

*Here we go*

\*\* S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc. \*\*

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (107)

KFI - Hollywood  
5:00-5:30 P.M.

May 3rd, 1937  
MONDAY

*Finito*

*Underwood  
Hertziger  
Pittou  
Bickert  
Kensall*

*Mr. Tomerth*

Page 3

SHORT ANNOUNCEMENT:

Next week we have a very important announcement to make about a great contest for JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Twelve luxurious COVERED WAGON TRAILERS and hundreds of cash prizes will be offered in this new, thrilling contest. Don't miss the announcement next week.

vc:mr:5:00 PM  
4-23-37

*Wax Wap*

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Pitts  
Pickett  
Kendall*

*Mr. Tomzroth*

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE.

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE.

WIL: PRESENTING MARIAN AND JIM JORDAN AS FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY!

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME

WIL: JIMMY GRIER AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH  
"THAT'S A PLENTY"!

ORCHESTRA: "THAT'S A PLENTY" -- (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)

FADE TO CRY OF NEWSBOY (15 SEC.)

*cut*

"EXTRA, Extra, all about the JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX CONTEST!  
Twelve deluxe COVERED WAGON TRAILERS given away free!  
548 Cash prizes! EXTRA - EXTRA!"

MUSIC UP (8 BARS)

MUSIC FADE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT (1 MIN. 15 SEC.)

WILCOX: Motorists everywhere have discovered the new, easier way to keep their cars polished and bright -- protected against scratches and road film. These smart car owners WAX their cars with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. Here is the way to do it - first clean the finish with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER -- an entirely new type liquid cleaner that works like magic -- easily removing all the old road film and dirt WITHOUT scratching the finish. This cleaner is applied with a cloth. The liquid quickly dries to a white powder.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX: Wipe off the powder -- and behold your car gleaming like new!

Then protect the shining polish with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. This remarkable wax saves the car finish from the injurious rays of the sun -- from rain, sleet, dirt and grime. JOHNSON'S is the longest-wearing, easiest-to-use wax that can possibly be made. It saves hours of car washings -- greatly increases trade-in values. In a few minutes we'll tell you how you can win one of the DELUXE COVERED WAGON TRAILERS in the great JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX CONTEST just starting. Don't miss it.

ORCHESTRA: "THAT'S A PLENTY" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

(CONTINUED)

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ORCHESTRA: "THAT'S A PLENTY" TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME - (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL, OUR TWO FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HOLLYWOOD..  
WELL ON THEIR WAY. HERE...BOWLING ALONG WITH THEIR  
NEW TRAILER APPROACHING A LUNCH STAND SOMEWHERE OUT ON  
THE DESERT, WE FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

-----

SOUND: MOTOR IN AND UP.....OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

*Fib*  
MOL: *Satta (w/ them bikes fixed)*  
My my this is a strange place for a lunch stand...way out  
here on the desert.  
FIB: Oh they probably like it out here. With all the  
mountains around 'em...clear air...and the beautiful  
flowerin' cactuses.  
MOL: Cacti.  
FIB: Eh?  
MOL: CACTI...CACT-EYE. That's the plural for cactus.  
FIB: Oh, AHEM. And the beautiful bloomin' cact-eye, and  
galloppin' into town on their horse-eye. Plural for  
horses. You got the keys to the trailer?  
MOL: No. You have.  
FIB: Oh yes...(JINGLE OF KEYS) Ye know, Molly, someday, I'm  
gonna locate out here and have me a farm.  
MOL: You can't raise anything on this desert.  
FIB: No matter how hard ye work?  
MOL: Work wouldn't do a bit of good.  
FIB: - SO, I'M GONNA LOCATE ME A FARM OUT HERE AND SETTLE  
DOWN TO - (PAUSE)  
MOL: What's the matter?

TEE: You don't know my age, I betcha.  
FIB: No, I don't, but -  
TEE: There..you see?  
FIB: See what?  
TEE: Hmm?  
FIB: I says SEE WHAT?  
TEE: I don't see anything.  
FIB: I mean..YOU SAYS, YOU SEE, AND I SAYS SEE WH-..er..  
AW SHUCKS.  
TEE: Let's get something to eat. I'm hungry.  
FIB: Oh ye are.  
TEE: Hmm Hmmm. I betcha my uncle is, too, I betcha.  
FIB: Your UNCLE! Whaddye mean your uncle?  
TEE: My Uncle Jimmy. HEY..UNCLE JIMMY...COME ON OUT.  
SOUND: RATTLE OF PANS...DOOR SLAM.  
MOL: Well, heavenly days...another stowaway. WHO ARE YOU?  
GRIER: I might ask the same of you. Who are you? - and WHAT'S  
THE IDEA OF DRIVING SO FAST OVER THESE BUMPY ROADS?  
HAVEN'T YOU ANY CONSIDERATION FOR YOUR PASSENGERS?  
TEE: You tell him, Uncle Jimmy.  
FIB: Our passeng..SAY WHO ARE YOU?  
GRIER: My name is GRIER...JIMMY GRIER. I'm going to Hollywood  
with my orchestra for a new program.  
MOL: Ohhh JIMMY GRIER..HOW DO YOU DO, I'M SURE.  
FIB: Hiyah, Jimmy. I'm Fibber McGee. This is Molly.  
JIMMY: Hello, Molly. Who did you say you were, mister?  
FIB: Fibber McGee. It's our radio show you're gonna  
broadcast on.  
JIMMY: They told me it was the Johnson Wax show.

MOL: Sure. That's us.

GRIER: Oh you're Molly Johnson.

MOL: No, I'm Molly McGee.

GRIER: Yeah? Well who's this little guy?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I'M FIBBER MCGEE.

GRIER: How are you? You a stowaway too?

FIB: NO I'M NOT. I'M..aw fer the...LISTEN WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STEALIN' A RIDE IN OUR TRAILER?

GRIER: I saw that navajo blanket in the window and I thought I was getting on the Chief.

MOL: Well, listen, Mr. Grier...where do you meet your orchestra.

GRIER: Oh they're with me. COME ON OUT BOYS.

SOUND: CLATTER OF INSTRUMENTS...TOOTS STRINGS, DRUMS, ETC.

MOL: Heavenly days...look in the trailer again, McGee. Maybe we brought an audience, too.

GRIER: Well, so long folks...thanks for the lift. Come on, honey.

TEE: Okay. Thanks for the ride, mister.

FIB: Well of all the..HEY WHERE YOU GOIN', JIMMYE.

GRIER: OH THE BOYS WANT TO GO TO TOWN.

MOL: What with?

GRIER: WITH " \_\_\_\_\_ ".

ORCHESTRA: SELECTION

APPLAUSE

FIB: Imagine the nerve of <sup>Grier and them</sup> them fellas..stowin' away in our trailer. Do you think Ted Weems and his boys would be <sup>leave</sup> guilty of a thing like that?

MOL: Wel-l-l..no....but just to be sure you better go in and take a look.

FIB: No, I'm hungry. Let's go <sup>this levels room</sup> in and see what they got...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Say..it's nice and cool in here.... Looka the sign. SPECIAL TODAY...HAM AND EGGS. Hot dog..I can go for some ham and eggs.

MOL: Ham and eggs,I could go for some hot dogs....

MAN: (HEAVY) ALL RIGHT STRANGERS....LEMME HAVE A LOOK AT YE.

FIB: Oh hiyah, bud.

MOL: What can we do for you?

MAN: IS THAT YORE TRAILER OUT THERE PARDNEH?

FIB: You betcha, bud. Why? Who are you?

MAN: Ah'm the sheriff o' Sidewinder County, strangeh, CARRYIN' ANY WEAPONS?

FIB: N-n- sir.

MOL: We have a carving knife in the <sup>trailer</sup> kitchenette. Will that help?

MAN: Quiet, ma'am. AIR YOU THE PAIR THAT HELD UP THE BANK IN PHOENIX?

FIB: NO..WE'RE NOT...AND LISSEN HERE. You can't -

MAN: OH CATTLE RUSTLERS, EH? GOT ANY BEEF IN THAT TRAILER?

MOL: Only what was left over from supper. But we -

MAN: I THOUGHT SO. RUSTLIN' CATTLE.

FIB: Dad rat it, we did not.

MAN: You shore?

MOL: Sure we're shore. I mean, shore we're...er...  
ABSOLUTELY.

MAN: AW GEE. WHY DON'T SOMETHING EVER HAPPEN AROUND HERE. I  
BEEN SHERIFF FOR SEVEN YEARS AND AH CAIN'T GET ENYBODY  
TO GO TO JAIL. BEEN AMPTY SO LONG EVERYBODY THINKS IT'S  
HAUNTED.

FIB: WASN'T THAT WAY WHEN I WAS MARSHAL OUT IN THIS COUNTRY,  
BUD. KNOW WHERE KILLERS CANYON IS...IN WYOMIN'?

MAN: No, I don't, strangeh.

FIB: That's fl..er. Well, sir, I was marshall out there at  
one time.

FIB: DEATH DEALER MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

MOL: Oh, My!

FIB: DEATH DEALER MCGEE, THE DAREDEVIL DOGGER OF DESERT  
DESPERADOS, DING-DONG DADDY OF THE DOGIE DRIVERS,  
DODGIN' DESTRUCTION, DUCKIN' DAGGERS AND DALLYIN' WITH  
DANGER FROM DENVER TO DALLAS.

APPLAUSE

FIB: I ever tell you how I solved the Ripper Range Rustlers  
Mystery bud?

MAN: No, but I never saw you before.

MOL: That's the only reason, then.

FIB: AHM. WELL SIR, I WAS JUST A MERE DUMB SHERIFF THEN,  
BUD..LIKE YOU.

MAN: LIKE ME, EH? LISTEN STRANGHEH...

FIB: Don't interrupt, bud. WELL SIR, OLD MAN ROSCOE OF THE  
Q BAR J WAS LOSIN' CATTLE REGULAR OF HIS NORTH RANGE.  
SO THE CATTLE MEN'S ASSOCIATION CALLS ME IN. SHUCKS,  
THEY SAYS...WE'RE LOSIN' SO MANY COW CRITTERS, THEY SAYS,  
THAT WE'RE GOIN' BROKE. BUT I JUST SMILES..OUTS THE SIDE  
O' MY MOUTH..LIKE GARY COOPER..LIKE THIS. .

MOL: HERE..HAVE A TOOTHPICK.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. OKAY BOYS, I SAYS..WITH QUIET CONFIDENCE.  
I'LL ROUND UP THOSE HUSTLERS FOR YE. AND WITH THAT, I  
LEAPS INTO THE SADDLE AND WAS OUTA SIGHT IN FOUR SECONDS.

MAN: YOU HAD A FAST HOSS, STRANGHEH.

FIB: I was ridin' a motorcycle. AHM. WELL SIR, I WENT OUT  
AND LOOKS THE GROUND OVER FOR CLUES.

MOL: Find any?

FIB: I'll say so. I LOOKS AROUND THE SCENE O' THE CRIME REAL  
CAREFUL. AND WHAT DOES I FIND, - now get this, sheriff -  
WHAT DOES I FIND BUT SOME SHAVINGS OFF A PENCIL, A DERBY  
HAT AND A MAN'S RAZOR.

MAN: YOU DID?

MOL: YOU DID?

FIB: I SHORELY DID. I PICKS UP THE SHAVINGS, THE DERBY AND  
THE RAZOR AND LOOKS AT 'EM. AHAAAAH, I THINKS!

MOL: AHA...HE THINKS!

FIB: WELL RIGHT THERE I KNEW I'D CAUGHT THE RUSTLER. NEXT  
MORNIN' I'D RECOVERED ALL THE CATTLE, AND THREW CACTUS  
KATIE, THE CANYON CUTIE IN THE CLINK. I KNEW IT WAS A  
WOMAN, AND SHE WAS THE ONLY WOMAN RANCHER AROUND THEM  
PARTS.

MAN: HOW'D YE FIGGER IT WAR A WOMAN, PARDNEH.

FIB: BY THE PENCIL SHAVINGS AND THE RAZOR. ONLY A WOMAN USES  
A MAN'S GOOD RAZOR TO SHARPEN A ~~razor~~.....SHAIR-SHAY-LA  
FEMME! YE SEE, SHERIFF -

MOL: WELL HOW ABOUT THE DERBY HAT YOU FOUND? WAS THAT HERS TOO?

FIB: NO. THAT WAS MINE. I DROPPED IT WHEN I PICKED UP THE RAZOR.  
*Let that be a lesson to you Sheriff.*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Where'd he go? Oh well..some people can't take advice.

MOL: Let's order some food, McGee..and be on our way. OH  
DEARIE..WILL YOU TAKE OUR ORDER.

JOY: SURE. WHAT'LL YOU HAVE.

FIB: WHADDYE GOT THAT'S GOOD?

JOY: HAM.

MOL: The sign says ham and eggs.

JOY: I KNOW..BUT HE ASKED ME WHAT WAS GOOD.

FIB: WHAT ELSE CAN WE GET?

MOL: HOW'S YOUR COFFEE?

JOY: HOW'S YOUR STOMACH?

MOL: MAKE IT ROOTBEER.

JOY: ALL RIGHT....SAY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE LITTLE MAVERICK?

MOL: Smatter, McGEE?

FIB: IT'S THIS WATER. IT TASTES FUNNY. HOW'S YOURS?

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASS....(PAUSE)

MOL: Hmmm. IT DOES TASTE FUNNY. YOU HAVE A MINERAL WELL HERE,  
DEARIE?

JOY: WE AINT GOT A WELL.

FIB: WHAT? NO WELL?

JOY: WELL....NO.

MOL: WELL!

FIB: WHERE DO YOU GET THE WATER THEN SIS?

JOY: CUSTOMERS BRING IT THEIRSELVES.

FIB: OH YEAH? WE DIDN'T.

JOY: YES YOU DID.

MOL: HOW?

JOY: IN YOUR RADIATOR. I DREW SOME OFF FOR YOU.

FIB: WELL FER THE....OUT OF OUR CAR...DO YOU ALWAYS DO THAT?

JOY: SURE. I FIGGER FOLKS LIKE THE WATER THEY'RE USED TO, SEE?  
NEW YORK CARS CARRY NEW YORK WATER...ILLINOIS CARS CARRY  
ILLINOIS WATER...AND SO ON.

MOL: JUST AN OLD WESTERN CUSTOM, EH?

JOY: NO...JUST OLD SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY...Would you like to hear  
more about it?

FIB: Sure..go ahead, sis.

ORCHESTRA: "SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY" --

APPLAUSE

SOUND: MOTOR UP...(DOWN FOR DIALOGUE)

MOL: McGEE...WHERE ARE WE?

FIB: SEARCH ME...I'LL ASK THIS GUY WITH THE DONKEY...

SOUND: MOTOR OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH. HOOFS IN.

FIB: Looks like a real old timer, don't he Molly. <sup>Must be</sup> Probably a prospector.

MOL: He's a desert rat. Look at his whiskers.

FIB: HIYAH, Bud.... WHERE ARE WE?

OLD M.: Eh? What say?

MOL: We're lost. We haven't any idea where we are.

OLD M.: Don't matter none. Ain't nothin' to see round here anyway. Where ye goin'?

FIB: Hollywood. Paramount.

OLD M.: Oh a catamount. I shot one yesterday.

MOL: Not CATAMOUNT. PARAMOUNT.

OLD M.: Oh two of 'em eh? Pretty good!

MOL: Are there any Indians around here?

OLD M.: You bet they is.

FIB: They IS?

MOL: They IS?

OLD M.: They shorely is. They're holdin' a dance over on mountain there.

MOL: Is it formal?

OLD M.: Reckon it tis. I saw old Chief Wampumpuss skinnin' a couple o' mushrats. Says he's wearin' his tails tonight. Well, I gotta be gettin' on, pardner.

MOL: That's an awful cute little mule you have there, sir.

OLD M.: Who, Charley? Oh she's all right. She's great company, Charlie is. Goes with me everyplace.

FIB: You a prospector, bud?

OLD M.: Yep. I'm headin' fer them hills over thar. I dreamed there was gold in that sandstone.

MOL: Is that sandstone? I took it for granite.

WIL: WELL DON'T TAKE IT FOR GRANITE THAT ALL AUTO POLISHES ARE ALIKE. BECAUSE JOHNSON'S AUTOWAX AND CLEANER WILL GIVE S YOUR CAR SUCH PROTECTION FROM SUN AND DUST THAT -

FIB: HARPO.

MOL: Heavenly days..Mr. Wilcox. Where did you come from?

WIL: Hello, folksies. I came along <sup>in your trailer</sup> with you. It was pretty uncomfortable in that china cabinet, so I threw the cups and saucers out the window. You don't mind?

MOL: Ohhhh not a bit.

FIB: Whaddye mean you threw the cups and saucers out. That window by the china cabinet don't open.

WIL: I knew that after I threw the first ones out. Then it didn't matter. Well...hasta la vista.

MOL: Whad he say?

FIB: He says he hasta lavista. If he hasta he hasta. Now then bud...say where'd the old timer go?

MOL: He rode away...(BLEND) OH LOOK McGEE..LOOK AT THE GIRL ON THE HORSE....

SOUND: GALLOPING HOOFS...(FADE IN)

WHEE: WHOA THERE, YOU ORNERY OLD FLEABIT CAYUSE...WHOA....



SOUND: HOOFS, STOP AND OCCASIONAL.

FIB: Hey there Grandmaw...ain't you a little elderly to be whoopin' around on that mustang.

WHEE: ~~Oh I dunno, Skippy...~~...I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM....

FIB: Who are you grandmaw?

WHEE: I'M FOOTHILL FANNY, THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST...BRING YOUR OWN GOLD. KNOWN TO THE RODEOS AS BETH DALLY OF DEATH VALLEY. EVER SEE ME IN A RODEO, SKIPPY?

FIB: No..I don't believe I ever did, Grandmaw. Whaddye do?

WHEE: WHADDO I DO....HEHEHEHEH! SHORTY, I'M THE FASTEST TRICK RIDER YOU EVER SAW. I CAN RIDE PAST AT A GALLOP, LEAN OUTA THE SADDLE AND PICK UP A FOUR LEAF CLOVER WITH MY TEETH.

FIB: Let's see you do it?

WHEE: ALL RIGHT....COME THERE....ALEXANDER...

SOUND: HOOFS FADE OUT...

FIB: Look at her, Molly...born to the saddle.

MOL: She must have been a bouncing baby. Here she comes!

SOUND: HOOFS...GALLOP IN AND PAST WITH..

WHEE: WHOPEEEEE....OUTA THE WAY THERE TENDERFEET...WHOPEEEEE....

~~ONE SIDE OR A SPUR OFF!~~ WHOPEEEEE....(FADE OUT)

FIB: Say..she's pretty good!

MOL: She's wonderful...did you see her lean out of that saddle? Here she comes again.

SOUND: HOOFS...FADE IN

WHEE: WHOPEEEEE...

FIB: NICE GOIN' GRANDMA...YOU MADE IT..YOU PICKED UP THE CLOVER ALL RIGHT...

WHEE: IT WASN'T A CLOVER SKIPPY..IT WAS A CACTUS, AND IT TORE MY EAR OFF...

MOL: IT DID?

FIB: IT DID?

WHEE: IT SHORELY DID! WOOW!

SOUND: HOOF BEATS FADE OUT FAST

FIB: Can you imagine that old warhorse.

MOL: Say let's go to that Indian Dance, McGee?

FIB: I dunno if it's safe for a couple o' palefaces. Here comes a indian..I'll ask him. I know the sign language pretty good.

MOL: Really!

FIB: Yep. HI, CHIEF. (PAUSE)

MOL: What sign was that?

FIB: The hi sign. HI THERE CHIEF.

INDIAN: HOW..

FIB: Eh?

INDIAN: HOW!

MOL: HOW WHAT?

INDIAN: HOW'M I DOIN'?

FIB: FINE...BUD. WHAT'S NAME?

INDIAN: ME LYLE.

FIB: Well don't lean on the car, Lysle. (CARLYSIE INDIAN, Molly) YOU CATCHUM INJUN DANCE TONIGHT?

INDIAN: HOW.  
 FIB: HOW? LIKE THIS...BUM TIDDY BUM TIDDY BUM TIDDY BUM...like that. ME GREAT DANCER.

INDIAN: And HOW!  
 MOL: Why does he keep saying how?  
 FIB: Search me....ME NO KNOW HOW....HOW IS HOW?  
 INDIAN: ME SHOW YOU HOW.

SOUND: SLAP.

FIB: "OW!  
 INDIAN: THAT'S HOW.

SOUND: TOM TOMS (SOFT)

MOL: What's that?  
 FIB: That's the Indian dance. Let's go see it. I always did want to see a redskin rhumba.  
 MOL: All right but heavenly days don't -  
 FIB: Shhhh...listen.

SOUND: (TOM TOMS LOUDER) (WHOOFING)

INDIAN: HOW...YOU COME TO DANCE?  
 MOL: Oh how do you do, Mr. Indian.  
 FIB: Hi chief.  
 INDIAN: ME NO HIGH CHIEF. ME LOW CHIEF.  
 FIB: Oh 'lo, Chief.  
 INDIAN: 'lo.  
 MOL: ME LIKE INDIAN DANCE. YOU DANCE ALL NIGHT?  
 INDIAN: WE DO.

*Come in Squatter name*

FIB: YOU DO?  
 INDIAN: WE SHORELY DO. WE MAKUM RAIN DANCE.  
 MOL: RAIN DANCE?  
 FIB: Whaddye mean rain dance, bud?  
 INDIAN: WE DANCE....MAKEUM RAIN FOR CROPS.  
 FIB: LAUGHS...Hear that Molly? These ~~poor deluded~~ <sup>fellows</sup> Indians think if they dance it'll rain out here in the desert...

SOUND: TOM TOMS UP.

MOL: Well, McGee..if that's what they believe, maybe there's something to it..

FIB: Oh yeah? (LAUGHS) I suppose if they do enough tepee truckin' it might even snow...(LAUGHS)

MOL: Oh now don't laugh, McGee...they ~~don't know any better,~~ <sup>maybe,</sup>

FIB: ~~I'll say they don't.~~ (LAUGHS) HOPPIN' AROUND AND AROUND WITH A SNAKE IN THEIR MOUTH....(LAUGHS) AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE IT RAIN. (LAUGHS) YOU MAY GET WATER WITH SNAKES BUT YOU DON'T GET THE SNAKES WITH WATER.... (LAUGHS) GET IT MOLLY? I SAYS -

MOL: TAINT FUNNY MCGEE.

FIB: Okay. (LAUGHS)

SOUND: TOM TOMS UP.

FIB: LOOK AT 'EM...~~THE SNAKE BUNNIES~~....YOU'D THINK THEY BELIEVED IT THEIRSELVES...(LAUGH)

SOUND: THUNDER

FIB: LISTEN TO 'EM HIT THEM TOM TOMS...  
 MOL: THEY AREN'T TOM TOMS...THAT'S THUNDER...  
*Fib: Thunder - (Laugh)*  
 SOUND: LOUD THUNDER...RAIN...  
*Fib: definite*  
 MOL: HURRY MCGEE...RUN FOR THAT BIG TEEPEE...HURRY...

SOUND: RUNNING FEET...THUNDER..RAIN.  
DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Hiyah, Chief...YOU MIND IF WE CATCHUM SHELTER...HEAP BIG RAIN.

MOL: AND WHAT KIND OF A DANCE IS THIS, CHIEF? *a jell sauce?*

GRIER: <sup>no</sup> OH JUST OUR REGULAR DANCE FOLKS.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS..JIMMY GRIER. ARE YOU THE CHIEF OF THIS TRIBE, MR. GRIER?

GRIER: SURE. SQUATTUM DOWN AND WATCH WARRIORS MAKE WAHOO.

ORCHESTRA: " "

APPLAUSE

*"How could you"*

FIB: LISTEN TO 'EM HIT THEM TOM TOMS...  
 MOL: THEY AREN'T TOM TOMS...THAT'S THUNDER...  
*Fib: Thunder - (Laugh)*  
 SOUND: LOUD THUNDER...RAIN...  
*Fib: definite*  
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APPLAUSE

*"How could you"*

SECOND COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Think of the thrilling times you could have this summer with a luxurious covered wagon auto trailer -- a beautiful home-on-wheels -- equipped with modern comforts (two double beds with special springs, ice box, stove, closets, water tank, everything you need for convenient living.

Well, here's your chance to win a magnificent Deluxe Covered Wagon Trailer and have the adventure of your life! The makers of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner are giving away twelve of these beautiful "Homes-On-Wheels"-- one each week for twelve weeks -- completely furnished (valued at approximately \$1,000 delivered to your door). All you have to do is complete this sentence - "I like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner because....." *You finish the sentence* and send it in with the top of the combination package in which you get your Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Act at once. Get a package from your regular Johnson's Wax dealer, auto supply store, garage or gasoline filling station. You will find the easy contest rules in the package. Read the rules carefully. Then send your entry to S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin.

*the Johnson's Wax Dealer*  
To compete in the ~~first~~ week's contest your entry must be in by midnight Saturday, May 15th. Every Saturday night thereafter another week's contest closes. Winners names will be announced each Monday night on this program. You have as good a chance as anyone to win. Remember you will find the rules in the special Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner combination package at your dealers.

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME

SOUND: MURMUR OF VOICES.... *Tom Jones*  
MOL: My my McGee... isn't this an interesting dance? Look at all those indians.  
FIB: I ain't as much interested in this dance as I am about gittin' to Hollywood. I think I'll ask this Mexican.  
HI THERE MUCHACHA.  
MEX: Allo senior...you weesh to spik weeth me?  
MOL: Yes...we were on our way to Hollywood and we came in this tepee out of the rain.  
FIB: As soon as it stops rainin' we gotta go. *You know the way to x*  
~~which way is~~  
Hollywood, Bud.  
MEX: SI SI. YOU WEEEL CONTINUE WEEETH THEES ROAD FOR TWO MILE..  
THEN YOU COME TO THE HACIENDA OF MY VER' GOOD FRAN' JOSE GARCIA.  
MOL: Si..  
MEX: SI. THEN YOU TURN TO THE LEFT...AND AFTAIR THREE MILE YOU ARE CLOSE TO THE RANCHERO OF MY VER' GOOD FRAN' PEDRO TAMALE.  
FIB: Si.  
MEX: THEN YOU ARE TURN TO THE RIGHT FIVE MILE AND YOU ARE IN FRONT OF MY VERRY DEAR DEAR FRAN, DON ALLESANDRO TEQUILA.  
THEN YOU TURN LEFT AND ONCE MORE...RIGHT. SI.?  
FIB: Okay.  
MOL: And where are we then?  
MEX: LOST. BUENOS DIAS - SENOR!  
FIB: Buenas - d--., that's a big help. ~~Shucks, we KNEW how to get lost. Now what'll we do?~~

*Mol. Found Mexican  
Fib. Sounds like a Billy Actie - We knew how to get lost*

MOL: Oh let's stay here and dance a while.  
FIB: Okay...I'd like to dance a polka with little Hontas over there. (LAUGHS)  
MOL: You better not ask any of these indian girls to dance, McGee. Dance with me.  
FIB: I can dance with you any time, Molly. I don't often git a dance to ankle around with a Blackfoot.  
MOL: Well just the same, I don't want you to dance with a Indian girl. Aren't AMERICAN girls good enough for you? Must you pick on a foreigner?  
FIB: Just the same I'm gonna ask her...you don't really mind do ye?  
MOL: Oh no. But I'm a little nervous among all these savages. They're all carryin' tomahawks...and knives.  
FIB: That's just ceremonial, Molly. I suppose I better ask the big Chief over there if I can dance with his daughter. HI THERE CHIEF...YOU HEAP BIG PAPPA THIS MAIDEN?  
BOOM: YES I AM, MY BOY. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?  
FIB: Well...er...are you a Indian?  
BOOM: YES INDEED...ASSISTANT CHIEF LAWSUIT OF THE SIOUX TRIBE, IN CHARGE OF BOWS AND ARROWS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ME QUIVER?  
FIB: I'M FIBBER MCGEE, CHIEF....I'D LIKE TO HAVE A DANCE WITH YOUR DAUGHTER IF YOU DON'T MIND..  
BOOM: YOU WHAT, MY BOY?  
MOL: Oh dear...  
FIB: Why...er...if it ain't against the tribal custom Chief..I.. er..I'd like to dance with the ...

BOOM: OHHH A PALEFACE WOULD TRIFLE WITH THE IMMEMORIAL CEREMONIES OF THE NOBLE REDSKIN..WOULD HE?  
FIB: Well, no..I..er..I just thought it'd be kinda cute if I...  
BOOM: SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT MY BOY...YOU HAVE COMMITTED AN UNPARDONABLE BREACH OF ETIQUETTE....IT IS AN INSULT WHICH CAN ONLY BE WASHED AWAY WITH BLOOD.  
FIB: M-m-m-m-MY BLOOD?  
BOOM: CERTAINLY...SEIZE HIM,..MEN!..TAKE HIM TO THE SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER.  
SOUND: SCUFFLE...  
MOL: YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE!...STOP IT!...McGEE!!...Oh why did you...  
BOOM: QUIET MADAM. TAKE HIM AWAY BOYS...  
SOUND: TOM TOMS. UP TO HIGH PITCH AND OUT.  
MOL: Oh dear oh dear....IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN SAY OR DO THAT WILL MAKE UP FOR THIS CHIEF?  
BOOM: WELL MADAM..IF YOU ARE INCLINED TO BE REASONABLE...MAYBE WE CAN COME TO SOME AGREEMENT....Untie him boys...  
FIB: DAD RAT IT..DON'T UNTIE ME SO ROUGH.  
BOOM: WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION MADAM?  
MOL: Well...we...well what must we do?  
BOOM: YOU MEAN HOW MUCH, DON'T YOU?  
FIB: Well then how much, bud?  
BOOM: WELL NOW LET ME SEE. OLD RAIN-DOWN-HIS-NECK NEEDS A NEW POLO PONY.....MY SQUAW, PRINCESS LIMBER-KNEE WANTS A PEARL NECKLACE AND SOME OF THE BOYS WOULD LIKE A POOL TABLE FOR THE MAIN LODGE...AND I COULD USE A SHORT BEER MYSELF...OH.. I'D SAY ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED <sup>table</sup> WOULD DO IT. YES YES...AND VERY REASONABLE TOO....

BOOM: OHHH A PALEFACE WOULD TRIFLE WITH THE IMMEMORIAL CEREMONIES OF THE NOBLE REDSKIN..WOULD HE?

FIB: Well, no..I..er..I just thought it'd be kinda cute if I...

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MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS...SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS!

FIB: DAD RAT IT WE WON'T PAY!

BOOM: VERY WELL....IS THERE ANY REASON WHY WE SHOULDN'T BURN THIS INTRUDER AT THE STAKE, MEN?

WIL: Here! Here! What goes on?

MOL: Oh, Mister Wilcox, save us. They're gonna hurt McGee unless we pay 'em 700 dollars.

FIB: Can't ye do something Harpo?

WIL: I'll have to. Here Chief, here!s 700 dollars. Now can they come with me?

BOOM: Certainly! Certainly! Let me see now, 700 bucks divided among 42 bucks is (FADE)

MOL: Oh dear. Thank you, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: It was pretty swell of you to do this for us, Harpo.

WIL: For you! I'm trying to hold my own job. Do you know what day this is.

MOL: What day?

FIB: What day is it, Harpo?

WIL: Why it's Monday, the day you're supposed to be broadcasting.

MOL: It is?

FIB: It is?

WIL: It shorely is!

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: #5

THIRD COMMERCIAL

(OVER LAST MUSICAL NUMBER)

WILCOX: Just a short special message to all Johnson's Wax dealers, auto supply stores, garage or gasoline retailers: you can tie up to this great trailer contest best by displaying prominently the special combination Johnson's auto wax and cleaner package in which you charge your customer only for the cleaner and give the 30-cent can of wax FREE! Ask your jobber for details.

ORCHESTRA: THEME (DOWN FOR TAG GAG)

TAG GAG

SIGNOFF:

THIRD COMMERCIAL

(OVER LAST MUSICAL NUMBER)

WILCOX: Just a short special message to all Johnson's Wax dealers, auto supply stores, garage or gasoline retailers: you can tie up to this great trailer contest best by displaying prominently the special combination Johnson's auto wax and cleaner package in which you charge your customer only for the cleaner and give the 30-cent can of wax FREE! Ask your jobber for details.

ORCHESTRA: THEME (DOWN FOR TAG GAG)

TAG GAG

SIGNOFF:

THIRD COMMERCIAL

**WILCOX:** (OVER MUSIC) To compete in the first week's contest for a de luxe Covered Wagon Trailer and big cash prizes, your entry must be received by S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin, by midnight Saturday, May 15th. Every Saturday night thereafter another week's contest closes. Winners names will be announced each Monday night on this program. You have as good a chance as anyone to win. Remember you will find the rules in the special Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner combination package at your dealers.

And now, just a short special message to all Johnson's Wax dealers, auto supply stores, garage or gasoline retailers: you can tie up to this great trailer contest best by displaying prominently the special combination Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner package in which you charge your customer only for the cleaner and give the 30-cent can of wax FREE! Ask your jobber for details.

**ORCHESTRA:** THEME (DOWN FOR TAG GAG)

TAG GAG

SIGNOFF

*May 24 - 1st week  
2nd - actual closes  
May 22*

*File*

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.  
"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY (108)"

KFI - HOLLYWOOD  
5:00 - 5:30 P.M.

MAY 10th, 1937  
MONDAY