believe it.
 MAN: Oh yes. That is not what one might refer to as an impossible
 contingency. It is primarily reasonable for the immediate
 demise of many unexperienced itinerants.
 FIB: Ye see, Molly? Bud here says I'm right. AHM. Matter o'
 fact that's what I starts to tell Boxcar, but I couldn't
 talk. My lips was froze shut.
 MOL: My, my, ain't nature wonderful!
 FIB: Then, by Timothy I lost consciousness.
 MOL: I always wondered where ye lost it, McGee.
 FIB: AHM. Molly, this ain't no time fer them comments. Can t
 ye see, I'm riskin' my life? Well sir, when I woke up
 I was in Fairbanks Alaska, sixteen hours later. I finds out
 later, the car we was froze onto had been switched nine times
 and routed northwest.

MAN: Pardon me, sir. You mean you arrived in Fairbanks, Alaska, from Okmulgee Oklahoma in the elapsed time of sixteen hours. A peculiar phenomenon of transportation, if I may say so.

FIB: That's jest what I thinks, Bud. But ye gotta allow fer the change in time. AHM. Ye see, 7 A.M., daylight savin' in Okmulgee, Oklahoma is nine-30 in ^{Greenwich} ~~South~~ ~~head~~, which takin' into consideration the vernal equinox, mountain-time bein' what it is, you kin figger Fairbanks, Alaska bein' 10-22 at sunrise. Then when ye allow fer a lunar eclipse, which affects central standard time by four minutes and seventeen seconds, every second year, ye git exactly 16 hours runnin' time to Fairbanks, Alaska. AHM. Kinda puzzled me at first, too, till I ~~got me a little~~ ~~and~~ figgered it out.

MOL: Well, come on, McGee. Let's be goin'. Mr. Oswald here wants to git back to his O'Halloran.

MAN: Delancy, Madam.

MOL: What 's the difference? T'is Mulligan all over the world. The CIVILIZED World, that is.

FIB: Well, sir, there I was, in Fairbanks, Alaska, friz to the end of a baggage car with Switchpoint Swanson, the Sacramento Scarecrow, and -

MAN: Haven't you made a slight error in nomenclature, sir? You had be refrigerated with one Boxcar Benson a moment ago.

FIB: I know...but you don't know how a little ice changes a feller's personality. AHM. Well, sir, there we was, froze solid into the deserted fright yards o' Fairbanks, Alaska. I was jest about to give up hope, when I seen some brakeman had left ^{a cup} ~~me~~ a milk bottle layin' on top o' the car ahead. So what does I do, but I squirms around 'till I gits the sun shinin' onto me thru that there bottle. kinda like a burnin' glass. In four hours and fourteen minutes the ice had melted enough so's I was free, though kinda stiff from lack o' circulation. So I hops over to the station, gits me some hot coffee, and flips a thru freight back to Racine, Wisconsin, where it was due to pick up acarload of Johnson's Auto Wax. Come on, Molly. We got to be goin'.

MOL: And how about poor Switchpoint Swanson, McGee? Did ye leave him froze to the car?

MAN: It is considered highly unethical, sir, to leave a companion in unextricable difficulties.

FIB: Ye mean I oughta of helped him loose too? No sir. (LAUGHS) I thought too much o' good old Switchpoint Swanson fer that. I KNEW what a dad ratted hot summer we was gonna have down here and I figgered he was more comfortable right where he was. AHM. I'm goin' up there next fall and chop him loose. Git in, Molly. Be seein' ye, bud.

MOTOR SOUND: HORN

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: (WITH VOCAL) "AND THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD."

ORCHESTRA: "LET'S SWING IT" -- OCTETTE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men swinging "LET'S SWING IT." Which gives the program back to us, and WE'LL swing it to Johnson's Auto Wax for a minute.

A moment ago I told you how to clean your car with Johnson's new easy-to-use Auto Cleaner. Let me tell you now, very briefly how you can keep it that way and why you should protect the finish of your car with Johnson's new auto wax. Wax, you know, gives the finish a hard, protective coat that keeps off the rain, dirt and road grime -- and prevents destruction by the summer sun. An occasional rubbing with a cloth over the waxed finish and your car stays gleaming for months.

The new Johnson's Auto Wax is a boon to car owners for the following reasons:

First: It is easier to apply -- saves work.

Second: Johnson's Auto Wax gives longer lasting protection.

Third: It saves many car washings.

and -- Fourth: It greatly increases trade-in value.

Dealers in the U.S. and Canada are now featuring a special introductory offer -- a regular 40¢ can of black Touch-up Enamel, FREE with every purchase of Johnson's Auto Wax and Auto Cleaner -- a \$1.50 value for only 93¢.

Whether you clean and wax your own car, or have the job done at a garage or service station, insist upon Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner.

ORCHESTRA: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: DON'T FORGET, FOLKS. NEXT MONDAY NIGHT THIS SAME TIME YOU ARE SCHEDULED FOR ANOTHER SNAPPY SESSION OF SONGS AND STORIES, SYNCOPATION AND SARCASM, WITH FIB --

FIB: With Triple-Threat Wilcox, the Polo Palooka. Say, Harpo --

WIL: Harlow, if you will.

FIB: I won't. AHEM. Listen Harpo, how you comin' along trainin' that there new polo pony?

WIL: Oh, slowly. Why?

FIB: I jest wondered. Ye know, to train a polo boss right, ye gotta know more'n he does. AHEM. What's the matter with him?

WIL: Well, he's all right till the last chukker; then he slows down and ruins my game.

FIB: I thought so. Well all ye gotta do is rub him down with Johnson's Auto cleaner and he can't harm the finish.

MOL: McGEE. Leave Mr. Wilcox alone. He wants to finish his announcement.

FIB: Well, it's a him rule that won't work two ways. His finish can't harm Johnson's Auto cleaner, nather. (FADE OUT) I was jest tellin'...

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well ANYWAY, COME BACK WITH THOSE TWO MISSIN' LINKS OF THIS CHAIN PROGRAM NEXT MONDAY NIGHT WHEN FIBBER AND MOLLY ARE CONSULTING A FORTUNE TELLER. AND REMEMBER, WHEN A BRIGHT CAR CROSSES YOUR PATH, IT'S A COAT OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. AND WHEN A DARK MAN CROSSES FIBBER'S PATH IT'S HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING!

THEME: Goodnight!

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12:00N