

NBC

Katharine Avery

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & COMPANY, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY" (#19)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS

7:00-7:30 PM

(AUGUST 12, 1935)

(MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Hear Records

2.30 to 4

Thursday

(Hed)

*Patricia Smith
Sally Wright*

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

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax present another polished period of music and merriment with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA, - LYNN MARTIN, - AUBREY CALL, - THE JOHNSON MERRYMEN, - and MARIAN AND JIM as those Hucksters of Hilarity, those Heterogenous, ~~Horizon-Hunters~~ Horizon-Hunters, FIBBER MC GEE and MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

WIL: Marcelli and his expert exponents of extravaganza, ^{*then start out on a snare-poled search. They will exert force with fury*} themselves to PAGE MISS GLORY. With the Johnson Merrymen singing the -

FIB: Jest a mite there Harpo. Before ye git all tangled up.

WIL: My name is Harlow, and will you stop interrupting me?

FIB: Yes, I know it, and no, I won't. AHEM. Listen, Harpo, I got me record here I made o' you announcing last week. Wanta hear it?

WIL: Why ... er ... yes. I'd like to hear it.

FIB: Okay. How bout you, Marshmelli? You wanna hear this here recording o' Harpo's announcement?

MARC: Why do you ask me? If I say no, - you play it anyway. So I say YES.

FIB: Okay. AHEM. Put on that there record, Manny.

MARC: Listen, Fibber.

FIB: What's smatter, Marshmelli?

MARC: If it should not turn out to be good, I will have my men ready to play, no?

FIB: (LAUGHS) She prob'ly told herself she was gonna go into a long journey ... and had to back herself up. (LAUGHS)

MOL: Hush. Tisin a trance, she is, maybe.

FIB: I should o' sent her a wire and told her to save the last trance fer me. HEH HEH HEH. Git it Molly? I says -

MOL: Tain't funny, McGee.

SOUND: KNOCKING. DOOR LATCH

WOMAN: Good day.

MOL: And the same to yourself, ma'am. Is ... is Madame Astrolo to home?

WOMAN: Madame is conducting a seance at the moment.

FIB: See, Molly? She's got seance in her -

MOL: Mc GEE!

WOMAN: What was it you wished to see Madame Astrolo about?

FIB: We wanted to find out the future o' the left rear tire on the -

MOL: Be quiet, McGee! Sure, ma'am. I wanted me fortune told.

WOMAN: Step in, please, - I am sure Madame will consult the stars in your behalf.

FIB: I hope she starts with the Big Dipper. I'm kinda thirsty.

MOL: McGEE! Excuse him, ma'am. Tis real ignerant he is about science.

WOMAN: I understand. We are quite familiar with the skeptical attitude. Perhaps we can convince Mr. McGee that the key to the future may be held in human hands.

FIB: Aw shucks, I...(PAUSE) Hey, how'd you know my name is McGee?

WOMAN: ~~There are no secrets from Madame Astrolo.~~ Will you sit down please. *Ill call Madame Astrolo*

MOL: My my it's real dark in here. Smell the incence, McGee!

FIB: I do. But it don't hide that there corn beef and cabbage perfume.

WOMAN: Madame will see you in a moment (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Hey, Molly.

MOL: What?

FIB: How in tunket did she know my name?

MOL: Tis one o' the minor mysteries, McGee.

FIB: Eh? Whatcha mean? *keep a log*

MOL: ~~It's wrote in your hatband two inches high, iggernuts.~~ *I mentioned it ~~the~~ times in her presence*

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Say, do ye suppose she'll --

MOL: Hush. Here comes Madame Astrolo.

MAN'S VOICE: ~~tut-tut~~ MADAME ASTROLO! The Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter.

FIB: Hmm. One o' the forty niners!

MOL: Hush, McGee!

MAN: Madame Astrolo, who fortells the past, present and future. To whom the human mind is an open book. *well* Madame ASTROLO! ...SALAAM!

FIB: I was wrong, Molly. It ain't baloney. It's salaami! AHEM. *Salaam* Take your veil off ma'am and be ~~conspiratorial~~ *ret down toward yerness a log.*

WOMAN: Who wishes to consult with Madame Astrolo?

FIB: Shucks, it's the same gal that met us at the door when -

Salaam who does she think I am - Pop Eye

MOL: Hush, McGee. I want me future told, m'am. Me husband here don't believe in it, himself.

WOMAN: Perhaps we can convince him that the hand holds the secrets of the ^{past + future} mind and body. May I see your hand, sir?

FIB: You betcha. But remember...that there smudge there ain't no dark woman crossin' my path. It's jest cup grease.

AHEM.

WOMAN: Ahhhh...extremely interesting. I see that you are fated to - (PAUSE)

FIB: To what?

WOMAN: But you are not interested sir.

FIB: Well shucks...er...ye started...ye might's well git on with it. *(Ay, that's an odd looking ring)*

WOMAN: If you wish. But you must cross my palm with silver.

FIB: Okay, but if it ain't right, I'll cross the street with a copper.

MOL: MC GEE! He'll do nuthin' o' the kind, ma'am. Go on with the fortune.

FIB: Here's four bits. Now...what was you sayin'?

WOMAN: I see by the line of Mars, in conjunction with the base of Saturn that you have been a wanderer...a traveler. But your journeys are drawing to a close.

FIB: Is that so? What's gonna happen then?

MOL: Sure we was plannin' on drivin' thru California and Mexico thru the winter, Ma'am. Ye mean we won't?

WOMAN: It is not written. I see you in a frame building...a home...there is music...laughter...the house has eight rooms...it is...

FIB: Say you ain't sellin' no real estate on the side, are ye, Ma'am?

MOL: Be still, McGee. Pay no attention to him, Madame Astrolo.

WOMAN: You have a most remarkable life line.

MOL: Where is it, Ma'am?

WOMAN: Here...across the palm...from here...to here. It tells me that this man will come into money...large sums of money...

MOL: (LAUGHS)

FIB: Dad rat it, Molly, can't ye be serious?

MOL: (LAUGHS LOUDLY)

FIB: What's so funny, Molly?

MOL: The lifeline, McGee. (LAUGHS) Sure that's not his life-line, Ma'am. That's where he cut himself openin' a can o' sardines last summer.

FIB: Aw shucks...I knew they was somethin' fishy about this here -

WOMAN: Please! The accidents of life leave their marks to guide you in the future. As for the line of Jupiter and Venus... I see a man with dark hair -

FIB: Ye mean a dark man gittin' in my hair. That's Harpo, Molly.

AHEM.

WOMAN: Now...I consult my crystal...

FIB: Hey..ever try Johnson's Auto Cleaner to polish up that chrome glass ball, lady? It'd make the future brighter for a lot o' folks that-

NOL: MOGH! Be quiet. Fortune tellin' is a serious business.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks, is that so? ANTHONY kin tell fortunes if they got the right feelin' for it, AHEM.

WOMAN: Are YO^r psychic, sis?

FIB: Yep. They used to call me Psychic McGee. The Scientific Seed o' Saratoga. AHEM.

NOL: Why McGee..they never-

FIB: Let me see YOUR hand a mite, ma'am,..and I'll show yo.

WOMAN: Here.

FIB: Hmm. Real interestin' mitt..*old certain ring - your tell me* I kin see Shucks you as a small girl. Kind of a tomboy, yo was. At the age o' eight years, yo had the chicken pox.

WOMAN: wonderful!

NOL: MOGH...how in the world...

FIB: At the age..o' let's see now...at the age o' fourteen, ma'am, yo had a bad fall and still got a scar onto the left knee.....

NOL: Listen, McGee, you-

FIB: am I right, ma'am?

WOMAN: You ARE right..tell me..if you can. How did I get this scar?

FIB: Yo got it fallin' off the handlebars of a bicycle. AHEM. When yo quit high school yo run off and got married to a fellow named Shuck Harmon Haskamshaw. Your initials now is H.H. AHEM.

WOMAN: Who...who ARE you?

FIB: Shucks, ma'am. You know my name. McGee.

WOMAN: McGee...McGee.....OHMYGOD, I understand. FROCKLES McGEE!

FIB: Right Frockles McGee...class o' 1925, Poppin High School. Had the wife, Lizzie, AHEM, Mollie..this here is little Lizzie Haskamshaw. He and her used to always -

NOL: McGee..let go the lady's hand!

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks, molly..yo ain't p alone are yet why me and Lizzie..

NOL: On yer feet, McGee. and let's be goin'. Pleased to of met yo, ma'am.

WOMAN: Thank you. We-

FIB: Hey Mollie..wait till-

NOL: We've ~~no~~ time to waste, McGee.....

FIB: Oh well..(FAD^E OUT) Shucks, if yo hadn't of had that class ring, Oh, Lizzie, I'd of never....

(DOOR SLAM)

.....HEY MOLLIE..WAIT A MINUTE.....MOLLIE!!

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN."

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (LAUGHS) IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY AROUND HERE IS GOING PSYCHIC. EVEN LITTLE LYNN MARTIN, OUR FIB-POINT PRIMA-DONNA IS GOING TO TELL US ABOUT "EVERY LITTLE MOMENT". Lynn Martin

ORCHESTRA: "EVERY LITTLE MOMENT" --

-- LYNN MARTIN"

APPLAUSE:

IL: Now let me tell you in a few words how - well, Fibber,
why so sad?

IB: Shucks, I feel kinda bad about walkin out on myself, boy.

IL: What do you mean, walking out on yourself?

IB: I'll tell ye. Ye got a minute to spare?

IL: Well no, I've got to -

IB: WELL SIR, twas last spring, I noticed the car was gittin'
kinda dull so I give her a good cleanin' and polishin' with
Johnson's Wax and Cleaner, and feelin' real proud o' the
way she looked, I leaned down and give a glance at the side
door. I seen my reflection into the door, real as life, and
was jest standin' up straight again when all of a sudden my
reflection says, Hi, McGee. Hi, says I, real astonished,
bendin' down again. Whatcha gonna do now? says my
reflection to myself. I dunno, says I, why? Oh I jest
wondered says my reflection. How's about a game o' cribbage
onto the runnin' board? Okay says I...and I run in and got
the cards.

L: Say, Fibber, this program can't wait for a-

B: WELL SIR, me and my reflection played ^{runny} cribbage with each
other all afternoon, but neither of us could win on account
o' both bein' the same feller. And even to this day, boy,
when the sun's bright and the air's quiet, you kin lean down
close to side o' my car and hear my reflection, real lonesome
and wistful, sayin', "^{3 Jacks - 6 78 of Clubs - ste}~~fifteen two, fifteen four fifteen eight~~
and one fer His Nibs." Shucks, it kinda gits me down to
think of it.

WIL: Now let me tell you in a few words how - well, Fibber,
why so sad?

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think of it.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Well, it's no reflection on Johnson products to say that Fibber's enthusiasm outshines his veracity, but you'll be just as enthusiastic when ~~you try this out~~ *you try this out* ~~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.~~ *and* 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 minutes 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 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.

(OPENING COMMERCIAL IS INCLUDED IN DON QUINN'S SCRIPT)

WIL: Well, why don't you take a shotgun and shoot your reflection?
 FIB: Wouldn't do no good.
 WIL: Why not?
 FIB: It's reflected in Johnson's Auto Cleaner...and ye can't harm the finish. But as I always says -
 MOL: McGEE! Come and set down and stop your nonsense.
 WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, it's no reflection on Johnson products to say that Fibber's enthusiasm outshines his veracity. But you'll be just as enthusiastic when...etc....
 INTO COMMERCIAL.

Now we're going to put in a Call for Audrey. Yes sir, little Audrey Call, Marcelli's feature violinist, who will play her own original transcription of "When a Gypsy makes his Violin cry"

FIB: (FADE IN) What is that you're gonna play, Toots?
 CALL: "WHEN A GYPSY MAKES A VIOLIN CRY, Fibber.
 FIB: When a Gypsy Makes a Violin Cry, eh? I suppose it'll git all unstrang. (HEH HEH HEH.) Git it! I says -
 MOL: McGee! Quit flirtin' with the fiddler!
 FIB: AHEM. Go ahead, Toots. ~~Make that there Violin Weep!~~
 ORCHESTRA: "WHEN A GYPSY MAKES A VIOLIN CRY" -- AUDREY CALL
 APPLAUSE:
 ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: I guess the sound effect man has the scenery shifted by this time, so we'll rejoin Fibber and Molly, as they stop in a filling station for some gasoline. Here they are, talking to the attendant.

MAN: (COLORED) How much gas yo'all say yo' wanted?

MOL: Fill it up, boy.

FIB: Hey now wait a mite, Molly. Don't be so dad ratted hasty. AHEM. How fur's it to Wimperton, bud?

MAN: Oh, ah'd reckon about ninety-sev'n mile as the flow cries.

MOL: He means as the fly crows, McGee.

FIB: No, he means as the cry flows, don't ye bud?

MAN: No suh. Ah means in a straight line only yo' can't drive in a straight line on account the road curves pretty bad so maybe yo' bettah figgah on 'bout a hundred 'n' twen'y miles. Yas suh.

FIB: Ohhh a hundred 'n' twenty eh? AHEM. Well in that there case, bud ye better put in all o' three gallon.

MAN: Three gallon? Yo'all git fo'ty mile on a gallon?

FIB: FORTY. (LAUGHS) Smucks, son one place down in Caroline, we got eighty mile on a gallon and a half.

MOL: Sure. Includin' coastin' down sixty mile of hills, three pushes and a tow-in. Come on, McGee. Let's be goin'.

FIB: Jest a mite, Molly. Say, bud. What's that there factory over there?

MAN: Oveh theah? Oh that's a ole furniture fact'ry, boss. Ain't runnin' no mo" though.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Say, I wonder if that's one o' the factory's I put outa business.

MOL: Oh now, McGee, you never -

MAN: You a furniture man, Boss?

MOL: Sure, you should see him workin' on a dining room table!

FIB: AHEM. You betcha, I'm a furniture man, Bud. AHEM. Used to have a furniture farm up in Washington state.

MAN: Furniture FA'M?

FIB: Yep. Furniture farm. Used to raise furniture fer the whole state o' Washington. Used to call me Woodwork McGee, the Walnut Wizard o' Walla Walla.

MOL: Woodwork? Or woodn'twork?

MAN: Jest a minute, Boss, you-all say you RAISE this heah furniture?

FIB: Yep. Ye see, bud, I discovered one day that if ye carve a walnut into the shape of a chair..or a table..or somethin'.. then plant it under the right conditions, in four years time you'll have a full growed chair..or table or whatever ye carved it into the shape of.

MAN: Is 'at so!

MOL: I suppose you could carve and plant a sugar maple seed, McGee and get a parlor sweet!

FIB: Quit, Molly. You're obstructin' the furniture industry. AHEM. Yes sir, bud...I had me a 200,000 acre farm all planted in furniture. I had a whole section planted in piano stools one year, and the next year I had me mighty nice crop o' kitchen cabinets.

MAN: Mmm..MMM!

MOL: I suppose ye planted sash weights to raise windows, McGee.

FIB: Nope. But I remember I had me a bad time tryin' to match walnuts.

MAN: Match walnuts?

FIB: Yep. Ye see I had to git walnuts exactly the same size, weight and shape so's I could plant twin beds. AHEM. Even then ye never knew when you'd plant a Queen Anne chifferobe and have it come up four years later as a Louie the Fourteenth book-case. AHEM. Oh well, I suppose every business has its risks.

MAN: Yo-all mean all ye hadda do, boss is go out 'n pick yo'self a van load o' furniture? All finished an evahthing?

FIB: Yep. Course ye had to cut off the roots and leaves and give it a swipe with a dust cloth.

MOL: How'd you keep the finish on'em in the ground all that time, McGee?

FIB: Used to take me a hypo needle and inject two drops o' Johnson's Wax into every walnut. AHEM.

MAN: It was ALL walnut, boss?

FIB: Yep. All walnut.

MOL: Burl walnut?

MAN: Mmm..MMM!

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MOL: Burl walnut?

FIB: Ye don't have to burl walnut, Molly. Ye only burl reed furniture, so's you kin weave it. AHM. Well sir, I'll never fergit the time back in 19 ought eight...er..no.. nineteen ought ten..er no..19 ought..or was it? No it was ..let's see now...Cut-throat Kammen's peanut stand blew up in 19 ought nine...Shortwave Jackson got that there message from Mars in 19 ought..well let's say it was back in 19 ought 7.

MOL: Wouldn't it be more fun to pretend it never happened at all, McGee?

FIB: Listen, Molly. The boy here is real interested in the furniture trade...ain't ye bud?

MAN: No suh.

FIB: See, Molly? Too modest to admit it. AHM. Well sir bud, as I says back in...when did I say it was?

MOL: ~~The year o' the crocheted cat tails, McGee.~~

MAN: You says 19 ought 7 boss.

FIB: Oh yes. AHM. Well sir that year we had pretty heavy rains, and I had me a bad crop-failure in end tables. I had 40,000 acres planted in end-tables, and that there rainy season warped 'em in growin' so much I had to cut 'em up and sell 'em fer novelty umbrella handles. AHM.

MOL: I suppose ye raised WINDser chairs in the year o' the big wind.

FIB: Nope, but I noticed that in 1906, when we had that there cold winter, the dressers all sprouted extra thick drawers. AHM. Well sir bud -

MAN: Excuse me suh, ..ah's gotta git me them oil drums down in th' sto'room. so --

FIB: Se ye want to ~~hurry~~ and hear the rest o' the story eh? Shucks, I don't blame ye, bud. AHM. But they ain't much more. I left the farm idle in 1931 when the Government asked me to plow under every third acre o' upright pianos. I hadn' planted any grand pianos fer eight years on account o' it was hard to git me walnuts the right shape and size. Well sir, it kinda busted me up to plow under all them swell Hepplewhite and Chippendale pianos, but I hadda be patriotic so I sold out to a truck farmer.

MAN: Truck farmer?

FIB: Yep. Truck farmer. He's raisin' truck bodies. Helet's the rest o' the farm grow up any old way, and they say that some o' the tables and chairs I planted are ninety feet high by this time.

MOL: McGee....stop your nonsense and let's be goin'.

FIB: Okay, Okay. But next time you're up Washin' ton way, bud, ask about woodwork McGee, the Walnut Wizard o' Walla Walls, they'll show ye the Famous Fibber McGee Furniture Forest, that grew up from the stuff I abanoned. You'll know the place by them five big wooden towers, each exactly seven hundred foot high.

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CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: That was Marcelli and his Tempo Tycoons giving you Hallelujah, with the Johnson Merry-men unloading the lyrics. And, if we may say so, you'll go slightly lyrical yourself, when you see your car gleam and glisten under a shiny protective coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. 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 values. 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 98¢. 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.

MAN: What was them fo'?'
FIB: Oh them? (LAUGHS) Why they was originally planted fer high-chairs fer them quintuplets, but ^{they new too} I let 'em ^{grow} grow and now the Government is usin' 'em fer forest-fire lookout-platforms. See ye later, bud.

SOUND: HORN AND MOTOR.

ORCHESTRA: MERRYMEN "AND THAT 'T THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "HALLELUJAH" -- --MERRYMEN.

APPLAUSE:

WIL: That was Marcelli and his Tempo Tycoons giving you Hallelujah, with the Johnson Merry-men unloading the lyrics. And, if we may say so, you'll go slightly lyrical yourself, when you see your car gleam and glisten under a shiny protective coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. ETC ETC. (INTO COMMERCIAL)

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

WIL: Don't forget, now ..dally with the dials next Monday night at this same hour for another half hour of hokum and hotcha Remember, Monday the nineteenth, for the nineteenth night of nifty notions and neat numbers, when -

FIB: Yes sir, folks, next Monday night me and Harpo here will -

WIL: The name is Harlow, and listen. ~~That recording you made of my commercial announcement. Was that made of wax?~~

Comprovis vms

FIB: Yes. Why? *Who was - Swedish?*
 WIL: JOHNSON'S WAX? *Oh my leg - Swedish - had was French*
 FIB: I dunno, why? *I know, but tell someone two*
 WIL: It couldn't have been. *Or you couldn't have ruined*
the finish. McGee, you let with your chin that time.

(LAUGHS)

FIB: Shucks. That's the way with them polo players. Always ridin' ya off. (FADE OUT) I always says that....

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, as we may have mentioned, we'll meet you Monday, when the Brawny McGee goes out on the briny deep. And remember to take anything he says with a dash of salt water. At this same hour next week on NBC .. and when you think of NBC think of a NICE Bright Car, which makes you think of Johnson's Auto Wax, which makes you think this is Harlow Wilcox. Well, think of that! Good-night!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

Mo/3/9/35
5:00 pm

*of the men and no no fine -
 And many for better cleaner
 Page Nine
 But should in wheels
 Let me at
 Wheeler in circle
 Better hole into 1/2 spirals
 That found - was seen
 Wheeler found in the end
 The long picture wheel
 We got stay in fast wheel
 Cleaner in plantation group
 wheel
 You found at
 of these was to fine
 of Cleaner reflection
 Right side of wheel's side
 The shoe was*

*of the men and no no fine -
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 You found at
 of these was to fine
 of Cleaner reflection
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NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC.

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY

OK

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

(AUGUST 12, 1935)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

Page 2

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Well, it's no reflection on Johnson products to say that Fibber's enthusiasm outshines his veracity, but you'll be just as enthusiastic when _____

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 minutes 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 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.

(OPENING COMMERCIAL IS INCLUDED IN DON QUINN'S SCRIPT)

NBC

Page 3

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: That was Marcelli and his Tempo Tycoons giving you Hallelujah, with the Johnson Merry-men unloading the lyrics. And, if we may say so, you'll go slightly lyrical yourself, when you see your car gleam and glisten under a shiny protective coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. 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 values. 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 98¢. 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.

Fb/9:55 AM-3/10/35

ADVERTISER G.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" #19

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS
(7:00-7:30 PM)

(AUGUST 19, 1935)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Intro to "Sophisticated Lady"

Rouin's Solo

C-PRO 95